

RITA PETERSON

HON. ED PERLMUTTER

OF COLORADO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, December 21, 2010

Mr. PERLMUTTER. Madam Speaker, I rise today to recognize and applaud Rita Peterson for her outstanding service to our community.

Rita Peterson has been co-owner and Vice president of her family owned appraisal business since 1977. The business has grown from one appraiser and a part time secretary to six full time appraisers and three administrative staff. They began primarily appraising operating farms and ranches throughout the state, and now deal with more complex issues involving eminent domain, conservation easement valuations and federal land exchanges.

While running and expanding her business, Rita still found time to become involved in the community. Most notable has been her involvement with the Senior Resource Center since 1982. Her vision has been the key to the \$8.7 million dollar expansion and renovation project which includes a new 17,000 square foot Adult Day building.

I extend my deepest congratulations to Rita Peterson for being honored by the West Chamber serving Jefferson County. I have no doubt she will exhibit the same dedication and character in all her future accomplishments.

HONORING BYRON LEYDECKER

HON. MIKE THOMPSON

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, December 21, 2010

Mr. THOMPSON of California. Madam Speaker, I rise with my colleague Congressman GEORGE MILLER today to recognize the great accomplishments of our friend Byron Leydecker, who recently announced that he will conclude operation of Friends of the Trinity River, the organization he founded 18 years ago and has led ever since.

The Trinity River flows through mountains in coastal northern California and is the largest tributary of the Klamath River. These rivers supported huge bountiful populations of both Chinook and Coho salmon, steelhead and other fish that sustained Native Americans for millennia and visitors from other continents for the past two centuries. The impacts of ill-advised and poorly managed development had devastated both the Trinity and the Klamath. Thanks in large part to Byron, the Trinity is on its way to recovery.

He pushed the Department of the Interior to develop and then implement the historic 2000 Trinity Record of Decision, he has worked tirelessly ever since to ensure that the Trinity restoration program goes forward as intended, and he has pushed the agencies to follow the science.

Byron has led an active and vigorous organization over the years, devoting his time, energy, and financial resources to make a real difference in the direction of the Trinity River restoration program, which is today one of the leading efforts of its kind.

Byron and FOTR have worked with the usual alphabet soup of government agencies, as well as tribes, fishermen, and water and power interests, to develop and implement the restoration plan. Byron has always been consistent and persistent, cooperative when possible and tough when needed.

Thanks to Byron and the work of FOTR, the Trinity River is now in better shape than at any time since the 1960s—we have seen increased flows, a healthier fishery, and a stronger scientific foundation for its management.

While there will always be snags and eddies in these undertakings, the successful restoration of the Trinity River will serve as a national model of a restored river below a Federal dam. The Trinity River could have no better friend than Byron Leydecker. We are grateful to Byron for his leadership, and thank him for all his work on behalf of healthy rivers and sustainable fisheries.

AN EXTRAORDINARY SPEECH

HON. JOE WILSON

OF SOUTH CAROLINA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, December 21, 2010

Mr. WILSON of South Carolina. Madam Speaker, I submit the following for the RECORD:

What follows is an abridged transcript from *The American Thinker* by Alan Fraser of an extraordinary speech given by Lieutenant General John F. Kelly USMC on November 13, 2010. What renders it so is that General Kelly's son, First Lieutenant Robert Michael Kelly, was killed in action in Sangin, Afghanistan only four days before Lt. Gen. Kelly gave this speech. Lt. Gen. Kelly's eldest child is also a U.S. Marine.

The American Thinker wrote earlier about this incident to which the general refers in his speech of Corporal Jonathan Yale and Lance Corporal Jordan Haerter. Recall that it occurred at a time when it appeared that our troop surge in Iraq had perhaps stabilized what had been for several years a horrific situation. Now think about how that troop surge—in fact, the entire war—would have been viewed had fifty of our Marines been massacred in their sleep on that April night in 2008. And finally, as we are in the season, it's good to remind ourselves that it is only because of men like Yale, Haerter, Gen. Kelly, and his brave sons that we are able to celebrate our holidays and not those of our enemies.

