

Rocky Mountain College Athletic Hall of Fame. Her continued dedication to athletic excellence warrants this recognition.

Throughout her time at Lusk High School, University of Idaho, and Rocky Mountain College, she was integral to her teams' successes, setting various school records and being selected All-Conference and All-Region in 2000. As an athlete, and now as a coach, she has set an excellent example for students and athletes across the state. I commend her commitment to her teammates, to her students, and to athletics.

Again, Mr. Speaker, I would like to extend my congratulations to Sally for being inducted into the Rocky Mountain College Athletic Hall of Fame. She and her family deserve to be extremely proud of this accomplishment.

IN RECOGNITION OF THE 40TH ANNIVERSARY OF KOPPER KETTLE

HON. MIKE ROGERS

OF ALABAMA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, December 18, 2017

Mr. ROGERS of Alabama. Mr. Speaker, I ask for the House's attention today to recognize the 40th anniversary of the Kopper Kettle explosion in downtown Auburn, Alabama.

Below is the 1978 sermon by Rev. Rod Sinclair at the Episcopal College Center after the explosion occurred:

The explosion at the Kopper Kettle has consumed the time and attention of many of us this week, especially Sunday when it occurred Monday and Tuesday when we were fixing ourselves up and getting heat back into the building and into the Steven's House. There have been many expressions of gratefulness that no one in town was injured or killed and we have all told each other where we were when we hear of or felt the blast. We have even told each other about other explosions, other calamities and what our reaction was to them. And some of us have gone off into the world of metaphor and analogy and compared the explosion at the Kopper Kettle to what happens to a human being who gets poison in his or her system, poison from unacknowledged anger or poison from unexpressed resentment, and how the pressure can build up an explosion.

The another type of explosion occurred to me, as it should, being the preacher, which I like to look at this morning. It is the explosion of the spirit and it can be more devastating than what happened last Sunday at Magnolia and Gay.

The explosion of the spirit is what happens when all the things we thought we believed in collapses, when the world of meaning collapses, when the truths that we always thought were true seem untrue, when doubt attacks every item of faith and prevails, and faith seems counterfeit, and trust wanders aimlessly hunting for a place to rest, and when other people's piety bring charges of hypocrisy to our lips. The explosion of the spirit can hit with the force of last Sunday's blast or it can strike in a slow-motion version. Decay is an explosion developing slowly. We can rebuild stores and replace smashed windows, but persons who are smashed by an earthquake under their house of faith have no certainty that they can pick up the pieces, nor may they want to, for their structure no longer has meaning. All that was dear and cherished is splintered and smoking. Their faith is gone, their dreams are smashed, and they have no basis for hope.

What do you do if the explosion of the spirit strikes you? First, I believe you must go to your most trusted friend, not to talk, but to sit in silence—in the presence of the other—in the presence of another human being. And the truth of the presence may be the only truth that is verifiable.

Next, you must allow your friend to care for you. This is more difficult than silence. Nor can it come too quickly. This requires that you give permission to the other to enter your shattered world. And with the entry may come judgment (but surely not!) and may come abject embarrassment (Yes, possibly that) or the painful admission that you are lost in the woods and do not know the way home. (Yes, that too!) Your trusted friend is there to listen, is not therapist, counselor or father confessor (at least not then) and listens to you talk, listens to the starkness of your confession that your religious house of cards proved to be just that, listens to the pain of your isolation—for you are in an empty, flat land by yourself with not so much as four pegs to pitch a tent for shelter. He listens to the description of your futureless future. And the echo of the question "What is there now?" continues to sound in your empty room.

But your friend does not answer your questions; eventually you do. Yet no one can tell you when the eventuality will happen. First, there may be nothing more than the establishing of a routine; but even routine requires a degree of faith. Later, there may be divine word, certainly not acknowledged then as such. From deep within, from the center of your center, may come the word: "Life shall go on." And you know the words are true and your house of meaning receives another plank.

