

EXTENSIONS OF REMARKS

CELEBRATING GREAT OUTDOORS MONTH

HON. BOB GIBBS

OF OHIO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, June 30, 2020

Mr. GIBBS. Madam Speaker, from coast to coast and in every state and territory, the United States is home to a diverse array of scenic views, pristine wilderness, and breathtaking natural landscapes. Great Outdoors Month, designated every June, is our opportunity to celebrate and enjoy these lands.

Whether it's the forests and mountains of Appalachia or the deserts and mesas of the Southwest, Americans have opportunities to explore the beauty of our great outdoors. Every year millions of people experience the splendor of our National Parks, National Forests; and other recreation lands administered by the federal government.

We also enjoy state park systems, local parks departments, and private recreational lands, which play an important part in maintaining our heritage and history of outdoorsmanship. Hiking, camping, hunting, fishing, and geocaching are just a few of the many activities available in these parks.

These great outdoors provide a source of leisure and entertainment, a sense of wonder and awe, and the ability to cherish and appreciate the picturesque lands with which America has been blessed. Studies show outdoor activity is also beneficial to one's physical and mental health, as the simple act of being outdoors can lower blood pressure, heart rate, and stress while outdoor exercise can reduce the risk of diabetes and cardiovascular disease.

Great Outdoors Month honors the grandeur of nature and our responsibility to preserve it for future generations. Many organizations' efforts to emphasize and spread awareness of the principles of "Leave No Trace", which seeks to minimize our impact on preserved land, are important to this responsibility.

As are the conservation efforts of America's sportsmen and sportswomen. Responsible use of our nation's hunting grounds and respectful observance of harvesting regulations play a critical role in wildlife management and habitat protection. These hunters, trappers, and anglers are among the most ardent stewards—of our nation's most precious lands.

To celebrate Great Outdoors Month, I encourage all Americans who can, to spend some time at any of our Nation's parks, national or state forests, hunting lands, or other outdoor spaces.

HONORING ERIC TEWS

HON. RASHIDA TLAI

OF MICHIGAN

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, June 30, 2020

Ms. TLAIB. Madam Speaker, I rise today in tribute to Fire Fighter Eric Tews on the occa-

sion of his retirement from the Garden City, Michigan Fire Department.

It is evident that Mr. Tews has a strong sense of duty and public service. After he graduated from high school, Mr. Tews immediately enrolled in the United States Navy, serving for four years. He explored a career in welding before once again taking up the mantle of public service and becoming a fire fighter in 1990. In September of 1997, Mr. Tews joined the Garden City Fire Department as a full-time firefighter. Not satisfied with stopping there, he went on to earn his paramedic license. Beyond proudly performing his duties in an exemplary manner, Eric Tews has served as a mentor to newer members, sharing his knowledge and experience.

Please join me in recognizing Garden City Fire Fighter Eric Tews' twenty-three years of service as we wish him well on his retirement.

PERSONAL EXPLANATION

HON. JACKIE WALORSKI

OF INDIANA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, June 30, 2020

Mrs. WALORSKI. Madam Speaker, on June 26, I was unavoidably detained and unable to make it in time to vote. Had I been present, I would have voted NAY on Roll Call No. 120, YEA on Roll Call No. 121, and NAY on Roll Call No. 122.

PERSONAL EXPLANATION

HON. STEVE KING

OF IOWA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, June 30, 2020

Mr. KING of Iowa. Madam Speaker, I was unable to vote on June 29, 2020 due to not being in D.C. Had I been present, I would have voted as follows: YES on Roll Call No. 123; NO on Roll Call No. 124; YES on Roll Call No. 125; NO on Roll Call No. 126; YES on Roll Call No. 127; NO on Roll Call No. 128; and NO on Roll Call No. 129.

PERSONAL EXPLANATION

HON. KAY GRANGER

OF TEXAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, June 30, 2020

Ms. GRANGER. Madam Speaker, I was unable to attend votes due to circumstances beyond my control. Had I been present, I would have voted YEA on Roll Call No. 123; NAY on Roll Call No. 124; YEA on Roll Call No. 125; NAY on Roll Call No. 126; YEA on Roll Call No. 127; NAY on Roll Call No. 128; and NAY on Roll Call No. 129.

HONORING DR. MOORE

HON. VIRGINIA FOXX

OF NORTH CAROLINA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, June 30, 2020

Ms. FOXX of North Carolina. Madam Speaker, I include in the RECORD this letter to honor Dr. Moore.

AN EXTRAORDINARY ORDINARY MAN

MADISON, NC.—In full disclosure, I don't really believe in luck, but if I did, I would have to say I won the mega-powerball lottery when I was born in the spring of 1981. This premise rests entirely on the fact that God, in His great mercy and goodness, predestined me to have two incredible parents, Don and Sue Moore. Since it is Father's Day, I would like to take a moment and reflect on my dad whom many lovingly know as "Dr. Moore."

