

Yet every peak in this artist's world is framed by valleys. The mother of two young sons moved from Connecticut to a former 19th-century tavern in the White River valley village of East Barnard after her first marriage ended in 1969.

"When I arrived, people were unsure," she recalls. "Is she just here for the summer?"

Field soon contacted the secretary of state's office to register a printmaking business.

"Somehow I knew I wanted the legitimacy of being validated."

Tallying initial sales on her children's toy cash register, Field began to design, draw and cut the woodblock images that have sustained her ever since.

"My life as a professional artist really didn't begin until I moved," she says. "Vermont was beautiful and Vermonters unpretentious, generous, and understood 'home occupation.' I was free to be me."

Field soon met her second husband, Spencer, who became her business manager. But her work wasn't always seen as marketable. Take the story behind her 1977 four-print "Mountain Suite."

"Vermont Life requested a seasonal suite to sell," she recalls. "Then they declined to buy them."

The artist went on to distribute the images herself. The magazine has since folded. But log onto her website and you'll see the passed-over prints remain in circulation for \$250 each.

Field's resulting career has been chronicled in two books—2002's "The Art of Place" and 2004's "In Sight"—and the 2015 documentary "Sabra." Middlebury College, for its part, has an archive copy of every one of her prints.

Field can share stories of private struggle as well as of professional success. She re-winds back five decades to inking her first works.

"I hung them outside to dry."

The wind wasn't the only thing that got carried away that day.

Field has weathered bigger changes ranging from the advent of new reproduction technology for the prints she continues to create by hand to the 2010 death of her husband. Now assisted by fellow printmaker and neighbor Jeanne Amato, she still works with woodblocks, be it for a recent children's book "Where Do They Go?" with Addison County writer Julia Alvarez or a coming nine-piece suite of prints she conceived after President Donald Trump's election.

"I decided we needed to look at it as a challenge and we couldn't let him manipulate our emotions," she says of the Trump-inspired prints. As for exactly what they picture, she adds only: "They will be somewhat mysterious. But when you get it, you get it."

Field is marking her 50th year in Vermont with a special poster and open house at her East Barnard studio July 13 and 14 from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., with more information available on her website.

"The career highs that sustain me are not glamorous by the standards of the wider world, but they confirm that I made the right decision and that this wonderful place is home," she says. "I've never fallen out of love with my medium. I couldn't be happy otherwise."

RECOGNIZING WHITE RIVER JUNCTION FEMALE ENTREPRENEURS

Mr. LEAHY, Madam President, White River Junction, VT, has seen a renaissance over the last 20 years. Led by a band of female entrepreneurs, this village tucked along the Connecticut

River is today the home of dozens of thriving businesses. No fewer than 25 of these businesses are run by women, and together they are the core of a vibrant, growing community.

Kim Souza, the owner of the consignment store Revolution, was one of the first business owners to move back to White River Junction. The first few years were tough, but with the support of her community, Revolution found its footing. Soon more businesses opened, and new life was breathed into the town.

Across the street, Julie Sumanis and Elenda Taylor opened JUEL, a juice bar and café, in the ground floor of a new apartment building. In 2008, Leslie Carleton moved from nearby Norwich to open Upper Valley Yoga. Seven years later, Kate Gamble opened Open Door, another yoga studio.

The successes of these businesses did not come without challenges and difficulties, but their successes showcase the power of bold ideas, commitment, dedication, and, ultimately, community. In 2007, Kim thought Revolution would have to close its doors, until she found the backing of a local mother and daughter that allowed her to stay open. Catherine Doherty, the producing director of White River's Northern Stage theatre company, credits the community's support for keeping the company alive through challenging times.

Today, White River Junction has become a destination and a cultural center of the region. The surge of development brought on by pioneers like Kim continues to bring new people into the town, some feeling empowered to start businesses of their own, to shape their futures, and to make the community stronger. This is the very heart of the American dream. The future of Vermont rests with entrepreneurs across the State, and I am glad to see it in such capable hands.

I am proud to recognize the achievements of these women and the contributions they have made to the town of White River Junction and their broader communities. I ask unanimous consent to enter into the RECORD a Boston Globe article titled "In White River Junction, sisters are doing it for themselves." It describes their successes and the challenges they overcame in helping to revive their town.

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

[From the Boston Globe, July 4, 2019]

IN WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, SISTERS ARE DOING IT FOR THEMSELVES

(By Kevin Cullen)

WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT.—Kim Souza opened her consignment and thrift clothing store here in 2002, when this old, wheezy village hard by the New Hampshire border was so deserted you half-expected to see tumbleweeds rolling down North Main Street.

She let the locals know that beyond selling new clothing, she would also sell used stuff and offered to buy gently used clothes from them.

Dancers at The Wrap, a strip joint directly across the street from Souza's shop, began showing up regularly with outrageously high platform shoes and audacious, skimpy outfits. Souza had to wave them off when the strippers tried to sell her their thongs.

"I had to draw the line somewhere," Souza said, standing behind the counter of her store next to an elaborate cappuccino machine.

