

It is an honor today to pay tribute to my fellow Kentuckian, John Bowling. Mr. Bowling not only made a family and lovingly raised his children, but also opened up his home for those in need of a place of refuge and comfort. He is an example of what it means to live by the Golden Rule. The Laurel County community is better off today because of the impact "Big John Bowling" has made and the compassionate way in which he treated others.

At this time I ask my Senate colleagues to join me in recognizing Mr. John Bowling for his service to Laurel County, KY. An article from the Sentinel Echo: Silver Edition magazine, published in Laurel County, recently highlighted this humble man's invaluable contributions to his family and community. I ask unanimous consent that said article be printed in the RECORD.

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

[The Sentinel-Echo: Silver Edition, Spring 2012]

JAILER BY VOCATION, FATHER AT HEART  
(By Nita Johnson)

Though known more commonly as "Big John Bowling," a former and extremely popular county jailer, John Bowling is also remembered as an excellent father.

He was renowned for his kindness and humanity while serving as Laurel County Jailer during the 1970s, traits he showed to both jail employees and inmates and he also displayed to his wife and children at home.

Although only one of the five children he raised with his wife, Imogene, was his biological child, Bowling's other children recall him as being a loving father to them.

Bowling met Imogene at a church dinner at Piney Grove Holiness Church on Ky. 363 on an invitation from then-pastor Bobby Medley. Bowling and Medley were good friends, and Imogene, who was married at that time, and Medley's wife were good friends, though Bowling and Imogene had never met. When Bowling sampled some macaroni salad at the dinner that Sunday, he was impressed.

"He said he told Bobby that he didn't know who made that macaroni salad, but if she was single, he was going to marry her," said his daughter, Joyce Parker. "So Bobby introduced John to Mom."

That meeting was one of the highlights of Imogene's life. In 1964, her husband was killed in a car crash, leaving her with three children—ages 7, 4, and 2—to raise alone. She had no job, no car, no driver's license, and was herself very ill.

"The day after the funeral, she went to Good Samaritan Hospital," Parker explained. "She was in and out of the hospital five times for 10 days with bleeding ulcers."

"She'd been eating vanilla wafers and drinking skim milk," added Barbara Wells, another daughter.

"She was actually healed from the ulcers," Parker said. "She came home to spend some time with us and went to a revival. The preacher went to her and told her she needed healing. When she went back to the doctor, she didn't have the ulcers."

Once back in good health, Imogene set out to obtain a job. She got her driver's license, bought a car, and began working at Warner's store in London around 1966. She later worked at Hoskins Grocery on Ky. 363, where she met John again when he came into the store one day.

The couple began dating, with Imogene insisting on taking the children with her on dates, even though other family members offered to keep the children.

"When she and John dated, she wouldn't go without us," Wells said. "John had a truck with a camper on it and we'd ride in the back and look through the window into the front."

Their union came six years later. The family consisted of Imogene's children, Barbara, Joyce, and Gerald, as well as Imogene's mother, who had lived with them since Imogene's husband died. Eleven months after their marriage, John and Imogene became the parents of Tammy Jo.

"John was always good to us," Parker said. "He hauled trucks from GM dealers and he got us all a new watch so we loved him."

"He never spanked us," Wells added. "I guess that's why we never resented him. Mom did all the discipline."

"The kids were never much trouble," Bowling said. "They were always good kids."

Wells, the eldest of the brood, said rules were very strict at the Bowling household, however.

"We had curfews and rules. We had chaperones on our dates, which was only going to church," she said. "There was an old lady that lived near us and, when I had a date, she chaperoned us. Then later on, Joyce and Gerald chaperoned."

"Then I chaperoned when Joyce dated," chimed in Tammy Jo.

Children were always welcome at the Bowling household, with nieces and nephews from both sides of the family often living with the family. Imogene also took in disabled adults and elderly persons, as she was certified to keep as many as three at one time.

Then the family extended again with the arrival of Toni, who has now lived with the Bowling family for 38 years.

"She was an orphan and was born with deformities," Imogene said. "Her father wanted to just leave her at the hospital (in Philadelphia) but her mother wouldn't do it. She remarried and had another child and died. The stepfather kept (Toni) around until the baby was big enough that he could take care of her and he took her to a mental health office."

"They called me and asked if I could take her," Imogene continued. "She cried every day, all day, for three weeks and I told them I couldn't keep her. Then she started doing better. She's been with us since she was 21 years old."

