

way to spend their summers. It proves to them that they can succeed by helping them develop the skills to succeed.

Mr. Chairman. I am appalled at the elimination of this very valuable program. It is shameful we cannot make a commitment to devote a portion of \$1 out of every \$100 toward our youth's future by funding this program. Termination of this program will send the following chilling message to our Nation's youth: Your future is not worth even 1 percent of our Federal budget.

Mr. Chairman, I urge my colleagues to vote against the elimination of this very fundamental program. The Summer Youth Employment Program is an investment in America's youth that yields positive returns for America's present and future.

DEPARTMENTS OF LABOR,
HEALTH AND HUMAN SERVICES,
AND EDUCATION, AND RELATED
AGENCIES APPROPRIATIONS
ACT, 1996

SPEECH OF

HON. SHEILA JACKSON-LEE

OF TEXAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, August 2, 1995

The House in Committee of the Whole House on the State of Union had under consideration the bill (H.R. 2127) making appropriations for the Departments of Labor, Health and Human Services, and Education, and related agencies, for the fiscal year ending September 30, 1996, and for other purposes:

Ms. JACKSON-LEE. Mr. Chairman, I rise today in strong opposition to the proposed cuts in various Labor Department programs that are affected in title I of this bill.

Among the most outrageous are the massive cuts in worker training programs. Cuts in adult job training, a 22-percent reduction in appropriations for the School-to-Work Program, and a reduction in funds for dislocated worker programs send a clear message to the American worker: Congress is not willing to invest in your human capital. Also through the gag rule in this bill Congress does not want to listen to your rightful grievances.

What is worse is the lack of concern this bill displays over the needs of our working youth. This appropriations bill zeros out funding for the Summer Youth Employment Program—effectively making this summer, the summer of 1995, the last year of operation for this program. It would be a tragedy for me to have to return to my district in Houston this August recess and relay the message to the working youth that benefit from this program: Enjoy your jobs while you have them this summer, kids. This will be the last year you'll have this opportunity.

The Summer Youth Employment Program works. This program reduces the number of teens that participate in gang activity and other nonconstructive behaviors during the summer months. It is better that the income from this program be used to enhance youthful opportunities for employment, challenges them with responsibilities, and provides them with an enhanced sense of self-worth.

I find the labor provisions of this bill to be a serious threat to a longstanding commitment

to invest in our people—this is a tragedy as we move toward the 21st century. Shame. Shame. Shame.

DEPARTMENTS OF LABOR,
HEALTH AND HUMAN SERVICES,
AND EDUCATION, AND RELATED
AGENCIES APPROPRIATIONS
ACT, 1996

SPEECH OF

HON. TOM A. COBURN

OF OKLAHOMA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, August 2, 1995

The House in Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union had under consideration the bill (H.R. 2127) making appropriations for the Departments of Labor, Health and Human Services, and Education, and related agencies, for the fiscal year ending September 30, 1996, and for other purposes:

Mr. COBURN. Mr. Chairman, I would like to insert the following article about a crisis pregnancy center in Rockville, MD, into the RECORD.

[From Family Voice, Aug. 1995]

MAKING A DIFFERENCE

(By Candy Berkebile)

Negative advertising campaigns have targeted pro-life crisis pregnancy centers in an attempt to marginalize the role they play in young women's lives. These centers, they say, are deceptive; only care about the baby before it's born; and don't care about women. To counteract these accusations, Family Voice interviewed two young women who have made life and death decisions. Millions of women have gone through similar experiences. Their stories demonstrate the vast difference between an abortion clinic and a pregnancy center. More importantly, they help us see beyond the rhetoric to the heart of the issue. We are dealing with real women faced with crises that they don't know how to handle.

Anna, a young unwed Christian entered a Planned Parenthood clinic in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania in 1985.

What happened to me that day changed my life forever. The day I walked into the clinic was a muggy August afternoon. I was seventeen years old and I was eight weeks pregnant. I can't tell you step by step what happened, because I remember that day in snapshots.

