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A MOVING TRIBUTE

HON. FRANK R. WOLF

OF VIRGINIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, June 6, 2012

Mr. WOLF. Mr. Speaker, I submit remarks delivered at the recent memorial service, at Washington National Cathedral, for the late Chuck Colson.

Emily Colson, Chuck's daughter, gave a compelling personal eulogy which gave us a glimpse into Chuck as a father and grandfather—his undying love and devotion to his family were beautiful to behold.

The Reverend Dr. Timothy George delivered the homily—a stirring charge to those Chuck left behind to “be not afraid.”

I commend these eloquent, heartfelt tributes which honor a man whose prophetic voice will be sorely missed.

EMILY COLSON MEMORIAL SERVICE TRANSCRIPT

Good morning. My name is Emily Colson, and I am very blessed to be Chuck Colson's daughter. Today we celebrate a life well lived. I am thankful to be old enough to have known my father before he became a Christian and to see the change, the transformation in my father when Christ ruled in his heart. My father still had the same intellect and drive and passion for life, but a softness came over him. I think about my dad's office in his home in Florida, the desk highly polished where he worked tirelessly, and I think about the over-stuffed green chair in the corner where every morning he would kneel and pray. I think of the 3x5 cards my dad carried in his pocket underneath his jacket. There were 15 or 20 of them there, an ever growing to do list. But in that list he also had names, people that he prayed for every day. My dad became, as Scripture says, a new creation, and he loved his family differently.

My father in his work changed people all over the world and he also changed his family. That drive became a source of an affectionate joke in our family. We love to get together for family reunions and vacations and all of our family would be so excited to relax for a week together. And we would find ourselves in one scheduled fun activity to the next scheduled fun activity. And then my father would announce, he would declare, let's all take five minutes and relax. I was teasing him about it one day, and he looked at me just with a hint of a smile, and he said “Emily, six minutes would be wasteful.”

But even with that drive when I would call my dad or when he would call me, which was daily (sometimes it was more than once a day), you would think my dad had nothing else to do in his life. He was fully present. I thought he only did that for me. But I now know he has done it for everyone in our family. He put God first, family second above all else. That's the mark of a great father and a

great leader. I encourage all of you who are fathers to understand the powerful impact you can have in your children's lives. Don't miss it. My father loved his family. He and Patty just celebrated 48 years. Patty has been there as a partner in ministry; has kept my dad humble and well fed. My dad loved his three children, his grandchildren, and he almost lived to see his first great-grandchild, who will be born next month.

But perhaps for me the greatest mark of my dad's character has been his relationship with my son, Max. Max is 21 with a diagnosis of autism. And when we would come, which was frequently, my dad would clear his schedule and do nothing else but be present for Max and do everything Max loved, because Max needed his grandfather. And as it turns out, his grandfather needed Max.

My father has stood by his convictions even when no one else was looking. My father has been a defender of the weak. We will miss his zest for life. He was always the first to laugh and the last one to stop laughing. Every meal he ate was the best one he'd ever had, or so he would tell us. He was our advisor, mentor, friend, shoulder and encourager.

I think of that encouragement today. Today is a celebration of my father's life. But today is also about us, you and me. What will we do in the shadow of such an extraordinary role model. There is work to be done. I encourage you to continue the work God has begun through my father's life. Do the right thing. Seek the truth. Defend the weak. Live courageous lives. My father left a wonderful legacy and he left many writings for us to follow, to learn from. He left something for us this morning, for this moment today. “I want my funeral services to be joyful. I don't want people to be sad because I believe with every ounce of conviction in my body that death is but a homecoming and that we will be in the presence of God. It is the culmination of life. It's a celebration.”

BE NOT AFRAID!

A HOMILY DELIVERED BY THE REVEREND DR. TIMOTHY GEORGE AT THE MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR CHARLES W. COLSON AT WASHINGTON NATIONAL CATHEDRAL ON MAY 16, 2012

Invocation: In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. Amen.