Toni, who lacked a palette in her mouth and had only 20 percent hearing in one ear and no hearing canal in the other ear, can speak only partially and uses sign language to communicate. But she is as much a part of the Bowling family as the other four children, all of whom express their love for one another.

While many question the success of blended families, the Bowling family credits their faith in God and religious background for their own success. They also credit the demeanor of their parents.

"John was not a typical stepfather," Parker said. "He took care of us, always worked hard and my parents never raised their voices."

"I think one key to blended families is that Mom did the discipline," Wells said. "My husband, Mark, has three stepdaughters and he never spanked them. I did the discipline. I think that is one reason that our family worked. We didn't have that jealousy or resentment or saying that he wasn't the real dad."

Whatever the secret of successfully blended families may be, the Bowlings and their children all agree that staying in church was a key factor. Now approaching their 43rd an-

niversary in June, the couple continues to stay close to their children, always showing their love and support for one another and celebrating the true meaning of family.

#### TRIBUTE TO ALICE HELTON

Mr. McCONNELL. Mr. President, today I wish to honor Mrs. Alice Helton of Laurel County, KY. Though she may have never held public office, Mrs. Helton invaluablely served her community through kindness, hospitality, and an unselfish desire to help those around her. On April 26, 2012, she died at age 94. Her legacy of faith, generosity, and love will survive her in the memories of her family, friends, and the citizens of London, KY.

Mrs. Alice Helton, then-Miss Alice Hill, the last of eight children, was born on May 2, 1917, in Keavy, KY, to farmers Mr. John and Mrs. Sallie Hill. She was raised in the country and lived a simple life. The family would work together in the fields during the day and on Sundays be visited by neighbors while the children played marbles. Alice, in her interview with the Sentinel-Echo for the London Living Treasures special series, recalled plucking duck feathers with her mother as a child and walking for hours to find ducks to make feather beds and pillows.

At age 7, Alice began attending Keavy School. One of her fondest memories of grade school was spending time at recess with her friends throwing horseshoes and watching boys play basketball. After elementary school, she attended a boarding school called London School. Upon finishing the eighth grade, she returned home, lived with her parents, and looked after her siblings' children while they were at work.

Alice met William Raymond Helton, a truckdriver from Corbin, KY, when she was 22. Though her family didn't support the relationship, the two eloped and were married. Mrs. Helton, during the first 17 years of her marriage, had seven children. The family lived in a small house, near her parents, which soon became the place where the entire family would meet and spend time together.

Her children have many colorful memories of growing up with Mrs. Helton. They never questioned her love or willingness to protect the family because during the week, when her husband was away driving a truck, she would ward off thieves trying to steal the family chickens by shooting her rifle toward a row of trees behind the coop. In order to avoid becoming a victim of her unique security system, all family members would call out to her any time they passed the yard.

Mrs. Helton was described as a "magnet" that drew all of the family together. She would take on the role of mother to her nieces and nephews as her siblings passed away and loved them as if they were her own children. Her love also was shown by entertaining them at game nights, where

card games and Yahtzee were the main attraction.

Mrs. Helton was more than a wife, mother, grandmother, aunt, and member of the Laurel County community. She was the matriarch of the Helton family and the glue that held it together. From talking on the phone for hours on end with her children and grandchildren to taking in family and friends in need, Mrs. Helton lived a life of compassion and kindness. After her death, a neighbor said that she tried to live the way Jesus lived, but if she only lived half as well as Mrs. Helton, she would be satisfied.

It is a privilege to honor the legacy of Mrs. Alice Helton. A true pillar of the Laurel County community, she was an example for all Kentuckians of a woman who lived her life with integrity and love. I ask my fellow colleagues in the Senate to join me in remembering this remarkable woman from Laurel County, KY.

A recent article published by a Laurel County publication, the *Sentinel-Echo*, recognized Mrs. Helton's lifetime of contributions to her family and community. I ask unanimous consent that said article be printed in the RECORD.

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

[The *Sentinel-Echo*, May 16, 2012]

ALICE HELTON WAS SURROUNDED BY FAMILY  
(By Tara Kaprowy)

Before Alice Helton passed away a few weeks ago, just six days shy of her 95th birthday, she said getting to see her loved ones in heaven would be the best birthday present she could ask for.

It was a Thursday afternoon, and Alice's family members had gathered around her hospital bed, which she'd occupied for just a few days. "She said she was ready to go, and for us to please just let her go peacefully," granddaughter Lisa Alexander said. "She made sure she held each family member's hands, and told them how much she loved them. She told them to love each other and to take care of each other." She quietly slipped away around 2 in the afternoon, and the woman who was the magnet that pulled her large family together, and whose home was always described as Grand Central Station, was gone.

