

such as the abuse of women in sweatshops, intolerable tenement living conditions, and the lack of opportunities for many people in our society.

Many celebrated women joined the organization. Eleanor Roosevelt became a member when she was first lady of New York State and served as WCCNY's legislative director. Frances Perkins, a NYC labor leader who later became the first female cabinet member in the history of the United States when she was appointed as Franklin D. Roosevelt's Secretary of Labor. As Secretary of Labor, she helped create Social Security, which kept millions of seniors and disabled people out of poverty. Other notable and highly respected members included Alice Duer Miller, WCCNY's first president; Ida Tarbell, legendary muckraking journalist; Virginia Gildersleeve, a WWII WAVES commander and Dean of Barnard College; Dorothy Schiff, president and publisher of the New York Post; celebrated actress Helen Hayes; and nurse-midwife Ruth Watson Lubic, who was the founder of the National Association of Childbearing Centers and winner of a 1993 MacArthur "Genius Grant."

Since its inception in 1915, WCCNY has accomplished astounding feats for women in New York City and set a precedent for future generations of women's rights activists. In the early days, suffragettes took on many issues including a campaign to allow physicians to legally dispense birth control information in 1917, opening the nation's first free maternity center in 1918, and ensuring the passage of WCCNY's draft of New York State's first child labor laws in the 1940s. More recently, the organization has created videos that promote HIV/AIDS awareness among youth, worked to improve campaign finance reform laws, advocated for national health care reform, and had a major role in the NYC Charter Revision.

Continuing to make a difference in New Yorkers' lives is at the heart of WCCNY's work. To ensure that government fairly and effectively serves all of the city's residents, WCCNY undertakes a rigorous process of identifying and analyzing major issues facing the city and state. Having reached its centennial year, citizen participation remains the organization's primary focus, along with the continuation of its game-changing advocacy on issues that most impact New Yorkers.

Mr. Speaker, I ask my colleagues to join me in honoring the Women's City Club of New York for a century of civic achievements and in celebrating its current and past members for their perseverance and advocacy in the fight to end injustice and ensure equality for women.

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.

TRAVIS CLAY ROSE—MARSHALL, VIRGINIA

Travis was the youngest of four children and a joy to all who met him, of which there were many; he was a very outgoing person. From a young age he could always make his family laugh.

While reflecting back on his life, it never seemed to be an easy one. Travis always seemed to have problems to overcome but for the most part, he managed to deal with them in a positive manner. Looking back over the years, I realize that Travis was like so many others who have anxiety and depression issues. He worked constantly to make those around him feel happy and comfortable while in the meantime he was struggling with his own issues. Travis started medicating or experimenting with drugs in his early teenage years. Unlike so many people who become addicted, he never had a problem with alcohol but worked his way through the lineup of marijuana, pills, and then opioids.

If there is one thing his family would want people to remember about Travis, it would be his love for his family. He loved his mother, his brother, sisters, young nieces and nephews. Regardless of his own struggles, Travis always took the time to guide them through all aspects of their lives—he cared deeply.

His family was so hopeful about Travis beating his addiction and moving on with his life. He was in jail for a probation violation for about six months and then moved in with his sister for three months. His family believes Travis was clean for those nine months but unfortunately, after getting out of jail he had no health insurance, and he stopped taking medication for depression and anxiety.

Travis was making changes in his life and posting publicly about them. He talked about his desire to start a family and own a business of his own someday. He was one of the first people in our area to become a certified tree worker from the International Society of Arboriculture. He took pride in his job and was very good at it. Finally he seemed to be focusing on his own life. But it took just once. On May 12, 2015, Travis gave into temptation and it took his life.

That Easter, Travis bought his mother a beautiful pink dogwood tree. On Mother's Day, two days before he died, Travis gave his mother a yellow knockout rose bush. They are both planted in the memorial garden that his mother made in Travis' honor. They grow alongside other plants, stones, and features. His mother couldn't spend Christmas with Travis this year, so she put a solar powered tree on his memorial spot. It was the closest she could get to him.

