

Mr. WILSON of South Carolina. Madam Speaker, Census Bureau data confirms Trump has achieved the highest family take-home pay increase of any recent President.

For middle-class families, Trump policies have raised real median income by \$5,820. The tax and spend policies of Biden have actually cost American families real median income of a negative \$2,080.

Corrupt Judge Merchan, through unethical abuse of office, now unintentionally continues to re-elect Donald Trump with world record fundraising.

The latest response by the American people to judicial persecution is an historic over \$200 million for the Trump campaign. Merchan deserves a Trump inauguration invitation by me to sit with my grandson, Houston Wilson, during the ceremony.

In conclusion, God bless our troops who successfully protected America for 20 years as the global war on terrorism moves from the Afghanistan safe haven to America. We do not need new border laws; we need to enforce existing laws. Biden shamefully opens borders for dictators as more 9/11 attacks across America are imminent as repeatedly warned by the FBI.

40TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BRUTAL ATTACK ON THE GOLDEN TEMPLE BY THE INDIAN ARMY

(Mr. NORCROSS asked and was given permission to address the House for 1 minute.)

Mr. NORCROSS. Madam Speaker, today, I rise in solidarity with south Jersey's Sikh community.

This week marks the 40th anniversary of a brutal attack by the Indian Army on the Golden Temple, the holiest shrine of Sikhism in which thousands of innocent Sikh pilgrims were killed.

Since this senseless violence, many Sikhs have sought refuge in the United States, including south Jersey. They built their lives here, made countless contributions to the educational, economic, religious, and cultural richness of our region. They also keep the names and memories of those who were killed in 1984 alive.

Today, I join with the Sikh community in remembering those lost in this horrific attack and to honor those who carry on their legacy today.

U.S. IS THE NUMBER ONE IMPORTER OF WOOD

(Mr. LAMALFA asked and was given permission to address the House for 1 minute and to revise and extend his remarks.)

Mr. LAMALFA. Madam Speaker, if you have observed the West during the summer and fall months the last few years, maybe longer than that, you would see that fire season is soon upon us and has had devastating effects.

One example would be a 1 million-acre fire, one fire of a million acres in my district just 3 short years ago.

What are we doing as the Federal Government to combat that? They are moving pretty slowly.

The U.S. Forest Service has allowed, due to lack of ability to get access to the forest and get the type of board feet out that needs to happen, in the last 15 months, 50 individual sawmill closures up until March. Over 1,500 sawmills have closed since the year 2000.

Where is the capacity going to be to process these logs and turn them into something useful if the private sector isn't allowed to take enough harvest. Because of the U.S. Forest Service's lack of action, the U.S. is now number one in imported wood when we have all this wood standing out there. It makes no sense. We have got to move much quicker.

2024 NOTRE DAME MEN'S LACROSSE NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP

(Mr. YAKYM asked and was given permission to address the House for 1 minute and to revise and extend his remarks.)

Mr. YAKYM. Madam Speaker, I rise to celebrate the University of Notre Dame men's lacrosse team who, 1 week ago today, won their second straight national championship.

Madam Speaker, we all know that the sequel is rarely better than the original, but that wasn't the case last Monday as my family and I watched the Fighting Irish beat the Maryland Terrapins in dominant fashion in Philly.

With their impressive 15-5 win, the Irish became the first D1 men's lacrosse team to capture back-to-back titles since the Duke Blue Devils did so a decade ago.

Across college athletics, Notre Dame is renowned for their slogan "play like a champion today."

That is exactly what the Irish men did almost all season long, going 16-1 overall, and ending the year on an exhilarating 14-game win streak.

Madam Speaker, I congratulate Head Coach Kevin Corrigan and all the Irish for bringing more championship hardware back to our region. I thank them for making Notre Dame a national champion once again.

God bless and go Irish.

HONORING THE 80TH ANNIVERSARY OF D-DAY

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Ms. HAGEMAN). Under the Speaker's announced policy of January 9, 2023, the gentleman from Alabama (Mr. MOORE) is recognized for 60 minutes as the designee of the majority leader.

GENERAL LEAVE

Mr. MOORE of Alabama. Madam Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that all Members may have 5 legislative days in which to revise and extend their remarks.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Alabama?

There was no objection.

Mr. MOORE of Alabama. Madam Speaker, I rise today to honor the 80th anniversary of D-day, where more than 2,500 Americans gave their lives on the beaches of Normandy for our freedom.

On that night of June 6, 1944, President Roosevelt went on national radio to address the country for the first time about the Normandy invasion. His speech took the form of a prayer that I will read.

"My fellow Americans: Last night, when I spoke with you about the fall of Rome, I knew at that moment that troops of the United States and our Allies were crossing the Channel in another and greater operation. It has come to pass with success thus far.

"And so, in this poignant hour, I ask you to join with me in prayer:

"Almighty God: Our sons, pride of our Nation, this day have set upon a mighty endeavor, a struggle to preserve our Republic, our religion, and our civilization, and to set free a suffering humanity. Lead them straight and true; give strength to their arms, stoutness to their hearts, steadfastness in their faith. They will need Thy blessings. Their road will be long and hard. For the enemy is strong. He may hurl back our forces. Success may not come with rushing speed, but we shall return again and again; and we know that by Thy grace, and by the righteousness of our cause, our sons will triumph.

"They will be sore tried, by night and by day, without rest—until the victory is won. The darkness will be rent by noise and flame. Men's souls will be shaken with the violences of war.

