

resident of San Bernardino she attended San Bernardino High School and San Bernardino Valley College. Her love for the city and its people was deeply rooted. She was the quintessential community activist for despite challenges, she continued to fight for services to be implemented in the community. Her presence and efforts in the community was a vital source in motivating people and enhancing the community.

Esther devoted her life to improve the livelihood of her fellow community members through her civic engagement and involvement. Some of her accomplishments include serving as President of the Inland Empire Hispanic Chamber of Commerce, President of Sinfonia Mexicana, and President of the Inland Counties Hispanic Roundtable. She was San Bernardino's catalyst to progress. Her passion enabled her to make great contributions that will never be forgotten. One of her most memorable contributions was garnering an \$87,000 grant from the county to assess Hispanic business in the area.

Esther passed away on Saturday, August 31, 2002. She is survived by her son, Malcolm Mata; three daughters Sylvia Zicafoose, Bernadine Leutz, and Desiree Forshay; two brothers Raymond and Louie Lopez; and sister Braulia Ortega. Her family, innumerable friends, and the entire community will miss her greatly.

And so Mr. Speaker, I submit this memorial to be included in the archives of the history of this great nation, for individuals like Esther are unique in their generous contributions to this country.

IN MEMORY OF WAYNE FORD
BUCKLE

HON. JAMES P. MORAN
OF VIRGINIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
Wednesday, September 11, 2002

Mr. MORAN of Virginia. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to pay tribute to the life of a good man, and an inspirational Virginian, Mr. Wayne Ford Buckle. Wayne was a selfless patriot and civic-minded community leader who contributed greatly to the Northern Virginia area.

Wayne Buckle left us on March 24, 2002, but what he gave during his 85 years will remain a lasting legacy. As a lifelong and charter member of the Church of the Brethren in Arlington, Virginia, Wayne Buckle and his wife Wilma led by example, actively participating in many facets of the life of the church. In 1960, Wayne achieved distinction by serving as the first lay District Moderator in the Church. One program that Wayne especially enjoyed focusing his energies on was the District Camping program. Wayne frequently gave his time as a camp counselor and was deeply involved in the development and growth of Shepherds Spring, the Church of the Brethren Youth Camp in the Mid-Atlantic District.

Perhaps Wayne Buckle was best known for his fierce loyalty to his beloved Democratic Party. A member of the Mason District Democratic Committee of Fairfax County since 1956, Wayne remained a dedicated standard bearer for the party all his life. For over two decades, his prowess as alternating treasurer for the Mason District Democratic Committee, the Northern Virginia Democratic Club, Vir-

ginia's 10th District Democratic Committee and Virginia's 11th District Democratic Committee allowed these organizations to grow and prosper under his watchful eye. A strong union supporter till the end, Wayne also played a big role with the American Federation of Government Employees, serving as their trusted treasurer for many years.

Wayne's wisdom, patient nature and unshakable spirit were able to overcome obstacles that would have stopped most people in their tracks. Loved by many and respected by all, Wayne exemplified the well-rounded family man, civic, and political leader whose insatiable thirst for life provided a role model to us all. Wayne Buckle's lifelong devotion to improving the lives of the disadvantaged and dispossessed epitomizes FDR's quote that "the test of our progress is not whether we add more to the abundance of those who have much; it is whether we provide enough for those who have too little." Those of us who knew him will miss his gentle and not-so-gentle reminders that we can be better than we think we can be. We will miss you dearly Wayne, but your legacy will not be forgotten.

HONORING THE 100TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE MSGR. PATRICK DUNIGAN KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS COUNCIL

HON. DALE E. KILDEE

OF MICHIGAN

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
Wednesday, September 11, 2002

Mr. KILDEE. Mr. Speaker, I ask the House of Representatives to join me in congratulating the Monsignor Patrick R. Dunigan Council 695, Knights of Columbus, upon their 100th Anniversary. The Knights will be celebrating this event with Mass followed by a reception on September 14th in my hometown of Flint. I have been a member of the Dunigan Council for several years and will be joining the other Knights at this auspicious occasion.