The Wrap burned to the ground years ago, and in its place has risen, phoenix-like, a modern apartment building, the anchor of which is a ground-level cafe, apothecary, and juice bar called JUEL, after its owners, Julie Sumanis and Elena Taylor.

The cafe, located on the corner of North Main and Bridge streets, in the heart of downtown, captures the essence of the renaissance of this old industrial village: On the same spot where women were once exploited and objectified, two young female entrepreneurs are running a thriving business.

Souza, White River's pioneering businesswoman, recently did some research and figured out that no less than 25 businesses that have opened in the once-vacant and newly built storefronts in the four-block downtown area are run by women.

It wasn't planned. It isn't part of some high-minded government-incentive program. It just happened. Organically.

Souza was working at a travel agency in New Hampshire when a mentor, Murray Washburn, suggested she start a business in gritty White River, which is sandwiched in the Upper Valley between the more genteel locales of Hanover in New Hampshire and Woodstock in Vermont.

Souza went for it, opening a funky clothing store in what had been a frame shop for 30 years and called it Revolution, which was prescient because she started one.

Things were slow at first. After four years, Souza thought she would have to go out of business. A local woman, Ann Johnston, and her then-teenage daughter, Simran, loved the store and were crestfallen when Souza told them she was going to close up.

"What would it take to keep Revolution open?" Ann Johnston asked.

The answer was financial backing, which Johnston and her daughter provided, giving new, sustained life to Revolution, and the revolution of female businesses.

Souza said Leslie Carleton's decision to open Upper Valley Yoga on North Main Street in 2008 was a pivotal moment. Carleton's previous studio was in Norwich, a nearby, more upscale town. Many of Carleton's well-heeled students followed her, with some trepidation, to White River.

Those mostly female yogis discovered something that Souza has immortalized on a T-shirt she sells, emblazoned with the words, "White River Junction" on the front, and, on the back, "It's not so bad."

"When I came to White River Junction," Carleton said, sitting at a table outside JUEL, "it was still pretty rough. It was dead on a Sunday morning. The sleazy strip club was still there. The ATM at the strip club dispensed only \$1 and \$5 bills."

But Carleton hung in there, and other yoga studios have followed.

Four years ago, Kate Gamble, a physical therapist, opened Open Door, a one-stop wellness center, offering services including yoga, physical therapy, acupuncture, and Chinese medicine. At something she hosts called The Death Cafe, a hospice nurse helps people "be more comfortable about end of life issues," Gamble said.

"This place reminds me of Brooklyn," Gamble said. "It was a dump, but a lot of people with energy and new ideas have moved in and changed things."

Carleton harbors a nagging worry that it might become too much like Brooklyn, with rents soaring and inventory drying up.

But given what White River Junction looked like and felt like not so long ago, the pros seem to far outweigh the cons, and officials in the town of Hartford, where White River is located, are thrilled with all the new businesses and tax revenue.

And as freight trains roll through the downtown regularly, blowing their horns, White River is not in danger of becoming precious or pretentious any time soon. It retains a chunk of its old grittiness.

Taylor, 37, and Sumanis, 31, became fast friends when they worked as waitresses at Elixir, an upscale restaurant here. They had a shared interest in wellness, herbalism, and eating healthy. More importantly, their bosses, Skip Symanski and Jane Carrier, had set an example.

When Symanski and Carrier opened a high-end restaurant here 10 years ago, people thought they were nuts. But Taylor and Sumanis learned that if you build a quality business, the people will come. It gave them the gumption to strike out on their own. Three years ago, they started with a food truck. When space became available in a new building, they went all in.

"Elixir paved the way for a lot of us," Sumanis said.

They also point to Souza as a nurturing maternal figure to younger entrepreneurs.

Souza gives credit to the male developers who remade the town's footprint, but agrees there is a mutually supportive business climate that has an especially feminine side to it.

"Women are by nature nurturing," she said. "There is a lot of mutual support and encouragement going on here."

Given that they both offer yoga classes, Carleton and Gamble are technically competitors. But they routinely send customers to each other's business, depending on what those customers want and need.

"Everybody has each other's back," said Taylor, who has given spare keys for JUEL to Gamble and Souza, whose businesses are right across North Main.

There are downsides to all this progress and prosperity. You used to be able to park an aircraft carrier along North Main Street. Now they limit free parking to two hours between 7 a.m. and 7 p.m., from Monday to Saturday. Things can get tight, especially on weekends.

And, this being Vermont, there are some who decry what they dismiss as gentrification.

A local blogger, Rejjie Carter, bemoaned what he calls the colonization of White River Junction, writing that the land where it sits belonged to the Abenaki tribe before settlers showed up, and that landlords are now cashing in and driving out poorer residents.

"Colonialism, capitalism, and private property are the enemies," Carter wrote.

Like I said, this is Vermont.

Souza, who is a town selectboard member and committed to many social justice causes, bristles at characterizing what has happened here as gentrification.

"When women are opening businesses in a defunct town, it's less about money and power and more about care and community," she said. "Gentrification happens when people are displaced. There were no people in White River Junction when developers like Matt Bucy, Mike Davidson, and Bill Bittinger came along. Almost every single one of the old empty buildings they rehabbed or the new buildings they erected in vacant lots added affordable living space to our community."