I went into the room, a quiet and rather serious teenager; I left a silent, deeply hurt young woman. I sat and talked to the counselor in a room that, like most others at the clinic, was clean but shabby in appearance. It was bright and cold—there was no comfort, no luxury, just the tools to change life. I'm sure the counselor told me her name, but I don't remember it. She tried to put me at ease, to let me know it was alright, and to explain what was about to happen to me. She told me about the procedure, about the qualified medical resident who would be carrying it out. Then she asked, "Anna, is this what you really want? Are you sure you have no other options?"

My voice quavered as I said, "I have to do this. My parents would never understand. They expect so much out of me and my future. I can't let them down." My mind was made up. I had to do this. There was no other way out. I hated myself for what I was about to do. But I could do nothing else.

She ushered me to another room, a room which will stay vivid in my imagination for-

ever. She gave me a smock to change into and left me alone with my thoughts and fears for a few moments. When she returned, I was sitting on the padded table-top wearing the flowered smock. She gave me a cotton blanket to wrap around my waist as I waited.

"Do you want to know the funniest thing about this whole situation?" I laughed nervously as tears brimmed my eyes.

"What's that?" she asked.

"I never believed that this could happen to me. Even when I thought I might be pregnant. I prayed to God it wasn't true. But I was still pregnant."

The resident dressed in surgical green entered the room. The counselor placed her hand over mine to calm my fingers, which had been nervously fraying the edge of the wax-like tissue paper I sat on. She said, "Anna, scoot down here to the end of the table. Put your heels in these holes—these are called stirrups." She pointed to the shiny pieces of metal protruding from the end of the table. "Now, lie back and relax. Let your knees fall to the sides. It's okay. That's right. Now relax," she said. "I'll be here with you. I'll talk to you, we'll go through this together."

I knew that while in some respects this was the truth, that nothing could be further from it. She would hold my hand, but I would experience this alone. I stared at the ceiling and counted the watermarks as the resident opened the cold steel speculum inside me. I tried to block out the discomfort and humiliation I was feeling. I was scared. She tried to divert my attention.

"Anna, what do you have planned now that you have graduated?"

"I'm going to college," I answered bravely. "I leave in to weeks." I clamped my mouth shut quickly as the pressure began to build in my lower abdomen.

"Do you know what you want to do?" She tried to speak softly, reassuringly. She knew the pain was quickly approaching.

"I want to be a lawyer," I stated in an anguished voice.

One tear sprang to the corner of my eye. She squeezed my hand, I experienced the pain—at least some of it—when the eight-week-old fetus was scraped from the inside of my womb. This, I was prepared for. But what I was not prepared for was the pain that followed in the next few seconds.

"We need more women as lawyers," she continued talking. I think she wanted to drown out any other sound I would hear. But her voice was barely a whisper to me now; I was not focusing on her. She asked me if I knew the area of law I wanted to pursue but I barely heard her, and I didn't answer. I only heard one sound; a sound which was, for me, amplified to a deafening crescendo. I flinched as I heard the hollow splash of the sopping sponge-like tissue when it bounced off the bottom of the awaiting utility bucket. I began to move my head back and forth slowly, my swollen eyes were closed, but the tears crept out.

"No, no," I repeated.

The medical resident left the room, but I didn't notice. I must have been in shock. The counselor helped me dress. Then she took me to a recovery room to lie down. I curled up on one of the many grey cots which lined the room. She sat in a chair by my side. I turned my back on her and faced the blank wall my knees were pulled almost to my chest. My body was quivering. Wave after wave of cramping pain clawed at my insides—the pain of a womb hysterically trying to read-just to its recent loss. I know she probably wanted to help, but what could she do?

