

treatment for at least 3 million people; provide care for another 12 million, including 5 million very vulnerable children.

That kind of assistance helps to save lives, and it is an important step not only from a humanitarian viewpoint but also to alert the world as to our real values in America. We are in a struggle across the world now. Many of our harshest critics paint a picture of the United States that is not close to reality. This kind of legislation, where the United States puts investment in the health care of people around the world, tells the right story about who we are and what we believe.

There is a sad ending, regrettably, as is too often the case in the Senate. This bill—despite the President's support, despite broad bipartisan support in the House and the Senate—is being blocked by several Republican Senators. Seven of my colleagues across the aisle, who have publicly identified themselves, have stopped the consideration of this bill to deal with the global AIDS epidemic. Those Senators are Senators COBURN, DEMINT, SESSIONS, CHAMBLISS, VITTER, BUNNING, and BURR.

Now, former Bush speech writer, Michael Gerson, issued a scathing criticism of this Republican hold in a recent article in the Washington Post. I quote him when he says:

It is the nature of the Senate that the smallest of minorities can impede the work of the majority. But it takes a conscious choice—an act of tremendous will and pride—for members to employ these powers against an AIDS bill with overwhelming bipartisan support.

Mr. Gerson is right. I appreciate and share his sentiments and the frustration that comes with them.

There is broad bipartisan support for this measure. There are literally lives on the line. The President says we need it. Who would disagree? Virtually all of us on both sides of the aisle have applauded the President's efforts and voted for funding the PEPFAR program. Our ability to save the lives of millions of people around the world depends on a parliamentary maneuver in the Senate, where seven Republican Senators have put a hold on a bill to try to fight the global AIDS epidemic.

Many of my friends on the other side of the aisle support this bill enthusiastically. Even those with concerns about it are willing to concede this has been a remarkably successful program.

Since 2003, when we were treating only 50,000 people in sub-Saharan Africa, the PEPFAR and Global Fund now reach nearly 2 million people, primarily on the continent of Africa. That is an amazing record of progress in 5 years. That has literally changed the situation in Africa.

I went to Africa 7 or 8 years ago and did not go looking for the global AIDS epidemic. But you could not avoid it. Everywhere you turned, in every country I visited, terrible stories were being told about the people who were dying,

how it was necessary to hire two teachers for every grade in school because one was likely to die before the end of the school year. It was awful. There was no hope. People would not go for tests to see if they were positive because learning that information led them nowhere—just the knowledge of impending doom.

Well, Mr. President, that has changed. Because of PEPFAR and the Global Fund, because of the efforts of the Gates Foundation, because of the efforts of former Presidents Bill Clinton and George H.W. Bush, we now find medications and treatment available in Africa. People are going forward to be tested so they do not unnecessarily expose someone else to the disease and so they can seek treatment at an early stage and live a long life.

The world has changed in Africa because of this program. But the program is about to expire, and these seven Republican Senators are standing in the path of reauthorizing that program.

When they were asked why they opposed this program being reauthorized, one of the Senators argued that it has gone beyond its original mission of treating AIDS and now is dealing with other issues. This critic of the program, my Senate colleague, called it "mission creep." I wish that Senator could go to Africa and see it firsthand.

To argue that adding nutrition, safe water, and sanitation programs, treatment of tuberculosis and malaria, and protection of vulnerable populations is somehow beyond the scope of the original bill is to ignore reality.

I went to a portion of Nairobi, Kenya, to one of the larger slums, which has some 600,000 people and a rampant AIDS epidemic. Well, it is being treated with drugs and testing, and we are making some progress, but they took me to a small area where a group of parents who were infected with HIV were sitting and watching their children play.

I looked on as several of the women who were sitting there looked as if they were about to die, they were so emaciated. I said to the person with me: It is a shame they didn't have access to the drugs. The person said: They have access to the drugs. They are taking the drugs. They just don't have access to food.

These drugs don't work on a hungry person and an empty stomach. So when the critics of this PEPFAR reauthorization argue against food and nutrition as part of the program, they are ignoring the obvious. If you want to treat a woman with a child, and you want the drugs to work, she needs basic nutrition. That has to be part of the program. It does no good to give these drugs to a starving, dying person.

Maintaining the status quo, as some of my Republican colleagues who oppose this bill prefer, would deny the progress we have made under President Bush. This bill creates a program that is sustainable and maintains our essential leadership role in the fight against AIDS, TB, and malaria.