"For these men are lately drawn from the ways of peace. They fight not for the lust of conquest. They fight to end conquest. They fight to liberate. They fight to let justice arise, and tolerance and good will among all Thy people. They yearn but for the end of battle, for their return to the haven of home.

"Some will never return. Embrace these, Father, and receive them, Thy heroic servants, into Thy kingdom. And for us at home—fathers, mothers, children, wives, sisters, and brothers of brave men overseas—whose thoughts and prayers are ever with them—help us, Almighty God, to rededicate ourselves in renewed faith in Thee in this hour of great sacrifice.

"Many people have urged that I call the Nation into a single day of special prayer. But because the road is long and the desire is great, I ask that our people devote themselves in a continuance of prayer. As we rise to each new day, and again when each day is spent, let words of prayer be on our lips, invoking Thy help to our efforts.

"Give us strength, too—strength in our daily tasks, to redouble the contributions we make in the physical and the material support of our armed

forces. And let our hearts be stout, to wait out the long travail, to bear sorrows that may come, to impart our courage unto our sons wheresoever they may be.

"And, O Lord, give us Faith. Give us Faith in Thee; Faith in our sons; Faith in each other; Faith in our united crusade. Let not the keenness of our spirit ever be dulled. Let not the impacts of temporary events, of temporal matters of but fleeting moment let not these deter us in our unconquerable purpose.

"With Thy blessing, we shall prevail over the unholy forces of our enemy. Help us to conquer the apostles of greed and racial arrogancies. Lead us to the saving of our country, and with our sister Nations into a world unity that will spell a sure peace a peace invulnerable to the schemings of unworthy men. And a peace that will let all of men live in freedom, reaping the just rewards of their honest toil.

"Thy will be done, Almighty God.

"Amen."

Several of my colleagues are here joining me tonight to read letters from American soldiers describing the events of D-day.

Madam Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Florida (Mr. STEUBE), my good friend.

Mr. STEUBE. Madam Speaker, I thank the gentleman for yielding.

"Soldiers, Sailors, and Airmen of the Allied Expeditionary Force!

"You are about to embark upon the Great Crusade, toward which we have striven these many months. The eyes of the world are upon you. The hope and prayers of liberty-loving people everywhere march with you. In company with our brave Allies and brothers-in-arms on other Fronts, you will bring about the destruction of the German war machine, the elimination of Nazi tyranny over the oppressed peoples of Europe, and security for ourselves in a free world.

"Your task will not be an easy one. Your enemy is well trained, well equipped and battle-hardened. He will fight savagely.

"But this is the year 1944! Much has happened since the Nazi triumphs of 1940-41. The United Nations have inflicted upon the Germans great defeats, in open battle, man-to-man. Our air offensive has seriously reduced their strength in the air and their capacity to wage war on the ground. Our Home Fronts have given us an overwhelming superiority in weapons and munitions of war, and placed at our disposal great reserves of trained fighting men. The tide has turned! The free men of the world are marching together to Victory!

"I have full confidence in your courage, devotion to duty and skill in battle. We will accept nothing less than full Victory!

"Good luck! And let us beseech the blessing of Almighty God upon this great and noble undertaking."

General Dwight Eisenhower.

Mr. MOORE of Alabama. Madam Speaker, I yield now to the gentleman from Alabama (Mr. ADERHOLT).

Mr. ADERHOLT. Madam Speaker, in honor of the upcoming 80th anniversary of D-day, I rise to share the words of Motor Mechanic Mate First Class Paul Hudson Atkins of Sheffield, Alabama, in Alabama's Fourth Congressional District. He was one of the first wave of soldiers that had landed on Omaha beach.

□ 1945

On June 6, 1944, Mr. Atkins wrote the following letter from Omaha Beach:

First bunch of parachute boys are to hit behind enemy lines somewhere between 0630 and 0930. Heavy gunfire going out on the horizon. Mostly planes overhead headed for France.

General granted at 0500. Destroyer ahead shot up three mines. Ships everywhere to the right and to the left and as far as can be seen. Must be in the thousands of our small boats out in the water.

The water was exceptionally rough for small boats. We headed for the beach. Four small boats out of 900.

On LST, Landing Ship, Tank, 511, pick up wounded. Battleships and destroyers firing over our heads. I could see floating bodies on the water, some of the bodies dismembered, floating in life jackets.

Small crafts sunk along the beaches. All sorts of obstacles in the water out to about 500 yards. Only four of our small boats were dispatched to the beach. Another one sent to Omaha Beach to assist.

Madam Speaker, this letter that I just read serves as a powerful reminder of the harrowing scenes Allied forces were faced with and the bravery they exemplified on D-Day.

I thank my colleague, Congressman MOORE of Alabama, for organizing this remembrance for those who fought so valiantly for our freedoms and for giving us the opportunity to continue to tell the stories of these great Americans.

May God bless each of those soldiers and their families, and may God bless America.

Mr. MOORE of Alabama. Madam Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Arkansas (Mr. WESTERMAN).

Mr. WESTERMAN. Madam Speaker, I thank the gentleman from Alabama (Mr. MOORE) for organizing this tonight.

As we reflect on 80 years since the invasion of D-Day, it is my honor to get to read an account from Robert Harlan Horr of Illinois. What I am about to share, it says:

The following is my transcription of the D-Day-related section of my father's, Flight Officer Robert Harlan Horr's, pilot's log. I am Karen Sue Horr Burton, his only child.

Invasion started. Over 80 holes in my glider. Germans were shooting many bows. Best pal Buck Jackson was killed just after releasing over enemy territory. Knocked down three times in landing. Made it okay. Could feel heat from those bullets. Mighty lucky to come out alive.