She had a good, long life. One that started May 2, 1917, in Keavy, "right across the field" from her current home on German Lane. The youngest of eight siblings, she was born to John and Sallie Ann Karr Hill. "Our house was about like a school, there were so many of us," Alice said. "Mommy and poppy were good people." John and Sallie were farmers, and "mommy would do the cooking and we would all come back in from the field and eat dinner; plain old country meals of beans, potatoes, and cornbread. Then we would go out in the field and work and come back and have a cold supper, usually milk and bread."

In addition to farming, John Hill delivered the mail for the U.S. Postal Service. "Sometimes I'd go with him and he'd deliver those packages on horseback from Vox to Lily. He'd buy me a little candy to eat on while we was gone, that sugar candy."

The Hill home was a plain but happy one, with the kids playing hide and seek and marbles while the adults visited with neighbors on Sunday afternoons in between going to church at Locust Grove and Level Green.

It was hot in the house in the summer, with no screens to keep the flies "and everything else there is to have" away, and so cold in the winter the dipper would freeze in the water bucket overnight. On snowy days, "we would pop popcorn on the stove and piece quilts," Alice said. Once a week, the family would head to a big spring "and there was a great, old big rock there we'd use to set our tubs on" to do laundry. Another tub was used for baths. "It was a lot of trouble," Alice said about bathing when she was a kid, "but the water stayed pretty warm." Alice, being the baby, would always be the last one in the water.

One of the chores she keenly remembers was rounding up her mother's paddling of ducks. "Mommy would pick the feathers off them and make pillows and feather beds," Alice said. "Here we'd go marching down the branch to find her ducks. We'd have to gather them back up and drive them back home. Some later, there they'd go again. We'd go up and down through there catching them. And then we'd go and look for wildflowers up and down the branch. My mom would walk us to death."

Alice's mother made all of her children's clothes, often cobbling together feed sacks for the girls to wear. But Alice didn't mind. "They were just as comfortable and pretty as store-bought," she said.

Alice started attending Keavy School at the age of 7—"I didn't want to go when I was 6" and she quickly made fast friends with Georgia Alsip and Anna Lee Bunch. "We'd get out and roam around at recess. We'd watch 'em play basketball. Sometimes we'd pitch horseshoe. Back then we had a recess that lasted about half an hour of a morning. Then we had another at dinner, then another half an hour in the evening. We had time to play."

The school was a "big, white, two-story building with an aisle up through the middle and rooms up each side. There were stairs up each side of the front door." One of her teachers, Oscar Parman, boarded with the Hills, and he "was just like a brother to me."

Following elementary school, Alice went on to London School, where, boarding with her sister in town, she stayed until the eighth grade. She then returned to her parents' house and, since several of her siblings had become teachers and started raising their own families, the care of their children during the day fell to Aunt Alice. She took on the role naturally and was a loving, tender caregiver whose influence long outlasted her babysitting days.

At the age of 22, Alice met a man by the name of William Raymond Helton, a truck driver who lived in Corbin, with whom she was soon taken. Though she didn't have the support of her family—"They just didn't think he was the kind I should marry"—Alice got up early one morning, washed a white dress with pink flowers and told her sister, with whom she was living, she was headed down to a revival. "I got down there at the foot of the hill and he's sitting there on a bench waiting for me and we turned around and went back to Preacher Grubb's house. In other words, we eloped."

Alice and her husband moved into a tiny starter house, and soon she and Raymond started a family. Over the next 17 years, they had seven children—Freda, Herschel, Joan, Wanda, Wayne, Debbie, and Danny—and during World War II moved into their first real home a stone's throw away from her parents. "It wasn't much because you couldn't get lumber back then because of the war," she said. "They just threw it up as good as they could make it." Still, Alice made it her own, and soon it was a popular gathering spot for friends and family.

Alice was an indulgent, kind mother, and her children have fond memories of chasing

lightning bugs in the twilight, listening to the Grand Ole Opry, watching "Lassie" and "Rin Tin Tin," and heading out for ice cream cones at the local dairy drive-in. Though Alice very rarely had a chance to relax, when she did, she liked spending time "watching the kids play."

But Alice was deeply protective too. "Daddy would be gone during the week and it was just us kids," daughter Joan remembered, laughing. "She would hear people trying to steal her chickens. So she would make all of us kids get behind the couch and she would get out there and start shooting at the trees, to try and scare them off. My uncle worked for the railroad, and he would have to walk to the end of our road to catch his ride at night. And he'd start hollering, 'It's me, Alice!' because he didn't want to get shot."