Some on the other side may disagree, and let me tell you, it is their right to disagree. But I think the honorable thing to do, the right thing to do, is to bring their disagreement to the floor and to offer an amendment. If they want to change the program, so be it. That is why we are here. We should consider the merits of their amendment and vote it up or down. Then, depending on the outcome, they can decide whether they want to vote for or against the bill.

But to hold this bill indefinitely, when 12 million lives hang in the balance, I have to agree with Mr. Gerson, it is a conscious decision—as he said: "an act of tremendous will and pride."

I urge my Republican colleagues: Please, please reconsider this hold. I find it very difficult to understand how some of these same colleagues can go to our Prayer Breakfast regularly and pray for the poor and suffering in the world and come to the floor of the Senate and put a hold on a bill that would provide nutrition and drugs to people who will die without it. I do not understand that. I hope they will reconsider.

Recently, President Bush traveled to Africa. He was greeted with great warmth and hospitality by a continent grateful for his efforts in the fight against AIDS. The Senate should not turn its back on what the President and America have achieved. We should move quickly to reauthorize the U.S. commitment to global AIDS relief. The efforts of these seven Senators holding this important bill should not stop us from doing the right thing for the millions of people around the world whose lives literally depend on it. I am going to urge my colleagues, as often as I can, to drop this hold on this bill to allow the Senate to debate and pass this important legislation.

TRIBUTE TO LUCY AND ROSA TREVINO

Mr. DURBIN. Mr. President, this past Sunday—Mother's Day—Barbara Mahany, a reporter for the Chicago Tribune, wrote a touching front-page story about Rosa Trevino, a mother who never gave up on her daughter, Lucy.

Born with a rare genetic degenerative disease, spinal muscular atrophy, Lucy Trevino was determined to win a degree in bio-engineering from the University of Illinois at Chicago.

Her quest would have been physically impossible if her mother had not been by her side for every class, every lab, every study session, and there to turn every page of her daughter's textbooks when Lucy's arms were too weak.

On Saturday, Lucy Trevino overcame the greatest obstacles and earned her degree. And Rosa, in reporter Barbara Mahany's words, taught us "all a lasting lesson of a mother's love."

At Lucy's commencement, the dean of UIC's engineering college stopped the ceremony to tell the members of the Class of 2008 about Lucy's persistence and Rosa's devotion. He said he

could barely get the words out without bursting into tears. When he finished, the entire audience rose and delivered a thunderous 2-minute ovation.

Spinal muscular atrophy is a progressive disease that withers the muscles that control the legs, arms and lungs. It can make breathing a struggle and make turning the page of a heavy book nearly impossible. But it leaves the brain and the mind untouched.

Lucy Trevino was 4 years old when she was told she had the disease. She started using a wheelchair when she was 9.

It was during countless visits to neurologists and orthopedic surgeons when she was a child that Lucy first became fascinated by science. During medical tests, she says, she used to wonder, "How do those devices work?"

During her senior year in high school, she learned about a summer camp in bioengineering at UIC and immediately signed up. And she was hooked.

The following fall, Lucy Trevino became the first person in her family to go to college.

For her major, she chose bioengineering—one of the toughest programs in the engineering college.

Now, the prospect of years of studying such complicated subjects as thermodynamics and circuit analysis would be daunting for almost all of us. For Lucy, college presented special challenges.

You see, Lucy often needs help performing even such simple physical tasks as dressing, brushing her teeth, and cutting her food.

It takes her twice as long as other students to write up her labs because just moving a pen across paper can be hard sometimes.

At first, Lucy wasn't sure she could even go to college because UIC doesn't have a personal assistants program to help students with disabilities.

One day, as the start of Lucy's freshman year grew near, her mother Rosa asked, "How would you feel if I went with you?"

Rosa had never even attended high school. But she had vowed years earlier that she would do whatever she could to see that her first-born daughter was never held back by her disease.

So every day, every semester for the last 6 years, Rosa was by Lucy's side.

Five days a week, mother and daughter took the CTA train from their home in Cicero to the University of Illinois at Chicago.

They became a familiar sight on campus: Rosa pushing Lucy's purple wheelchair. Rosa ordering for Lucy in the cafeteria line because Lucy's voice is sometimes barely louder than a whisper.

And there was Rosa, sitting a few feet behind Lucy in class, copying recipes or cutting coupons—always watching to see if Lucy needed a drink of water, or help turning a page. She sat through more than 2,100 hours of lectures in 51 different classes.

