

September 11 has become a date that was an event. It will never be forgotten by any American nor any citizen of the world that was alive on that day or that will live in the future.

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But the gentleman from North Carolina (Mr. WATT) and the gentlewoman from North Carolina (Mrs. MYRICK) have done something very important: They have given us an opportunity to also not forget the individual faces and the individual lives of those who were tragically taken on the 11th. One such person was a resident of my district, Michael Gann, 41 years old, born in Smyrna, Georgia, and, upon his tragic death, residing with his wife, Robin, in Roswell, Georgia.

On the morning of September 11, Michael and 82 other delegates to a financial technology conference were on the 106th floor of the first tower that was struck. Now, ten weeks later, none of those 83 have been accounted for, nor will they ever be physically accounted for, because of the horrible tragedy, which makes it all the more important that we memorialize the names and the lives of these individuals.

You see, Michael Gann was just like a lot of other Americans. He and Robin had been married for less than two months. They were just starting their life together in the promise of America. A graduate of Georgia Tech, a dedicated husband, only in the shortness of their marriage, Robin summed up better than I certainly could ever what Michael was really all about. When asked shortly after his tragic loss, Robin said, "Michael was the most genuine person I have ever known and ever met. And that's rare. He was definitely a prize."

Mr. Speaker, the men and women from America and those from 60 other countries who perished on September 11 were unwitting and unwilling heroes. Hopefully the loss of those lives will touch us all to see to it that we strive for such an event to never happen again.

It should not pass on us without notice that yesterday a United States flag that flew over the World Trade Center during the recovery period was flown to the United States Marines who landed near Kandahar in Afghanistan. The significance of that event to Robin Gann in remembering her husband should be the memory for all of us of all of those individuals, for it is they for whom we fight today in Afghanistan, and it is for their children and their memories that the United States of America should win forever this battle against terrorism.

I thank the gentleman from North Carolina and the gentlewoman from North Carolina, for they have helped us to remember that this great tragedy for our country was a tragedy of individual and immense proportion to men, women and children all over the United States of America, whose names and memory should be memorialized and never forgotten.

Mr. WATT of North Carolina. Mr. Speaker, I believe my half of the special order time has expired, so I yield back so that the Chair can recognize the gentlewoman from North Carolina (Mrs. MYRICK) to control the balance of the time.

#### REMEMBERING THE VICTIMS OF SEPTEMBER 11, 2001

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Mr. JEFF MILLER of Florida). Under the Speaker's announced policy of January 3, 2001, the gentlewoman from North Carolina (Mrs. MYRICK) is recognized for the balance of the time, until midnight, as the designee of the majority leader.

Mrs. MYRICK. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from New York (Mr. GRUCCI).

Mr. GRUCCI. Mr. Speaker, I would like to thank the gentlewoman and the gentleman from North Carolina for their leadership and their compassion in orchestrating these special orders this evening as we memorialize the names of so many brave Americans who did so many brave things that day, when all they really wanted to do was get up and go to work, hug their children, see them again that evening, to love their spouses and their families and to be home with them, but ended up becoming American heroes, heroes that they chose not to be, and the stories that we have been hearing about the bravery of New York's new twin towers, the human twin towers, New York's finest and New York's bravest, New York's Police Department and New York's Fire Department.

Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor one of the many heroes who lost their lives in the attack on our Nation on the World Trade Center on September 11, New York City Police Detective Joseph Vigiano of Medford, within my Congressional District on Long Island.

The loss of Detective Vigiano was only half of the tragedy of that day for the Vigiano family. John Vigiano, Joseph's brother, was a member of New York City's Fire Department Ladder Company 132 in Bedford-Stuyvesant, who ran into those buildings that morning and has been missing ever since.

While the attack on our Nation that day was shocking, there was nothing surprising about the response of the Vigiano brothers. Coming from a long line of city firefighters, doing anything other than rushing into those dangerous buildings at risk to their own life would have been out of character.

These two men were the sons of Captain John Vigiano, a retired city firefighter, who is considered a living legend within the department, and the grandson of a city firefighter as well.

