

from painfully shy to aggressive and he became a risk taker—it was frightening. His mother took him to many neurologists but nobody could help. It seemed like there was no way to fix his injured brain. Corey then became depressed and got into drugs. He went in and out of the Brattleboro retreat in Vermont, including a period during which he went to school there until he started committing crimes and got caught up in the legal system, which never seems to help. This cycle was hard to watch because there was nothing his mother could do to help him, even though she tried everything: different therapists, medications, specialists, etc. In September, he started using heroin and fell in love with a girl. Some time after that, they decided to get clean together and admitted themselves into rehab in Boston. His mother picked Corey up on Christmas Eve so he could come and spend the holidays in Massachusetts with his family. His mother never seen him so happy.

One day, Corey called his mother around 5 o'clock and asked her to wire him some money for laundry and snacks. He had only been in the step-down unit for a few days after spending three weeks in a secure treatment facility. He had more freedom in the sober house—he was getting himself to and from meetings and appointments. He took the money his mother sent him and used it to buy drugs. Corey's roommate found him unresponsive. They did manage to revive him a couple of hours later but he never regained consciousness. Corey was brain-dead for three days before he was removed from life-support on February 1, 2014. Corey died of an unintentional overdose.

WILLIAM "WILL" HEAD WILLIAMS—NEW YORK,
NEW YORK

William Head Williams died of an accidental overdose shortly before his 24th birthday. Two years before his death, his parents first became aware that their son was using heroin. At the time William was already seeing a psychotherapist and over the next two years his family added various additional support systems to help William's struggle. These included an addiction psychiatrist, outpatient treatment, treatment with Suboxone, inpatient detox, inpatient treatment, outpatient treatment, outpatient detox, treatment with Vivitrol, more outpatient treatment, another inpatient treatment, more outpatient treatment, well over a dozen trips to and from the emergency rooms of at least four different hospitals, an attempt to work with another addiction psychiatrist, Alcoholics Anonymous, and Narcotics Anonymous. A home life fraught with tension, despair, sometimes hopeful during intermittent periods of sobriety, and always filled with the apprehension of misfortune. That apprehension became fact when William accidentally overdosed. Six weeks of comatose and/or heavily medicated hospitalization followed before the ultimate realization that William was consigned to a persistent vegetative state.

As a family, William's parents struggled from the beginning to find both their own support system and ways to engage and encourage William in recovery. In the beginning, they kept William's and their battle to themselves, in the interest of protecting his privacy and their own. William still had career goals and ambitions that could be thwarted with heroin use on his "résumé." While it's harder for them to admit, William's parents also kept quiet out of some sense of embarrassment or shame.

Over the course of time, with the help of addiction counselors, and sharing their circumstance at Al-Anon in particular, William's parents came to understand that they were not alone. There were, in fact, many

families like them, negotiating their response to addiction: discovering what they were powerless over, battling for the courage to confront what they could control, and, at least in their case, fighting desperately to distinguish between the two. There was and is relief in knowing that others suffer the same struggle, zigzagging along a tortuous path, enduring dead ends in hope of a solution, bravely putting in the work to realize a more promising and serene future. Yet, their story and others remained anonymous, pit stops at an emotional leper colony, quite separate from a world racing on.

Out of choice and necessity, when William's parents chose to remove him from life support, they offered William's story to virtually everyone they knew in the days just prior to his death and in the interim before his memorial service. In return, more and more people surrendered their personal horrors to the family. From even the most reserved and private came narratives of heroin overdoses, cocaine abuse, weeks and months in rehab, alcohol relapse, addiction to pills. Addiction is, as the Williams family has learned, a family disease. The number of stories they have heard of wives, daughters, fathers, sons, nieces, nephews, brothers and sisters—not in counseling or therapy scenarios, but from people who recognize their pain and somehow want to comfort them, or to comfort themselves through them, is staggering.

DALTON WOMACK—LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

Dalton was born September 20, 1991. Anyone who was lucky enough to meet Dalton will never forget him. He had a smile that was absolutely contagious—you couldn't help but feel good when he was around and in good spirits. Dalton's love for children was always present. He could relate to children like no one else; he cared about how they felt and also he cared for them in a way that they knew Dalton was a friend.

The respect Dalton gave to the elderly was admirable. He would go out of his way to open a door, walk someone to their car, or carry their groceries. It was his nature to help others. Dalton did whatever was needed without even blinking an eye.

Dalton was a friend to anyone he would meet—in other words, he never met a stranger. Music was in his soul and he loved it more than anything (other than being with his friends and family). Dalton was a caring person and gave everything he could; on many occasions right down to his last dollar—he would go without it just to make sure someone else had what they needed. He lived his life unselfish and had a huge heart.

