

Other than the death of my own father three years ago, I cannot remember a week in which I have felt such overpowering sadness.

The sadness of thinking about Matt, his parents, his brother, and his close friends. The sadness of thinking about Matt's gay colleagues, struggling to express simultaneously both their resistance to this violence and their fear that it could have been them in Matt's place.

The sadness of the University faculty and staff who have struggled so hard to create a truly inclusive climate here, only to have others tear down years of work in just a few hours of unspeakable horror.

The sadness of a closeknit community trying to defend itself against ignorance and stereotypes. The sadness of occasionally hearing expressions of such ignorance.

Life is not fair, we've all been told, and this week we lived that lesson again.

But with this sadness have come some small moments of triumph. The Homecoming Parade and the march for Matt. A moment of silence as the football game, broken only by the sound of tears.

The Sunday community vigils and the coming together of this community to "Remember Matthew" on Monday afternoon. Gay Awareness Week, and the courage of our Lesbian, Gay, bisexual, and Transgendered Association (LGBTa) to stay the course and not to let fear ruin their plans.

The leadership of our student organizations, ASUW, the Multicultural Resource Center, the Residence Halls, the Greek Community, and our student-athletes to find ways to express their solidarity and support for Matt and their collective opposition to violence, discrimination, and bigotry—regardless of any personal philosophical differences or religious beliefs they might have about homosexuality.

And the professional and personal involvement of our faculty and staff in counseling students and in three days of teach-ins on campus to demonstrate that education and free expression are the most powerful weapons we have against forces that would divide us as an academic community and as a society.

What now can we do? The answer is not simple, but we must begin.

We must begin by reaffirming that UW and Laramie welcome all people, without regard to who or what they are.

We must reexamine all that we have done to cultivate an appreciation of diversity and make sure that we haven't missed a teaching opportunity.

We must find a way to commemorate this awful week in a way that will say to the entire state and nation that we will not forget what has happened here.

And, working closely with the leaders of the local community, we must be vigilant in making sure that the climate for those who are different—whether defined by their sexual orientation, ethnicity, religion, national origin, disability, or any other personal characteristic—not only meets the letter of the law but lives up to the standards of our hearts.

I hope that our elected legislators will also seize this moment. I recognize that the question of hate crimes legislation is a matter over which reasonable and thoughtful people who are neither homophobic nor bigoted can and will disagree. No hate crimes statute, even had it existed, would have saved Matt. But Matt Shepard was not merely robbed, and kidnapped, and murdered. This was a crime of humiliation. This crime was all about being gay. No group of people should have to live in this kind of fear.

I speak only for myself and not this University, but it is time our state makes a public statement through the passage of such

legislation that demonstrates our values, our commitment to the state motto, and our collective zero tolerance for hatred. Once was more than enough.

All of us have reacted to the events of the last ten days in our own personal way. Matt meant something different for each of us. That is how it should be. Matt could have been my son. He could have been your brother. He was our friend. All of us will remember him.

INTRODUCTION OF THE VETERANS AMERICAN DREAM HOMEOWNER- SHIP ASSISTANCE ACT

HON. GERALD D. KLECZKA

OF WISCONSIN

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, March 23, 1999

Mr. KLECZKA. Mr. Speaker, thousands of former servicemen and servicewomen in five states are currently prohibited from receiving state-financed home mortgages. That is why Congressman HERGER and I, along with 21 of our colleagues, are introducing the Veterans American Dream Homeownership Assistance Act. This legislation is similar to bills we introduced in the 104th and 105th Congresses.

In order to help veterans own a home, Congress created a program where states could issue tax-exempt bonds in order to raise funds to finance mortgages for owner-occupied residences. Five states—Wisconsin, Alaska, Oregon, California, and Texas—implemented such a program for their veterans. Under a little-known provision in the 1984 tax bill, Congress limited the veterans eligible for this program to those who began military service before 1977.