As the middle of three daughters, I was without a doubt the most challenging of the Moore girls and received more disciplinary correction than both of my sisters combined. Discipline was often administered by my mother because my dad was working. Just to aggravate my mother, I would tell her that the punishment didn't bother me. One can imagine my mother's level of frustration with me. Yet, it was my dad's authoritative words that prompted sincere reflection. For anyone who knows my dad, they will know he has the most kind, gentle and sensitive soul, but is equally firm and desires others to improve under his "care." So for me as a child, his words not only called me to repentance, but more importantly, urged me to become a better friend, daughter, sister and ultimately, a mother.

As a complement to this, my dad rarely missed an occasion to remind us that we were beautiful and loved. There were many times during my childhood and early adult years when my dad would return from a long medical conference out of state with the most beautiful dresses as gifts—each hand-picked for my sisters and me with the most exquisite eye. By bestowing us with lovely things, he was reminding us how beautiful we were to him.

Growing up along the Mayo River, my sisters and I had many adventures with my dad. As a little girl I was definitely the tom-boy of the Moore girls. I enjoyed getting muddied in the creek, hunting for crawdads under the rocks, and picking up field mice for show and tell. Like my dad, I was always curious and ready for adventure. I was my dad's "right hand man," clearing trails and highlighting nature's beauty for friends and family when they visited us. Many people asked me as a young girl whether my dad played golf regularly. I laughed and would say no, unless you call a chainsaw or weed eater a golf club. These were the tools he used, not to manure nature, but to clear it enough so others could see its beauty. True and genuine beauty is an important quality to my dad.

One of my favorite memories as a child was in the early fall of 1990. I vividly remember my dad and me waking up early with the ambitious task of planting over 1000 daffodil bulbs alongside, our family home. We were so motivated that we easily planted another 1000 alongside our loop road. Over thirty

• This "bullet" symbol identifies statements or insertions which are not spoken by a Member of the Senate on the floor.

Matter set in this typeface indicates words inserted or appended, rather than spoken, by a Member of the House on the floor.

years the blooms have multiplied yielding over 10,000 daffodils each spring. This proliferation of beauty in many ways reflects the sensitive yet tenacious spirit of my dad in his forty years of practicing medicine in Madison, NC. His servant leadership has exponentially improved the lives he has loved, prayed over, and had the privilege of caring for over four decades.

I know most little girls think of their dads as their Prince Charming; however, I have to admit I have always believed my father to be a superhero. I think there's very little my dad is not able to do. Whether creatively giving insight or executing new ideas, my father faces all challenges with excellence. When my sisters and I had school projects as little girls, he would assist with childlike zeal, not to do the project for us, but to give us artistic vision and insight into how to make it the most innovative and well-designed piece. His perfectionism did not come with judgment or criticism, but instead inspired us to think outside the box and do all things exceptionally well.

One of my dad's superpowers is that he is an animal whisperer. There are more times than I can remember when an animal on our property, wild or domesticated, would find itself badly injured and my dad would heal them with his adept medical knowledge. He has a particular love for swans, and over the years, we have had upwards of twenty of them reside on our pond. I distinctly remember carrying swan eggs on the bus in an incubator and watching them hatch in my classroom as a young child. My dad always encouraged us to make observations and to care for animals with the utmost concern. On several occasions we had swans with large gaping wounds which he would pack and suture in our backyard. The swans he would heal seemed to know that Dad loved them and would protect them at any cost. To this day, many of them will come right up to him and just lay their heads on his lap. He's able to hold them with such tenderness and peace that they will wrap their necks around his neck as if to say "thank you."

My sisters and I are the most grateful for the endless educational opportunities my parents offered us. In fact, we would often laugh when our parents wondered why jobs were difficult to obtain upon our graduations. We would smile and remind them that if they had only taken us to the beach instead of museums while on vacation, we wouldn't have ended up as history and art history majors. These trips were prompted by my dad's love of education and his desire to be a perpetual student and to experience new places and cultures. Although we did visit the beach on occasion, it was important to our parents that we experienced mmm educational, yet fun, family togetherness.

Community members, in fact, remember my dad well as an avid learner as a young student. Always the inquisitive scientist at heart with the vision and creativity of an artist, my now seventy-year-old dad, was known as a youngster for his love and care of animals and his tremendous organizational and visionary abilities. These qualities were nurtured by his parents, Leland and Lucille Moore, who worked respectively at a family owned welding and service station and Gem Dandy. They were quiet and kind parents of two sons. My dad's older brother, Leland "Butch" Moore Jr., was a starting defensive back at Catawba College and later served as an officer in the U.S. Navy in Vietnam. My dad, seven years his junior, however, was a renaissance man.

There was truly very little he could not do as a child and even less as an adult. He rode horses, he scientifically categorized whole butterfly and insect collections, molded images of friends with clay as an artistic pur-

suit and was a straight A student throughout all twelve years of school earning him the title of Valedictorian at Madison-Mayodan High School. He attended UNC Chapel Hill majoring in biology and was accepted at Bowman Gray Wake Forest School of Medicine where he also achieved academic excellence as a medical student. Upon graduation, my dad had many opportunities presented to him that might have awarded him more comfort and stability in life, but for my dad this was not the primary goal. Instead, his heart dreamed of returning home to care for the teachers, family members and friends who had loved him and equipped him to pursue medicine.

