

I also want to point out the efforts of Burlington Elementary School in Billings. The motivation of one 3rd grade cub scout named Jim Rubich to raise pennies for the recovery of the WTC and the Pentagon has spun into a full scale effort on the part of many Montana elementary schools. Jim, in true Montana spirit, marched up to his teacher's desk with a bag full of pennies and demanded that an effort be enacted to raise pennies for the victims of this terrible attack. His message was heard loud and clear, and now what began as a penny drive, started by the innocent and unwavering patriotism of one little boy, is on pace to raise \$18,000. This is the next generation of American workers, soldiers, carriers of freedom, and already in their young life they are strong contributors. I think the promise that is displayed here speaks for itself. We must protect these young people so that they may pick up the torch when it is their time. We cannot and will not fail them. I pledge to Jimmy Rubich that 20 years from now, his great Nation, the United States of America, will still be the beacon of freedom that it is today.

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**THE WTO MEETING IN QATAR,  
TAIWAN'S ACCESSION TO THE  
WTO, AND TRADE PROMOTION  
AUTHORITY**

Mr. MURKOWSKI. Mr. President, I rise to note that yesterday the WTO concluded its fourth ministerial meeting in Doha, Qatar.

Circumstances leading to this meeting were not auspicious. There is a war on, after all, and the Middle East is not the most comfortable place for the champions of globalization and progress.

With the global economic slowdown, protectionism is on the rise. Not exactly the best time to undertake talks to expand global trade.

Many of us remember that in 1999, the WTO met in Seattle in very difficult circumstances. The city was rocked by rioting, the participants failed to reach consensus, and the basic assumptions underlying international trade were left in tatters. In sharp contrast and against some tough odds, the WTO ministerial meeting was a great success.

The WTO initiated a new Round of international trade negotiations, setting forth an ambitious agenda by overcoming difficult objections from the EU, the developing world, and even those in this country who are less-than-appreciative of the importance of international trade.

I believe United States Trade Negotiator Robert Zoellick and his team deserves much of the credit for the success of Doha.

By skillfully engineering compromise where compromise did not appear possible, Ambassador Zoellick has helped

to set the table for important gains to come in international trade.

Thanks to Ambassador Zoellick and President Bush's leadership on trade, the future for US agricultural exporters is brighter, prospects for improvement in the transparency of the WTO are better, and the commitment of all nations to help end the scourge of HIV/AIDS and other is more secure. The liberalization of international trade is back on track.

He and his staff were also instrumental in achieving the accessions of China and Taiwan at the Doha Ministerial Meeting.

I also want to highlight two important other achievements of the Doha Ministerial.

First, China acceded to the WTO. This culminates the more than 20 years of economic reform in that country, and, I think, places China squarely on the path toward greater political reforms. We should congratulate Ambassador Zoellick for his leadership on that score.

Finally, I want to say a special word of congratulation to the people of Taiwan for achieving WTO accession at Doha. Taiwan's membership in international organizations such as the WTO is an important recognition of her current and future contributions.

Taiwan is a critical member of the international community. The WTO, and other global institutions, are better off for Taiwan's membership.

Ambassador Zoellick and Assistant USTR Jeff Bader deserve special recognition for ensuring Taiwan's entry into the WTO over the potential objections of the other newest member of that organization.

This was a good week for international trade. I hope that the United States Congress will follow up on the successes of this week and provide the President with the authority he needs to negotiate new trade agreements.

We need to capitalize on the gains made at Doha, and Trade Promotion Authority for the President is the critical tool he needs to do just that.

I am hopeful that the House will act on a bill to provide the President TPA this session, and that the Finance Committee will have the opportunity to mark-up that bill for a vote on the floor before we leave for the holidays.

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**LOCAL LAW ENFORCEMENT ACT  
OF 2001**

Mr. SMITH of Oregon. Mr. President, I rise today to speak about hate crimes legislation I introduced with Senator KENNEDY in March of this year. The Local Law Enforcement Act of 2001 would add new categories to current hate crimes legislation sending a signal that violence of any kind is unacceptable in our society.

I would like to describe a terrible crime that occurred Aug. 24, 1997 in

Leesburg, FL. A man allegedly punched a woman in the face because of her sexual orientation. The assailant, Kevin Earl Bilbrey, 25, was charged with aggravated battery and a hate crime.