As a result of the 1984 tax bill, veterans who entered military service after January 1, 1977 are prohibited from receiving a state-financed veterans mortgage. This means veterans who served honorably in Panama, Grenada, or the Gulf War cannot get veterans home mortgages from their state government. Are those who began serving our country after January 1, 1977 any less deserving than those who served before?

This arbitrary cutoff was created to rise additional revenue in the 1984 tax bill by limiting the issuance of tax-exempt bonds. When this provision was enacted, post-1976 veterans were a small percentage of all veterans, without much voice to protest this discriminatory change. But, nineteen years later, there are thousands of veterans who have served our nation honorably.

Mr. Speaker, as time goes by, this legislation takes on increasing importance. The State of Wisconsin Department of Veterans Affairs has informed me that if the cap on veterans bonds is not lifted this year, the State will be forced to disband the program because too few veterans are eligible for the program.

This legislation would simply eliminate the cutoff that exists under current law. Under our proposal, former servicemen and servicewomen in the five states who served our country beginning before or after January 1, 1977 will be eligible to qualify for a state-financed home mortgage. This legislation does not increase federal discretionary spending by 1 cent. It simply allows the five states that have a mortgage finance program for their veterans to provide mortgages to all veterans regardless of when they served in the military.

There is no justification to allow some veterans to qualify for a home mortgage while others cannot. Mr. Speaker, I urge the House to help those veterans who have served after January 1, 1977 to own a home and pass this important legislation into law.

TRIBUTE TO DEBERAH BRINGELSON

HON. ANNA G. ESHOO

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, March 23, 1999

Ms. ESHOO. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor Deberah Bringelson, an extraordinary citizen of San Mateo County, California, who is being inducted into the San Mateo County Women's Hall of Fame.

Deberah Bringelson has served San Mateo County for more than 14 years, both as a professional and a volunteer. She has brought her energies and expertise to the issues of civil justice reform, child protection, toxic cleanup, as well as water and land use policies. Deberah has made significant contributions in the field of criminal and juvenile justice reform, reforming the system and creating efficiencies of operation. Her commitment to the issues of drug abuse and violence arise from her own personal experiences.

Deberah helped create the County Adult and Juvenile Drug Courts, and designed a comprehensive life skills treatment program which serves female offenders and focuses on mothers. Deberah serves as a mentor for young women, coaching several girls' athletic teams. She's been honored for overcoming the personal trauma and violence of her childhood and for bringing her talents, compassion and energy to our community.

Mr. Speaker, Deberah Bringelson is an outstanding woman and I salute her for her remarkable contributions and commitment to our community. I ask my colleagues to join me in honoring her on being inducted into the San Mateo County Women's Hall of Fame.

LEARNING THE LESSONS OF HISTORY

HON. TOM LANTOS

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, March 23, 1999

Mr. LANTOS. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to congratulate Capuchino High School of San Bruno, California, for an extraordinary program they have instituted called "Sojourn to the Past." Envisioned by Jeff Steinberg, a history teacher at Capuchino High School, this ten-day trip recently led eighty-five high school students through a history of the civil rights movement that was made very personal.

The trip began in Washington, D.C., and ended in the National Civil Rights Museum in Memphis, in the hotel room where Martin Luther King, Jr., was martyred. Along the way the students met with several major figureheads of the civil rights movement, including Chris McNair, father of one of the Birmingham Four, Elizabeth Eckford, who de-segregated Central High School in Little Rock, Arkansas, and my own good friend, Congressman JOHN

LEWIS, who introduced the students to his philosophy of non-violence.

History came alive for these young people as they followed the trail of the most significant movement of the twentieth century. They found it impossible to take their own civil rights for granted when confronted with first-person accounts from those who risked their lives fighting to attain those very rights.

