

When it comes to cancer, we know that early detection is our best protection, and that is exactly what this bill will do. It is about ensuring that those who are most at risk can catch cancer early and stop it before it spreads.

Thanks to the advocacy of the American Cancer Society and their partners, our bill has bipartisan support. Mr. Speaker, 295 House Members and 62 Senators have cosponsored it.

Last Congress, Jodey surprised me by renaming the legislation in honor of my late mother, Nancy Gardner Sewell, of Selma, Alabama, who passed away in 2021 from pancreatic cancer.

Who was she?

My mom was a devout Christian who lived a life of faith, an exemplary educator, and a library media specialist. She served in the Selma public school system for 36 years where she shaped minds and uplifted children. As a librarian, she was a strong advocate for reading, initiating the Reading is Fundamental, RIF, program in 1973, delivering books to children throughout Alabama, Mississippi, and Tennessee. It is a program that still serves children in Selma and Dallas County and Alabama's rural Black Belt today.

Nancy Sewell was a trailblazing civic leader. She became the first African-American woman elected to Selma's city council and served as an inspirational role model for women in politics.

Her favorite saying was: Bloom where you are planted.

We can make a difference right where we are, and she made a big difference in the lives of so many people whom she touched.

Again, I want to thank the American Cancer Society and their more than 700 supporters for honoring my mother on this day of advocacy, her birthday.

Mr. Speaker, I urge all of my colleagues to join us in this important effort. Let's pass H.R. 842, the Nancy Gardner Sewell Medicare Multi-Cancer Early Detection Screening Coverage Act and pave the way for a world without cancer.

□ 1010

HURRICANE MARÍA'S 8-YEAR ANNIVERSARY

(Mr. HERNÁNDEZ of Puerto Rico was recognized to address the House for 5 minutes.)

Mr. HERNÁNDEZ. For the benefit of my constituents and the communities affected, I will offer my remarks in Spanish.

Hoy me paro aquí con la voz prestada de un pueblo que no olvida. Hace ocho años, el 20 de septiembre, Puerto Rico amaneció desgarrado—no sólo en términos de su infraestructura pero en cuanto al alma de su gente. El huracán María no fue solo un fenómeno atmosférico, sino una odisea que dolorosamente reflejó la fortaleza del pueblo de Puerto Rico y de lo que ocurre cuando se combina el colapso de

la infraestructura con años de negligencia institucional.

Por eso, hoy me honra presentar una resolución para conmemorar este aniversario solemne, para reconocer a quienes se perdieron, a quienes resistieron, y a un pueblo que se levantó con dignidad frente al abandono.

Se cayeron los techos. Se apagó la luz. Pero quizás lo más doloroso fue el silencio. No sólo la falta de comunicación, sino la ausencia de respuesta efectiva, de coordinación, de urgencia. Ese vacío se sintió como el silencio dentro del ojo del huracán: una calma engañosa, que no promete alivio, sino que anuncia que lo peor aún está por llegar.

Recuerdo a los viejitos cargando cubos de agua por lomas empinadas. Madres haciendo fila por hielo para conservar la insulina. Vecinos compartiendo una planta eléctrica como quien comparte un pedazo de esperanza. Y recuerdo a muchos—a demasiados—que murieron sin que su nombre contara en una estadística oficial. Más de 4,000 vidas. No fue una cifra. Fue una negligencia.

Pero los nuestros no esperaron permiso para sobrevivir. Rescataron a sus vecinos con sogas y machetes. Improvisaron clínicas. Reabrieron escuelas sin electricidad. María no solo destruyó edificios. Nos robó a abuelas, a padres, a hijos, que murieron no por el viento, sino por el abandono. Y esa es una verdad que debe doler. Que debe incomodar. Porque el olvido también es una forma de violencia.

Tantas conversaciones sobre los problemas que enfrenta Puerto Rico hoy, especialmente en términos de problemas de infraestructura, empiezan con mencionar al huracán María. "Desde María", dicen. Y creo que, de tanto repetirlo, se nos olvida el dolor. El horror.

Por eso, hoy más que reclamar, quiero recordar. Recordar a los que no vivieron para contar su historia. Recordar a los que sobrevivieron, pero cargan cicatrices invisibles. Recordar lo que el país tuvo que hacer, solo, para poder respirar.

Porque honrar a los que sobrevivieron—y a los que no—exige más que memoria: exige justicia.

Hoy seguimos luchando por reconstruir nuestra red eléctrica, por modernizar nuestra infraestructura, por garantizar servicios de salud resilientes y acceso digno a la vivienda. Seguimos luchando por energía confiable, por justicia social, y por un trato justo ante la ley.

