

accomplished Opera singer and founded The Opera Company of North Carolina, located in Greensboro. John contributed to his mother's legacy by playing a crucial role in the formation and growth of her company, which eventually evolved into The North Carolina Opera.

Following high school, John went on to attend the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, graduating with the highest honors in English before receiving a Master's Degree in English and Comparative Literature from Columbia University.

After graduating from Columbia University, John spent a few years as the youngest editor ever hired by the Houghton Mifflin publishing company before deciding that he wanted to contribute to his community in a different capacity. He left New York to enroll in Harvard Law School, graduating with honors in 1985 before moving to Raleigh.

In our home of Wake County North Carolina, John practiced corporate law at Moore & Van Allen for 12 years. After, he joined Quintiles Transnational Corporation and during his tenure, he rose from Executive Vice President to General Counsel, eventually becoming the Chief Administrative Officer. In 2008, John became a partner in the Life Science Practice of the global law firm K&L Gates, where he practiced until his retirement in 2017.

John was extremely involved in the community and served on many boards and advisory roles including the North Carolina Railroad advisory, the Association of Clinical Research Organizations (ACRO), Elon Law School, the Center for Studies of the American South, the Gilling's School of Global Public Health, and countless others. This work is a testament to his character and his love for the people of our state and our community.

On top of these contributions, John's passion for literature led him to write two novels, "Favorite Sons" (1992), winner of the Sir Walter Raleigh Award for fiction, and "All the Right Circles" (2019). Both examine North Carolina politics, society, and history. He also was an avid member of our Triangle wide book club, and we enjoyed our time together sharing thoughts and opinions about the non-fiction books we read.

John lived an exceptional life, and I will always be grateful that I had the pleasure of knowing him. He was a dedicated husband, devoted father, and a loving uncle and son. He will be forever missed by his wife Kelley, children Caroline, Taylor, Katie, Roddy, Fields, and Bess, as well as his beloved sister Susan, father, John B. Russell, and grandsons George and Oliver. I miss him dearly and look forward to highlighting his legacy and honoring his service to our community for years to come.

HONORING ANGELICA "KELA"  
GARCIA

**HON. VICENTE GONZALEZ**

OF TEXAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Tuesday, January 18, 2022*

Mr. VICENTE GONZALEZ of Texas. Madam Speaker, I rise today to honor the life of Mrs. Angelica "Kela" Garcia of Edinburg, Texas, who dedicated her life to serving our country and South Texas. Mrs. Garcia was born on February 7, 1923, in Tabasco, Texas to her

parents, Melecio and Andrea Gonzalez, as the youngest of eight children. At the age of 24, she married Mr. Felipe Garcia, Sr. with whom she lovingly raised nine children: Ramon Garcia, Nora Linda Garcia, Thelma Garcia, Felipe Garcia Jr., Roberto Garcia, Nora G. De Leon, Dalila A. Garcia, Leticia Garcia, and Romeo Garcia.

Mrs. Garcia was the type of person that could accomplish anything she set her mind to. As a young girl, she wanted to learn how to play the piano, so she bartered with the local piano teacher, trading milk from their dairy cow in exchange for piano lessons. That fondness for and dedication to the arts extended beyond music to the poetry of Joyce Kilmer. In elementary school, she developed a talent for recitation, winning poetry recital contests at her school.

After the Pearl Harbor attack on December 7, 1941, Mrs. Garcia answered the call to service. She became part of the historic "Rosie the Riveter's Brigade" as an airplane machinist in Marfa, Texas. There, she made critical contributions to our military readiness, work many women had never had the chance to do.

Therefore, Madam Speaker, I stand here today to acknowledge the countless achievements and charitable acts of Mrs. Angelica "Kela" Garcia. She devoted her life for the betterment of our community, and I have no doubt that her legacy will be remembered by all who knew her. Her general love for life, her family, her friends, and country is admirable. May she rest in peace.

HONORING RON AND JANE  
MCKELVY ON THEIR 50TH WED-  
DING ANNIVERSARY

**HON. MARJORIE TAYLOR GREENE**

OF GEORGIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Tuesday, January 18, 2022*

Mrs. GREENE of Georgia. Madam Speaker, I rise today to honor two of my constituents who recently celebrated 50 years of marriage on December 5, 2021. Ron and Jane Mckelvy of Ringgold, Georgia, should be lauded for the example they have set for their children, community, and country. I salute two true partners in life. May God give them both many years of joy and continued happiness together.

IN RECOGNITION OF THE 44TH AN-  
NIVERSARY OF KOPPER KETTLE

**HON. MIKE ROGERS**

OF ALABAMA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Tuesday, January 18, 2022*

Mr. ROGERS of Alabama. Madam Speaker, I rise today to recognize the 44th anniversary of the Kopper Kettle explosion in downtown Auburn, Alabama.

