

technically do not use exchanges, the Court held that "it is by no means obvious that the Congress, when it used a phrase in which the word 'interexchange' is an essential term, was referring to CMRS."

It is, therefore, unclear from the language of the statute whether section 254 applies to wireless services. Section 254 does not include specific language regarding its applicability to wireless services. Nor does it specifically exclude such services. Moreover, the legislative history of Section 254(g) is not instructive as to Congress' intent regarding the applicability of the rate integration requirement to wireless services.

Ambiguity in the law therefore exists. As a result, cellular customers are subject to varying rates for calls made within the United States. This is particularly evident with respect to rates assessed to calls made to Guam and to the other U.S. territories under service plans offered to cellular customers within the 48 contiguous states of the United States. Again, the Telecommunications Act of 1996 requires rate integration for noncellular, landline communication services. The legislation that I have reintroduced today would simply extend this same requirement to wireless communications.

Rate integration for wireless interstate toll charges is important to businesses and individuals located on the U.S. mainland who engage in regular and reoccurring voice communication with other businesses and contacts located in the offshore territories. Family members and friends are among the customers who are assessed higher and different rates for cellular calls made to Guam or to the other territories. These differences in wireless rates exist despite the fact that the U.S. territories are included in the North American Numbering Plan, the numbering plan for the Public Switched Telephone Network of the United States.

This legislation would bring the uniformity and fairness in rates desired by those consumers located on Guam who aim to keep in regular contact with relatives, friends, and associates who reside in other parts of the United States through the latest technology. Additionally, as technology in telecommunication advances, laws should be updated and developed to keep pace. This legislation would update existing law to take into account advances in and the popularity of wireless telecommunications since enactment of the Telecommunications Act of 1996. The legislation would do so in a manner consistent with both a previous, but vacated, FCC Order and with rate integration requirements applied to other more traditional telecommunication technology.

I look forward to addressing the issue of rate integration for wireless services as part of any legislative effort to reauthorize the Telecommunications Act of 1996.

INTRODUCING A RESOLUTION TO
HONOR BARRINGTON IRVING

HON. ALCEE L. HASTINGS

OF FLORIDA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, September 18, 2007

Mr. HASTINGS of Florida. Madam Speaker, I rise today with my good friend Congressman

KENDRICK MEEK to introduce legislation to honor the achievements of Captain Antonio Barrington Irving, the youngest pilot and first person of African descent to fly solo around the world. The historic achievements of this dedicated young man are worthy of the utmost respect and recognition by this great Congress. I urge my colleagues to join me in commemorating his achievement and encouraging youth to pursue careers in aviation.

Barrington Irving was born in Kingston, Jamaica in 1983 and soon after moved to Miami, FL. When Irving was 15 years old, he met Captain Gary Robinson, a Jamaican airline pilot who invited Irving to tour a Boeing 777. After this inspirational experience, Captain Robinson became a lifelong mentor, inspiring Irving to fly one day himself. Enduring the challenges of growing up in inner-city Miami, Irving never let his dreams of becoming a pilot be stifled. Irving worked miscellaneous jobs to save for lessons and diligently practiced on a home computer flight simulator. Irving also volunteered quite frequently in his community and eventually earned a joint Air Force/Florida Memorial University Flight Awareness Scholarship to study aviation and take professional flying lessons.

Madam Speaker, Irving took tremendous steps to pursue his dreams in aviation while still a student at Florida Memorial University. In 2003, he contacted companies, including the aircraft manufacturer Columbia, which agreed to provide him with a plane to fly around the world if he could secure donations and components. Over several years, Irving visited aviation trade shows throughout the country and secured more than \$300,000 in cash and donated components for a Columbia 400, one of the world's fastest single-engine piston airplanes.

On March 23, 2007, Irving embarked from Miami, FL, on a 24,600-mile flight around the world in an airplane named "Inspiration." He was 23 years of age while still a senior majoring in aerospace at Florida Memorial University at the time. Irving traveled the world as an ambassador of aviation, teaching young people in 27 cities about opportunities in aviation and the importance of academics. He returned from his journey on June 27, 2007, concluding his flight in Miami, FL.