In the ancient book of Joshua we read: “Now after the death of Moses, the servant of the Lord, it came to pass that the Lord spake unto Joshua the son of Nun saying, ‘Moses my servant is dead: now therefore arise, go over this Jordan, thou, and all this people, unto the land which I do give to them, even to the children of Israel. . . . As I was with Moses, so I will be with thee: I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee. Be strong and of a good courage. Be thou strong and very courageous. Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.’” (Joshua 1:1-9, selected verses)

Charles Wendell Colson was once the youngest captain in the United States Marines and, at his request, he was laid to rest several days ago at Quantico National Cemetery. He loved his country fiercely and served it well. But we are here today, in this the nation's church, to celebrate the life of one who ended his days as a soldier in another army, the militia Christi, a battalion without bullets, soldiers of Christ, arrayed in truth, wielding weapons of faith, prayer, and love. To describe this change in the life of Chuck Colson requires us to use freighted words such as conversion, redemption, transformation.

Not that Chuck ever completely outgrew the Marines. There was an intensity and drivenness about him that could be formidable. He did not suffer fools gladly and he

was not blessed with an overabundance of patience. Chuck loved to tell the story about a man who accosted him on a plane one day, pushing, shoving, jostling for a seat. Chuck said to him, “Fella, do you know who you're messing with? I'm an ex-marine, an ex-con, and if I weren't a Christian you'd be on the floor of this plane!” Then he presented the Gospel to him.

Chuck was not perfect, but he was forgiven. He never got over the wonder and surprise of having encountered Jesus Christ as a real person, a living reality; the one person in human history who passed through the gossamer veil of death and came back to tell us what was on the other side and how we should prepare for that journey by living every day in the light of eternity. Chuck's autobiography, *Born Again*, tells the story of a man born in Boston on the wrong side of the tracks. He clawed his way up the ever-spiraling ladder of success until he reached the pinnacle of power as Special Counsel to the President of the United States.

But when his career was shattered in the wake of Watergate, he found himself in the position of another henchman, Thomas à Becket, who had done the bidding of King Henry II in the twelfth century. In a play about his life, Becket stands on stage, stripped of the insignia of his high office, and exclaims, “Oh, God, there must be more, there must be something more!”

Chuck Colson had such a moment in the summer of 1973. Sitting alone late one night in the driveway of his friend Tom Phillips, filled with guilt and despair, he burst into tears “crying so hard,” he later said, “it was like trying to swim underwater.” That night he prayed his first real prayer, “God, I don't know how to find you. But I'm going to try. Somehow I want to give myself to you.” Take me, take me, take me, he repeated over and over.

And God did take Chuck Colson from that moment of surrender to a federal prison in Alabama, to the experience of baptism as a new believer in Christ, to the founding of Prison Fellowship, a wonderful ministry to prisoners and their families now chartered in 113 countries around the world. And God took Chuck to the side of Mary Kay Beard, a former inmate and bank robber who could boast of being on the FBI's Ten Most Wanted list. At our fundraisers, Chuck used to say that no one could ask for money like Mary Kay! Together with Chuck she founded a ministry called Angel Tree that has served some six million children of prisoners over the last three decades. Chuck never forgot that he served a Savior who had been crucified as a prisoner, one who knew what it was like to be stripped, sentenced, beaten, and mocked. He never forgot Jesus' words: “I was in prison and you visited me.”

Chuck's conversion was not only emotional, it was also intellectual and moral as well. “I could not sidestep,” he said, “the central question God had placed squarely before me. Was I to accept without reservation Jesus Christ as Lord of my life? It was like a gate before me. There was no way to walk around it. I would step through or I would remain outside. A ‘maybe’ or ‘I need more time’ was kidding myself. The phrase ‘accept Jesus Christ’ had sounded at first both pious and mystical, the language of the zealot, maybe black magic stuff. But the question was: did I believe what Jesus said? If I did, then I accepted. Not mystical or weird at all, and with no in-between ground left. Either I would believe or I would not—and believe it all or none of it.”