[SEMPER FI SOCIETY OF ST. LOUIS SPEECH]

(By LTG Kelly on Nov. 13, 2010)

Nine years ago two of the four commercial aircraft took off from Boston, Newark, and Washington. Took off fully loaded with men, women and children—all innocent, and all soon to die. These aircraft were targeted at the World Trade Towers in New York, the Pentagon, and likely the Capitol in Washington, D.C. . . . Three found their mark. No American alive old enough to remember will ever forget exactly where they were, exactly what they were doing, and exactly who they were with at the moment they watched the aircraft dive into the World Trade Towers on what was, until then, a beautiful morning in New York City. Within the hour 3,000 blameless human beings would be vaporized, incin-

erated, or crushed in the most agonizing ways imaginable. The most wretched among them—over 200—driven mad by heat, hopelessness, and utter desperation leapt to their deaths from 1,000 feet above Lower Manhattan. We soon learned hundreds more were murdered at the Pentagon, and in a Pennsylvania farmer's field.

Once the buildings had collapsed and the immensity of the attack began to register most of us had no idea of what to do, or where to turn. As a nation, we were scared like we had not been scared for generations. Parents hugged their children to gain as much as to give comfort. Strangers embraced in the streets stunned and crying on one another's shoulders seeking solace, as much as to give it. Instantaneously, American patriotism soared not "as the last refuge" as our national-cynical class would say, but in the darkest times Americans seek refuge in family, and in country, remembering that strong men and women have always stepped forward to protect the nation when the need was dire—and it was so God awful dire that day—and remains so today.

There was, however, a small segment of America that made very different choices that day . . . actions the rest of America stood in awe of on 9/11 and every day since. The first were our firefighters and police, their ranks decimated that day as they ran towards—not away from—danger and certain death. They were doing what they'd sworn to do—"protect and serve"—and went to their graves having fulfilled their sacred oath. Then there was your Armed Forces, and I know I am a little biased in my opinion here, but the best of them are Marines. Most wearing the Eagle, Globe and Anchor today joined the unbroken ranks of American heroes after that fateful day not for money, or promises of bonuses or travel to exotic liberty ports, but for one reason and one reason alone; because of the terrible assault on our way of life by men they knew must be killed and an extremist ideology that must be destroyed. A plastic flag in their car window was not their response to the murderous assault on our country. No, their response was a commitment to protect the nation swearing an oath to their God to do so, to their deaths. When future generations ask why America is still free and the heyday of Al Qaeda and their terrorist allies was counted in days rather than in centuries as the extremists themselves predicted, our hometown heroes—soldiers, sailors, airmen, Coast Guardsmen, and Marines—can say, "because of me and people like me who risked all to protect millions who will never know my name."

As we sit here right now, we should not lose sight of the fact that America is at risk in a way it has never been before. Our enemy fights for an ideology based on an irrational hatred of who we are. Make no mistake about that no matter what certain elements of the "chattering class" relentlessly churn out. We did not start this fight, and it will not end until the extremists understand that we as a people will never lose our faith or our courage. If they persist, these terrorists and extremists and the nations that provide them sanctuary, they must know they will continue to be tracked down and captured or killed. America's civilian and military protectors both here at home and overseas have for nearly nine years fought this enemy to a standstill and have never for a second "wondered why." They know, and are not afraid. Their struggle is your struggle. They hold in disdain those who claim to support them but not the cause that takes their innocence,

their limbs, and even their lives. As a democracy—"We the People"—and that by definition is every one of us—sent them away from home and hearth to fight our enemies. We are all responsible. I know it doesn't apply to those of us here tonight but if anyone thinks you can somehow thank them for their service, and not support the cause for which they fight—America's survival—then they are lying to themselves and rationalizing away something in their lives, but, more importantly, they are slighting our warriors and mocking their commitment to the nation.