Gave my pal a morphine shot to ease his pain. Stayed by him in the open field for an hour. Made him as comfortable as possible until I could get medical aid. German mortars and machine guns were taking potshots at us.

I was surprised at my own coolness. I had tommy gun ready for action. Moved up with

the 82nd Division. Expecting counterattack. Dug in. Plenty nervous. Waited all night but nothing happened. Got one sniper. There were snipers all over the place. I learned more in 5 minutes than the Army taught me in 2 years. Recommended for D.F.C. They can have their medals as far as I am concerned.

Thought of my wife all of the time. Had her picture with me. Could hear those angels flapping their wings many times. Kept my pocket Bible with me all the time. God was with me out there, and I am thankful for it.

Was it hell, I know because I went through the worst part of it. Thought of mom and dad many times. Often thought that dad could really have a picnic killing Huns over here. Just like hunting "chucks," you have to wait for them and then pick them off. I didn't take any souvenirs. What is the use. I am no glory grabber. Just end this war and let me come home. Many times I prayed out there, and I meant every word I said.

Things were plenty tough, and I needed all the strength I could get. Buck finally died. If I get decorated, his mother is going to have that medal. Got to move up now so that is all for now.

Mr. MOORE of Alabama. Madam Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Texas (Mr. WEBER).

Mr. WEBER of Texas. Madam Speaker, I thank the gentleman from Alabama (Mr. MOORE) for this Special Order commemorating the valor of the Greatest Generation.

Eight decades ago, brave men stormed Normandy's beaches to confront tyranny and secure our freedoms. On this 80th D-Day anniversary, we honor their courage and resilience. Their sacrifice reminds us of humanity's resilience in adversity.

I will share a couple of quotes from a sergeant and lieutenant, highlighting the battleship USS *Texas*' power, which is now proudly stationed, by the way, Madam Speaker, in Texas-14, highlighting the bravery of its soldiers.

As the sky lightened, the armada became visible. The smoking and burning French shoreline also became more defined. At 0600, the huge guns of the Allied navies opened up with what must have been one of the greatest artillery barrages ever.

The diesels on board our craft failed to muffle the tornadic blasting. I could see the battleship *Texas* firing broadside into the coastline. Boom-ba-ba-boom-ba-ba-boom. Within minutes, giant swells from the recoil of those guns nearly swamped us and added to the seasickness and misery, but one could also actually see the 2,000-pound missiles tumbling on their targets.

This is one from Sergeant Robert Bixler, 116th Infantry Regiment, the 29th Infantry Division, and I thank Sergeant Bixler, another of our brave patriots. He said this:

The ramp was lowered immediately after the rockets fired. It was our hope and desire to run right up on the beach for a dry landing, not because we were afraid of getting wet but because if we were soaked, it would be added weight to carry while climbing.

The British Navy man had promised to put us down dry, but suddenly, we ran aground with the ramp dropped. The officer said, "Everybody out." Looking ahead, I could see 15 or 20 feet of water, a muddy, dirty gray stretch. The entire area was marked by craters, shell holes from the guns of the *Texas* and the bombers.

Madam Speaker, I thank Lieutenant Kerchner, 2nd Ranger Battalion.

I want to tell you, Madam Speaker, we should never forget the bravery of the Greatest Generation. Let us always uphold the principles for which they fought so valiantly. Most importantly, let us ensure that we teach our children, the latest generation, about the Greatest Generation and about their remarkable legacy. They came home from World War II. They destroyed the vilest enemy the world had ever seen and kept the world safe. They simply came home and built the greatest country the world has ever known.

Mr. MOORE of Alabama. Madam Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Texas (Mr. BABIN).

Mr. BABIN. Madam Speaker, I thank the gentleman from Alabama (Mr. MOORE) for this Special Order, and what a special time it is.

As the son of a World War II vet myself who was in the Pacific, and as a former Army enlisted troop and former Army Air Force officer myself stationed in Germany during the seventies, it is a great honor that I have the opportunity to read a letter written by a World War II and D-day veteran, U.S. Army Major Ellsworth Hill, written to his family back home on June 14, 1944:

Dear Florence, Barbara, and Nancy, this one letter to all three will have to suffice for the time being for there is scarcely an idle moment to write. When there is an idle moment, I usually am so tired that I just fall asleep.

Today, however, I have had some time to myself and have been far enough away from activities to really enjoy myself. As you may surmise, I am somewhere in France—just where is, of course, not to be disclosed, but as the papers have carried the story of D-day, you know that it was on the coast of Normandy.

The going for the past week has been quite rugged, particularly for an old man like myself, but I have found that I could keep up with the youngsters. You should have received a letter from me dated June 5, but nothing has been written in the meantime.

All the things incident to the landing on the beaches and the first few days here can be left for future communication. What can be said now would hardly do justice to what happened. Maybe as things develop, I can write you of my own experiences.

It so happened that I went over with the first attachment of the Advance Section, and because of that, I have had a bird's-eye view, or should I say a foxhole view, of this show. The magnitude of it is beyond all comprehension.

For the past week, I have been living in a pup tent—that is, when we have had a chance to even pitch it. I sleep on the ground, and I mean sleep. Tottering around with a pack, side arms, and K rations through the country and up and down hills has been pretty strenuous exercise. By way of diversion, there is an occasional air raid or some artillery shelling of the roads that we are traveling on.