Five hours later, I walked out the door. The counselor must have given me a reassuring hug as I walked out, but I can't remember anything beyond the recovery room. She

has faded from my memory. I can barely remember her face. But what I do remember is that, there in that clinic, I alone experienced pain and death. But, that was my choice.

Vena a young 24-year-old college student walked into a crisis pregnancy center in Rockville, Maryland in 1994.

I walked into the center in October. I'd taken a home pregnancy test and wanted to verify it. I was scared. I was still in college. I wasn't married. So I looked through the yellow pages. But I didn't want to go to an abortion clinic. I didn't want to make a drastic choice right away. And if I hadn't finally seen the ad for the Pregnancy Center, I may not have kept my baby—because I wouldn't have known who to turn to. I was so confused and scared. I couldn't tell my parents. I knew they wouldn't be supportive. And I didn't think I could handle the responsibility of a baby right then.

I needed someone to talk to, someone to help me get through this. And I needed support. When my boyfriend and I went into the center, that's when I met Sylvia. She confirmed that the pregnancy test was positive. I was about six weeks pregnant. At first Joe was excited about the baby. But the more we talked about it, the more I knew it was a bad time to have a baby. I was in my junior year at the University of Maryland. I knew I didn't want to have an abortion. I wanted to give the child life. But I needed someone's support. Joe was not supportive at the time. He was so confused. His parents had died when he was a teenager, so he couldn't go to them for advice.

My parents were divorced. And I had a difficult time figuring out how to tell them because they were very strict. Besides, they believed in getting married before you have kids. I ended up telling my mother I was pregnant a few weeks after visiting the center. She said, "It's your responsibility. You got pregnant; you have to deal with it." She also told me to get married. I was afraid to tell my father. We hadn't had a good relationship up to that point so I didn't tell him until the eighth month.

It was late December. I was having trouble with one of my roommates at school. Joe's attitude at that point was, "It's your baby, and you're the one who has to deal with it." I was depressed and crying. I didn't think I could do well in school. I was working a job. I didn't have any support—and I wanted to scream.

It was 11:45 at night. I called Sylvia and woke her up. I didn't think I could deal with anything anymore. I asked her, "What should I do about the pregnancy?"

Sylvia was great. I don't think she realizes how important she was to me. "You're going to be okay. Just take one day at a time. Don't worry about anything right now," she said. "You don't want to jeopardize your health. You need to calm down and think rationally." Sylvia encouraged me, "Talk to me as long as you want to." I talked for about an hour. She got me through the night. Sylvia isn't the only counselor I talked to. I called a couple of times and spoke to some others. Especially when I needed things I didn't have money for—like maternity clothes. The counselors gave them to me. It was wonderful to be able to use the resources of the center.

Then in January, I called Sylvia again for emergency counseling. I had just moved from one dorm to another. Here I was moving in January and I was about five months pregnant. At least my old roommates knew the situation and I was close to them. I had no transportation. Money was tight. Everything I had was going towards transportation and food. I was providing for myself. It was difficult. No one was giving me money. I needed to talk to someone, so I called Sylvia.

"I don't have any money, and I don't know what to do." I told her. "I need to go to a doctor, but I don't have any money to get there. I want to take care of this baby. I can't make it to my doctor appointments. And no one can give me a ride there. I really need to talk to you."

She said okay. She met me after work. She reassured me that even though it was difficult, I had to understand that I might be the only one who could take care of this baby. She reminded me that I couldn't always depend on someone else to do it.

"You can't blame someone else or feel sorry for yourself because other people aren't helping you. You can't dwell on that," Sylvia said. "You have to think positively. Think about what you can do." She was always concerned about how I was doing financially.

Sylvia was very good about talking to Joe too. She helped him understand that he was going through a difficult situation as well. And she really let him know that she was there for him. There were a couple of sessions where she helped Joe and me communicate. Before that, we fought all the time. Sylvia helped us cope with our feelings.

