

Corporal O'Day was born in Scotland and moved to Sonoma County when he was three years old. He loved his adopted country and chose to serve in the Marines, enlisting immediately after graduating from Santa Rosa High School. He was drawn to the Marines because of its reputation as the toughest of the military branches and he was driven to succeed. When he developed stress fractures in his legs during boot camp, he spent six months in rehabilitation rather than accept a medical discharge.

Corporal O'Day was the eldest of four boys. His brothers looked up to him for guidance and counsel.

He met his wife, Shauna, in high school. They married last fall and their first child will be born in September.

Corporal O'Day's tragic death reminds us that however just the cause, war brings tragedy to far too many families and that any casualty is one too many.

Corporal O'Day died serving the country he loved, with comrades he loved and with the love of his wife and family in his heart. Our nation is humbled and grateful for his sacrifice.

Mr. Speaker, it is appropriate at this time that we recognize Lance Corporal Patrick O'Day, USMC, who gave his life in service to his country.

**KAYLEIGH JACK, IDAHO STATE
WINNER OF GOPUSA'S YOUNG
PATRIOTS ESSAY CONTEST**

HON. C.L. "BUTCH" OTTER

OF IDAHO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, April 7, 2003

Mr. OTTER. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to call the attention of my colleagues to a stirring essay written by a young woman from my district, Eagle High School senior Kayleigh Jack. She is this year's Idaho State winner of GOPUSA's Young Patriots Essay Contest. In describing a visit to New York City and her encounter with a homeless veteran named "Sarge" who was seeking shelter near Ground Zero, Kayleigh paints a stark picture of the visceral impact that the events of September 11, 2001, had on millions of Americans like Sarge who have sacrificed for our freedoms. More than that, her work provides a valuable and hopeful insight into the hearts and minds of young people like her. The lessons of the past truly are learned anew with each lifetime. Kayleigh's essay shows just how profound that earned wisdom can be. I am grateful for the help in understanding more clearly that there is a generation growing to adulthood that now grasps what makes America, its people, principles and institutions so great.

IDAHO STATE WINNER—KAYLEIGH C. JACK
EAGLE, ID, EAGLE HIGH SCHOOL, PUBLIC,
12TH GRADE

On a cold cement step sits a scruffy man in heavy clothing. A small American flag is propped atop his knapsack. Behind him, a fading golden hue illuminates a gaping hole in the earth where two magnificent towers once stood. For Sarge, it will be another cold night in the Big Apple.

On September 11, Americans were awakened to gleaming knives slicing through America's seemingly impenetrable national security. For older Americans, it was Pearl Harbor reawakened. For younger Americans, like me, these were new sounds, new visions—new feelings.

During a recent trip to New York City, I felt a discomfort when seeing Sarge, a homeless veteran, huddled near ground zero. I again felt that same discomfort while staring into the cold empty crevasse behind him. I later realized how much the man and the victims of September 11 had in common; all paid the price for freedom... for being Americans.

All of my life, I've sat in the comfort of my secure home and watched televised scenes from distant lands of people whose loss of liberty meant the loss of life. But, until September 11th, I've never been truly touched by these images. Now, reflecting on September 11th and remembering Sarge near ground zero, I feel threatened... and grateful.

While flying home from New York, I thought about the generosity and patriotism following September 11th. I wondered about the flag in front of my home. Was I a good American or just part of a passing national fervor? What about Sarge? Outside the VA Hospital a sign reads, The Price of Freedom is Visible Here. According to the National Coalition for the Homeless, 40% of all homeless are veterans... just like Sarge.

In appreciating what it means to be an American, my brother and I brought flowers to the Idaho State Veterans Home. Inside, experts on the topic warmly shared their views: respect the flag, constitution and one-another; be faithful; appreciate blessings and liberties as well as those who sacrificed for them; learn from the past; confront mistakes and shortcomings—regardless the discomfort.

