

IN HONOR OF ELIZABETH JORDAN
GIBSON

HON. SANFORD D. BISHOP, JR.

OF GEORGIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, June 3, 2013

Mr. BISHOP of Georgia. Mr. Speaker, it is with a heavy heart that I rise today to pay tribute to an outstanding educator and truly one of a kind woman, Mrs. Elizabeth Viola Jordan Gibson. Sadly, Mrs. Gibson passed away on Monday, May 27, 2013. A funeral service will be held on Monday, June 3, 2013 at 12:00 p.m. at the First African Baptist Church in Columbus, Georgia.

The oldest of five children born to Alonza T. Jordan, Sr. and Olive Scott Jordan, Mrs. Gibson was born and reared in Petersburg, Virginia. She graduated with honors from Peabody High School and earned a Bachelor of Arts degree in English from Virginia State College. She earned a Master of Science degree in English Education from Tuskegee Institute. She also studied at Georgia State University and American University.

Mrs. Gibson came to live in Columbus, Georgia when she accompanied her husband, Elwood T. Gibson, Sr., on his military assignment to Fort Benning during World War II. She joined First African Baptist Church and for the next 60 years plus, she served the church faithfully in many capacities, including the Rebekah Missionary Circle, Deaconesses Ministry, and the Music Ministry. In addition to showcasing her lovely voice as a soloist in the Senior and Smithsonian choirs, she served as a director and pianist for the Youth Choir. Due to her devoted leadership and service, the women of First African selected her to chair the Women's Day Program in 1972, and in 2000, the Women's Day Program was dedicated to her. Mrs. Gibson and her husband co-chaired the church's anniversary in 1993.

Mrs. Gibson began her teaching career while still in Virginia and when she moved to Columbus, she taught briefly at South Girard High School in Phenix City, Alabama. Shortly thereafter, she was employed to teach at the historic William Henry Spencer High School in Columbus before joining her husband on a three-year tour in Germany. Extensive travel in Germany, Italy and Austria provided experiences which enhanced her teaching skills upon her return to the Muscogee County School System. In 1968, Mrs. Gibson was one of two black teachers selected to be transferred to Jordan High School when schools in Muscogee County were desegregated. Well respected at Jordan High, she was the faculty sponsor of the Frank David Chapter of the National Honor Society for 14 years until her retirement in 1991, after 42 years as an educator.

Mrs. Gibson was not only an English teacher, she was also a dedicated mentor who taught her students to be of service to others. And she herself epitomized a life of service. She was a Golden Soror and Life Member of Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority, Incorporated. In 1979, she was elected Soror of the Year by the Gamma Tau Omega chapter of Alpha Kappa Alpha and was honored for her 20 years as chairman of the Senior Citizens Luncheon at which time the chapter changed the event's name to the "Elizabeth Gibson Senior Citizens Luncheon." She was a Plat-

inum member of the Links, Incorporated, as well as a member of the Columbus Community Center Board of Directors; Muscogee Retired Educators Association; West Central Georgia Chapter of American Red Cross Board of Directors; and the American Cancer Society Board of Directors. She was also a charter member of the local chapter of Jack and Jill of America, Inc. and the Mr. and Mrs. Club; a member of the Pleasure Seekers Club; was named in the Model Club's first list of "The Columbus Ten Best Dressed Black Women" and was among the club's first "Hall of Fame" inductees. Fondly called "Gip" by her friends, she was known as a shopper extraordinaire.

Mrs. Gibson was preceded in death by her beloved husband of sixty years, Elwood T. Gibson, Sr.; her sister, Mildred J. Campbell; and her brother, Alonza "Buzzy" Jordan, II. She is survived by her children; Olive, Elwood, Andre and Alan; her brothers, Benjamin Jordan and Samuel Jordan; her nine grandchildren and three great-grandchildren; and many other family members and friends.

