

a debt of honor and respect to Buddy Sizemore.

Buddy is a hero whose service and sacrifice will forever be emblazoned on the hearts of a grateful Nation. I offer my deepest condolences to all of those friends and family members who loved and admired this young man.

TRIBUTE TO THE LATE DON DENNEY OF THE UNIFIED GOVERNMENT OF WYANDOTTE COUNTY

HON. DENNIS MOORE

OF KANSAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, September 27, 2006

Mr. MOORE of Kansas. Mr. Speaker, I rise to pay tribute to Don Denney, the long-time media relations specialist for the Unified Government of Wyandotte County, and Kansas City, KS, who died unexpectedly of a heart attack while at work on September 15.

I wholeheartedly echo the sentiments that Kansas City, KS, Mayor/CEO Joe Reardon shared with the Kansas City Kansan upon learning of Don Denney's death, "Don Denney was a wonderful and talented individual who gave 100 percent of himself to the community with his job at the Unified Government. We shall always remember Don Denney as a man who gave unselfishly as a public servant and citizen to a community that he deeply loved."

A graduate of Kansas City's Ward High School in 1970, Denney had owned a Dairy Queen restaurant and worked previously at the Kansas City Kansan, before beginning his tenure with the city of Kansas City in 1994. He remained with the Unified Government after the city and county consolidated governments in 1997. As former Kansan publisher William Epperheimer noted: "Of all his attributes, loyalty and hard work stood out. Don was a Kansas City Kansan advocate to the end and he worked his tail off for the paper and its readers, just as he was dedicated to the Unified Government and represented it to the metropolitan news media with so much honesty and dedication in his 'second career'."

Don Denney was also well known locally as the athletics announcer for Bishop Ward High School and Kansas City Kansas Community College athletic events, and was planning on announcing the Bishop Ward football game on the evening of the day of his death.

Mr. Speaker, I join with the Unified Government and the citizens of Kansas City, KS, in mourning the untimely death of a dedicated, honest public servant and I include with these remarks a moving tribute to Don Denney that was published in the Kansas City Star.

[From the Kansas City Star, Sept. 16, 2006]

KCK LOSES A FRIEND, SPOKESMAN DENNEY
(By Mark Wiebe)

Don Denney, the face and voice of Wyandotte County and Kansas City, Kan., died Friday morning after collapsing at City Hall.

Denney, 54, began working for the city in 1994 after leaving his job as a reporter for The Kansas City Kansan. He was named spokesman for the Unified Government when the city and county merged in 1997.

But as many at a grief-stricken City Hall said, Denney was much more than the Unified Government's "media specialist," the man who answered reporters' inquiries or showed up at early morning fires. He was a

well-connected public figure, a person who effortlessly made friends, who loved his community and worked hard on its behalf. He considered the employees at City Hall his family.

"It's a great loss for the city," said Hal Walker, the Unified Government's chief counsel and a good friend. "He was nearly as visible as any of the mayors he served."

Mayor Joe Reardon called Denney a "wonderful and talented" man: "His love and enthusiasm for our community was infectious."

A Kansas City, Kan., native and graduate of Bishop Ward High School, Denney also was a longtime public address system announcer at the school's athletic games. Known to many as "the voice of the Cyclones," he devoted much of his free time to the school.

Unified Government Commissioner Tom Cooley was with Denney during a meeting Friday morning. He said Denney appeared to be in good spirits. "We were laughing and joking, cutting up," he said. "There was no indication that he was even uncomfortable."

But earlier this week, Denney, a diabetic who suffered a heart attack several years ago, complained of dizziness and said he had experienced a brief blackout. Wyandotte County Coroner Alan Hancock said Denney died of cardiac arrhythmia.

As news spread about Denney's death, reporters were quick to sing his praises. Steve Nicely, a former Kansas City Star reporter, recalled Denney as an honest reporter and spokesman.

"He was a conscientious guy, and I think really had a dedication to the truth," Nicely said. "Sometimes he'd get into trouble because he'd say something that was a little too true. I always thought that was a virtue."

Bob Werly, a former reporter for KMBC-TV, called him one of the best public information officials he'd ever worked with. His deep ties to the community didn't hurt.

"I would stand out in the street with him talking," Werly said. "It just seemed like every other car that came by either honked or waved."

Denney is survived by a brother, Fred Denney, and a sister, Mary Anne Denney. The funeral will be at 10 a.m. Wednesday at Cathedral of St. Peter, 431 N. 15th St.

JOHANNA'S LAW: THE GYNECOLOGIC CANCER EDUCATION AND AWARENESS ACT

HON. BILL PASCRELL, JR.

OF NEW JERSEY

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, September 27, 2006

Mr. PASCRELL. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to urge the House to take up and pass H.R. 1245, Johanna's Law: The Gynecologic Cancer Education and Awareness Act. This legislation has been cosponsored by 256 Members of the House of Representatives and 40 Senators.

H.R. 1245, through an educational and awareness campaign, will help women understand the symptoms of uterine and other gynecological cancers, the importance of having an annual exam, and the need for open communication with their doctors in an attempt to save women from preventable deaths.