Since this generation's "day of infamy" the American military has handed our ruthless enemy defeat-after-defeat but it will go on for years, if not decades, before this curse has been eradicated. We have done this by unceasing pursuit day and night into whatever miserable lair Al Qaeda, the Taliban, and their allies, might slither into to lay in wait for future opportunities to strike a blow at freedom. America's warriors have never lost faith in their mission, or doubted the correctness of their cause. They face dangers every day that their countrymen safe and comfortable this night cannot imagine. But this has always been the case in all the wars our military have been sent to fight. Not to build empires, or enslave peoples, but to free those held in the grip of tyrants while at the same time protecting our nation, its citizens, and our shared values. And, ladies and gentlemen, think about this, the only territory we as a people have ever asked for from any nation we have fought alongside, or against, since our founding, the entire extent of our overseas empire, as a few hundred acres of land for the 24 American cemeteries scattered around the globe. It is in these cemeteries where 220,000 of our sons and daughters rest in glory for eternity, or are memorialized forever because their earthly remains are lost forever in the deepest depths of the oceans, or never recovered from far flung and nameless battlefields. As a people, we can be proud because billions across the planet today live free, and billions yet unborn will also enjoy the same freedom and a chance at prosperity because America sent its sons and daughters out to fight and die for them, as much as for us.

The comforting news for every American is that our men and women in uniform, and every Marine, is as good today as any in our history. As good as what their heroic, underappreciated, and largely abandoned fathers and uncles were in Vietnam, and their grandfathers were in Korea and World War II. They have the same steel in their backs and have made their own mark etching forever places like Ramadi, Fallujah, and Baghdad, Iraq, and Helmand and Sagin, Afghanistan, that are now part of the legend and stand just as proudly alongside Belleau Wood, Iwo Jima, Inchon, Hue City, Khe Sanh, and Ashau Valley, Vietnam. None of them have ever asked what their country could do for them, but always and with their lives asked what they could do for America. While some might think we have produced yet another generation of materialistic, consumeristic and self-absorbed young people, those who serve today have broken the mold and stepped out as real men, and real women, who are already making their own way in life while protecting ours. They know the real strength of a platoon, a battalion, or a country that is not worshipping at the altar of diversity, but in a melting pot that stitches and strengthens by a sense of shared history, values, customs, hopes and dreams all of which unifies a people making them stronger, as opposed to an unruly gaggle of

"hyphenated" or "multi-cultural individuals."

I will leave you with a story about the kind of people they are . . . about the quality of the steel in their backs . . . about the kind of dedication they bring to our country while they serve in uniform and forever after as veterans. Two years ago when I was the Commander of all U.S. and Iraqi forces, in fact, the 22nd of April 2008, two Marine infantry battalions, 1/9 "The Walking Dead," and 2/8 were switching out in Ramadi. One battalion in the closing days of their deployment going home very soon, the other just starting its seven-month combat tour. Two Marines, Corporal Jonathan Yale and Lance Corporal Jordan Haerter, 22 and 20 years old respectively, one from each battalion, were assuming the watch together at the entrance gate of an outpost that contained a makeshift barracks housing 50 Marines. The same broken down ramshackle building was also home to 100 Iraqi police, also my men and our allies in the fight against the terrorists in Ramadi, a city until recently the most dangerous city on earth and owned by Al Qaeda. Yale was a dirt poor mixed-race kid from Virginia with a wife and daughter, and a mother and sister who lived with him and he supported as well. He did this on a yearly salary of less than \$23,000. Haerter, on the other hand, was a middle class white kid from Long Island. They were from two completely different worlds. Had they not joined the Marines they would never have met each other, or understood that multiple America's exist simultaneously depending on one's race, education level, economic status, and where you might have been born. But they were Marines, combat Marines, forged in the same crucible of Marine training, and because of this bond they were brothers as close, or closer, than if they were born of the same woman.