I believe that government's first duty is to defend its citizens, to defend them against the harms that come out of hate. The Local Law Enforcement Enhancement Act of 2001 is now a symbol that can become substance. I believe that by passing this legislation, we can change hearts and minds as well.

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**DIGNA OCHOA**

Mr. LEAHY. Mr. President, I rise today to express the deep sadness and anger that I and many of my Vermont constituents feel about the senseless, cold-blooded murder of one of Mexico's most respected and courageous human rights lawyers, Digna Ochoa y Placido.

On October 20, 2001, Ms. Ochoa was shot at near point blank range in her office. At her side was a note that threatened other human rights activists who have defended environmentalists, labor leaders, or other unjustly imprisoned or tortured by the Mexican army and police. A former nun, Ms. Ochoa was a role model for all human rights defenders, because of her extraordinary courage, dedication, and commitment to some of the most disadvantaged members of Mexican society.

Ms. Ochoa frequently put the people she represented ahead of her own personal safety, and was an easy target for those who represent the worst of society, who would threaten or kill the downtrodden to protect their own crimes. She had received many death threats, and in 1999 she was kidnapped twice. During one of those abductions, her kidnappers tied her to a chair, opened a gas canister, and left her to die as the fumes slowly filled the room—from which she narrowly escaped.

Digna Ochoa's death is a tragedy for all Mexicans. But it is particularly outrageous because it could have been avoided. Although it was widely known that threats and acts of violence were being carried out against her and other members of Prodh—the human rights organization where she worked—Mexican officials failed to investigate or prosecute those crimes.

It would be hard to overstate the optimism I felt when Vicente Fox was elected Mexico's President after 70 years of misrule by the PRI. This election meant that Mexico could begin to overcome years of official corruption, police brutality, injustice and poverty suffered by the vast majority of Mexico's population.

When President Fox took office, he promised to end the long history of abuses by the Mexican army and police. No one expected miracles. No one expected him to transform those secretive, corrupt and brutal institutions

overnight. But it is the Government's first duty to protect its citizens, and people did expect him to make justice a priority, get rid of the old guard, and demand accountability.

That has not happened, at least not yet, and Digna Ochoa's death has, tragically, focused attention again on this festering problem. There are undoubtedly many others who have suffered similar fates—faceless Mexican who are not widely known, who have been threatened or murdered, or who languish in prison without access to justice.

To his credit, on November 9 President Fox ordered the release from prison of two ecologists, represented by Ms. Ochoa in the past, who never should have been imprisoned in the first place. For possessing the courage to try to stop the destruction of forests where they lived, they were arrested and allegedly tortured.

The destruction of tropical forests is an urgent problem from Indonesia to Latin America, as logging companies compete for profits until the forests are completely destroyed. Often, the militaries in these countries are directly involved in these destructive, yet lucrative, schemes, and do not hesitate to kill or frame those who get in their way because they have known only impunity.

However, besides releasing these two men, the Mexican Government has done little to respond to Ms. Ochoa's death. A truth commission to examine past human rights abuses has not been established. That is presumably because it requires challenging some of the most entrenched, powerful, and dangerous forces within Mexican society. Nevertheless, President Fox made this promise, and that is what is urgently needed.

Another troubling case is the imprisonment of Brigadier General Jose Francisco Gallardo, who was convicted of corruption based on evidence that is, at best, inconclusive. Many observers feel that the main reason he is in prison and the Mexican Government continues to oppose his release is because he spoke out about abuses in the military. President Fox must deal with this case immediately.

I am convinced that President Fox is the right leader for Mexico at this critical time, and I have confidence in him and his advisors. I do not minimize the herculean tasks they face—political, economic and social reform on a national scale. But there is no way democracy can succeed in Mexico without the rule of law. And there is no better place to start than by tracking down Digna Ochoa's killers, and bringing them to justice for all to see.

Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that a piece written by Digna Ochoa, about her life, which was included in Kerry Kennedy Cuomo's extraordinary book "Speak Truth To Power," be printed in the RECORD.

