

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 Youngker, 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

speed and unthinkable stunts. At the age of 15 he was involved in a serious motocross accident, causing him to break both wrists and having pins put in them. He shattered his collarbone and had a titanium plate and 12 screws inserted. He also suffered severe knee complications. After he was healed, Jordan foolishly punched an ice box at a local store in Ludlow, resulting in what's referred to as a 'Boxer's Fracture' in his right wrist. From there on, his life would forever change.

At only 15 years old, Jordan was prescribed strong narcotics for his great level of pain. This would only turn to harder drugs and heavier dosages. At 16, Jordan dropped out of high school. Over the next 9 years, Jordan was on a constant rollercoaster of ups and downs; experimenting with different types of drugs like marijuana, Percocet, and Vicodin, and his drinking began to surge as well. He checked into a treatment facility, where he stayed for 3 to 4 months. He appreciated his time there. He liked the atmosphere and the people who were there. He made comments about wanting to go back to work there and help others who struggled with the same demons he did.

On Mother's Day of 2013, at 21 years old, Jordan experienced his first overdose from heroin. He was found in the bathroom of his grandmother's home with a needle hanging out of his leg; he was unresponsive. Jordan was rushed to the hospital where he was put on life support and remained on it for roughly 30 hours. After spending an additional few days in the hospital, he was released. Upon his release, Jordan had a new outlook on life. He changed the group of friends he previously associated with. He changed the places he hung out.

August 2013 came around and Jordan's father, presented him with an opportunity to work and make really good money in a different state. Jordan jumped at this opportunity. He moved to North Dakota and lived there for a year. Jordan seemed to be doing well, until he fell with the wrong crowd. He began using again and eventually lost his job, which ultimately led to him living out of his car. Jordan's father booked two flights for him to fly back home but Jordan never got on the plane. Finally, with the help of one of the only true friends he had, Jordan made it home with the intent to start fresh. Jordan stayed with his friend for a few months to continue on a positive path.

In September 2014, Jordan was pulled over and arrested for no insurance. While he was in jail he ended up getting sick from detoxing and spent 45 days in the hospital. During his hospital stay, we learned that Jordan had a lot of internal issues that he was unaware of. His kidneys had started to shut down, he had an infection in his blood which led to 'Infective Endocarditis' (which is a bacterial infection on the heart valve), and he tested positive for Hepatitis C from his careless mindset of just wanting to get high and using dirty needles. All this at the age of 23 years old. Jordan's doctors told him that the next time he decided to do drugs again, it would kill him. He was on his last chance at life.

After being discharged from the hospital, he returned home to live with his grandmother. He seemed to be doing very well this time around and had a positive outlook of the future. He seemed to be enjoying the life he was living.

One night, Jordan went out to a bar with a family friend. They were hanging out, having a good time and ultimately ended up in Cincinnati to get heroin. Nobody truly knows what happened that night, other than Jordan being with the family friend.

In result of their trip to Cincinnati, Jordan shot the heroin and began to snore. After snoring for a little while, Jordan suddenly

stopped. Instead of taking Jordan directly to the hospital, the family friend took Jordan to his father's house. Once Jordan arrived, 9-1-1 was called and an ambulance was dispatched. His stepmother, began to perform CPR and administered Narcan twice without any luck. EMT's attempted to resuscitate Jordan by shocking his heart but were unsuccessful. They insisted on calling Jordan's death at his father's house, but a doctor at the hospital advised them to bring him into the hospital. When he arrived to the hospital the doctors did get a faint pulse and Jordan was placed on life support for the second, and final, time.

Jordan's organs started shutting down at a rapid pace; there wasn't anything anyone could do. Jordan knew that the next shot would kill him. He didn't care; he wanted that high. Jordan laid in that hospital bed, helplessly on life support for nearly 18 hours, until his little brother could make it in from California to say goodbye. Jordan's hospital room filled with family and friends that loved him, and stayed with him as he took his last breath.

Jordan lost his battle with addiction April 11, 2016. He touched many people with his infectious smile and huge heart. He was loved by many and is missed by many more.