Impressively, even before his around the world flight, Irving founded the non-profit organization Experience Aviation, Inc. to address the significant shortage of youth pursuing careers in aviation and aerospace. This non-profit has been extremely effective in garnering widespread community support and sponsorship to expose youth and underrepresented groups to opportunities in aviation. Irving continues to be dedicated to his community after his around the world flight and tirelessly works to inspire those around him to reach for their dreams.

Madam Speaker, this young man embodies the perseverance and dedication necessary to truly pursue one's dreams. Barrington Irving realized those aspirations and deserves acknowledgement for continuing to inspire so many. I urge my colleagues' support for this resolution as we work to demonstrate what can be achieved if you never let go of your passion and commitment to the community.

FINAL POST

HON. CORRINE BROWN

OF FLORIDA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, September 18, 2007

Ms. CORRINE BROWN of Florida. Madam Speaker, I rise today to bring to the attention of the Members of the House of Representatives and the American public an article written by Chris Raymond for the *The Director* magazine. The article is a great description of what goes on at The Port Mortuary at Delaware's Dover Air Force Base, the first stop on the final journey for those who have given their life in defense of this Nation.

[From *The Director*, July 2007]

FINAL POST

(By Chris Raymond)

The Port Mortuary at Delaware's Dover Air Force Base exemplifies this nation's highest ideals and those underlying the funeral service profession as it cares for the men and women that sacrifice their lives in defense of our country—Chris Raymond.

Show me the manner in which a nation cares for its dead, and I will measure with mathematical exactness the tender mercies of its people, their respect for the laws of the land and their loyalty to high ideals—William Gladstone, British Prime Minister.

On this night, the bodies wait quietly in the darkness, their caskets in a long line, positioned with military precision before a large steel garage door. A massive U.S. flag, perhaps 30 by 20 feet, hangs silently above them. In the morning, this flag will offer one final salute to each fallen soldier as the staff of the Dover Air Force Base Port Mortuary drapes each casket with a smaller American flag, a stack of which hang ready on a rack near the exit for this purpose, before carefully wheeling each outside onto a broad cement landing. From there, vehicles will transport each of these meticulously, lovingly prepared men and women to the planes that will fly them home to their grieving families and the military honors each has earned.

On March 23, 2007, U.S. Army Sergeant First Class Cedric Thomas knelt before the simple urn containing the cremated remains of U.S. Army Specialist Ross McGinnis during his funeral at Arlington National Cemetery. Resting his hand atop the urn, Thomas, wearing his full uniform, hung his head for a few moments, saying his silent goodbyes, lost in his thoughts. Rising, Thomas offered one final salute to the 19-year-old who sacrificed his life so he could live.

A few months earlier, on December 4, 2006, McGinnis manned a machine gun atop a Humvee as he, Thomas and three other soldiers patrolled the streets of Adhamiyah, Iraq. From a rooftop, an enemy insurgent tossed a grenade at their truck. Whizzing past McGinnis, the grenade fell through the Humvee's hatch and lodged next to a radio. According to a later account written by Rodney Sherman and published in *The Clarion News*, Thomas recalls McGinnis shouting to his four comrades: "Grenade! It's in the truck!"

Thomas also told the newspaper, "[McGinnis] had time to jump out of the truck."

McGinnis did not desert his comrades, however. Instead, he jumped through the hatch and threw his body atop the grenade. Upon detonation, McGinnis died instantly. While wounded, the four other soldiers survived, thanks entirely to the heroic action of a teenager from Knox, Pennsylvania.

U.S. Army Specialist Ross McGinnis has been posthumously nominated for receipt of the Medal of Honor, the nation's highest military award and an honor bestowed upon only 3,460 other members of the U.S. armed services since its inception shortly before the Civil War. During his funeral at Arlington, McGinnis received full military honors as three of the four people he saved in the Humvee that day paid their respects, after receiving special permission to attend the funeral before returning to the war zone.

Undoubtedly, the staff of the Dover Port Mortuary prepared the remains of U.S. Army Specialist Ross McGinnis during his journey home and before his ultimate interment at Arlington because Dover processes all of our deceased soldiers. Yet, despite his heroism, not one of the roughly 1,200 other military dead that Dover handles each year receive any less care, respect and honor than McGinnis did—regardless of rank and regardless of chosen method or location of interment.