By the age of 34, Detective Vigiano had also distinguished himself as a police officer. Recipient of numerous awards and citations, he was one of the first and only detectives to serve with New York City's Emergency Services

Unit. At his funeral, which I attended on October 30, New York City Police Commissioner Bernard Kerrick spoke about his personal friendship and working relationship with Detective Vigiano. He detailed Joseph Vigiano's commitment to serving others and his willingness to risk his life to help others, having been wounded twice in the line of duty in the streets.

His brother, John, was the same way, and both shared a special relationship with each other. As boys, when Joe was about to become an eagle scout, John said, "Wait for me. We will do it together." And they did, a few months later.

These two men epitomize everything that our Nation stands for and the bravery and the courage of our firefighters, police officers and other uniformed services. In the midst of chaos, carnage and danger, these two brothers stood tall and stood together with their fellow firefighters and police officers and did not think twice about entering the North Tower, while thousands of others ran in terror looking for safety.

It is something that the Vigianos have done for generations. His wife, Kathleen, who was also a New York City Police Officer; three sons, Joseph, James and John; and his parents, John and Jeanette, survived Detective Vigiano. His brother, John, is married to Colette, and has two daughters, Colette and Ariana.

Mr. Speaker, the thoughts and prayers of myself, my family and my colleagues here in the House of Representatives go out to the Vigiano family, and all of the families affected by the attack and the tragic events of September 11. May God bless them and keep them, and may God bless their families, and may God bless and keep the United States of America.

Mrs. MYRICK. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from North Carolina (Mr. WATT).

Mr. WATT of North Carolina. Mr. Speaker, to my colleague the gentlewoman from North Carolina (Mrs. MYRICK), I want to first express my sincere thanks to her for helping to organize this and for coming up with the idea and supporting this effort.

I was listening to the tributes that have already been done this evening, and I thought about a book, and I could not think of the name of it. I thought it was Three Degrees of Separation. I was later told by the Parliamentarian that it was Six Degrees of Separation.

As I recall the theory that is advanced in that book, if you go six people out from yourself, you will always find someone who has a relationship to you. Now, I may not be expressing it exactly right. The Parliamentarian probably knows the theory better than I do.

□ 2320

But certainly, the statements that have been made this evening suggest to me that somewhere within several degrees, perhaps no more than 6 degrees,

we are all related to each other in some special way. The people who were killed as a result of the terrorist acts of September 11 are related to all of us now because they have become our special heroes. I did not know any of these people personally, but every time I turn around, I run into somebody who knew one of these people personally and I know that person, so we are 2 degrees separated from a person who died on September 11.

So what I would like to do is give some examples of that from my own experience. Again, these are not people that I know, but they have a strong connection to me now in some special way. Mr. James Debeuneure, a fifth grade teacher, who happens to have attended and graduated from the Johnson C. Smith University in Charlotte, North Carolina. Prior to his death, he lived in suburban Washington, a 58-year-old elementary school teacher, and died while making the kind of effort to which he dedicated much of his adult life, helping children learn. On Tuesday, the jet carrying Debeuneure and dozens of other passengers on a flight from Dulles Airport outside Washington to Los Angeles was hijacked by terrorists and crashed into the Pentagon. His family says that he was headed to California to attend a National Geographic program designed to help teachers in presenting geography and science issues.

"He was going to learn as much as he could about rivers and ocean sides so he could bring it back for his kids," his son, Jacques Debeuneure, said. Speaking from his family's home in Upper Marlboro, Maryland, Jacques recalled the extra efforts that his father always made for his fifth grade students at the Ketcham Elementary School in Southeast Washington.

"My dad was a good man who loved to teach kids," his son said, his voice cresting with emotion. "He would give his own lunch to those kids in his class when they would forget their lunch. He was a very compassionate man whose focus was educating youngsters. He wanted to make a difference in their lives." Three degrees of separation from a gentleman who attended college in my congressional district.

