

A TRIBUTE IN MEMORY OF  
REVEREND PAUL LOCATELLI, S.J.

**HON. ANNA G. ESHOO**

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Thursday, July 15, 2010*

Ms. ESHOO. Madam Speaker, I rise today to honor the extraordinary life of a learned and distinguished priest, Father Paul Locatelli, S.J., who died at the age of 71 on the morning of July 12, 2010.

Father Locatelli was respected by all who knew him. An alumnus of Santa Clara University, he served the University he loved as its 27th President for 20 years. After the Presidency, he was named Chancellor. He then was appointed Secretary for Jesuit Higher Education for the Society of Jesus in Rome, a position he held until his death.

Father Locatelli was raised in Boulder Creek, California, and served in the U.S. Army after graduation from Santa Clara in 1960. Later, he joined the Society of Jesus and was ordained in 1974. He earned a doctorate in Business Administration at the University of Southern California and a Master of Divinity degree from the Jesuit School of Theology at Berkeley, where his work focused on ethics and values in contemporary society. Before becoming President of Santa Clara, he was its Academic Vice President and Associate Dean of Business, and was a member of the faculty in the Accounting Department.

The day Father Locatelli died, the Washington Post had a feature article about how today's college presidents were trying to find new ways to bond more with their students. The reporters didn't know Father Locatelli, but if they did, they would have found someone who was ahead of his time—an extraordinary university president who for years had developed relationships with students at Santa Clara University. He was eminently approachable, possessed a big heart, and had a genuine interest in every student's well-being.

His deep love for Santa Clara shone through in all he did, and his wisdom and erudition were widely known. The University flourished under his leadership, becoming one of the best Jesuit universities in America. Under his leadership the Alameda de las Pulgas was rerouted, more than 19 buildings and sports centers were built or renovated, and the endowment grew from \$77 million to more than \$700 million.

Father Locatelli was a remarkable Jesuit priest who had the rare ability to reach both the older members and the younger members of his order, the Society of Jesus — and was respected and admired by both. One Jesuit rector in Rome called him “a man of vision with a welcoming spirit.” He was also a priest of deep and abiding faith. His faith included an adamant belief that “Catholics should feel free to vote as they deem in the best interest of the nation and world.” He lamented those bishops who speak for the unborn but “turn Catholicism and morality into a single political or moral issue and some threaten to withhold communion from politicians.”

He had empathy for those who questioned God's compassion but counseled them that faith and compassion were needed most when times were difficult. In his widely quoted and poignant words of September 11, 2001, he said that “For persons of faith, and to be sure,

we are all people of weak and troubled faith today, there is a great need to trust that the God of life is more powerful than all the forces of death. There is also need for forbearance and forgiveness. If we do not trust in God and do not imitate God's mercy then evil will not be overcome by good. Just the opposite will happen, evil will have spread to us, generating despair and vengeance. And that will mean that evil will have overcome good.”

Father Locatelli — who was a great cook and an avid runner — was busy making plans for his 60th Santa Clara Reunion when he was diagnosed with an aggressive form of pancreatic cancer. His reunion will go on, and his classmates, including CIA Director Leon Panetta will attend and speak, but there most certainly will be a deep hole in their midst.

Madam Speaker, I ask all my colleagues to join me in extending our deepest sympathies to Father Locatelli's family and to the entire Jesuit community. We honor his memory and the life he lived so well in extraordinary service to others. He made a difference in the lives of thousands of students and was a beloved counselor to me and many others. Father Locatelli will always be remembered as one who deepened our faith, who was a shining star amongst Jesuits as a superb educator and leader, who strengthened our entire community with his wisdom and leadership, and a man who loved his country and served it exceedingly well with his compassionate patriotism. God has prepared a high place in heaven for this extraordinary, holy and humble man.

THANKING SUSAN (SMITH)  
RODRIGUEZ FOR HER SERVICE  
DURING WORLD WAR II

**HON. TODD RUSSELL PLATTS**

OF PENNSYLVANIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Thursday, July 15, 2010*

Mr. PLATTS. Madam Speaker, I rise today to recognize the achievements of Susan (Smith) Rodriguez of Bethesda, Maryland, who in 1944 answered her Nation's call to service in a time of great need. Mrs. Rodriguez joins a special sisterhood of women who share a unique place in American history.

