

EXTENSIONS OF REMARKS

NATIVE AMERICAN HOUSING ENHANCEMENT ACT OF 2005

SPEECH OF

HON. CAROLYN B. MALONEY

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Sunday, December 18, 2005

Mrs. MALONEY. Mr. Speaker, this legislation improves the availability of Federal housing monies to Native Americans. It makes the requirements applicable to Indian tribes and their housing entities under the Housing Act of 1949 consistent with the Native American Housing Assistance and Self Determination Act; allows Indian tribes to have access to YouthBuild program grants; and makes technical corrections to NAHASDA to remove impediments to getting funds that serve no purpose.

There is no question that this bill, and any bill that improves Federal housing assistance to Native Americans, is sorely needed. Native Americans have an overall poverty rate twice that of the rest of the United States. In particular, they face a dramatic shortage of safe and adequate housing. Some 90,000 Native-American families are homeless or live in very poor conditions. Even among those who have housing, about a third of Native American homes lack adequate sewage systems, and 8 percent do not have safe drinking-water systems.

For that reason, this bill—introduced by Mr. RENZI and Mr. MATHESON—has received strong bipartisan support in both chambers of Congress. The House passed the bill by voice vote on April 6, and the Senate passed its version on November 8, also by voice vote. Our passage of the Senate version today sends this to the President's desk.

Essentially, this bill ensures that Indian tribes seeking housing assistance from the Federal Government are not caught between conflicting and preclusive requirements of different Federal agencies administering different Federal acts.

Also, the bill makes Indian tribes eligible for Youthbuild grants. These grants are part of a HUD program that provides job training and academic assistance to low-income young people. Again, this is sorely needed by Native American youth.

I urge my colleagues to support this bill.

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE APPRO- PRIATIONS AUTHORIZATION ACT, FISCAL YEARS 2006 THROUGH 2009

SPEECH OF

HON. BETTY MCCOLLUM

OF MINNESOTA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Saturday, December 17, 2005

Ms. MCCOLLUM of Minnesota. Mr. Speaker, I rise in support of this conference report

reauthorizing the Violence Against Women Act, VAWA. I am pleased VAWA will be given floor consideration before Congress adjourns this session.

Ending family and community violence in this country requires an on-going commitment from Congress. Our obligation as legislators and citizens is to provide the tools to prevent family violence, and where violence has occurred, support services that provide the needed shelter and support to victims. Furthermore, the perpetrators of family violence must receive both significant punishments as well as the necessary interventions to prevent recidivism. Our goal must be to end the cycle of family violence in our communities and that will require comprehensive intervention and prevention strategies.

This reauthorization is critical in encouraging collaborative efforts among law enforcement officials, the courts, and service providers who work with victims of domestic and sexual violence. We must continue to increase public awareness of domestic violence, while addressing the individual and unique experiences of victims of domestic and sexual violence, including the needs of immigrant populations and people of diverse ethnic and racial backgrounds, the disabled, and children. As a Nation, we must do what we can to end the cycle of violence that exists in too many homes and communities across the country and to assist the families and children who are living day to day in fear and isolation.

VAWA is a landmark piece of legislation that has been successful. It has brought a voice to those who had been silenced and shelter to those who were in need of a safe place. And, there is still work to be done. For example, while this bipartisan authorization bill is critical to moving the issue forward, adequate funding for services for families affected by violence must also be a priority for this Congress.

On a personal note, my daughter, Katie, has recently started a career in providing services to victims of family violence. From the frequent stories she tells me about working in a shelter for women, it is clearly a challenging but also very rewarding career path she has chosen. I applaud Katie and all of the women and men who have committed their professional careers or volunteer hours to serving our neighbors and community members who have found themselves victims of domestic violence. Their dedication makes communities across America stronger, more caring and more peaceful.

It is in honor of the survivors of violence and those who serve them that I stand today in support of Congress's role in providing services and support for survivors of domestic and sexual violence through the reauthorization of VAWA.

HONORING THE LINKS, INC. OAKLAND BAY AREA CHAPTER

HON. BARBARA LEE

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 22, 2005

Ms. LEE. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor The Links, Inc. Oakland Bay Area Chapter on the occasion of its 55th year of service to our community.

The Links, Inc. was founded in 1946 by Sarah Scott and Margaret Hawkins of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, who envisioned an organization of African American women "linking together in a chain" to improve the quality of life in their community. Today, that vision has been realized, with The Links, Inc. being comprised of 296 chapters and more than 10,000 women as its members. The Links, Inc. is located in 39 U.S. States, as well as in the Bahamas and in Germany.

The Oakland Bay Area chapter of The Links, Inc. was founded in September 1950 when eighteen inspired women saw a need in our community and joined together to make a positive difference. Currently, there are more than fifty dedicated women who are members of this chapter which, since its founding, has worked continuously to support charitable organizations and community groups.