That is simply how the Dover Port Mortuary operates, every day.

A long bus ride from Washington, DC, to Dover, Delaware, eventually delivers me at a security checkpoint just within the fenced-in, razor-wired confines of Dover Air Force Base. After spending more than two hours chatting with the entire NFDA Executive Board, staff members Christine Pepper, John Fitch and Lesley Witter, and former NFDA At-large Rep. Charlie Hastings, who organized this private tour in his home state, the onboard appearance of a military official demanding we surrender our drivers licenses suddenly sobers me.

"Oh yeah," I recall. "Several months ago, I had to provide my Social Security number so Dover could conduct whatever background checks it requires."

Suddenly, the serious nature of an entirely different way of life floods my thoughts. This is no tour-bus lark to visit the sights of Niagara Falls or the Grand Canyon, a feeling reinforced when I see a massive steel barrier descend into the ground so the bus can pass after receiving clearance.

Stepping off the bus, I enter a modern, recently built facility. As the group gathers within the lobby, I gaze at a massive, curved display just inside, constructed of polished gray stone and inscribed across the top with the words "Dignity, Honor and Respect." The sound of falling water fills my ears from somewhere nearby as I read the many panels beneath these words, each listing an "incident" and the number of dead the Dover Port Mortuary handled each time, dating back to the 1960s. The astronauts of space shuttle Challenger; the victims of the Jim Jones tragedy in Guyana in the late 1970s, when I was a kid; many soldiers from Desert Shield/Desert Storm; the remains of Lt. Michael Blassie, the unidentified Air Force pilot representing the Vietnam War at the Tomb of the Unknowns for 14 years until his identification in 1998 and reinterment; the soldiers that died during the failed attempt to rescue the hostages in Iran during the Carter administration; and countless other members of the U.S. armed services.

A guy my age, dressed in a brown polo and multi-pocket khakis, begins addressing our group, welcoming us to Dover. Although William Zwicharowski—"Zig": as we would come to address him—is a licensed funeral director, I can immediately tell he is also military; he stands ramrod straight even when he's being "casual." Noting that the tour we are about to receive is extremely rare given the sensitive nature of Dover's operations, Zig proceeds to explain that the present facility was built about three years ago. While Dover's mortuary operations date back decades, some authorities felt the former facil-

ity looked like a "warehouse" after the attention given by the nation to victims of the 9/11 terrorist attack on the Pentagon. Even if only one grieving family visits the Dover facility each year, these powers realized that this family deserves to know that their son or daughter received the highest level of care and respect, something the ad hoc nature of the former facility did not convey.

Subsequently, Congress authorized the appropriation of \$30 million for design and construction of the present Dover Port Mortuary installation. No other mortuary "model" to emulate existing anywhere else on earth, Zig and his staff helped shape the ultimate design and function of the current facility—the Charles C. Carson Center for Mortuary Affairs. As the tour progressed, I would grow to appreciate the government's wisdom of listening to the practitioner's point of view because every detail in the new facility—from the choice of equipment to the layout of the building itself—reflects the expertise and experience of people that know how to care for the dead while also serving the living.

After fielding our many initial questions, Zig beckons the group to walk around behind the incident display in the lobby. While certainly not hidden in any way, I am amazed to discover a large, comfortably appointed atrium just beyond. A soaring glass canopy overarches many ornamental trees and colorful flowers and plants surrounding a central bubbling water pond. The effect is soothing, even comforting, and again reflects the practitioner's insight: serving the living. Along the perimeter of the atrium, I notice numerous offices, some labeled "Counseling," "Chaplain" or "Meditation."

Zig leads us to the Escort Briefing room. Inside, set up for the next morning, nine chairs at one end of the room hold green folders and clear-plastic bags. On each folder, the name of a deceased soldier. Within each bag, their personal effects. Suddenly, the body count in Iraq I hear each morning on my local news becomes personal. Those are more than just numbers; each represents someone's child, spouse, sibling, friend. And nine more of them or their representatives will sit in these chairs tomorrow with the pain of loss numbing their senses and try to follow the details about a far-away incident that took their loved ones as they view information projected from a laptop computer onto a screen at the front of the room. Some will find comfort in such knowledge. Others will caress perhaps the odd personal effect found in one of the plastic bags. A comb. A calling card. A tattered photo. Still others will hear or see nothing, numb from the immediacy of forever-loss.