Mrs. Rodriguez was born in York, Pennsylvania, in my congressional district, where she later worked as a French teacher at the former York Collegiate Institute (now known as York College of Pennsylvania). To help in the war effort, she received her commercial pilot's rating and gave flight instruction to U.S. Army pilots throughout the spring of 1944.

Mrs. Rodriguez was later assigned to the Office of Strategic Services, America's first intelligence agency, where she was posted to Tangier, North Africa and served until the end of the war. Similar to the Women Airforce Service Pilots, whom earlier this year were rightfully awarded the Congressional Gold Medal for their service during World War II, Mrs. Rodriguez helped blaze a trail for women who seek to serve their country. The achievements of Mrs. Rodriguez and other female pioneers continue to inspire generations of young women to achieve the impossible.

On behalf of the United States House of Representatives, I thank Mrs. Rodriguez for her service to the United States of America. I know that her family and friends join me in paying tribute to her.

FUNERAL OF JUDGE GERALD  
HEANEY

**HON. JAMES L. OBERSTAR**

OF MINNESOTA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Thursday, July 15, 2010*

Mr. OBERSTAR. Madam Speaker, Patriot. Jurist. Egalitarian. Self-effacing Humanitarian.

Each of us has a distinct, indelible memory of where and how we met Gerry Heaney. Mine starts in the Hotel Duluth in 1964—summoned to a meeting of attorney Gerry Heaney and Duluth labor leaders to be told that my boss, John Blatnik, must support the DFL-endorsed candidate for state Senate, Willard Munger, warning that if Frenchy La Brosse won, the DFL would be plunged into a divisive, fractious future. “We'll keep his feet to the fire,” said Gerry.

My last memory was a phone call two days before he succumbed to tell him of our committee works on the Oil Spill Accountability Act. His message—unchanged—“keep their feet to the fire. Make them pay every penny.”

A towering figure of the law, Judge Heaney wrote the St. Louis, Missouri, school desegregation decision, and then—for 20 years—held the school system's collective feet “to the fire” to assure compliance. The longest and most successful school desegregation case in our jurisprudence.

It was my privilege to video tape interview the judge for the Library of Congress project on WWII veterans.

He recounted the 6:30 a.m. landing at Omaha Beach. Their landing craft stopped short of the beach, because ships were blowing up right and left. The gate dropped in deep water. The captain shouted “All ashore” and was cut down by gunfire. The First Lt. stepped up and ordered “All ashore.” He was cut down. That left me, 2nd Lt. Heaney, in charge. I said, “We're not going through that door, everyone over the side.” And he saved countless lives.

“It took nine hours to climb 160 feet in three tenths of a mile and take out Nazi machine-gun nests. Then we turned back to the beach for supplies, and that's when we saw the carnage.” He stopped, choked, and cried. The Army doesn't give away the Silver Star. It's awarded for extraordinary heroism in combat against an enemy of the United States. Gerry Heaney earned it. From Normandy across Europe to the Czech border, and his remarkable American flag, Gerry Heaney personified exemplary courage under fire.

While still a sitting judge of the 8th Circuit, Gerry planned to participate in the 50th anniversary of D-Day. Without his knowledge, I called the top command of the Pentagon and White House liaison to have him seated on the dais, with presidents, prime ministers, and generals.

When I proudly called with the approvals, he said, “That's very nice, thank you. But I'd rather sit with my buddies. We fought shoulder-to-shoulder across Europe.” Grace and humanity, wrapped in self-effacing, unpretentious humility—caring about others more than himself.

In that same egalitarian spirit, the Judge never missed a Duluth Labor Day picnic since 1948. This year, we'll save a chair for him, observe a moment of silence, and hold him excused.

Master strategist, with a rare gift for no-nonsense analysis, his razor-sharp mind guided

Duluth and the Northland through successive economic shocks with clarity of vision for pragmatic investment strategies to fashion a better life for others through education, economic opportunity, and equal justice under law.

Greatness is memorably expressed in modest gestures. Gerry retired from Senior Judge status so that he would be free to participate in the Obama presidential campaign—pounding lawn signs, setting an example for the newcomers every day at the combined campaign H.Q.

