

Marie, daughter of Fred Clatch and Jenny Corra was married to Francis, son of Miles Bonner and Mary Hannigan, on June 23, 1963 by Father Thomas Hannigan, at Our Lady of Grace Church in Hazleton. They have been Pennsylvania residents all of their married lives. First in Secane, then in Berwyn, then in Harrisburg and now in Hazleton. They have a daughter, Mary Patricia, who currently resides in Washington, DC with her husband Roy Eichler.

Marie and Fran have led remarkable lives in the arena of public service. Marie has been a homemaker all her life and very active in her daughter's school and after school programs. She has done a considerable amount of volunteer work for both the Harrisburg School system and St. Margaret Mary's Church. She remains a terrific role model for the many children she has encountered throughout her volunteering career.

Fran has been extremely active in local and state government, serving in a senior position in Governor Milton Schapp's Administration and later on the Unemployment Compensation Board during the Governor Robert Casey's Administration. He has been extremely active in the Hazleton Community serving as the Chairman of St. Joseph's Hospital Board, and as a Trustee for the Anthracite Health and Welfare Fund for 15 years. It is no surprise he was bestowed the honor of "Hazletonian of the Year."

Fran also served on the White House ad-hoc Anthracite committee in 1980 and was a Member of the Marketing Panel for the Governor's Coal Conference that same year. In 1977 he was a member of the United States Department of Energy Anthracite Task Force and throughout the 1970s he served on both the Governor's Energy Council and the Pennsylvania Industrial Development Authority. He has been active in the Philadelphia Fellowship Commission and the Hazleton City Planning and Zoning board. He was also the Deputy State Chairman of the Democratic State Committee and the Assistant Director of the Urban Studies Program at the University of Villanova.

The Pennsylvania House of Representatives recognized Fran for directing the recovery efforts of the Kocher mine disaster in 1976. He has testified on the advancement of anthracite coal before both the U.S. Congress and Pennsylvania Legislature.

Mr. Speaker, I am proud to showcase the achievements of these two special residents of Pennsylvania's 11th Congressional District and ask my colleagues to join me both in celebrating their 40 years of marriage and in wishing them many more happy years together.

RECOGNIZING CHIEF WARRANT OFFICER DAVID WILLIAMS, U.S. ARMY APACHE HELICOPTER PILOT AND PRISONER OF WAR, ON HIS VALIANT BRAVERY OVERSEAS

HON. J. RANDY FORBES

OF VIRGINIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, June 26, 2003

Mr. FORBES. Mr. Speaker, I rise today in recognition of Chief Warrant Officer David Williams, U.S. Army Apache helicopter pilot who was a Prisoner of War during Operation Iraqi

Freedom. Iraqi forces detained him for 21 days as a POW after his helicopter was grounded near Karbala, Iraq. Williams valiantly fought and survived imprisonment after being captured.

Chief Warrant Officer Williams moved to Hampton Roads in 1981 with his family and grew up in Chesapeake, Virginia. From early childhood, David was always enthralled with planes and the magic of air flight. After graduating from Great Bridge High School in Chesapeake, Williams enrolled in community college and joined the Army as a full time reservist. After spending two years as a crew chief on a med-evac Huey helicopter, Williams searched for a bigger challenge. He was assigned to the Army's 106th Special Operations Aviation Regiment and also went through Survival, Evasion, Resistance and Escape school while traveling the world doing preparatory combat missions.

Next week, we will welcome back David Williams to his hometown of Chesapeake, Virginia with a host of events and celebrations for his heroic return. We are pleased to salute him for protecting our flag and our freedom. The Independence Day holiday is a perfect time to show our deep appreciation to this brave citizen and soldier who spent his childhood in the Fourth District of Virginia.

Williams showed tremendous bravery and commitment to his country while held by his Iraqi captors. Today we recognize him for his unwavering patriotism and dedication to both his job and the American people.

Mr. Speaker, please join me in honoring Chief Warrant Officer David Williams for his bravery and dedication abroad, his service to Chesapeake, the Commonwealth of Virginia, and the American people.