Fortunately, the weather has been marvelous. Only one day of rain, and that wasn't too bad. When I stop to think of it, I find that I am feeling pretty marvelously well and am really in good physical shape.

The spot where our camp is located right now is in a very picturesque country. I don't know whether Mummy has been in this part

of Normandy, but if she has, she can tell you how pretty these French farms are.

Tonight, I had the first cooked meal in over a week. I went up to a little French cafe in a small village and, believe it or not, had a steak, French fried potatoes, strawberries, and a bottle of wine all for 100 francs, about \$2. I am enclosing a 5 Franc note for Nancy's collection of whatnots.

The people here are getting excited over what they say is their liberation. As one drives through the villages, they chase and wave, and every farmer wants to give you wine, but with it all, there has been destruction. Some of the most beautiful chateaus have been devastated, and whole families have been made homeless.

Because I can tell you so little about what is going on and because I am sleepy, I will stop here. All I really wanted to say was that I am well and not to have any worries about me.

With love to you all, and a word that I will write as often as circumstances permit, Old Man Hill.

What an eye-opening letter. Folks, no one but those who were there can truly understand what our D-day and World War II veterans went through, what they saw, and what they felt.

I agree with Major Hill. Without seeing it firsthand, it is nearly impossible to comprehend. However, what we can do is continue to honor the sacrifices and the memories of these World War II vets who went into Europe to fight for our freedoms and memories.

To the D-day and World War II veterans still with us today, we may never be able to repay your debt, but I pray that we never miss an opportunity to say thank you.

Mr. MOORE of Alabama. Madam Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Louisiana (Mr. GRAVES).

Mr. GRAVES of Louisiana. Madam Speaker, I thank the gentleman from Alabama for organizing this.

Madam Speaker, I am going to read from the journal of Sidney Montz, who served as a lieutenant in Company D of the 8th Regiment of the 4th Infantry Division of the United States Army.

The 4th Division was one of the five divisions that struck Utah and Omaha beaches on June 6, 1944. D-day. He was born in Louisiana in 1914 and served as an ROTC corporal at LSU. He enlisted in the Army in August 1942 and became a lieutenant.

Montz was 29 years old on D-day, which was his first combat. He kept a diary from May 15, 1944, until July 31, 1944. The diary was donated by Montz' son to the National World War II Museum in New Orleans along with a trunk of personal belongings from his time in the European Theater during World War II.

□ 2000

Madam Speaker, before I start, I am going to make note that the diary makes mention of the LCVP, which is the landing craft vehicle personnel, otherwise known as the Higgins craft, tens of thousands of which were built in Louisiana and often credited as being a game changer for the D-Day landing.

May 16 through June 1. Took things easy, drew equipment, time off to Torquay, took a

few short marches to keep in shape. A few days before June 1, we were briefed, shown maps, and sand table of where we were going. Everything in good shape. I was executive officer but will take 81 millimeter. Wittenberger does not know mortar. Officers in company: Buckles, Woodruff, Wittenberger, Levy, Buckalew, Olson, Executive Montz, CO Samson.

June 2. Left camp at 10:20 for Torquay, got an LCVP to go to ship (the S.S. *Dickman*). On ship life was okay.

June 4. Too busy to go to church—making final preparation—heard we sail today for landing tomorrow—weather very bad so thing is called off. Spent most of the night in lounge, drinking coffee and listening to radio. Heard of the fall of Rome. In bed by 0200.

June 5. Heard we sail at 1300, General Ike message read over the loudspeaker after we sailed. Told D-Day June 6, H-hour 0630. We anchor at 0200 June 6 and get in LCVP. Checked all equipment that was already in LCVP. Men in good shape and ready to go. Told that 10,500 planes would be in operation, 6,000 bombers. Did not know anything except we land on Utah Beach Red and Green with 12,000 paratroopers landing H-4 inland. Messed around, shooting bull and kidding each other. Channel pretty rough. Men will be fed at 2200, officers at 2400.

June 6, D-Day. 2400: Eating a good meal, may be the last boat team. Sea very rough. Started loading one, went down to compartment with my men about 0230, went over side, down net, and it was really tough.

Took off to rendezvous area, had a tough time finding it, made it okay. Started circling, finally the other boats came in. Planes lit up the beaches, AA fire starting, flares dropping, beautiful sight, but it scares the hell out of you. All hell broke loose from the beach, some boats hit by 88. We are near beach and 88 opened up on the boat on our right and almost hit us. Some boats hit land mines. Lucky we landed because much more we would have sunk. Water still rough. Jumped out in waist-deep water, about 500 or 600 yards from seawall, the longest I have ever seen in my life. MG, mortar, and artillery fire around us. Finally in shallow water and able to run, had to miss all types of obstacles in and out the water. Picked up six rounds of 81-millimeter ammo on the way. It seemed as though we would never reach the seawall. Men being blown up and hit all around me. You could hear them scream. It was horrible. Finally hit seawall, stopped to get a blow and bearing. General Roosevelt walking around telling everyone to clear the beach or they would get killed. Rockets hit the third section. Injured: Lieutenants Levy, Arps, Singer, Cole, Sergeant Hasting. Killed: Corporals Herr, Brandt, and Wadja.

Time to move or they will kill us all. General Roosevelt gave me lots of courage. Under small arms and artillery fire. Navy left us 1000 yards too far left and the left outfit caught hell. Moved in very fast, every house and tree loaded with men. They fired at you from all directions. Very hard to see them as they use smokeless powder. Will get on to them soon, then they will catch hell.

