

with a melancholy glance at the sun shining through the window, I settle with writing, "being outside".

Though such get-to-know-you forms are rarely very honest, one fact always holds true to me: I love being outside. In the summer, a typical day usually starts with running with the cross country team as the sun rises, paddling with a friend in the afternoon, and an evening walk with Rio, our faithful seven year old rescue dog, around a small lake of the over 10,000 our state is known for. For the past 5 years, Rio and my family have been lucky to have a change in scenery to the beautiful, pristine Boundary Waters Canoe Area Wilderness for about four days each summer. These days are when I feel most connected to my soul and surroundings and most at home, with no social media or material concerns to distract me from the purity of the air in my lungs, dirt beneath my feet, and the sounds of birds, water, and all things natural in my ears. My love for these lands has caused me to be involved with the Campaign to Save the Boundary Waters movement, regularly donating and wearing the logo on shirts, stickers, and pins as frequently as possible. All my classmates know of this passion of mine, as I take any opportunity to educate my peers about the threat the proposed Twin Metals mine poses to the pristine waters so unique to the Boundary Waters and the many watersheds it affects.

Though Jerry Vandiver, a country singer with an album or two about the Boundary Waters area, sings that "winter is for . . . pull[ing] out the map" and "plan[nin]g a new route" while keeping close to the warmth of the fireplace, to me, the snow and sub-zero temperatures of Minnesota winters make venturing outside even more exciting! I joined the cross country ski team last year and immediately regretted not having tried it earlier. Skiing taught me to love winter and pray for more snow, instead of begrudging it. Though I grew up loving to ice skate at the park across the street, learning to ski ignited a desire to be outside everyday, even when the cold was biting.

Unfortunately, this winter has been a little different. Around Thanksgiving, I started experiencing exhaustion, headaches, and nausea at rates I had never before had to withstand. As doctors didn't perceive any viruses to be concerned about, we wrote it off as migraines and I continued to participate in life as usual, going to school and ski practices everyday. However, after trying to fight through it for two weeks, I ended up in Urgent Care one night and scheduled an appointment with my doctor three days later. During those three days, I slept pretty much all day and barely ate, thanks to debilitating headaches and nausea. Arriving at the doctor's appointment, I threw up in the waiting room and the nurses deemed my low body temperature and slow heart rate alarming enough to rush me to the emergency room in an ambulance. At the end of that day, they still didn't have any answers as to what was causing it all. However, the next day, my doctor suggested getting an MRI and I squeezed into their last slot of the day. Halfway through the MRI, my parents were rushed into a special room and my doctors got in contact with the radiologist and a neurologist. All in all, the verdict was that there was a mass in my brain causing pressure build up, also known as hydrocephalus. I required an endoscopic third ventriculostomy, which is essentially a tube put into my head to allow the fluids to flow, and a biopsy to find out what it was. So there I was, getting brain surgery, which is definitely not the curveball most expect during sophomore year. The biopsy revealed that I had a rare brain tumor called a

germinoma, luckily with a high cure rate. Obviously, this has changed my life completely and kept me from doing most normal teen things. But, the worst part was not being allowed to run, ski, skate, or do anything that had the potential of making me fall until the surgeons deemed me ready. Still, I made it my priority to be outside at least once a day, usually taking short walks. Getting outside even when I felt unable to do most other things has been a type of therapy for me. Breathing fresh air and feeling the cold on my face refreshed me and made me feel better, at least for a little while, every time.

After six weeks of limited activity, the Friday I got the OK to do any activity I wished began the best weekend since the diagnosis. In the afternoon, I went snowshoeing on a trail through the cattails. At night, I ice skated with friends. The next morning, I cross country skied on a frozen creek. On Sunday, I ran for the first time since the diagnosis and though it was incredibly slow-paced, the feeling of fighting through the burn and completing an entire loop of my go-to trail can only be understood by those who have experienced the phenomenon of a runner's high. Better yet was the soreness that almost kept me from making it down the stairs Monday morning. I had been sore many times due to the chemotherapy, but this pain was something I had caused myself by working hard and, in a weird way, made me very proud of myself.