George Washington Carver once said, "No individual has any right to come into the world and go out of it without leaving behind distinct and legitimate reasons for having passed through it." We are all so blessed that Mrs. Elizabeth Viola Jordan Gibson passed this way and during her life's journey did so much for so many for so long. Her smile, her affectionate mentorship, her beautiful singing voice, and her warm, shining presence will be greatly missed.

Mr. Speaker, my wife Vivian and I, along with the more than 700,000 people of the Second Congressional District salute Mrs. Gibson for her outstanding achievements, service, and public distinction. I ask my colleagues in the House of Representatives to join us in extending our deepest condolences to Mrs. Gibson's family, friends and the Columbus, Georgia community during this difficult time. We pray that they will be consoled and comforted by an abiding faith and the Holy Spirit in the days, weeks and months ahead.

WITNESSES TO TIANANMEN SQUARE

HON. FRANK R. WOLF

OF VIRGINIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, June 3, 2013

Mr. WOLF. Mr. Speaker, following is the article I referred to earlier today in my one-minute speech.

[From the Washington Post, June 2, 2013]

WITNESSES TO TIANANMEN SQUARE STRUGGLE
WITH WHAT TO TELL THEIR CHILDREN

(By William Wan)

BEIJING.—From a young age, Qi Zhiyong's daughter asked him how he lost his leg.

To everyone else in the world, Qi always responded to the question with an unflinching, often angry, answer: He lost his left leg when soldiers fired on him and other unarmed civilians during protests at Tiananmen Square in one of modern history's most brutal crackdowns.

But when his daughter asked, Qi choked back the words.

"I lost it in an accident," he mumbled for years.

The lie, however, burned at him, he said.

In the 2½ decades since the protests' violent end, China's government has largely scrubbed Tiananmen from history. Bullet holes on the streets of Beijing have long been patched over. The government has barred any independent inquiry and censored all mention online. Instead, Tiananmen Square has been reduced to a single euphemistic sentence in most school textbooks, making vague reference to "political turbulence in 1989."

But for those who were part of the student-led protests against government repression and corruption, those dark morning hours of June 4, 1989, remain etched in memory and, in cases like Qi's, on their bodies. That generation must now decide what to tell their children about that day, if anything at all.

For many, the decision is colored by how their own views have changed over time. In interviews with more than a dozen survivors, a few wondered whether the democratic cause they fought for was misguided by youthful passion. Others have won asylum abroad, and when they talk of Tiananmen to their children, it is as history—just one part of their life's larger story.

But the dilemma is often more complicated for those who remain in China, where public mention of Tiananmen can result in government retribution. To this day, officials maintain that the decision was necessary for stability, and the anniversary is marked with thousands of police officers patrolling the square and chasing off journalists.

Those who have found successful careers in business, law and academia often talk of it only in private, fearful of consequences for themselves and their offspring.

Even some of those who have soldiered on as activists deliberately say little of Tiananmen to their children, who grow up not fully understanding why police barge into their homes each year as the anniversary approaches to interrogate and spirit away their parents for weeks without explanation. Some children experience restrictions and warnings at school.

For most parents, it comes down to a choice between protecting their children from the past or passing on dangerous and bitter truths about the authoritarian society they continue to live under.

It is something Qi and his wife have wrestled with throughout their 14-year-old daughter's life. The two have fought so often and so heatedly on the subject that neither dares mention 1989 at home anymore.

"THE VEIL WAS LIFTED"

A 33-year-old construction worker at the time of the Tiananmen protests, Qi took a detour that night toward the central Beijing square with co-workers out of curiosity, not activism. Qi, who later converted to Christianity, now likens the moment that troops fired without warning at the crowd around him to a baptism of sorts.

"The veil was lifted from my eyes, and I saw the party for what it really was," he said.

In the hospital, he said, as doctors tried to salvage his bullet-torn left thigh, he took a purple antiseptic liquid and, to their chagrin, angrily scrawled on his leg: "This bullet belongs to the Communist Party's army."

After the amputation, he was forced to give up his construction job and has not found work since. By the time Qi Ji was born in 1998, her father had become a full-time activist, protesting the government's maltreatment of the disabled and democracy advocates, along with other human rights abuses.