Madam Speaker, I just urge all Americans to remember the incredible sacrifice of so many before us that allowed us to have this amazing Nation. I thank my friend from Alabama.

Mr. MOORE of Alabama. Madam Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Virginia (Mr. GRIFFITH).

Mr. GRIFFITH. Madam Speaker, I thank my colleague for having this particular hour so that we can show our appreciation for D-Day and the veterans who were there.

For all who are not going to Normandy on this particular D-Day, I would invite you to Bedford, Virginia, where the National D-Day Memorial is holding their ceremony this Thursday, June 6, at 11 a.m.

Why, you might ask, would there be a memorial in Bedford, Virginia? The answer is because of the Bedford Boys of Company A, 116th Regiment, 29th Division. Per capita, Bedford lost more men on D-Day than any other community in the Nation.

As a result of this, a number of people got together in the 1990s. Bob Slaughter from Roanoke, who was a part of Company A and was there on D-Day, was a major force in starting the push for this National D-Day Memorial in Bedford.

Lucille Hoback Boggess lost two brothers that day. She contributed a lot of time, and her children are continuing the tradition of moving to make sure that people remember D-Day and the sacrifices of Bedford.

Virginia Delegate Lacey Putney, the gentleman from Bedford, also was instrumental in making sure that the funds were available to get this project off the ground.

It was such a success that on June 6, 2001, at the opening of the National D-Day Memorial in Bedford, Virginia, President George W. Bush participated and gave the keynote.

Today I read a letter not from one of the soldiers but from one of the wives of the Bedford Boys.

Ms. Ivy Lynn Schenk wrote this touching letter to her husband, John. It is a reminder of how life went for folks on the home front, where daily chores and family visits continued unabated despite the epic global conflict that raged around husbands, sons, and brothers overseas. Her letter:

Darling, it is 11:30 Sunday night. This has been a day of continual activity. Breakfast, church, to get milk and butter, dinner, packed the car to go to Mother Schenk's tomorrow. Washed the dog, dusted the beans, et cetera, in the garden to keep the bugs from ruining them.

We intended gathering a little pile of corn to take out to Mother S. When we got at it, realized that there were too many ears just ready to use. So we gathered them, and now I am waiting for the pressure to go down in the cooker so I can take out my few pints of lovely, tender corn. I still have too many ears to take to Mother S.

Mom and I just wondered what you would say if you could see us canning at 11:00 at night on Sunday. She says if the corn doesn't keep it will be because we canned it on a Sunday. I told her you were busy fighting on Sunday without even a chance to eat or rest.

God grant that it will not be long until you can be done with all that and come home to enjoy a few months of peace and calm. All my love is yours, Lynn.

John Schenk never received his wife's letter. Ivy Lynn wrote it on Sunday, July 16, 1944, intending to mail it the next day, but on that Monday, she received the telegram informing her that her husband had been killed on Omaha Beach on D-Day, June 6.

Bedford lost a total of 20 that day, 19 were from Company A. What happened

on July 16 is still remembered in Bedford. The telegrams were received at Green's Drug Store. Elizabeth Teass came in to report she was the operator at 8:30 that morning when the notices started coming in. Somebody from Bedford had died. They would receive nine of those notices on that one day alone. The notices kept coming in to Green's Drug Store Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday.

Today, we get used to having instant communications, but back then, for the men who died on June 6, families didn't find out for more than a month that they had lost their loved ones.

Today, Bedford's Green's Drug Store is the Bedford Boys Tribute Center. The people of Bedford will never forget. I was very glad to have known a number of these soldiers before they passed away, those who survived, and to have known Ms. Boggess when she was campaigning with the Virginia legislature to make sure the National D-Day Memorial became a reality. It is a wonderful, wonderful tribute. I encourage you all to visit.

God bless you and may God continue to bless the United States of America.

Mr. MOORE of Alabama. Madam Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Georgia (Mr. LOUDERMILK).

Mr. LOUDERMILK. Madam Speaker, I thank my good friend from Alabama for the honor of participating in this moment. As many here have done, I have been to the beaches of Normandy and stood on Omaha Beach. On the 75th anniversary of the landing of D-Day, I was one of those selected to represent the United States there.

As I stood on the beach alone, thinking, I realized that that sand I was standing on held the DNA of American patriots who fought that day to preserve liberty for all of us and to stop oppression and aggression. It was especially meaningful to me because my father was one of those who landed in Normandy on D-Day. He was a medic in the United States Army.

No one fought alone that day, no single service fought alone. It took the Navy to deliver many of the soldiers to the shores of Omaha Beach, and my father was one of those who boarded an amphibious landing craft that took him to the beach.

I would love to stand here today and read one of the letters that my father wrote to his sweetheart, who eventually became my mother, but his letters were lost in a flood many years ago in their home in Walhalla, South Carolina.

Today, I want to read the letter from Tracy Sugarman, who was a lieutenant in the Navy. He was assigned to the amphibious squadron and was one of those who, alongside his colleagues who served in the Army, landed on Omaha Beach.

What is interesting about Mr. Sugarman is he was one of those who was considered an old man. He was 23 years old. He was married. He had a young wife. The letter that I am going to read

to you today is the letter that he sent to his wife. It reads:

My darling Junie, hope this gets out to you. It will be the last word from me for a long time, but don't worry, angel, I will get in touch with you the first chance I get. Believe me, darling, I am feeling wonderfully well and absolutely squared away for anything that may come my way.

For this wonderful peace of mind, I have to thank you, Junie. I am intending to spend the rest of my life thanking you. Take care of yourself for me, sweetheart. Please call folks and tell them I am fine but can't write them. Hope to heavens this gets out.