Losing Travis has left a huge hole in his mother's world, but she knows his death has helped others to live and he will always remain in their hearts. He would be proud of the progress that has been made.

TONY SABAT—CLEVELAND, OHIO

Tony Sabat lost his battle with substance use disorder and is now one of the #129aDay

who lose their lives to this disease. Tony is not defined by his disease; he was so much more than that. He was a loving son, brother, nephew, grandson, cousin, and friend. He cared more for others than he did himself. There wasn't anything he wouldn't do to help his friends and family.

At the age of seven, his family noticed that Tony was exhibiting some "red flag" behaviors. As the years went on Tony suffered from terrible mood swings and bouts of anger. His family took him to see a child psychiatrist when he was 12 because he was frequently depressed, angry, and suffering from terrible insomnia. Tony was diagnosed with rapid cycling bipolar disorder; therefore, he was put on antidepressant medications and a mood stabilizer. At 13, we put him in an intensive outpatient program for a week. By this time Tony was frustrated with the medications and their side effects and began engaging in self injurious behavior. Tony's family thought that he was taking his medication but discovered that he would hide his pills under the carpet in his room. Instead of complying with taking his meds, he opted to self-medicate with marijuana, and then alcohol.

By 20 years old, Tony had a full-blown addiction to alcohol. While trying to detox at home, he suffered grand mal seizures and was hospitalized for a week. Tony was hallucinating and delusional for the first several days of this hospitalization. In February of 2009, he made his first phone call to get on the waiting list at a treatment facility. He was told the wait could be up to two weeks, but the next day they had a bed for him. After completing the 28 day program, Tony was back on his medications and had a great outlook on life. He was committed to going to AA meetings and living a sober life. This lasted for about two years.

After having dental surgery, Tony was prescribed Percocet and started to backslide. It became apparent that he was using the pain medication more than was prescribed. His path to intravenous heroin started with abusing prescription opioids and Xanax. Tony's life started spiraling out of control from his heroin use.

On July 2, 2014, after a self-injurious incident and having a 72 hour psychiatric hold put on him, Tony once again made the call to get on the waiting list for treatment. The next day he entered his second treatment program, but this time for his opioid addiction. Tony completed another 28 day program, and afterwards opted to go into sober living—to be away from the triggers in his hometown. After six weeks of living there, Tony was kicked out. He decided it would be best to stay in that town and moved into his own apartment. Two weeks later Tony lost his job and was in a full-blown alcohol and intravenous heroin relapse.

On October 13, 2014, Tony left for his third and final stint in treatment. This time he was in treatment for 40 days and returned home November 13th. 48 hours later, on November 15th, Tony died of an overdose from heroin laced with fentanyl. He was 25 years old.

BOBBY SATRE—JEFFERSON TON, VIRGINIA

Bobby Satre died of a heroin overdose on April 18, 2015, after a 13-year struggle with addiction. He was 31 years old. His addiction to heroin did not start with prescription medication use as it does for so many, but emerged after years of experimenting with various drugs.

Even as a young boy, Bobby was curious about so many things. His family first realized he was using drugs at the end of his senior year of high school, when they found a marijuana pipe—he denied that it was his. A few months after that incident, Bobby left to

attend James Madison University, his top choice school. During college he got into Crystal Meth. He called his family one day in tears saying he had been up for days and that he needed help. They were in shock and eager to get Bobby home. Bobby then attended a 30-day treatment center and his family were hopeful that this would mark the end of his drug use.

Although, Bobby attempted to return to his studies at RAU, he never completed his degree there. Instead, he attended a community college where he completed an associate's degree and graduated with honors.

While back at home Bobby worked in restaurants and other random jobs to pay the bills. It was during this time that he got involved in heroin. Over the next several years, Bobby was arrested several times for heroin possession, and overdosed several times. On many of these occasions he agreed to wear a wire while going out on buys in order to reduce his charges. Our family was in private agony—we couldn't believe that we had a child who would go so far as to put a needle in his arm.