The mission orders they received from the sergeant squad leader I am sure went something like: "Okay you two clowns, stand this post and let no unauthorized personnel or vehicles pass." "You clear?" I am also sure Yale and Haerter then rolled their eyes and said in unison something like: "Yes Sergeant," with just enough attitude that made the point without saying the words, "No kidding sweetheart, we know what we're doing." They then relieved two other Marines on watch and took up their post at the entry control point of Joint Security Station Nasser, in the Sophia section of Ramadi, al Anbar, Iraq.

A few minutes later a large blue truck turned down the alley way—perhaps 60–70 yards in length—and sped its way through the serpentine of concrete jersey walls. The truck stopped just short of where the two were posted and detonated, killing them both catastrophically. Twenty-four brick masonry houses were damaged or destroyed. A mosque 100 yards away collapsed. The truck's engine came to rest two hundred yards away knocking most of a house down before it stopped. Our explosive experts reckoned the blast was made of 2,000 pounds of explosives. Two died, and because these two young infantrymen didn't have it in their DNA to run from danger, they saved 150 of their Iraqi and American brothers-in-arms.

When I read the situation report about the incident a few hours after it happened I called the regimental commander for details as something about this struck me as different. Marines dying or being seriously wounded is commonplace in combat. We expect Marines regardless of rank or MOS to stand their ground and do their duty, and

even die in the process, if that is what the mission takes. But this just seemed different. The regimental commander had just returned from the site and he agreed, but reported that there were no American witnesses to the event—just Iraqi police. I figured if there was any chance of finding out what actually happened and then to decorate the two Marines to acknowledge their bravery, I'd have to do it as a combat award that requires two eye-witnesses and we figured the bureaucrats back in Washington would never buy Iraqi statements. If it had any chance at all, it had to come under the signature of a general officer.

I traveled to Ramadi the next day and spoke individually to a half-dozen Iraqi police all of whom told the same story. The blue truck turned down into the alley and immediately sped up as it made its way through the serpentine. They all said, "We knew immediately what was going on as soon as the two Marines began firing." The Iraqi police then related that some of them also fired, and then to a man, ran for safety just prior to the explosion. All survived. Many were injured . . . some seriously. One of the Iraqis elaborated and with tears welling up said, "They'd run like any normal man would to save his life." "What he didn't know until then," he said, "and what he learned that very instant, was that Marines are not normal." Choking past the emotion he said, "Sir, in the name of God no sane man would have stood there and done what they did." "No sane man." "They saved us all."

What we didn't know at the time, and only learned a couple of days later after I wrote a summary and submitted both Yale and Haerter for posthumous Navy Crosses, was that one of our security cameras, damaged initially in the blast, recorded some of the suicide attack. It happened exactly as the Iraqis had described it. It took exactly six seconds from when the truck entered the alley until it detonated.

You can watch the last six seconds of their young lives. Putting myself in their heads I supposed it took about a second for the two Marines to separately come to the same conclusion about what was going on once the truck came into their view at the far end of the alley. Exactly no time to talk it over, or call the sergeant to ask what they should do. Only enough time to take half an instant and think about what the sergeant told them to do only a few minutes before: ". . . let no unauthorized personnel or vehicles pass." The two Marines had about five seconds left to live.

It took maybe another two seconds for them to present their weapons, take aim, and open up. By this time the truck was half-way through the barriers and gaining speed the whole time. Here, the recording shows a number of Iraqi police, some of whom had fired their AKs, now scattering like the normal and rational men they were—some running right past the Marines. They had three seconds left to live.

