

Since June 2006, he has very ably served as a direct link between the Marine Corps and the House of Representatives, providing Members of this body the information necessary to effectively equip, maintain and support the United States Marine Corps, and ultimately provide and ensure the nation's security. I know that everyone of my colleagues who had the pleasure of working with him shares the deep respect I have come to hold for Colonel Kennedy, and has trusted his straightforward and dependable assistance. His candor and knowledge have been key in maintaining superb relationships on both sides of the Potomac. He has demonstrated a unique ability to translate the language of the House of Representatives to the language of the Marine Corps and vice versa, enabling him to provide Members of Congress with a keen understanding of the issues that affect the men and women who wear a Marine uniform.

Over the course of two very busy years, Colonel Kennedy successfully planned, coordinated and escorted over 30 international and domestic Congressional and Staff Delegations. I had the opportunity to work closely with the Colonel on many of these Congressional Delegations as part of the House Democracy Assistance Commission, as we have worked to strengthen legislatures in emerging and re-emerging democracies around the world. HDAC works directly with the Members and staff of these institutions, and our Members must travel to places as diverse as Afghanistan, Mongolia and East Timor to conduct these programs. The technical and logistical support he provided in traveling often to remote or dangerous regions ensured that our delegations were always conducted safely; professionally and effectively, and afforded us the ability to focus entirely on the quality of our programs with these legislatures in burgeoning democracies. But just as important were his insights into conflict and post-conflict regions, based on his first-hand observations from the field. They were an invaluable asset to our delegations.

Colonel Kennedy also took a number of delegations to Iraq and Afghanistan, helping to educate Members of Congress on the successes and challenges facing our service men and women who are currently in harm's way. Due to his professionalism, dedication, experience and knowledge, Colonel Kennedy became the most sought-after military escort for delegations traveling into Central Command. He has made lasting contributions to the House of Representatives. I wish the Colonel the very best as he pursues other duties within the Marine Corps. He will be missed tremendously.

Colonel Kennedy's 23 years of service have included: Executive Officer of a Weapons Company; Instructor at The Basic School and the Infantry Officer Course in Quantico, Virginia; a Weapons Company Commander and Battalion Operations Officer in Camp Pendleton; Recruiting Station Commander in San Francisco, California; Plans Officer for Pre-Operation Iraqi Freedom and Plans/Future Operations Officer for the First Marine Division during Operation Iraqi Freedom; Battalion Commander for Operation Iraqi Freedom II; and Director of the House of Representatives, Marine Corps Liaison Office. Colonel Kennedy has received the Legion of Merit with combat "V", Bronze Star, two Meritorious Service Medals, two Navy and Marine Corps Com-

mendation Medals and the Combat Action Ribbon.

HONORING CAPTAIN SILVESTER R. DEL ROSARIO, THE HIGHEST RANKING DOMINICAN AMERICAN IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY

### HON. ROBERT E. ANDREWS

OF NEW JERSEY

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Tuesday, July 8, 2008*

Mr. ANDREWS. Madam Speaker, I rise today to honor Silvester R. Del Rosario for becoming the first Hispanic Aviation Limited Duty Officer in the United States Navy to achieve the rank of Captain. This promotion makes Mr. Del Rosario the highest ranking Dominican American in the United States Navy.

Captain Del Rosario was born and raised in Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic. He moved to Queens, New York at the age of 17 and enlisted in the U.S. Navy in 1976. After basic training, he was rapidly promoted from "striker" to Aviation Structural Mechanic Chief Petty Officer. His first assignment was to Naval Air Station Keflavik, Iceland where he trained in structures, hydraulic, and flight control systems. Mr. Del Rosario was subsequently moved to the prestigious Navy Flight Demonstration Squadron "Blue Angels" Naval Air Station in Pensacola, Florida.