PERSONAL EXPLANATION

HON. JIM SAXTON

OF NEW JERSEY

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, June 26, 2003

Mr. SAXTON. Mr. Speaker, yesterday, June 25, 2003, I was unable to cast my vote for roll-call numbers 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, and 317 due to the fact that I was attending a funeral for my dear friend from Arizona, Representative Bob Stump.

Had I been presented, I would have voted "aye" for all 6 votes.

LEGISLATION ADDRESSES SHOCKING PROBLEM OF PRISON RAPE

HON. FRANK R. WOLF

OF VIRGINIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, June 26, 2003

Mr. WOLF. Mr. Speaker, I recently shared with our colleagues several personal accounts related by survivors of the brutal and inhumane act of sexual assault in our nation's prisons.

H.R. 1707, the Prison Rape Reduction Act of 2003, focuses attention on the growing problem of prison rape. I was pleased to co-author this legislation with my Virginia colleague, Rep. Bobby Scott. The bill is pending mark-up in the House Judiciary Committee

and we are hopeful that it will be on the House floor soon. I believe in being tough on crime. But this has nothing to do with being tough on crime. It has everything to do with human dignity and ending deliberate indifference toward sexual assaults in prisons, maintaining order in prisons, and reducing social and economic costs to a society left to deal with physically and psychologically damaged former inmates.

Today I want to share additional stories from those whose lives have been forever changed by the sexual assaults happening every day in the prisons in our country.

Imagine knowing that someone you love is being repeatedly raped, abused, and degraded and that there is little to nothing that you can do about it.

For the last two and a half years, my family and I have been paralyzed by this knowledge and our inability to stop the rape and abuse.

My name is Vivian Edwards and I am here to tell you about my nephew, Roderick Johnson. In my family, he goes by Keith.

Keith is a Navy veteran and was imprisoned in Marshall, Texas in January of 2000 for a non-violent crime. He wrote a \$300 check even though he knew that he did not have the funds to cover this amount, violating the terms of his parole for a burglary that he committed over 10 years ago.

From the beginning, my nephew knew that being a gay man put him at risk, so he informed prison officials that he was gay in hopes that he would be offered protection. My nephew was offered no protection. While at Allred, he was placed in the general population.

He might as well have been put in a lions' den. He was immediately given the name "CoCo" by the other inmates which made it clear to all inmates that he was available for sexual exploitation. The prison officials also began to call Keith by this nickname and would refer to him as "she" or "her."

Keith was raped by a member of the gang called 'Gangster Disciples' in early October 2000. My nephew informed prison officials about what had happened and that he feared for his life. He asked for medical attention. He was denied help and denied medical assistance. They told him that medical care was only available for an emergency. My nephew was raped! How can someone say that is not an emergency?

Soon after the rape, things just got worse for my nephew. Hernandez began 'sharing' Keith with other inmates, and Keith literally became a sex slave.

Keith wrote to several of his family members from prison. He was afraid to tell most of us that he was being severely sexually abused. But the letters started to change, and he eventually told us what was happening. I can still remember reading the words: "they make me do things I don't want to do" and just crying. He told us that he feared for his life.

We called the prison to find out what was going on. Staff at the prison said they would check into Keith's complaints. They said Keith's complaints didn't warrant an investigation but they would move him to another prison wing. He wasn't safe there either. Other family members and I continued to write and call on Keith's behalf, but nothing ever changed—he was never safe.

During a period of 18 months, Keith appeared before the classification committee of Allred seven times. Each time he asked to be put in protective custody, but his requests were denied each time.

Each time they denied Keith the protection that he so badly needed, he was sent back to the general population and raped and

forced to perform sexual acts against his will. He was traded between various gangs in prison—the Bloods, the Crips, the Tangos, the Mandingo Warriors—and sold out for \$5 and \$10 for sex acts.