In his zest for intellectual challenge and for integrity in public service, he made us confront our frailties and failings; he rallied us to rise above ourselves for the greater good of all.

His own words say it best: "Excellent public schools are essential in a democracy. Public schools have an obligation to educate all children—rich and poor, black, brown and white, gifted or special. Segregated housing, a long history of discrimination in education and employment, and the historic lack of opportunity for African-Americans to participate fully and equally in all aspects of life make the task ahead a challenging one (for St. Louis). We can fulfill our obligation to provide all children with the quality, free public education they need and deserve." He elevated us in life; we are diminished in his death; but we are challenged to honor his life-affirming legacy.

From Tom Radaich:

Today, we are gathered to do what people of faith do when someone whom they love, and someone who loved them dies—we come together to remember, to pray, celebrate and to give thanks. A long life of service is ended and we come now struggling to find some appropriate, albeit inadequate way, to mark our appreciation and gratitude to God for the lavish gift given us in the judge's life.

All of you in this cathedral this morning have unique memories of the man who lies in death with us here today, and many of those memories and tributes will be shared informally and formally today both here and at UMD following the funeral liturgy, as they have been shared in practically every American news media over the past week. It was my great privilege to know Judge Heaney as his pastor at St. Michael's, but only since my assignment there only five years ago. In one of my conversations with Carol last week, she said, "Well, you know he was Irish, a Catholic, and a Democrat!" And even from my brief association with him, I knew exactly what she meant. You see, I was reared in a small town on the Iron Range where I was raised Catholic, had an Irish pastor for most of my formative years, and took for granted that politics and the DFL were coextensive terms. And so, last night, instead of memories of the judge, I had a vision. I dreamed that as Judge Heaney entered into glory multitudes of Irish came to welcome their compatriot singing Gaelic hymns of praise, followed by throngs of Catholics singing their welcoming song, and then, the entire host of heaven shouted joyfully as one, "Finally, another Democrat!"

With hopeful minds and hearts fixed on the joy of eternal life, we participate in this liturgy this morning. "Liturgy" is the "work" of the church. The work of the church is give praise and glory to God. Liturgy involves the whole human response to the goodness of God, and, hence involves remembering, acting and imagining. Our memories of this great man remind us that God has pitched his tent among us and the word of God has not only been recorded on tablets, scrolls, parchments and paper, but has become flesh. Our God chooses to be revealed as one for whom justice and righteousness are synony-

mous and the Psalmist tells us that "Love and truth will meet; justice and peace will kiss. This truth and this justice are embedded in those who have accepted the call to authentic leadership at the local, state, national and global level. Our gospel reading tells us that the ruling of the ultimate just judge is that when the needs of those who might have seemed most insignificant have been defended and met, only then shall we shall to be right with our God. That when we make sure that public education is available to everyone, when racial discrimination has been reversed, when women are given equal opportunities in their endeavors, when union contracts provide for funded health and welfare packages, when publicly funded institutions of higher learning are given the opportunity to serve students better each year, then, in the image of Jesus the judge and Judge Gerald Heaney, we shall know that we have come close to the kingdom of God.

So the liturgy that began two thousand years ago and the liturgy that began 92 years ago continues. The "work" of the church continues and we come to give thanks that we have been so gifted in the life and person of Judge Gerald Heaney. May this thanksgiving liturgy truly express our gratitude to God for this wonderful life and be the stimulus for continuing in the path he taught and urged us to walk.

The Prophet Isaiah says: Here is my servant whom I uphold, my chosen one with whom I am pleased. Upon whom I have put my spirit: he shall bring forth justice to the nations. I, the Lord, have called you for the victory of justice, I have grasped you by the hand; I formed you and set you as a covenant of the people, a light for the nations.

To open the eyes of the blind, to bring our prisoners from confinement, and from the dungeon, those who live in darkness. To the life of this man we now only add, Alleluia, Thanks be to God.

From Dr. Kathryn A. Martin, Chancellor University of Minnesota, Duluth:

Vice President Mondale, Bishop Sirba, Fr. Tom, Congressman Oberstar, Mayor Ness members of the judiciary, clerks, legislators and all of you here today to celebrate the life of Judge Gerald Heaney, I am deeply honored and humbled to have been asked by Eleanor to speak about the person Judge Heaney.