In 1990, Captain Del Rosario was selected to serve as Officer-in-Charge for the VP-45 Detachment at Cecil Field, Florida where he earned distinction when he was honored as "1990 Maintenance Officer of the Year" by the Association of Naval Aviation. Over the course of two tours to the Mediterranean and North Arabian Gulf, he was awarded the "LTJG Clint Neidecken" award for leadership, selected by Strike Fighter Wing, U.S. Atlantic Fleet as the "1993 Maintenance Officer of the Year" and honored as the 1994 COMNAVAIRLANT "Capt. Charles J. Nechvatal Aviation Maintenance Officer of the Year". Under Captain Del Rosario's management, the Naval Air Maintenance Training Unit Norfolk won the 2002 Bronze Hammer Award, the 2002 NETC Training Excellence Award, and the 2002 NETC Retention Award. In 2003, his command was recognized by the U.S. Secretary of Education as a nationally accredited institution.

Over his long career Captain Del Rosario has won many awards, including four Meritorious Service Medals, five Navy Commendation Medals, four Navy Achievement Medals, three Navy Good Conduct Medals, Navy Rifle and Pistol Expert Medals, and various service campaign and unit decorations. In light of his considerable achievement, it is fitting that Mr. Del Rosario was promoted to the rank of Captain on Thursday, July 3rd, 2008. Captain Del Rosario is an exceptional role-model for young Americans considering a career in the United States Armed Forces. I congratulate him on this achievement and wish him the best of luck in his future endeavors.

IN RECOGNITION OF NATIONAL HIV TESTING DAY

### HON. STEPHANIE TUBBS JONES

OF OHIO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Tuesday, July 8, 2008*

Mrs. JONES of Ohio. Madam Speaker, I rise today in recognition of National HIV Testing Day, celebrated on Sunday, June 27th, 2008. Every year, the National Association of People with AIDS (NAPWA) and the Center for Disease Control (CDC) work in conjunction to sponsor National HIV Testing Day. This year, National HIV Testing Day used the slogan: "Take the test, take control". National HIV Testing Day is used to provide vital information about the HIV/AIDS epidemic, educate people on the affect it has on an individual and on the community, help decrease the number of newly infected Americans with HIV/AIDS by increasing the availability of HIV tests and encourage individuals to seek voluntary counseling.

Worldwide, there are 14,000 new HIV/AIDS cases daily and a total of 22 million people who have died from the epidemic. As the number of people living with HIV/AIDS in the U.S. today increases, it is crucial to acknowledge the significance of knowing your HIV/AIDS status. Every year, 40,000 Americans are newly infected with the disease and approximately 1,200,000 people in the U.S. are living with HIV/AIDS. Twenty-five percent of them are unaware of their positive status.

Over time, as scientific developments around HIV/AIDS have progressed, HIV/AIDS is no longer a death sentence, but can be treated with proper medical care. Although the positive diagnosis of HIV/AIDS is life altering, everyone deserves to know their status—for themselves, their partner, and their family. Worldwide, the HIV/AIDS epidemic carries a negative stigma that results in societal disapproval and rejection. As a country and community, we need to stand together and fight this disease to provide a healthier America for generations to follow.

On behalf of the people of the 11th Congressional District in Ohio and the United States Congress, I extend my condolences to the friends and family of people who have lost a loved one to the disease. As we stand together as Americans, we can make a difference, we can save a life.

A TRIBUTE TO TIMOTHY RUSSERT BY WILLIAM O'SHAUGHNESSY

### HON. NITA M. LOWEY

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Tuesday, July 8, 2008*

Mrs. LOWEY. Madam Speaker, I rise today to honor Timothy Russert by submitting for the record a tribute to him by the Buffalo, New York native, William O'Shaughnessy on June 16, 2008. "A Death in the Family" was broadcast on WVOX and WVIP in New York.

A DEATH IN THE FAMILY

And although we were in the care and keeping of the German Jesuits some ten years apart, Russert and I both got whacked upside the head by the same worn old leather prayer book belonging to the Reverend John

Sturm, S.J., who took most seriously his title and high estate: Prefect of Discipline.

Father John was built like a fireplug. And although an equal opportunity disciplinarian, he made Timmy Russert his favorite charge almost from the minute he first encountered the personable Irish youngster from South Buffalo with the bright eyes and easy smile. That was back in the 60's and they have been friends ever since. Canisius has turned out federal judges named Crotty and Arcara, political power brokers like Joe Crangle, big car dealers, stellar athletes including a few Holy Cross and Notre Dame quarterbacks, and doctors and lawyers of great renown. The Jesuits spotted Russert's beguiling potential early on. Even then they knew.