STEPHEN J. DEAGLE, JR.—REVERE,  
MASSACHUSETTS

Stephen's mother lost her only child, Stephen J. Deagle, Jr., on January 8, 2015, at the age of 32. Stephen was an extraordinary young man. He had an IQ score of 147, but Stephen was much more than just smart. Stephen was kind, caring, loving, witty and gifted, with unparalleled talents in computer science and music.

From the age of four, Stephen would write code on his new Apple computer, master video games inside and out, and learned to play the guitar. From there he taught himself how to play the bass, drums and vocals. Stephen always loved people. He would stop and talk to strangers, and would do anything for his friends or family. He was the boy who was always laughing.

Stephen's intelligence was recognized at a young age and was later accepted to St. John's Prep, a private high school in Danvers, Massachusetts. When he was just a senior in high school, Stephen was one of 160 individuals worldwide accepted to attend a law and advocacy seminar in Washington, D.C.

Stephen's demise started early in his first year of college, when he had four impacted wisdom teeth removed. During the surgery, the doctors mistakenly chipped his jaw bone; requiring him to have two subsequent surgeries for which he was prescribed pain medication. Stephen's mother wanted to take the pills so he wouldn't use them, but he assured her he would only take one at a time, when needed.

Within days, Stephen became addicted. He later told his mother, "I knew I loved this pill. When I took the first one—it was the first time I didn't feel any mental or physical pain." He admitted this three months after his first surgery. Stephen was then put in private care treatment but, despite his mother having to refinance her house three times to pay for it, he didn't stay long enough.

At 19, Stephen got clean in Boston, moved to California for a good job and a chance at a new life. Sadly, he didn't understand that treatment is not enough to maintain recovery, and the urge to use was too strong. Stephen found heroin in San Francisco and again him and his family started the road towards recovery. His mother flew back and forth to do all she could to get Stephen into another treatment facility. Finally, they

found one that would accept him and he entered treatment for the second time.

Stephen could not stop using—the urges were too strong. Stephen later went on methadone, despite his mother's strong protests against it. As he explained it, "Mom I can't stop and if I don't get on methadone, I'm going to die." Stephen stayed on methadone for nine years, but was unable to go off it, despite multiple attempts.

Finally, Stephen felt ready to start looking for work again. He found a job he loved that was in his desired field of Computer Science. Stephen excelled at his new job and was promoted within the first three months of working. His boss's boss later told Stephen's mother that he would do things on the network that he didn't know were possible.

Stephen amazed everyone who met him. He was very humble about his talents and didn't want anyone to know just how smart he was, or how much he cared about everything and everyone he loved. Stephen was kind and generous to almost a fault.

"My efforts to gain temporary guardianship were denied, BlueCross BlueShield wouldn't sell me gap insurance, the courts would not get involved, and all of Stephen's doctors that saw him for years wouldn't fill out the paperwork to allow me to take over his care," writes his mother. "After many pleas with his recovery center, they told me they were filling out paperwork to transfer him to another facility but they didn't. Stephen was released after only 21 days—21 days with nine new prescriptions. There was not enough time for his body to even adjust to new medication, let alone that detox from nine years of methadone, one month of suboxone, three months of vivitrol, and a heroin overdose."

"My life is forever changed. Stephen was my only child, my parents' only grandson, my brother and sister's only nephew and my niece's only cousin. The loss of this kind, beautiful young man who wanted nothing more in life than to make a difference in the world has left a hole in our family that can never be filled. The world is black to me now, where once all the colors were so vivid when I shared my life with my son. No wedding, no mother/son dance, no grandchildren, no holidays or birthdays—only darkness and pain. Despite awareness events, speaking locally, statewide and with members of Congress, no real change has been made to fix the broken healthcare system in this country. One death every four minutes is too many. May God bless all those who continue to struggle without the care they need and deserve."

ALICIA DEMARCO—READING, MASSACHUSETTS

Alicia struggled her entire life. At a young age, she was diagnosed with significant comorbid learning disabilities and mental disorders; specifically Attention Deficit Disorder, Executive Function Deficit and Bipolar Disorder. Alicia's mother constantly fought the school system to get Alicia the support she so desperately needed, but to no avail. As a result, Alicia dropped out of high school in her junior year.

