

Department of Agriculture during the Clinton administration, still fighting for the land and the people who work it.

I would be remiss, Mr. Speaker, if I did not speak plainly about something. In 1992, Charles Hatcher and I were opponents for this very seat. Elections in our part of Georgia are hard-fought, and ours was no exception. But when it was over, Charles Hatcher showed me—and showed our district—the kind of man he was. There was no bitterness in him. There was no small-mindedness in him. He handed me a district he loved and a people he had served faithfully, and he wished me well in doing it. In almost fifty years of public life, I have learned that you can measure a man's character by how he carries a loss. By that measure, Charles Hatcher was a giant.

The titles never defined him. What defined him was the way he made people feel. He never met a stranger. He had a gift—and I mean a genuine gift—for making a person feel welcomed, valued, and heard. Whether he was walking the marbled halls of this Capitol, sitting at a kitchen table or visiting with his neighbors at Marina Towers, Charles Hatcher built relationships and brought people together. In retirement he enjoyed his golf, but he never stopped giving himself away. He delivered for Meals on Wheels. He gave his time to charitable causes. He was a faithful member of Washington Street United Methodist Church in Alexandria, Virginia.

Vice President Hubert H. Humphrey once said that the moral test of government is how it treats those in the dawn of life, the children; those in the twilight of life, the elderly; and those in the shadows of life, the sick, the needy, and the handicapped. Mr. Speaker, Charles Hatcher passed that test—not only as a legislator casting votes on this floor, but as a man carrying a hot meal up a walkway to somebody who had nobody else coming. That is what a public servant looks like when the cameras are gone and the title has expired.

The greatest beneficiaries of his love were the family he treasured. He is survived by his beloved wife, Krysta Harden; his sons, Chuck and his wife, Tracey, and Jon and his wife, Kris; his five grandchildren, Ansley, Chase, Boone, Tingen, and Walker; and his brother, Marcus Hatcher and his wife, Joy. He was preceded in death by his daughter, Polly Hatcher—a grief no father should have to carry, and one he bore with quiet grace—as well as his parents, C.E. and Agnes Hatcher, and his siblings, Clifford “Bubba” Hatcher, Irma Carr, Grace Adkins, and Glenn Hatcher.

Mr. Speaker, the peanut fields of this country will bloom again this year, and the men and women who work them will never know all that Charles Hatcher did on their behalf. That is the nature of faithful service—most of it goes unseen and unthanked. But it is written down somewhere, and it is written down here today.

Therefore, on behalf of my wife, Vivian, and me along with the more than 765,000 people of Georgia's Second Congressional District, I ask my colleagues to join me in honoring the extraordinary life of the Honorable Charles Floyd Hatcher, in extending our deepest sympathy to Krysta and to the entire Hatcher family, and in saying of this good and faithful servant: well done.

HONORING MRS. JACQUELINE
MILITO DEMARCO

HON. THOMAS H. KEAN, JR.

OF NEW JERSEY

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, September 8, 2026

Mr. KEAN. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor Jacqueline Milito DeMarco on the remarkable occasion of her 100th birthday. Mrs. DeMarco's century of life—marked by devotion to family and service to the Bernardsville community—deserves recognition.

Born one of nine children, Mrs. DeMarco was raised in a hardworking Italian-American family. Her father immigrated to Liberty Corner and purchased 100 acres of farmland, instilling in his children the values of perseverance, industry, and family unity that have guided Mrs. DeMarco throughout her long and full life.

While working at the New Jersey Division of Alcoholic Beverage Control, she met Robert DeMarco. They married in 1960 and, two years later, settled in Bernardsville. There they raised their two children, Lisa and Robert, in the home where Mrs. DeMarco continues to live today. After more than six decades of marriage, Mr. DeMarco passed away in 2023 at the age of 93.

In Bernardsville, Mrs. DeMarco became a familiar and beloved presence through her years of service as a cashier in the elementary school cafeteria. Beyond her work, she has long found joy in knitting—a pastime that has remained a constant source of comfort and creativity.

Mrs. DeMarco's 100th birthday stands as a milestone of an extraordinary life well lived—one filled with family, community, and treasured memories.

Mr. Speaker, I ask my colleagues to join me in celebrating Jacqueline Milito DeMarco on this historic occasion. We extend our warmest wishes to Mrs. DeMarco, her children, and all her family and loved ones, and we recognize with gratitude a century of dignity, devotion, and a life that has enriched the Bernardsville community.

RECOGNIZING JR. GARLING

HON. BRITTANY PETTERSEN

OF COLORADO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, September 8, 2026

Ms. PETTERSEN. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize Jr. Garling for earning the Arvada Wheat Ridge Service Ambassadors for Youth Award.

Jr. has overcome many challenges along his journey to success, demonstrating perseverance at every step. Students who strive to make the most of their education, like Jr., develop crucial skills and a work ethic that will guide them for the rest of their lives. This award is a testament to Jr.'s hard work, determination, and perseverance at Drake Middle School and is clearly just the beginning of a bright and promising future.

