

towards her fellow Coloradans inspired many and whose good deeds certainly deserve the recognition of this body of Congress. Faye's departure leaves a gap in many hearts but her memory will surely survive in the lives of those who knew her. Faye Fleming committed her life in the service of her state, and I join many others in mourning Faye's loss and celebrating her life.

CENTRAL NEW JERSEY SHARES
THE ACCOUNT OF TRADE CENTER
VICTIM FAMILY MEMBER
SARAH VAN AUKEN

HON. RUSH D. HOLT

OF NEW JERSEY

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, September 11, 2002

Mr. HOLT. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to share with you an article written by Sarah Van Auken, 13 year-old daughter of World Trade Center victim Kenneth Van Auken. It was published last week in her local newspaper, and it presents a straightforward account of how the nightmare of September 11 unfolded before the eyes of a young person who found herself thrust suddenly onto the front lines of a war she didn't even know was taking place. It shows us not just how deeply painful and terrifying it is for a child to lose a parent, but also how this young woman's own feelings of fear, confusion and uncertainty as the day unfolded were magnified by that fact that she saw just the same feelings among the adults around her. Sarah Van Auken's life since that day became a swirling tapestry of endless tears, helpless longing for her father, and newfound celebrity born of the worst set of circumstances she could possibly have imagined. Out of her pain, she wrote a song in honor and memory of her father. The song paints a picture that perhaps we all might see ourselves within. A picture of a person, standing, quietly, waiting, listening for the faintest sound on the wind of the guiding hand that will come back and show us show how to get through this, the guiding hand that we can grasp so that we'll find ourselves together again, safely, home. This has been a year of deep searching and painful discovery for us all, and I would like to share Sarah Van Auken's account of it with you.

This past year has been very hard for me. You see, my father, Kenneth Van Auken, was in the World Trade Center on Sept. 11, 2001. No, he did not escape—but he did leave a message saying, "I love you. I'm in the World Trade Center. The building was hit by something. I don't know if I'm going to get out but I love you very much. I—I hope I'll see you later. Bye." That was the single most horrible thing I had ever heard in my life. He was trying to stay calm for us—trying to let his last words be "I love you." Somehow, I wish I could go back in time and erase all that happened. Maybe even stop him from going to work. I wish I could have one last goodbye. But I guess it's too much to ask.

You're most likely wondering how I found out. Well, I was having a regular day at school. You know, boring—yet I was with my friends. Anyway, I was in study hall minding my own business when someone yelled out, "Is it true that a plane crashed into the World Trade Center?" Knowing my dad worked there, I wrote a note to my friend next to me saying, "If that's true, my dad

would be dead!" I didn't believe what he said because the teacher acted like nothing happened. Also, I wouldn't trust that kid. So as the day went on, I felt weird. You know like when you know that something is wrong, but you really don't think about it? At eighth period, around 1:30 p.m., an announcement came on saying there is a "little accident" in New York—and if we get home and one of our parents are not there, we should not worry. If you get scared, we should call 911 or talk to the police. That's when I got scared. When I was walking down the hallway, I almost started crying, but held back my tears. When I got in the car to go home, my neighbor who drives me tried to get one of my classmates to stop talking about the announcement. She was obviously trying to stay away from the subject. Then, when we got to that boy's house, his dad started talking about it. He didn't say what happened, but gave me a weird look. I got home and saw my grandparents' car. I knew they weren't supposed to be there. I saw my mom with a tear stained face, and I ran up to her and she didn't have to tell me. I just cried.

From that day on, nothing has been the same. Nobody has treated me the same. Nobody wanted to talk about it—yet they couldn't help asking me questions about what had happened, and how I was doing. When I knew for sure, after three days, that my father was dead, I cried harder than I have ever cried in my life. My father, my superman, was dead. We had a memorial, and went on "Oprah." I wouldn't eat. I couldn't sleep in my own bed. I would cry about the smallest things. I was wearing one of his shirts, to feel close to him. I was looking at family pictures. Of course, I was still crying. I couldn't figure out what would make me stop being so depressed and irritable. I had to get it out. I wanted to scream, run, jump—but I couldn't. I just didn't have the strength. I cried too much.

