every morning during the interrogations. For the first several days, different levels of authorities came to my cell. At first I was afraid but as time went by and I thought about the monks, and other men and women who were imprisoned, many of whom had families to worry about, I began to realize I had nothing to lose. My parents could lead their lives by themselves.

I was continuously terrified of possible sexual molestation. But as the days went by, that did not occur. Sitting in my cell, I would remind myself that I was there because I had spoken on behalf of the people of Tibet and I felt proud that I had accomplished a goal and was able to say what I thought was right.

In Gutsa prison in the summer of 1988, there were all together about 32 nuns and lay women. All the women were kept in the ward for political prisoners. During that time, one of the nuns, Sonam Chodon, was sexually molested.

Fifteen days after my release from prison on August 4, 1988, a Tibetan approached me and asked if my sister nuns and I would like to talk to a British journalist who was secretly making a documentary in Tibet. We all felt to appear in the interview without hiding our faces was the best way to make a contribution. The ultimate truth would soon be known so there was no need to hide. We had truth as our defense.

After our release from prison, we were formally expelled from Chupsang by the Chinese authorities and sent back to our villages. We were not allowed to wear nuns robes and were forbidden to take part in religious activities. We were not allowed to talk freely with other villagers. I was forced to attend nightly reeducation meetings during which the topic of conversation often came around to me as ''a member of the small splittist Dalai clique which is trying to separate the motherland.'' I was so depressed and confused. I never told my parents what had happened in prison. When word came of the British documentary in which I took part, everyone began to discuss it. Most Tibetans thought I was quite brave, but some collaborators insulted me. It soon seemed as if arrest was imminent. I began to fear for my parent's safety and so decided to flee to the only place I could think of—Lhasa—to appeal again to Chupsang nunnery for re-admission.

After arriving in Lhasa, I set out for the hour's walk to Chupsang. I found a Chinese police office had been set up at the nunnery. I was told to register at the office and, while there, was told re-admission was not possible. I realized that the police officer there would arrest me if I stayed. Greatly discouraged, I set out to make my way back to Lhasa.

Just below the nunnery there is a Chinese police compound the Tibetans call Sera Shol Gyakhang. As I passed, I saw three Chinese soldiers on bicycles. They followed me a short distance before I was stopped. One of them took off his coat and shirt and then tied the shirt around by face, and shoved the sleeves in my mouth to stop me from crying and yelling. I was raped by the three on the outer boundary of the compound. After doing that bad thing to me, they just ran away.

I remained in Lhasa for two months under the care of local Tibetans. As expected, the release of the documentary caused an uproar with the Chinese authorities. My sister nuns tried to disguise themselves and wore their hair a little longer. I had lost all hope of continuing to live in Tibet under so many obstructions and restrictions and the ever present possibility of rearrest. Even if I could stay, the Chinese would forbid me to study and I feared them in many other bad ways. I began to think of His Holiness the Dalai Lama in India. At that time, I didn't know there were so many other Tibetans living there as well, but I thought ''if only I could reach him, if I could only once see his face. . . .''

Another nun and I heard of some Tibetans nomads who were taking medicines to the remote areas and traveling to Mount Kailash in a truck. From there we joined a group of 15 Tibetans to travel to the Nepalese border. In December 1990, I reached northern India.

When I first met His Holiness, I could not stop crying. He asked, ''Where do you want to go? Do you want to go to school?'' He patted my face gently. I could not say anything. I could only cry as I felt the reality of his presence. It was not a dream. In Tibet so many long to see him. At the same time, I felt an overwhelming sadness. Because I was raped, I felt I could no longer be a nun. I had been spoiled. The trunk of our religious vows is to have a pure life. When that was destroyed, I felt guilty to be in a nunnery with other nuns who were really very pure. If I stayed in the nunnery, it would be as if a drop of blood had been introduced into the ocean of milk.

I have been asked by esteemed persons such as yourselves what makes Tibetan nuns, many very young, so brave in their support of the Tibetan cause. I say that it is from seeing the suffering of our people. What I did was just a small thing. As a nun, I sacrificed my family and the worldly life, so for a real practitioner it doesn't matter if you die for the cause of truth. His Holiness the Dalai Lama teaches us to be patient, tolerant and compassionate. Tibetans believe in the law of Karma, cause and effect. In order to do something to try to stop the cycle of bad effect, we try to raise our voices on behalf of the just cause of Tibet.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under a previous order of the House, the gentleman from California [Mr. RIGGS] is recognized for 5 minutes.

[Mr. RIGGS addressed the House. His remarks will appear hereafter in the Extensions of Remarks.]

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under a previous order of the House, the gentleman from New Jersey [Mr. PAPPAS] is recognized for 5 minutes.

[Mr. PAPPAS addressed the House. His remarks will appear hereafter in the Extensions of Remarks.]

MAKING OUR FOOD SAFER

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under a previous order of the House, the gentleman from Ohio [Mr. BROWN] is recognized for 5 minutes.

Mr. BROWN of Ohio. Mr. Speaker, about 90 years ago in the early 1900's, Upton Sinclair wrote a book called ''The Jungle.'' This book was about the American meat processing industry. It was about worker conditions in Chicago in the meatpacking industry. Equally importantly, it was about food quality and what Americans were eating and what went into the food that Americans ate. Over these 90 years since the publication of that book, Americans have come to take for granted the quality of their food, that fruits and vegetables were not contaminated, that food products, meat products, fish and dairy products were inspected. We can go into grocery stores through the first 80, 85, 90 years of this century understanding, taking for granted that what we put on our tables, what we buy in these grocery stores, what we prepare in our kitchens, what we eat in our restaurants can in fact, is in fact safe and reliable and will not in any way cause health problems for our people.

Unfortunately, in the last couple of years, some things have begun to happen that make some of us not so much take our food safety for granted. This past Sunday, Parade Magazine ran a cover story called ''How To Prevent Food Poisoning.'' It cites everything from contaminated strawberries that were grown in Mexico, processed in San Diego, sold to schoolchildren and served to schoolchildren in Michigan, many of whom contracted hepatitis A. A handful of these children actually got very, very, very sick; a couple of them almost died. It talks about raspberries grown in Guatemala that were contaminated. It talks about how in this era of free trade, in this era of more and more food sold from one country, into another country into the United States that we simply are not preparing well enough at the border. We are not doing the right kind of inspections. One reporter called all these foods coming into the country passports for pathogens.

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As more and more food products come in, inspections at the border generally are not very good, and Americans are more at risk and take less for granted than ever before, at least any time in this century, concerning the products we buy in grocery stores.

About a month ago, at my own expense, I went to the Mexican border, went to Laredo, TX, and went to McAllen, TX, went into Reynosa, Mexico, and looked across the border from Laredo into Nuevo Laredo. I saw the inspections at the border, I saw the number of trucks coming into the United States from Mexico, I saw the number of cars, the hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of cars coming streaming across the border, basically 24 hours a day. And it is clear that when the North American Free-Trade Agreement was passed by this Congress in 1993, that the President, the administration, the leadership in this Congress, simply have not prepared at the border for the huge amounts of materials coming into the country.

There are too many drugs coming across the border undetected, there are too many trucks crossing the border that are not safe, and probably, most importantly, there is too much food coming across the border that is contaminated.

There are pesticides that are illegal in the United States that are legal in some countries in Latin America. There are contaminants in the way that food is grown, contaminated by urine and feces and other kinds of human contaminants and other contaminants and wastes that end up on