The roughly 12 people working full-time at Dover understand this, however. For them, the true essence of what funeral directing is all about reigns paramount, which has nothing to do with "efficiency" or "volume" or getting one family "out" because another is scheduled to arrive in 15 minutes—the buzzwords too often filling The Director and your other trade publications. No, the mantra of these dedicated men and women is consistency; the belief that every deceased armed services member passing through their facility deserves complete, unwavering adherence to the words inscribed atop the incident display in the foyer: Dignity, Honor and Respect. Zig and his staff hold zero tolerance for even one "mishap." As he would later convey during the tour about Dover's meticulous handling of every soldier's personal effects: "It is not okay for us to say we 'only lost one item last year.' You try telling that to a family."

Thus, whatever transpires within the Escort Briefing room the next morning, I know that these dedicated professionals will do

whatever is necessary to afford every survivor with whatever comfort they require, for however long it takes.

The new Port Mortuary at Dover Air Force Base was designed for both war- and peacetime. Given the U.S. military presence in Iraq, the facility obviously now operates on a wartime status, and Zig and roughly a dozen others work at the mortuary full-time. When the volume of deceased military personnel threatens to grow greater than this crew can handle—which they can generally anticipate courtesy of CNN within 48 hours—Dover activates other professionals from within the military, as well as civilians, to assist.

The process of caring for a fallen soldier is extremely complex, but the Port Mortuary has an amazing system in place and continually strives to handle each case more effectively. Medical examiners want each body returned from the field of battle almost exactly as each man or woman fell, without any live ammunition or grenades, in order to determine if gear improvements are possible to save future lives. This possibly overlooked attention to detail recently resulted in an advancement in each soldier's body armor when Dover's personnel noticed a growing number of deaths due to neck wounds. Insurgent snipers had identified a vulnerability in American military armor—the exposed neck—and consciously aimed their rifles at this spot. Because the staff at Dover recognized this, however, American forces now wear a neck collar, saving an untold number of lives.

The grim fact remains, however, that the Port Mortuary at Dover exists primarily to process those that die defending our country. This begins with the transportation of each body from overseas to another large cement area at the rear of the facility. Transported within aluminum transfer cases, the remains arrive encased in ice and in great condition, usually within 48 hours of death. Again, I feel impressed and oddly proud when Zig relates the solemnity with which Dover's staff receives each case. These are no mere factory workers handling anonymous, insignificant packages along some conveyor belt, I think.

Moreover, despite helping to design and build a state-of-the-art facility, Zig acknowledges that there is always room for improvement in the care he and his staff provides. Thus, their practitioner-practical suggestions have also resulted in several innovations—most of them little things with profound impact. The aluminum transfer cases, for instance, once bore only two handles along each long side, forcing several pallbearers to "pretend" to carry each case and, frankly, forcing others to handle by themselves a heavy load. Because Zig suggested adding a few more handles to each case, these reused transfer cases (once sterilized) now sport the necessary number of handles. Dover's staff also suggested adding insulation to the inside of each transfer case to improve the cooling power of the ice preserving the remains during their journey to Dover.

Once received, the staff at Dover initiates a comprehensive system to track every aspect of a body's progress through the facility. Nearly 200 computers, utilizing a proprietary software program, gather and communicate with each other every detail concerning each particular deceased soldier. Each transfer case is logged in electronically using handheld bar-coding units. (The reason for this will become clear later in this article.)

At this point, each body is scanned in the "EOD Room," which checks for the presence of live explosive ordnance. Again, I begin to appreciate the serious nature of the work these people perform as I glance at the construction of these twin chambers. The doors

and walls consist of one-foot-thick, steel-reinforced concrete, which Zig tells me can withstand the blast of one pound of C-4 explosive. Later, I ask him why bodies aren't scanned for dangerous ordnance before transfer to Dover.

He smiles and says, "I wish I had a dollar for every time I hear that question... I don't know."