So, I did what I usually did to get out my feelings: I wrote a song. I sang it to my mom and she called my godmother, who called her brother-in-law, who told me to record myself singing and send it to him. Exactly a month after Sept. 11, I recorded it in a studio. The song titled "Daddy's Little Girl" was on a local radio station twice, once in California and on "Larry King Weekend." I always wanted publicity because I wanted to be famous—but not this way. Today I am still crying, when nobody's around. I think about what happened constantly, but can't really talk about it. And though I may sound selfish, somehow I think nobody knows how I really feel. My life is turned upside down. The things I used to do I either can't do anymore, or I've lost interest, or they seem so much harder. I'm trying to "move on," but I don't want to. My mind has accepted that he's dead, but my heart hasn't. And somehow, I don't think my heart will. Because I'll never stop crying, not in a million years.

Sometimes, it will hit me that he's gone forever—that he's never coming home. I recently had a Bat Mitzvah. It was very hard, just like the 11th of every month is hard, and Father's day, my mom's birthday, my brother's birthday, my birthday, my dad's birthday, and most of all next week's Sept. 11 anniversary. I know most of the teens that are reading this might often think about what it would be like if you lost a parent. I used to wonder, too. Except now I don't wonder, I know.

DADDY'S LITTLE GIRL

(By Sarah Van Auken)

Standing-daddy's little girl (just); Standing (yeah)-daddy's little girl . . .

I wonder, wonder through the trees, blow the wind, blow the wind to me. Control, controlling my fears, somewhere, be-

hind these tears. And may, maybe you'll appear, somehow whisper in my ear (my ear, my ear!)

CHORUS

If you were just standing here, I could erase these tears of mine! And all these words would disappear, oh! Standing-daddy's little girl (just); Standing (yeah)-daddy's little girl . . .

Can it, can it be, that the wind is guiding me! Daddy are you there? 'cause I've, I've looked everywhere I need, I need you! What should, what should I do! And may, maybe you'll appear, somehow whisper in my ear (my ear, my ear!)

CHORUS

If you were just standing here, I could erase these tears of mine! And all these words would disappear! I just want to find you, but there's nothing I can do. Where do you roam? I just want you HOME!!!!

Standing-daddy's little girl (just); Standing (yeah)-daddy's little girl . . .

HONORING REV. JUAN MARTINEZ
AS HE CELEBRATES HIS 40th
PASTORAL ANNIVERSARY

HON. ROSA L. DeLAURO

OF CONNECTICUT

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, September 11, 2002

Ms. DELAURO. Mr. Speaker, it is with great pleasure that I rise today to extend my sincere congratulations to my dear friend, Reverend Juan Martinez, as the congregation of the Door of Salvation Pentecostal Church honors him on his 40th pastoral anniversary. This is a tremendous milestone for Reverend Martinez and for the community he has served for the last four decades.

One of the eldest Hispanic ministers in New Haven, Reverend Martinez has been an active and vocal member of our community since his arrival. Upon making his home in New Haven, Reverend Martinez established the church known as "Iglesia Peurta de Salvacion" which has flourished under his leadership. Throughout the last half century, the Hispanic population has grown at a rapid rate and we have been fortunate to have Reverend Martinez working so diligently in our community.

As the pastor for 40 years, Reverend Martinez has ministered to the spiritual needs of hundreds in the Hill community—strengthening our bonds of faith and helping to build stronger neighborhoods of which we can all be proud. As a community leader he has embodied the spirit and values of our great nation. Today, Reverend Martinez continues down his chosen path—providing counsel and offering solace and guidance to those most in need. With his unparalleled dedication and talent, he has made a real difference in the lives of many.

Throughout his lifetime, Reverend Martinez has exemplified the qualities we need in our community leaders. I am proud to join his wife, Maria, his six children, family, friends, and the congregation of the Door of Salvation Pentecostal Church in extending my warmest congratulations as he celebrates his 40th pastoral anniversary. His good work and invaluable contributions have left an indelible mark on our community.