Two months ago, a teacher from the Hartford public schools brought a bunch of students on a field trip to visit some of the female-run businesses.

"It was a joy to listen to so many of the young girls ask questions about how to start

a business," said Souza. "It felt like something was happening."

RECOGNIZING VERMONT'S MAGICIANS WITHOUT BORDERS

Mr. LEAHY. Madam President, when Lincoln, VT, resident Tom Verner performs magic shows for children in refugee camps, orphanages, and hospitals, he brings joy and laughter to the places where it is most needed. In 2002, Tom and his wife, Janet Fredericks, co-founded Magicians Without Borders and have since performed in more than 40 countries, for more than 1,000,000 of the world's most vulnerable people. Magicians Without Borders is one shining example of Vermonters thinking outside the box and using their creativity to make the world a better place. It is with pride and appreciation that I recognize Tom, Janet and the Magicians Without Borders organization for their achievements.

Tom was a professor of psychology in 2001 when he embarked on a trip through the Balkans, performing magic shows in the refugee camps of Kosovo and Macedonia. The performances were so well received that, upon returning to Vermont, Tom took a year off from his position at Burlington College to found Magicians Without Borders.

Since Tom's first trip, he and Janet have made six trips each year, continuing to use magic to transform the lives of youth in at risk situations around the globe. Tom, Janet, and Magicians Without Borders have performed everywhere from the Sudan, to Colombia, from Ukraine to Bangladesh. They traveled to Thailand and Burma for a month of performances in the wake of a tsunami and performed stateside throughout Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana after Hurricane Katrina.

In 2004, a series of shows at rural schools in El Salvador was met with such positivity that Tom was asked to teach a few magic tricks to the students. These impromptu classes turned into a unique, long-term education program geared toward increasing self-confidence, discipline, focus, and self-esteem. Tom, Janet, and Magicians Without Borders have now returned to El Salvador more than 30 times to entertain and educate these children who find themselves surrounded by terrible gang violence and abject poverty. The program has inspired young Salvadoran magicians to perform their own magic shows in orphanages, hospitals, and disaster areas and aspire to teach magic to other young people.

Due to their success in El Salvador, Magicians Without Borders expanded these education programs to Brazil, Colombia, Costa Rica, and the United States. Two additional education programs have been implemented in India.

I am proud to recognize the contributions that Tom, Janet, and Magicians Without Borders have made me so many communities across globe in the last 18 years. I ask unanimous consent

to have printed in the RECORD an Addison Independent article titled "Lincoln Magicians Bring Joy to Refugees at the Border." It describes how Tom and Janet use magic to connect with those suffering at our southern border and how they have expanded their mission to entertain, educate and empower across the world.

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

[From the Addison Independent, July 3, 2019]

LINCOLN MAGICIANS BRING JOY TO REFUGEES AT THE BORDER

LINCOLN.—Tom Verner and Janet Fredericks performed magic at the U.S.-Mexico border last December.

Not the kind of magic that allows tired, hungry and fearful refugees to simply waltz across the border to new lives in America. The Lincoln couple, working as Magicians Without Borders, staged a show of sleights-of-hand and humor designed to not only entertain, but also to provide a light of hope in dark circumstances.

Since that December trip, U.S. Customs and Border Protection has encountered more than half a million additional migrants hoping to enter the U.S. The vast majority of these refugees were arrested and detained by Immigration and Customs Enforcement (ICE) in facilities that a growing number of experts, including Holocaust scholars, have compared to concentration camps.

Performing at the border last year, and again this past March, has helped Verner and Fredericks better understand the issues there.

"These refugees didn't want to leave their homes," Verner told the Independent this week. "They're fleeing murderous violence, political oppression and grinding poverty, and they're coming to the closest place where, as the Statue of Liberty says, they can 'breathe free.'"

During their March trip, Verner and Fredericks met a six-year-old boy named Sebastian, whose family had fled Honduras. Because Sebastian has cerebral palsy and cannot walk, his father had carried him on his back—for more than 1,800 miles.

The conditions and political climate of the U.S. border are nothing, however, compared with those in Honduras, Sebastian's father told Verner.

It's the kind of story the Lincoln residents have encountered over and over again—all over the world.

Since founding Magicians Without Borders in 2002, Verner and Fredericks have traveled to more than 40 countries and performed for "over 1 million of the most forgotten people in the world."

Their mission is to entertain, educate and empower.

BEGINNINGS

In 2001 Verner, then a professor of psychology at Burlington College, was traveling through the Balkans, performing magic shows in refugee camps in Kosovo and Macedonia.

"It was a transformative experience," he said.

In one Macedonian camp, which sheltered about 2,000 people, mostly Roma, Verner met a little girl named Fatima who became his "assistant" for the day.

"We couldn't understand each other's languages, but we understood each other," Verner said. When it came time for Verner to move on to the next camp, however, he could not find Fatima to say good-bye. Disappointed, he returned to his car, only to find Fatima hiding in the back seat. She