

the gentleman from Michigan will be postponed.

Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN. Mr. Chairman, I move that the Committee do now rise.

The motion was agreed to.

Accordingly, the Committee rose; and the Speaker pro tempore (Mr. CARTER of Texas) having assumed the chair, Mr. NEWHOUSE, Acting Chair of the Committee of the Whole House on the state of the Union, reported that that Committee, having had under consideration the bill (H.R. 5293) making appropriations for the Department of Defense for the fiscal year ending September 30, 2017, and for other purposes, had come to no resolution thereon.

□ 1945

HELPING FAMILIES IN MENTAL HEALTH CRISIS

(Ms. KAPTUR asked and was given permission to address the House for 1 minute.)

Ms. KAPTUR. Mr. Speaker, earlier today, I noted with particular joy that the House Energy and Commerce Committee moved through, by unanimous vote and complete bipartisanship, the Helping Families in Mental Health Crisis Act, H.R. 2426.

Without question, it is one of the most important pieces of legislation to address the serious mental illness crisis that has plagued our Nation since de-institutionalization turned millions of seriously ill citizens out on our streets, assuming they could function in the community in the second half of the 20th century. That proved not to be possible for millions of our fellow citizens.

Lacking effective treatment, many froze to death in back alleys, sat in their own excrement on the sidewalks of our cities, sought refuge under bridges and in doorways and street grates, became victims of abuse, and, too often, disappeared into the vapors of life, propelled by the force of their own unquiet minds.

Let me thank profusely and recognize Congressman TIM MURPHY of Pennsylvania, a psychologist who relied on his three decades of experience, and Congresswoman EDDIE BERNICE JOHNSON of Texas, a psychiatric nurse with two decades of experience in practice, for their visionary and unrelenting efforts to move the plight of the mentally ill into the main arena of this Congress.

I urge the Speaker to swiftly allocate time for its advancement to the House floor for a vote. Let us do something in our time and generation worthy of being remembered. This bill is it.

HOURLY MEETING ON TOMORROW

Mr. MCCLINTOCK. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that when the House adjourns today, it adjourn to meet at 9 a.m. tomorrow.

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Mr. NEWHOUSE). Is there objection to the

request of the gentleman from California?

There was no objection.

THE GROWING THREAT OUR NATION FACES FROM ISLAMIC TERRORISM

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under the Speaker's announced policy of January 6, 2015, the gentleman from California (Mr. MCCLINTOCK) is recognized for 60 minutes as the designee of the majority leader.

Mr. MCCLINTOCK. Mr. Speaker, the terrorist attack on Orlando should bring into sharp focus the growing threat that our Nation faces from Islamic terrorism, and that begins with realizing that although Islam is a religion, it is often accompanied by a poisonous political ideology that is antithetical to everything that our country stands for. That ideology now poses a direct threat to the liberty and safety of our people, and we have every right to defend ourselves against it.

We knew for years that the terrorist's father was broadcasting pro-Taliban and anti-American rhetoric aimed principally at a large and growing Afghan Islamic population within the United States.

We knew that the terrorist, himself, had traveled repeatedly to Saudi Arabia under mysterious circumstances, associated with known terrorists and Islamic radicals in the United States, and expressed the most virulent anti-American views. And we took no action because there are far more instances of such threats than we can begin to assess or address.

This administration has drastically increased the admission of refugees from regions where overwhelming majorities believe in imposing sharia law. Those who are fleeing sharia law and Islamist political ideology should be welcome in this country at assimilable levels; but those who are coming here to impose it are a direct threat to our Constitution, and they have no business being admitted to our shores. Yet this administration makes no distinction between the two.

Indeed, earlier this year, when Governor Rick Scott of Florida, acting on behalf of law enforcement, requested information on the Islamic immigrants being inserted into his State, he was refused that vital public safety information.

While seeking to rapidly increase the number of Islamists being admitted to this country, this administration has failed not only to enforce our immigration laws, but it has actively undermined those laws. As a result of these deliberate government policies, we are enduring Islamist attacks within our borders that will continue to increase in both frequency and severity.

There is no blinking at the fact that these policies have encouraged a large and growing fifth column that is violently hostile to our country, and it has become deeply embedded within

our communities. San Bernardino and Orlando were just the first bloody foretaste of what is to come until and unless these policies are stopped and reversed.

