

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.

IN RECOGNITION OF LEWISVILLE
ISD'S MARCHING BANDS

HON. MICHAEL C. BURGESS

OF TEXAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mr. BURGESS. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to congratulate the Flower Mound, Marcus, and Hebron High School bands for their noteworthy success at the 2016 UIL Class 6A Marching Band Contest. These Lewisville ISD bands achieved the first, second and third place honors, setting a first-time UIL record for a single school district to win the top three spots in the largest classification. Their outstanding performances were made possible through the talents, perseverance and hard work of the band students under the incredible leadership of Brent Biskup at Flower Mound, Andy Sealey at Hebron, and Amanda Drinkwater at Marcus.

The Flower Mound High School band won the state marching contest for the first time in the school's history as well as secured its second consecutive top spot at the Bands of America Super Regional competition four days earlier. Their rise to victory is no doubt due to their creative and extraordinary dedication to their craft. Hebron High School took a narrow second place, and their achievements this year have served to inspire the students around them. Marcus High School finished in third place, and had previously been consecutive five-time winners. Their long-term success reflects well on the organization and the students and parents who make the show possible.

It is a privilege to represent these bands and the Lewisville Independent School District in the U.S. House of Representatives. I look forward to seeing more great accomplishments from LISD and their bands and wish them the best of luck in all future endeavors.

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 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.

JONATHAN SPARKS—LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

Jonathan was a sweet young man who started off on a rocky note when he was diagnosed with Neuroblastoma cancer at the age of four. He battled this for a year and a half, which involved invasive treatments such as a stem cell transplant. His prognosis was very grim, but thanks be to God he made it and entered Kindergarten right before his 6th birthday.

It took a long time for Jonathan's stamina to improve after undergoing such intensive treatment and as a result, he was bullied as a child. He just couldn't keep up with the other kids during activities. This made him compassionate towards others who were less fortunate than he was, and he would take up for these people or help them in any way he could. Jonathan was always a people person. He would and could strike up a conversation with anyone; he felt just as comfortable talking to a politician as he did a homeless man.

During his teenage years Jonathan felt left out and like he didn't fit in with his peers. He struggled with academics due to what he had been exposed to during the cancer treatments. He was forced out of private school because of this learning disability. He went to public school his junior year, and in trying to fit in he fell in with a crowd he should have stayed away from. As soon as he turned 18, he dropped out of school during his senior year.

Jonathan was passionate about basketball and cooking. He never excelled at basketball because, again, he just couldn't keep up. He suffered from severe back pain due to radiation. But he knew stats about basketball that you wouldn't believe. He loved a lot of NBA teams, but his favorite was Miami Heat. Jonathan could cook anything; he was an avid food network watcher and could have given some of those people a run for their money. He watched "Diners, Drive-ins and Dives," and loved to eat at the places where Guy, the host, did his shows. His dream was to become a chef.

Sometime between the ages of 18 and 20, Jonathan was introduced to Xanax. His mother assumes it was in order to ease his back pain. From there he got into heroin. She does not know when he started using because he was good at keeping it a secret from our family. He came home in April of 2015 and stayed home all summer. He never went anywhere; he just hung out at home watching cooking shows and basketball games.

In August he started working at Pizza Hut. Around the middle of the month he was called by some friends who didn't have a car and needed a ride to the hospital—they were about to have a baby. Two weeks later he spent the Saturday of Labor Day weekend with these two women and their newborn. They went to the local skate park that evening to buy heroin. According to his friends, Jonathan went into the restroom to use and when he emerged he was unable to walk. The women helped him into his own car and then drove him around for 2 or 3 hours thinking that he would sleep it off. Finally, they drove him to the ER and dumped him in front of the door. By this time, Jonathan's body tissue was dying and his organs were shutting down. Jonathan was in a coma for 20 days and died 6 days after his 21st birthday, on September 26, 2015.

NICHOLAS "NICKY" DANIEL TOTH V—PAGOSA
SPRINGS, COLORADO

Nicholas Daniel Toth V was born on December 27, 1995 in Pagosa Springs, Colorado. He was a miracle as far as his parents were concerned—they literally smothered the poor kid. Nicky was his parents shining star. Never in their life did they ever think they would only have 19 years with him.

Nicky was the oldest of his two brothers. The Toth family was blessed with two more sons, Jackson and Harrison. Life was perfect. They were all raised in a beautiful mountain town. We volunteered tirelessly in our community. As parents, the Toths didn't just go to every sporting event their boys had, they coached them. You name it and they did it for their boys. They ate organic foods and planted their own gardens. Life was effortless and delightful.

All of this changed one awful night when Nicky was in 6th grade and sexually violated by one of his peers. After that he was never the same. That same boy went on to bully Nicky and the school district did nothing. The Toth family received no community or school support. They felt abandoned but Nicky felt it the most. Following that year, the Toths decided as a family to move back east to New Jersey in order to be closer to friends and family where they felt they could get the most support, and more importantly, save their Nicholas.

Unfortunately, that one awful night shaped Nicky's teenage path. He didn't talk about it; he wouldn't and couldn't. Instead, Nicky started self-medicating—beginning with alcohol and marijuana. From there he moved to Xanax that he got from other parents' medicine cabinets. Then, Nicky discovered the love of his life, heroin. The Toth family was in turmoil. Nicky was in and out of treatment centers and jail. He missed multiple holidays. He wanted nothing more than to be happy and healthy.

During his active addiction, Nicky was in jail from January 2014 to June 2014 and again from July 2014 to February 2015. He finally came home March 20, 2015. The entire Toth family was so hopeful but also scared. Nicky was at least safe while in jail. He participated in outpatient programs and got a job. His family had no idea he started using again.

In April 2015, Nicky overdosed in his family's home and lived to see another day. Following that night, Nicky went to inpatient treatment in South New Jersey. His family were so hopeful because Nicky completed his 30 day program and organized himself into a sober living home. The person in charge said he had never had such a tenacious applicant. Nicky was ready to start his life. He lived in the house for two weeks.

On Friday, June 12, 2015, Nicky's mother went to see him after work and took him to dinner. She kissed his face, hugged his big shoulders and laughed together for the last time. On the morning of June 14th, the local police came to the Toth family's home to inform them that they lost their son. He was found in Newark. He was all alone.

AIDAN VANDERHEOF—MINOT, NORTH DAKOTA

Aidan Vanderheof grew up surrounded by love and attention. His life had bumps along the way, most of which were created by his family. Aidan's parents divorced when he was about two years old. He lived with mother but had a lot of visitation time with his dad. When he was about twelve, Aidan went to live with his dad in Bismarck and started playing JV football. He had loads of friends and got along easily with everyone. Aidan went back to live with his mother when he was sixteen.

Like any teenager, Aidan pushed the boundaries. He bought a pick-up truck the second he got his driver's license and would haul around as many of his friends as could fit in it. Around that time many family arguments started to emerge and Aidan began having trouble in school. Many nights he wouldn't come home, but he always had an excuse—he fell asleep on a friend's couch, for example. Over time, his absences increased at home and at school. Aidan's mother had