During an annual weekend trip to Green Bay, WI, for an NFL game, Bobby's family received a call saying that Bobby had overdosed and was in bad shape. Bobby was placed in the ICU and was barely hanging on; it took him several days to stabilize. Afterwards Bobby was admitted to another treatment program. Again, his family were confident that once he completed the program he would be on the fast track to recovery. When Bobby got out he was attending NA meetings and working the program. He landed a very good sales job with a packaging firm in Maryland and moved into a condo a few years later. He also had a very special woman in his life with whom he'd been friends with for several years. They began to discuss marriage. His sales numbers at work increased as the months went by. Finally, everything seemed to be going right.

Bobby died alone in his condo after a night out celebrating a friend's birthday. His friends asked him to stay over but he wanted to go home. Those 13 years when he was battling addiction were a living hell for his entire family. They didn't think that anyone else could possibly understand and they feared being judged by both friends and family.

Bobby told his family how much he hated heroin and what power it had over him. He said it invaded his dreams—that he thought about it every single day. The only comfort I can find while dealing with this grief is the knowledge that he is free from his struggles with heroin and finally at peace.

EMMETT J. SCANNELL—MANSFIELD,
MASSACHUSETTS

On April 20, 2016 Emmett J. Scannell lost his battle to Substance Use Disorder and died of a heroin overdose. He was 20 years old. Emmett was the average American teen; he loved video games and BMX biking. He was a caring, funny, smart young man with the potential for greatness. Emmett was the adored older brother to Zachary (age 18) and Alice (age 9). He had a smile and charm that could light up a room—but heroin stole that from him. As teenagers often do, Emmett experimented with marijuana in high school, but after a bad experience with a synthetic substance referred to as "spice" or "K2," he entered recovery and was sober for his Junior and Senior year of high school. Emmett went on to graduate from Bridgewater-Raynham Regional High School in May of 2014 as a National Honor Society scholar with a 4.27 GPA.

In September of 2014, Emmett went to Worcester State University to study Computer Science. His biggest worry at the time

was leaving his high school sweetheart behind. Within six weeks of beginning college, heroin entered Emmett's life. Within eighteen short months, heroin stole Emmett from his family. During those long months, Emmett's mother did everything in her power to help him, and if love alone could have saved him—Emmett would still be here. Unfortunately, in the early stages of his struggle with addiction, Emmett's mother was unaware of the trips he took to the hospital due to overdoses—HIPAA laws prevented her from accessing that information because he was eighteen. As Emmett's disease progressed, adequate treatment programs were cost prohibitive (upwards of \$30,000 out of pocket) and nothing beyond a 5-day detox program was considered "medically necessary." Outpatient day programs, private counseling, even the monthly Vivitrol shot were no match for this disease.

Since losing her son in April, Emmett's mother has been very open about the circumstances leading up to his death—about his struggle with Substance Use Disorder and specifically with heroin. This disease is not something to be ashamed of or hidden. Substance Use Disorder is a disease that has to be brought out into the light and addressed. We are losing loved ones every day to this horrible epidemic. Emmett's mother has vowed not to let her son's death be in vain. She is working to stop the stigma, promote awareness, promote education, promote early intervention and promote prevention as well as lobby for access to treatment for all suffering from this disease. She always told Emmett that he was her sunshine. Emmett's mother will continue to shine that light into the lives of others in his honor.

CANDACE BROOKE SHELTON—WISE, VIRGINIA

Candace was such a special child. She was a pleaser; she loved to make people happy and feel good. She made friends easily and people loved to be around her. However, Candace did keep a lot inside too and would hide her pain in many different ways. When she was going through adolescence, she began to eat to cover the pain she felt. She struggled a lot with insecurities.

In her early twenties, Candace was dealing with identity issues and decided to confirm what her family already knew—she was gay. Candace never wanted to disappoint anyone and felt like she was letting people down. This led to a lot of wrong decisions including drinking, doing drugs, and texting and driving one night which led to a near fatal car accident. She had flipped her vehicle several times and was in critical condition with lots of internal injuries. They had to amputate her left leg and she was in a coma for almost two months.