But a sense of the reality of history was not the only thing the students took home. The testimonies of the people with whom they met emphasized forgiveness and tolerance, fairly foreign concepts to American high school culture. The idea of using non-violence and tolerance as a mode of dealing with day-to-day problems was initially received with suspicion but seemed to have hit home by the end of the trip.

In a letter written to Congressman JOHN LEWIS, junior Kristin Agius wrote: "Your message has made me rethink my idea of what it means to be important. . . . I've come to the conclusion that a step forward, even a small step, is better than aspiring for something that will only benefit myself."

Mark Simon, a reported from The San Francisco Chronicle, accompanied the students on their journey to the past. I ask that Mr. Simon's excellent report on this outstanding educational experience be included in the RECORD.

CIVIL RIGHTS TOUR

[From the San Francisco Chronicle, Feb. 28, 1999]

Day 1: Thursday, Feb. 11, Washington, D.C.

They had flown east all day, leaving the morning light of the Bay Area for the nighttime darkness of the nation's capital. With barely a pause, they piled into two buses, went to dinner, and then, as the hour neared 10 p.m., they went as a group to the Lincoln Memorial, where they sat on the steps, huddled together.

Then they listened to a recording of the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr.'s conscience-rousing sermon to the 1963 March on Washington, in which he told an assembled multitude of 250,000 that he had a dream of true equality and justice for a nation riven by hatred and racism.

And so it began.

Eighty-five students from Capuchino High School in San Bruno, the most diverse in the San Mateo Union High School District, had embarked on a 10-day journey called "Sojourner to the Past." It was organized by Jeff Steinberg, a history teacher gifted with energy and devotion to match his vision.

The students went wherever the civil rights movement had gone, seeing the people who had been there, hearing tales of heroism and sacrifice and walking in the footsteps of greatness large and small.

This was a spirituay journey—a journey of forgiveness and tolerance, of faith and hope, a journey to the past and for the future.

It was to be an education. There were lessons to be learned.

FORGIVENESS

It was a sustaining theme of the trip. Everywhere the students went, they met historic figures who had been mistreated, neglected, imprisoned and beaten.

And to a person, these people had found within themselves the capacity to forgive.

At the Jewish Community Center in Washington, D.C., they met Ernest Green, one of the Little Rock Nine, who integrated the all-white Central High School in Little Rock, Ark., in 1957, amid violence, daily torture and taunts.

Short, balding, bespectacled and a little portly, Green was good-humored, upbeat and remarkably short on the details of his year at Central, something that clearly frustrated the students.

But his message was that the students should keep looking forward, not back.

"Life is not like a VCR. There's no reverse," he said.

In Birmingham, Ala., they met with Chris McNair, a county commissioner and father of one of the four little girls killed in a Birmingham church bombing in 1963.

"I'm a happy man, in spite of the things that happened to me," he said in a deep, rough voice.

"You're precious to me," he said. "In this world, justice means so much. I hope you can reach a point where you can get out of the hate mode. In that mode, you're the one who truly suffers."

When the trip was over, and the students had been to the deepest South and the deepest parts of their soul, African American senior Ke'Shonda Williams said she had learned something from the spirit of the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr.

"(King) never had hate in his heart for anybody. He found the goodness in his heart to forgive people. If someone did something wrong to me, I just couldn't forgive them for it. I haven't been through half the things he'd been through. If he could forgive them and move on, I think I should be able to forgive. I'm going to try."

The student's capacity for forgiveness was put to its hardest test in Montgomery, Ala., in the office of George Wallace Jr., associate commissioner of the Alabama Public Service Commission, and son and namesake of the famous governor.

Wallace has just moved into his office, and the floor, chairs and tables were covered with yet-to-be-hanged pictures and memorabilia.

Dressed in a pinstripe suit, his voice soft and his words thoughtfully chosen, Wallace told the students about his father.

In his most famous speech, his inaugural address in 1963, Governor Wallace declared "Segregation now, segregation tomorrow, segregation forever."

That was urged upon him by his political advisers, said his son.