Next, each body enters the "Photography/Bar-coding" area. Here every aspect of the deceased soldier whether consisting of a full body or merely a body part—is digitally recorded, assigned a unique bar code and tracked electronically. When/if a body's viscera are removed, Dover even tracks them to ensure their eventual return to the proper body. Such is the dedication Dover provides to ensure that our country's military dead receive the mathematically exacting tender mercies and loyalty to high ideals each has earned.

Fingerprinting of the deceased occurs next, performed entirely digitally in less than 10 minutes and again intended to ensure that no mistakes occur while each deceased soldier remains entrusted to the care of Dover's staff. Offering another practitioner-practical suggestion, Zig notes that he also recommends digital "foot printing" of each body. While yet uncommon, he explains that the skin patterns on the bottom of our feet are as unique as the pads on our fingertips, and while the latter is too often subject to damage, the boots issued to military personnel afford excellent tissue preservation, even in cases involving fire, which can later provide positive identification.

The sophistication of the equipment is impressive, as is the networking that enables an operator to access pertinent information at any time. In fact, this system even helped Zig identify from a small body part one of the terrorists that hijacked the plane that hit the Pentagon on 9/11.

Someone in the group asks what happened to the terrorist's body part. Was it returned? Was it discarded?

A shadow passes across Zig's face and his gaze grows distant. "We decided we are better than them," he says quietly. "We returned the body part in a casket to his homeland."

He leads us toward the next station within the mortuary, which focuses on dental records. As we walk down a hallway, I noticed a framed document on a wall: "Nerve Agent Symptoms and Antidote."

"Truly a different way of life," I think again, not for the last time, before noticing 16 tan-plastic gurneys lined neatly along a wall. I recall Zig mentioning earlier that at the start of the Iraq War, Dover utilized almost everyone of its 75 gurneys.

Within the Dental Station, another impressive device takes digital X-rays of each body. Again, because of the sophisticated computer network at the Port Mortuary, personnel can quickly match these post-mortem scans with existing anti-mortem X-rays, making positive identification possible if not already verified in some other way. It was this device that helped the staff at Dover identify one of the 9/11 victims from only three teeth and a piece of the victim's jawbone.

Another method that Dover uses to identify the remains in its care involves a full-body X-ray. If a decedent remains unidentified at this point, this X-ray enables medical examiners to identify unique qualities within the body, such as healed broken bones. By asking a family if "'Johnny' once broke his arm as a teenager," Dover staff have another tool that helps them make positive identification.

It is important to remember, however, that too often, the body is not intact. In such

cases, a full-body X-ray allows medical examiners to reassociate a severed limb with a torso by matching the ends of bones, joints, etc.

Finally, Zig shows us one more high-tech gizmo in this area of the mortuary: a GE "virtual autopsy" machine. Similar in appearance (to my untrained eye) to a CAT-scan device, this unit records digital information about the decedent's physiology in case it is needed.

We enter the "Autopsy Suite" next, a room even larger than the lobby we first visited. Late in the evening at this point, the work finished, the dozen or so autopsy stations along the perimeter sit clean, spotless, ready for whoever will need one next.

Gazing about the room, I feel my hair tussled as I step into a breeze from overhead. Numerous vents pockmark the ceiling, their louvers rattling, creating a state of constant white noise. Zig smiles, explaining the importance of proper ventilation in this room and that the goal is "windy," that the air is circulated numerous times each hour and that it is "obviously not returned [to the room]."

The "Embalming Suite" is nearly identical to the previous room in terms of setup. Each of the dozen or so stations sits neatly ready for use. Three Portiboy Mark V machines sit near each embalming table, as does a large spool of wire, used to rewire skull fractures. Along one wall, shelves hold the requisite practitioner equipment: body bags, coveralls, pants, caps, personal protection equipment, all in a range of sizes. Above Embalming Station #4, a large American flag hangs on the wall. In a cupboard rests a broad selection of embalming chemicals in a variety of strengths from numerous manufacturers. The choice of fluid type is up to each embalmer, but Dover generally uses a weaker solution in the head and a strong mix in the body because, as Zig says, "You never know where a body is going."