In 1969, Raymond built the family a new, bigger home across the street, and it's there Alice remained, even after Raymond died from Alzheimer's at the age of 83. Though widowed, Alice didn't stop "being the glue that held us all together," Joan said. As she'd done before she married, Alice continued taking care of kids; this time it was her grandchildren whom she would babysit. Her nieces and nephews would constantly visit or call, and when her mother decided she no longer wanted to live alone, she showed up at Alice's door and moved in. "As our parents passed on, Aunt Alice would say, 'I'm adopting you now and I have a little job for you to do,' so Aunt Alice became our surrogate mother and we all snuggled under her loving wings to survive our tragedies," one of Alice's nieces, Peggy Black, said.

During the week and every Sunday, Alice would get together with her siblings for game night, entertaining, and competitive evenings involving Yahtzee, Aggravation, Chinese checkers, and a complicated game called Hand and Foot that required seven decks of playing cards. "We'd always come in here and we'd hear the dice rolling and we'd say, 'It sounds like the casino is open today,'" granddaughter Lisa recalled. Alice and her brothers and sisters would gather in the kitchen while their children and grandchildren would sit outside to visit, the laughter and drama stemming from the game wafting onto the porch. This tradition continued for decades, with most of Alice's siblings living into their 90s.

In the end, Alice was the last of her siblings to survive but continued to be surrounded by family. On the afternoon of her interview, her phone rang nearly every 10 minutes, with family members on the other end calling for a chat. One of her daughters and a granddaughter sat on the couch to ask her questions. And Alice sat in her recliner talking, remembering and smiling at the past.

Thoughts from the family:

Alice's family said that when she first found out that she not only had been nominated, but also chosen as one of London's Living Treasures, the first thing she said was "I haven't done anything special to deserve this. I haven't fought in any wars, or held any high positions in the community. I don't know what they will find to write about me." We assured her that yes, all the things she had mentioned were indeed important, but that she too had done some pretty important things in her life as well. We told her that when someone needed her she was always there to help, she was kind to people, she made people feel loved and needed, she always made people feel welcome at her home, people always wanted to be around her, she was a loving caregiver, she indeed impacted peoples' lives in a profound way. One example is something that was said about Alice by one of her neighbors—she said

that she knew she was supposed to try to live her life patterned by the way Jesus had lived his, but that she would feel satisfied if she could just live her life the way Alice Helton had lived hers. Another testimony of how much she was valued by the community was when one of the preachers at her funeral said that he felt as if he was officiating the funeral of "royalty."

Alice was a special lady to many people, and those who knew her, and loved her, and respected her, will miss her dearly. Her family said that they were so thankful that she was able to do her interview for the London Living Treasures project before she passed. And during her final hours on this earth, it was so clear to them how strong her faith in God was. They said she wasn't scared; she knew where she was going. They said that witnessing that kind of faith was one of the greatest gifts she could have ever given them.

#### VOTE EXPLANATION

Mr. UDALL of Colorado. Mr. President, from June 25 to June 29, 2012, I was unable to vote on Senate rollcall votes due to personal family reasons, as well as the devastating wildfires that were burning in many parts of Colorado. Had I been present I would have voted "yea" on vote Nos. 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, and 172.

#### LIFTING HOLD ON H.R. 3012

Mr. GRASSLEY. Mr. President, today I lift my hold on H.R. 3012, the Fairness for High-Skilled Immigrants Act. This bill would eliminate the per-country numerical limitations for employment based immigrants and change the per-country numerical limitations for family-based immigrants. When I placed a hold on the bill, I was concerned that the bill did nothing to better protect Americans at home who seek high-skilled jobs during this time of record unemployment. Today, I lift my hold because I have reached an agreement with the senior Senator from New York, the chairman of the Senate Judiciary Subcommittee on Immigration, Refugees and Border Security.

I have spent a lot of time and effort into rooting out fraud and abuse in our visa programs, specifically the H-1B visa program. I have always said this program can and should serve as a benefit to our country, our economy and our U.S. employers. However, it is clear that it is not working as intended, and the program is having a detrimental effect on American workers.

For many years, Senator DURBIN and I have worked on legislation to close the loopholes in the H-1B visa program. Our legislation would ensure that American workers are afforded the first chance to obtain the available high paying and high skilled jobs in the United States. It would make sure visa holders know their rights. It would strengthen the wage requirements, ridding the incentives for companies to hire cheap, foreign labor.

