

William Gulas. The Peace Garden, planned and cultivated by parishioners, serves as a living reminder that hope will rise from the ashes, and that Father Gulas' light continues to offer guidance, inspiration and hope throughout the St. Stanislaus community, today, and for all time.

RECOGNIZING ROBERT HILL FOR
ACHIEVING THE RANK OF EAGLE
SCOUT

HON. SAM GRAVES

OF MISSOURI

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 17, 2004

Mr. GRAVES. Mr. Speaker, I proudly pause to recognize Robert Hill, a very special young man who has exemplified the finest qualities of citizenship and leadership by taking an active part in the Boy Scouts of America, Troop 249, and in earning the most prestigious award of Eagle Scout. Robert achieved the rank of Eagle Scout on April 7, 2004 and will be recognized at an Eagle Scout Court of Honor this November.

Robert has been very active with his troop, participating in many scout activities. Over the many years Robert has been involved with scouting, he has not only earned numerous merit badges, but the respect of his family, peers, and community.

For his Eagle Scout Project, Robert organized a the clean up and repair of a facility used by law enforcement officers for training exercises at Weston Bend State Park.

Mr. Speaker, I proudly ask you to join me in commending Robert Hill for his accomplishments with the Boy Scouts of America and for his efforts put forth in achieving the highest distinction of Eagle Scout.

A PROCLAMATION IN MEMORY OF
LINDSAY CUTSHALL AND JASON
ALLEN

HON. ROBERT W. NEY

OF OHIO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 17, 2004

Mr. NEY. Mr. Speaker:

Whereas, I hereby offer my heartfelt condolences to the families and friends of Lindsay Cutshall of Fresno, Ohio and Jason Allen of Zeeland, Michigan; and

Whereas, Lindsay Cutshall and Jason Allen were both caring and loving individuals who were both active in the Rock-N-River Christian Camp, and

Whereas, Lindsay Cutshall and Jason Allen will certainly be remembered by all those who knew them; and

Whereas, through those lives that they touched, the memories of Lindsay Cutshall and Jason Allen will stand as monuments to two truly fine people.

Therefore, while I understand how words cannot express our grief at this most trying of times, I offer this token of profound sympathy to the families and friends of Lindsay Cutshall and Jason Allen.

HONORING THE LIFE OF 1ST LT.
MATTHEW LYNCH, USMC

HON. STEVE ISRAEL

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 17, 2004

Mr. ISRAEL. Mr. Speaker, there are times in our lives when we fully realize the presence of heroes among us. And there are times when we fully realize that we have lost one of those heroes; that is the case with Marine 1st Lt. Matthew Lynch, a young man who gave his life for his country in Iraq. It is difficult to memorialize a man who stood as tall in life as Matthew did and harder yet to memorialize a man who stands even taller in death. I believe the words of his father, Bill Lynch, spoken at Matt's funeral speak best to this fallen hero and not only capture the magnitude of the great life Matt lived but the magnitude of the loss to our nation:

"To all Matt's friends, and you are many; I thank you for coming. Saying farewell to our beloved Matthew is the hardest thing I have ever done. At this time, my thoughts alternately fly through my mind like sharp arrows; or slip through my mental fingers like quicksilver; and I cannot hold them fast. Because of this; and because I have only this one time to pay tribute to Matt, and to tell you about his life, I must affix my thoughts to paper, and read them; and for this, I beg your indulgence.

But for now, I borrow from Shakespeare, and tell you that . . . We gather today to praise Matt, not to bury him. And that is because all the things Matt was; Love of family and friends; gentleness, strength, humor, grace, dedication, honor, loyalty, patriotism, humility, and yes, of course, courage . . . can never be buried, because they are eternal, as is now, our beloved Matt.

While we mourn Matt's loss it brings with it an opportunity for us all, in private moments, to reflect on what he was, and perhaps to develop in ourselves, those attributes he had, which we lack; so that the warm light of remembrance which fills this church today, may one day shine on us.

I will speak to you today of Matt's life, and of ironies gentle, and tragic, which at present you know nothing of, and I will tell you of a curious sign I've lately seen which reassures me.