Johanna's Law has the potential to help more than 80,000 women who will be diagnosed with some type of gynecological cancer this year. Beneficial to all women of various

ethnicities and socioeconomic backgrounds, the legislation will inform them of preventative measures and help them understand the symptoms which can lead to early detection and subsequently, save lives.

Of the women who will be diagnosed with gynecological cancer this year, 28,000 will die, primarily because they did not recognize their symptoms and the cancer detection came too late to treat the disease effectively.

The 5-year survival rates for the most common gynecologic cancers are 90 percent when diagnosed early. Survival rates drop to 50 percent or less for cancers diagnosed later.

Gynecologic cancers such as ovarian and endometrial cancer do not yet have a reliable screening test that can be used for the general population. The Pap smear reliably detects only cervical cancer. That's why knowing the symptoms of these cancers is key to early diagnosis.

Sadly, recent surveys confirm most women are unaware of the risk factors and do not recognize the early symptoms of gynecologic cancers. This lack of information and understanding is deadly.

September has been declared Ovarian Cancer Awareness Month by President Bush, and governors of all 50 States have also declared September Gynecologic Cancer Awareness Month. However, over one-third of the women diagnosed this year with a gynecologic cancer will die from the gynecologic cancer primarily due to a lack of early education and prevention, as well as effective screening.

Data suggests that with even a modest improvement in outreach and education, we can save lives and precious healthcare resources, and improve the health of our Nation's women. This legislation will accomplish that—through education of both women and their health care providers.

Mr. Speaker, there is clearly a need for Johanna's Law and the time is now. The women of this country and their families deserve no less.

HONORING THE LIFE OF BARBARA C. McENROE

HON. JOHN B. LARSON

OF CONNECTICUT

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, September 27, 2006

Mr. LARSON of Connecticut. Mr. Speaker, I wish to submit for the RECORD the following tribute that appeared in NE Magazine on September 17, 2006. For most, words never quite convey the poignancy of the moment. For Colin McEnroe, his craft and the life of his mother merge in beautiful sentiment. I did not know Barbara McEnroe, but I know many families who empathize with her son's article, "Banana Chair Sunset." I sometimes believe that creative and vivid writing is genetic with the Irish, but McEnroe's love of his mother and father unfolds in this article in a way that shares with the reader the unique perspective of a family gathered at the bedside of a loved one soon to be gone. I'm honored to submit this for the RECORD. Our hearts go out to him, his son Joseph, and his family.

[From NE Magazine, Sept. 17, 2006]

BANANA CHAIR SUNSET

(By Colin McEnroe)

She was a tiny person born into a big world.

She was the fourth daughter of the sonless Howard and Alma Cotton. I was told that my grandmother, knowing she would be expected to try again, was too angry to think of a name for the baby. The Cottons owned a general store in Dana, Mass. Ruth, the oldest sister, finally looked at some kind of candy display that offered a list of names. (It was a sort of game where you found out who would be your sweetheart, I believe.) She picked the name Barbara for her baby sister.

At least, that's one version. Ruth told it to me one night after making me promise never to tell my mother.

The next baby was a boy, Gaylord. I don't think my mother ever completely forgave him for being the right answer.

She was not the right answer, but she decided to know the right answers. She was a whiz in school. She was high school valedictorian. She was never quite at home.

She wasn't as tough or as solid as the rest of her family. She was pretty, chatty, restless, troublemaking. Now and then, a teacher would notice her and realize she was a little bit lost. One woman made a point of taking her places, letting her catch glimpses of the world outside rural Massachusetts.

One such place, of course, was Boston, which was a very thirsty town. Years before my mother was born, the city began to outgrow its supply of water. Bostonians cast their eyes around and noticed the Swift River Valley. It might be possible to dam the whole thing up and make a reservoir. Yes, that could be done.

And what about the people who were living right where the enormous body of water would be?

They would have to leave.

Four little towns were dis-incorporated and depopulated. The Lost Towns of the Quabbin. Dana was one of them. The Cottons left a few years early, because Howard had four daughters, and he believed that rough men would be arriving in great numbers for the huge construction projects. He didn't want that kind of trouble.

Gone, gone, gone, the four towns. And gone, gone, gone the five Cottons. Ruth, Gladys, Arlene, Gaylord. And Monday night, the last of them, Barbara.

Nothing was ever exactly home. Nowhere completely right.

"What's the best place you ever lived?" she asked me again and again from hospital beds and wheelchairs, really asking herself.

She graduated from North Brookfield High School—did she mention she was valedictorian?—and eked out a couple of years at Boston University. She came to Hartford. She was a bobby-soxer, overheated and frivolous. She and her friends followed Sinatra around after his show in the city and had a snowball fight with him.

The years went by, full of dates and parties and boyfriends and jobs. Hartford was fun. She met a man, a very peculiar man. He lived in a boarding house on Asylum Hill and worked at United Aircraft. He was handsome and brooding and mercurial. Nobody had ever heard of him. And then, on a single day, this obscure man in the boarding house sold two different plays he had written to Broadway producers.