While driving away, we passed a white-haired man pushing a walker. When he smiled and flashed a thumbs up, something said to turn back. His name was Bernard Wolff (WWII-Army). Amid falling leaves and scurrying squirrels, we shared a bench while he recounted exciting, yet tragic memories. Softly, he said, "Nothing worthwhile in life is free—especially freedom. The price is how we live it; being informed, making votes count, finding common ground, not taking anything for granted... making sacrifices." He thanked us for making his day. But really, he made ours.

I will always remember where I was on the morning of September 11th. I will always remember Sarge sitting near ground zero. I will not allow my 9/11 patriotism to become a passing fad. I will regularly visit the Veterans Home with my violin ensemble and take moments out of my life to honor those who paid the ultimate price so this nation might remain a beacon of hope for all who value freedom, justice, and liberty. It is but a small price for me, but a huge part of what it means to be an American. Conquered and oppressed are countries who forget their heroes.

**HONORING THE LIFE OF PULITZER
PRIZE-WINNING CARTOONIST
BILL MAULDIN**

HON. LORETTA SANCHEZ

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, April 7, 2003

Ms. LORETTA SANCHEZ of California. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to pay tribute to the life of Pulitzer Prize-winning cartoonist Bill Mauldin.

Mr. Mauldin is best known for his cartoon "Willie and Joe" which was published in Stars and Stripes and other military newspapers. His cartoon of World War II infantrymen marching their way across Europe and surviving the enemy endeared him to thousands of soldiers.

Mr. Mauldin enlisted in 1940 and was assigned as a rifleman to the 180th Infantry. It was here where he started drawing cartoons and where he received his inspiration for "Willie and Joe." Five years later he won his first Pulitzer Prize.

He later worked for the Sun Times and the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, where he won his second Pulitzer Prize.

Throughout his entire life, Mr. Mauldin continued to receive praise and gratitude for his inspirational cartoons. He was not only admired by soldiers, but by his community as well for bringing laughter and comfort during difficult times.

He will truly be missed.

**JEWISH WAR VETERANS EAST
MEADOW—LEVITTOWN POST NO.
709: "CLASSMATES TODAY—
NEIGHBORS TOMORROW"**

HON. CAROLYN MCCARTHY

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, April 7, 2003

Mrs. MCCARTHY of New York. Mr. Speaker, I rise in recognition of four students from the Fourth Congressional District of New York. On April 27, the students will be honored by the Jewish War Veterans East Meadow—Levittown Post No. 709 at their annual awards ceremony.

Jewish War Veterans Post No. 709 has an innovative program, Classmates Today—Neighbors Tomorrow. It encourages local high school students to become active in community service, and in return, the program enriches many generations. Classmates Today—Neighbors Tomorrow is just one example of how the Jewish War Veterans have proven their dedication to providing a variety of services to our community.

This year, Post No. 709 has recognized the outstanding community service efforts of four students from my community. Ian Dorfman, of W.T. Clarke High School, and Stephan Schwartz, of East Meadow High School, are two of the four 2003 recipients of the Jean R. Tint Memorial Brotherhood award. Brandon Weinberg, of W.T. Clarke High School, and Jayme Feldheim, of East Meadow High School, are the two 2003 recipients of the Mike Pahl Music Award.

All of these students are most deserving of this honor and recognition. Their dedication to our community is clear and consistent. I anticipate great contributions to Long Island from each student, given the high level of community service each student has conducted during their high school years. I know I will hear about their achievements in the years to come, but in the meantime, I wish Ian, Stephan, Brandon and Jayme good luck in the future.

TRIBUTE TO ROBERTO CLEMENTE

HON. JOSÉ E. SERRANO

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, April 7, 2003

Mr. SERRANO. Mr. Speaker, the following tribute to Roberto Clemente by Mr. Mayoral

appears in English in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD, No. 54, Book 11, page E674. I now submit the following Spanish version for the RECORD as well.

ROBERTO CLEMENTE
(Por Luis R. Mayoral)

Temprano una mañana en diciembre de 1987, mientras charlaba desayunando en un campo de golf en Dorado, Puerto Rico, con el golfista Chi Chi Rodríguez él dijo de *Roberto Clemente*, "Si yo fuera la mitad del hombre que él fue, diría que yo sería un hombre muy afortunado."