The story of Sandra Bradshaw, who grew up on a 90-acre farm in Climax, North Carolina. Sandy Bradshaw dreamed of being a flight attendant, but the reality was that she and her 4 siblings had to tend to more than 30,000 chickens being raised for a poultry producer. But Pat and John Waugh did not hold their children back. At age 16, they were allowed to find another job other than tending chickens. Ultimately, Sandy Bradshaw kept her eyes on the goal of being a flight attendant, and in 1990 joined US Airways as a flight attendant. Five months later she was laid off during cutbacks, but beginning in October when she married U.S. Airways pilot Phil Bradshaw, her luck changed. By December of that year, she was working for United Airlines.

While family vacations in North Carolina had rarely ventured beyond the State's borders, the Bradshaws saw the world: Australia, New Zealand, Hawaii, the Caribbean, and most of the United States. "Every place we went we had a blast," Phil Bradshaw said. "My wife loved to travel. That is why we waited so long to have kids. Alexandria was born in 1998, Nathan last year, and Sandy cut her flights to the bare minimum, 2 day-trips a month from Newark to San Francisco, or to Los Angeles. She always wanted to be here for the kids," her husband said. Yet, she loved the days she had between return flights since it gave her a chance to relax, do her nails and catch up on magazine reading before returning home to Greensboro, North Carolina and her husband, children, and her flower garden. Sandy Bradshaw died in the crash in Pennsylvania.

A third connection to people that I know that are connected to me, Johnson C. Smith must have suffered a severe impact from these events, because Leon Smith was the parent of 2 young people who are now students at Johnson C. Smith University, again, in my congressional district. Leon Smith was many things to many people in his New York community. Generous, affable, and a hero. A New York firefighter who was killed when the World Trade Center collapsed after a terrorist attack on September 11, Leon Smith was a community anchor in the Brooklyn Heights community his daughter, Yolanda, said Tuesday at Johnson Smith University where she is a freshman with her twin sister, Tiffany. "He had a sense of humor, and I did not realize how much he affected everybody in the community that he worked in," his daughter said. "It is like I go down there and everybody knows him as a gentle giant. He was 6-foot-4, had a heart of a Teddy bear, a little baby. He was the most sensitive guy you would ever meet. He was handsome and strong and he is my hero. While people were running out of the World Trade Center, he was running in trying to save people."

One of Leon Smith's goals was to see that his daughters graduated from Johnson C. Smith University, and they will, with the help of a scholarship fund established for children of victims of the terrorist attacks in New York, Washington, and Pennsylvania. The United Negro College Fund is providing full scholarships to its 39 member schools for students who lost parents in the attacks. The Smith sisters and Vernessa Richard, another Johnson C. Smith senior, were the first to receive scholarships, something Yolanda Smith said her dad, who did not get to finish college, would have really approved of.

"I could just see him smiling and saying, 'you go, girl' or something of that nature, and just being really proud like when he found out we were going to school. He was just so proud. He worked so hard for both my sister

and I, and our sister back home in New York, to continue his dream and have us finish college." Another degree of separation.

Well, it is even closer than that almost for me. My son lives in Brooklyn, New York, taught 4-year-olds in the Brooklyn public schools, New York public schools, and played basketball with Kenny Caldwell. Kenny Caldwell. We know how most people have to bend down to scratch their knee. Kenny Caldwell did not have to do that, because his hands were the size of baseball mitts and arms that went on forever.

□ 2330

"He was a little slim Jimmy," said his mother Elsie Caldwell from her hometown in Philadelphia, "with big hands and a big, big heart. I called him my little chocolate drop."

Mr. Caldwell, Kenny, 30 when he was killed, liked being a technology salesman for Alliance Consulting Group on the 102nd floor of 1 World Trade Center, but what he loved was figuring out ways to get people together.

"I used to call him the CEO, chief entertainment officer," said his older brother, Leon Caldwell. He even invented an annual event, the International Kicknic Contest, held every August in Prospect Park in Brooklyn for an ever-expanding circle of friends and family to play kickball and catch up.

"My neighbors used to tease me about him while he was growing up," his mother said. "They would say, 'Other kids collect stray cats and dogs, but your Kenny collects stray people.'" He was a good friend and basketball companion of my son, who lives in Brooklyn, New York.