"His choice was not to use the word segregation. His choice initially was to use the word freedom," Wallace said.

His father made peace with the state's African Americans—a peace brought by a Christian revelation—and sought their forgiveness. He also sought their votes, and won re-election in 1972 with a substantial bloc of black votes.

"I hope you'll look at his life in totality. . . . I know he deeply regretted some of the things he said. If he was a leader in the Old South, he sought to be a leader in the New South," he said.

Anne Kelly, a white junior, stormed from the room, angry tears in her eyes.

On another day, Anne also had tears in her eyes while discussing her own Methodist Church's refusal to sanction same-sex marriages.

"Would Jesus have turned his back on these people? You don't need to like it, but you need to tolerate it. That's what tolerance is about," she said.

On this day, she had found Wallace wanting.

"He couldn't admit there was no justification for what (his father) did. He never said opportunism is wrong. In order for an apology to mean something, you have to accept responsibility for what you did," she said.

During the trip, students were required to write letters to the people they met that day. Jennifer Lynch, a white junior, wrote

Wallace that she had tried to remain open-minded.

"I think it did become apparent that your father had become a changed man," she said.

TOLERANCE

They went to Little Rock's Central High School, a brick, fortress-like building with white-topped towers.

There, they heard from Elizabeth Eckford and Hazel Bryan Massery, who are locked together forever in one of the most famous photographs of the 1950s.

Eckford, a slender black girl in dark glasses, can be seen walking alone through a hostile crowd. Behind her is Hazel Bryan, her face contorted as she shouts an epithet at Eckford.

Five years later, Bryan, now Hazel Massery, apologized. Forty years later, the two are close friends.

On this day, they were on stage together to, as Massery put it, "make sense of the experience."

In a carefully prepared and delivered presentation, they took turns telling of their experiences.

As Eckford described her year at Central, her voice choked repeatedly and she often wiped tears from her face.

Finally, the time came for questions.

No, Eckford said, she would not do it again, if she had the chance.

Then, Darnell Ene, an African American junior, rose and asked what word Massery was saying in the picture.

In fact, it's fairly obvious what she was saying—it's a word so sensitive that it is simply called the "n" word.

Before Darnell could finish his question, Eckford, her voice heavy with pain, cried out, "No, no!"

Massery said, "I choose not to repeat that."

Said Eckford: "Hate speech is always hurtful. There is nothing you can learn by repeating it."

But later, Darnell said he knew what word Massery had used.

"I wanted to know what was in her mind," he said, "I wanted to know what was going through her mind when she did it, what forced her into it, what was pushing her into doing it."

And when the trip was over, Mamoud Kamel, a junior whose family came to the United States from Egypt five years ago, found himself rethinking his own habits.

Mamoud said it is common practice among high school students to use the word "nigga," a slang form of the notorious racial slur.

It's used frequently in rap music, and young people, at least at Capuchino, have come to accept it as slang and to distinguish between the harsher form of the word.

"That's the way we all talk right now, but I'm going to stop saying this word," he said.

NONVIOLENCE

This one may be the hardest for the students.

They met often with people who had been beaten and then stepped up for more.

In Atlanta, in a theater at the Martin Luther King Jr. visitors' center, they met with Representative John Lewis, D-Ga.

Lewis is one of the icons of the civil rights movement—former head of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, arrested more than 40 times in nonviolent demonstrations, the youngest speaker at the 1963 March on Washington and leader of the first march from Selma, Ala., to Montgomery, the state capital.

That march, on March 7, 1965, made national headlines when state troopers savagely beat the marchers as they crossed the Edmund Pettus Bridge in Selma.

Two weeks later, King led a second march that successfully reached Montgomery.

Lewis, who suffered a broken skull in the first march, was asked if he'd ever felt the urge to strike back.

"I never had any desire or urge to strike back in any sense. I believe in nonviolence, not just as a technique, not just as a tactic, but as a way of life and a way of living," he said.