Lisas palabras me impactaron tan profundamente que desde entonces comencé a pensar, más que antes, en el Pirata de Pittsburgh miembro del Salón de la Fama, como un ícono inspiracional más que un jugador marcadamente dotado.

La muerte de Clemente el 31 de diciembre de 1972, causó luto pues me enfrenté a la realidad de que jamás compartiría tiempo preciado con un querido amigo en eso de "arreglar" al mundo, sabiendo que el internacional mundo del béisbol había perdido por siempre a una figura que personificaba excelencia.

Muchas personas pensaban en él como el Jackie Robinson de América Latina en la búsqueda de igualdad para los peloteros hispanos . . . pero yo siempre le vi como nuestro Joe DiMaggio, pues él nos brindaba esperanza con su toque de héroe perfecto.

Roberto fue un hombre sencillo, pero de palabras profundas que poseyó un interés genuino en la humanidad.

La última vez que le vi fue varios días antes de su inesperada muerte mientras en el Estadio Hiram Bithorn en San Juan él dirigía la colecta de bienes destinados a las víctimas de terremotos en Nicaragua.

Esa tarde, en sus ojos vi la seriedad y dedicación que tantas veces vi mientras él vestía un uniforme de béisbol.

Momentos antes de salir del estadio, me invitó a su hogar en la víspera de Año Nuevo.

Eso jamás se logró; pues en el segundo que arribó el año 1973, ya él llevaba de muerto unas dos horas cuarenta y cinco minutos en las profundidades de Océano Atlántico a una milla al norte de Puerto Rico.

Roberto vivió 38 años, 4 meses, y 13 días. Ese fue el tiempo que le tomó para convertirse en un miembro del Salón de la Fama, en una mejor persona y leyenda.

TRIBUTE TO CLARA BROSSELL CROOK

HON. TOM LANTOS

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, April 7, 2003

Mr. LANTOS. Mr. Speaker, it is with a heavy heart that I ask my colleagues to join me in paying tribute to an extraordinary activist, volunteer and educator, Clara Brosell Crook, who recently passed away one week before her 93rd birthday.

Born in Canada in 1910, Clara immigrated to Milwaukee, Wisconsin in 1912, and was educated at the University of Wisconsin, Lawrence University, Marquette University, and the University of New Hampshire. As the single parent of two young children during World War II, she began a varied and amazing career that included being the Director of Personnel of St. Luke's Hospital, the Associate Director of the National Conference of Christians and Jews, and the Vice Dean of the Business School at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee.

During her 32 years as a resident of Burlingame, California, located in my congressional district, Ms. Crook was the founder of the Burlingame Senior Commission, the Emeritus Forum, and the Slippy Hippies support group. She was chair of the San Mateo County Commission on Aging, the College of San Mateo Emeritus Institute, the Burlingame Civil Service Commission, the Burlingame Senior Citizens Coordinating Council, chair of the Teamwork Ensuring Elder Support, and co-chair of the San Mateo County Alliance of Service Providers. Clara was also the gracious host of the KCSM-FM radio program "Senior Talk" and the KSOL weekly radio talk show host of TV program "Senior Focus". In addition to all of this, she was also a member of the Stanford Geriatric Advisory Committee and the San Mateo County Self-Esteem Task Force.

Mr. Speaker, Clara was a resounding voice and advocate for the senior citizens of our community and country, urging and supporting independence, self-sufficiency, and dignity for seniors. Her boundless energy for these projects, and for life itself, made her a pillar in our community. Her diligence and astounding capacity to achieve her goals resulted in her receiving numerous accolades including: Burlingame Citizen of the Year, California State Legislature's Woman of the Year, and the Lion's Club-Burlingame Citizen of the Year. Additionally, the litany of her achievements includes being the first recipient of the College of Notre Dame's Human Services Award, the Shinnyo-En USA Citizen of the Year, being selected as Woman of the Year in the 20th Assembly District, being recognized by the California State Senate, and commended by President Clinton. She has also been listed in Who's Who in American Women, Who's Who in Public Relations, 2000 Women of Achievement, and Worlds Who's Who of Women. Finally, in recognition of all these accomplishments, Clara Brosell Crook was recently inducted into the San Mateo County Women's Hall of Fame.