Pete Nelson, interim dean of UIC's engineering college, told the Tribune's Barbara Mahany. "Lucy's story is about the sacrifices our mothers make for all of us."

Michael Cho, who teaches mostly graduate engineering courses at UIC, has come to know Lucy and Rosa and is in awe of them.

Of Rosa's devotion, he says, "The first thing that comes to my mind is this can't be anything else but a mother's love. It goes beyond commitment. It is sacrificial love. And I am just overwhelmed. It's not just 1 month or one semester. It's every day for 4 years."

In fact, it took Lucy Trevino 6 years to earn her degree. Serious health challenges forced her to take a break from school in her junior year.

Last year, a student told Lucy that she had felt like skipping class, but she thought of Lucy and told herself, "There's Lucy, she's always here. There's nothing wrong with me. I'm just lazy."

Lucy was amazed anyone noticed her.

Another of Rosa's four children, Lucy's younger brother Hugo, also has spinal muscular atrophy—SMA—and uses a wheelchair. He is studying architecture at the University of Illinois Champaign-Urbana.

As much as Rosa would like to see Lucy and Hugo walk, she says she knows that God is good. She explains: One daughter can walk, one can't. It's the same with her two sons. What she can't see in one child, she sees in the other. And she sees in each child special talents.

In a few weeks, Lucy will go back to school to take one more class so she can complete a math minor. After that, she says, she would like to study law and become a patent attorney.

I hope Rosa is ready for law school. Because I suspect that once Lucy makes up her mind to do something, there's no holding her back.

Rosa Trevino is one of our new Americans who came to this country from Mexico 30 years ago, when she was 17.

This past Saturday, the day of Lucy's commencement, was Mother's Day in Mexico.

When Lucy received her cherished degree, she gave her mother a gift she had ordered months earlier: a formal-looking "Certificate of Gratitude." It read: "Thank you for all your love and support. I would not be where I am today if it wasn't for you. I feel so grateful to have you in my life. Today is my day, but I dedicate it to you." It is signed, "Lucy Trevino."

And on behalf of the Senate, I want to congratulate Lucy Trevino on her amazing accomplishment, and thank Rosa Trevino for her inspiring example of a mother's love.

Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the full text of the Chicago Tribune article about Lucy and Rosa Trevino be printed in the RECORD.

There being no objection, the material was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

[From the Chicago Tribune, May 11, 2008]

LUCY'S MOM WAS THERE

(By Barbara Mahany)

Lucy Trevino's mother cuts peanut-butter-on-whole-wheat into bite-size squares, unscrews a strawberry-kiwi juice and holds the bottle to her daughter's lips so Lucy can get through lunch and make it back to class.

She ruffles through Lucy's lavender backpack to find the lab report for BioE 494, bio-engineering-based physiology. When the cell phone rings, she holds it to her daughter's ear. She zips her coat. Dabs a tissue to her nose.

And before all this, she has slipped her into jeans, tied her shoes, smeared toothpaste on her toothbrush and combed her thick black hair into a perfect ponytail. Lucy Trevino's mother was right behind her firstborn daughter all through college—sometimes shoving through mounds of snow, or up an icy ramp if her motorized wheelchair balked. When they got stuck, her mother pulled out her cell phone to call maintenance and ask if someone could please come clear the walks.

Over the last six years, Rosa Trevino also became fluent in the CTA's Blue Line and Pink Line, as the mother and daughter made their way five days a week from home, a red-brick two-flat in Cicero, to the University of Illinois at Chicago.

Lucy Trevino graduated Saturday from UIC with a degree in bioengineering, and the dean stopped the commencement of the Class of 2008 to tell of the Trevinos' triumph. He barely made it, he said, without breaking into tears.

For the six years it took to get through one of the most rigorous programs in the College of Engineering, it was Rosa—a tad shy and always thinking two steps ahead—who got her daughter to every class, lab and study session. She knew which text and notebook to lay on Lucy's desk. And she turned the pages when a heavy book tired Lucy's hands.

For two or three hours, as Lucy absorbed lectures in calculus or thermodynamics or circuit analysis, Rosa sat not far away, just in case Lucy needed a sip of water or began choking.

Lucy, who is 24, was told she had a rare genetic degenerative disease, spinal muscular atrophy, when she was 4. SMA is a progressive disease that withers the muscles that control the arms, legs and lungs, and can make breathing a struggle.