Finally it happened, defying all odds—Candace awoke. The nurses called her their "miracle girl." But then Candace had to come to the reality that her life had changed dramatically; she could no longer walk. She struggled with trying to adjust to a different way of life. She tried a prosthetic leg, but due to the injuries in her right leg, she never really gained use of it. Candace left the hospital on lots of medication, including morphine and Fentanyl patches. She was weaned off those drugs, but it was the beginning of the addiction that would eventually end her life.

Candace continued with pain medications, but at this time she was prescribed Oxycodone, and later Xanax for anxiety. Afterwards, she had moved in with a person she had met on Facebook and they were in a relationship. It wasn't the best situation for Candace because this person was abusing substances; adding fuel to the flame.

Candace sent her mother a text on a Monday night, asking if she could drive her to

her doctor's appointment the next day. Candace's mother told her she was not able to and ending up arguing. Candace ended up finding a way to the doctors, where she was prescribed more pain medication and Xanax. She texted her mother that evening, but she was being stubborn and was going to let her stew for a bit. It was the day before Thanksgiving and thought she would just make-up with Candace when they were together. But that day never came.

Her mother received a call around 3 a.m. Thanksgiving morning that Candace had passed away that night from an overdose. The autopsy confirmed that Candace had taken a lethal dose of both her medications. Apparently she had started to overdose the previous day, falling out of her wheelchair. The people Candace was with kept putting her back to bed, instead of calling 911; they were afraid of getting Candace's medications taken away. The girl Candace was living with overdosed just two days later on the same medication that Candace had.

Candace's family's lives changed forever that Thanksgiving morning in 2013.

CODY, SHUMWAY—HEMET, CALIFORNIA

Cody was his mother's first born son. He was a loving, caring, brilliant, gifted and funny individual. He was a joy to be around and had many friends. Cody began experimenting with drugs and alcohol at the age of 14 and very quickly we realized that he had a serious problem. After two stints in treatment during his junior year of high school, Cody stayed off of hard drugs for 15 years.

Cody was a musical and math genius and after college he moved to Hawaii to become a high school math teacher. He was living his dream of surfing big waves and working a job that he loved. His students loved him as well.

Cody got injured surfing and was prescribed Vicodin. After 15 years sober from hard drugs, Cody fell back into his disease of addiction almost immediately. He finally agreed to go to treatment and while he was there he helped many others with their issues. He was such a likeable guy that people enjoyed his company no matter where he was. After 10 months of hard-won sobriety, Cody lost his battle to the disease of addiction on July 26, 2012, just two days after completing his Master's Degree. He died of an overdose of heroin and alcohol.

CALEB SMYTHIA—LOUDON, TENNESSEE

Caleb Smythia, oldest of four, was his mother's biggest fan and the idol of his brother and two sisters. Caleb was a great cook, loved all kinds of music and had a passion for playing the guitar. Music became so much a part of Caleb's life because he found it to be therapeutic.

Caleb's struggles began at age 16. He went through many rough patches and began abusing methamphetamine. When objects and money kept missing at home, his mother filed an unruly charge against him and Caleb became a child of the state. He spent over a year and a half in three different foster homes and one group home. Unfortunately, Caleb was never placed in a treatment facility, even though he relapsed and tested positive for five different drugs in his system.

When Caleb eventually went home, he seemed to have his life back on track. After graduating high school, Caleb had hopes of going to culinary school. However, within days after graduating, Caleb returned to his old friends who were abusing methamphetamine and pills.

Eventually, problems with Caleb were so bad that his mother told him he was no longer welcome in her home. One late night in the pouring rain, Caleb knocked on the door. His mother told Caleb she would take him to the ER or to a treatment facility but

he couldn't come into the house. Even though Caleb was at such a low point and begged for help, the ER turned him away.