Bye for a little while, angel. Remember, I love you with all my heart always. Keep that chin up and your head high and keep that gleam always. Love to all.

Fortunately, Tracy Sugarman was one of those who did return and was able to continue to live his life in freedom thanks to the sacrifice of those who gave their last full measure of devotion on those sandy beaches in Normandy.

God bless this country and God bless the memories of all of those who served that day.

Mr. MOORE of Alabama. Madam Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Texas (Mr. CRENSHAW).

□ 2015

Mr. CRENSHAW. Madam Speaker, I thank my friend from Alabama.

This week marks the 80th anniversary of D-Day where tens of thousands of our finest, of our Greatest Generation stormed the beaches of Normandy, France, part of the largest seaborne invasion in history, and ushered in an unprecedented era of human flourishing and prosperity because of their courage and sacrifice, because they understood that it was America's time to lead, and to take up arms against tyranny and against the spread of aggression.

Tonight, I have the honor to read an account of that day from Private Benjamin Alvarado's personal diary. He was part of the second wave to land on the Easy Red portion of Omaha Beach in Normandy.

These are his words:

It was very early in the morning, 6 of June, 1944. Cold, dark, and foggy with a little drizzle. The water was choppy. I could not see land even though we were only 11 miles from shore. The drone of the engines stopped, and it was quiet again.

It was 5:30 a.m. when all hell broke loose. All battleships began firing. Over 5,000 ships filled the waters and planes filled the sky as far as one could see, all headed in one direction. The noise was indescribably deafening.

Continuous firing for our ships coupled with the drone of our planes bombing the beaches. Never in all the training I went through was I prepared for this. It was time to go over, grab the rope net, lift my leg over the side, hang on for dear life, 60 pounds on my back.

The rope net swung in and out as the ship and the Higgins boat struggled to meet 20, 30 feet down. I am going to hit the water and be crushed between the ship and the Higgins boat. We managed somehow to embark into the Higgins. The boat was full. The motor started, the boat shuddered, and away we went, up and down the waves. No land in sight. Go toward the noise and flashes of fire.

We were under the swooshing sound of our big guns, 12- and 14-inch shells trumpeting awesomely, cutting the air above us, almost lifting us out of the water. My heart was pounding out of my shirt as though my life were being sucked out. It was horrifying.

As we approached the beach, the Germans continued spraying our boat with machine gun fire. Our boat went as close as it dared, and the ramp went down.

I was the third one out, water up to my chest, holding my M-1 high, pushing the water with my legs, trying to keep my balance. I was numb with fear of what I was about to encounter.

It was early dawn, foggy, a smoke-covered beach, flashes of light, rumbling explosions, German artillery, mortar shells bursting around us, bullets whizzing by.

At the water's edge, I tripped over several dead GIs. My hair stood on end. I ran as fast as my legs could carry me through the smoke and gauntlet of enemy fire, running erratically, avoiding GIs that had fallen.

I ran toward a bluff that had a slight overhang where others were huddled. We were wet, scared, and trapped, all in a state of shock.

Nothing was said. We made room for each other, mirroring our fear, unable to encourage each other. Pausing for a moment to contemplate, I realized the improbability of my ever going home again.

The invasion continued. Barbed wire and land mines were everywhere. The water was filled with boats pressured to unload their men and equipment.

To my right, through a haze of smoke and fog, bodies were everywhere. Steel obstacles were scattered throughout the beach. The indiscriminate slaughter continued.

As our men scrambled frantically for safety, a lieutenant made his way running toward us, looking as though he had just come out of a storm into our little sanctuary of protection.

Gasping for air, he said: Men, this is Omaha Beach. You are on the second wave. Catching his breath, he continued: For what you have just been through, you men deserve a Purple Heart.

Now we are ready to do what we are trained for. Our group, the first and second wave of the First Army, was ready to move up.

Watch out for the land mines, someone exclaimed. We went through a small opening in the barbed wire. The path had been marked by the men that had stepped on the land mines.

When we reached the top, I felt we had broken loose from a trap, yet still quite apprehensive about the land mines. Not looking back, I could see where the Germans had entrenched themselves and were now dead.

The shooting continued as we scampered to places of protection like roadside ditches. The Germans were beginning to surrender as they saw us inching up to them, crying out: kamerad, kamerad. A white piece of cloth would go up, and they would scamper out with their hands up, sometimes crying.

The Germans were on the run, leaving their dead and wounded behind. They left the snipers behind to slow us down, but we continued advancing.

We could still hear the rumbling sounds of those big shells being fired from our ships, deeper into enemy lines, an enormous extended hand of protection for us, a welcomed sound.

Our trucks, tanks, artillery pieces, and supplies were catching up to us. Every time we would liberate a town, the people would run out of their homes to greet us. Church bells would ring for hours, day or night. The old men and women offered us wine and bread. Orders, we could not stop.

Mr. MOORE of Alabama. Madam Speaker, I thank my friend from Texas for his remarks, and I yield to the gentleman from Mississippi (Mr. GUEST).

Mr. GUEST. Madam Speaker, this week we remember the 80th anniversary of the D-Day invasion. Known as Operation Overlord, the D-Day invasion began on the early morning hours of June 6, 1944, on the southern beaches of France, landing at beaches named "Utah," "Gold," "Sword," "Juno," and "Omaha."

Over 4,400 Allied soldiers lost their lives that day. The invasion of France allowed Allied troops to establish a beachhead in Western Europe and would go on to change the course of the second great war.