In the back of the theater sat Darnell Ene, his fists clenched as Lewis described the Selma beating.

"It's not right," he said later. "You shouldn't do that kind of stuff, and to make things worse, (the marchers were) doing it nonviolently. They had a perfect reason to turn violent, but they didn't. That shows signs of strength."

It's a strength Darnell and his friend Chris Ramirez, a Latino junior, said they don't have.

Darnell said he tries to walk away from disputes, but he doesn't shrink from physical violence if he's pushed to it.

"I don't like backing down," Chris said. "I can't back down."

The most spontaneous outburst by the students came in Selma for a woman who did not back down.

In the rear room of Lannie's, a locally famous diner where the students were served fried chicken, fried catfish and fried pork chops, they met Annie Lee Cooper.

Cooper was a part of a group that in 1964 tried to enter a local courthouse to register to vote.

Her path was blocked by Sheriff Jim Clark, an enthusiastic and violent racist, who struck her.

Cooper, no devotee of nonviolence, hit the sheriff across the side of the face, and a melee ensued that ended only after Clark clubbed Cooper on the head with a nightstick and two other police officers wrestled her into handcuffs.

When the students heard the story, they jumped to their feet and applauded at length.

The applause was led by the otherwise quiet Michael Mosqueda, a Latino junior, who said later that Cooper was a hero.

"She didn't just take it and take it," he said.

But for Will Hannan, a white junior, and for others, the message of nonviolence rang truest.

"You don't need to arm people with weapons, you need to arm people with a certain philosophy, and if they really intend to be warriors in the nonviolent battle, they need to live nonviolence as a way of life," he said.

FAITH

Everywhere the students went, they went to church.

They visited Ebenezer Baptist Church in Atlanta, where King had been pastor at the time of his death; Dexter Avenue Baptist Church in Montgomery, a stone's throw from the state capitol, where Jefferson Davis was sworn in as president of the Confederacy and where King has his first pastorate; and the 16th Street Baptist Church in Birmingham, where the four girls were killed.

In the basement of the church, where the girls had been going to Sunday school when 12 sticks of dynamite exploded, the students heard from Lola Hendricks.

She had marched in Birmingham, and her 8-year-old daughter spent five days in jail during the "Children's Crusade," in which the black youth of Birmingham were sent out against the white establishment's fire hoses and police dogs.

Hendricks was asked if she was scared. No, she said.

"I felt the way we were being treated in the South, we might as well be dead. So we had no fear," she told the students.

And she knew God was with them, she said. He knew what they had been through.

The students heard testimony—in the back room of a diner in Selma, in church basements and in community theaters, and in the offices of elected officials in Montgomery—that God has played a hand in the civil rights movement, protecting those who were marching, reassuring those who were in doubt and bringing light to those who had been on the wrong side of the issue.

"In struggle, you need something to believe, a hope and a faith to believe in," said Katie Gutierrez, a Latina junior and herself a devout Christian. "With all the hatred, you need love somewhere, and God is love."

THE PAST AND THE FUTURE

On the sixth day of the trip, history teacher Steinberg rose early to appear on a local TV morning show in Montgomery. He said he hoped the trip would have a meaningful impact on the students.

"Maybe they become more compassionate and tolerant, and maybe they get inspired to do better in school. * * * I think the kids are going to come back changed people," he said.

They probably will. But not all of them will. And not all of them will right away.

Near the end of the trip, Monique Jackson, an African American senior, said she didn't come back changed, but she came back better informed and touched by the realization that everywhere she went, Martin Luther King Jr. had been there.

"The struggle back then is what led us up to now. * * * It's not really that bad now. You can't stop a racist from being a racist, so what can you do? In these days, nobody goes around hosing people down. Yes, there is still race discrimination, sex discrimination. You just have to deal with it as it comes."