Within that 6 degrees of separation, we find people who were killed in this tragic event, and it reminds us more and more, as I yield back to my good friend and colleague, the gentlewoman from North Carolina, that what we give out comes back, and we should be giving out good all the time. These heroes did that, and for that, we are proud to honor them this evening. I thank my colleague for joining in this special order tribute.

Mrs. MYRICK. Mr. Speaker, I thank the gentleman. There were some nice reminders and hometown ties there that are important to a lot of people.

It is really true, because as we look back on this tragic episode, it seems like everywhere one went in the weeks following, people were saying, golly, I know somebody. There were ties to somebody, this person knew this person who knew that person, and it touched all of us so dramatically all around this country, literally.

I know that people around the world were touched because there were people in those towers from 60 different countries, and a lot of people today are still, I know, wondering why.

There are a couple of people I wanted to just say a word about. Again, I did

not know them, but Mary Lou Hague had North Carolina ties. She was a graduate of the University of North Carolina in 1996, and she was a Tri Delt there.

She was really from West Virginia, and was the kind of girl who went to New York and just loved every minute she was there during the 3 years; everything she did, she loved. Her friends and her family remember that when she loved something, she just loved it very big. She loved Michael Jackson so much that she spent \$1,500 to see him the last weekend of her life.

A lot of people would say, wow, \$1,500 is a lot of money to do that, but it was something that was important to her. She loved 1980s music and Twizzlers, which she gave up for Lent; carried them in a bag with her to church that last Sunday so as soon as she was out of church, she could eat some Twizzlers.

Anyway, her friends say she just had a Miss America smile, and she was one of those people that definitely got people's attention, and her share of attention all the time.

She had decided, even though she lived in New York and loved it, that she probably would like to move back and meet a southern guy back home in Parkersburg, West Virginia, and have a dog. She was one of the people that was on the 89th floor of the second tower to be hit, and her entire floor, according to her mother, Liza Adams, was wiped out.

But everybody that knew her says they want to remember her as what she was. She was recalled doing her "happy dance," where she would wave her arms in the air and go out onto the dance floor hollering, "Woo-hooo." She was just one of those people that energized everybody around her.

There was another gentleman named Frank Schott. His wife, Dina, said she could set her watch by his habits. He was up every morning at 5:20, he got the train at 6:09, and every evening at 7 o'clock the door opened and he came into the house, and immediately changed his clothes and went out into the garden to pick his vegetables. She said he never stopped.

Then while his wife got the children ready for bed and bathed them, he would cook dinner. Of course, she said that was wonderful, because what woman would not get used to her husband cooking dinner every night?

Then on weekends he would jog and ride the bike and play with the kids, and a lot of times he took them into work with him on Saturdays, because they loved to ride the train.

But I thought this was what was so interesting about his wife's comments. She said, "If he had survived what happened and knew of the hate that I have for what these people did, he would say, 'Ah, don't be so hard on them.'" She said he would always say, "You can't judge a whole group of people for the actions of a couple of bad apples. I just know that is what he would say."

I think that is a good lesson for a lot of us for whom it is hard when something like this happens not to harbor hard feelings, and especially as we go into this holiday season, where so many of us are fortunate to have our families around us and with us; and there is nothing more difficult than having to go into a holiday when you have lost a loved one, and especially when you have lost a loved one in a senseless, tragic situation like the people in New York and Washington did.

So I hope that all of us, as we look toward the holidays and the joy that we will have, will remember these people and just say a little prayer for the fact that God will give them grace to get through this difficult time that is coming upon us.

Mr. LEWIS of California. Mr. Speaker, when Melissa Rose Barnes was killed in the terrible attack on the Pentagon September 11, a mother in my district lost a daughter who put her career on hold for a year to care for an ailing sister. A family in my district lost the woman who could light up a room with her smile. And we all lost one of the young people who have devoted their lives to defend our Nation.

Yeoman Third Class Melissa Rose Barnes was at her post in the Naval Command Center on the morning of September 11, no doubt making those around her smile with her optimism and sunny California spirit. Navy friends say the office was always a happier place with Melissa on duty.