Many of the courageous men who fought that day have since passed away, but we still have their recorded oral testimonies and letters to loved ones about the role that they played.

Today, I want to read a brief segment of a fellow Mississippian that landed at Normandy shortly after the initial invasion.

Bilbo Rodgers, born in Louisville, Mississippi, said this about his service:

I was unloading the ships there in France, unloading guns, trucks, and ammunition, food, medical supplies, and all that in France after I got there, but we were still involved in battle because they were shooting at us, trying to kill us.

I didn't pull my shoes off in 3 weeks because they didn't allow you to pull them off because you may have to run at any time.

We had to sleep in our shoes, and when we were in France, we slept in foxholes. You dig a hole in the ground about 4 feet, and you get down there, you and your partner. You have one partner, two people in one foxhole with dirt falling in your face and all that.

Bilbo Rodgers was one of the countless heroes that placed themselves in harm's way to help America and her Allies defeat Nazi Germany and to protect the liberties and freedoms we still enjoy today. May we always remember the sacrifice of our brave warriors.

Mr. MOORE of Alabama. Madam Speaker, I thank my friend from Mississippi for his remarks, and I yield to the gentleman from Utah (Mr. OWENS), my good friend.

Mr. OWENS. Madam Speaker, I thank my good friend from Alabama for this opportunity to reflect on the last hours of courage and sacrifice of the Greatest Generation, those who served and died for the land that they loved.

Shortly before D-Day, Second Lieutenant Jack Lundberg from Val Verda, Utah, wrote a letter to his parents:

Now that I am actually here, I see that the chances of my returning to all of you are quite slim. Therefore, I want to write this letter now while I am still able to.

I want you to know how much I love each of you. You mean everything to me. It is the realization of your love that gives me the courage to continue. I have requested that this letter be forwarded only in the event that I do not return.

You have had many times more than your share of illnesses and deaths in the family, still you continue to exemplify what true

parents should. I am sorry to add to your grief, but at all times, realize that my thoughts are of you constantly.

I feel that in some small way, I am helping to bring this wasteful war to a conclusion. We in the United States have something to fight for. Never more fully have I realized that.

There is no other country with comparable wealth, advancement, or standard of living. The USA is worth the sacrifice.

Remember always that I love each of you most perfectly, and I am proud of you. Consider Mary, my wife, as having taken my place in the family circle, and watch over each other. Love to my family, Jack.

Madam Speaker, 2½ weeks after D-Day, Lundberg was the lead navigator on a B-17 flying over Abbeville, France, that was hit by German anti-aircraft fire, burst into flames, and crashed. Lundberg was killed.

Second Lieutenant Jack Lundberg represents then and now the very best of Utah and our great Nation. It is the spirit of willing sacrifice and love of family and country that will continue to guide our minds, souls, and hearts to be the light of freedom to those around the world.

I, too, was raised by a veteran of World War II. I was blessed to see those who not only ran toward fear but came back to their homeland and built the Greatest Generation, the greatest middle class, who broke the barriers that we were then fighting to break and went on to teach their generation to be patriotic and love our Nation.

We will never forget America's Greatest Generation and their extraordinary sacrifices for freedom. Thank you, and may God grant you his eternal blessings.

Mr. MOORE of Alabama. Madam Speaker, I thank my friend from Utah for his remarks, and I yield to the gentleman from Texas (Mr. SELF), my friend.

Mr. SELF. Madam Speaker, I thank my friend and colleague from Alabama for hosting this.

Fellow Texan William Nation was an Army captain in the 508th Parachute Infantry Regiment on 22 June 1944, somewhere in France.

Dear folks, just a note to let you know that everything is still okay. We got our mail a few days ago, and I was glad to hear from you again. We have been plenty busy here, and last night I pulled off my boots for the first time since D-Day.

I guess you know by now what D-Day is. We have had some real experiences, some that I hope never to go through again, but we made it out all right so far.

I guess you know more about what we did than I by reading the papers. We had two news writers drop with us. One broke his leg, but the other is writing all along.

This will have to be cut short for now, but I will try to write more this afternoon. I will try to let you know from day to day how things are, but if you don't get a letter from me, don't be worried.

We all feel rather immortal after that first night, and most of us are living on borrowed time anyway. Love, Bill.

Just a quick story. When I parachuted into D-Day celebrations in 1993, I went up to the superintendent of the cemetery that stands there above Omaha Beach.

He motioned to a D-Day veteran saying goodbye. He said that man was a combat engineer on Omaha Beach. He led the first wave ashore. He was the only man of his unit that made it alive onto the shore, and he comes back to visit his buddies every year.

This year, when I parachute into D-Day on Friday, I will be carrying a portrait of Glenn Stevens, G Company, 3rd Battalion, 507th Parachute Infantry Regiment, who parachuted into D-Day. He was a constituent all those years ago in CD-3 in Texas.

I will also be carrying a Bronze Star and a Purple Heart that belong to Staff Sergeant Starlin Lee Click who was a veteran of D-Day. It is my little way of honoring the men who risked everything on June 6, 1944. May we never forget.

Mr. MOORE of Alabama. Madam Speaker, I thank my friend from Texas and certainly all my colleagues. That is quite an amazing story to get firsthand in letters.

I will close with an actual excerpt from a newspaper describing the reaction to D-Day at home in Montgomery, Alabama.

Dear Gang, you are probably wondering what it was like at home on D-Day. Well, like everything else in the world, we guess, Montgomerians were steeped in reserved excitement, wanting to shout out: We are pulling for you, gang; but realizing there was an ocean in between.