Of course, there have been and still are the critics. When *Born Again* was released, Chuck's hometown newspaper, *The Boston Globe*, wrote: “If Colson can repent, there just has to be hope for everyone!” To which

Chuck would be the first to say, Yes! that's exactly the point. Hope for everyone, anyone. The invitation has gone out with your name on it. It says RSVP. There is no limit to this love of God. His grace and forgiveness reach to the least, the last, and the lost, which, at the end of the day, is all of us, each of us sooner or later, in one way or other.

Of all the tributes that have been written about Chuck in recent days, the one that touched me most deeply was by Mr. Lanny Davis, who served as Special Counsel to President Clinton, the same title Chuck Colson had in his work at the White House with President Nixon. Mr. Davis described his meeting with Chuck several years ago at a dinner before the National Prayer Breakfast. They greeted one another, and Chuck said to Mr. Davis, "I've wanted for a very long time to say something to you: I am sorry, may God forgive me." "I looked at him, stunned," Mr. Davis wrote. Chuck continued, "You know, I'm the guy who put you on the enemies list—that was wrong, please forgive me." Mr. Davis said, "I looked into his eyes and I felt a strange and deep peace. It was eerie. I also saw a profound goodness and spirituality. My eyes teared up. 'Of course I forgive you, Mr. Colson.' Mr. Davis then asked for Chuck's forgiveness, as years before he himself had spoken with hatred about Chuck. Immediately, Chuck hugged him. "I learned an important lesson that night," Lanny Davis said. "I vowed that I would never use the word 'hate' about people in politics with whom I disagreed."

Over the years, Chuck came to see the close connection between the despair he witnessed within the prisons and the "culture of death" in society on the outside. He knew that genuine reform had to embrace the family, the community, and the church as well as the state. He came to see that the work he had done, and continued to do, in the prisons would ultimately fail unless it was undergirded by a robust Christian worldview, an understanding of what it is we believe and how it applies to our lives.

This perspective was reinforced by the three great intellectual heroes to whom Chuck turned again and again. William Wilberforce, the young member of Parliament who devoted his life to the abolition of the slave trade. And Abraham Kuyper, the Reformed theologian and prime minister of the Netherlands whom Chuck quoted, I believe, more than anyone else. Kuyper said: "There is not one square inch in the whole domain of our human existence over which Christ, who is Sovereign over all, does not cry: 'Mine, that belongs to me!'" And there was Dietrich Bonhoeffer, a champion of faith and conscience in one of the darkest moments of human history. Bonhoeffer, who preached a gospel of costly grace and who, in 1937, wrote "When Christ calls a man, he bids him come and die."

Chuck Colson was a Baptist but he had a passion for Christian unity that reached far beyond his own denomination. In the early nineteen-nineties, Chuck and his close friend, the late Father Richard John Neuhaus, brought together a group known as Evangelicals and Catholics Together—not a mere coalition but a fellowship of earnest Evangelicals and faithful Catholics who recognized that beyond all the differences that continued to separate us, we shared a fundamental unity as brothers and sisters in Christ, a vision for reconciliation that continues still.

This same impulse was behind the 2009 Manhattan Declaration, which began as a statement and has now become a movement of more than half a million Protestant, Catholic, and Orthodox believers all committed to the three most pressing, and increasingly contested moral issues of our

time: the sanctity of life for every single person including the elderly, the weak, and the pre-born, each of whom is made in the image of God (*imago Dei*) and is worthy of our respect and protection; the historic institution of marriage, not for the sake of traditionalism but for the flourishing of families and the nurture of children, an institution Cardinal Timothy Dolan has called the cornerstone of society; and religious freedom, not only for Christians, but for all persons everywhere, and for religious institutions as well as for individuals, for synagogues, mosques, temples and churches and the work they do on behalf of the common good in education and benevolence. Chuck believed in these things and he stood for them with courage, charity and civility.

For those who thought that this was just the old political Colson in a new disguise, he reminded them that while citizens in a representative democracy such as ours have a special responsibility, the fundamental issue is not political but spiritual. What Chuck advocated was a chastened form of civic virtue based on the fact that Christians hold a dual citizenship, one in this world, and the other, as St. Paul said, in heaven. With St. Augustine, Chuck wanted us to avoid two mistakes that Christians have often made and that still tempt us today.

