

our Nation's first responders are respected and have the resources they need to safely perform their jobs.

That is why I am working with the volunteer fire departments in Pennsylvania's Fifth Congressional District to develop solutions—ideas—to not only recruit more firefighters but to retain them. It is my hope that, by increasing awareness and examining incentives, we might be able to strengthen and grow the rosters of our volunteer fire departments. We know that this service is critical, and we must respect those who are willing to show up, day or night, to protect their neighbors.

Thank you to all of our volunteers who answer when the alarm sounds. We value you; we respect you; and I hope we can find more of you to serve.

I AM AN AMERICAN

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Chair recognizes the gentleman from Illinois (Mr. GUTIÉRREZ) for 5 minutes.

Mr. GUTIÉRREZ. Mr. Speaker, I am an American man, born in Chicago, to parents who were born citizens of the United States.

The ban on legal immigration from seven countries does not impact me or my family directly, but, as an American, I am speaking up today. I am an immigrant.

The proposed roundup of millions of immigrants will not hit my house directly, but, as an American, I am standing up today to say I, too, am undocumented.

I have not fled systematic persecution, but, today, like a lot of Americans, I am speaking out and saying clearly that I, too, am a refugee.

Today, I am an 81-year-old man who was originally from Iran who traveled with a heart problem to the United States—with my American family and a green card in my hand—and was detained at O'Hare International Airport in Chicago.

Today, I am a Fulbright scholar who was put on a plane back to Iran because our government did not understand what the new President was doing, how he was doing it, or what people already traveling should do.

Today, I am a citizen of the United Kingdom—I am English—with a green card, who was blocked entering at O'Hare with my U.S. citizen wife and my U.S. citizen child. That is who I am today.

Today, I am a student who is in the middle of my academic career at the University of Chicago who does not know whether I can come back to school and continue my education.

Today, I am one of more than 67,000 refugees who is already approved for travel and certified by both the United States and the U.N. in a painstaking process that took me years to complete, but I am stranded overseas.

Today, I am gay or Jewish, Christian, Hindu, Shia, Sunni, am from a tribe or ethnic group that is systematically

targeted for persecution, or am living in a country anywhere in the world that cannot protect my basic safety, and the United States is closed to me.

Today, I am an immigrant who has a green card and who has followed all of the rules to the letter, but I cannot renew my green card or lawfully apply for citizenship here in the U.S. because I am from one of seven mostly Muslim countries on Trump's list where, incidentally, there are no Trump hotels, buildings, or golf courses.

By now, the entire world knows that the President of the United States screwed up bigly last week and caused an international and domestic crisis and that his staff is lying when they say it was a "huge success."

When the German Chancellor has to lecture your President about the Geneva Convention, you have made one hell of a bad decision.

When the Prime Minister of England is saying on one day that the U.S. and Britain have a special relationship but that, on the very next day, you are keeping her citizens out of your country when they are green card holders, your country has made a mistake.

When Rudy Giuliani—of all people—makes it clear that the President requested a Muslim ban and that they dressed up the policy to make it look better but still carved out exceptions to help Christians, you are probably acting in an unconstitutional manner.

That is not what one but two Federal judges thought: that there are significant enough constitutional issues that have been raised by recent executive actions to stop the President's order from being implemented.

Honestly, even at this hour, I am not sure they are fully complying with the orders or will reverse the actions of government officers at airports who coerced—intimidated—green card holders into signing away their rights and being deported.

On Sunday, the glaring bald spot of the President's executive order was combed over by the Secretary of Homeland Security, who said that keeping out travelers who already live in the U.S. and have green cards is not in the interests of the United States, to which the entire world said, sarcastically: Ya' think?

Today, I am an American, and I am standing up. Today, I am one of the millions of Americans who went to airports, Trump hotels, or town squares and who is marching peacefully, praying privately, and preparing personally to act as an advocate for immigrants and other families in our communities—women, Jews, gentiles, LGBT, and every one of every color and shape.

Today, they did not come for us, but we could not be quiet. We joined arms and worked together as Americans. We pledged to stand up for those who are being targeted so that we can protect each other and stem the next wave of targeted attacks.

DETECTIVE JERRY WALKER:
TEXAS LAWMAN—LITTLE ELM,
TEXAS

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Chair recognizes the gentleman from Texas (Mr. POE) for 5 minutes.