After nearly six years of wooing his high school sweetheart, my dad finally convinced my mom to be his wife. They were married the spring of his final year in medical school and spent their honeymoon years in Roanoke, VA, where my dad completed his three-year residency in family medicine. With my mom and older sister in tow, he returned home in 1980 to the county and people he loved so dearly. Dr. Joyce, my dad's predecessor, was aging and needed help with the growing population of the Madison-Mayodan area. At the time, the practice cared for just under 2,000 patients. Now, more than forty years later, Western Rockingham Family Medicine boasts over 15,000 patients.

As a physician, he listens not only with his ears, but with his very heart strings, always going above and beyond what insurance would dictate to care for patients both young and old. He always recommends the very best resources and referrals to alleviate his patients' pain, but he will also work diligently toward getting them answers. He walks with them as if they were family through their emotional, physical, intellectual and spiritual needs until they feel completely at peace and confident with what they are facing. Any patient upon entering his exam room can expect a gigantic, warm hug and the sweetest and most sincere eyes meeting their own gaze. For most, the healing starts the moment they walk in. While his medical knowledge is first-class, his sincerity, authenticity, and willingness to go above and beyond to care for others has been a mainstay of his superpowers.

It is certainly true that behind every great man is a great woman so I'd be remiss without saying that my dad would not be the man he is without my mom. Over the years she has quietly and gracefully empowered my dad by advising and praying for him, even as he sacrificed important moments with our family to serve the greater community. In her own way, and as a family, we've each sacrificed, but I know my mom's has been the greatest. She has, humbly and with love, encouraged him to provide the very best care for each and every patient that walks into his exam room.

My gratitude on this Father's Day for my dad, my hero, really cannot be described in words. From his early years as a great thinker and creative spirit to the present day, my dad is steadfast and serves all who cross his path with love and selflessness. In the world we live in today, he's a rare gift, and if the very qualities of his heart could be harvested by all of mankind, the ripple effect would radically change the culture of our country. My dad is a man whose heart is rooted in his faith in the Almighty, which is the true and eternal source of his superpowers. My dad knows that ultimate healing comes from our Creator and that my dad is merely a humble instrument that God uses to care for those He has entrusted to him.

CS Lewis once famously wrote in his book, *The Four Loves*:

"To love at all is to be vulnerable. Love anything and your heart will be wrung and

possibly broken. If you want to make sure of keeping it intact you must give it to no one, not even an animal. Wrap it carefully round with hobbies and little luxuries; avoid all entanglements. Lock it up safe in the casket or coffin of your own selfishness. But in that casket, safe, dark, motionless, airless, it will change. It will not be broken; it will become unbreakable, impenetrable, irredeemable. To love is to be vulnerable."

If you wish to see a life fully lived with genuine love, look no further than my dad. He epitomizes Lewis' idea of loving and serving others versus choosing a life of self protection and insincerity. While the loss of beloved patients, systemic changes in healthcare and decreased time with our family have been challenging at times, the rewards of providing compassionate medical care have produced infinite beauty in my life and my family's life. Even more so, this outpouring of love has extended to the lives of those throughout Rockingham County and beyond. My dad will be the first to say that his time as a physician has yielded much more in his life than what he's invested. He credits this entirely to the wonderful patients he's had the great joy of loving and serving.

There's not a day I don't think about my dad's prayer each morning on our childhood rides to school. It was very simple: he prayed he would be the very best doctor he could be that day. In the same way, I thank God for the privilege of having one of the very best of men guide me through this life.

What a gift, what an extraordinary ordinary father.

Thank you, Dad, for exemplifying what it means to live a life well lived with humility, integrity and service to others, a love that is so vulnerable that it is contagious to all whom you encounter.

THE 2020 OBSERVANCE OF THE
HISTORICAL SIGNIFICANCE OF
JUNETEENTH INDEPENDENCE
DAY

HON. SHEILA JACKSON LEE

OF TEXAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, June 30, 2020

Ms. JACKSON LEE. Madam Speaker, 155 years ago, on June 19, 1865, General Gordon Granger rode into Galveston, Texas and announced the freedom of the last American slaves; belatedly freeing 250,000 slaves in Texas nearly two and a half years after Abraham Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation.

Juneteenth was first celebrated in the Texas state capital in 1867 under the direction of the Freedmen's Bureau.

Today, Juneteenth remains the oldest known celebration of slavery's demise. It commemorates freedom while acknowledging the sacrifices and contributions made by courageous African Americans towards making our great nation the more conscious and accepting country that it has become.

As the nation prepares to celebrate July 4th, our nation's independence day later this week, it is a time to reflect on the accomplishments of our nation and its people.

I want to thank the Members of the House for their bipartisan support of this Resolution, which has over 214 cosponsors, of which 202 are original sponsors.

General Granger's reading of this order ended chattel slavery, a form of perpetual servitude that held generations of Africans in