Last year, the House passed the SAFE Act. That is an acronym for Safety Against Foreign Enemies. It was the first tentative step toward properly screening refugees from hotbeds of Islamic extremism. It merely required affirmative verification of a refugee's lack of hostile intent if they were coming from Islamist strongholds in Iraq and Syria. 135 Democrats in this House opposed the SAFE Act, and Senate Democrats killed it in January at the behest of their President.

The very same politicians who will not allow us even to confirm the intent of Islamists entering America are at the same time using the Orlando atrocity as an excuse to disarm loyal and law-abiding Americans. Within minutes of the attack, the left began to use this terrorist atrocity to justify more restrictions on the rights of Americans to defend themselves. They would have us believe that terrorists who are bent on destroying our country by violently killing Americans will somehow make one exception to their contempt for our Nation by meticulously obeying our gun control laws.

The leftists tell us to leave it to the police. Really? In Orlando, it took 3 hours for police to secure the scene and confront the attacker, while hostages were being shot and the wounded were left to bleed to death—3 hours. In San Bernardino, the terrorists had already fled before police even arrived at the scene.

The first line of defense against an armed terrorist is an armed American; yet the Democrats seek to make it harder for Americans to arm themselves, while increasing the threat posed by mass immigration from those countries where Islamist ideology is rampant.

Is it possible that they don't understand that there is an international arms market and that terrorists can get their hands on any kinds of weapons they want as effortlessly as teenagers can buy pot?

While the Orlando terrorist got his guns legally, he could just as easily have gotten them illegally. But that is not the case of law-abiding American citizens. Law-abiding citizens obey our laws; terrorists do not.

The left's vision for our country is one in which Americans cannot shoot back and must helplessly wait to be rescued while they are being terrorized by Islamic extremists who should never have been in this country in the first place. And that is going to continue in this country until it wakes up to the danger that it faces and takes decisive action at the ballot box.

That is ultimately the choice before us: we can either suffer increasingly violent attacks on increasingly defenseless Americans, or we can choose to finally take seriously the nature of

the enemy we face and finally demand leaders who will secure our borders, empower Americans to defend themselves, and act forthrightly to defend our country.

Mr. Speaker, I yield back the balance of my time.

WORDS FROM A SEXUAL ASSAULT SURVIVOR TO HER ATTACKER

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under the Speaker's announced policy of January 6, 2015, the gentlewoman from California (Ms. SPEIER) is recognized for 60 minutes as the designee of the minority leader.

Ms. SPEIER. Mr. Speaker, we are doing something tonight that has never been done before on the House floor. We will read the entire gut-wrenching statement of the sexual assault survivor who was attacked on the Stanford campus last year.

The sexual predator received a paltry sentence of 6 months in county jail, of which he will serve only 3 for committing a violent crime. We are not moved by the felon's excuse of alcohol. We are not moved by the judge, who said a longer sentence would have a "severe impact" on the offender. We are not moved by the felon's father, who said that his son should not serve jail time for "20 minutes of action."

Emily Doe is a survivor in every sense of the word, and her words deserve to be amplified.

Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that we read the statement in its entirety without yielding, by name, to each Member, to preserve the continuity of the reading.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Is there objection to the request of the gentlewoman from California?

There was no objection.

Ms. SPEIER. "Your Honor, if it is all right, for the majority of this statement I would like to address the defendant directly.

"You don't know me, but you've been inside me, and that's why we're here today.

"On January 17th, 2015, it was a quiet Saturday night at home. My dad made some dinner and I sat at the table with my younger sister who was visiting for the weekend. I was working full time and it was approaching my bed time. I planned to stay at home by myself, watch some TV and read, while she went to a party with her friends."

Ms. CLARK of Massachusetts. "Then, I decided it was my only night with her, I had nothing better to do, so why not, there's a dumb party ten minutes from my house, I would go, dance like a fool, and embarrass my younger sister. On the way there, I joked that undergrad guys would have braces. My sister teased me for wearing a beige cardigan to a frat party like a librarian. I called myself 'big mama', because I knew I'd be the oldest one there. I made silly faces, let my guard down, and drank liquor too fast not factoring in that my tolerance had significantly lowered since college.

"The next thing I remember I was in a gurney in a hallway. I had dried blood and bandages on the backs of my hands and elbow. I thought maybe I had fallen and was in an admin office on campus. I was very calm and wondering where my sister was. A deputy explained I had been assaulted. I still remained calm, assured he was speaking to the wrong person. I knew no one at this party. When I was finally allowed to use the restroom, I pulled down the hospital pants they had given me, went to pull down my underwear, and felt nothing.

