

not enough; you must do what is required. Dr. Patel has done what is required to serve his patients and live a lifetime of dedicated service.

INSIGHTS FROM 16 YEARS OF SERVICE IN CONGRESS

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

Mr. YARMUTH. Mr. Speaker, several years ago, I ran into a former Member of the House and asked him whether he missed it. He answered: "I don't miss the circus. I miss the clowns."

Now that I am in my final days as a Member and have reflected on my 16 years here, I am going to tweak that line. I won't miss everything about the circus, and I will miss many but not all of the clowns. I also now understand why so many people are afraid of clowns.

I definitely will miss speaking on the House floor, so I will use my last appearance in this historic space to talk about what I will and won't miss.

I will miss the feeling that I am part of history, if not always history I would brag about.

I will miss the constant reminder that I have served in the same body as Abraham Lincoln, John Kennedy, John Lewis, and so many other amazing Americans.

I will miss the serious, thoughtful, and often noble discussions about how we can make a positive difference in the lives of so many Americans, even if we rarely make as big a difference as we would want.

I will miss the give-and-take of policy debates, even though I know there was never a chance the debates would change anyone's mind.

On the other hand, I won't miss the reality that most of our rhetorical firepower is preaching to our respective choirs and that too much of what we say comes from the devils and not the angels of our natures.

I won't miss the constant emphasis on raising money and the apparent conviction of some that only gobs of money can persuade enough voters to win elections.

I won't miss the frustrating reality that we rarely move quickly enough to deal with the challenges of a fast-moving world and the fear that if this body doesn't figure out how to work more expeditiously, we will continue to frustrate our citizens.

I will miss many of my colleagues, some of whom are now among my best friends and, yes, even some from across the aisle. They have broadened my perspective and reinforced my belief that, with all of our flaws, we are essentially decent and caring people who try to find better ways forward for our country. I respect them and thank them for their service and friendship. They are definitely not clowns.

I have so many other people to thank as I leave this body. Of course, I must

thank my family for encouraging me to do this work and for excusing me for missing so much of their lives, and in recent years, my grandsons, J.D. and Rory, for being constant reminders that what we do here has implications far beyond the moment.

I will be eternally grateful to the people of Louisville, who have given me the extraordinary honor and responsibility to represent them here.

As a former staffer, I knew that a great staff is essential for success. I have been blessed with phenomenal staff members throughout my eight terms. Thanks to every one of you.

I am also grateful to the staff of the House Budget Committee, which always made me look more competent and knowledgeable as the chairman than I otherwise would have.

Thanks to all the House support staff, who serve quietly and effectively to keep this body functioning.

Thanks to the Capitol Police, who protect and defend us and who showed the world on January 6, 2021 how brave and selfless they are.

Thanks to all of my committee chairs and ranking members whose examples kept me from screwing up any more than I did.

Thanks and praise to Democratic leadership, Speaker PELOSI, STENY HOYER, and JIM CLYBURN, for their friendship, trust, and inspiration.

Finally, I thank the person who has been with me every minute of my 16 years in the House. If Julie Carr is not the best chief of staff ever to serve here, there is no better model to emulate. I often said that if she left me, I would retire the next day. Luckily, she stuck with me, and now she will also leave the House after 25 years of service to me and others.

The citizens of Louisville are, unbeknownst to them, much better off because of her work, and I was a better Member because of her intellect, judgment, dedication, and friendship.

Thank you for everything, Julie.

I will leave the House proud of my work, grateful for the opportunity to serve here, and committed to continue to serve our great country and its people.

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

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman yields back his time, and I thank him for his service.

HONORING THE SERVICE OF HERSCHEL RYAN

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

Ms. LETLOW. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor Mr. Herschel Ryan, an incredible individual who is not just a close personal friend but a true American hero.

My personal experiences with Herschel Ryan started when I was a small child, but the most poignant moment that I ever had with him was when he

chaperoned on our church mission trip in the seventh grade. It was there that he took a few minutes and shared with me his personal experiences from the Vietnam war.

Mr. Herschel was a talented pilot in the Army, achieving the rank of captain and recognition for his skills in flying helicopter missions.