While I could not get everything that was included in the Durbin-Grassley

visa reform bill, there is agreement to include in H.R. 3012 provisions that give greater authority to program overseers to investigate visa fraud and abuse. Specifically, there will be language authorizing the Department of Labor to better review labor condition applications and investigate fraud and misrepresentation by employers. There is also agreement to include a provision allowing the Federal Government to do annual compliance audits of employers who bring in foreign workers through the H-1B visa program.

I appreciate the willingness of other members to work with me to include measures that will help us combat visa fraud, and ultimately protect more American workers. I look forward to working with others as H.R. 3012 progresses in the Senate.

#### TRIBUTE TO WENDY NELSON-KAUFFMAN

Mr. BLUMENTHAL. Mr. President, I am delighted to honor one of our Nation's most dedicated, talented, and influential teachers. Wendy Nelson-Kauffman, a humanities teacher at the Metropolitan Learning Center in Bloomfield, CT, was recently named as the 2012 Magnet Schools of America's National Teacher of the Year.

The Metropolitan Learning Center is part of the Capitol Region Education Council, which recognizes annually a teacher who "exemplifies excellence in academic achievement through innovative programs that promote equity and diversity for students in Magnet Schools." This award spotlights the exceptional teachers and schools, especially our Nation's magnet schools, dedicated to equal opportunity. The Metropolitan Learning Center, open to students in 7th through 12th grades in the Greater Hartford Area, is one of Connecticut's finest centers for secondary education.

Since 1966, the Capitol Region Education Council has helped lead in reforming how we educate our Nation's children. Active in 36 areas of Connecticut, administering 120 programs in 20 facilities to more than 100,000 students annually, this network of dedicated administrators, educators, and education reformers has made tremendous impact, especially in underserved communities.

Ms. Nelson-Kauffman is renowned at the Metropolitan Learning Center. She has received many awards, including 2003 Connecticut Teacher of the Year, 2005 State History Teacher of the Year, and 2011 Capitol Region Education Council Teacher of the Year. But she is most respected for her generous energy and passion for changing the lives of our next generations. More telling than awards are the students who frequently share stories about the time Ms. Nelson-Kauffman dressed up as Rosie the Riveter or traveled with them to Africa and then formed the popular after-school group Student Abolitionists Stopping Slavery.

For almost 20 years as an educator at Hamden and Bloomfield High Schools and adult education centers, Ms. Nelson-Kauffman has used project-based learning with tremendous success. Her passion for journalism fosters an experiential, interactive teaching method. As Metropolitan Learning Center's social studies teacher and personal project coordinator for the prestigious International Baccalaureate Program, Ms. Nelson-Kauffman embraces a lifelong love of the past by placing it into the context of the present.

She shares her own genuine love of history with her classrooms. In 2003, invited to attend the Harriet Beecher Stowe Center Teacher Institute, she studied primary resources that unearthed stories of 19th-century women reformers. With this new background as inspiration, she introduced sensitive topics like abolitionism and racism to her high school students with tact and grace.

As an ambassador to educators around Connecticut, Ms. Nelson-Kauffman has demonstrated the effectiveness of multicultural teaching methods, to include travel, activities, group interactions, concerts, and dance. Her authenticity is rare and a real treasure. She is a stellar role model for anyone who mentors or teaches our future leaders. I hope my Senate colleagues will join me in congratulating Ms. Nelson-Kauffman, who has helped mitigate apathy and promote enthusiasm for the study of humanities.

#### ADDITIONAL STATEMENTS

##### TRIBUTE TO DR. BECKY PANEITZ

• Mr. BOOZMAN. Mr. President, today I wish to honor Dr. Becky Paneitz for her dedication, leadership and vision for providing a quality, affordable secondary education at NorthWest Arkansas Community College.

Having earned her bachelor's degree from the University of Arkansas at Monticello and her master's from the University of Arkansas at Little Rock, Dr. Paneitz understands the unique education challenges in Arkansas and faced that task head-on. As the President of NWACC for nearly a decade, she developed additional opportunities to reach students by establishing learning centers in the region. These efforts increased student enrollment exponentially. In less than 10 years the student population nearly doubled, making NWACC one of the largest and fastest growing community colleges in the country.

To accommodate this record growth, Dr. Paneitz launched an aggressive building expansion project on the NWACC campus including the Shewmaker Center for Global Business Development, the Center for Health Professions and the new Student Center.

Dr. Paneitz devoted her life to education and that took her across the