

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

his ability to put a smile on anyone's face, bringing about joy and laughter wherever he went.

Detective Marconi's commitment to protecting the people of San Antonio led to his distinguished career in law enforcement as a member of the Special Victims Unit for SAPD. A decorated police officer, he had the distinct honor and privilege of assuming the rank of Detective in Major Crimes. His passion for serving the community is an example that each of us should strive to follow.

Detective Marconi is survived by his son, Dane Marconi; grandson Mason Marconi; stepdaughter Jacy Lewis; brother Tom Marconi and wife Diana, their sons, Adam and Andrew Marconi, and their grand-daughter, Anastazia Zamora Marconi; sister Debbie Saldaña and husband Danny and their sons, Ross Gonzales Jr. and Nick Saldaña, their daughter, Danielle Saldaña, and their grand-daughter, Hailey Gonzales; sister Terri Marconi McKnight and her son, Blake Kirkland; and numerous aunts, uncles, and cousins.

The legacy of Detective Marconi lives on through the kindness and compassion that he shared with those who surrounded him. His dedication to the people of San Antonio will be remembered throughout the greater Bexar County community.

Mr. Speaker, I am honored to have the opportunity to remember the legacy of Detective Benjamin Marconi.

RECOGNIZING THE 103RD BIRTHDAY OF MRS. EDNA HALL RILEY WALKER

HON. ALCEE L. HASTINGS

OF FLORIDA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mr. HASTINGS. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize Mrs. Edna Hall Riley Walker of Riviera Beach, Florida, who on December 23rd will turn 103 years young. Mrs. Walker, one of Florida's over four thousand centenarians, is a lifelong resident of Wakulla County.

Mrs. Walker continues to follow an incredible journey through life and has seen drastic changes in the world since she was born in 1913. Mrs. Walker was born the middle child of three in Shadeville, Florida. She started a family with Herbert Riley and had three children: Anthony, Allan, and Ianthia. Working as a Master Seamstress since the 1950s, Mrs. Walker deeply understands the value of hard work.

Mrs. Walker to this day is still an active member of her community, still a faithful servant of God, and still sharp as a tack. She is a deep believer in the golden rule, and often tells people she meets, "I would do you right before I would ever do you wrong. It's so important to do unto others as you want them to do unto you. That's what Jesus said."

These days, Mrs. Walker often travels throughout the United States to see her many children and grandchildren. Her descendants have flown far and wide, from New York to Texas, a testament to her wide-reaching legacy. She most enjoys reading and playing games with her grandchildren and great grandchildren. Clearly, Edna Riley Walker is still leaving her mark.

Mr. Speaker, it is my distinct honor to acknowledge this incredible woman on her many

accomplishments in life and to wish her a very happy 103rd birthday.

RECOGNIZING FAMILIES AFFECTED 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 stories 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.

ROBERT AND ERIC FRANKLIN—CEDARBURG, WISCONSIN

The Franklin family had two beautiful, talented and very much loved sons, both who died in 2012 from heroin overdoses. They both are so very missed. Life is just not as full as it should be. Their loss has forever changed their family's lives.

The Franklin's youngest child, Robert Franklin, was born November 10, 1987 and died April 22, 2012. At six foot five, he was a gentle giant. Everyone loved Robert; he was funny and a born leader. In high school, Robert had gotten himself into trouble and was arrested for being in possession of two pounds of marijuana at the age of 17. As his parents, they were shocked that he had been messing with that quantity of marijuana. As a result, before Robert turned 18 years old he was labeled a felon. Drugs became Robert's escape; he shouldn't have needed to escape, he had a great childhood and was well liked by everyone. From there, things went quickly downhill. Robert spent much of his young adult life in prison or jail. Robert didn't seem to know how to stop using, and his family didn't fully understand what he was going through. Then he found the drug Oxycontin. Robert died at the age of 24. As Neil Young once said, "Twenty four and there's so much more".

Their middle son, Eric, was born February 22, 1986 and died December 21, 2012. He was a happy, smart, handsome, loved, talented and caring person. Eric had so much to live for, so much left to give to the world. He played the guitar and harmonica; writing much of his own music. Eric also had a great voice. Eric worked for his dad as a rough carpenter. He had just met a girl and were early in their relationship, but somehow he still couldn't get past his addiction. His family knew he wanted to change. Eric even went to a treatment center and did really well for a while. He was only 26 when he died.

Both Robert and Eric loved to play the guitar and were immensely passionate about all

music. Together they started a band called, The Wronged and wrote and recorded several songs.

Robert and Eric left behind not only their parents, Patricia and Mike, but also their older brother, Adam and sister in-law, Robin, and their only niece, Taylor.

JASON FREBURGER—PASADENA, MARYLAND

On December 23, 2015, Jason Freburger died in his family's home of a heroin overdose. He was 29 years old. The several years of battling his addiction caused so much pain for Jason, as well as his family. Jason felt shame, remorse, failure and regret. His family felt lost, horrified, let down, and confused by the lack of available resources and the medical system. Jason was in and out of treatment, jail, IOP, NA meetings and a halfway house.

Jason was an electrician for the Board of Education for eight years, and was preparing to get his Master's license. He was an animal lover, played Xbox, loved fishing, enjoyed music, reading a good book, and building with Mega Legos. Jason would regularly tell his family that he loved them. However, Jason is the product of a family tree that has strong inherited addictive genes and mental illness—many of those struggling with addiction suffer with dual diagnosis, and this resulted in Jason's demise.

Jason was never allowed enough time in any treatment facility for recovery to take hold. Losing his job meant losing his medical insurance. There is no in-patient treatment that covers beyond two weeks with just Medicaid. After two weeks of treatment, Jason came out clean, but not skilled, not yet strong enough, not able to keep the disease at bay. He was then sent into a halfway house that had no accountability for any of its clients.

Jason tried, he tried so hard. He wanted to be drug free; a simple man living a simple life. Jason was a part of the Anne Arundel County Maryland Adult Drug Court Program. Once-a-month hearings with the judge and once-a-week case manager meetings isn't enough for some of those struggling with addiction to be successful.

His family can't stop thinking about Jason; loving him, missing him, and needing him in their lives. Jason was a treasure to them all. He was a beloved child. He was a good person and son. He needed help; he asked for it but was only granted snippets of hope that would never lead to solid recovery. Individuals struggling with addiction are our children, spouses, our family.

MARK C. FUSCIA—VOORHEES, NEW JERSEY

Mark Fuscina passed away to a heroin overdose on February 12, 2010. Mark was a wonderful, kind, respectable, energetic, intelligent and loving person. Our family used to call him the politician because of his outgoing and friendly personality with people.

At the young age of 14, Mark began experimenting with drugs. During this time his family thought he was just going through the teenage phase of life, and were unaware Mark had fallen into a strong addiction. He started out with marijuana, then moved to mushrooms, cocaine, pills then heroin.

Mark was really good at various sports from a very young age, but was most passionate about baseball, which he played since elementary school up until the end of freshman year of high school. Although he did very well in school throughout the years, his family was told by a teacher that Mark was an excellent student but there was concern that he was a follower. Being a follower, Mark decided after finishing baseball in freshman year to quit the team like some of his friends had done. It was just the beginning of Mark becoming disinterested in things he previously really enjoyed.