

## EXTENSIONS OF REMARKS

### TRIBUTE TO GERI COOMBS

#### HON. TOM LANTOS

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, October 30, 2001

Mr. LANTOS. Mr. Speaker, I am honored to pay tribute to Mrs. Geri Coombs, who is retiring from the California Teachers Association (CTA) after 25 years of dedicated service. I had the distinct pleasure of hiring Geri when I was involved with the CTA. I knew then, that Geri's arrival would be a great benefit to the CTA, and that judgment has been confirmed.

For the last twenty years Geri has been the Associate Executive Director and Controller of the California Teachers Association. During that time she has guided the Association from humble roots with an uncertain future to a strong and vibrant association that has become a model of financial stability for nonprofits across the country. Under her direction the CTA Business Division was reorganized, resulting in both renewed financial success and a restored confidence in the future reliability of the Association. All who have had the privilege of working with this dedicated woman share my confidence in her extraordinary leadership and vision.

Mr. Speaker, in addition to her outstanding financial insight, Geri's understanding to the goals of the CTA has given her a unique ability to allocate and direct resources to meet the many and diverse needs of the CTA. Among Geri's many successes at the CTA was the successful balancing of the demand for CTA services and resources from both large urban and small rural chapters. In addition it was Geri's important role as a management consultant to the CTA Board bargaining team that was instrumental to ensuring the trust and respect of both professional and associate staff unions, thereby solidifying the integrity of the process.

Geri is respected by all who deal with her, as her colleagues stated in their glowing tribute of her: "No CTA member has been called upon more often to solve seemingly insurmountable problems and no CTA staff member will be missed more as she moves onward and upward to a most deserved retirement."

Mr. Speaker, I urge all my colleagues to join me in paying tribute to a tireless worker, a financial wizard, and an outstanding person on the conclusion of her extraordinary career with the California Teachers Association.

### TRIBUTE TO JOHN "MIKE" FLYNN

#### HON. JAMES P. McGOVERN

OF MASSACHUSETTS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, October 30, 2001

Mr. McGOVERN. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor John "Mike" Flynn, who has served as the Worcester County Sheriff since January 7, 1987.

Mr. Flynn's law enforcement career began with the Fitchburg Police Department where he served from 1952 until 1963. From 1963 until 1987, he served as Deputy Superintendent of the Worcester County Jail and House of Correction and Special Sheriff of Worcester County.

The sheriff has been active in many civic and community activities. He has been a member of the West Boylston Democratic Town Committee in West Boylston; Board of Directors of the Campaign for Human Development; Veterans of Foreign Wars, West Boylston, Post 6709; American Legion Post 21 Main South Post; President of the Armed Forces Committee in 1993; President of the Massachusetts Sheriff's Association, and his special 30 year association with the Mercy Center and their mission to serve the mentally retarded.

Son of Irish immigrants, the Sheriff is proud of his heritage, but proud to be an American. The "son of a steamfitter", he attended Northeastern University's Division of Law Enforcement, and served in the U.S. Army during World War II as an infantryman in the Asian Pacific Theater. During his service in the National Guard, he achieved the rank of Captain.

Above all, the Sheriff is a family man who enjoys time with his wife Joan, their six children, and seven grandchildren.

A true Democrat, a dedicated public servant, a loving parent and faithful brother, Sheriff Flynn exemplifies the ideals of the Democratic Party and the spirit of Eleanor Roosevelt. The Shrewsbury Democratic Town Committee is honored to present him its 2001 Eleanor Roosevelt Humanitarian Award.

### WASHING AWAY GRIEF

#### HON. STEVE ISRAEL

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, October 30, 2001

Mr. ISRAEL. Mr. Speaker, this article appeared in *Newsday* on Tuesday, October 23, 2001, on page A7. I would like to sincerely thank and commend Jean Gioglio for her generosity and kindness in donating her son Michael Gioglio's clothes to the World Trade Center rescue workers.

### WASHING AWAY GRIEF

MOTHER DONATES DECEASED SON'S CLOTHES TO RESCUE WORKERS

(By Nedra Rhone)

It was nearing some ungodly hour, and as rescue workers labored at Ground Zero hoping to find traces of the missing, Jean Gioglio labored over her washing machine.

Suds from a homemade cocktail of detergent and disinfectant bubbled about and the piles of clothing seemed to grow before her eyes, but she was determined to finish. The weatherman had predicted rain for the next day, and Gioglio wanted to get the clothing to rescue workers by morning.

As the machine rumbled in her Bay Shore home, Gioglio wrote a letter. "I cannot fath-

om how you have the strength to carry on, but from the bottom of my heart, I am grateful to you!!"

Into every sleeve, every trouser leg and each pocket she tucked the note explaining exactly where the items came from. "These are Mike's clothes; you see, he doesn't need them anymore . . . he died three years ago . . . I've asked Michael to be your guardian angel."

Michael was Gioglio's 19-year-old son. And in the three years since his death, she has held on. Held on to his clothing, his possessions, his life. Two nights after the attack on the World Trade Center, Gioglio was ready to let go.