One is the lure of utopianism, the mistake of thinking that we can produce a human society that will solve our problems and bring about the Kingdom of God on earth. This was the basic error of both liberalism and Marxism in the nineteenth century. But the other error is equally disastrous: cynicism. This happens when we become so jaded by the evil around us that we are tempted to give up on this world altogether, to retreat into our own self-contained circle of contentment, which can be either a pious holy huddle or a secular skeptics club. How are we to avoid such reactions?

Perhaps Francis of Assisi can help us here. One day after his conversion to Christ when he was riding back to Assisi, he saw a leper on the road. He reached out to embrace the leper and actually gave him a kiss. It was the kiss of peace. In that moment when he embraced this filthy diseased outcast, Francis said that he was overcome by a dual sensation. On the one hand, he was nauseated. He wanted to throw up. On the other hand, he was permeated with a sense of sweetness (*suavitas*) and well-being, and both sensations were in that one embrace.

Chuck Colson knew that both reactions were critical to our faith. If all we experience is nausea, we will become cynics. We will give up on the world and turn away from it in despair. But if all we have is sweetness, then our faith will amount to little more than sentimental fluff, what Schopenhauer called an "unscrupulous optimism that leads us nowhere but to vanity." Genuine faith and true ministry take place on the thin edge between nausea and sweetness.

Chuck Colson often experienced that thin edge. Once while visiting Trivandrum, India, he was taken to a camp with more than a thousand inmates, most of them "untouchables." Caged in squalid holes, with no toilets or running water, they were totally dehumanized, treated as outcasts. Speaking through a Hindi translator, Chuck shared his own testimony of grace and forgiveness. After the closing prayer, acting against the advice he had been given, he jumped down from the platform and ran to touch the men before him. Later, he wrote about this event: "Suddenly, like a flight of birds, men rose to their feet and circled around me. I shook every hand I could. Most of the men just reached and touched; they were desperate to 'touch,' to know that the love God offers is real." Later, they went back to their grim

cells. But that night, through the witness of Chuck Colson, they had received some good news: in Jesus Christ there are no untouchables. All of us bear that message whenever we walk the thin edge of costly discipleship.

John Calvin was right when he warned against extravagant speculation in the mystery of death. There is much we do not know. And this is a good occasion for each of us to think about our own deaths, for death waits for each of us around the next corner, or the next. John Donne spoke of the democracy of the dead. Mortality is egalitarian. It comes equally to each of us, and when it comes, it makes us all equal. Today we mourn with Chuck's beloved Patty, the Colson family, and countless citizens across our land and around the world who have lost a great friend, champion, leader, and world Christian statesman. But we do not grieve as those who have no hope, for as St. Paul has reminded us, to live is Christ and to die is gain.

It has been said that this life is a chasm of light suspended between two eternities of darkness. But the Gospel Chuck Colson believed and proclaimed tells a different story: this life is the real shadowland, and often a vale of tears, suspended between two eternities of light. We come into this world, each of us, from the hands of the invisible God who dwells in light inaccessible. And, we leave this world, trusting in Jesus Christ, to go into what the African American preacher calls the land of "no more," no more sorrow, no more crying, no more pain or death, no more crime or violence, no more prison and no more night, for we go into that land beyond the shadows where we shall have no need of candles, nor light of the sun, for the Lord God will give light to all those gathered around his throne and that of the Lamb.

And in the meantime? How now shall we live?

One of Chuck's last books was titled *The Good Life*. And it closes with these words: "The good life? A life worth living? Indeed. But the good life is possible only if we live in expectation that life will end as richly as we lived it, if we laugh off the maggots and affirm that these bones shall live in the resurrection. Live each day as if it were the best of days and the last of days. And when the last of days comes, live it as the best of days."