Melissa joined the Navy in 1992 after she graduated from Redlands High School. She served as a medical aide at Navy hospitals in Maryland and Virginia until 1998, when she took off time to care for her sister, Jennifer Mennie. For a year she watched over Jennifer until she died from lupus. Her mother, Linda Sheppard, remembers Melissa putting on a disco outfit and dancing around the room to make her sister smile.

She came back to the Navy in 1999 and went to communications school. When she completed the course, she was assigned to the Pentagon. There she served her Nation in the command center, helping maintaining contact with our naval forces around the world. She was just 27 years old and a month away from an exciting new assignment on the U.S.S. *Nimitz*, her first sea-going duty when the jetliner smashed into the Pentagon on September 11.

Mr. Speaker, there is no way to describe the sadness and feelings of loss we all have experienced as we realize the wonderful lives that were ended by those senseless attacks. Forty-two people who had devoted themselves to defend our Nation died in that attack, along with the 142 passengers and crew of the hijacked airliner. We feel the loss, and the anger at the attacks. But we must also feel the pride that mother Linda Sheppard feels, that Melissa's father Alan Mennie feels, when they know that their daughter served her country to the end. We will all miss Melissa—let us all cherish her memory and her dedication.

Mr. RAHALL. Mr. Speaker, the Scriptures tell us, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Paul Ambrose surely looks upon His face today.

Paul Ambrose possessed a clerical passion for public health. After graduating from the

Marshall University School of Medicine, he completed his residency in family medicine at Dartmouth. He then earned a master's degree in public health from Harvard. Paul used his ample political skills to influence health policy as the Legislative Affairs Director for the American Medical Student Association and as a fellow with the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services. Most recently, he worked as a family physician in Arlington, VA, helping mostly poor Salvadoran immigrants. C. Everett Coop said that Paul Ambrose would have made a great U.S. Surgeon General.

Paul's heart found joy in helping improve the lives of others. His influence spread far beyond his medical practice. Visitors to the American Medical Student Association website are invited to share their thoughts and remembrances of him. The single-spaced entries fill 12 printed pages. The words of those who knew him well describe the vibrant human being inside the talented physician.

"The most amazing thing about Paul was his ability to inspire hero-worship, even among the skeptical.

"Paul listened to cool music, read odd books, and watched obscure movies. He marched to this own beat and made us all feel cool by association . . . he danced at my wedding."

"My memories of Paul always included his most popular question, 'How can I help?'"

"I knew that he was going to be fun to work with when he arrived at AMSA with the cappuccino machine for his office . . . He's the only person I know who could wear steel-toed boots with a suit and pull it off."

"It wasn't unusual to see people hanging out at his office door, taking in the ambience, talking about everything, getting inspired, enjoying Paul's wit and wisdom."

"I hope that I am able to raise my son to feel as passionate and committed to causes that make as large a difference as that for which Paul tirelessly worked."

"I try not to think of what it was like on those four doomed airplanes. And yet, I can picture Paul being a comfort to others. Listening to someone who needed to talk, saying some reassuring words. Or maybe, and perhaps, just as likely, saying something so off-the-wall that the other person would be able to temporarily forget their surroundings and situation and think to themselves, 'what is that guy talking about?'"

He was only 32. He and his fiancée were planning a wedding and a life together. He boarded a plane that awful morning for California and a meeting about his professional passion, public health. In 6 quick years, Paul rose from a medical student to a confidant of the U.S. Surgeon General. His work lengthened people's lives. His talents could not have been more nobly used.

Dr. Paul Wesley Ambrose should not have been taken from us on September 11. We must maintain a firm resolve to bring to justice the agents of global terror who killed him, and will gladly kill again if given the chance. We must do justice for Paul. Justice for his family. Justice for liberty.

Mrs. MYRICK. Mr. Speaker, I yield back the balance of my time.

#### SPECIAL ORDERS GRANTED

By unanimous consent, permission to address the House, following the legislative program and any special orders heretofore entered, was granted to: