

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

as associate vice chancellor for academic programs for the Florida Board of Regents. From there he was recruited to start the Florida Education Fund, a program designed to help African-Americans earn doctorates and law degrees. During his 17 years leading the Fund to new heights, Ike helped thousands of young people on their path to higher education.

When Ike was not working long hours at the Fund, he was devoting his energies to a host of other civic boards and committees. He served on the Advisory Committee on the Education of Blacks in Florida and as Chairman of the Board of Commissioners of the Tampa Housing Authority. As the first African-American chairman of the Greater Tampa Chamber of Commerce, Ike was responsible for making the board more representative of our diverse business community and focusing business and community leaders on the virtues of educating our young people.

In 1999, Ike was diagnosed with acute leukemia. Ike faced his illness with the same courage and positive attitude that he applied to all other facets of his life. Through chemotherapy and multiple transplants, Ike fought to the end, and he never stopped giving back to his community.

I consider it the highest honor, privilege and joy to have called Ike Tribble my dear friend and a mentor. Ike's passion and commitment to improving the lives of those around him was unsurpassed. Like so many touched by Ike, I will forever be inspired by Ike's compelling example, his wisdom and his zest for life.

On behalf of the Tampa Bay community, which so greatly benefitted from Ike's life work, I would like to extend my deepest sympathies to the Tribble family.

THE HISPANIC RESOURCE CENTER
IN THE CITY OF KENNER, LOUISIANA

HON. DAVID VITTER

OF LOUISIANA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, June 26, 2003

Mr. VITTER. Mr. Speaker, today the City of Kenner crowns its celebration of June as Hispanic Heritage Month with the grand opening of its Hispanic Resource Center, the first of its kind in Louisiana. I am honored to recognize this landmark event in my district.

The Hispanic Resource Center will provide valuable services ranging from citizenship courses and homebuyers' training to computer tutorials and classes in English as a Second Language. In addition to offering specific programs that address real needs, the Center will serve as a facilitator to put Hispanic residents in touch with local agencies and organizations that can help with legal advice, health care, and other concerns.

I would like to congratulate Mayor Louis Congemi and the members of the Kenner City Council for their role in creating this important institution. Mayor Congemi is to be commended for his leadership in guiding the development of the Resource Center from initial idea to grand opening.

The Hispanic Resource Center proclaims and symbolizes the vitality of the Hispanic community in Kenner. I am confident that the Center will make a meaningful difference in the lives of many who hope in America's

promise and pursue the American dream. I am pleased to extend my best wishes to all of those involved in the work of the Hispanic Resource Center upon this happy occasion.

HONORING SUSAN BOOTH FOR HER
OUTSTANDING COMMITMENT TO
PUBLIC SERVICE

HON. ROSA L. DeLAURO

OF CONNECTICUT

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, June 26, 2003

Mr. DeLAURO. Mr. Speaker, it is with great pleasure that I rise today to join the many gathered to pay tribute to an outstanding member of our community, Susan Booth, as she is honored by the Devon Rotary and named a Paul Harris Fellow. The Paul Harris Fellow recognition was created in memory of Paul Harris, the founder of Rotary as a way to show appreciation for contributions to the Foundation's charitable and educational program. Every Paul Harris Fellow receives a pin, medallion and a certificate when he or she becomes a Fellow, identifying the recipient as an advocate of the Foundation's goals of world peace and international understanding. The commitment and dedication that Susan has demonstrated is indeed a reflection of all that the Rotary stands for. It is wonderful to see her work so proudly recognized by her community.

Founder of the Archway Foundation, Susan has spent nearly fifteen years collecting donations to feed and clothe homeless children in Romania. Inspired by a television program about Romanian orphans abandoned when communism collapsed, Susan, a railroad conductor on a commuter train between Connecticut and New York's Grand Central Station, switched to night shifts so that she could earn a master's degree in Social Work. Upon completing her degree, Susan went to Bucharest on a week's vacation in search of these Romanian orphans who were living in sewers and abandoned buildings. With only a short list of contacts, Susan was fortunate to find an individual who knew where to look. "In that sewer, I found my life's work," she has said. Indeed, she has dedicated countless hours to her mission.

Operating out of her own home and a post office box, Susan collects clothing and donations and has been awarded hundreds of thousands in charitable grants. Through her hard work and the generosity of her contributors, Archway has been able to purchase two small homes in Romania as well as employ several Romanians. One of the homes is used as a soup kitchen from which volunteers take food out to hundreds of homeless children every week and provides groceries to squatter families who take refuge in abandoned buildings.

It is not often that you find an individual with such dedication and commitment. Susan's good work has touched the lives of thousands of needy children. More importantly, she has inspired countless numbers of people to donate their time and energy to provide one of life's most precious gifts—hope.

I am proud to stand today to join the Devon Rotary and the many family and friends who have gathered this evening in extending my sincere thanks and heart-felt congratulations

to Susan Booth as she is named a Paul Harris Fellow. Yours is a legacy that is sure to continue to inspire generations to come.

PERSONAL EXPLANATION

HON. ROBERT MENENDEZ

OF NEW JERSEY

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, June 26, 2003

Mr. MENENDEZ. Mr. Speaker, I rise to offer a personal explanation. On June 23, 2003, I was absent from the Chamber as I attended my son's high school graduation. During that time, I was not present to vote on rollcall votes 297, 298, 299, and 300. Had I been present, I would have voted "yea" on rollcall votes 297–300.

HONORING THE CAREER OF
CHARLOTTE LESSER

HON. JANE HARMAN

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, June 26, 2003

Ms. HARMAN. Speaker, in the course of my career as a public official I have been privileged to work with some truly remarkable people—often unsung heroes who contribute every day, unselfishly and unwaveringly, to the health and well-being of our communities. One such person is my friend and constituent Charlotte Lesser, and I rise today on the occasion of her retirement as Director of Health Education at the Beach Cities Health District (BCHD) to commend her for her many achievements and contributions.

For 10 years, Charlotte Lesser has successfully spearheaded BCHD efforts to provide critical assistance to South Bay citizens in need. Under her leadership, BCHD has developed organizations and services that promote health education activities and fitness awareness for the residents of Manhattan Beach, Redondo Beach and Hermosa Beach.

And as is the case with so many local leaders, Ms. Lesser volunteered her time to strengthen South Bay communities through her involvement with the South Bay Family Healthcare Center, the South Bay Youth Project, the Wellness Community, and the South Bay Coalition for Alcohol and Drug-Free Youth.

In addition to her work as a champion of local health care services, Charlotte Lesser chaired the Redondo Beach Chamber of Commerce and founded and directed the Manhattan Beach Neighborhood Watch.

In recognition of her unwavering commitment to the community, in 1999, Charlotte Lesser was named Los Angeles County Woman of the Year. But Charlotte is also my trusted friend and has been a wonderful resource to my staff and me.

Mr. President, I join the community in thanking Charlotte Lesser for her years of service and accomplishment, for they are evidence of her dedication and boundless energy. Although she is retiring from BCHD, her achievements will not end there. I look forward to her upcoming appointment to the Los Angeles County Commission for Women. I know she will continue to be an active leader and community advocate.