And who will take the place of Chuck Colson? Earlier this year I visited the grave of the great evangelist D.L. Moody who died in 1899 in Northfield, Massachusetts. At that time, everyone was saying, who can fill the shoes of the great D.L. Moody? There seemed no one on the horizon who commanded the respect and loyalty that Moody had. It's quite depressing to read the religious press of those days. But unbeknownst to anyone on earth at the time, a little baby named John was about to be born to Sir Arnold Stott and his wife Lily. About the same time, another little boy named Billy entered the Graham family in Charlotte. A few years later, Pastor and Sister King in Atlanta celebrated the birth of baby Martin. And in 1931, in a hardscrabble section of Boston, a baby named Charlie Colson arrived.

Today the servant of God named Chuck Colson is dead and the Lord is saying to us as he said to Joshua and the children of Israel long ago: as I was with Chuck, so I will be with you. Be not afraid! I will not fail you, nor forsake you. Be strong and of a good courage. Be not afraid! Be not dismayed. For the Lord your God is with you wherever you go.

Let us pray: Oh, God, whose days are without end and whose mercies cannot be numbered: Make us, we beseech thee, deeply sensible of the shortness and uncertainty of life. Remind us of the wonderful promise of our

Lord Jesus Christ who said: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest. We praise thee that through his atoning death on the cross, and his glorious resurrection, Jesus has opened wide the gates of eternal life to all who believe.

Today we give thanks for thy servant Charles Wendell Colson, for his steadfastness in faith, obedience to thy Word, and love for thy Church, for his gracious smile, loving touch, and contagious confidence in Jesus Christ his only comfort in life and death, and ours as well. We say farewell in the sure and certain hope of the resurrection, until we meet again in that blessed land of "no more", through Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost now and forevermore. Amen.

IN RECOGNITION OF THE U.S. HOLOCAUST MEMORIAL MUSEUM SECOND ANNUAL LUNCHEON IN CLEVELAND

HON. DENNIS J. KUCINICH

OF OHIO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, June 6, 2012

Mr. KUCINICH. Mr. Speaker, I am pleased to acknowledge the gathering of supporters of the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum in Cleveland for the second annual Cleveland Luncheon on Monday May 21, 2012. The luncheon featured remarks by Museum Director Sara Bloomfield, a Cleveland native, and former U.S. Attorney General Michael Mukasey. Judge Mukasey discussed the importance of the Museum's training for judges, "Law, Justice, and the Holocaust: How the Courts Failed Germany."

The idea of a U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum began in 1978. On November 1, 1978, President Jimmy Carter established the "President's Commission on the Holocaust," chaired by author and Holocaust survivor Elie Wiesel. The commission was charged with, among other things, reporting back on how an appropriate museum could be created in Washington to commemorate the Holocaust which would be funded through contributions by the American people. The U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum was completed in 1993 on 1.9 acres of land adjacent to the National Mall in Washington donated by the federal government with the \$200 million in construction costs paid completely by private donations.

To quote Director Bloomfield, the "Museum presents the Holocaust in a way that challenges people to confront human nature—the entire spectrum, from extraordinary evil that led to the mass murder of Jews to the extraordinary goodness of people who risked their lives, risked the lives of their families to save another human being, and every kind of shade of human behavior in between. And, for me, it says to people, now that you know this about ourselves as a species, what must you do with this? You must do something with this. You must be responsible for our species."

Mr. Speaker, Director Bloomfield's perspective sums up the practical necessity of peace education, which I fully support and have advocated on this floor and in the corridors of Congress. I am pleased that there is a national grassroots movement to support the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum and that the movement has convened for a second

year in Cleveland. Please join me in acknowledging the importance of this movement and the support they provide to continuing the peace education conducted on a daily basis at the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum.

PERSONAL EXPLANATION

HON. BRAD SHERMAN

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, June 6, 2012

Mr. SHERMAN. Mr. Speaker, I was unavoidably absent yesterday. Had I been present, I would have voted "nay" on rollcall No. 315, "yea" on rollcall No. 316, "nay" on rollcall No. 317, "yea" on rollcall No. 318.