He would go back to Buffalo over the years to see his father and during summers better than this one Tim Russert would sit at Cole's bar in the Elmwood section to talk sports over a beer and a "beef on a weck," Buffalo's legendary version of roast beef, a steamship round of which was personally carved by the bartender and then piled on a Kimmelweck roll covered with salt to be dipped in Heinz Ketchup. The music in the air on those nights was provided by ancient tapes of Fred Klestine's old radio programs from the 50's and 60's which survive to this day at Cole's.

They would order another Simon Pure beer or a Carling's ale and talk about the rich girls who went to "The Mount," a boarding school, and about Johnny Barnes, the old Canisius High football coach and sometimes about Cornelius MacGillicuddy, a favorite teacher who owned a bar in the Parkside section over near Delaware Park.

He never lost touch with the Jesuits. And just a few weeks ago, Father Sturm, now in his 90's, sent out invitations to a scholarship luncheon in his own honor with the obligatory picture of his protégé Tim Russert on the cover.

Before his dazzling work on television which made him famous, Tim labored in the service of the two brightest minds in public life during our time: Daniel Patrick Moynihan and the estimable Mario M. Cuomo.

Someone said yesterday on television: "He wasn't exactly a pretty boy." With his cheeks and jowls, Russert was the complete antithesis of all the hyper, vacuous "talking heads" and all the bimbos—male as well as female—who sit each day in those anchor chairs praying the teleprompter doesn't fail lest they be forced to utter something more profound than "absolutely!"

Only Chris Matthews was his equal in terms of depth and intelligence. And maybe Jon Meacham or Lawrence O'Donnell or Peggy Noonan. George Stephanopoulos can hold his own in front of a camera (and in front of George Will). And classy Deborah Norville has a brain. While among the youngsters coming up—William "Billy" Bush and Chris Cuomo are bursting with intelligence and promise. Ditto Bill Geist's kid Willy. And David Gregory and Tucker Carlson are easy to take. Barbara Walters and Diane Sawyer are class acts in any season.

We've always liked Bob Scheiffer and Judy Woodruff. And how can you not like Mike Barnicle and Joe Scarborough (but not the girl with him, the one with the famous father, who talks over everybody). And I hope Larry King, like Paul Harvey on the radio, goes on forever. Plus I still take pleasure in our infrequent sightings of Rather and Brokaw.

Russert, however, operated on a level far beyond most of them. And he didn't need high tech production values or fancy overhead lighting in an ultra-modern studio to enhance and amplify his unique genius. He was to network news what Mario Cuomo is to public discourse. And as the great Cuomo

himself reminded us, "Tim never forgot where he came from and he never let us forget it either . . . and we loved him for it."

He would summer on Nantucket and go to parties at Sally Quinn's in Washington. But Russert never denied his roots in Buffalo. There was a realness about him, a genuineness, on and off the air.

A few summers ago, Russert was the main speaker at an important conference of the New York State Broadcasters Association up at Bolton Landing on Lake George. After his talk he was persuaded by our mutual friend Joe Reilly, the head of the broadcasters in the Empire State, to linger and give out the Association's Awards for Excellence . . . even as an NBC plane waited on the tarmac at the nearby Glens Falls airport to rush him back to Washington.

There were many awards and citations in every category. But Russert was his usual generous self and so he stayed late into the night as the awards presentations wore on. And when it was announced that your own WVOX had won the designation for "Best Editorials in New York State" (which we clearly did not deserve), Russert arched his eyebrows and the Irish eyes twinkled as my son David and I advanced to the front of the ballroom to receive our award.

As we posed for the cameras and the flash-bulbs popped, Tim asked, sotto voce, "How's Mario? . . . how's Nancy? . . . how are the kids? . . . how's the station?" And now as my mind drifts back on this weekend after he died, I wonder if I remembered to inquire about his own welfare? I hope so, but I doubt it, given that heady moment in the spot-lights. But he remembered.

Russert then thoughtfully pulled away my son David for a shot with just the two of them . . . and said, again on the QT, while still smiling for the cameras, "How the hell did your old man win this damn thing . . . it must have been by sheer guile! Or did Cuomo write it for him?" As the two of them cracked up with laughter, no one in the audience of more than 500 had a clue what they were chuckling about.