The Knights of Columbus were founded in 1882 with the principles of charity, unity, fraternity and patriotism. In 1902, Council 695 was organized in Flint on September 14th of that year. The oldest Knights of Columbus Council in Genesee County, the Dunigan Council has from its beginning held the principle of charity foremost in its activities. Helping its members cope during the Depression, they provided assistance for the families of the unemployed. It was at this time that Monsignor Patrick R. Dunigan befriended the Council and provided them with a foundation for their charitable work. As pastor of St. Michael Catholic Church he saved the Council from dissolving by providing a meeting place at the parish. In 1955 the Council was named in his honor to commemorate the many years of guidance and support he gave to its members.

The Council became a supporter of Boysville in 1947 and in 1953 the Council played a role in rebuilding the Beecher District after the devastating tornado struck that area. Participating in the program to assist the mentally retarded started in 1967, the Dunigan Council has assisted in raising millions of dollars across the state.

Support for Catholic school athletic programs was started in the 1940s. The Catholic League high school football program, and

grade school basketball were just two of the recipients of the Council's largesse. Since the opening of Powers High School the Council has continued its support of its athletic department. At the grade school level the Council has focused on the development of the girls volleyball and baseball teams.

In 1955 the Dunigan Council took on the role of mothering new councils. A total of nine councils have spun off from Council 695. The Davison Council was the first, followed by the Mt. Morris Council. In the early 1990s the Dunigan Council was invited by Father Douglas Osborn to make its home at St. John Vianney. The Choral group that was an offshoot of the Council in 1966 has grown to the Singing Knights. This group now incorporates members from several councils and has performed at functions for many years.

In keeping with the principles of the Knights of Columbus, the Dunigan Council has decided to make their anniversary celebration a project to assist Boysville. I ask the House of Representatives to join me in commending the men of the Patrick R. Dunigan Council 695 Knights of Columbus, for their devotion to their faith, their support of the next generation through building athletic programs, and their tireless assistance to the less fortunate. I congratulate them for 100 years of hard work and spiritual growth.

PAYING TRIBUTE TO FAYE
FLEMING

HON. SCOTT McINNIS

OF COLORADO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
Wednesday, September 11, 2002

Mr. McINNIS. Mr. Speaker, it is with a solemn heart that I take this opportunity to pay respect to the passing of Faye Fleming at the age of fifty-nine. Faye served ten years in the Colorado House of Representatives, representing House District 31, which included Western Adams, Southern Weld and Eastern Boulder Counties from 1982 to 1984 and from 1986 to 1994. During her legislative tenure, Faye served as Chairman of the House Transportation and Energy Committee and Joint Transportation Legislation Review Committee. She was an innovative leader and played a key role in the implementation of the Colorado Clean Air Act and the state's underground petroleum storage tank remediation program. Faye Fleming was a remarkable woman and her accomplishments most certainly deserves the recognition of this body of Congress and this nation.

Faye was born on February 19, 1943 in Johnson City, New York. She attended Iowa Wesleyan College and the University of Colorado at Boulder prior to receiving her B.A. from Metropolitan State College in Denver. Before her legislative career, Faye held numerous civic positions including Chairman of Adams County Planning Commission, member of the Adams County Head Start Policy Council, and President of Adams County League of Women Voters. Faye is survived by her husband, Larry French of Thornton, Colorado, her son, Dr. Andrew Barnard of Alana, Maine; and her daughter, Heather Schultze of San Francisco.

Mr. Speaker, Faye Fleming was a remarkable woman whose leadership and goodwill

towards her fellow Coloradans inspired many and whose good deeds certainly deserve the recognition of this body of Congress. Faye's departure leaves a gap in many hearts but her memory will surely survive in the lives of those who knew her. Faye Fleming committed her life in the service of her state, and I join many others in mourning Faye's loss and celebrating her life.