For me these four lines from the Book of Micah (6:8) describe "the Judge:"

"God has shown you what is good.

And what does the Lord require of you?

But to do justice and to love mercy,

And to walk humbly with God."

What better description is there of Judge Heaney . . . a man who lived his life so that all people could live in a just society, be treated with mercy, regardless of their status in life; and Judge Heaney was a truly humble man.

As I am sure most of you know, to those of us in Northeastern Minnesota . . . and most of Minnesota and I suspect elsewhere, when you say "the Judge" you mean Judge Heaney. And the majority of the time when you say "the Judge," you mean "the Judge" and Eleanor. "Behind every great man is an even greater woman." And Judge Heaney had Eleanor, the love of his life!

Judge Heaney lived a life of love and compassion: love of Eleanor and his family, son Bill and daughter Carol; his children and grandchildren, great grandchildren, nieces and nephews and his country.

The Judge's love of country was only challenged when divisiveness in the political arena stalled the process of progress, a phenomenon we all recognize, and one that was very troubling to the Judge in his latter years. Public officials were to serve the public—the only life he knew. Deliberate inaction had no place in the political process.

The Judge loved education and had been a member of the Board of Regents of the University of Minnesota. We have Heaney Hall at UMD. I am honored to say that the Judge served on the search committee that brought me to UMD.

He asked me during my first interview, "Are you a fighter? UMD needs a fighter." He would never let me stop! We seldom gave Honorary Doctorates at UMD and I thought Vice President and Mrs. Mondale should be jointly honored. The Judge wrote a letter and I was to do a follow-up. The Mondale's accepted and I then found out I should have asked the Twin Cities campus for permission. In a conversation with the Judge it was obvious, forgiveness superseded permission!

Shortly after I began as chancellor at UMD in 1995, Judge Heaney arranged a luncheon with Sen. Sam Solon and Erwin Goldfine, also a former Regent, to review "my agenda for the school." In the last couple of years, always when I visited with the Judge and Eleanor, the Judge would ask, "How's the school? How's the enrollment? Any problems with the Twin Cities campus?" And during the budget cycle, "Are you getting your fair share?" Judge Heaney determined the "fair share" was around 10%, but more was always better. But the Judge was particularly concerned about the rapid increases in tuition—who did it stop from coming to college? And with law school tuition and the loans necessary to complete law school, the Judge believed took a toll on the "pro bono" work of the profession. And he believed this result impacted "the marginalized" of society.

The Heaney Federal Building has a nursery school and I would like to read to you a letter from the director, Barb Kennedy, about the Judge and the children at Nursery School—Downtown. These comments show not only the Judge and Eleanor's deep love of children, but also their belief in the importance of the educational process.

"Judge Gerald Heaney was a dear friend to the staff and children of University Nursery School—D

Judge Heaney knew all the children by name and we have over 50 children! The children often called Judge Heaney, Gerald. Judge Heaney always stopped to talk to the children inside and outside, on the playground, in the halls, and in the school, everywhere.

Every Christmas Judge Heaney sponsored a low-income family from our school giving gifts to the entire family. The parents received clothes, and a very generous grocery store gift certificate. The children all received outfits, mittens, hats, and several toys. He never wanted the family to know who their secret Santa was. Thank you notes were passed on through the Nursery School.

Every year even after he retired, Judge Heaney and Eleanor donated a great deal of money to our summer field trips for low-income children. Their generosity helped these wonderful children have a busy, happy, productive, and fun summer. Through watching the children we have often seen self-concepts improve, attitudes change, aggression end, and community pride develop. Children that are happy, busy, and feel good about themselves and their community have a greater chance of becoming productive adults and a benefit to society. Thanks to Judge Heaney and Eleanor.

I cried as I typed this. What a wonderful gentleman!" Barb Kennedy

For Judge Heaney, life was lived in a framework of love, dedication, sharing and a keen sense of gratitude for democracy. I would like to conclude with a quote from Father Alfred Delp: "When through one man a little more love and goodness, a little more light and truth comes into the world. Then that man's life has had meaning." Your

Honor, we thank you for a life well lived! Godspeed you, and give us each the courage to live our lives for the benefit of others!