Before his family knew it, Dalton was struggling with addiction. His addiction started off small and became more powerful; bigger than they could ever imagine. His family had countless conversations but nothing seemed to help; therefore, they turned to treatment.

Dalton's family's worst fear came on July 8, 2016; the dreaded phone call that every parent hates but knows at some point might come. Dalton was gone. Not just out of town, not just going to the store and be back later but gone. He died at the hands of a steering wheel, with addiction gripping him. He was by himself, all alone.

His family received the news from the emergency room doctor and chaplain—the conversation still plays over and over in their head. The pain today still hurts as if it were yesterday and probably will forever. But one thing they know to be true, if Dalton and the many others could have the opportunity to look ahead and see how tragic life could end with addiction, maybe just maybe things would be different. Hell isn't six feet under; Hell is loving and missing a son who had addiction.

TRIBUTE TO THE RONALD McDONALD HOUSE CHARITIES OF CENTRAL IOWA

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 the Ronald McDonald House Charities of Central Iowa for its 35 years of service to families in need.

Since opening its doors in August of 1981, Ronald McDonald House Charities of Central Iowa has provided a "home away from home" for over 10,000 families whose children are undergoing medical treatment. In 2011 alone, the 12-room facility provided a home for over 400 families from 71 of Iowa's 99 counties and 10 other states. Families are asked to contribute a nominal fee each night, but if they cannot afford to do so, they are not turned away. The philosophy at the Ronald McDonald House in Des Moines is that one of the best medicines for a severely ill child is the love of their family right by their side during challenging times. It is humbling to see the widespread support from Iowa businesses and individuals that keep the doors open at the Ronald McDonald House of Central Iowa.

Mr. Speaker, I commend the Ronald McDonald House Charities of Central Iowa for its 35 years of serving families under the most difficult of circumstances. I ask that my colleagues in the United States House of Representatives join me in congratulating them and wishing nothing but the best.

IN HONOR OF THE 150TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FLOATING HOSPITAL

HON. CAROLYN B. MALONEY

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mrs. CAROLYN B. MALONEY of New York. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor the 150th anniversary of The Floating Hospital (TFH), located in Long Island City, New York, in the district I am privileged to represent. TFH was founded in 1866 with the goal: "To afford relief to the sick children of the poor of the City of New York without regard to creed, color, or nationality." Today, TFH serves thousands of victims of domestic violence, homeless families, and public housing residents.

Though it is a land-based organization today, TFH derives its name from the series of ships which housed the hospital and regularly sailed through New York Harbor, providing children and their caregivers with recreational opportunities on board, as well as healthcare services, health and nutrition education, and a respite from an overcrowded city. The idea was inaugurated by George F. Williams, a managing editor at The New York Times, when he saw newsboys being forced off the grass in City Hall Park by police and ordered to stay on the walkways where the hot concrete burned their feet. Their plight inspired him to appeal to the Times's readership to donate money for a boat trip for newsboys and bootblacks. These trips soon became more regular and were taken over by St. John's

Guild, which purchased the first vessel, organized the trips and expanded them to include underprivileged children and their mothers. Medical personnel were hired to provide treatment, vaccines, nutritional guidance and other care, and opened a clinic for sick patients on Staten Island.

IN the early 2000s, TFH sold its boat and created a clinic in Long Island City and has now become New York City's largest provider of primary healthcare services to residents of family shelters and domestic violence safe houses, as well as residents of public housing, with more than 61,000 patient visits every year. TFH opened the first federally-qualified health center in a New York City Housing Authority development and Queensbridge Houses.

TFH works proactively with families from the moment they enter the shelter system, including screenings for communicable diseases and health conditions like heart disease and asthma. TFH provides a huge array of primary healthcare services, oral healthcare, health education, benefits counseling, and mental health services, and even offers free transportation for patients to and from over 200 shelters and domestic violence safe houses.

In its 150 years, TFH has served over 5 million patients. Today, it continues to honor its historic mission to serve the most vulnerable by working constantly to improve and expand its services and clinics.

I ask my colleagues to join me in celebrating the anniversary of TFH and its 150 years of immeasurable contributions to the health and well-being of all New Yorkers.

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.

JERRID FRANKLIN YOUNKER—SIDNEY, OHIO

Susan Cole found her 17 year old son, Jerrid Younker, dead on March 14, 2016. Almost three months later, she found out that it his death was the result of fentanyl intoxication. Susan had no idea Jerrid was using drugs and is devastated by this. Jerrid

missed his high school graduation, his 18th birthday, and so much of his life due to one bad decision.