But for now, to understand Matt's life, you are in the right place; because this is where all that he was, began, on a Summer day in 1979, when my wife Angela and I brought our little Matthew Devin Lynch to that very baptismal font, to be baptized. The Gospel that day, I remember vividly, was the Gospel according to Saint Matthew, and I thought that a very propitious beginning. The name Matthew, we knew, came from Hebrew, and meant "Gift of God."

And what a gift he was! Cherubic, loving, obedient, and oh yes, very active. As he developed, it was evident that he had extraordinary athletic skills. One day when he was about 3 years old, and bounding about with his brother Tim and their friends, a visitor to our neighbor's patio said to me "Is that your son?" "Yes," I replied. "Do you realize that he is a natural athlete?" the man said. "How do you know," I asked? "I am a pediatrician," he said, "I see thousands of kids, and believe me, he is a natural athlete." It was a prophecy, which would be fulfilled.

I raised both our sons as athletes, and spent countless hours drilling various skills into them. I always did it with some zany game I had devised . . . Kids learn best when

they are having fun. In most of those games, I was the villain, the opponent, the one to be conquered, but I always did it with humor, and they came to love "the games."

When they were only 5 or 6 years old, we used to play a game I had devised to build their swimming speed, I called it "Shark and Minnows." In our community pool, I would emplace Matt and Tim near a ladder at one end of the pool. Their mission was to swim to a ladder directly opposite them, and get out of the pool before the shark could catch them. I stood waist deep in the water, at the far end . . . the feared and fearsome Shark.

At first I was a very successful shark, but very shortly, the minnows got much quicker, and the shark caught nothing but air. Soon the Minnows "can't catch me" glee, told me that my days as a big fish were over, and that Matt's were just beginning. A few years later, as Matt swam by me, I raised my head, to see if someone was pulling him on a rope.

At that time, Tim, had his eyes on two Jericho High School swim records, and he decided to join the Long Island Aquatic Club, to begin his assault on those records, which he did in fact, later claim. But in the beginning Matt just tagged along. After their first three hour LIAC workout, I asked Matt "How did it go?" "I . . . NEVER . . . want . . . to . . . do that . . . again," said Matt. But like everything Matt did, he went back, and excelled . . . a theme you will come to recognize.

Soon, he became one of the elite LIAC swimmers. He also swam right across his high school's record board, eclipsing every individual record, even Tim's, leaving his own name in his wake. He set the country record in the 200-yard individual medley, finished third in New York State in that event and the 100-yard freestyle. He was All County swimmer three years in a row; a County champion in two events each of his last two years.

Baseball was the same. All-County catcher his last two years in high school, nominated for the "Diamond Award," as one of the best players in Nassau County; and as a senior, he tied for the home run record, all of this easily fulfilling the prophecy that stranger had made so many years ago.

He continued this at Duke University. He was the swim team's "Rookie of the Year," and became a mainstay of that team. He was also a catcher on the Duke baseball team for two years, but in his Senior year, carrying out the theme which defines his life, he told his swim coach he wanted to return to his swim team "family," his buddies, and he did. As a Senior, and in his very last race, when his team needed him to step up, we saw him swim one of his best 100-yard freestyle times, then sadly walk off, his career over. Between high school and college, he loved his job as a Jones Beach lifeguard; competed on their competition team, and there too, he excelled, and developed many friends.

"What next?" I asked him shortly after he graduated from Duke. "Dad, the Marine Corps, or course." "Are you doing this because Tim and I did it, or because YOU want to do it?" I asked. "Dad, I want to do it," he replied.

The next few years were difficult for Angela and I. Our Marine sons began to go in harm's way. First, Tim in Afghanistan; then Tim and Matt in Iraq. But they always returned. Last Easter, Matt phoned us to say he was ordered to Iraq a 2nd time, as a replacement for some Lieutenants in another unit who had been wounded. But after 3 months, he again returned, and we were overjoyed. But shortly, he said, "Mom, Dad, you will think I'm crazy, but my old unit, my buddies are going back to Iraq, and I really want to join them." Again, that theme of loyalty, family.

All during our son's deployments, I had been haunted by a specter of Marines in Dress Blue uniforms, walking to our door, bearing terrible news . . . and that specter was rooted in my past.

You see, in 1966, I too was a 1st Lieutenant, then serving a short tour at The Marine Corps District Headquarters in Garden City. One of my duties was casualty calls. That meant when a Marine was wounded or killed, I had to personally notify his next of kin. "I'll only be here 3 months," I thought, "I should be O.K."