In late January, we went to visit Joe's relatives. When he took me to visit them, he was very confident. I felt secure because he was very sure of what he wanted to do. He wanted this baby. He told them I was pregnant a few weeks afterwards. "We're happy for you," said his aunt and uncle. "This baby will be really special." They also hoped we would get married if we really loved each other. It was important to Joe that we have family support. Soon after that we started to talk about getting married. But we were both nervous and kept putting it off.

In April, Joe and Sylvia convinced me to tell my dad. I had wanted to wait until I had a plan to tell him. But his response surprised me. He encouraged us to get married. Then he invited us to move in with him. So we did. He helped us with groceries. And after I had the baby—when I couldn't walk—he was a great help.

Joe and I married on May 18, two days before the baby's due date. Six days later, I delivered a beautiful baby boy—Benjamin Cleveland. Everyone was at the hospital—Sylvia, Joe, my Mom and my Dad. I told Sylvia she was welcome to watch the delivery because I couldn't have done it without her. She was really my constant, main support during my pregnancy.

Clearly both situations were hard. But, in Vena's case, the strengths of the modern-day crisis pregnancy movement are in full evidence. So, the next time you hear someone say these centers are deceptive or that they don't care—remember Sylvia and the thousands of other counselors who are out there helping the Venas of this world make it through another night.

SUPPORT OF THE DAVIS-MORAN AMENDMENT

HON. DAVID FUNDERBURK

OF NORTH CAROLINA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, August 3, 1995

Mr. FUNDERBURK. Mr. Speaker, last week I supported the Davis-Moran amendment to the VA/HUD appropriations bill. In my district in North Carolina the EPA has increased its permanent bureaucracy by hiring employees away from the private sector. This amounts to a confiscation of the primary asset—their human capital—of these small private, for-profit, taxpaying companies.

EPA's contractor conversion program in the Office of Research and Development was created not because of the private contractor's performance but because of EPA's own poor contract management. Rather than fixing their problem, EPA saw an opportunity to divert our attention, expand its bureaucracy, and raid the resources of its private sector competitors.

EPA promised the Congress that savings would accrue to the Government if the contractor conversion program was approved. In fact, they projected over \$6 million in savings in fiscal year 1996 for ORD alone. But like many bureaucrats' promises it was all smoke and mirrors. Instead of a surplus, they've come running back to Congress asking for more money.

Mr. Speaker, it is high time to end this unfair practice. I believe that private contractors constitute a flexible and efficient mechanism for the delivery of necessary research services. Private companies should not have to worry that their human capital will be raided by a bloated, out-of-control government bureaucracy.

FAREWELL TO THERESA VOILS

HON. G.V. (SONNY) MONTGOMERY

OF MISSISSIPPI

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, August 3, 1995

Mr. Montgomery. Mr. Speaker, I want to take a minute to thank one of the public servants who takes care of us, the public servants—the people who stand at the door of this great Chamber and bring messages, tell us that constituents are waiting and generally are of great service to the running of our governmental system. I am talking about the doorkeepers—the Chamber security as they are now known.

As of Friday, we are losing a smiling face and a helpful assistant. Theresa Voils who has served us for 5 years, is going back to her home State of Indiana. She is going to finish her degree in political science at Indiana University and no doubt—after standing at the door of this House Chamber she will have some great stories to tell.

Mr. Speaker, I want to salute Ms. Voils for her service and thank her for the invaluable assistance she has provided to me and the hundreds of other Representatives in this body. She hopes to return to this Chamber someday. I, for one, will welcome her back and wish her well in Indiana.

VILLAGE OF TANNERSVILLE CELEBRATES CENTENNIAL

HON. GERALD B.H. SOLOMON

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, August 3, 1995

Mr. SOLOMON. Mr. Speaker, I have always been proud of the heritage and physical beauty of the 22d Congressional District of New York, which I have the privilege of representing. It is for the history and the picturesque sites and towns that I return home every weekend.

We often forget, Mr. Speaker, that the real America is not Washington, but the small