By December of 2001, Keith feared for his life so much that he purposely incurred a serious disciplinary violation. He was given the maximum punishment and received 15 days in solitary confinement. Ironically, this was the first and only protection that he ever received while at Allred. Sadly, though, this punishment also included extending his sentence for more than two more years past the date that he would have been eligible for release.

After Keith's seventh life endangerment claim, he began writing the ACLU and other outside organizations for assistance. The ACLU National Prison Project came to his rescue. They filed a federal lawsuit on behalf of my nephew against several Texas prison officials that ignored his pleas for protection against gangs who forced him into sexual slavery.

Keith had asked us to pray for him, and we did. Our prayers were finally answered. He was moved to a safety protection unit soon after the ACLU National Prison Project filed the lawsuit.

Keith has tested negative for HIV, but still lives in constant fear that he might have contracted other diseases from countless forced sex incidents. Prison rape is a serious crime that not only affects the victim, but also the family. As I said before, my entire family has been horrified and devastated for the past two and a half years because of what has happened to Keith. Today we are praying for Keith, but we are also fighting for him and for every other prisoner that has been a victim of rape while in prison as well.

I have tried to write this story many times, only to find myself in tears at the thought of recounting the events. But now, years later, I am finding the courage, little by little, to speak out. I pray that this courage will be with me today.

My name is Hope. In July 1997 I was incarcerated following an arrest for a drug related offense. I had been sent to a rehab facility in Virginia, but because of my extreme withdrawal symptoms from heroin and cocaine, they pulled me out of this facility and sent me, instead, to jail.

I was sent to the DC jail on no particular charges, but simply because I needed medical attention and was pending indictment. From the DC jail, I was transferred to a medical unit at CCA (a privately contracted jail adjacent to DC jail). This was where anyone with medical concerns, pregnancy, injury, extreme illness, or other debilitating circumstances was sent.

The unit consisted of male and female inmates. When I got there, I was surprised to realize that male guards were on staff guarding the mixed population. Male guards were allowed to watch us changing, showering, and using the toilet.

Also to my surprise, male and female inmates were allowed recreational time together on this unit. I met a woman pregnant with her third child all of which were conceived in jail.

I was denied a shower for more than 2 weeks. When I finally was permitted to have one, the guard came to get me at 3 a.m. He took me to a private, hospital-type room. He proposed I smoke a cigarette with him (smoking was not permitted in this facility). I smoked with him, and this he thought allowed him access to rape me. He attacked me while I was showering.

I was terrified, and I didn't know what to do. I was in terrible physical condition because of my withdrawal, and I didn't know who would believe me.

Then, it happened again on a subsequent night. I was doped up on the psych meds that had been prescribed to aid with my withdrawal symptoms. Again, he took me to the shower, and raped me. I was defenseless, and mentally and physically weakened by the drugs. The nurses were asleep in their station 20 feet up the hall, and the relieving guard was on break.

Afterwards, he gave me back my paper jumpsuit. I was putting it on when another guard entered the room and became extremely suspicious. You'd think this eye-witness would have been enough to prosecute him. But it wasn't. An "inconclusive" rape test conducted after my shower meant there was no follow-up.

Since then, my hands have been tied. I have not been able to prosecute the rapist. I have had no avenue for seeking justice.

Since my release, I have tried to move on with my life. I am married, I have three children, and I am in school studying to be a Social Worker with a specialty in addictions rehabilitation. But the pain of this experience comes back to me often. I am still struggling to put it behind me.

To my rapist, I say God will be your judge. I practice daily forgiveness when the mind numbing thoughts won't go away. I pray and I pray to help me get through this. I keep praying because it's my life.

I will never forget that night in March of 2000.

That was the night I was raped by a federal prison guard.

My name is Marilyn Shirley and I am here today as living proof that prisoner rape does happen.

I was convicted of a drug charge and placed in the Federal Medical Center at Carswell in Fort Worth, Texas from January 12, 1998 until September 10, 2000.