From Jane C. Freeman:

I have known Judge and Eleanor Heaney for seventy years since I was 19 and we met at the University of Minnesota. My husband, Orville, and Gerry became fast friends in law school in the early 1940s.

Orv introduced all of us to Hubert Humphrey at one of Muriel and Hubert Humphrey's Saturday evening gatherings where the greatest political discussions I have ever heard took place in the kitchen. Justice for all; truly participating democracy; opportunities and responsibilities of citizens; the common good vs. individual greed—these were the discussion topics.

We came together again after four years of World War II. During the war Gerry was a leader in the Army Rangers in Europe and went up Normandy Beach. Orv was wounded in the Pacific on Marine Corps patrol. We then started to fight home side battles to bring the skeletons of the Democratic and Farmer Labor parties together to form the DFL party. We all felt we could change things to make a better and more peaceful world.

From then until his death, Heaney was a great advisor, planner and mentor to all in the DFL party and labor movement. He kept us on the straight path to justice for all. Others will tell you about his leadership on the Federal Bench, but I want to share a couple of personal memories:

Heaney believed in miracles and divine intervention. Late in the campaign in 1954 when Orv was involved in a tight race for Governor, the phone in our bedroom went off at 6:15 a.m. Orv had just gotten home from a three-day campaign trip at 3:00 a.m. so I took the call. I answered with some disgust in my voice. "Yes, Gerald, what do you want at 6 in the morning?" Gerry said, "how did you know it was me?" "No one else calls at this time in the morning," I responded. "Jane," Gerry continued, "we are going to lose this election. We need a miracle." "What is that?" I replied. "Well this is the first week of October and we need you to get pregnant and give birth before election day November 3." And then he giggled in that low tone of his. Well, we did not have that miracle, but Orv did, with great help from Heaney, win that election by only 20,000 votes.

The summer Heaney was being considered for appointment to the Court of Appeals he and Orv and friends were up at International Falls preparing to board the pontoon plane for a fishing trip. The pilot's office phone rang with an urgent call from the White House for Secretary Freeman. LBJ's assistant said "Freeman about your friend Heaney for the Court—the President wants to know if he's ready to go and his wife says he's off fishing!! Freeman to Heaney—"You wanta be a Federal Judge?" Heaney—"Yeah, sure. I'll look as good in those black robes as any other farm boy from Goodhue (Minnesota)."

Heaney was the most self effacing politician I have ever known! Forceful but modest always. He was also a wonderful father and grandfather to his own children as well as many others. He was a second father and grandfather to the Freeman family. Heaney was a devoted husband—often saying, "the smartest thing I ever did was find Eleanor Schmitt, my lovely, solid, smart and devoted wife."

And bless Eleanor; she survived 65 years with that high strung Irishman. She attended hundreds of political meetings and labor union affairs: monitored his ulcer diet; operated his dialysis machine, and was by his side through thick and thin to the end.

For the Freeman family and many of you here—we will miss his voice and twinkling eyes—but we'll be quoting his bits of wisdom 'til the day we die!

From Judge Myron H. Bright:

Oliver Wendell Holmes, that great United States Supreme Court Justice of yesteryear, wrote "the life of the law has not been logic, it has been experience."

Although much has been written about Jerry's background, let me review some matters briefly because his life experience obviously and clearly played a role in his wonderful judicial philosophy.

Jerry grew up in southern Minnesota in Goodhue County. His father was a butcher and parttime farmer. Jerry was one of seven children in the family. His was a frugal, hardworking family that had difficult times, particularly in the Great Depression, but made it through.

Following high school graduation and college, Jerry, determined that he would become a lawyer, struggled financially, yet he compiled a very good academic record, graduating from the University of Minnesota School of Law in 1941. His legal career was stalled for a few years because World War II came around, and Jerry volunteered for military service.