The next week, my Colonel grimly dropped a Teletype on my desk. "KIA," it started. "Lt., will you handle this?" he said. My stomach rolled. My duty that day was to break a mother's heart. I gathered two NCOs, got a priest, and drove to the Marine's home. His mother was getting out of her car . . . she had just returned from the beach . . . she looked at us . . . and dropped like a stone. We took her inside, neighbors came, someone called her husband, "Come home right now, was all he was told."

When he arrived he told me that he had immediately punched the wall at work, and would have punched me, had he been at home. "I just would not have wanted to hear what I knew you were going to say," he said.

I told my Colonel we had a dangerous situation, and that someone would eventually get hurt. We had no standing operating procedure for these casualty calls . . . no S.O.P. "Write one, Lieutenant," he said, and I did. I specified NCOs for wounds . . . but always an NCO and an officer for a death. I put my heart and soul into it, trying to devise something, which would give aid and comfort to the bereaved, and protection to our Marines. Years later, I encountered marines from that same office, and we discussed casualty calls by then quite numerous. "It's no fun," they said, "but at least we have a really good S.O.P." "I know," I said, "I wrote it."

On August 31, Matt returned with his buddies for a third tour, and, on October 31, he was killed by a roadside bomb. That same day, my wife Angela and I, still unaware, drove to the beach, to walk the boardwalk. It was a gorgeous day, and we spoke of how fortunate we were to have such fine sons, and how proud we were of our two Marines. We passed the beach where Matt worked, and again spoke of him, and then we returned home. I parked the car, we entered our house . . . just as that mother had done almost 40 years ago . . . the day I broke her heart. The door was ajar, and as I heard Angela exclaim, "Oh No!" . . . I turned to see two Marines in dress blue uniforms, grimly walking towards us. One an NCO, the other an officer. Each wore the same stony mask I had worn years ago, and in an instant I knew our Matt was gone . . . you see, I'd written that S.O.P.

How ironic that the pain I'd delivered so long ago to someone else; was now visited on my doorstep; and stranger still, that the procedure I'd then written to console others, was now applied to us. The next day, Angela and I took our shattered hearts to this church. It was All Souls Day, and the Gospel that day . . . was according to St. Matthew. "Wire to wire," I thought, "Saint Matthew."

Matt, our beloved gift of God died trying to free a people from a vicious enemy, whose unspeakable acts of barbarism, even against their own people, while done in the name of God, reveal them to be Godless; and such evil must be opposed. We revere Matt's service, and while we are saddened, we are not angry. Not at our government, not at our President, and certainly not at the United States Marine Corps, that fine fighting force our Matt was so proud to serve.

The days ahead will be difficult for us. When the last of you have gone, and our door has closed, our ordeal will begin. A bright

light has left our home, never to return, and all the sand in Iraq cannot fill the hole in our hearts. But recently, I've noted a sign, although in the strangest place, which suggests reassurance. Now, you may think this forced, contrived, or fabricated for this moment; perhaps the ranting of one whose heart, buffeted too hard by this tragedy, is trying too hard to see, but you are wrong, because I saw this sign long before Matt's death.

Some months ago, I looked down upon a floor tile in our home, and saw clearly what could easily be an artist's rendition of the face of Christ. It stared directly at me. Curious. For weeks, I looked at that visage every day. What to make of it? Eventually, my eyes began to scan around the visage, and recently, I also clearly saw, sheltered in the corner, and under the right shoulder of that visage . . . the perceptible head and face of a very small child. Each had slowly been revealed to me, and until lately I have not known what to make of this; but clearly, the events of this last week suggest to me that Matt, and formerly our little Gift of God, has, as was his custom, made one final return to family and is now, the visage assures me, sheltered, and safely home, and this gives me great comfort.

It is time to close, and I must do this in two ways:

To the heavens I say:

"Lord this is our son Matthew, in whom we are well pleased. He was your precious gift to us, and we return him to you now. Please grant Matt a place of favor, where he may rest comfortably until those of us who have loved him so can join him."

And finally, to our son Matt, I say those words every Marine longs to hear;

"Well done Marine . . . and Semper Fi!"