If and when the house is completed, that is, if and when there is a day when you can say: "I believe that the following truths gives me meaning, and makes sense out of existence, and are the grounds on which I will stake my life," if there is a day when this can be said again, after an explosion of the spirit my hope is that your statement of what you believe would include the following:

First, a trust in God, trust in God as personal and loving, God who loves you, who understands and who cares for you. Believing that God understands and loves us is the life force that prevents us from dying.

Secondly, a realization that Jesus of Nazareth reveals God to us. We are not blocked or stumped in our search for the knowledge of God. Jesus' love and forgiveness is the indicator of God's love and forgiveness. Believing that Jesus reveals God to us is the life force that guards our spirits from collapsing.

Thirdly, a trust that God is present with and in us, and that his spirit, his power, and his love are with us and in us, his people. We are not left derelict or abandoned, wondering if we shall ever be called for. Believing that God's presence is with us and in us is the life force that builds us up as a community of people seeking to be faithful and prevents us from despairing.

To be able to base your life on those three assertions and know they are true is to return from the land of shadow and mist into the sunlight of a new day.

The person who experiences the bankruptcy of spirit that we have spoken of and who later reclaims and rebuilds, who begins again and whose faith grows from infancy to maturity, has a lot to tell us. My guess is that such a person would share with us such thoughts as:

No one else can say what's true for you. All truth is self-validating.

Much truth, that is not yet perceived as truth, can remain on the shelf: it may be claimed later on.

Having swallowed too much once before and exploded, it's best not to bite off more than you can chew.

Courage to rebuild is an act of faith.

The process of discovering meaning is an element of meaning itself.

My further guess is that as we met such a person, who had believed again after being crushed by doubt, we could say such words to him or her as:

When you speak, your words are genuine and true. We feel accepted and respected by you.

Your faith is clearly shown in your behavior.

You will be a threat to those whose houses of faith are held together by tape and wire and string and who pretend to believe and who make a great show, but who on the inside are full of emptiness and staleness, brittleness and dust.

You will cause a light to shine on sham religion and there will be some who will be vindictive.

The explosion at the corner last Sunday can cause us to look at the explosion that can come at our centers, the collapsing of our spirit, if we have carelessly claimed to believe, or mimicked the belief of others, and have no faith that is our own. The admission of our doubt, painful though it is, can be the first step to regaining a life of faith and can return us to authentic living in God's presence. God's love is real and his commandments are sure and the community of persons seeking to know what it is to be fruitful is a rich place to set yourself. May He shed his grace on each one of us as we seek truth and walk in faith. Amen.

Mr. Speaker, please join me in recognizing the 40th anniversary of the Kopper Kettle explosion in Auburn.

HONORING MAYOR WILLIAM BELL

HON. DAVID E. PRICE

OF NORTH CAROLINA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, December 18, 2017

Mr. PRICE of North Carolina. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor the career of a devoted public servant, community leader, and friend, William V. "Bill" Bell, whose tenure as Mayor of Durham, North Carolina ended this month after 16 years in office.

A native of Washington, D.C. who earned engineering degrees from Howard University and New York University, Bill began his career in the private sector, eventually retiring as a senior engineer at IBM in Research Triangle Park. He was first elected to the Durham County Board of Commissioners in 1972 and served until 1994 and again from 1996 to 2000, including three terms as chairman from 1982 to 1994. He was elected Mayor of Durham in 2001 and re-elected six times, making him the longest-serving mayor in Durham's history.

During his more than four decades in politics, Bill was a visionary force behind Durham's transformation from a declining tobacco town into a vibrant, modern paragon of the "new South," bustling with commerce, cultural events and attractions, world-class hotels and restaurants, and a thriving entrepreneurial community. He played an instrumental role in the merger of the Durham County and Durham City school systems, the financing of major downtown amenities such as the Durham Bulls Athletic Park and Durham Performing Arts Center, and, more recently, the