For about two seconds more, the recording shows the Marines' weapons firing nonstop . . . the truck's windshield exploding into shards of glass as their rounds take it apart and tore in to the body of the son-of-a-bitch who is trying to get past them to kill their brothers—American and Iraqi—bedded down in the barracks totally unaware of the fact that their lives at that moment depended entirely on two Marines standing their ground. If they had been aware, they would have known they were safe . . . because two Marines stood between them and a crazed suicide bomber. The recording shows the truck

careening to a stop immediately in front of the two Marines. In all of the instantaneous violence Yale and Haerter never hesitated. By all reports and by the recording, they never stepped back. They never even started to step aside. They never even shifted their weight. With their feet spread should width apart, they leaned into the danger, firing as fast as they could work their weapons. They had only one second left to live.

The truck explodes. The camera goes blank. Two young men go to their God. Six seconds. Not enough time to think about their families, their country, their flag, or about their lives or their deaths, but more than enough time for two very brave young men to do their duty . . . into eternity. That is the kind of people who are on watch all over the world tonight—for you.

We Marines believe that God gave America the greatest gift he could bestow to man while he lived on this earth—freedom. We also believe he gave us another gift nearly as precious—our soldiers, sailors, airmen, Coast Guardsmen, and Marines—to safeguard that gift and guarantee no force on this earth can ever steal it away. It has been my distinct honor to have been with you here today. Rest assured our America, this experiment in democracy started over two centuries ago, will forever remain the “land of the free and home of the brave” so long as we never run out of tough young Americans who are willing to look beyond their own self-interest and comfortable lives, and go into the darkest and most dangerous places on earth to hunt down, and kill, those who would do us harm. God Bless America, and . . . SEMPER FIDELIS!

LISA STEVEN & AMIE WALTON

HON. ED PERLMUTTER

OF COLORADO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, December 21, 2010

Mr. PERLMUTTER. Madam Speaker, I rise today to honor and applaud Lisa Steven and Amie Walton for their outstanding service to our community.

Lisa and Amie are founders of Hope House. A place that provides a stable, loving home, as well as programs to give young mothers the tools and skills they need to become self sufficient. After working with teen moms they soon found that many lived in fear, some were homeless, others hungry and many abused. They searched for resources for these young women and found none. There began the vision for Hope House.

Hope House is now a place where young mothers and their children play and laugh, heal wounds and learn skills for success in the future. Staff work to help mothers obtain their GED, master life skills and learn effective parenting skills.

Lisa and Amie say that “We wanted each young mom and child to know that there is no mistake too big, no past too heavy that would make God give up on them”.

I extend my deepest congratulations to Lisa Steven and Amie Walton for their well deserved recognition by the West Chamber serving Jefferson County. I have no doubt they will exhibit the same dedication and character in all their future accomplishments.

PERSONAL EXPLANATION

HON. EDDIE BERNICE JOHNSON

OF TEXAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, December 21, 2010

Ms. EDDIE BERNICE JOHNSON of Texas. Madam Speaker, on Tuesday, December 14, I requested and received a leave of absence for December 16 and December 17, 2010.

For the information of our colleagues and my constituents, below is how I would have voted on the following votes I missed during this time period.

On rollcall 640, On Motion to Suspend the rules and pass S. 841, I would have voted “yes.”

On rollcall 641, On Motion to Suspend the rules and pass S. 3860, I would have voted “yes.”

On rollcall 642, On Motion to Suspend the rules and pass S. 3447, I would have voted “yes.”

On rollcall 643, Providing for consideration of the Senate amendment to the House amendment to the Senate amendment to the bill (H.R. 4853) to amend the Internal Revenue Code of 1986 to extend the funding and expenditure authority of the Airport and Airway Trust Fund, H. Res. 1766, I would have voted “yes.”

On rollcall 644, On Agreeing to the Resolution, H. Res. 1766, I would have voted “yes.”

On rollcall 645, On Motion to Suspend the rules and pass S. 987, To protect girls in developing countries through the prevention of child marriage, and for other purposes, I would have voted “yes.”