There being no objection, the material was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

DIGNA OCHOA

I am a nun, who started life as a lawyer, I sought a religious community with a social commitment, and the protection of human rights is one of the things that my particular community focuses on. They have permitted me to work with an organization that fights for human rights, called Centro Pro, supporting me economically, morally, and spiritually. This has been a process of building a life project, from a social commitment to a spiritual one with a mystical aspect.

My father was a union leader in Veracruz, Mexico. In the sugar factory where he worked, he was involved in the struggles for potable water, roads, and securing land certificates. I studied law because I was always hearing that my father and his friends needed more lawyers. And all the lawyers charged so much. My father was unjustly jailed for one year and fifteen days. He was then disappeared and tortured—the charges against him were fabricated. This led to my determination to do something for those suffering injustice, because I saw it in the flesh with my father.

When I first studied law, I intended to begin practicing in the attorney general's office, then become a judge, then a magistrate. I thought someone from those positions could help people. After I got my degree, I became a prosecutor. I remember a very clear issue of injustice. My boss, who was responsible for all of the prosecutions within the attorney general's office, wanted me to charge someone whom I knew to be innocent. There was no evidence, but my boss tried to make me prosecute him. I refused, and he prosecuted the case himself.

Up until that time, I was doing well. The job was considered a good one, because it was in a coffee-producing area and the people there had lots of money. But I realized that I was doing the same thing that everyone did, serving a system that I myself criticized and against which I had wanted to fight. I decided to quit and with several other lawyers opened an office. I had no litigation experience whatsoever. But I was energized by leaving the attorney general's office and being on the other side, the side of the defense.

The first case I worked on was against judicial police officers who had been involved in the illegal detention and torture of several peasants. We wanted to feel like lawyers, so we threw ourselves into it. Our mistake was to take on the case without any institutional support. I had managed to obtain substantial evidence against the police, so they started to harass me increasingly, until I was detained. First, they sent telephone messages telling me to drop the case. Then by mail came threats that if I didn't drop it I would die, or members of my family would be killed. I kept working and we even publicly reported what was happening. The intimidation made me so angry that I was motivated to work even harder. I was frightened, too, but felt I couldn't show it. I always had to appear—at least publicly—like I was sure of myself, fearless. If I showed fear they would know how to dominate me. It was a defense mechanism.

Then, I was disappeared and held incommunicado for eight days by the police. They wanted me to give them all the evidence against them. I had hidden the case file well, not in my office, not in my house, and not where the victims lived, because I was afraid that the police would steal it. Now, I felt in

the flesh what my father had felt, what other people had suffered. The police told me that they were holding members of my family, and named them. The worst was when they said they were holding my father. I knew what my father had suffered, and I didn't want him to relive that. The strongest torture is psychological. Though they also gave me electric shocks and put mineral water up my nose, nothing compared to the psychological torture.

There was a month of torture. I managed to escape from where they were holding me. I hid for a month after that, unable to communicate with my family. It was a month of anguish and torture, of not knowing what to do. I was afraid of everything.

I eventually got in touch with my family. Students at the University, with whom I had always gotten along very well, had mobilized on my behalf. After I "appeared" with the help of my family and human rights groups in Jalapa, Veracruz, I was supported by lawyers, most of whom were women. The fact that I was in Veracruz caused my family anguish. At first I wanted to stay, because I knew we could find the police who detained me. We filed a criminal complaint. We asked for the police registries. I could clearly identify some of the officers. But there was a lot of pressure about what I should do: continue or not with the case? My life was at risk, and so were the lives of members of my family. After a month of anguish, my family, principally my sisters, asked me to leave Jalapa for a while. For me, but also for my parents.

I came to Mexico City. The idea was to take a three-month human rights course for which I had received a scholarship. I met someone at the human rights course who worked at Centro Pro, one of the human rights groups involved on my behalf. One day he said, "Look, we're just setting up the center and we need a lawyer. Work with us." I had never dreamed of living in Mexico City, and I didn't want to. But I accepted, because the conditions in Jalapa were such that I couldn't go back. Two really good women lawyers in Jalapa with a lot of organizational support took up the defense case I had been working on. This comforted me, because I knew the case would not be dropped—I had learned the importance of having organizational backup. So I started to work with Centro Pro in December 1988. Since I began working with the organization, I've handled a lot of cases of people like my father and people like me. That generates anger, and that anger becomes the strength to try to do something about the problem. At work, even though I give the appearance of seriousness and resolve, I'm trembling inside. Sometimes I want to cry, but I know that I can't, because that makes me vulnerable, disarms me.