Everyone was literally burning with pride as the news flashed throughout the day. Radios were never turned off during that first 24 hours, and there was one topic of conversation and only one.

All stores closed at 5 p.m., and at that same hour, twoscore buglers, stationed throughout the city, went into action.

All traffic stopped, and a period of silent prayer was observed. At 8 p.m., prayer services were held in every Montgomery church. Almost without exception, every pew was filled.

WSFA canceled all commercial programs and announcements and for more than 30 hours broadcast only invasion news or specially prepared programs in honor of the courageous men who sailed and flew across the channel.

When prayers were being said over the air, it was not uncommon to see a sidewalk group, including some, perhaps, who were praying for the first time, lift their hats and stand reverently until the prayer was done.

At 9 p.m., the whole town, along with the remainder of the Nation, listened with bowed heads as President Roosevelt offered his invasion day prayer.

As the full Moon, riding in the partially clouded sky, shone down in later hours, Montgomerians finally closed their eyes; proud, appreciative, and confident of the eventual outcome.

I thank all my colleagues again who participated and Congressman PALMER and his staff for their help in coordinating this Special Order.

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

□ 2030

IMPROVING FOSTER CARE OUTCOMES

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under the Speaker's announced policy of Jan-

uary 9, 2023, the gentlewoman from Florida (Mrs. CHERFILUS-McCORMICK) is recognized for 60 minutes as the designee of the minority leader.

GENERAL LEAVE

Mrs. CHERFILUS-McCORMICK. Madam Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that all Members may have 5 legislative days to revise and extend their remarks and include extraneous material on the subject of this Special Order hour.

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

There was no objection.

Mrs. CHERFILUS-McCORMICK. Madam Speaker, it is with great honor that I rise today to co-anchor the CBC Special Order hour along with my distinguished colleagues, Representatives JONATHAN JACKSON and GWEN MOORE.

For the next 60 minutes, members of the CBC have the opportunity to discuss the importance of foster care and outcomes among Black families and children involved with child welfare, an issue of great importance to the Congressional Black Caucus, Congress, the constituents we represent, and all Americans.

Madam Speaker, I yield to the gentlewoman from Wisconsin (Ms. MOORE).

Ms. MOORE of Wisconsin. Madam Speaker, I thank the gentlewoman from Florida for heading up this Special Order hour.

At this time, we have many Members in the Congressional Black Caucus who are concerned about this issue. I am so happy this evening that we have also been joined by not only JONATHAN JACKSON but by a member of the Ways and Means Committee, a mentor of mine, Representative DANNY DAVIS, who has served as a social worker and has kept abreast of those formal studies by engaging and being passionate about foster youth.

I thank the Congressional Black Caucus for shining a light on this particular issue. We must face it: These are our children.

There are about 400,000 children currently in foster care, not counting the ones who are in informal arrangements of foster care. They are our children. They are children of color, and particularly Black children are disproportionately in the system.

For example, I live in Wisconsin. While African Americans in Wisconsin make up only 9 percent of the population, almost a quarter of the children in foster care are African-American children.

I can tell you that these are the most vulnerable kids in our country, but my God, they are also the most resilient children. Even the most resilient need our help and our support. As Congress, we must support them because, after all, these youth are our future workforce. They are our workforce, and who will support us if we don't support them?

We just left May. May, of course, was National Foster Care Month. This

year's theme of National Foster Care Month was "Engaging Youth. Building Supports. Strengthening Opportunities." I think that that is a really important theme, as I want to announce happily that we are going to have another foster youth day, a shadow day. I invite all of my colleagues to engage in the extraordinary experience of letting one of these youth shadow you. You will be surprised that while you think that you are teaching them stuff about your craft as a ranking member or as a chairman, you will learn so much from these youth. That will be something that will carry through for the rest of your time serving. It is a blessing.

June is National Family Reunification Month. We have had a foster care system in this country for many years. One of the things that we have learned is that foster care ought to be the last resort and that if we separate children from their families out of necessity, we ought to do everything that we can to try to reunify them and to learn what strategies work toward that effort.

We want to do prevention to make sure that these children don't end up being separated from their families, but if they are, we need to prioritize kinship care.

One of the co-chairs of this committee is a Republican, Representative DON BACON, and he is adamant about kinship care and keeping kinship groups together. That is one of his passions, and we need make sure we support his legislation.

We have another co-chair, a Democrat from California, Representative SYDNEY KAMLAGER-DOVE. She has come into this Congress, succeeding the now-mayor of Los Angeles, Karen Bass, and gone headfirst into this issue and is a passionate supporter of our programming.

MARY GAY SCANLON, an attorney from Pennsylvania before she joined us in this body, brought those skills and her own experience doing a lot of pro bono work for children and families caught in the foster care system. She is a passionate co-chair of the bipartisan Congressional Caucus on Foster Youth.

Representative NANCY MACE, who we all know as a person who has served in our Armed Forces, brings her leadership to this task. Representative ZACH NUNN is another Republican in our group. It is a bipartisan group, and we need to save our children.

In just a few days, we are going to have the Congressional Caucus on Foster Youth's annual Foster Youth Shadow Day. We want Members to sign up to pair with a foster youth. I can't explain how impactful it is for these former foster youth to shadow my colleagues for just a day and how beneficial it is for us as policymakers. It is a great reminder that beyond these statistics are real people.

Madam Speaker, I have so much to say, but there are others here who want to share. I will be happy to get into a dialogue or colloquy with them.