Reading the announcement of this essay contest in the paper this Thursday, I could hardly withhold my excitement! I danced around the house, imagining the essay I would write and how much fun it would be to share my favorite place with my friends. Though I am such a lover of the BWCA, most of my friends have never experienced its hypnotic serenity and I've always wanted to share it with them, but not wanted to have to bring my parents along. This contest has the potential of granting me this wish. In addition, I am lucky to have a short treatment plan of chemotherapy and radiation that will be wrapped up in early May with no physical restrictions. This enables me to be perfectly ready for a summer trip to the greatest place on Earth with my closest friends.

As I reviewed the details of the contest, I found something additional that links me to this mission: Joseph [one of the contest judges]. Hi! I read that you were diagnosed with leukemia at 13 years old and I imagine you and I share many similar experiences. Other than just the typical cancer similarities, I wonder if you share the experience of growing a little sick of your parents. I know, it might seem impossible to them, but after being surrounded and worried about almost exclusively by my parents for the last couple months, I'm very ready to escape their concern for a little while. Of course, I have always and will always love and appreciate them for their constant love and support, but distance makes the heart grow fonder, right? My desire to spend a couple days deep in the wilderness, sharing unique experiences with my closest friends, has increased greatly in the last couple months.

As a long-time lover of the outdoors and the Boundary Waters and a recent parent-escape hopeful, I would cherish this opportunity to navigate the lakes and portages I'm so fond of with my friends. I know my dreams will soon be filled with mornings looking out over the water, long days of paddling, dinners laughing beside the campfire, and nights sleeping with only a tent between me and a sky full of stars. I pray these dreams will be made a reality.

NATO

(Mr. COHEN asked and was given permission to address the House for 1 minute and to revise and extend his remarks.)

Mr. COHEN. Mr. Speaker, today, the House passed a resolution which I authored with the help of the Committee on Foreign Affairs of which Ed ROYCE is the chairman supporting NATO and the NATO countries that are endangered by Russian aggression, particularly Estonia, Lithuania, Latvia, and the Baltic area. The Balkan countries also have been threatened, including Montenegro, Georgia, Moldova, and Ukraine.

The resolution speaks of our support of the sanctions against Russia. And the sanctions should remain until Crimea is returned to Ukraine and the Donbas no longer has war. Then we continue to support the Baltics who have their airspace invaded by Russian aggression.

I am pleased that Speaker RYAN allowed this resolution to come to the floor and was passed by voice vote unanimous consent as the Senate had passed a similar resolution 97-2. The House and the Senate stand together in support of NATO and our allies in Eastern, Central, and Western Europe.

#### HONORING FORMER MAYOR JIMMY DELOACH

(Mr. CARTER of Georgia asked and was given permission to address the House for 1 minute and to revise and extend his remarks.)

Mr. CARTER of Georgia. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to remember someone who dedicated his life to public service in the First Congressional District of Georgia, Mr. James Mondell DeLoach, Sr., who passed away on July 3 at the age of 86.

Jimmy DeLoach truly dedicated his whole life to serving others. He was a staple of government in Garden City, Georgia, between 1970 and 1990, serving three terms as the mayor of Garden City and then for 8 more years as a Chatham County commissioner.

As county commissioner, Mr. DeLoach was integral in the construction of the nationally important Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Museum dedicated to the airmen who served in the European theater during World War II.

Because of his exceptional service to the area, one of the area's most popular roadways was given his name, the Jimmy DeLoach Parkway.

Jimmy DeLoach was the epitome of a public servant. And he set the bar high for all of us who followed him in public service.

His family, including his son, the mayor of Savannah, Eddie DeLoach, are all in my thoughts and prayers. We truly lost a giant in west Chatham County.