While in prison, I took all of the required Bureau of Prisons courses—from substance abuse prevention classes to classes that taught me job skills. I never once had an incident report written against me. In fact, I was rewarded with time credited for good behavior. Upon my release, I walked away with a \$250 check from the Bureau of Prisons and a permanently devastated emotional and mental state as a result of my rape.

On that night in March 2000, I was woken up at approximately 3:30 a.m. by prison guard Michael Miller, a Senior Officer of the Bureau of Prisons. He told me, in the presence of my roommates, that I was wanted at the officer's station.

I was scared to death that they'd called me because something had happened to my husband who had heart problems and diabetes, or to my twins.

I could not have been more wrong. I should have feared for my own safety. After entering the officer's station, Miller made a phone call stating that if a Lieutenant heads for the Camp to give him the "signal."

After hanging up the phone, Miller started forcing himself on me, kissing me and groping my breasts. I was pushed into a store-room where supplies were kept for the inmates. He continued to assault me; the more that I begged and pleaded for him to stop, the more violent he became. He tried to force me to perform oral sex on him. He then threw me against the wall and violently raped me.

I can still remember him whispering in my ear during the rape: "Do you think you're the only one? Don't even think of telling, because it's your word against mine, and you will lose." Miller also said to me "who do you think they will believe, an inmate or a fine upstanding officer like me?"

The ordeal was finally over after Miller received the abrupt signal of someone clearing

their throat over his radio, signaling that someone was coming. I later learned there are no security cameras in the officer's station.

After returning to my room, I took off my sweatpants and put them in plastic and hid them in my locker.

Soon after, I confided in an Officer of the Bureau of Prisons, who was my welding boss, that Officer Miller had raped me. I asked her not to tell anyone because I didn't want anything to interfere with my release date, as I was afraid of what Miller would do to me if I reported it. I also told one of my roommates, and I swore her to secrecy, too.

I stayed silent for months. Having nowhere to hide, I went to sleep every night not knowing if he was going to come for me again. Following the rape, Officer Miller harassed, intimidated and threatened me in many direct and indirect ways.

I lived in fear, until I was released from prison in September 2000. That day, I brought my sweatpants to the Carswell camp administrator and told her about the rape. I gave statements and answered questions. The semen stained sweatpants were taken as evidence to the FBI Crime Lab. I was then given a lie detector test, which I passed.

Just recently, about three years after my release, a federal jury found Officer Miller guilty of rape finding that my civil rights were indeed violated. Meanwhile, Michael Miller is still under criminal investigation. I owe a lot to my attorneys who believed in me and my family who supported me.

Miller has continued to work as a corrections officer with the Federal Bureau of Prisons. Even after I reported the rape, he was only transferred to a men's prison. I cannot believe that this rapist is getting paid with people's tax dollars; it's not right.

Back in 1998, preparing to enter prison was one of the hardest things that I ever had to do. But, now that I am out, I am left with paralyzing panic attacks, awful nightmares, and a terrible state of depression all of the time.

Rape should not have been part of my punishment. Though I am still struggling with the emotional damage I have suffered from this rape, it is important for me to speak out. With God's help, I get strength from knowing that if I refuse to remain silent, maybe others won't have to suffer this way. Thank you for listening, and, please, let's work together to end this injustice.

TRIBUTE TO DR. ISRAEL "IKE"
TRIBBLE, JR.

HON. JIM DAVIS

OF FLORIDA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, June 26, 2003

Mr. DAVIS of Florida. Mr. Speaker, I rise in honor of Dr. Israel "Ike" Tribble, Jr., a remarkable man who dedicated his whole life to equipping African-American young people in our community, our state and our country with the educational tools they need to succeed in their personal and professional lives.

Ike had an amazing ability to see the good in everyone, and he knew that education was the key to fully unlocking everyone's God-given potential. After earning a masters in school administration and a doctorate in administration and policy analysis, Ike began a career focused on promoting higher education opportunities for all people.

Ike first blessed Floridians with his talents in 1982 when he moved to Tallahassee to serve