Puerto Rico siguió adelante porque su gente nunca se rindió. Porque en medio del caos, y la oscuridad, fue la solidaridad, el valor y la dignidad del pueblo lo que sostuvo la isla. Esa es la verdad que no se puede ignorar ni borrar. Porque aunque María fue una herida profunda, la respuesta de nuestra gente fue una de fuerza indomable. Y aunque aún estamos sanando, seguimos adelante. Seguimos

adelante, con la mirada puesta en la reconstrucción y en un futuro digno.

(English translation of the statement made in Spanish is as follows:)

Today I stand here with the voice borrowed from a people who do not forget. Eight years ago, on September 20, Puerto Rico woke up torn—not only in terms of its infrastructure but in the very soul of its people. Hurricane María was not just a meteorological event, but an odyssey that painfully reflected the strength of the people of Puerto Rico and what happens when the collapse of infrastructure is combined with years of institutional neglect.

That is why today I am honored to introduce a resolution to commemorate this solemn anniversary—to recognize those we lost, those who endured, and a people who rose with dignity in the face of abandonment.

Roofs collapsed. The lights went out. But perhaps the most painful thing was the silence. Not just the lack of communication, but the absence of an effective response, of coordination, and of urgency. That void felt like the silence inside the eye of the hurricane: a deceptive calm, which does not promise relief, but rather announces that the worst is yet to come.

I remember the elderly carrying buckets of water up steep hills. Mothers lining up for ice to keep insulin cold. Neighbors sharing a generator like someone sharing a piece of hope. And I remember many—too many—who died without their names being counted in an official statistic. More than 4,000 lives. It wasn't a number. It was negligence.

But our people did not wait for permission to survive. They rescued their neighbors with ropes and machetes. They improvised clinics. They reopened schools without electricity. María didn't just destroy buildings. It stole from us grandmothers, parents, children, who died not from the wind, but from abandonment. And that is a truth that should hurt. Which should make us uncomfortable. Because forgetting is also a form of violence.

So many conversations about the problems Puerto Rico faces today, especially in terms of infrastructure problems, begin with mentioning Hurricane María. "From María," they say. And I think that, by repeating it so often, we forget the pain. The horror.

Therefore, today more than complaining, I want to remember. Remember those who did not live to tell their story. Remember those who survived, but carry invisible scars. Remember what the island had to do, alone, to be able to breathe.

Because honoring those who survived—and those who did not—demands more than memory: it demands justice.

Today we continue fighting to rebuild our electrical grid, to modernize our infrastructure, to guarantee resilient health services and dignified access to housing. We continue to fight for reliable energy, for social justice, and for equal treatment under the law.

Puerto Rico kept going because its people never gave up. Because in the midst of chaos and darkness, it was the solidarity, courage and dignity of the people that sustained the island. That is the truth that cannot be ignored or erased. Because although María was a deep wound, the response of our people was one of unbreakable strength. And although we are still healing, we move forward. We move forward, with our eyes set on reconstruction and a dignified future.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from Puerto Rico will provide the Clerk a translation of his remarks.

VISIT TO BLUEBONNET DETENTION FACILITY

(Ms. JOHNSON of Texas was recognized to address the House for 5 minutes.)

Ms. JOHNSON of Texas. Mr. Speaker, earlier this month, I visited the Bluebonnet Detention Facility in Anson, Texas, about 3 hours outside of Dallas. What I saw was deeply disturbing. It speaks to the harmful policies under Donald Trump and Secretary Noem, policies that are ripping families apart, wasting taxpayer dollars, and making our communities less safe.

Bluebonnet was built to house prisoners under the Texas Department of Criminal Justice, but in 2019 the first Trump administration handed a contract to a private prison company to convert it into an ICE detention center. Today, instead of prioritizing dangerous criminals, those who commit rape, murder, or trafficking drugs, people who pose real threats to our communities, ICE is filling this facility with people who have done absolutely nothing wrong and are being targeted simply because of the color of their skin.

As a Member of Congress and as a member of the Homeland Security Committee, I have both the right and the responsibility to see what is happening inside these facilities. For years, Members of Congress could visit unannounced, but under Secretary Noem, that right was stripped away. My team and I worked for weeks just to gain entry and finally got a scheduled appointment.

When I visited, 1,079 people were being detained at Bluebonnet. Nearly 700 of them, almost two-thirds, were designated by ICE itself as a low threat. Let me repeat: Hundreds of people with no violent history, no record of serious crimes, targeted solely because of the color of their skin, were denied their constitutional rights and then locked away in a detention center.