Each year, often times on the occasion of its Annual Cotillion, the Oakland Bay Area Chapter of The Links, Inc. presents philanthropic grants to a number of community and public organizations, particularly those that focus on youth & family development, community health, social justice, education, and the arts.

This year will mark the Oakland Bay Area Chapter of The Links, Inc.'s 50th Annual Cotillion. These events feature not only the community services of The Links and other organizations, but also the selection of each year's Debutantes. These young women are selected based on excellence in academics and extracurricular activities, as well as for a strong commitment to serving their community.

The list of Debutantes who will be featured at the Oakland Bay Area Chapter of The Links, Inc.'s 2005 Cotillion include: Ashley Burns, Ebony Campbell, Jessica Charles, Mickala Cheadle, Kimberly Clincy, Raphael Cobb, Robyn Cross, Kristen Davis, Vanessa Domenichelli, Dominique Drakeford, Joya Dupre, Morgan Frazier, Laura Green, Ashley Greene, Jazmyn Hammons, Victoria Harrell, Britney Jaymes Harrison, Jenevieve Harrison-Toney, Yasmine Hassan, Aleha Jones, Jamela Joseph, Danielle Oliva, Brittany Pakeman, Jessica Pugh, Lauren Savage, Ashley Sewell, Ashley Shaw, Kaitlyn Sheehan, Jade Smith-Williams, Allison Greer Tillman, Mareesa Allyse Valentine, Erika Walker, Tierra Williams, and Erica Williams.

On Saturday, December 17, 2005, the Oakland Bay Area Links 50th Annual Cotillion will be held in San Francisco, California. On behalf of the California's 9th U.S. Congressional

• 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.

District, I congratulate tonight's Debutantes, and I salute past and present Oakland Links members for their many years of invaluable service to our community.

DARFUR'S SLOW AND CRUEL
STARVATION

HON. CHARLES B. RANGEL

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 22, 2005

Mr. RANGEL. Mr. Speaker, as the end of 2005 draws near I rise to say a few words about the people of Darfur and to enter into the RECORD an eyewitness account of Hillary Anderson a BBC correspondent in Darfur entitled Sudan's Slow and Cruel Starvation first broadcast July 2004 in which she personalizes what Darfur means in pain for mothers and children in Darfur. Unfortunately the year 2005, especially in the last few months, has gotten worse than 2004 for the people of Darfur. According to the United Nation's humanitarian chief, Jan Egeland, people are still being killed, the Janjaweed Militias are still armed and kill at will, women are raped, men are dead, no food is planted or harvested. Mr. Egeland announced on December 20, 2005, the situation in Darfur was so bad that aid organizations were being threatened and might be forced out of the country.

Therefore we can know with a sad heart that Ms. Anderson's 2004 story of Juma and Nadia has been repeated many times in 2005. And if this Nation does not act, this story will be repeated thousands of times in 2006—until there are no more Jumas and no more Nadias.

Ms. Anderson begins her piece from the Mornay camp: "I am sitting in the dark on the edge of a camp for displaced people in Darfur. I can hear the loud persistent crying of one child rising above the murmur of the camp as the people settle down for the night. Tonight the stars are out—that means no rain. Last night was not like this at all.

You can see it coming in the afternoons. The sky begins to darken and the horizon goes an ominous, brown shade of yellow. Then the wind starts and the dust of the Sahara desert whips up, blasting whirling sands in all directions. The people start to run in their long rags, heads bowed against the wind.

Then, the heavens simply open, the wind ferociously hurls drenching curtains of water at everything around. Mothers with their children, whose faces are twisted up in misery, squat grasping the sides of their makeshift shelters—which do not keep them dry. The torn plastic bags that make up the walls of their twig shelters flap madly in the wind. The ground turns into a mire of mud. . . .

In the morning we wake up to hear the children crying. In the makeshift hospital here, set up by foreign aid workers, it is so crowded with the sick that some are sleeping on the floors. Among the stench and the flies, the children lie wasted, staring into space. Tiny human beings, who were born into the madness of man's inhumanity to man, into the madness of a spate of killing that has left many of their fathers, brothers, grandparents and uncles dead.

And now, they face starvation which is cruel and slow. Most of the children are too far

gone to eat. Some have the peeling skin and lesions that come with advanced starvation—their skin is wrinkled, lose around their bones. The mothers sit by powerless.

We spent two weeks in Darfur, driving through the eerie, burnt-out villages, empty of people.

We traveled to Mornay camp, where we were a month ago. On arriving back, we went to the medical tent. It was strangely quiet inside. Four people are sitting in a circle. A mother was looking down and sobbing silently, rubbing her hands on her face. I realized I knew her. Then it slowly came to me what was going on. Her daughter Nadia, whom we had spent two days with in this tent a month ago, was dying. The mother, Juma, was saying an awful goodbye.