This comment might sound odd given all that the staff at Dover does to positively identify each body and/or body part, but it stems from the electronic bar coding noted earlier, revealing a second important reason for its use. Not only does this method accurately track every item associated with a deceased soldier, but it also reinforces the staffs commitment to treating each case as if it is the single most-important one that each of these professionals will ever handle. Stripped of name and rank, digital bar coding ensures that every set of remains receives the highest level of dignity, honor and respect.

Before leaving this room, Zig further clarifies the Port Mortuary's dedication to caring for the dead while serving the living by noting that every bright-red medical-waste box is X-rayed just in case some personal effect, such as a ring, is overlooked. Each box is then properly stored for 60 days, another precaution. This is also why each individual's initial aluminum transfer case is bar coded upon receipt—in case the need arises to locate a missing personal effect, which might have gone overlooked.

We visit the "Personal Effects" area next. In one room, more than a dozen floor-to-ceiling wire shelving units, each bearing five shelves, hold the electronically tracked personal effects of each person while he or she is prepared. Dover routinely cleans all personal effects before returning them to families.

As the group quietly files out of the room and toward the dressing area, two shelves at the back of the room catch my eye. Labeled "Disassociated P.E.," I stand for a while, alone, gazing at the small number of personal effects that arrived at Dover at some point in the past that could not be reassoci-

ated with someone in their care despite the exhaustive efforts of its staff. A dime. Several long-distance calling cards. Two different photos of the same infant girl wearing a bright yellow dress. The combination to a Master Lock. Small stuff indeed, yet I sadly realize how significant the slightest of these might prove to a grieving family. Shaking myself from my reverie, I again feel proud of the lengths these people go to in order to serve the living before setting off to find the group.

Entering the dressing area, I hear Zig explain the four stages of viewing that Dover assigns to each case: a head wrap, a full wrap, viewable for ID, and viewable. Deaths involving mutilation of the entire body and deemed unviewable receive a dignified full wrap, and Zig demonstrated this process for the group (without the presence of remains). First, Dover staff cocoon the body or body part(s) in absorbent layers of cotton gauze before wrapping it in plastic sheeting. Then a crisp white cotton sheet shrouds the body before a green Army blanket is wrapped around that. Finally, in such cases, the soldier's uniform is placed on top of the fully wrapped body within a casket.

As I watch this demonstration, I sense that death from a bullet must prove easier to prepare, comparatively speaking, versus death caused by a roadside bomb or some other form of insurgent explosive device. I can neither imagine the horrors these people must witness nor fathom how they can handle such, but the respect I hold for their professionalism is undeniable at this point.

"Uniform Prep" is the next area we visit. Here, high Plexiglas shelving units, like you might see in your local department store, contain hundreds of uniform components—pants, shirts, ties, etc.—each in dozens of sizes and representing every conceivable military branch, as well as numerous American flags. On racks located along one wall, freshly pressed uniform jackets hang.

Two walls of this area display every conceivable military medal, insignia, patch, stripe, bar and decoration you can name in plastic packages. John Fitch, a veteran of Vietnam, tells me that each military branch, each division, each unit, has its own special—often unique—insignias, explaining the vast array before us. The Dover Port Mortuary strives in every case to prepare meticulously, lovingly the remains of a fallen soldier as completely and as accurately as possible for the many grieving his or her death. While these walls hold a tremendous number of items to help them "get it right," Zig later states that Dover continually adds such items because it is nearly impossible to have all of them in stock, just in case.

Briefly, I find myself examining, fascinated, the many rows of shiny decorations on these walls as if I'm some dopey tourist in a souvenir shop debating which trinket to purchase for the kids. Then the realization of where I am and the horrible, sad purpose of these items breaks through my fog of denial and I feel ashamed.

Finally, we visit the areas where the staff prepares caskets and urns and gets each case ready for transportation back to his or her family. The Dover Port Mortuary is almost entirely self-sufficient, further testament to its commitment to caring for the dead. Zig explains that Dover even engraves the name plates needed for urns, and will cremate a body at its own facility if a family so desires, before summarizing that Dover handles everything but "sewing the stripes onto uniforms." (I later discover that he isn't kidding. Sewing duties required to meticulously prepare a burial uniform remain the only duty that Dover still outsources.)