At this time, because of what happened to me, I needed the help of a psychoanalyst, but I wasn't ready to accept it. The director of Centro Pro prepared me to accept that support. He was a Jesuit and psychologist. For six months, I didn't know he was a therapist. When I found out, I asked him why he hadn't told me. "You never asked," he said. We became very close. He was my friend, my confessor, my boss, and my psychologist, too, although I also had my psychoanalyst.

The idea of a confessor came slowly to me. In Jalapa, I had been supported by some priests. When I first "appeared," the first place I was taken was a church. I felt secure there, though as a kid, I had never had much to do with priests, besides attending church. To me they were people who accepted donations, delivered sacraments, and were power

brokers. It made an impression on me to see priests committed to social organizations, supporting people.

Since I've been at Centro Pro, we've gone through some tough times, like the two years of threats we received beginning in 1995. Once again it was me who was being threatened. My first reaction was to feel cold shivers. I went to the kitchen with a faxed copy of the threat and said to one of the sisters in the congregation, "Luz, we've received a threat, and they're directed at me." And Luz responded, "Digna, this is not a death threat. This is a threat of resurrection." That gave me great sustenance. Later that day another of my lawyer colleagues, Pilar, called me to ask what security measures I was taking. She was—rightfully—worried. I told her what Luz had said and Pilar responded, "Digna, the difference is that you're a religious person." And I realized that being a person of faith and having a community, that having a base in faith, is a source of support that others don't have.

Now, some people said to me that my reaction was courageous. But I've always felt anger at the suffering of others. For me, anger is energy, it's a force. You channel energy positively or negatively. Being sensitive to situations of injustice and the necessity of confronting difficult situations like those we see every day, we have to get angry to provoke energy and react. If an act of injustice doesn't provoke anger in me, it could be seen as indifference, passivity. It's injustice that motivates us to do something, to take risks, knowing that if we don't, things will remain the same. Anger has made us confront police and soldiers. Something that I discovered is that the police and soldiers are used to their superiors shouting at them, and they're used to being mistreated. So when they run into a woman, otherwise insignificant to them, who demands things of them and shouts at them in an authoritarian way, they are paralyzed. And we get results. I consider myself an aggressive person, and it has been difficult for me to manage that within the context of my religious education. But it does disarm authorities. I normally dress this way, in a way that my friends call monklike. That's fine. It keeps people off guard. I give a certain mild image, but then I can, more efficiently, demand things, shout.

For example, one time there was a guy who had been disappeared for twenty days. We knew he was in the military hospital, and we filed habeas corpus petitions on his behalf. But the authorities simply denied having him in custody. One night we were informed that he was being held at a particular state hospital. We went the next day. They denied us access. I spent the whole morning studying the comings and goings at the hospital to see how I could get in. During a change in shifts, I slipped by the guards. When I got to the room where this person was, the nurse at the door told me I could not go in. "We are not even allowed in," she said. I told her that I would take care of myself; all I asked of her was that she take note of what I was going to do and that if they did something to me, she should call a certain number. I gave her my card. I took a deep breath, opened the door violently and yelled at the federal judicial police officers inside. I told them they had to leave, immediately, because I was the person's lawyer and needed to speak with him. They didn't know how to react, so they left. I had two minutes, but it was enough to explain who I was, that I had been in touch with his wife, and to get him to sign a paper proving he was in the hospital. He signed. By

then the police came back, with the fierceness that usually characterizes their behavior. Their first reaction was to try to grab me. They didn't expect me to assume an attack position—the only karate position I know, from movies, I suppose. Of course, I don't really know karate, but they definitely thought I was going to attack. Trembling inside, I said sternly that if they laid a hand on me they'd see what would happen. And they drew back, saying, "You're threatening us." And I replied, "Take it any way you want."