She couldn't stay away from this man.

They married and lived for a while on Fifth Avenue next to a huge park that scared her a little. They lived for a while in Beverly Hills. Their agent was Swifty Lazar and he took them to all the swank spots; and she didn't have to throw snowballs at the big stars. They chatted away from adjoining tables at Chasen's.

But that didn't last. Nothing ever seemed to last. Nowhere was exactly home. Things were never quite right. It was hard, really, to settle down.

She had a son, and she loved him. It was hard to tell him that in the traditional ways. She wasn't at home in the world. She pushed him hard to work and achieve so that he would feel safer than she did.

She had a grandson, and she loved him. She took him to the park and showered him with presents. On New Year's Eves, she would decorate her apartment and buy hats and noisemakers for her husband and the little boy, and they'd eat shrimp and drink sparkling cider.

Her husband died, and she was alone.

And then she began to forget things. Her son took her to a neurologist, and the doctor said, "I'm going to say three words to you, and I want you to remember them because I'll ask you about them in a little while. Banana chair sunset."

He asked her quite a few other things, and, in the most charming manner possible, she revealed how little she could remember. Laid out there in the doctor's office, it was breath-taking, like the water pooling up and overspreading four whole towns.

"Now," said the doctor, "Do you remember any of those three words?"

"What three words?" she asked.

And that was the beginning of the end. Banana chair sunset.

A couple of years went by. She fell. She got sick.

On Monday evening, her hands and feet grew cold.

The light appeared. You know, the light? The soothing, comforting, all-loving light? She asked the nursing home staff to turn it off. It was bothering her. Things were not quite right. This room was not quite home.

I picture a worried angel, conferring with his peers. She wants the light turned off.

Has this ever come up before? Don't people always like the light?

A few of us sat in a room, in chairs, watching the sunset spread across the bricks of a courtyard outside the window. We talked so that she could hear our voices. And she fell asleep and was gone.

I am surprised to find my heart is broken. My son's heart is broken, too.

Banana chair sunset.

Maybe there's a place you go where finally, finally, everything is just right.

VETERANS' MEMORIALS, BOY
SCOUTS, PUBLIC SEALS, AND
OTHER PUBLIC EXPRESSIONS OF
RELIGION PROTECTION ACT OF
2006

SPEECH OF

HON. MARK UDALL

OF COLORADO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, September 26, 2006

Mr. UDALL of Colorado. Mr. Speaker, I think this bill is unnecessary and unwise, and I cannot vote for it.

Current law says that federal judges have discretion to require a state or local government to pay the attorneys' fees of individual citizens who win lawsuits challenging government actions that violate the Constitution.

This bill would take away part of that discretion, by barring judges from making such awards in cases involving the Constitution's prohibition of the establishment of religion.

Nothing in today's debate on the bill has convinced me that that so many judges have abused their discretion that Congress should limit it, or that the current law is broken and requires repair.

And I am very concerned that the effect of this bill would be to weaken Americans' constitutional rights, as the Baptist Joint Committee for Religious Liberty has warned in a recent letter that says "passage of H.R. 2679 would encourage elected officials to violate the Establishment Clause whenever they find it politically advantageous to do so. By limiting the remedies for a successful plaintiff, this measure would remove the threat that exists to ensure compliance with the Establishment Clause."

I think the Joint Committee is right—and that what they say about the Establishment Clause is just as true about the rest of the Bill of Rights.

For example of where this might lead, consider the 2003 lawsuit against the school district in Ann Arbor, Michigan.

In that case, the plaintiffs complained that a former student's right to free speech was abridged when school officials denied the student an opportunity to give her opinion of homosexuality at a school forum on diversity. The judge ruled they were right, and ordered the school district to pay damages, attorneys' fees and costs to the Thomas More Law Center, an Ann Arbor-based law firm organized to argue on behalf of Christians in religious freedom cases.

I have no reason to think that was an abuse. I am glad that the law provides judges with the discretion to award attorneys' fees when people successfully defend their constitutional rights. This bill would limit that discretion unnecessarily, and so I cannot support it.

MILITARY COMMISSIONS
LEGISLATION ACT OF 2006

SPEECH OF

HON. MARK UDALL

OF COLORADO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, September 27, 2006

Mr. UDALL of Colorado. Mr. Speaker, I regret that I cannot support this bill in its present form.

After 5 years of negligence by both the House Republican leadership and the president, today they are insisting the House vote rapidly on a long-overdue bill to establish military commissions to try "unlawful enemy combatants."

This should have been done sooner and the legislation definitely should be better.

If President Bush had come to Congress sooner with his request for legislation establishing military commissions, we could have avoided prolonged legal battles and delay in getting a system in place. But despite his stated interest in bringing the terrorists to justice, this president has seemed to be more interested in enhancing executive branch powers than he has in trying and convicting those who would harm Americans.

Five years ago, when President Bush first issued his executive order to set up military commissions, legal experts warned that the commissions lacked essential judicial guarantees, such as the right to attend all trial proceedings and challenge any prosecution evidence. I took those views very seriously because those experts made what I thought was a compelling case that the proposed system