At 16 years old, Alicia started experimenting with drugs and was getting into trouble with the law. By 18, she transitioned to shooting heroin. One month after her 18th birthday, Alicia was sent to Massachusetts Committing Institution (MCI)—Framingham state prison.

Alicia spent the majority of her adult life either in jail, detox, dual-diagnostic hospitals, and treatment programs. When she was 24 years old, Alicia gave birth to her daughter, Alexa.

Alicia received a free enrollment into a pilot mode intervention program in Palm

Springs, California. This program covered all expenses, paying to fly Alicia's family of five out to LA, and waived the treatment facility's one-month fee of \$25,000. It was a miracle. Alicia's family had so much hope.

After completing the program, Alicia told her mother, "Mom, I've never felt so good in my whole life." She was given the option to take up residency in a sober living environment; however, Alicia's boyfriend back home was more important to her. Therefore, she returned home and again began her codependent, toxic relationship.

Alicia's boyfriend, along with others, enabled her addiction. It was a constant tug-of-war; Alicia's family pulled her in the right direction, as her boyfriend pulled her towards a life of drugs, crime, sleeping under bridges and jail.

At this time, Alicia got pregnant for the second time. However, her boyfriend left her for another girl. Her mother helped Alicia find a OB/GYN doctor that would prescribe her subutex. She moved into a shelter that August. Things were going well. Her mother would pick Alicia up every day, and gave her whatever she needed. She saw her doctor every week.

Alicia started seeing another guy, who she knew through her previous boyfriend. Alicia's new guy seemed to be very laid back, and Alicia appeared to be happy with him. On November 18, 2014, Alicia's mother, her husband, and Alicia's daughter, Alexa, all flew to Fort Lauderdale to visit family. Alicia was eight and half months pregnant at the time, so they thought it would be best to visit before she gave birth to her new baby girl, Arianna Marie DeMarco.

On November 21, 2014, Alicia's mother received that dreadful phone call from the North Reading Police Department. Her beautiful daughter Alicia and precious granddaughter-to-be were both dead. Alicia's doctor had taken her off of her subutex medication eight days prior to her overdose. Alicia's death certificate indicated Fentanyl, not heroin, was the cause of her overdose. She was 28 years old.

Alicia was a very compassionate and loving person. She loved her family and especially her daughter, Alexa.

#### CAIN FRANKLIN—WARRENTON, VIRGINIA

Cain Franklin exhibited a unique and joyful spirit from the very beginning. At age seven, he asked for a tuxedo and a Bowflex for Christmas. In the second grade, Cain dressed up as Bill Gates for his private school's "Famous People Day." Growing up, his favorite toy was a cash register and Cain would open up little shops and sell things to his mother. Despite excellent grades in school, Cain had some behavioral problems and was tested for ADD. The results determined Cain did not have ADD, but rather he had an extremely high IQ; he wasn't being stimulated in school and would finish his work before everyone else.

Cain proved to be an exceptional martial artist and was presented with his second Dan (rank) black belt at just 11 years old. As soon as he picked up a football he joined a league and, within two weeks, he replaced the coach's son as quarterback. Cain's personality was larger than life. He could carry on conversations with anyone, no matter their

age, and had a contagious smile. Despite Cain's popularity and leader persona in school, he always befriended the underdog. He also taught himself how to play the guitar and in weeks, he was writing his own songs. Cain and his mother shared an unbreakable bond. He was truly gifted and his life seemed blessed—he was truly loved.

When Cain was older he started using alcohol and marijuana, which began to affect his school work and his personality. He was sent to a 28 day treatment facility and later to an outdoor-education program, in an attempt to try and discourage his drug usage. However, each time Cain returned home he went right back to using.