Another night Caleb arrived at his mother's door bloodied and broken. Caleb had been beaten and tortured for two hours by eight members of the local college baseball team. One of the players had given Caleb \$35 and asked him to get Percocet. Caleb was so deep in his addiction that he kept the money in order to get a fix. To retaliate, the team forced a mutual friend to trick Caleb into another drug deal. When Caleb went to meet the friend, he was abducted, thrown in the back of a truck, and held down by his throat. The baseball team drove Caleb to a field where he was kicked and stomped while curled in a fetal position. Caleb begged for his life and promised to pay them \$50 if they let him go. The next day, two of the boys came to Caleb's mother's house to get the money. One of them was holding the same baseball bat they had used to break Caleb's knee the night before. Three of the eight boys were charged and convicted of felony assault for which they received 10 years probation. Caleb refused to testify against his attackers in court because he felt like he deserved the beating.

Caleb's family soon moved and everything seemed to be well again. However, Caleb's mother worked two jobs and didn't know that Caleb was getting into his grandmother's pain pills. Caleb went to live 200 miles away with his father. Unfortunately, Caleb wasn't kept safe—his father also had a substance abuse disorder. Caleb overdosed and died on Christmas morning of 2015, after being sold black market pills that contained fentanyl.

RYAN JOSEPH SOUDER—LINWOOD, NEW JERSEY

Ryan Souder died in October of 2012 to a heroin overdose. In September, Ryan was at his lowest; he was homeless and couldn't get a job so he just walked around all day. He asked his mother for help and, like so many times before, she called every place that she could think of but there were no beds available. She took him to the emergency room and the doctor wasn't very helpful. He said that if Ryan wanted to get sober, he would have to do it on his own. The doctor gave them some medication to help with the withdrawals and Ryan and his mother sat in a hotel room together for almost a week while he detoxed. The doctor said to watch him. Many times over the course of that week Ryan's mother stood over him while he slept, just to make sure he was still breathing. Days later, she was finally able to get a bed for Ryan and they drove to the treatment center.

Ten days into detox Ryan called and begged his mother to come get him. She told him that he needed to stay and get better. The director of the treatment center called her a few hours later to say that Ryan had called one of his friends instead. The man was on his way to pick Ryan up.

Within a month Ryan died alone in that "friend's" guest room. Ryan had just turned 21.

Ryan was adored by everyone that knew him; he was funny, handsome, smart, compassionate, and athletic. Ryan was a son, brother, best friend, nephew, and grandson. He loved his family very much and was always asking after everyone, he even called from jail and while he was living on the streets.

Ryan dropped out of high school during his junior year in high school and never got the chance to walk at graduation or get his diploma. He didn't go to prom. Ryan never got a driver's license. He will never watch either of his sisters get married. Ryan will never do any of the things that his mother, always

dreamt he would. His death was a crushing blow to our whole family.

THOMAS "TOMMY" SOWELL—JANE LEW, WEST VIRGINIA

Tommy was born June 11, 1991, and passed away on February 13, 2016, from an accidental overdose of heroin laced with fentanyl. Tommy's addiction likely began when he was prescribed oxycodone after undergoing surgery for a hernia during 9th grade.

Tommy was his parents' youngest child—he was a good son, person, and brought joy to all of our lives. Tommy loved his family and tried hard to overcome his struggles with addiction. He was sweet and sensitive, respectful and loving. He was physically strong yet tender-hearted and could be fiercely funny, witty and ornery—all at the same time. Tommy always made his family laugh with his spot-on impressions and general goofiness. His smile could light up a room and his grin would melt anyone's heart. Tommy was always able to conquer anything he set out to do, except his battle with addiction. His family knows that given the time Tommy would have been able to beat it.

MICHAEL "MIKE" JAMES TURNER—NORWALK, CONNECTICUT

So many people think "drunk" or "junkie" when they see someone suffering from addiction. What they can't see is a person that is stuck in a body they can no longer control.