OUR UNCONSCIONABLE NATIONAL DEBT

HON. MIKE COFFMAN

OF COLORADO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, June 6, 2012

Mr. COFFMAN of Colorado. Mr. Speaker, on January 20, 2009, the day President Obama took office, the national debt was \$10,626,877,048,913.08.

Today, it is \$15,733,409,283,200.18. We've added \$5,106,532,234,287.10 to our debt in just over 3 years. This is debt our Nation, our economy, and our children could have avoided with a balanced budget amendment.

RECOGNIZING LIEUTENANT MARC ROGERS' SERVICE

HON. BILLY LONG

OF MISSOURI

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, June 6, 2012

Mr. LONG. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize and honor LTG Marc E. Rogers for his service to our country.

Our country has been blessed to have citizens like Lt. Gen. Rogers who have selflessly volunteered to defend our Nation and freedom. They are the reason why we are the strongest Nation on Earth, and the reason we stand today with freedoms unparalleled across the globe. Lt. Gen. Rogers joined the Air Force in 1974 and served as an electronic combat pilot, Aggressor pilot, instructor pilot, evaluation pilot, operations officer and commander. During his time in the Air Force he commanded at the squadron level, group, wing and numbered air force levels. Lt. Gen. Rogers led combat operations in Iraq and Bosnia. He has served in a variety of positions at command headquarters including the Joint Staff, U.S. Joint Forces Command, Headquarters U.S. Air Force, Tactical Air Command, U.S. Air Forces in Europe, Air Education and Training Command, and Air Force Material Command.

Our republic and the freedoms that flow from it remain the envy of the world because of service and sacrifices of men and women like Lt. Gen. Rogers. I am proud of Lt. Gen. Rogers' service to our Nation and am honored to call him my neighbor in the 7th Congress-

sional District of Missouri. I wanted to take this opportunity to honor his service to a grateful Nation.

PERSONAL EXPLANATION

HON. GRACE F. NAPOLITANO

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, June 6, 2012

Mrs. NAPOLITANO. Mr. Speaker, on Tuesday, June 5th, 2012, I was absent during roll-call vote No. 317 due to a family medical issue. Had I been present, I would have voted "no" on the McClintock of California Amendment No. 5.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF FATHER JOHN J. CREGAN

HON. DENNIS J. KUCINICH

OF OHIO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, June 6, 2012

Mr. KUCINICH. Mr. Speaker, I rise today in remembrance of Father John J. Cregan, who ministered to parishes throughout our community, including Blessed Sacrament, St. Joseph's Church, St. Thomas More and Our Lady of Angels. Father Cregan also served as the Chaplain for the Cleveland Police and Fire, Greater Cleveland Police and Fire, Holy Name Society, Cleveland Office of the FBI, the Greater Cleveland Police Emerald Society, Retired Irish Police Society and the Anchor Club. Collectively, he held these roles for more than forty years.

Father Cregan had a long and distinguished history in Cleveland. Born on June 2, 1935, Father Cregan went to St. Vincent de Paul grade school and later graduated from Saint Ignatius High School. After attending St. Meinrad Minor Seminary, Borromeo Seminary, and St. Mary Seminary, Father Cregan was ordained at Saint John Cathedral by Auxiliary Bishop Floyd Begin on May 20, 1961.

Father Cregan was especially active with safety organizations such as police officers and firemen. He was an invaluable source of support, kindness and guidance for the women and men who bravely serve in the line of duty. His service led to him being honored with numerous awards, including becoming the 12th inductee of the Cleveland Police Museum Hall of Fame.

Father Cregan's joy and strong faith were apparent after listening to any of his sermons. His kind spirit and good nature has brought countless people to his church. His dedication, generosity, and love to his members was like no other. He truly cared for all people. We, as a community, were blessed to have Father Cregan.

I offer my condolences to his sisters, Sister M. Theresine, Rita Joyce, and Florence Schwind and his 15 nieces and nephews.

Mr. Speaker and colleagues, please join me in honoring the life of Father John J. Cregan who served his community selflessly with love and talent.