A large area at the rear of the facility holds the numerous caskets, urns and temporary containers Dover will need. The mortuary stocks only one type of wood and one type of metal casket, purchased from several manufacturers, as well as Jewish caskets and even oversized caskets, testament again to its dedication to meeting the needs of each unique case with the dignity, honor and respect that each fallen soldier has earned.

The average age of the 1,200 cases Dover's Port Mortuary staff handles each year is 25. Despite the horrors of war, and thanks to the dedication, commitment and expertise of this remarkable facility's full- and part-time employees, Dover returns these young loved ones to their grieving families in a state suitable for viewing 85 percent of the time. (Again, it is crucial to understand that "viewability" has a different meaning here versus that used in a typical funeral home. Sadly, in some cases, only the decedent's head is viewable but not the body, or vice versa.)

As I take my seat aboard our chartered bus and settle in for the two-hour return journey to Washington, D.C., I gaze at the now-illuminated landscape of Delaware through my window as the miles pass unnoticed, lost in thought, sensing the night chill through my shirt. I do not feel like idly chatting right now.

I wish every funeral service professional, every citizen, had the opportunity to experience firsthand the tour I still struggle to assimilate. Learning how each set of remains that arrives at the Charles C. Carson Center for Mortuary Affairs is steadfastly treated as unique—as was each individual—and receives from a small group of amazing people the requisite time, attention and care their due moves me profoundly. Each is special. Each is one of a kind. Each—as well as everyone that grieves their death—is worthy of the mathematically exacting tender mercies and loyalty to high ideals each fallen soldier earned. Thanks to this facility and its staff, we—as a nation—bestow such on friend or foe alike.

I will never think of them as numbers again.

VIETNAM HUMAN RIGHTS ACT OF
2007

SPEECH OF

HON. MADELEINE Z. BORDALLO

OF GUAM

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, September 17, 2007

Ms. BORDALLO. Mr. Speaker, I rise today in strong support of H.R. 3096, the Vietnam Human Rights Act of 2007. H.R. 3096 makes important contributions to the ongoing dialogue with our ally the Socialist Republic of Vietnam regarding the importance of the protection of human rights in Vietnam.

Vietnam, to further its role as a responsible member of the international community, must release individuals imprisoned for political and religious beliefs. The government, through its policies and actions, must display a greater respect for religious freedoms and the rights of minorities. Essential to achieving this goal is for Vietnam to allow individuals who seek such protections full access to U.S. sponsored refugee programs. Further, Vietnam must end any and all support its government officials provide for trafficking of humans. H.R. 3096 makes future non-humanitarian U.S. assistance to Vietnam conditional upon the President of the United States certifying to Con-

gress progress made by the government of Vietnam on these important matters.

I am concerned by reports the government of Vietnam blocks the Radio Free Asia programming. I fully support the provision in H.R. 3096 to authorize appropriate efforts be made to overcome such interference. I also fully support provisions in H.R. 3096 supporting the educational and cultural exchange programs with Vietnam to promote progress toward freedom and democracy.

The protection of the human rights in Vietnam is particularly important to me and the people of Guam. The fall of the Republic of Vietnam in 1975 displaced approximately three million Vietnamese. My late husband Ricardo J. Bordallo, then Governor of Guam, welcomed the 150,000 Vietnamese refugees who landed on Guam's shores in April 1975. I vividly remember how the Guam community came together in solidarity with the Vietnamese people and worked hard to help comfort these brave individuals who had left all their worldly possessions behind in the name of freedom.

The people of Guam empathized with the Vietnamese refugees, and we opened our hearts as well as our island to them. As First Lady, I organized care for the hundreds of orphan babies who arrived as a result of Operation Baby Lift. A poignant experience, this effort remains as one of my fondest memories of my husband's first term as Governor of Guam.

Vietnam today is a country that seeks peace with its neighbors, prosperity at home, and friendly relations with the United States. The provisions contained in H.R. 3096 will help towards achieving those ends.