It was while he was supporting a combat operation on February 9, 1968, that his flight encountered intense enemy fire, and he took a direct hit. His injuries were so severe that he would ultimately lose his left hand and eye, yet he still managed to direct his flight back to safety.

For his gallantry and bravery, he was awarded the Silver Star, the Bronze Star, the Purple Heart, the Army Commendation Medal, and the Air Medal with 25 oak leaf clusters.

Mr. Speaker, hearing Mr. Herschel's story was formational for me. It was the first time I had ever heard a personal perspective from a veteran. What a gift he gave to me that day.

In this Chamber, we often talk about the need to honor our veterans and the desire to celebrate our heroes. When I think of those who served and sacrificed, I think of Herschel Ryan, a glowing example of some of the finest men and women this country has ever produced.

He fought in a war that was unpopular and came home to a country that did not want to talk about heroism.

□ (1115)

But in spite of all that and the personal challenges he faced; he never lost his joy. I cannot think of a more genuine, warm, and kind man. He has an infectious laugh and spreads happiness to everyone who is around him.

Mr. Speaker, Mr. Herschel just turned 80 years old and has retired from a successful career in business. He now travels with his wife, Debbie, and volunteers his free time working with veterans who suffer from PTSD, wanting to continue to serve others.

Mr. Speaker, today, here in the House of Representatives, we pause and pay tribute to a great man and true American hero, Mr. Herschel Ryan.

PARENTS MAY MOVE FORWARD BUT NEVER FULLY HEAL

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Chair recognizes the gentlewoman from Georgia (Mrs. MCBATH) for 5 minutes.

Mrs. MCBATH. Mr. Speaker, on Black Friday, 10 years ago, my son, Jordan, was murdered at a gas station in Jacksonville, Florida, because the man simply didn't like the loud music he and his friends were playing in their car. He called them gangbangers and thugs.

Within 3½ minutes, he pulled out a gun from the glove compartment of his car, took a shooter's stance, and fired 10 rounds at the car, hitting my son, Jordan, three times, killing my only son.

A month later, a man who should never have had access to an assault

weapon murdered 20 children and 6 staff at Sandy Hook Elementary School.

The love that a parent has for our children is different. It is unique in that our love for everyone else has a beginning, but for our children, our love has no end.

When your child is born, it is hard to understand how you are capable of feeling so much love. It is a love so precious and pure that it flows through your soul. As they grow, your love grows with them. Each day, you can't imagine loving them more, and yet every day you are proven wrong.

Oftentimes we can feel vulnerable with this love and all the fear that comes with it. Being a parent is like that. If everything goes right, if we do everything we can for our children, the very worst can still happen.

Principal Dawn Hochsprung and psychologist Mary Sherlach yelled to their colleagues: "Shooter. Stay put" when they investigated the first shots. They were the first killed as they alerted the others.

Janitor Rick Thorne ran through the hallways alerting classrooms of the danger. He used his master key to lock many of the doors for them. The key was so worn from use that it snapped in one of the doors.

The first graders in Lauren Rousseau's classroom were not allowed to grow. Lauren had worked at Sandy Hook for a week. She had tried to hide them in the bathroom. She had fought to keep them safe. Fifteen of her students were killed. Fifteen first graders were murdered in a bathroom by a man with an assault rifle.

One 6-year-old girl played dead among the bodies of her classmates. She was the only one to survive in that room. Covered in blood, the first thing she said was: "Mommy, I'm okay, but all my friends are dead."

The next room the killer entered was that of Victoria Soto, who did her best to conceal her students in a closet. Some were hiding under desks. As the gunman fired at them with his Bushmaster, he stopped to reload. Six-year-old Jesse Lewis shouted at his classmates to run for safety, and several did. Jesse was looking directly at the shooter when he was murdered.

Anne Marie Murphy, a special education teacher, was found shielding 6-year-old Dylan Hockley. The bullets took them both.

Victoria's sister, Jillian, was captured by photographers in what some call the defining photo of that horrific day. She is forever immortalized on the phone, sobbing, receiving that devastating phone call, the call that is a sucker punch to your stomach, the phone call that brings you to your knees when your desperation simply will not let you stand, that leaves you gasping for air when the agony will not let you breathe.

A decade ago, my child was murdered. The very last day I saw my son, Jordan, he was wearing red sneakers.