Below is the 1978 sermon by Rev. Rod Sinclair at the Episcopal College Center after the explosion occurred:

The explosion at the Kopper Kettle has consumed the time and attention of many of us this week, especially Sunday when it occurred Monday and Tuesday when we were fixing ourselves up and getting heat back

into the building and into the Steven's House. There have been many expressions of gratefulness that no one in town was injured or killed and we have all told each other where we were when we hear of or felt the blast. We have even told each other about other explosions, other calamities and what our reaction was to them. And some of us have gone off into the world of metaphor and analogy and compared the explosion at the Kopper Kettle to what happens to a human being who gets poison in his or her system, poison from unacknowledged anger or poison from unexpressed resentment, and how the pressure can build up an explosion.

There's another type of explosion occurred to me, as it should, being the preacher, which I like to look at this morning. It is the explosion of the spirit and it can be more devastating than what happened last Sunday at Magnolia and Gay.

The explosion of the spirit is what happens when all the things we thought we believed in collapses, when the world of meaning collapses, when the truths that we always thought were true seem untrue, when doubt attacks every item of faith and prevails, and faith seems counterfeit, and trust wanders aimlessly hunting for a place to rest, and when other people's piety bring charges of hypocrisy to our lips. The explosion of the spirit can hit with the force of last Sunday's blast or it can strike in a slow-motion version. Decay is an explosion developing slowly. We can rebuild stores and replace smashed windows, but persons who are smashed by an earthquake under their house of faith have no certainty that they can pick up the pieces, nor may they want to, for their structure no longer has meaning. All that was dear and cherished is splintered and smoking. Their faith is gone, their dreams are smashed, and they have no basis for hope.

What do you do if the explosion of the spirit strikes you? First, I believe you must go to your most trusted friend, not to talk, but to sit in silence—in the presence of the other—in the presence of another human being. And the truth of the presence may be the only truth that is verifiable.

Next, you must allow your friend to care for you. This is more difficult than silence. Nor can it come too quickly. This requires that you give permission to the other to enter your shattered world. And with the entry may come judgment (but surely not!) and may come abject embarrassment (Yes, possibly that) or the painful admission that you are lost in the woods and do not know the way home. (Yes, that too!) Your trusted friend is there to listen, is not therapist, counselor or father confessor (at least not then) and listens to you talk, listens to the starkness of your confession that your religious house of cards proved to be just that, listens to the pain of your isolation—for you are in an empty, flat land by yourself with not so much as four pegs to pitch a tent for shelter. He listens to the description of your futureless future. And the echo of the question "What is there now?" continues to sound in your empty room.

But your friend does not answer your questions; eventually you do. Yet no one can tell you when the eventuality will happen. First, there may be nothing more than the establishing of a routine; but even routine requires a degree of faith. Later, there may be divine word, certainly not acknowledged then as such. From deep within, from the center of your center, may come the word: "Life shall go on." And you know the words are true and your house of meaning receives another plank.

If and when the house is completed, that is, if and when there is a day when you can say: "I believe that the following truths

gives me meaning, and makes sense out of existence, and are the grounds on which I will stake my life," if there is a day when this can be said again, after an explosion of the spirit my hope is that your statement of what you believe would include the following:

First, a trust in God, trust in God as personal and loving, God who loves you, who understands and who cares for you. Believing that God understands and loves us is the life force that prevents us from dying.

Secondly, a realization that Jesus of Nazareth reveals God to us. We are not blocked or stumped in our search for the knowledge of God. Jesus' love and forgiveness is the indicator of God's love and forgiveness. Believing that Jesus reveals God to us is the life force that guards our spirits from collapsing.

Thirdly, a trust that God is present with and in us, and that his spirit, his power, and his love are with us and in us, his people. We are not left derelict or abandoned, wondering if we shall ever be called for. Believing that God's presence is with us and in us is the life force that builds us up as a community of people seeking to be faithful and prevents us from despairing.

To be able to base your life on those three assertions and know they are true is to return from the land of shadow and mist into the sunlight of a new day.

The person who experiences the bankruptcy of spirit that we have spoken of and who later reclaims and rebuilds, who begins again and whose faith grows from infancy to maturity, has a lot to tell us. My guess is that such a person would share with us such thoughts as:

No one else can say what's true for you. All truth is self-validating.

Much truth, that is not yet perceived as truth, can remain on the shelf: it may be claimed later on. Having swallowed too much once before and exploded, it's best not to bite off more than you can chew. Courage to rebuild is an act of faith.

The process of discovering meaning is an element of meaning itself.

My further guess is that as we met such a person, who had believed again after being crushed by doubt, we could say such words to him or her as:

When you speak, your words are genuine and true. We feel accepted and respected by you.

Your faith is clearly shown in your behavior.

You will be a threat to those whose houses of faith are held together by tape and wire and string and who pretend to believe and who make a great show, but who on the inside are full of emptiness and staleness, brittleness and dust.

You will cause a light to shine on sham religion and there will be some who will be vindictive.

The explosion at the corner last Sunday can cause us to look at the explosion that can come at our centers, the collapsing of our spirit, if we have carelessly claimed to believe, or mimicked the belief of others, and have no faith that is our own. The admission of our doubt, painful though it is, can be the first step to regaining a life of faith and can return us to authentic living in God's presence. God's love is real and His commandments are sure and the community of persons seeking to know what it is to be fruitful is a rich place to set yourself. May He shed his grace on each one of us as we seek truth and walk in faith. Amen.