CENTRAL NEW JERSEY SHARES
THE ACCOUNT OF TRADE CENTER
VICTIM FAMILY MEMBER
SARAH VAN AUKEN

HON. RUSH D. HOLT

OF NEW JERSEY

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, September 11, 2002

Mr. HOLT. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to share with you an article written by Sarah Van Aukun, 13 year-old daughter of World Trade Center victim Kenneth Van Aukun. It was published last week in her local newspaper, and it presents a straightforward account of how the nightmare of September 11 unfolded before the eyes of a young person who found herself thrust suddenly onto the front lines of a war she didn't even know was taking place. It shows us not just how deeply painful and terrifying it is for a child to lose a parent, but also how this young woman's own feelings of fear, confusion and uncertainty as the day unfolded were magnified by that fact that she saw just the same feelings among the adults around her. Sarah Van Aukun's life since that day became a swirling tapestry of endless tears, helpless longing for her father, and newfound celebrity born of the worst set of circumstances she could possibly have imagined. Out of her pain, she wrote a song in honor and memory of her father. The song paints a picture that perhaps we all might see ourselves within. A picture of a person, standing, quietly, waiting, listening for the faintest sound on the wind of the guiding hand that will come back and show us show how to get through this, the guiding hand that we can grasp so that we'll find ourselves together again, safely, home. This has been a year of deep searching and painful discovery for us all, and I would like to share Sarah Van Aukun's account of it with you.

This past year has been very hard for me. You see, my father, Kenneth Van Aukun, was in the World Trade Center on Sept. 11, 2001. No, he did not escape—but he did leave a message saying, "I love you. I'm in the World Trade Center. The building was hit by something. I don't know if I'm going to get out but I love you very much. I—I hope I'll see you later. Bye." That was the single most horrible thing I had ever heard in my life. He was trying to stay calm for us—trying to let his last words be "I love you." Somehow, I wish I could go back in time and erase all that happened. Maybe even stop him from going to work. I wish I could have one last goodbye. But I guess it's too much to ask.

You're most likely wondering how I found out. Well, I was having a regular day at school. You know, boring—yet I was with my friends. Anyway, I was in study hall minding my own business when someone yelled out, "Is it true that a plane crashed into the World Trade Center?" Knowing my dad worked there, I wrote a note to my friend next to me saying, "If that's true, my dad

would be dead!" I didn't believe what he said because the teacher acted like nothing happened. Also, I wouldn't trust that kid. So as the day went on, I felt weird. You know like when you know that something is wrong, but you really don't think about it? At eighth period, around 1:30 p.m., an announcement came on saying there is a "little accident" in New York—and if we get home and one of our parents are not there, we should not worry. If you get scared, we should call 911 or talk to the police. That's when I got scared. When I was walking down the hallway, I almost started crying, but held back my tears. When I got in the car to go home, my neighbor who drives me tried to get one of my classmates to stop talking about the announcement. She was obviously trying to stay away from the subject. Then, when we got to that boy's house, his dad started talking about it. He didn't say what happened, but gave me a weird look. I got home and saw my grandparents' car. I knew they weren't supposed to be there. I saw my mom with a tear stained face, and I ran up to her and she didn't have to tell me. I just cried.

From that day on, nothing has been the same. Nobody has treated me the same. Nobody wanted to talk about it—yet they couldn't help asking me questions about what had happened, and how I was doing. When I knew for sure, after three days, that my father was dead, I cried harder than I have ever cried in my life. My father, my superman, was dead. We had a memorial, and went on "Oprah." I wouldn't eat. I couldn't sleep in my own bed. I would cry about the smallest things. I was wearing one of his shirts, to feel close to him. I was looking at family pictures. Of course, I was still crying. I couldn't figure out what would make me stop being so depressed and irritable. I had to get it out. I wanted to scream, run, jump—but I couldn't. I just didn't have the strength. I cried too much.