It is my honor to congratulate Jr. Garling on achieving the Arvada Wheat Ridge Service Ambassadors for Youth Award.

HONORING BELFAIR BAPTIST
CHURCH

HON. CLEO FIELDS

OF LOUISIANA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, September 8, 2026

Mr. FIELDS. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to acknowledge Belfair Baptist Church in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, a congregation founded through the guidance and inspiration of the Holy Spirit. Reverend Alvin A. Francois and Sister Josie F. Francois were given a vision to organize a community church, and even before the first service, they named the future edifice Belfair Baptist Church because of its future location within the Belfair Community.

On August 6, 1972, the first service was held across the street from the church's current location at 4444 Fairfields Avenue in one of the buildings owned by the Seventh Day Adventist Church. The church grew steadily in its early years, strengthened by God's blessings and the dedication of its members. Since that first worship service in 1972, Belfair Baptist Church has continued to thrive as a place of worship, fellowship, and spiritual growth.

On June 2, 2002, Pastor Alvin A. Francois appointed Jon D. Bennett as pastor-elect of Belfair Baptist Church and subsequently installed him on September 8, 2002. Led by the Holy Spirit, Pastor Bennett has continued in the church's rich legacy of biblical teaching, expository preaching, missions, and prayer while redirecting the church's focus on its role in the family, the community, the state, and the world through a holistic approach to ministry. Under his visionary leadership, the BBC GROW Ministry was birthed with a strong focus on evangelism, discipleship, and worship, and new ministries have been established while existing ministries have been revitalized to further the church's mission.

Belfair's future remains filled with hopeful anticipation as the congregation walks by faith and stands on the promises of God. Together, the church has witnessed sinners come to Christ, new believers join the ministry, and committed Christians mature in the Word of God. In keeping with its motto, Belfair is a church that is ‘Building lives on the Word of God.’ Mr. Speaker, I ask my colleagues to join me in honoring Belfair Baptist Church for its decades of service, devotion, and faith, and in wishing its pastor, leadership, and congregation continued blessings in the years to come.

CELEBRATING DOUG STOCKS' 48-
YEAR BOOKSELLING CAREER

HON. ZOE LOFGREN

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, September 8, 2026

Ms. LOFGREN. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to congratulate Doug Stocks, one of the most experienced booksellers in Silicon Valley, on his retirement after 48 years. I wish to include in the RECORD the following excerpt from Ron Charles' article:

Last week, while visiting our elder daughter in Santa Clara, Calif., I overheard a bookseller at Books Inc. say he was retiring. In fact, everyone in the store heard him.

Doug Stocks is not the fading, whispering figure of some dusty Masterpiece Theatre

bookseller. He's a tall guy with a big, gray beard, somewhere between a happy Hemingway and an off-season Santa—and around here, more famous than either one.

Doug is retiring next month after 48 years. "I'm the longest-standing bookseller in Silicon Valley," he told me. It's been the only job he's ever had. "Since I was 18 years old! Can you believe it? Books, Inc., oldest bookseller west of the Mississippi, publisher of Mark Twain, Ambrose Bierce, Bret Harte.

Mr. Stocks personally met many authors who were present at Books Inc. and made all feel welcomed. He has made so many Silicon Valley residents embrace their love of literature, and our community is deeply thankful for his decades-long career.

PERSONAL EXPLANATION

HON. ADDISON P. McDOWELL

OF NORTH CAROLINA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, September 8, 2026

Mr. McDOWELL. Mr. Speaker, on September 2, 2026, I was unable to be present in D.C. for the afternoon vote series. Had I been present, I would have voted YEA on Roll Call No. 293, and YEA on Roll Call No. 294.

IN MEMORY OF LIEUTENANT COLONEL BERRY HENRY HENDERSON, JR., UNITED STATES ARMY (RETIRED)

HON. SANFORD D. BISHOP, JR.

OF GEORGIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, September 8, 2026

Mr. BISHOP. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor the life and legacy of Lieutenant Colonel Berry Henry Henderson, Jr., United States Army, Retired, of Columbus, Georgia, who passed peacefully on September 4, 2026, at the age of ninety-three—twenty-three days short of his ninety-fourth birthday.

Berry Henderson was born on September 27, 1932, in Athens, Georgia, and he came of age in a country that would ask a great deal of the young men of his generation. He earned his Bachelor of Business Administration from North Georgia College in 1953, and he answered that call by putting on the uniform of the United States Army—a uniform he would wear for the next twenty-two years.

He became an aviator. Over the course of his career he logged more than three thousand hours in the air as both an airplane and a helicopter pilot. And in 1965—the year this Nation began pouring its sons into Southeast Asia—Captain Henderson found himself in Vietnam, commanding a Chinook company.

Mr. Speaker, I want my colleagues to sit with what that means. The Chinook crews of 1965 flew into places nothing else could reach. They carried ammunition and artillery forward into positions that were already under fire, and they came back out carrying wounded men who had run out of every other option. Those pilots did not get to choose their weather, and they did not get to choose their landing zones. They went where they were told, and they went because somebody on the ground was waiting.