He had khaki-colored slacks on and a black backpack slung over his shoulder as he walked out the door. He said: "I love you, mom" before he got on the plane to Jacksonville, Florida. Jordan talked about coming home for Thanksgiving, and that day still haunts me.

In Newtown, parents watched their children walk out the front door, and some never saw them again. We are left only with the memories of our loved ones and the lost dreams of what could have been.

Parents may move forward but never fully heal. They never fully recover.

In honor of their legacy, it is imperative we continue to fight for lifesaving policies such as universal background checks, safe storage, ghost gun regulation, an assault weapons ban, and so much more.

In the words of a well-known writer:

"To value life of others
"Is to acknowledge the sanctity of yours
"To feel for the ruin of others
"Is to respect the existence of yours
"To fight for the freedom of others
"Is to preserve the liberty of yours"

CELEBRATING THE 175TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CITY OF ZEELAND, MICHIGAN

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

Mr. HUIZENGA. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize my hometown, the city of Zeeland, on its 175th anniversary.

Throughout the first week of October, friends and residents of this small but vibrant city in west Michigan gathered together to celebrate and share memories of the community's storied history.

The village of Zeeland was established in 1847 when nearly 500 Dutch citizens, led by James Van de Luyster, sailed from Zeeland in the Netherlands to pursue religious freedom and self-rule. I will note that my own family came in the second wave that same year of 1847 and has proudly been ensconced in the city of Zeeland since then.

After settling on 16,000 acres of land, one of the first buildings established was a church. Here, Reverend Cornelius van der Meulen became the first spiritual leader and pastor to the Zeeland colonists, offering hope and courage as the settlers cleared thick forests and tackled this new land.

As the center of the community, the church served as a place of worship on Sundays as well as a school on the weekdays, with instruction provided in both English and in Dutch.

A burgeoning manufacturing and agriculture sector, as well as a post office helped Zeeland to grow, leading to incorporation as a city in 1907. Now, the 1900s were a time of growth in Zeeland. In fact, my own father served over 30 years on the city council from the late 1960s up until the 1990s.

While the city has grown, one thing has remained a constant: The innova-

tive, entrepreneurial, close-knit, and welcoming community continues to make Zeeland a special place to live, work, and raise a family.

Mr. Speaker, let us join in recognizing all former and current residents of the city of Zeeland as they celebrate their 175th anniversary.

THE GREAT PRIVILEGE OF SERVING THE PEOPLE OF RHODE ISLAND'S SECOND CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Chair recognizes the gentleman from Rhode Island (Mr. LANGEVIN) for 5 minutes.

Mr. LANGEVIN. Mr. Speaker, I rise today with mixed emotions, as this will likely be the final time that I speak in front of this Chamber as a Member of Congress.

For the last 22 years, I have had the great privilege of serving the people of Rhode Island's Second Congressional District. It has been the honor of my lifetime to represent the voice and vote of my constituents, and I am so humbled by the faith and the trust that they have placed in me all these years.

After my accident, it was my community that was there for me when I needed them the most, and it was their constant love and support, along with my family, which ultimately inspired me to run for office as a way of giving back.

My journey to recovery was not always an easy one, but thanks to my family, my faith, and my community, I was able to move forward and become the first quadriplegic ever elected to the United States Congress.

For the last 36 years, I have woken up every day with one goal in mind: giving good public service to the people of Rhode Island. That focus has held true since my early days in public service, beginning when I was elected as a delegate to Rhode Island's Constitutional Convention, continued through my time in the General Assembly and as the Nation's youngest secretary of state, and it has remained strong throughout my final days as a United States Congressman.

I will forever be grateful for the enduring friendships and lifetime memories that I have forged here in this body. But most of all, I am so proud of all that we have been able to accomplish for the people of Rhode Island and the United States.

I have fought to protect and advance the rights of Americans with disabilities, moving our society closer to becoming fully inclusive and accessible for all.

On the Committee on Armed Services, I have led the efforts to strengthen our national security, and cybersecurity, in particular, and I have been proud to support the hardworking men and women of my district who build the world's finest nuclear submarines at Electric Boat.

As the chairman of the Subcommittee on Cyber, Innovative Technologies, and Information Systems, I