In a letter to Ernest Green, one of the Little Rock Nine, Kristin Davis, a white junior, wrote: "I believe in your philosophy that you cannot live in the past. Those experiences help shape your future, but you can't let them run your life."

African American junior Aisha Schexnayder wrote to Green: "I've been through a lot in my life, but I can't see myself going through all of that and still be able to crack a smile." In a letter to John Lewis, white junior Kristin Agius wrote: "Your message has made me rethink my idea of what it means to be important and what it means to make a difference. I've come to the conclusion that a step forward, even a small step, is better than aspiring for something that will only benefit myself."

As she contemplated the Montgomery's Civil Rights Memorial, a setting of granite, smoothly flowing waters and a roll call of civil rights martyrs, Clarissa Pritchett, an African American junior, said: "All the people worked so hard to get us where we are today, and I worry that we're going to leave it undone."

Theresa Calpotura, a junior of Filipino descent, said she would return from the trip determined to overcome her innate shyness and to work on matters of racial and social inequality.

"You have to start with yourself before you can change anything else, and that's what this trip did for me," she said. "You have to know that tolerance is important. It's basically the glue of our society."

Theresa's close friend, Ronita Jit, a junior of Indian descent, said she would return determined to start an organization on campus that would include all races, and give them the chance to connect across cultural lines.

"It just confirmed my determination," she said. "I want (us) to spend time with each other and get to know each other. I know these things are far-fetched, but I'm going to try."

One of those who said she'll join Ronita's effort was LaDreena Maye, an African American junior whose shyness belies a depth of thought and feeling.

She wants to be a doctor, and she found inspiration to push for her goal from those with whom the students met. She also learned about those who did nothing while injustices and cruelty were taking place.

"When I see something going on, I'll probably want to be more quick to address it now, instead of just sitting and letting it pass by," she said.

"I guess that now from the trip—knowing what we know—that there is a bit of an obligation. I think we should all want to come back and educate people about some of the things we've learned on the trip. . . . I think something needs to be done."

DAY 10: Saturday, February 20, Memphis

The buses rolled up to the Lorraine Motel and into a time warp.

Parked in front were a white Dodge Royal with massive, olive-green tail fins and a white Cadillac convertible.

There was a plaque, bearing a quote from Genesis: "Behold, here cometh the dreamer. . . . Let us slay him and see what becomes of his dreams."

As the students stood outside the motel, Steinberg played an excerpt from King's final speech, delivered with a mystical passion the night before he was killed.

"Like anybody, I would like to live a long life. Longevity has its place. But I'm not concerned about that now. I just want to do God's will. And He's allowed me to go up the mountain. And I've looked over. And I've seen the Promised Land."

The students then took a guided tour of the adjacent National Civil Rights Museum, an interactive experience with vivid displays that create a sense of time and place.

It was like watching their trip unfold before them on fast-forward—except that the tour ended outside Room 306 of the Lorraine Motel.

The covers of one bed are slightly rumpled. A plate of catfish is set on the bed. Cigarette butts are crushed out in an ashtray.

It was as though Martin Luther King Jr. might step back through the door in just a moment.

Students who had been stoic throughout the trip stared into the room as if stricken. Some cried quietly.

Then, they went to a conference room upstairs and had lunch.

Afterward, they stood, one at a time, and talked about what the trip meant to them.

Many cried. Some had to leave the room.

Then they stood together and held hands and sang one chorus of "We Shall Overcome" before heading home.

INTRODUCTION OF LEGISLATION TO COMBAT THE CRIME OF INTERNATIONAL TRAFFICKING AND TO PROTECT THE RIGHTS OF THE VICTIMS

HON. LOUISE M. SLAUGHTER

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, March 23, 1999

Ms. SLAUGHTER. Mr. Speaker, today I am introducing a bill to combat the crime of international trafficking, a fundamental violation of human rights to which this Nation has a responsibility to act.

Trafficking involves the use of deception, coercion, abuse of authority, debt bondage, or