"It hurts me that I'd been holding on to Mike's clothes. I was thinking about how tired the rescue workers must be, how shocked. I was stuffing letters into the shirts and just wanting them to put them on, find that piece of paper, and not feel anonymous," Gioglio said.

When Michael Gioglio was 16, Timothy McVeigh bombed the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building in Oklahoma City. "He wanted to jump on the plane right then," Gioglio said. He wanted to help the rescuers there in what was then the worst act of terror in America. "He was too young, how could I just take a kid into that environment?"

Michael gave logical reasons, Gioglio said. He was strong, level-headed and willing to follow direction, he told her. But the answer was still no. Michael never said another word about it.

Then, three years later, he committed suicide, and with time, Gioglio started the process of healing. But she never was able to part with her son's belongings.

"Being surrounded with Mike's things made it a little more comforting," she said. "It gave me a feel for what was."

Michael was an athletic young man. The walls of his bedroom still display the more sentimental reminders of his life—football photos, lacrosse pads, a golf iron.

People told her that when the time was right to let go, she would know. It just never seemed to come.

Until the moment in mid-September, when Michael had a second chance to help. She found herself in his old room pulling long-forgotten clothing out of drawers and closets. "Humanity is dying," Gioglio said about her sudden motivation, "and the simplest things are going to get all of us to a better place."

It had taken years for Gioglio to get to this point, but as she packed her son's belongings, which had remained in his bedroom untouched, her state-of-mind surprised her.

"I was comfortable with it; I'm not heartbroken at all," she said.

In fact, it felt as if Michael had tapped her on the shoulder and told her to do something, she said.

Family members who had watched Gioglio grieve over the years thought it was wonderful that she was able to give away her son's material possessions, Gioglio said.

"Sometimes people need something, some significant event, to jump-start some type of healing or resolution," said Jill Rathus, associated professor of psychology at Long Island University's C.W. Post campus. The World Trade Center attack may have helped push Gioglio to the next phase of healing.

The tragedy could have many different effects on people who previously experienced

• This "bullet" symbol identifies statements or insertions which are not spoken by a Member of the Senate on the floor.

Matter set in this typeface indicates words inserted or appended, rather than spoken, by a Member of the House on the floor.

the loss of a loved one, Rathus said. For some it may prove a setback, with the event serving as confirmation of their already altered world view and flooding them with painful memories. Others, like Gioglio, may believe their mourning is shared and find a greater sense of community with those now experiencing loss.

On Sept. 22, Michael would have turned 33 years old.

"I know there would have been no stopping him now," Gioglio said.

Her son was no bleeding heart, she said, but he did care about animals, the environment and kids.

"You wouldn't pick him out in a crowd and say 'He's a humanitarian,'" Gioglio said, "but he is there quietly in the background doing what he can."

This time, his work in the background offered some form of comfort to weary firefighters, police officers and emergency workers.

Piece by piece, Gioglio ironed, folded and labeled Michael's clothing, bundling size 34 pants and large-sized sweatshirts into neatly wrapped piles that she delivered to Island Harvest, the Long Island based organization that maintained a warehouse for donations.

"It just stood out because it was clear that somebody went through a lot of trouble to make sure this was going to get to the firemen," said Tom Waring, president of the group, whose volunteers organized about 300,000 pounds of tools, medical supplies, food and clothing. Waring later called Gioglio to thank her.

It was pouring rain the day local volunteers distributed Michael's clothing to rescue workers. A number of people called or wrote letters that same day to say, yes, her note really had helped them feel better.

One rescuer had just wiped the soot from his face and arms with baby wipes and reached for Mike's clean, dry shirt, when the letter fluttered out.

"He said to me, 'I want to run home and hug my kids, but first I wanted to tell you that this is definitely a hug from yours,'" Gioglio said.

She believes that Michael is there at Ground Zero—hopefully as a guardian angel to workers doing the job he once dreamed of doing.

"Letting go of Mike's possessions, I believe, is somehow sending out the troops," Gioglio said. "Maybe I bit off more than Michael can chew, but we definitely have him on the case."

TRIBUTE TO MELANIE  
KERNEKLIAN ON THE OCCASION  
OF HER 60TH BIRTHDAY

**HON. ERIC CANTOR**

OF VIRGINIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Tuesday, October 30, 2001*

Mr. CANTOR. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize a remarkable woman, Melanie Kerneklian. I have known Melanie for many years and have come to value her as a tireless advocate for the Seventh Congressional District of Virginia and a friend.

Melanie is dedicated to Virginia. She is known as a vocal and effective leader in the community, but is most known for her advocacy on behalf of the Armenian community. Melanie is recognized as a leading expert on the issues of import to the Armenian-American community and has worked on local, state and federal levels to promote awareness.