So, I did what I usually did to get out my feelings: I wrote a song. I sang it to my mom and she called my godmother, who called her brother-in-law, who told me to record myself singing and send it to him. Exactly a month after Sept. 11, I recorded it in a studio. The song titled "Daddy's Little Girl" was on a local radio station twice, once in California and on "Larry King Weekend." I always wanted publicity because I wanted to be famous—but not this way. Today I am still crying, when nobody's around. I think about what happened constantly, but can't really talk about it. And though I may sound selfish, somehow I think nobody knows how I really feel. My life is turned upside down. The things I used to do I either can't do anymore, or I've lost interest, or they seem so much harder. I'm trying to "move on," but I don't want to. My mind has accepted that he's dead, but my heart hasn't. And somehow, I don't think my heart will. Because I'll never stop crying, not in a million years.

Sometimes, it will hit me that he's gone forever—that he's never coming home. I recently had a Bat Mitzvah. It was very hard, just like the 11th of every month is hard, and Father's day, my mom's birthday, my brother's birthday, my birthday, my dad's birthday, and most of all next week's Sept. 11 anniversary. I know most of the teens that are reading this might often think about what it would be like if you lost a parent. I used to wonder, too. Except now I don't wonder, I know.

DADDY'S LITTLE GIRL

(By Sarah Van Aukun)

Standing-daddy's little girl (just); Standing (yeah)-daddy's little girl . . .

I wonder, wonder through the trees, blow the wind, blow the wind to me. Control, controlling my fears, somewhere, be-

hind these tears. And may, maybe you'll appear, somehow whisper in my ear (my ear, my ear!)

CHORUS

If you were just standing here, I could erase these tears of mine! And all these words would disappear, oh! Standing-daddy's little girl (just); Standing (yeah)-daddy's little girl . . .

Can it, can it be, that the wind is guiding me! Daddy are you there? 'cause I've, I've looked everywhere I need, I need you! What should, what should I do! And may, maybe you'll appear, somehow whisper in my ear (my ear, my ear!)

CHORUS

If you were just standing here, I could erase these tears of mine! And all these words would disappear! I just want to find you, but there's nothing I can do. Where do you roam? I just want you HOME!!!!

Standing-daddy's little girl (just); Standing (yeah)-daddy's little girl . . .

HONORING REV. JUAN MARTINEZ
AS HE CELEBRATES HIS 40th
PASTORAL ANNIVERSARY

HON. ROSA L. DeLAURO

OF CONNECTICUT

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, September 11, 2002

Ms. DeLAURO. Mr. Speaker, it is with great pleasure that I rise today to extend my sincere congratulations to my dear friend, Reverend Juan Martinez, as the congregation of the Door of Salvation Pentecostal Church honors him on his 40th pastoral anniversary. This is a tremendous milestone for Reverend Martinez and for the community he has served for the last four decades.

One of the eldest Hispanic ministers in New Haven, Reverend Martinez has been an active and vocal member of our community since his arrival. Upon making his home in New Haven, Reverend Martinez established the church known as "Iglesia Peurta de Salvacion" which has flourished under his leadership. Throughout the last half century, the Hispanic population has grown at a rapid rate and we have been fortunate to have Reverend Martinez working so diligently in our community.

As the pastor for 40 years, Reverend Martinez has ministered to the spiritual needs of hundreds in the Hill community—strengthening our bonds of faith and helping to build stronger neighborhoods of which we can all be proud. As a community leader he has embodied the spirit and values of our great nation. Today, Reverend Martinez continues down his chosen path—providing counsel and offering solace and guidance to those most in need. With his unparalleled dedication and talent, he has made a real difference in the lives of many.

Throughout his lifetime, Reverend Martinez has exemplified the qualities we need in our community leaders. I am proud to join his wife, Maria, his six children, family, friends, and the congregation of the Door of Salvation Pentecostal Church in extending my warmest congratulations as he celebrates his 40th pastoral anniversary. His good work and invaluable contributions have left an indelible mark on our community.