Qi's wife warned him early on: Say what you want about the government to everyone else, but Ji is too young. Why create problems for her, his wife argued. Why poison her against the society she must live in?

"But I don't think it's a bad thing for her to understand this government," Qi said on a recent afternoon while waiting for his daughter's return from school. "I want her to be prepared to handle life and to face these problems. Why should we cover up the truth and let her live in illusion?"

For Qi, the Tiananmen crackdown—or June 4, as it is commonly referred to in China—has become the defining moment of his life.

While most people, including some former Tiananmen protesters, have learned to avoid the topic, Qi carries business cards listing his job title as "Disabled Victim of June 4." His home telephone number, cellphone number and e-mail address end with deliberately chosen digits: "89 64." And on the back of his cards, he has emblazoned this slogan: "Facts written in ink cannot conceal the truth written in blood."

His family lives in a cramped Beijing apartment, dependent on his wife's \$320-a-month job as a drugstore sales assistant, while Qi cares for their daughter and supports human rights causes—work that has resulted in long stretches of detention and frequent government harassment.

Qi's wife, Lu Shiyang, wishes he would let go of what happened 24 years ago. She recently declined to meet with foreign journalists and warned Qi against it.

"How come others are able to move forward?" she often asks him, he said. "You were not the only victim on June Fourth."

'NOTHING TO BE GAINED'

Kong Weizhen also was shot and lost the use of his left leg that night. But after seeing the danger and futility of his anti-government activism, he abandoned the opposition work that had brought him to the streets. Instead, he tried to make a new life for himself within the existing system.

He became a salesman and worked his way up to owning a computer store. He even tried in vain to join the Communist Party at one point—an attempt, he says, to increase his pay for the sake of his 12-year-old daughter.

"My family is now my first priority," he explained in a phone interview. "There's nothing to be gained from telling her about June 4. If I tell her, she may form some dangerous resentment against the party. . . . I just want her to have a safe and happy life."

The only reason he would tell her, he said, is if another anti-government protest erupted. "If that happened, I would use my own example to teach her what such movements can accomplish and what they cannot. And I would ask her to get as far away as she can."

But even those who have devoted their lives to fighting for the democratic ideals of 1989 disagree on how much to tell their children. Many of them now form the core of China's dissident community.

"I don't want my children to know," said Zhang Lin, a rights activist in Anhui province who has spent many years in jail on state subversion charges.

In February, authorities pulled his 10-year-old daughter, Anni, from school as an apparent punishment to her father. The incident spurred dozens of other activists to stage a hunger strike in front of the school. Weeks later, Anni was allowed to resume class, but only in another town far away.

His daughter now loses her temper easily, Zhang said, and has become obsessed with cartoons in which the good guys beat up the bad. "I don't want my children to follow the same path as me," he said.

In a phone interview, his daughter said, "I don't know why the police keep coming," though she knows it's related somehow to her father.

When asked about June 4, she responded: "What is June 4? I haven't heard anything about it."

'I HAVE NO REGRETS'

Qi said he doesn't begrudge other parents their personal decisions, but he worries that staying silent contributes to the gradual purge of China's collective memory.

To this day, he said, his amputated stump hurts whenever he hears the crack of fireworks. He avoids passing Tiananmen Square, he said, because he tastes blood whenever he gets too close.

In the end, suppressing all mention of June 4 in front of his daughter proved impossible. And after his daughter turned 10, a teacher made a passing reference to the date while talking about the physical space of Tiananmen Square.

That night, with Qi's wife still at work, his daughter mentioned it to him, and the memories poured out. The clacking advance of tanks. The shocking sound of gunfire. The blood he saw all around him and the sudden pain and darkness.

In the years that followed, he secretly told her more and more. They watched banned videos about that day on overseas Web sites. They talked about the party and its instinct for self-preservation.

He watched both proud and pained as June 4 began to color her worldview as it had his.

She became both more rebellious and more mature, he said. Like her parents, she now refers to the police watching their home as "dogs," but she accepts without questioning when school leaders exclude her from trips abroad and from student parades at Tiananmen celebrating China's Communist rule.

Lately, she's talked of becoming a kindergarten teacher so she can teach kids how to think for themselves about what's right and wrong.

"All parents want their children to live a happy life, but I have no regrets about telling her," Qi said. "Only after she first tastes the bitter can she know what the sweet is."

Qi's wife now knows that her daughter knows. But the family recently reached a kind of detente—similar to the one in Chinese society at large. When together at home these days, the family simply avoids all mention of Tiananmen Square, June 4 and what happened that day 24 years ago.

TRIBUTE TO CURTIS EDWARD PRICE

HON. SHELLEY MOORE CAPITO

OF WEST VIRGINIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, June 3, 2013

Mrs. CAPITO. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize the life of Curtis Edward Price Jr., who passed peacefully in his home, surrounded by family, on May 30, 2013. An able athlete, gifted musician, and beloved mentor, he epitomized the notion of a true gentleman. It goes without saying that Curtis made quite a positive impression on all of us, and he will be sorely missed.

Curtis was born in Charleston on May 6, 1950, to the late Curtis Edward Price Sr. and Ethel Price. He was a graduate of Charleston High School and West Virginia University. Upon receiving his bachelor's degree, he became the youngest head basketball coach in the country when he accepted the position at West Virginia State College. After leaving WVSC he worked with then-Governor Jay Rockefeller as the Director of Affirmative Action for the State of West Virginia. He ended his career at the Charleston Job Corps Center as its Center Director, where he continued to use his gift of helping others.

Throughout his life, Curtis possessed a profound belief that he could make a positive difference in the lives of others. He was a beloved husband, a devoted father, and a loving grandfather, and worked tirelessly for those outside of his family. Although he is best known for his skills on the basketball court, his passion for politics, championing of the rights of others, and efforts toward ensuring quality education for all children were important facets of his life's work. He was also deeply involved in serving churches through the Ministry of Music, and cherished spending time with his family and close friends.

Curtis is survived by his wife, Judy; two daughters, seven grandchildren; one brother; and two sisters-in-law.

Mr. Speaker, this high level of devotion to both family and the State of West Virginia is one deserving of great honor and respect. Through this Extension of Remarks, I would like to thank Curtis for returning to his native West Virginia to share his life and wonderful spirit with us. We, in the mountain state, are fortunate to remember him as one of our own.

HONORING THE REV. DR. WADE A. STEVENSON ON THE OCCASION OF HIS 10TH PASTORAL ANNIVERSARY

HON. BRADLEY S. SCHNEIDER

OF ILLINOIS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, June 3, 2013

Mr. SCHNEIDER. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor a great man and a wonderful community. Ten years ago, on June 3, 2003, Gideon Missionary Baptist Church in Waukegan invited the Rev. Dr. Wade A. Stevenson to become its pastor. Since then, the church has grown its following and expanded its positive reach in the community.

I have had the privilege of getting to know Pastor Stevenson as an exceptional leader of men, student of faith and community servant. On the several occasions that I have visited his church, I leave each time with a renewed sense of hope and purpose. Pastor Stevenson is dedicated to the belief that helping your neighbor helps you.

Pastor Stevenson's ten years at Gideon Missionary Baptist Church have been a joyous time for the community, and his presence is an indelible part of Waukegan.

Since his earliest days growing up in Kentucky, Pastor Stevenson has heeded the call to serve others. Rather than constantly guide his church members, he prefers to teach, or, as he says, "to equip."

Armed with the tools of faith that Pastor Stevenson teaches, his church members are better prepared to have the same positive impact on their communities that Pastor Stevenson has had on his.

During the course of his career, Pastor Stevenson has been recognized with many awards and by various organizations—during the course of his career, Pastor Stevenson has been recognized.

In honor of his tenth pastoral anniversary with Gideon Missionary Baptist Church, I congratulate Pastor Wade A. Stevenson, his wife Gloria and his three sons on this great achievement.