Lucy's type of SMA usually takes away your ability to walk by the time you're in your teens—she began using a wheelchair at age 9—but unlike some other types, doesn't necessarily affect life span.

Lucy, who is the oldest of four, has a younger brother, Hugo, who has the same disease. He, too, uses a wheelchair; he's a freshman at the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign, studying architecture.

PARENTAL DEDICATION

"Lucy's story is about the sacrifices our mothers make for all of us," said Pete Nelson, interim dean of UIC's engineering college. Trevino's teachers, he said, "were pounding down my door" to ask for some recognition for this mother-daughter feat of unconditional devotion.

At UIC, where nearly a third of the students are the first in a family to go to college, Nelson said it's not uncommon to hear tales of parents working two or three jobs, sending money from overseas and just plain struggling so their kids can get what parents weren't afforded.

"But this is sort of the pinnacle in terms of the amount of dedication," Nelson said. "This is what makes this business worthwhile."

One of the professors pounding on Nelson's door was Michael Cho, who teaches mostly graduate courses in cell and tissue engineering, but who has gotten to know—and has been amazed by—the ubiquitous mother-daughter duo, so often spotted wending their way up a ramp, on or off an elevator, or tucked away studying in some secluded corner.

"The first thing that comes to my mind is this can't be anything else but a mother's love," Cho said. "It goes beyond commitment. It is sacrificial love. And I am just overwhelmed. It's not just one month or one semester. It's every day for the last four years that I can think of."

In fact, it's six years, because Lucy had to take time off when she got really sick her junior year; she suddenly couldn't lift her arms and was quickly losing memory.

It took months before a sleep test showed she stopped breathing 30 times an hour when she was asleep. She now sleeps with a machine that helps her breathe, and, within a week of using it, she said, she regained her memory, if not her arm strength.

"Ever since I was little, I loved science," said Lucy, who shares her mother's deep cocoa-colored eyes and rolls around campus in a purple wheelchair with back wheels that sparkle, like fireworks, with tiny neon bits. "Because I went to doctors a lot and had a lot of medical exams, I would always wonder, 'How do those devices work?'"

In her senior year at Morton West High School in Berwyn, Trevino learned from a counselor about a summer camp in bioengineering at UIC, so she signed up, and found her life's work.

She once dreamed of working to find a cure for her own disease, but decided "it would be too stressful if I couldn't find it."

The first one in her family to ever go to college, Lucy Trevino said she was "too afraid" to venture down to the U. of I. in Urbana-Champaign, where there's a whole dorm for students with disabilities, and the nation's oldest college-level disabilities-services program provides trained personal assistants, physical therapy, even wheelchair repairs.

"I didn't know if I should risk going all the way down there," she said.

Sticking closer to home seemed like a better plan. But because UIC doesn't have a personal-assistants program, she was stuck trying to find someone who could help her in a thousand little ways and be there whenever she needed.

"In college, you have such a crazy schedule. You stay after to study with other students. You need to talk to a professor. I was like, 'Oh, my gosh, how am I going to find someone who's going to put up with all of that?'"

"My mom was like, 'Well, I guess I'll just go with you.'

"And then it was getting closer to the start of the first semester, and I still hadn't found anybody. She said, 'How would you feel if I went with you?' I was like, 'Oh, my gosh, would you?'"

Because Rosa Trevino, who is 47 and moved from Mexico when she was 17, had two children with special needs, she had long since become a stay-at-home mom, giving up a series of baby-sitting jobs. Rosa's husband, Hugo, retired last year after 32 years as a CTA bus driver. Rosa herself had never even been to high school.

On the day back in 1987 when doctors said her little girl would "someday need a wheelchair," Rosa recalled, crying at the memory, she promised herself she would do "everything I can."

MOTHER KEEPS BUSY

Even if that meant sitting through more than 2,100 hours of 51 classes, countless study

sessions and hour-long train rides, back and forth, each day. Most often, Lucy said with a laugh, her mother spends time cutting recipes and coupons, because she gets bored with all the bioengineering in a language she doesn't fully understand.

At first, Lucy admitted, going to college with her mother wasn't exactly without its bumps.

"I had never spent so much time together with my mom. We would sometimes get on each other's nerves," she said, chuckling. "But then we got to know each other really well. We're like best friends. Now I tell her everything. Before I wouldn't tell her everything that happens when you have a disability. People who aren't in a wheelchair can't understand. But now, since we do everything together, she knows."