There are men alive in this country today—grandfathers now, great-grandfathers—who

never learned Berry Henderson's name and never will. But they came home. Some of them came home because of the company he led and the standard he held them to. That is a debt that does not appear on any ledger, and it is the kind of debt this Nation has never found a way to repay.

He later served as an instructor for the Command and General Staff Officer Course, teaching the officers who would lead the Army after him. He retired in 1975 with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel.

Mr. Speaker, he did something I find quietly beautiful. A man who had spent twenty-two years flying human beings through fire spent the rest of his life helping families find a place to come home to. In 1977 he joined three partners in organizing Showcase Realty. He became a real estate instructor. He served as president of his local board. He was named dean of the Georgia Real Estate Institute, and he rose to serve as president of the Georgia Association of REALTORS®. He had carried men out of danger; now he handed families the keys to their front doors. In every organization he ever joined, he rose—not because he sought the title, but because people watching him decided he ought to have it.

He was also, by every account, a man who knew how to enjoy the life he had fought to protect. He and his beloved Marcella traveled the world together. He loved Cadillacs, and he loved horses—a helicopter pilot with a weakness for horsepower of every kind. Fifty-two years he had with her. When she went on ahead of him, he carried her with him for the rest of the way.

Mr. Speaker, there is one more thing I would ask this body to consider. Berry Henderson's son, B.H. "Skip" Henderson III, serves today as the 70th Mayor of the City of Columbus, Georgia. And in the biography that introduces the Mayor to the citizens he serves—the official page, the one on the city's own letterhead—there is a sentence that says simply that the Mayor is the son of Army veteran Berry Henderson.

A grown man, the chief executive of one of Georgia's great cities, and when he tells his city who he is, he begins with his daddy. That is not a line a public relations office writes. That is a son telling the truth about where he came from.

Lieutenant Colonel Henderson is survived by his son, Skip, and his wife Karon; his daughter, Susan Henderson; his granddaughter, Kyle Henderson, and Mike Karam; his grandson, Joe Henderson, and McKenna; his great-grandson, Burke Karam, his niece, Kathleen Hughes; and several great nieces and nephews. He was preceded in death by his wife of more than fifty-two years, Marcella; his parents, Berry and Jo Henderson; and his sister, Mary Ann Henderson.

After more than three thousand hours in the air, he has flown his last mission. He is cleared to land. And Marcella has been waiting a long time at the end of that runway.

Mr. Speaker, I ask my colleagues in the House of Representatives to join my wife, Vivian, and me, along with the more than 765,000 people of Georgia's Second Congressional District in honoring the life of Lieutenant Colonel Berry Henry Henderson, Jr., and in extending our deepest sympathy to Mayor Henderson and to the entire Henderson family.

RECOGNIZING JIM LIPUMA AND J.D. MCCOURT

HON. ERIN HOUCHIN

OF INDIANA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, September 8, 2026

Mrs. HOUCHIN. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize Jim Lipuma of Downers Grove, Illinois, and J.D. McCourt of Las Vegas, Nevada, for an extraordinary charitable undertaking they are completing this year.

Jim and J.D. are riding their bicycles approximately 2,500 miles along the Mississippi River, from Minnesota to the Gulf of Mexico, in approximately 30 days as part of their "We Ride for Heroes" journey.

Their mission is to honor America's heroes and raise money for the Tunnel to Towers Foundation, which supports our nation's military members, veterans, first responders and their families.

The timing of their journey makes it particularly meaningful. 2026 marks the 250th anniversary of the founding of the United States, as well as the 25th anniversary of September 11, 2001. These milestones provide a powerful opportunity to remember the men and women who have sacrificed for our country and the first responders who made the ultimate sacrifice on September 11th.

Jim and J.D. are honoring those individuals in a very personal way—by dedicating approximately 2,500 miles of their lives to raising money and awareness for an organization that carries forward the promise to never forget.

What makes their story even more remarkable is that this is not simply a fundraising campaign. It is an expression of a lifelong friendship and a belief that ordinary citizens can make an extraordinary difference.

During the COVID-19 pandemic, Jim and J.D. previously rode approximately 400 miles in a journey called "We Ride for Jack," supporting Jack Clark Bender, a two-time cancer survivor. That experience demonstrated their willingness to put themselves through a significant physical challenge to help someone else.

Today, their focus is much broader: We Ride for Heroes.

Jim and J.D. are riding for the men and women who have served our country, for first responders who put themselves in harm's way, and for the families who have sacrificed alongside them.

In this anniversary year, I believe their journey represents some of the qualities that have made America strong for 250 years—friendship, courage, perseverance, generosity and service to others. Congratulations to Jim and J.D. for their achievement. I wish them continued success in their future endeavors, and I thank them for their dedication to this meaningful cause.

HONORING THE EXTRAORDINARY PUBLIC SERVICE AND LIFE OF SHERIFF STEVE DRAPER

HON. H. MORGAN GRIFFITH

OF VIRGINIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, September 8, 2026

Mr. GRIFFITH. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor the extraordinary public service and life