

patrol officer. He previously worked as a School Resource Officer at the Hercules Middle and High Schools where he made sure our students had a safe learning environment and acted as a mentor to countless students. As a leader on school safety, Officer Sanchez trained faculty and staff at all Hercules Schools on how to respond in the event of an active shooter on campus.

His greatest accomplishments have addressed the relations between law enforcement officers and the people of Hercules. Despite budget cuts, Officer Sanchez has helped organize many community engagement programs, including the Back to School Backpack program that provides school supplies for low income students. He also coordinates with Neighbor Watch groups and leads the Citizen Police Academy, where residents can learn about law enforcement and disaster preparedness.

Mr. Speaker, I thank Officer Sanchez for his dedication to our community's safety. For this reason, it is fitting and proper that I honor him here today.

IN RECOGNITION OF THE SERVICE  
OF MICHEL MARGOSIS

**HON. GERALD E. CONNOLLY**

OF VIRGINIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Thursday, December 8, 2016*

Mr. CONNOLLY. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize my good friend Michel Margosis on the occasion of his retirement from the Fairfax County Human Rights Commission after 13 years of dedicated service. I have had the honor of personally knowing Michel for many years and believe that he is a man of great wit, integrity, dignity, and courage.

Throughout my tenure on the Fairfax County Board of Supervisors, and particularly as Chairman, I worked closely with the Human Rights Commission to fight against discrimination wherever it reared its ugly head in our community. Whether it was discrimination in the workplace, the housing market, the school yard or anywhere else, we as a community have established a zero-tolerance policy for such abhorrent behavior. That is in no small part due to the efforts of Michel and his fellow commissioners.

Michel's commitment to fighting discrimination and promoting justice and human rights is one which is deeply ingrained in every fiber of his being. As the son of Russian Jews living in Belgium at the time of its invasion by the Nazis during World War II, Michel along with his family were forced to flee to Southern France where they were detained as refugees, but managed to escape. This long and difficult odyssey led them to France then through the Pyrenees Mountains into Spain. He remembers the long, perilous journey, during which the family had to avoid capture and survive the constant bombing and strafing happening all around them as war engulfed the European continent. Sadly, the family became separated during the journey and Michel later traveled to the United States—one of more than 1,400 unaccompanied minors that arrived from Europe—where he lived with a foster family. Not until some years later were all family members reunited in America. They were among the few lucky survivors of the Holocaust.

While most individuals would take time to reflect on such a harrowing ordeal, Michel wanted to give back to the country that had provided him and his family safe haven. After earning a college degree in chemistry, he decided to utilize his multi-lingual fluency and joined the U.S. Army in 1952. He was deployed to Europe as an interpreter, though he would also serve as a medical corpsman. He was honorably discharged from the Army in 1954 as a Private First Class. Upon his return to the United States, he earned a master's degree in chemistry in evening school and pursued further studies in Florida. He retired in 1990 from federal government service after serving as a senior chemist with the Food and Drug Administration. Eight years later, Michel moved to the Greenspring community in Springfield where he still lives and has served as the head of the Democratic Club as well as facilitator of the French Conversation Group.

As someone who has borne witness to some of the darkest moments of humanity, Michel knows that we must never forget the honors of the Holocaust or sit idly by while others are persecuted. Since 1993, he has volunteered his time at the U.S. Holocaust Museum, working in the Speakers Bureau and sharing his experiences. In 2003, he was appointed to the Human Rights Commission of Fairfax County where he has continued his efforts to advance the causes of equality for all. During his tenure on the HRC, he led the campaign for the creation of a Holocaust Day of Remembrance in Fairfax County and has advocated for similar remembrances at the state and national level.

It is this aspect of Michel's character that I perhaps admire most: his desire to use history as a tool not only from which to learn the lessons taught by our past failings but also to teach future generations of those failings to ensure that they are not repeated. Our human history is filled with unpleasant and dark chapters and the temptation is all too often to bury those chapters for the pain they cause. That impulse is of course understandable, especially in the case of monstrosities such as the Holocaust. Michel has made it his mission in life to ensure that this particular monstrosity is never forgotten and, most importantly, never repeated. Only by acknowledging that injustices have occurred can we begin the process of healing the wounds they created and guarding against similar tragedies in the future.

Mr. Speaker, our community and our Nation have been made better by the life and presence of Michel Margosis. While he may be officially stepping down from the Human Rights Commission, I have no doubt that he will continue to be engaged in our community and in the cause of human rights that is so dear to him. I ask my colleagues to join me in commending Michel for his many years of service and for enriching the lives of all around him. I wish him many years of health, happiness and continued success.

RECOGNIZING FAMILIES AF-  
FECTED BY THE NATIONAL  
OPIOID EPIDEMIC

**HON. ANN M. KUSTER**

OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Thursday, December 8, 2016*

Ms. KUSTER. Mr. Speaker, it is my honor to include in the RECORD today the personal sto-

ries of families from across the country that have been affected by the opioid and heroin epidemic. In the U.S. we lose 129 lives per day to opioid and heroin overdose. In my home state of New Hampshire I have learned so many heartbreaking stories of great people and families who have suffered from the effects of substance use disorder.

Earlier this year, my colleagues and I were joined by many of these courageous families who came to Washington to share their stories with Members of Congress and push for action that will prevent overdoses and save lives. Since then, we passed both the Comprehensive Addiction and Recovery Act and the 21st Century Cures Act to provide much needed funding and critical policy changes to fight this epidemic.

The advocacy of these families truly is so important to leading to change in Washington and I am proud to preserve their stories.

JUSTEN HUMMEL—LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Justen Hummel passed away on August 9, 2014. Justen was a very compassionate and loving son. He was dedicated to his family and friends; always making the time to help whenever it was needed.

Justen could strike up a conversation and befriend anyone he met; therefore, he never met a stranger. When Justen was just a little boy, he discovered a passion for fishing. You would always see him carrying around his pole to fish anywhere that there was a body of water. Justen was also very intelligent and had a creative mind—always thinking and eager to create something new.

After having to undergo surgery for a Methicillin-resistant *Staphylococcus aureus* (MRSA) infection, Justen was prescribed liquid morphine to combat the pain. Consequently, Justen's drug use escalated to a new level, and he later transitioned to heroin as an alternative.

His mother could see Justen struggling so much to overcome his battle with addiction. It totally broke her heart. She tried so hard to help him. Justen is so dearly missed.

RYAN WAYNE JACKSON—OWENSVILLE, OHIO

Ryan Wayne Jackson was born on December 6, 1987. Growing up, Ryan was a spirited child—always doing something and always on the go. He enjoyed collecting things and had several collections of anything and everything.

Despite being diagnosed with ADHD, Ryan was a tremendous student in school; receiving A's and B's with perfect attendance until the 6th grade. Ryan also set a couple athletic records in elementary school, which are still held by him today.

Middle school was when things started to change for Ryan. He tried out for the basketball team but didn't make it; this was a major blow for him. In addition, Ryan had a few other issues that began to arise. He was prescribed medication for his ADHD and his classmates started asking to buy his medicine from him. This was also around the time Ryan first tried marijuana.

Ryan later received his degree as a mechanic. Around ten years ago Ryan was in a serious traffic accident, causing him significant pain in his back. Afterwards he was prescribed medication to help with the pain. For some time, Ryan seemed to do fairly well managing the pain without medication.

About seven years ago, Ryan started dating someone he previously went to school with—this was the beginning of the end for him. The couple had two little girls. During this time Ryan lost custody of his stepson to the boy's father, and later lost his own father tragically. Ryan's life was spiraling out of control. He lost his jobs, his cars, his

house—essentially everything he owned. In the end, Ryan was homeless and in trouble with the law.

Ryan tried to get back into his daughters' lives and was 30 days clean. He was working full time and was in the process of going to see a counselor.

The night Ryan overdosed it was his payday; the temptation was too great for him to suppress. On May 6, 2016, Ryan's grandmother found him unresponsive at 8 a.m.

Ryan had a gigantic heart. He loved hard and fully. Ryan had a beautiful smile, a contagious laugh, and was a hard worker. Ryan always loved his family. His family miss him deeply.

KEVIN ALAN JOHNSON—BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA

Kevin entered this world on March 20, 1983. Growing up, Kevin was always on the go. He was a great student. School was easy for him, yet Kevin never seemed to find what it was he was meant to do with his life. Kevin was the kind of person who never saw a stranger—he could make anyone feel comfortable in any circumstance. He was caring, compassionate and had the biggest heart. Kevin would have done anything for anyone. He was intelligent, much too intelligent to have died this way.

Kevin was a fun-loving big guy, with a wonderful smile, and who loved his family and friends. It didn't matter who you were, when Kevin would leave he would give you a big hug. He loved music, reading, playing video games, and cooking; he could make the most delicious meals. Kevin loved the outdoors, especially camping and spending time around campfires with his family and friends.

His mother knew that Kevin experimented with drugs in high school, maybe as early as middle school. She thought it was behavior that he would outgrow of; never realizing how far it had gone and what a hold it had on him. Kevin suffered terrible back pain from two failed surgeries and was due for a third—all at the young age of 25. It was after Kevin's first surgery that brought the beginning of his drug abuse; which spiraled from there with each attempt to find something that would relieve the pain, but Kevin could not find any peace. When speaking with Kevin once about his addiction, he told his mother—that he did not feel normal without the drugs; he could not function.

What Kevin loved the most in life was his son. He was in awe that he had created such a beautiful little person. He was Kevin's world, his reason to get up every day and try again. This sweet little boy who will never know how much his daddy loved him, how hard he tried for him. For if Kevin only knew he would never have left him.

Kevin died October 9, 2008, of an accidental overdose. Earlier that evening he had attended a Narcotics Anonymous meeting. His family's lives were forever changed. They think of Kevin and miss him every day.

PHILLIP KEENE—CEDAR BLUFF, VIRGINIA

Samantha Keene lost her husband, Phillip, on August 22, 2015 to an accidental Fentanyl overdose; eight days after his 42nd birthday, two weeks after their daughter's third birthday, and a month after their last wedding anniversary. Their nine year old son found Phillip in his office, face down. When he came and told Samantha, "Mom, Dad is sleeping in the floor," she knew exactly what had happened. He thought Phillip was sleeping because of that sounds he was making—it sounds like snoring.

Phillip left Samantha with three kids ages nine, six, and three, with another on the way. She was 12 weeks pregnant at the time but had a miscarriage two weeks later. Samantha's world has been turned inside out. It's like I'm fighting to get out of a

water filled balloon but there is no way out. Phillip was a news reporter and had worked for the paper for ten years. No one knew Phillip had relapsed—not his mom, his boss, the county supervisors that he talked to regularly, the many people at the courthouse that he saw on a daily basis. No one knew but his wife.

"I deal with the guilt of not doing enough before it was too late. Even in his last moments, did I do enough? Yes I did. I couldn't save him. I could not save the man I loved. My husband. My Protector."

ZAFER KIESA—ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA

Zafer Kiesa died on April 13, 2016, from an accidental heroin overdose. He was 19 years old—just months away from his 20th birthday. Zafer, affectionately known as "Z," was a beloved son, brother to three siblings, and friend to many.

Z was a sophomore at the University of Colorado, where he was known as an adventurer, traveler and explorer, who sought out thrills whenever possible. He was an avid tennis player and loved to skateboard, hike, kayak, and follow his favorite sports teams. He liked to begin where the chair lift ended—he'd carry his skis higher up the mountain in search of an untouched backcountry run. Many of his finest selfies come from his treasured mountain explorations in Colorado.

Z was the "connector" in his family; he always made sure to reach out after going too long without checking in. It was second nature to him to send a text, email, or even a handwritten note just to remind people that he cared. We used to joke that Z paid more attention grooming his emails to Grandma than he did on his papers for school. On the night of April 13th, Z tried heroin. He bought it for \$7.00 a hit. Z went to sleep and never woke up. His family's pain, shock and grief upon losing Z is one story among many that evidence the public health crisis facing this country. Heroin use has more than doubled among young adults in the past decade.

Even though the lives of his family have been forever changed by Zafer's death, his spirit and energy will live on within each of them and through the good they contribute to this world. Their hope is that by sharing Zafer's story, and telling the truth about his death, they may be able to save another life.

JEFF KLIK—UTICA, MICHIGAN

Jeff Klik was a beautiful boy: sweet, kind, loving, smart, artistic, talented. He loved making music, snowboarding and developing his own photographs. Jeff was a smart child and learned quickly. At the same time, he was sensitive and had a way with others. He always seemed to befriend the kids in school that no one else would talk to.

Like many of us, Jeff made some bad choices. When he chose heroin, his love for life disappeared. Jeff's mother found marijuana in his room when he was mid-high school. At the time she had no idea that this would start their family down the ugly road that was to come.

Jeff was enrolled in an accelerated program for high-achievers in high school. When his grades started dropping he told his mother, it was "just too hard" for him. Therefore, he dropped out of the program, graduated and headed off to college.

As Jeff's first year away from home went by, his grades dropped and the things he said weren't adding up. Something was wrong. One day, his mother got a call at the hospital where she work, saying that Jeff was downstairs. Panicking, she ran down to the ER. Car accident? Appendicitis? No—a drug overdose.

As Jeff came out of his drugged stupor, he said "I want to kill myself." He was then admitted to a local mental hospital. The two

weeks he spent there were a nightmare—he worked the system expertly. At a counseling session he threw a chair against a wall. He didn't cooperate. They put him on antipsychotic medication. He didn't follow the rules when he came home either, and eventually his mother kicked him out because the situation became dangerous for everyone under that roof.

Jeff overdosed again but his mother didn't know about it until she got the ambulance bills. He came to live with his mother again, and seemed to be doing better. He was going to outpatient counseling daily and his mother thought—"Hey, it's finally working!"—before things started to get bad again. Jeff's behavior was erratic, he wasn't doing any of his favorite activities anymore and he always "had to work."

He signed himself into a treatment center but got kicked out the next day for smoking a cigarette. It was New Year's Eve. He missed Easter dinner, a movie date, his Grandma's birthday, etc. His mother went to see him at work once and he was in the bathroom for a long time. When he walked out he looked sick—his face was pale and broken out, his eyes were glassy. After giving Jeff a drug test, that lit up like a Christmas tree, his dad set an ultimatum: "it's either rehab or you're out of this house." Jeff admitted himself to treatment again. It was April 4, 2015.

After getting through detox Jeff was doing well. On April 21st, he was discharged—clean and happy—to a sober living house close to home. On April 29th, Jeff didn't show up for work and when his Dad went to the house looking for him, he found his son—dead. All of Jeff's beloved cameras were found in a local pawn shop. My Jeff died of an overdose of Heroin/Fentanyl.

TODD LESCARBEAU—SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA

Todd Lescarbeau is and always will be his sister's big brother, best friend for 40 years, protector, confidant, and so much more.

On January 3, 1970, the sun rose, and Todd graced the world with his presence. Todd always lived his life to the fullest, with no fears and few regrets, until the sun set for him and all who loved him on March 6, 2012.

Todd was a fun, loving, protective and gentle father, brother, son, husband, uncle, nephew, cousin and friend to all that were lucky enough to know him. His addiction began like so many others—with prescription drugs. Todd suffered from severe back problems and was prescribed opioids for the extreme pain he endured. His back issues led to various surgeries over the years, and unfortunately none of them were able to cure his back problems or completely remove the pain.

Todd was a hard working man with integrity, loyalty, and a ton of love to give. Todd was well known at a very young age as an outstanding drummer. Although he spent countless hours practicing the drums, it was obvious to everyone that Todd was a natural. Drumming and music were two of his biggest passions in life.

Everyone who loved Todd will never forget the impact he had on them and the world. He fought very hard to overcome his addiction, spending time in quite a few various treatment programs. Unfortunately, most insurance companies only allow up to 30 days of treatment which was an insufficient amount for Todd's case.

Todd's struggle with the disease of addiction is what ultimately claimed his life. Life will never be the same without him here—his family miss him every minute of every day.

JAMESON TANNER LINDEMANN—LARAMIE, WYOMING

Jameson Tanner Lindemann, also known as "J.T.," was born on January 14, 1985.

From the moment he was born, J.T. had a twinkle in his eye that let everyone know: "Look out world, get ready for me!" Growing up, J.T. loved little league baseball and was a pretty good player. He would hit home runs and then casually run all the bases—it seemed much more important to him to have fun than being seriously competitive about the game.

School was much the same way for J.T.. He would use his smile and eyes to talk his way out of doing homework, but somehow managed to remain the teacher's favorite.

J.T. was a talented musician, singer, songwriter. He taught himself how to play the drums and guitar. Composing lyrics came naturally to him and was always writing new verses or ideas down on fast food napkins and scraps of paper.

You could always find J.T. sitting outside singing and playing his guitar, playing his drums in the basement, or jamming at friends' homes and local music stores.

After about a year of struggling with addiction, J.T.'s body could no longer handle the abuse, shame and sadness. He passed on September 13, 2007. As J.T. continues his new adventure, he is greatly missed by family and friends and will be remembered by all who knew him as a free spirit; the spark that lit up a room with his smile and fun loving ways, a loving son and brother, caring father, and a friend and helper to all who were lucky enough to be touched by his life.

RICHARD THOMAS LONG, JR.—CANTON, ILLINOIS

Richard was his mother's firstborn and only son, born on February 22, 1986. He was known to many as "Jr." and "Duney." Jr. was smart and a computer buff. Growing up in Canton, Illinois, he enjoyed listening to metal music, mastering video games, fishing, swimming, and teasing Ms younger sister, Jessica.

Jr. loved spending time with his family; he had two boys, Ethan (age 13) and Sabastian (age 2). They were his pride and joy. He absolutely loved watching Ethan play baseball.

Jr. started using drugs in high school and battled an opiate addiction from that time until his death. Richard Thomas Long Jr. lost his 13-year battle to opiate addiction on February 8, 2015.

APRIL LOUIS—BUMPASS, VIRGINIA

April was a loving soul with a huge heart. She was drawn to and good at helping others but she just didn't know how to help herself. April's smile lit up any room and her bubbly laughter was sweet music to her mother's ears. The happiest day of April's life was when her daughter was born. April had been told that she wouldn't be able to have children and when she found out she was pregnant, her mother hoped April would finally be encouraged to get help for her substance use disorder. Unfortunately, April's daughter was born addicted to drugs and had to be weaned off with medication. To protect her granddaughter, April's mother had to take her granddaughter away from her own daughter. April loved her little girl, but heroin loved April more.

April battled addiction for over seven years. During that time, she was in and out of treatment facilities, drug courts, and jail. Sadly, April spent the last 18 months of her life incarcerated. When she came home, she seemed determined and positive about her life to come.

For the first time in many years April's mother had hope, faith, and trust in her daughter. She also wasn't afraid anymore when her phone rang. But just three weeks after April was released from jail, April's mother got that phone call, the one call parents fear the most—April had died from an overdose of pure fentanyl and was found on the floor of the bedroom at her grandmother's house.

April died on March 12, 2014. She was 30 years old and her daughter she left behind was only four. The hardest thing April's mother ever had to do was to tell a four-year-old that her mommy had died and what that meant. April's mother loves and misses her beautiful daughter every day. Her whole family misses April and they will for the rest of their lives.

KEVIN "KEV" CAROTENUTO—PROSPECT PARK, PENNSYLVANIA

Kevin "Kev" Carotenuto was born on May 3, 1993. By the time Kevin got to middle school, he was a talented athlete and very involved in sports, however, school just didn't click for him. Kev started showing signs of ADHD very early on. His mother tried to get him an Individualized Education Program (IEP) but was denied, so she put him in counseling. Kev turned to drugs to cope with the stress of his struggles.

Kev was arrested shortly after his 18th birthday for robbery of three houses in his family's neighborhood. He didn't commit the crimes alone, but wouldn't snitch on his friends. He received an 18 month sentence in county prison and \$30,000 in restitution. Both Kevin's parents visited him and put money on his books the entire time he was in prison.

Six months after his release, Kev started using heroin. He was in and out of countless treatment facilities until he was sent back to jail in February of 2015. Kev was caught using heroin in a public bathroom and was arrested for violating probation. He was sentenced to seven months in county jail.

Kev was released the Monday before Thanksgiving to a local halfway house. He was put on blackout for seven days and then was allowed to go out for four hours at a time. Kevin worked for the newspaper union as an extra so he would call in daily for work. The Thursday after Thanksgiving Kevin was booked for an 11 pm to 5 am shift.

Kev told the halfway house that he had work but proceeded to contact a cellie from jail who came to pick him up. When Kev arrived back at the halfway house he tested hot for suboxone. He was kicked out immediately and the halfway house never notified his family. Kevin was on the streets for a week before he came clean with his mother.

Kev said it was time for him to be a man and he would get himself to rehab. He was approved for 26 days of treatment. Seven days before his release, Kev's mother requested a family meeting with his counselor. The counselor informed her that on Monday the aftercare specialist was going to have a conference call between Kev, herself and the counselor. Monday came and went and no call, so Kev's mother started leaving messages with the counselor. She called every day and left messages—no response.

January 7, 2016, came around and Kev said, "Ma, come get me, I got my coin." Off she went to pick him up. He came home so happy and ready to stay clean. He went to probation the next day where he asked the probation officer (PO) to see him twice a week to keep him honest, which the PO did for one week. The following week the PO told Kev he didn't have time to see him so often. The PO ordered Kev to complete IOP, so on January 8th he called and was told the first opening was 22 days away. Kevin went 22 days with no treatment except for NA meetings and a bible study group of men in recovery.

On the 29th of January Kev went to IOP for his evaluation and when he came out he said, "All good, my first session is on February 1st." On February 1st Kev's mother woke up and went into Kev's room and found him sitting on the side of the bed with his head in his hands and his hoodie on. She said his name two times and got no response. She

then called 911. When she went to touch Kevin's shoulder, his stiff body fell to the floor. His mother saw the needle 1/2 full of clear liquid. She went to move his hoodie to get to his neck to check his pulse and all she saw was the side of his face—purple and cold. He was dead. A mother's worst fear comes true.

Kev passed away on February 2, 2016, from an overdose of poisoned heroin.

## TRIBUTE TO NICK'S RESTAURANT

### HON. DAVID YOUNG

OF IOWA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Thursday, December 8, 2016*

Mr. YOUNG of Iowa. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to congratulate Nick's Restaurant of Des Moines, Iowa, for being recognized for serving Iowa's 2016 Best Breaded Pork Tenderloin by the Iowa Pork Producers Association (IPPA). The designation has been bestowed on one lucky Iowa restaurant each year since 2002.

This honor was one owner Nick Iaria has worked for since he opened his doors, he told the Iowa Pork Producers Association. They chose Nick's Restaurant over 384 Iowa businesses because of its unique taste. Nick's tenderloins are prepared in "queen" and "king" size, and are known for their made-to-order quality. The pork tenderloin is freshly seasoned, floured, battered, breaded and then cooked in a fryer designated only for tenderloins. Nick's serves over 1,000 tenderloins every week.

Mr. Speaker, I commend Nick's Restaurant for receiving this distinguished designation. Their dedication to frying the perfect pork patty has put smiles on the faces of Iowans all across the state. I ask that my colleagues in the United States House of Representatives join me in congratulating Nick's Restaurant and in wishing them nothing but continued success.

## COMMEMORATING THE LIFE OF DETECTIVE BENJAMIN EDWARD MARCONI

### HON. HENRY CUELLAR

OF TEXAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Thursday, December 8, 2016*

Mr. CUELLAR. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to commemorate the life of Detective Benjamin Edward Marconi of the San Antonio Police Department who was tragically killed in the line of duty on November 20th, 2016.

Detective Marconi was born in the City of San Antonio on January 8th, 1966 to James and Minerva Marconi. In the mid-1970s, Detective Marconi and his family moved to Floresville, Texas, where he lived until he graduated from Floresville High School. After receiving a business degree from Texas A&I—Kingsville, Detective Marconi later joined the San Antonio Police Department, where he served for 20 years.

Throughout his life, Detective Marconi was always held in high regard by his family members, friends and colleagues for his dedication to serving the public as well as his unwavering care and compassion for his family, whom he loved dearly. His friends and family cherished