Semester after semester, year after year, Lucy and her mother found a way. She passed 400-level exams. She wrote up labs that took her twice the time of everyone else, simply because the pushing of a pen on paper is so hard for her.

Once, a civil engineering professor noticed that because of Lucy's wheelchair, she couldn't write on her desk. He challenged her to design a lightweight writing table. Then he went and built it. She got an A.

Mostly, the Trevinos relied on each other, and on unflagging faith.

"One time, I think in the night, almost for an hour, I cried to on high, 'Why me? Why me?'" Rosa said. "I heard a voice, 'Why not me?'"

For those who watched their unswerving perseverance, the simple fact that the Trevinos never stumbled inscribed a lasting honor on Lucy's college transcript.

"One time last year," Lucy said, "a student told me she'd felt like ditching class, staying home. But then she looks and says, 'There's Lucy, she's always here. There's nothing wrong with me. I'm just lazy.'"

"Wow, I didn't even think that anyone noticed me."

In the very end, on a Mother's Day weekend in the red-carpeted UIC Pavilion, as Nelson saluted a student and a mother who had taught them all a lasting lesson, a sea of Lucy's blue-gowned classmates rose and nearly drowned out the dean with a thunderous two-minute ovation. Chances are Lucy and Rosa Trevino finally understood how very much a whole college noticed.

ZIMBABWE

Mr. FEINGOLD. Mr. President, with skyrocketing inflation and unemployment, riots over land reform and food shortages, and streams of economic and political refugees fleeing into neighboring countries, the primary constant in Zimbabwe over the last 30 years has been the increasingly despotic and disastrous rule of President Robert Mugabe. A decade ago, high interest rates and inflation galvanized public support for the Zimbabwean Congress of Trade Unions led by Morgan Tsvangirai, who was chosen in 1999 to lead a new opposition party—the Movement for Democratic Change, or MDC. In 2002 and 2005, President Mugabe's ruling ZANU-PF party rigged Presidential and Parliamentary elections to maintain its grip on power, and while he tried to do it again on March 29 of this year, the MDC and the people of Zimbabwe refused to be intimidated or outmaneuvered.

Despite the Zimbabwean Government's best efforts to limit the access

of international monitors and journalists, most observers concur that the general elections conducted this past March were fraught with rigging, mainly to favor the ruling ZANU-PF. Even so, these efforts failed to silence the people of Zimbabwe's call for change. After significant and unexplained delays, the Zimbabwe Electoral Commission announced that the MDC had won a majority in Parliament and that Mr. Tsvangirai won more votes for the Presidency, but not enough to avoid a runoff.

For more than 6 weeks now, Zimbabwe has been in a state of increasing political uncertainty and violence. With each passing day, there are new reports of state-sponsored intimidation and detention of opposition leaders and supporters, human rights activists, trade union leaders, lawyers and journalists. The delay in announcing and now in setting a date for the Presidential runoff election has allowed the ruling party to mobilize traditional state security services as well as youth militias and bands of military veterans to weaken the opposition. Mr. Tsvangirai has agreed to participate in a run-off election, but he is reluctant to return to Zimbabwe, much less to campaign, unless the government will guarantee his security and cease its assault on his supporters. Facing the prospect of another three months in political limbo and social upheaval, Zimbabwe risks plunging into even greater uncertainty and instability.

Mr. President, we can not stand by while this disaster unfolds. President Mugabe has been losing legitimacy, both at home and abroad, for years, isolating himself and his country to the detriment of Zimbabwe's citizens. The people of Zimbabwe are calling for change, but it will take engagement from external actors to help them escape the devastating status quo. The recent decision by dock workers across southern Africa to refuse to unload a Chinese ship carrying Zimbabwe-bound ammunition sent a strong message, one that the international community should echo. Public statements condemning the situation in Zimbabwe by the newly elected President of Botswana followed on the heels of these protests and resulted in the denial of a port at which the Chinese ship could dock. Decisions by other leaders in the region to welcome Mr. Tsvangirai for a visit have been equally important signs of this growing political will but they are not enough.

The MDC's runoff conditions are more than reasonable, and should be supported in any way possible by regional and international governments. Given the tense environment and high potential for politically motivated violence, a commitment to ending impunity for human rights violations and stopping the attacks must be a top priority. Yesterday, the United Nations representative in Zimbabwe reported "indications that the level of violence is escalating . . . and could reach crisis