CONGRATULATING PAYSON, ARIZONA, ON ITS 125TH ANNIVERSARY

HON. RICK RENZI

OF ARIZONA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, September 18, 2007

Mr. RENZI. Madam Speaker, today I want to recognize and honor the Town of Payson, Arizona, which is in my district. This year Payson will be celebrating its 125th anniversary October 3rd through the 7th.

This beautiful mountain village community is known for its natural beauty and deep history. Surrounded by the rich ponderosa pine Tonto National Forest, Payson is located in Gila County at the base of the 7,000 foot, 200 mile long Mogollon Rim, which defines the southwestern edge of the Colorado Plateau. Seven Rim Lakes are located in the vicinity, offering a wide array of outdoor recreation for residents and tourists to enjoy.

In 1882 community leaders surveyed the current town site of Payson, originally calling the settlement Green Valley. The town changed its name after constructing its post office. In 1884 then postmaster, Frank C. Hise, renamed the town in honor of the congressional chairman of the Committee on Post Office and Post Road, Senator Louis Edward Payson, who was instrumental in establishing the post office.

Payson will forever be linked to the American Old West. It was in 1884 that the town held its first rodeo, holding it every year since,

earning the title of "World's Oldest Continuous Rodeo." Author Zane Grey, who idealized the ruggedness of the Old West, used Payson and its surrounding areas for the backdrop and inspiration for some of his literary works, including "Code of the West," "Under the Tonto Rim," and "To the Last Man."

It was not until 1973 that Payson was incorporated, and since then it has grown to become a thriving community that anchors the area known as "Rim Country." I would like to applaud Payson for all of its achievements, recognize its distinct history, and congratulate it on its 125th anniversary. This community serves as a beacon for all other burgeoning south Western communities to follow, and is home to a people of deep community spirit and fervent respect for their environment.

VIETNAM HUMAN RIGHTS ACT OF
2007

SPEECH OF

HON. CHRISTOPHER H. SMITH

OF NEW JERSEY

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, September 17, 2007

Mr. SMITH of New Jersey. Mr. Speaker, in light of the Vietnam Human Rights Act of 2007, H.R. 3096, which was debated on the House Floor yesterday, September 17, 2007, and which passed overwhelmingly this afternoon, I would like to include in the record portions of the trial proceedings for Attorney Nguyen Van Dai and Attorney Le Thi Cong Nhan who are referenced in this legislation. Both individuals were ruthlessly seized by the Government of Vietnam on March 6, 2007, in Vietnam's most recent crackdown on democracy and human rights advocates. The accused each received years of imprisonment after being found guilty of "disseminating propaganda against the Socialist Republic of Vietnam," I urge each and every one of my colleagues to read this chilling account of the Vietnamese justice system.

THE SOCIALIST REPUBLIC OF VIETNAM;
INDEPENDENCE—LIBERTY—HAPPINESS

THE PEOPLE'S COURT OF HANOI CITY

Preliminary criminal sentence, No. 153/2007/HSST, May 11, 2007. In the name of the Socialist Republic of Vietnam, The People's Court of Hanoi City. The Preliminary Trial Committee is composed of:

Presiding Judge: Mr. Nguyen Huu Chinh. People's Jurors: 1. Mr. Nguyen Thanh Ha, 2. Mrs. Tran Hong Thuy. Court clerk/recorder: Mrs. Nguyen Thi Huyen, cadre of the People's Court of Hanoi City, Representative of The Hanoi City People's Office of Procuracy: 1. Mr. Dinh Trong Nghia, Procurator, 2. Mr. Dinh Quoc Thai, Procurator.

On May 11, 2007, the following defendants were preliminarily tried by the People's Court of Hanoi City under Criminal Docket No. 138/2007/HSST of April 24, 2007:

1. NGUYEN VAN DAI born 1969, in Da Trach, Khoai Chau District, Hung Yen Province; domiciled at Apartment 302, House Z8, Back Khoa Communal Building, Bach Khoa Ward, Hai Ba Trung Precinct, Ha Noi City; occupation at the time of committing crimes: Head Attorney of the Thien An Law Office; educational background: Grade 12/12; born of Mr. Nguyen Van Cap and Mrs. Nguyen Thi Thom; married to Vu Minh Khanh; arrested and placed under temporary detention since March 6, 2007; is present at the trial.