I met with several detained individuals. Here is a common story that we came across. A man came here more than two decades ago and worked a blue-collar job. He raised his family in Texas. He has children whom he loves and who depend on him. He hasn't committed any violent crimes or sold any drugs. His only offense was a traffic stop. Now, he faces deportation to a country he left decades ago.

My question is: How is this fair? Why are people who are contributing to our economy, who are working hard and making sure that our citizens are being taken care of, being targeted instead of all of the violent criminals?

This is what is happening under Trump. They are not prioritizing threats to public safety. They are not going after violent offenders. They are

taking workers out of our economy. They are spreading fear in communities where families should feel safe, and they are doing it with our taxpayer dollars.

Let me be very clear. Locking up people who pose no danger to our communities does not make us safer. It weakens us. It destabilizes families. It wastes resources that should be used to pursue violent criminals, traffickers, and those who actually endanger our neighbors.

As I left the detention center that day, an employee from ICE made one request: Stop politicizing us.

It is the White House that needs to hear this message most of all. Trump and Secretary Noem are not using taxpayer dollars to keep communities safe; they are using it as political theater. They dress up in ICE jackets, parade through detention centers, and turn detainees into props for their campaigns.

This isn't law enforcement. It is performance. It makes a mockery of our justice system by prioritizing sensational videos over safety and cruelty over compassion. This is political theater at the expense of human lives.

We need a smarter and fairer approach. That means alternatives to detention that allow people to remain with their families while their case moves forward. It means investing in an immigration system that is fair, fast, and final so that people can have their cases heard in front of a judge and are not left in limbo for years. It means prioritizing dangerous individuals, not hardworking parents who have built their lives in our communities.

People who play by the rules, follow the law, and adhere to the guidelines laid out before them should never be targeted because of the color of their skin and denied due process. Our society should not accept this, and this administration needs to put a stop to this injustice.

That is what I saw at Bluebonnet, a betrayal of our values as a nation. We are a country of immigrants. We are a country that claims to honor family, community, and fairness. Yet, the Trump administration is locking up people who are simply trying to work, raise families, and contribute to our community. This is not about fairness or safety, and it is not who we claim to be as Americans.

Congress must step up and hold this administration accountable. We must work in a bipartisan way to build an immigration system that keeps people safe and ensures that people's rights are respected. Locking up neighbors who pose no threat does not make us stronger. It divides us. It weakens us, and it undermines everything that we stand for.

RECOGNIZING THE LIFE OF MILLIE ORTIZ SHEEHAN

(Mr. LATIMER of New York was recognized to address the House for 5 minutes.)

Mr. LATIMER. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to remember the life and times of Millie Ortiz Sheehan. Today, we are naming a street after her in the town of Greenburgh where she did so much to help her community and her people.

Millie was born in New York City, the daughter of Miguel and Cruz Ortiz. She graduated from Baruch College where she met her husband, Francis. Together, they spent over 40 years married, with two children and four grandchildren.

Millie was a school psychologist with over 30 years of experience in the Greenburgh Central School District and still had time to be active in numerous community groups and worthwhile projects that helped her neighbors, particularly the youth of her town. She was a spectacular cook to boot.

Millie's loss came unexpectedly and tragically, but we remember her and her life, and we join the community in valuing her life spent caring about others. Her name on that street sign will ensure that Greenburgh will never ever forget her.

□ 1020

HONORING THE LIFE OF LYNNE TROTTER WAGSTAFF

Mr. LATIMER. Mr. Speaker, every now and then, there are people born who personify the essence of love in action. On November 2, 1946, Lynne Louise Trotter, later Lynne Louise Trotter Wagstaff, was born in Harlem, New York. She was one of those people.

Lynne attended St. Catherine of Siena and graduated from St. Pascal Baylon High School. She loved to dance and attended Johnson Dance Studio during her youth. Her summers were enriched, and she formed lifelong bonds at Camp Minisink, a camp for African-American youth in New York City.

Lynne met her husband of 47 years, William O. Wagstaff, Jr., at Central State. He was a Kappa and a football player, two criteria she later joked were on her checklist for potential mates in college. They were married on August 5, 1978, and purchased their first home in Mount Vernon, New York.

Although her childhood dream was to become an actress, she decided to pursue a career as an educator. Over the years, she was an elementary school teacher, a reading teacher, an assistant principal, and retired as the principal of P.S. 112, located in the Edenwald neighborhood of the Bronx.

Lynne spent her entire career in public education and felt it was her responsibility not only to educate but to provide care and safety for children who were often underserved and overlooked, either due to their race or economic status.