Mr. POE of Texas. Mr. Speaker, Texas has lost another one of our finest men in blue.

Last month, Detective Jerry Walker responded to a call of a man brandishing a rifle and screaming and hollering in his backyard. So the officers arrived, and they ordered the man to drop the weapon, but the outlaw did not comply. He ran into the house and started firing his weapon—shooting at the officers from inside the cover of his home.

During the shoot-out with the officers, the outlaw was killed, but Detective Walker—a 48-year-old father of four and an 18-year veteran of the force—was shot during the shoot-out. This is a photograph of him.

His fellow officers rushed to Detective Walker, and he was later airlifted to the hospital, but he died at the hospital. As his body was transported from the hospital, dozens of officers and emergency responders lined the street, saluting their fallen detective. The song "Amazing Grace" could be heard on bagpipes as his body was taken away and traveled down the street.

Not only was Detective Walker an outstanding member of the Little Elm Police Department, but he also wore another uniform. He wore the uniform of a soldier in the United States Army. Walker served our country both at home and abroad.

Mr. Speaker, Little Elm is in north Texas. It has a population of about 3,500 people. It has approximately 21 police officers, and Detective Walker was the longest-serving officer in that town. Detective Walker's youngest child is only a few months old. His four children need to remember that their father died a servant of the people of Little Elm, Texas.

He will be remembered by his family, his friends, and his community as a model officer who protected the innocent. Most importantly, he will be remembered as someone who genuinely cared about the people of the community that he lived in.

Before he became a detective with the Little Elm Police Department, Walker served as a school resource officer at Little Elm High School. Students there remember him as someone who could talk to the students and put them at ease. In fact, the kids just loved him. They often would arm wrestle with their beloved officer during lunchtime.

One such student, Lionel Valdez, met Walker at school at about the same time that Valdez started getting into trouble. Valdez' father had walked out of his own life; so Walker took on a parent's role in making sure that Valdez kept his nose clean and stayed out of trouble while he was in school. He even went so far as to make sure

that he showed up in class. Years after Valdez graduated from high school, he would return to the school and have conversations with Walker—the one man who showed him the light during his darkest times as a student at school.

Jerry Walker was a realtime hero.

Detective Walker, Mr. Speaker, is the sixth officer killed in the line of duty in the first 17 days in 2017. Six deaths in 17 days is tragic. Our Nation must honor those men and women who wear the badge—the badge of honor, sacrifice. We must back the blue, Mr. Speaker—back the blue—and back officers like Jerry Walker of Little Elm, Texas.

And that is just the way it is.

MUSLIM BAN

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Chair recognizes the gentlewoman from California (Ms. SPEIER) for 5 minutes.

Ms. SPEIER. Mr. Speaker, three centuries ago, Hans Christian Andersen wrote a fairy tale about a king who was so vain and insecure that nobody dared challenge him. Andersen wrote: “He cared nothing about reviewing his soldiers, going to the theater, or taking a ride in his carriage except to show off his new clothes.”

Sound familiar—a leader so vain and insecure that those around him are afraid to challenge him? a man who thinks he is so smart that he can ignore intelligence briefings and who thinks he is so powerful that he can attack an entire religion without respecting the Constitution, consulting Congress, or even his own Cabinet?

The White House claims its ban on Muslims entering our country is about “keeping America safe.” Don’t be fooled. It is about keeping America scared. I am not naive. There is good and evil in this world. My argument is that the administration has the two sides confused.

On Saturday, a 5-year-old Maryland boy was held for hours at the Washington Dulles International Airport while his frantic Iranian-born mother waited outside. Meanwhile, at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, alt-right provocateur Steve Bannon reassured the President that their extreme vetting was protecting us from evil.

Okay, Mr. Bannon. Let’s talk extreme vetting.

Before refugees make it to America, they are first vetted by the U.N. Commission for Refugees. Then the State Department investigates and interviews them overseas, checking them against databases with data from battlefields, email intercepts, intelligence, and other interviews. If they make it this far—and many do not—they are fingerprinted and investigated again by the FBI. This process can take up to 2 years, and everyone is vetted—in fact, extremely vetted; but no extreme seems extreme enough for the extremists who are currently in the White House.

And how did they choose the seven countries to target?