On October 12, 2001, Melanie celebrates her 60th birthday. Mr. Speaker, I hope you will join me in wishing Melanie well on her birthday and to thank her for her service to so many people.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TRIBUTE TO  
THE U.S. MARINE CORPS

**HON. FRANK R. WOLF**

OF VIRGINIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Tuesday, October 30, 2001*

Mr. WOLF. Mr. Speaker, November 10, 2001, marks the 226th anniversary of the U.S. Marine Corps. On November 10, 1775, a corps of Marines was created by a resolution of the Continental Congress, and throughout the whole of American history the corps has acted with the bravery and honor, courage and humility befitting the American armed services.

In the wake of the tragic events of September 11, and the current military operations which are underway, I am hopeful that America has a new found respect and reverence for our men and women in uniform wherever and whenever they may serve.

As Marines both Retired and Active Duty, Reservists, civilian and uniformed alike, gather cross the Nation to celebrate this momentous occasion, I would like to acknowledge their past service and give thanks for their continued vigilance during these trying times.

This week, in my own district, the Marines of Page County will gather for a humble but memorable celebration at the Luray VFW. To commemorate this special day I would like to submit for the RECORD an essay composed by Thomas E. Lloyd, Major, U.S. Marine Corps (Retired), a resident of Virginia's 10th Congressional District, who has captured the essence of a lifetime devotion to the corps.

[From the Marine Corps Gazette, Nov. 1997]

THE CHANGE IS FOREVER

(By Maj Thomas E. Lloyd, USMC(Ret))

Until recently in my home town, there was an advertising billboard on Main Street with the image of a young Marine officer in Dress Blues with the caption. "The Change Is Forever." Appropriately, the sign appeared about the same time as the 1996 Marine Corps Birthday. Each time that I passed it, the soft murmur of memories echoed in my head.

It's fun to enjoy an occasional peek into the window of our past as long as we know when to close the curtain. One enjoyable way to do this is to celebrate the birthday of our Corps with other Marines. Since our area is rural and fairly remote, a few of us decided two birthdays ago to have our own celebration. Over the past 2 years, it has grown from a few retired Marines gathering to toast the birthday of their Corps to a community event of over 100 Marines, their families, and friends.

There's nothing fancy about our ball—the Marines who can still get into their uniforms wear them, but there are no tuxedos or long gowns. For \$7.00 you get a good, homecooked meal of roast beef, gravy, and mashed potatoes. After dinner, we ask the guests to light a candle for our Corps as two retired Marines parade the colors with a marching glide that does not hint of their combined ages of 140 years. After the reading of the traditional Birthday Message of Gen. Lejeune, the cake cutting ceremony takes place.

As the senior Marine, I then say a few words. In keeping with the type of audience, I try to make my remarks emotional, but relevant and to the point. Last year I reminded them that there were no ex-Marines—only Marines.

We are gathered here to honor our Corps and our fellow Marines. We pay homage to tradition and patriotism, to duty and honor, to commitment and sacrifice. The voices of those who have gone before us call out to us with the words that symbolize our Corps—Semper Fidelis! In your present life, you may be a farmer or a truck driver. You may be old or young. Your hair may have grown grey and your middle thick. Life and the inevitable progression of time changes our outward appearance, but it cannot alter what is inside. Your presence here says what is in your heart; you too have answered the role call of Marines who call out to the next generation—Semper Fidelis. I remind you, as I have before, that you are still Marines. You have been branded with the eagle, globe, and anchor. It is seared into your soul. You have earned the title Marine, and it is yours until eternity.

More than likely, no flag officer will ever speak at our birthday ball, and the Marine Corps band will only play for us via my cassette player. A high-ranking guest speaker, expensive admission, and a prime rib dinner aren't necessarily prerequisites for a successful birthday celebration, but enthusiasm, sincerity, and the spirit of the Marines who attend are.

At the foot of the Blue Ridge, near the Shenandoah river, where the natural beauty of the landscape takes your breath away, you'll find a small group of simple and down-to-the-earth men and women who believe in the motto of their Corps—Semper Fidelis! They remain faithful, even though the Marine Corps that they once knew exists only in their memories and in their hearts. The words on the billboard were more than advertising: The Change Is Forever!

A TRIBUTE TO RAFFI HAMPARIAN

**HON. STEVEN R. ROTHMAN**

OF NEW JERSEY

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Tuesday, October 30, 2001*

Mr. ROTHMAN. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to pay tribute to a great American, a great public servant, a great expert on foreign affairs, a great staff member, a great campaign worker, a great brother, son and husband, a great friend, and soon to be a great father.

Mr. Speaker, at the end of this week a man who fits all those descriptions, Mr. Raffi Hamparian, will be departing my office and moving to the west coast to settle down with his wife and the new child they are expecting in January.

He has served for the past five years as my senior legislative assistant and handled all my International Relations Committee and Foreign Operations Subcommittee work. He has been a strong and steady voice in the halls of this Congress for the oppressed minorities of the world and for exporting the best of America to all those peoples hungry for freedom.

Myself and the rest of my staff will not only miss his great expertise at a time when we greatly need such insight into foreign affairs, but we will also miss his friendship. We have all come to rely on seeing his smiling face and hearing his reassuring voice each morning we walk into the office.