Mr. Speaker, it is without exaggeration when I say Clara was an exceptional influence on our district. Her amazing energy and extraordinary intellect was a source of inspiration for all and definitely provided us with a better understanding of the needs of our elderly, an area far too often neglected in our national zeitgeist. Her passing has taken away one of San Mateo's favored daughters and her contributions to the betterment of our local and national community will certainly be missed.

Clara is survived by her daughter Victoria B. Zenoff of Richmond, California, her son David B. Zenoff and his wife Janet N. Hunter of San Francisco, her grandchildren Andrew Zenoff, Fay Zenoff Ginzburg and Alexandria Hunter Zenoff, and her sister Goldye Mullen of San Francisco. Mr. Speaker, my wife Annette and I are deeply grieved by Clara's passing and I urge all of my colleagues to join us in offering our most sincere condolences to her family.

CONGRATULATIONS TO KATHLEEN GEARTY

HON. BARNEY FRANK

OF MASSACHUSETTS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, April 7, 2003

Mr. FRANK of Massachusetts. Mr. Speaker, one of the important activities of the Veterans

of Foreign Wars is the Voice of Democracy contest which that organization conducts for high school students. In 2003, more than 80,000 secondary school students took part. Given this, it is obviously a great honor for a young person to have won in one of the important categories.

I was therefore very pleased to be informed by Dennis Cullinan, Director of the National Legislative Service of the VFW, that Kathleen M. Gearty from the Congressional District that I represent won the 2003 broadcast scriptwriting contest. I am very pleased to have a chance to congratulate Ms. Gearty on her very significant accomplishment, and because the theme of her inspirational essay is so important, I ask that it be printed here.

FREEDOM'S OBLIGATION

(By Kathleen Gearty)

On a crisp January morning a baby girl entered the world. The cards were given, the gifts were received and a couple of months later the christening gown, a simple satin sleeveless under dress with a hand stitched cover dress and lace robe with matching bonnet, was placed on the baby and she was baptized. Although I don't know all the details I do know that someone painstakingly and lovingly hand-stitched this gown as if knowing it would be passed down and treasured by my family.

After that baby girl followed two more little girls. As the oldest had, the two after her wore the gown. This tradition has been passed down for forty years and will continue as more babies in my family are brought into the world. As the gown is passed down the obligation to preserve it, responsibility to inherit it and the love to cherish it is passed along with the garment. In a way freedom's obligations are similar to this heirloom.

The christening gown that was worn by the three sisters was then worn by the older daughter's two daughters and the youngest daughter's youngest child. While passing the gown down there was much at stake. The preparation of preserving the gown and the preparation of letting it go. The gown was kept and locked in a large cedar chest in its original box wrapped in tissue paper. Passing it on is a challenge but inheriting it is an honor. The next keeper of the beautiful gown has the responsibility of the task of preserving it, so that it may be passed on and treasured by the next proud mother and father.

As the gown was sewn together, so was our country, stitch by stitch. We fought for this freedom and the obligations that go along with it. We were all pierced by that great needle, and blood was shed but looking at the creation we have developed makes us realize that the sacrifices were worth while. The gown like our country's freedom had transformed and was no longer merely a piece of white cloth and a spool of thread but a privilege, an obligation and honor.

The gown was worn then passed on; freedom is earned and then also passed on. The baptism dress must be preserved and cherished by the holder whose children will wear it next. Freedom must also be conserved in a manner of respect and loyalty so that children can live an even better life than their parents. Both, the heirloom and freedom are similar in the respect that both have to be treasured, or the joy in possessing such beautiful treasures is gone. As an American it is an obligation to respect freedom and to care for it, for freedom is like a fragile christening gown and with one little snag of a thread it could unravel before your very eyes and be gone forever. My obligation is to ensure that whatever I do with my life involves