On rollcall 646, On Agreeing to the Levin Agreement, H.R. 4863, I would have voted “yes.”

On rollcall 647, On Motion to Concur in the Senate Amdt to the House to the Senate Amendment H.R. 4853, I would have voted “no.”

On rollcall 648, Honoring the accomplishments of Norman Yoshino Mineta, H. Res. 1377, I would have voted “yes.”

On rollcall 649, An act to enact certain laws relating to public contracts as title 41, United States Code, “Public Contracts”, H.R. 1107, I would have voted “yes.”

On rollcall 650, Ike Skelton National Defense Authorization Act for Fiscal Year 2011, H.R. 6523, I would have voted “yes.”

On rollcall 651, An act to establish a pilot program in certain United States district courts to encourage enhancement of expertise in patent cases among district judges, H.R. 628, I would have voted “no.”

On rollcall 652, Providing for the sine die adjournment of the second session of the One Hundred Eleventh Congress, H. Con. Res. 336, I would have voted “yes.”

On rollcall 653, Providing for consideration of the joint resolution (H.J. Res. 105) making further continuing appropriations for fiscal year 2011, H. Res. 1776, I would have voted “yes.”

On rollcall 654, GPRA Modernization Act of 2010, H.R. 2142, I would have voted “yes.”

On rollcall 655, Aiding Those Facing Foreclosure Act of 2010, H.R. 5510, I would have voted “yes.”

On rollcall 656, Reduction of Lead in Drinking Water Act, S. 3874, I would have voted “yes.”

HONORING ORLANDO SANTOS

HON. DONNA M. CHRISTENSEN

OF THE VIRGIN ISLANDS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, December 21, 2010

Mrs. CHRISTENSEN. Madam Speaker, I rise with pride to offer my congratulations to Orlando Santos, son of Diane Tutein and Enrique Santos, who was featured on the Food Network on Sunday, December 19th as one of the competitors on the Food Network Challenge Sugar Destinations.

Orlando, the executive pastry chef at the Duquesne Club in Pittsburgh, hails from the island of St. Croix and truly represented his artistic and culinary talent with the sugar piece he produced.

Although he did not win, he has made a name for himself and remains a favorite of the judges for his unselfish desire to take his mother to Denmark to connect with her Danish ancestry.

Orlando is a product of the public school system in the Virgin Islands and was raised in an environment of strong, determined women to include his mother Diane, his maternal grandmother Mercedes and his maternal great-grandmother Mariel. He began his training in the culinary arts at St. Croix Vocational Complex. He graduated from Johnson & Wales University in North Miami, Florida and attended the French Pastry School in Chicago. Orlando won his first professional competition in Atlanta with our very own local sweetbread, a pastry that is typical in the Virgin Islands around the Christmas season. In 2004, he won first place in the wedding cake category at the Southern Pastry Classic.

During the challenge on Sunday, Orlando displayed his signature technique; local Virgin Islands flowers, which represent his culture and traditions.

So, on behalf of myself, my staff and our Virgin Islands community all over the world, we are very proud of Orlando as he continues to make a name for himself and the U.S. Virgin Islands in the very competitive culinary world.

CONGRATULATING KAPPA ALPHA PSI FRATERNITY, INCORPORATED ON ITS CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY

HON. ALCEE L. HASTINGS

OF FLORIDA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, December 21, 2010

Mr. HASTINGS of Florida. Madam Speaker, I rise to congratulate Kappa Alpha Psi Fraternity, Incorporated on the historic milestone of 100 years of serving local and international communities. On January 5, 1911, Kappa Alpha Psi Fraternity, Incorporated (KAPSI) was founded by ten distinguished, God-fearing, high achieving, young African-American gentlemen who had the vision to foster leadership through fraternal brotherhood and Christian ideals on the campus of Indiana University in Bloomington, Indiana. These men had the determination to defy customs in pursuit of a college education and professional careers during an oppressive time in American history for