After the war, Jerry made a very smart and excellent choice by marrying Eleanor. They came to Duluth to make a home and for Jerry to practice law. Here he served as a distinguished lawyer, a good citizen, a strong contributor to the welfare of his community and an important figure in Minnesota politics. He always tried to support those candidates who would represent the people ably, honestly, and fearlessly. Of course, some of those he supported are well-known names in Minnesota's political history, including, among others, Vice President Hubert H. Humphrey, Vice President Walter Mondale (before he became Vice President), former governor Orville Freeman, who, also with me, was a classmate at the University of Minnesota School of Law, and Congressman John Blatnik, who paved the way for Jim Oberstar who is here and will be a Congressman forever and ever.

As I have said, Jerry's career was a significant one filled with experiences he brought to the bench when President Johnson appointed him to the United States Court of Appeals for the Eighth Circuit in 1966. Looking over his record, one could say Jerry was one of the best of what has been called "the Greatest Generation."

Well, let me tell you a bit about serving on the federal bench with Jerry. What kind of an experience was it to have Jerry as a colleague in deciding cases that came before our panel? I will tell you this. He always came well prepared. He listened intently and carefully to the arguments of counsel. Many times he digested and read all of the record, some very voluminous, in the cases. He welcomed the exchange of viewpoints about the case, particularly with his law clerks.

Following oral argument and during the conference, when the judges would make a preliminary decision about the results, Jerry always considered the views of his colleagues. When he spoke, he articulated briefly, logically, and, I must say, most persuasively his viewpoint and his thoughts about the resolution of the case. The opinions he authored were always clear, concise and well written. In other words, Jerry was just an excellent federal judge.

Let me relate a brief story of my relationship with Jerry when I came to the court. We had dinner on a September evening in 1968 just before my first session with the United States Court of Appeals. We talked about the work of the court, and Jerry said,

Myron, I do not believe that this country can exist in domestic peace as a segregated society as we now are. All men and women, regardless of race, color, or creed must and should be entitled to the equal protection of the laws.

To that goal, Jerry devoted his judicial life.

Let me add a final comment. Gerald Heaney's legacy lives on in the people whose lives he has touched with his own work and with his own life. The wisdom of his legal opinions remain in federal reporters, Gerald W. Heaney was a man of modesty. Whatever credit was due him for his accomplishments as a judge, he would want to share that credit with the colleagues who served with him during his 40 years on the federal bench. Many of them are here today.

Finally, as one of Jerry Heaney's closest colleagues and one of his best friends, I say, "Jerry, you have always been my judicial hero. In the words of an old soldier, just as you were, Jerry, I salute you."

From George Sundstrom:

In 1947, the Am. Fed. Of Labor (AF of L) put out a call for an attorney to represent labor in Duluth and N.E. Minnesota. Gerald Heaney had just married the love of his life, Eleanor, and together they moved to Duluth. AND represent labor he did—far beyond, I expect, the expectations of those needing legal assistance in those days.

Representing the Duluth Federation of Teachers, Heaney negotiated the first contract in Minnesota in which women teachers received the same pay as their male counterparts: \*He established the Duluth Teachers retirement fund, again the first such teachers retirement fund in Minnesota.

Representing the Int'l Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, Local 31, Heaney set up the first self-funded health and welfare insurance plan in the state—a model for most other Building Trades plans in the state to follow. \*He set up the Electrical Workers' Credit Union, later to become the Duluth Building & Const. Trades Credit Union. \*He set up the Local 31 Defined Benefit pension plan.

In 2007, the Int'l Brotherhood of Electrical Workers made Judge Heaney a life member of the IBEW, I was told the only such membership in the country.

On the Judges' retirement, the AFL-CIO community in Duluth recognizing his lifelong service to Labor, issued him a life membership, (the only such membership ever offered) and remodeled a room in the Labor Center and named it Gerald W. Heaney's Chambers.

In his 9th symphony, Beethoven put these words to music "Whoever has enjoyed the great blessing of being a friend to a friend, whoever has won a dear wife, let him mingle his joy with ours." He won a dear wife for over 65 years. He was our friend and we his. His life was a great blessing.

IN HONOR OF THE 100TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CALIFORNIA RODEO SALINAS

**HON. SAM FARR**

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, July 15, 2010

Mr. FARR. Madam Speaker, I rise today to honor the California Rodeo Salinas on the occasion of its centennial anniversary. For 100 years, the California Rodeo Salinas has both preserved the legacy of California's early Spanish rancho culture and supported countless charitable and community endeavors in the Salinas Valley.