After some discussion, I left, surrounded by fifteen police officers. Meanwhile I had managed to record some interesting conversations. They referred to "the guy who was incommunicado," a term that was very important. I took the tape out and hid the cassette where I could. The police called for hospital security to come, using the argument that it wasn't permitted to have tape recorders inside the hospital. I handed over the recorder. Then they let me go. I was afraid that they would kidnap me outside the hospital, I was alone. I took several taxis, getting out, changing, taking another, because I didn't know if they were following me. When I arrived at Centro Pro, I could finally breathe. I could share all of my fear. If the police knew that I was terrified when they were surrounding me, they would have been able to do anything to me.

Sometimes, without planning and without being conscious of it, there is a kind of group therapy among the colleagues at Centro Pro. We show what we really feel, our fear. We cry. There's a group of us who have suffered physically. On the other hand, my religious community has helped me manage my fear. At times of great danger, group prayer and study of the Bible and religious texts helps me. Praying is very important. Faith in God. That has been a great source of strength. And I'm not alone anymore. As a Christian, as a religious person, I call myself a follower of Christ who died on the cross for denouncing the injustices of his time. And if He had to suffer what he suffered, what then can we expect?

For years after my father was tortured, I wanted revenge. Then, when I was the torture victim, the truth is that the last thing I wanted was revenge, because I feared that it would be an unending revenge. I saw it as a chain. Three years after coming to Mexico City I remember that a person came to tell me that they had found two of the judicial police officers who tortured me.

The person asked if I wanted him to get them and give them their due. At first, I did have a moment when I thought yes. But I thought about it and realized that I would simply be doing what they did. I would have no right to speak about them as I am talking about them now. I would have been one of them.

I rarely share my own experience of torture. But I remember talking to a torture victim who was very, very angry, for whom the desire for revenge was becoming destructive. I shared my own experience, and that made an impression on him. But if we don't forgive and get over the desire for revenge, we become one of them. You can't forget torture, but you have to learn to assimilate it. To assimilate it you need to find forgiveness. It's a long-term, difficult, and very necessary undertaking.

If you don't step up to those challenges, what are you doing? What meaning does your life have? It is survival. When I began to work, when I took that case in which they made me leave Jalapa, I was committed to doing something against injustice. But there

was something else that motivated me, and I have to recognize it, even though it causes me shame. What motivated me as well as the commitment was the desire to win prestige as a lawyer. Thanks to the very difficult situation that I lived through, I realized what was wrong. What a shame that I had to go through that in order to discover my real commitment, the meaning of my life, the reason I'm here. In this sense, I've found something positive in what was a very painful experience. If I hadn't suffered, I wouldn't have been able to discover injustice in such depth. Maybe I wouldn't be working in Centro Pro. Maybe I wouldn't have entered the congregation. Maybe I wouldn't have learned that the world is a lot bigger than the very small world that I had constructed. Thanks to a very difficult, painful experience for me and my family and my friends, my horizons were broadened. Sometimes I say to myself, "What a way for God to make you see things." But sometimes without that we aren't capable of seeing.

#### THE REAL NEW WORLD ORDER

Mr. KYL. Mr. President, I rise today to commend Charles Krauthammer for his fine article in the November 12 issue of *The Weekly Standard*, titled "The Real New World Order." Not only does Mr. Krauthammer's article present the flawed assumptions and philosophical underpinnings of the foreign policies of the Clinton administration—particularly his denunciation of that administration's fealty to the notion of an overriding international order defined by treaties and designed to insulate the world from the burden of American hegemony—but also the demands placed upon the administration of George W. Bush in the wake of the events of September 11. It is a compelling piece, and deserves notice.

Krauthammer's article was written prior to the dramatic events of the past week in Afghanistan. That some of his analysis is out of date in light of the battlefield successes of the so-called Northern Alliance does not, however, detract from the validity of the main thesis he presents in his typically articulate and knowledgeable style. Krauthammer argues that the United States, as a result of the terrorist attacks that killed thousands of Americans, is confronted with an epochal opportunity that, if seized, will facilitate one of the most far-reaching transformations in the history of international relations. Rather than facing the rising tide of anti-Americanism postulated to be the natural result of the United States' unique status as the world's sole superpower, much of the world has actually aligned itself with U.S. interests in the face of an elusive enemy brandishing an apocalyptic view of the current global structure, radical Islamic fundamentalism.

The developments of the past several days have caught many of us off-guard. Little that was known about the Taliban indicated that it would countenance its own defeat as swiftly as has occurred. I do not believe that could