Growing up, Jerrid was a dedicated fisherman. He loved being outdoors, especially activities involving mud and/or animals. He was an avid Bengals fan. Jerrid and Susan had been going to annual Browns vs. Bengals football games every year—it became a mother/son tradition.

Jerrid was only 17 years old and had enough credits to graduate high school early. He was supposed to walk in his graduation on May 26th, and he wasn't even recognized for all his hard work over the years after he died. Jerrid was a good kid, a big prankster to all, and he loved little kids and animals dearly. He had his whole life ahead of him, but now it's all lost. Jerrid left behind his parents and a brother and sister who miss him terribly.

JACQUELINE "JACKIE" ZANFAGNA—PLAISTOW, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Jackie Zanfagna's struggles became evident before her 10th birthday. Some called her a "difficult teen" but her mother, Anne Marie, and father, Jim, knew that Jackie was struggling with a medical condition and desperately needed treatment. Her parents sought help from countless doctors to no avail. Jackie had bipolar tendencies. When she was at her best, she was a bright, engaged girl who loved animals, fashion, and cared fiercely for her niece and nephew. When she was at her worst, her self-esteem plummeted and she was prone to fits of rage. Her parents were left to patch the walls where her fist had bust the plaster.

Jackie's suffering went undiagnosed. Anne Marie, who suffered from rheumatoid arthritis, began noticing that her pain medication was missing and eventually valuables started disappearing too. When the Zanfagna's realized that they couldn't trust their daughter or her friends, they changed their locks, installed an alarm system, and got a guard dog.

Jackie survived one overdose but was so deeply ashamed that she pushed away the people who cared about her the most. Somehow, in the midst of what seemed a plummeting spiral, Jackie found some solid ground at the age of 25.

After years of thwarted endeavors such as cosmetology school, community college and a modeling agency, Jackie landed a good job at Staples. She had a new car, a new boyfriend and her relationship with her family was suddenly on the mend. It seemed like the nightmare of the previous years might have finally lifted.

When Jackie died of a heroin overdose on October 18, 2014, her family was devastated.

ANDY ZORN—PHOENIX, ARIZONA

Andy was born in 1982 in Phoenix, Arizona. He had a joyful life. He made friends easily and he was always on a mission to make people laugh; as the class clown and life of the party, he often succeeded. When Andy grew older, a few of his good friends developed substance abuse issues and Andy took it upon himself to help them work through it. After seeing the destruction of hard drugs first-hand, he made a personal commitment to not use.

Andy was a big dreamer and made concrete plans for his future. He started a retirement savings account at the age of 16, after starting his very first job. But as Andy became a young adult, he thought he had to participate in drinking and drugs in order to fit in. He was good at hiding the extent to which he must have indulged in these activities. Andy committed suicide on March 1, 2014, in Peoria, Arizona. His suicide note was surprising and painful:

"My soul is already dead. Marijuana killed my soul + ruined my brain."

Andy spent his last five years in a downward spiral of what we now recognize as marijuana abuse. There were the calls to suicide help lines, hospitalizations in five different mental health hospitals on three different occasions, and two sentences of court-ordered mental health treatment for psychotic behavior. During the last week of his life Andy told his mother, father and the social worker that he had to quit using marijuana to live but he was unable to do so; he was addicted. Marijuana was doing nothing good for him except to help him sleep. Without it he had nightmares.

But by then, Andy's waking life was a nightmare that he suffered for years. He worked for very short durations with various mental health professionals and received a variety of diagnoses, including Major Depression, PTSD, Bipolar Disorder, Mild Alcohol Use Disorder and Severe Cannabis Use Disorder.

One of his doctors noted in his records, "Andy is a kind and gentle man. He is an honorable man. Andy is smart with goals and the skills to make them happen. Andy has a great smile and people are comfortable around him."

For a time Andy functioned well; mostly employed, earning an Associate Degree and completing three years of active duty in the Army's 82nd Airborne Division, including a tour of duty in Iraq. But as the marijuana addiction took control over his life, he lost insight into his own mental health. He began to isolate and avoided friends and family. He quit his jobs and disappointed himself over and over again.

Andy is one of the 129 a day who has died from a substance use disorder. Andy is one of the 22 Veterans that committed suicide each day.

ZAHER JULIAN ESTILL—ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA

Zafer 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.

JORDAN LEWIS BARNES—LUDLOW, KENTUCKY

Jordan was born October 13, 1991. Jordan was an avid motocross rider. He lived for fast