We moved away in their private moment. Ten minutes later Nadia was dead. The men took her body away to prepare for the burial. Then they emerged at the far end of the grave yard, carrying her tiny body in their hands. They said their prayers and laid her body in the earth. Juma, her mother, sat on the ground. She wasn't crying any more.

After the funeral I went to pay my respects. . . . When she saw me, she started screaming 'Nadia, Nadia, Nadia.' She fell on me, screaming, she kept screaming. She kept repeating her daughter's name. Then the older women started screaming too.

When Juma left the graveyard I saw her walking away on her own, sobbing and crying her child's name into the breeze of the vast desert, into the nothingness of the camp. . . .

Darfur is a nightmare that is alive here today and perhaps somewhere else tomorrow. Racial and tribal tensions, and regional disquiet, have erupted into a war where the civilians are being punished, killed and abused. We are the adults, this is the world we live in and accept. The world we have created for ourselves. . . . Why are massacres of civilians allowed to happen in Sudan? Why has no-one counted the dead?"

[From BBC News, July 24, 2004]

SUDAN'S CRUEL AND SLOW STARVATION

(By Hilary Andersson)

I'm sitting in the dark on the edge of a camp for displaced people in Darfur. I can hear the loud, persistent crying of one child rising above the murmur of the camp as the people settle down for the night.

Tonight the stars are out—that means no rain. Last night was not like this at all.

You can see it coming in the afternoons. The sky begins to darken and the horizon goes an ominous, brown shade of yellow.

Then the wind starts and the dust of the Sahara desert whips up, blasting whirling sands in all directions. The people start to run in their long rags, heads bowed against the wind.

LACK OF SHELTER

Then, the heavens simply open, the wind ferociously hurls drenching curtains of water at everything around.

Mothers with their children, whose faces are twisted up in misery, squat grasping the sides of their makeshift shelters—which do almost nothing to keep them dry.

The torn plastic bags that make up the walls of their twig shelters flap madly in the wind. The ground turns into a mire of mud.

My TV crew and I run for our shelter 15m (50ft) away. All night, the rain pounds against our ceiling. I wake up at 0300—it is still going on. The people on the other side of our wall are still sitting, bracing themselves

against the wind and rain, where they were at dusk. This is what it is like most nights for them.

WASTE

In the morning we wake up to hear the children crying. In the makeshift hospital here, set up by foreign aid workers, it is so crowded with the sick that some are sleeping on the floors.

Among the stench and flies, the children lie wasted, staring into space. Tiny human beings, who were born into the madness of man's inhumanity to man, into the madness of a spate of killing that has left many of their fathers, brothers, grandparents and uncles dead.

And now, they face starvation which is cruel and slow. Most of the children are too far gone to eat. Some have the peeling skin and lesions that come with advanced starvation—their skin is wrinkled, loose around their bones. The mothers sit by powerless.

We spent two weeks in Darfur, driving through eerie, burnt-out villages, empty of people.

We travelled to Mornay camp, where we were a month ago. On arriving back, we went to the medical tent. It was strangely quiet inside.

Four people were sitting in a circle. A mother was looking down and sobbing silently, rubbing her hands on her face. I realized I knew her. Then it slowly came to me what was going on. Her daughter Nadia, whom we had spent two days with in this tent a month ago, was dying.

The mother, Juma, was saying an awful goodbye.

We moved away in their private moment. Ten minutes later Nadia was dead.

The men took her body away to prepare for the burial. Then they emerged at the far end of the graveyard, carrying her tiny body in their hands. They said their prayers and laid her body in the earth.

Juma, her mother, sat on the ground. She wasn't crying any more.

CRYING TO THE DESERT

After the funeral I went to pay my respects. Juma had two older women next to her who, perhaps through custom, were telling her to hold her emotions in. But when she saw me, perhaps remembering the filming we did with Nadia last month, she started screaming 'Nadia, Nadia, Nadia'.

She fell on me, screaming, she kept screaming. She kept repeating her daughter's name. Then the older women started screaming too.

When Juma left the graveyard I saw her walking away on her own, sobbing and crying her child's name out into the breeze of the vast desert, into the nothingness of the camp.

Donkeys, half starved themselves, moved around slowly. Refugees continued collecting water and fixing their huts. This happens here every day.

Darfur is in a nightmare that is alive here today and perhaps somewhere else tomorrow. Racial and tribal tensions, and regional disquiet, have erupted into a war where the civilians are being punished, killed and abused.

We are adults, this is the world we live in and accept. The world we have created for ourselves.

Will these things still happen in Africa a century from now? Will it ever change? Why are massacres of civilians allowed to happen in Sudan? Why has no-one even counted the dead?

Money is needed desperately now to save lives. But it has gone this far in Darfur, because no-one really noticed or did anything to stop it. Nadia did not have to die at all.