Mike Turner suffered from addiction. He was also type 1 diabetic and had a Chiari malformation in his brain. He had a long history of alcohol and drug abuse and in the end, it was heroin that took him. Those were Mike's labels, but that is not who Mike was—the man he was, was an affectionate, exciting and hilarious dad, boyfriend, son, brother, and uncle. He had integrity, he was honest, and charitable. Mike participated in Chiari Malformation Cancer, Autism and Addiction events. He planned on going back to school to become an addiction counselor.

Mike acknowledged his issues and fought to better himself in the best way he knew how. Mike even went through a parenting course to try to be a better dad. He loved his kiddos—Mike Jr. and Amber—more than anything. He was all about his family and looked forward to weekly Sunday dinners at his mom's house.

Mike was a funny guy—pretty clumsy and always getting into mischief. He was so positive and encouraged everyone around him in their pursuits. Everyone who knew the real Mike loved him.

Mike had his demons, however, and he knew that overcoming his addiction was the most important thing. As long as he was using he was useless to his kids, his family, and his job. Mike knew the hurt his addiction caused others and that destroyed him. It devastated his family to witness his hurt and share his pain. Mike tried detoxing and treatment numerous times. He was part of a group called the SNAKES—Soldiers Needing Accountability Keeping Each Other Sober in Christ. In April 2016, he graduated from a program with 9 months clean.

On April 22, 2016, just three weeks after his graduation, Mike was living with his girlfriend, Theresa, again. He woke up with a start that morning and said he had low blood sugar. By 8:30 a.m., his sugar was up and he said he was feeling much better.

Mike's last message to Theresa was at 9:17 AM: "no worries im alive :cP." Theresa called him after her meeting around 10:30. He didn't answer so she called again . . . still no answer. She kept trying. Theresa had another meeting that ended around 11:45. She tried calling again and there was still no answer. Fearful that his sugar had dropped too low, she ran home. When Theresa got home

around 12:30 p.m., she opened the door and found Mike.

Mike had relapsed after being 9 months clean. Theresa had no idea that he had been using. He overdosed some time between 9:17 and 10:30 that morning, on April 22, 2016. He was 33 years old.

TRIBUTE TO JAYNE ARMSTRONG

HON. DAVID YOUNG

OF IOWA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mr. YOUNG of Iowa. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize and congratulate Jayne Armstrong of West Des Moines, Iowa, for being named the Iowa Advocate of the Year by the Iowa Chapter of the National Association of Women Business Owners.

Each year, the Iowa Chapter of the National Association of Women Business Owners recognizes women who have greatly contributed to the business landscape in the state. Jayne, as District Director of the Small Business Administration in Iowa, advocates for small businesses as they seek financing, developmental training and counseling to help develop and grow. With more women owning small businesses, Jayne is front and center, guiding them through the difficult process of starting their own business. It is because of Iowans like Jayne I'm proud to represent our great state.

Mr. Speaker, I commend Jayne for her commitment to small business owners throughout the third district. Her tireless work in advocacy on their behalf is crucial in helping Iowa's economy thrive. I ask that my colleagues in the United States House of Representatives join me in congratulating Jayne and in wishing her nothing but continued success.

HONORING STEVEN M. CIBOROWSKI OF PENNSYLVANIA

HON. SCOTT PERRY

OF PENNSYLVANIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mr. PERRY. Mr. Speaker, today I honor my constituent, Steven M. Ciborowski, on his retirement after more than 35 years of civilian service with the United States Army.

Mr. Ciborowski served as an engineering technician with the U.S. Army Edgewood Chemical Biological Center (ECBC) and was a crucial player in support of force protection activities for ECBC's Critical Lab Infrastructure. He served as the focal point for fire and safety coordination for various critical security inspections and greatly contributed to the success of those programs.

Mr. Ciborowski's dedication and professionalism touched the lives of many people and helped the ECBC fulfill its mission to be the Nation's premier provider of innovative chemical and biological solutions.

On behalf of Pennsylvania's Fourth Congressional District, I commend and congratulate Steven M. Ciborowski upon his retirement after more than 35 years of service to the United States of America.