"I still remember the feeling of my hands touching my skin and grabbing nothing. I looked down and there was nothing. The thin piece of fabric, the only thing between my vagina and anything else, was missing and everything inside me was silenced. I still don't have words for that feeling. In order to keep breathing, I thought maybe the policeman used scissors to cut them off for evidence.

"Then I felt the pine needles scratching the back of my neck and started pulling them out my hair. I thought maybe, the pine needles had fallen from a tree onto my head. My brain was talking my gut into not collapsing. Because my gut was saying, help me, help me.

"I shuffled from room to room with a blanket wrapped around me, pine needles trailing behind me, I left a little pile in every room I sat in. I was asked to sign papers that said 'Rape Victim' and I thought something has really happened. My clothes were confiscated and I stood naked while the nurses held a ruler to various abrasions on my body and photographed them. The three of us worked to comb the pine needles out of my hair, six hands to fill one paper bag. To calm me down, they said it's just the flora and fauna, flora and fauna. I had multiple swabs inserted into my vagina and anus, needles for shots, pills, had a Nikon pointed right into my spread legs. I had long, pointed beaks inside me and had my vagina smeared with cold, blue paint to check for abrasions."

Mr. CICILLINE. "After a few hours of this, they let me shower. I stood there examining my body beneath the steam of water and decided, I don't want my body anymore. I was terrified of it, I didn't know what had been in it, if it had been contaminated, who had touched it. I wanted to talk off my body like a jacket and leave it at the hospital with everything else.

"On that morning, all that I was told was that I had been found behind a dumpster, potentially penetrated by a stranger, and that I should get retested for HIV because results don't always show up immediately. But for now, I should go home and get back to my normal life.

"Imagine stepping back into the world with only that information. They gave me huge hugs and I walked out of the hospital into the parking lot wearing the new sweatshirt and

sweatpants they provided me, as they had only allowed me to keep my necklace and shoes."

□ 2000

"My sister picked me up, face wet from tears and contorted in anguish. Instinctively and immediately, I wanted to take away her pain. I smiled at her, I told her to look at me, I'm right here, I'm okay, everything's okay. I'm right here.

"My hair is washed and clean, they gave me the strangest shampoo, calm down, and look at me. Look at these funny new sweatpants and sweatshirt, I look like a P.E. teacher, let's go home, let's eat something. She did not know that beneath my sweatsuit, I had scratches and bandages on my skin, my vagina was sore and had become a strange, dark color from all the prodding, my underwear was missing, and I felt too empty to continue to speak. That I was also afraid, that I was also devastated. That day we drove home and for hours in silence my younger sister held me.

"My boyfriend did not know what happened, but called that day and said, 'I was really worried about you last night, you scared me, did you make it home okay?' I was horrified. That is when I learned I had called him that night in my blackout, left an incomprehensible voicemail, that we had also spoken on the phone, but I was slurring so heavily he was scared for me, that he repeatedly told me to go find [my sister]. Again, he asked me, 'What happened last night? Did you make it home okay?' I said yes, and hung up to cry."

Ms. TSONGAS. "I was not ready to tell my boyfriend or parents that actually, I may have been raped behind a dumpster, but I don't know by who or when or how. If I told them, I would see the fear on their faces, and mine would multiply by tenfold, so instead I pretended the whole thing wasn't real.

"I tried to push it out of my mind, but it was so heavy I didn't talk, I didn't eat, I didn't sleep, I didn't interact with anyone. After work, I would drive to a secluded place to scream.

"I didn't talk, I didn't eat, I didn't sleep, I didn't interact with anyone, and I became isolated from the ones I loved most. For over a week after the incident, I didn't get any calls or updates about that night or what happened to me. The only symbol that proved that it hadn't just been a bad dream, was the sweatshirt from the hospital in my drawer.

"One day, I was at work, scrolling through news on my phone, and came across an article. In it, I read and learned for the first time about how I was found unconscious, with my hair disheveled, long necklace wrapped around my neck, bra pulled out of my dress, dress pulled off over my shoulders and pulled up above my waist, that I was butt naked all the way down to my boots, legs spread apart, and had been penetrated by a foreign object by someone I did not recognize.