CHANGING NATURE OF U.S.- CARIBBEAN RELATIONSHIP

HON. CHARLES B. RANGEL

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 17, 2004

Mr. RANGEL. Mr. Speaker, the United States-Caribbean relationship has long been characterized as one of dependency. More specifically, the Caribbean has historically been portrayed as overly reliant on the United States, while having minimal significance to our country beyond general geopolitical concerns. Indeed, the widespread damage wrought by the recent Caribbean hurricanes has necessitated assistance from the U.S. However, a broader look at the current reality points to a highly reciprocal relationship, with the Caribbean proving to be an increasingly important component of the economic and commercial interests of the United States.

A telling indicator of the evolving U.S.-Caribbean relationship is in the area of trade. The Caribbean is now the 13th largest importer to the United States and the 8th largest destination for American exports. U.S. exports to the Caribbean have helped to sustain nearly 500,000 U.S. jobs. While the magnitude of Caribbean trade with the U.S. is changing, so too is the nature of that trade. The Caribbean is not simply a supplier of agricultural products, or an American tourist destination. It is now becoming a significant source of U.S. energy imports. An October 7th story in the New York Times examined this recent ascendancy, with a focus on the island nation of Trinidad and Tobago.

In the last few years, the Caribbean, led by Trinidad and Tobago, has positioned itself as significant player in energy trade with the U.S. Already an important regional exporter of crude oil, Trinidad is now the leading exporter of Liquid Natural Gas (LNG) in the Western Hemisphere. After 9-11, the U.S. sought to find energy sources beyond the Middle East and Persian Gulf. Additionally, rising gas prices, and increasing domestic shortages increased U.S. demand for LNG. Trinidad has impressively stepped in to fill that demand. Since 2001, it has been the leading exporter of Liquid Natural Gas to the United States, accounting for 75 percent of all LNG exports. These exports are projected to further increase over the next decade. Additionally, a planned LNG pipeline from Trinidad to surrounding Caribbean islands will increase the refining capacity of the surrounding region, as well as spur the region's ability to engage in related manufacturing.

Besides Trinidad, other countries in the region have plans to increase their energy market presence. At an October 11th address, Jamaican Commerce, Science and Technology Minister, Phillip Paulwell, stated that three oil and gas systems have been identified in Jamaica for the first time. One of the systems has possible reserves of 2.8 billion barrels of oil (BBO) and 10.6 trillion cubic feet (TCF) of natural gas. With its close proximity to the United States, development of Jamaican energy resources would be a very beneficial endeavor for both nations.

As can be seen, the importance of the Caribbean to the United States has radically evolved over the last several years. This evolution will only be strengthened as we move towards greater regional integration through agreements like the Free Trade Area of the Americas (FTAA). Future U.S.-Caribbean policy must take into account this new and mutually beneficial dynamic.

A SMALL ISLAND, A BIG EXPORTER OF ENERGY
TRINIDAD IS SUPPLYING MOST U.S. IMPORTS OF
LIQUEFIED NATURAL GAS

(By Simon Romero)

PORT OF SPAIN, TRINIDAD, Oct. 7—Cranes are active here again, working around the clock to erect some of the Caribbean's tallest skyscrapers against a backdrop of colonial-era buildings. Traffic snarls throughout this small island country, with imported luxury cars rubbing up against 70's-era gas guzzles left from the last time energy prices soared.

But it is not only the rising price of crude oil that has produced such excitement and activity in Trinidad, the Caribbean's largest petroleum producer and one of the few islands that is thriving these days. Instead, what is transforming the situation here is another fossil fuel: natural gas.

Amid a scramble to meet growing international energy demands and to satisfy an American market where the price of gas has risen to about \$7 for each thousand cubic feet from just \$2 in 1999, Trinidad has emerged as the Western Hemisphere's leading supplier of liquefied natural gas. It has stealthily outpaced rivals, this year accounting for nearly 80 percent of shipments to the United States, up from virtually nothing five years ago.

Trinidad's leap to the forefront in liquid natural gas—a fast-growing area of the energy industry where companies invest billions to chill the fuel to temperatures around 150 degrees below zero and ship it across the seas in supertankers—has ignited rapid growth here. Economic activity increased 13 percent in 2003 and could grow as