

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