In the past 40 years, there hasn’t been a single terrorist act in America by someone from Syria, Iran, Sudan, Libya, Somalia, Yemen, or Iraq. Of course, that is not all these countries have in common. They are also nations in which The Trump Organization has no business. Meanwhile, the homes of every one of the 9/11 hijackers—Saudi Arabia, the United Arab Emirates, Egypt, and Lebanon—were left off the list. The Trump Organization has holdings in three out of the four.

Last weekend, at the San Francisco International Airport, an Afghani interpreter for our military was detained—held—and questioned after risking his life for our country.

In Chicago, Sahar Algonaimi traveled from Syria to care for her dying mother. Despite having a valid visa, she was put back on a plane and sent home. Before she left, her sister said she was coerced into signing papers that canceled her visa.

□ 1030

Other detainees say they were asked their views on the current President. What does that have to do with anything? If having a negative view of the man in the White House is cause for getting kicked out of the country, we are going to need a lot more planes.

Since Friday, hundreds have been detained and thousands of legal residents and visa holders are in limbo overseas. ISIS is rejoicing, and American troops and travelers are in danger.

So how does the White House describe the results? “. . . a massive success story . . . on every single level.” If this is the Trump administration’s idea of success, God help us all when they fail.

At the end of his famous story, Hans Christian Andersen’s foolish emperor parades naked down the street while those around him marvel at his magnificent clothes. Andersen wrote:

“No costume the Emperor had worn before was ever such a complete success.”

Then a child cried out: “But he hasn’t got anything on.”

We all know how the story ends. Just like in the fairy tale, sometimes it takes a child to show us the truth.

HONORING CHIEF SPECIAL WARFARE OFFICER WILLIAM “RYAN” OWENS

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Chair recognizes the gentleman from Virginia (Mr. TAYLOR) for 5 minutes.

Mr. TAYLOR. Mr. Speaker, I rise to honor Chief Special Warfare Officer William “Ryan” Owens and his wife and his children.

The Department of Defense announced his death January 28 in the Arabian peninsula after wounds sustained in a raid against al Qaeda. It should also be noted that two others were wounded in the raid and three others injured in a crash landing.

I looked for my own words today, but I came across the profound writing of Andrew Stumpf, and I shall recite his powerful words today in honor of Chief Owens and his family: “A Debt That Cannot Be Repaid.”

“In a country that most would struggle to find on a map, in a compound that few possess the courage to enter, men from my previous life took the fight to our enemy.

“In that compound, they found men that pray five times a day for your destruction. Those men don’t know me, they don’t know you, and they don’t know America. They don’t understand our compassion, our freedoms, and our tolerance. I know it may seem as if those things are currently missing, but they remain, and I know they will return. Our capacity for them is boundless, and is only dwarfed by their hatred for you. They don’t care about your religious beliefs; they don’t care about your political opinions. They don’t care if you sit on the left or the right, liberal or conservative, pacifist or a warrior. They don’t care how much you believe in diversity, equality, or freedom of speech.

“I’m sorry that you have never smelled the breath of a man who wants to kill you. I am sorry that you have never felt the alarm bells ringing in your body, the combination of fear and adrenalin, as you move towards the fight, instead of running from it. I am sorry you have never heard someone cry out for help, or cried out for help yourself, relying on the courage of others to bring you home. I am sorry that you have never tasted the salt from your own tears, as you stand at flag draped coffins, burying men you were humbled to call your friends. I don’t wish those experiences on you, but I wish you had them. It would change the way you act, it would change the way you value, it would change the way you appreciate. You become quick to open your eyes, and slow to open your mouth.

“Most will never understand the sacrifice required to keep men from that compound away from our doorstep, but it would not hurt you to try. It would not hurt you to take a moment to respect the sacrifices that others make on your behalf, whether they share your opinions or not. It would not hurt you to take a moment to think of the relentless drain on family, friends, and loved ones that are left behind. Ideas are not protected by words. Paper may outline the foundation and principles of this nation, but it is blood that protects it.

“In that compound, a man you have never met gave everything he had, so that YOU, have the freedom to think, speak, and act however you choose. He went there for all of us, whether you loved him, or hated what he stood for. He went there to preserve the opportunity and the privilege to believe, to be, and to become what we want. This country, every single person living inside its borders and under the banner of