When Cain and his mother moved into town, people started coming and going from their house at all hours. His mother saw evidence of pills and Cain admitted to using them. She started losing control over Cain's actions. She tried to set boundaries, all of which were ignored. She started to notice that her spoons were going missing and the ones she did find had black marks on the bottom. She also was finding bits of cotton and Q-tips everywhere. She still had no idea of what was going on. Once she discovered a needle, she understood.

Cain's mother began having to take regular trips to the Emergency Room when she would find Cain passed out on the floor. She then sent Cain to another treatment facility and, on his return, to AA and NA meetings. Cain's mother watched her son go from a robust young man, to a pale, skinny kid with broken out skin. She accompanied him through many self-detoxes and was by his side when he underwent various withdrawal stages—the chills, fevers, diarrhea, vomiting, cramps, and him pacing for hours. But in the end, Cain went right back to using.

One day, in the early hours, the police came knocking at Cain's mother's door asking if the boy they found face down and blue in the driveway, was her son. Cain was arrested for being in his car, unresponsive, a needle at his feet, with heroin residue.

The attorney fees, plus the treatments and hospital visits wiped out a good part of his mother's savings. Cain started to steal her jewelry and pawned it for cash. Cain also stole his mother's debit card, spending hundreds and only would return it for more money. Finally, Cain failed a urine test and was sent to jail for three months.

When Cain was released, he was clean for 11 months and started to get his life back on track. He attended AA meetings and exchanged his former druggie friends for models of sobriety. He started kickboxing, going to the gym, and working long, hot hours as a landscaper. Him and his mother would talk or text on a daily basis and Cain would occasionally come over to talk more. Cain promised his mother he would pay her back for everything and began making these payments. Things were looking up. Then, four days of silence during which, in her heart, his mother knew was not good. She got a knock on the door to find an officer and a police chaplain. Cain's mother was devastated, but also relieved that Cain's battle was over—though hers was just beginning.

Cain died July 17, 2015, and had been dead for four days, according to when he last used his key card to enter his home. Cain's

housemates called the landlord because of the smell protruding from his room; his body was only identifiable by his dental records due to the decomposition.

Cain is missed every single day.

#### HONORING THE RETIREMENT OF MR. PACO VALENTIN

#### HON. HENRY CUELLAR

OF TEXAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Thursday, December 8, 2016*

Mr. CUELLAR. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor the retirement of Mr. Paco Valentin after 37 years of dedicated service to the U.S. Department of Agriculture (USDA).

Mr. Valentin was born on November 14, 1951 in Brownsville, Texas. After graduating from St. Joseph Academy high school in Brownsville, he went to Texas State University, where he received a Bachelor of Science in Agriculture. Mr. Valentin began his career with the USDA in 1979. Throughout his tenure, he served in numerous leadership roles including USDA Rural Development Housing Loan Specialist, Assistant County Supervisor, and eventually County Supervisor for the USDA Farmers Home Administration.

In 2009, the Obama Administration appointed Mr. Valentin to be the Texas State Director of Rural Development for the USDA. During his tenure as State Director, Rural Development has provided nearly \$12 billion in rural investments throughout Texas for housing, rural utilities, community facilities, and rural business and cooperative development. He also dedicated his time to the promotion, retention, and recruitment of minorities and women, as well as establishing a diverse senior management workforce in an effort to create jobs and spur economic growth in rural communities with limited resources and incomes below the poverty line.

Mr. Valentin dedicated his professional career to working for agricultural and rural interests. His passion and devotion for helping others serves as a model for all of us. Among his numerous awards, he has been recognized with the Habitat Texas 2014 Statewide Community Partner of the Year Award, 2013 Statewide Rural Leadership Award by the Coordinating and Development Corporation of the Ark-La-Tex region, the recipient of the Urban Counties Leadership Award in 2010, and awarded the USDA Rural Development Distinguished Service Award.

Upon retiring, Mr. Valentin plans to spend his time in the company of his wife, Angie, and their two daughters, Jordan and Taylor.

Mr. Speaker, I am honored to have shared with you the legacy of Mr. Paco Valentin, who has had the support and confidence of the Texas Delegation and was honored with the privilege of serving as a presidential appointee under the Obama administration.