# RECOGNIZING CLARENCE "TAFFY" ABEL AND THE 100TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FIRST NATIVE AMERICAN IN THE WINTER OLYMPICS

## HON. JACK BERGMAN

OF MICHIGAN

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, January 18, 2022

Mr. BERGMAN. Madam Speaker, it is my honor to recognize the 100th anniversary of the first Native American in the Winter Olympics, Clarence "Taffy" Abel. Over the last century, Taffy's accomplishments have inspired countless people across this nation and the world.

Clarence "Taffy" Abel was born on May 28, 1900, in Sault Ste. Marie as part of the Sault Tribe of Chippewa Indians. He received the nickname "Taffy" on the hockey rink for his attempts to sneak taffy during class. He spent many summers as a teenager working on the USS *Clover*, visiting ports such as Duluth, delivering supplies to local communities. Following his high school years, he joined the United States National Hockey Team for the first Winter Olympics in 1924. There he became the first Native American to participate in the winter games. He was recognized by his fellow athletes for his patriotism and leadership, helping him become captain of his team and the first person to represent the United States at the Winter Olympics by carrying the flag during the opening ceremonies. Taffy and the U.S. National Hockey Team led a successful tournament run that landed them a silver medal at the conclusion of the Olympics.

Following his time with U.S. Hockey, Taffy went on to lead a successful professional career. After playing for the St. Paul Hockey Club for three seasons in the USAHA, he moved to the Minneapolis Millers where he helped win the CHL title in 1926. Following that title victory, Taffy was recruited by legendary NHL owner, Conn Smythe, to play on the New York Rangers and then later with the Chicago Blackhawks. There he became the first American to become a regular NHL player in a sport that had up until then been overwhelmingly played by Canadians. During his eight-year NHL career, Taffy went on to win two Stanley Cups and was thought of by many of his peers as the best left defenseman in the league. At the conclusion of his career, he played a total of 16 seasons of amateur and professional hockey, received an Olympic silver medal, won two Stanley Cups, and played a total of 333 games in the NHL.

Madam Speaker, on behalf of Michigan's First Congressional District, I ask you to join me in honoring the 100th anniversary of the first Native American in the Winter Olympics, Clarence "Taffy" Abel. His historic accomplishments are memorialized in the American Indian Athletic Hall of Fame and the U.S. Hockey Hall of Fame. Taffy's legacy continues to inspire future generations across Michigan, the United States, and the world.

# RECOGNIZING THE LIFE OF SENATOR J. WILLIAM LINCOLN

## HON. GUY RESCHENTHALER

OF PENNSYLVANIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, January 18, 2022

Mr. RESCHENTHALER. Madam Speaker, I rise to recognize the late James William Lincoln of Connellsville, Pennsylvania, for a life dedicated to public service.

Senator "Bill" Lincoln, as he was known by those close to him, ended his long and courageous battle with Parkinson's Disease on December 19, 2021. By all accounts, he approached life the same before and after his diagnosis: with action.

Born in 1940, Senator Lincoln worked as a shoe salesman and milk delivery man before being elected district judge. After serving two terms, Senator Lincoln was elected to the Pennsylvania House of Representatives, where he served from 1972 to 1978. In 1979, he was elected to the Pennsylvania State Senate, where he served the people of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania for 15 years.

During his tenure, Senator Lincoln was appointed to the Legislative Budget and Finance Committee, Joint Legislative Air and Water Pollution Control and Conservation Committee, Legislative Audit Advisory Committee, and the Joint State Government Commission. He also served as the Chair of the Democratic State Committee from 1991 to 1995.

In 1998, Senator Lincoln was diagnosed with Parkinson's Disease at the age of 58, but his passion for public service never wavered. Following his time in the State Senate, he worked as a member of the State Transportation Advisory Board and was also appointed by the governor as Commissioner and Secretary-Treasurer to the Pennsylvania Turnpike Commission, where he served for 10 years until 2013.

Among the many titles Senator Lincoln held were husband, father, and friend. He is survived by his wife, Kathy Lincoln, and four sons, James William Jr., Eric, Jerry, and Greg Lincoln, and their families. He leaves his loved ones with not only fond memories, but also a legacy of service to his home state.

Madam Speaker, please join me in recognizing the life of Senator Bill Lincoln and the tremendous accomplishments and contributions he made to the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. May his leadership and service, particularly in the face of adversity, serve as an example to us all.

# REMEMBERING LIEUTENANT COLONEL GREGORY SEAN MCSWEEN

## HON. JOE WILSON

OF SOUTH CAROLINA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, January 18, 2022

Mr. WILSON of South Carolina. Madam Speaker, I include in the RECORD the following obituary for Lieutenant Colonel Gregory Sean McSween.

LT COL GREGORY SEAN MCSWEEN

SEPTEMBER 22, 1980—NOVEMBER 9, 2021

With heavy hearts we announce the passing of LtCol Gregory Sean McSween, USMC,