James O'Shea, who owns The West Street Grill, a high class saloon in Litchfield, Connecticut (he much prefers the designation "fine dining establishment") called while I was thinking about all this. According to O'Shea, "Russert possessed the genius of the Irish. Just say he was Irish. People will know what that means. He was Irish!" As O'Shea provides libation and sustenance for the likes of Philip Roth, Rex Reed, Jim Hoge, Bill vandenHeuvel, Rose Styron, George Clooney, Peter Duchin and Brooke Hayward . . . I will bow to his wisdom. Russert did indeed have the genius of the Irish.

Nancy and I would see him around town of an evening, when he would come up from Washington to do some business at the NBC Universal mother ship at Rockefeller Center or if one of us had to emcee a dinner. And no matter how late the hour or how tired and rumpled he appeared, it was always the same: "How are the kids? . . . how are the stations doing? . . . how's the gov?"

NBC delayed the news of his passing and actually got scooped by the New York Post and the Times until someone from their shop was retrieved to go and inform his wife Maureen Orth, their son Luke, and his beloved father Big Russ. But who, I wonder, had to knock on the door of the old priest in the Jesuit retirement house on Washington Street up in Buffalo to tell Father John Sturm, S.J. Timmy Russert was gone?

I always thought Russert would have made a wonderful politician himself or a great teacher. Or even a priest. And with his sudden, untimely departure at 58, he probably taught us one more lesson learned from the old Jesuits: "You know not the hour . . . or the moment."

The newsman-journalist known as Tim Russert has been mourned by millions and eulogized in all the journals and periodicals in the land. But the most exquisite tribute, and probably the one he would have liked the most came from Michelle Spuck, a waitress at Bantam Pizza in the Litchfield hills, who told a customer over the weekend, "I'm so sad about this . . . I never met him . . . but I knew him."

He died in front of a microphone.  
This is Bill O'Shaughnessy.

## RECOGNIZING ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF TOMMIE ANN GIBNEY

### HON. PHIL ENGLISH

OF PENNSYLVANIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Tuesday, July 8, 2008*

Mr. ENGLISH of Pennsylvania. Madam Speaker, I want to bring to the attention of my colleagues the important accomplishments of Tommie Ann Gibney. Ms. Gibney is a shining example of a woman who tries hard and succeeds brilliantly. She does it all. She is a professional, a distinguished attorney, friend of many, wife, mother, and in June of this year Ms. Gibney will add president. She will be one of only three women to ever hold the prestigious position as president of the Association of Trial Lawyers of America/New Jersey, an organization of over 2100 attorneys, paralegals, law clerks and law school graduates who protect New Jersey families by advocating for safer products and workplaces, a cleaner environment, and quality health care.

Ms. Gibney attended Seton Hall University for her undergraduate, graduate, and law school degrees. As an associate at Andres and Berger in Haddonfield, New Jersey, Ms. Gibney fights tirelessly for victims of nursing home abuse and neglect. She volunteers her services and vast legal knowledge to Trial Lawyers Care, 9–11 Legal Assistance, and to the Hyacinth Aids Foundation. She is a role model for all law professionals both in and outside of the courtroom. My congratulations to Tommie Ann Gibney and her family.

## SUNSET MEMORIAL

### HON. TRENT FRANKS

OF ARIZONA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Tuesday, July 8, 2008*

Mr. FRANKS of Arizona. Madam Speaker, I stand once again before this House with yet another Sunset Memorial.

It is July 8, 2008 in the land of the free and the home of the brave, and before the sun set today in America, almost 4,000 more defenseless unborn children were killed by abortion on demand. That's just today, Madam Speaker. That's more than the number of innocent lives lost on September 11 in this country, only it happens every day.

It has now been exactly 12,951 days since the tragedy called Roe v. Wade was first handed down. Since then, the very foundation of this Nation has been stained by the blood of almost 50 million of its own children. Some of them, Madam Speaker, cried and screamed as they died, but because it was amniotic fluid passing over the vocal cords instead of air, we couldn't hear them.