

For the past thirty-one years, John has served New Jersey's education community as a UniServe Representative for the New Jersey Education Association. As a vital member of the NJEA's staff, John's career has been characterized by unswerving dedication, professionalism, and enthusiasm for educating both NJEA members and New Jersey's elected leaders. John's resourcefulness, creativity, and integrity mark him a role model for his colleagues and, indeed, for us all.

In recognition of all that John has given, the education community of Bergen County has proclaimed September 29, 2002 as "John Biondi Day." John's justified pride in this proclamation is shared by his wife Marilyn, his three sons, John Jr., Andrew, and Tom, and his grandchildren, Christopher and Joseph.

Mr. Speaker, I ask my colleagues in the House of Representatives to join me in congratulating John Biondi on his retirement, and commending him for his tremendous dedication and contribution to the students and education community of New Jersey.

JOHNNIE ROSEBORO, LOS ANGELES DODGERS ALL-STAR CATCHER

HON. DIANE E. WATSON

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, September 10, 2002

Ms. WATSON of California. Mr. Speaker, it is with great sadness that I announce the passing of Johnnie Roseboro, an All-Star catcher for the Los Angeles Dodgers. John passed away on August 16 at Cedars-Sinai Medical Center in Los Angeles. He was 69.

Johnnie Roseboro played in the major leagues from 1957 to 1970 with the Dodgers, Minnesota Twins, and Washington Senators (now the Texas Rangers). He was named to All-Star teams in 1958, 1961, 1962 and 1969, and won Gold Gloves for his defensive play in 1961 and 1966. Roseboro became the Dodgers' starting catcher in the team's first season in Los Angeles, replacing the legendary Roy Campanella who had been paralyzed in an auto accident.

Roseboro was nicknamed "Gabby" by his teammates because he went about his business quietly and without fanfare. He always carried himself with dignity and class. These attributes are exemplified in the aftermath of the famous bat swinging incident in which San Francisco Giants pitcher Juan Marichal inflicted a two inch gash on Roseboro's forehead. The incident tarnished Marichal's reputation, who was only voted into baseball's Hall of Fame after Roseboro publicly stated that he thought Marichal was being unfairly kept out of the Hall of Fame.

Roseboro's nobility of mind and heart defined him in his life both on and off the baseball diamond. He is survived by his beloved wife, Barbara Fouch-Roseboro and daughter, Morgan Nicole Fouch-Roseboro and his children by a former marriage, daughters Shelley Roseboro, Staci-Roseboro-Shoals, and Jaime Roseboro.

In closing, I would like to enter into the RECORD the following eulogy to Mr. Roseboro, prepared by Oliver Herford.

[From the Eulogy for Johnnie Roseboro]
"A MAN IS KNOWN BY THE SILENCE HE KEEPS"
(By Oliver Herford)

Some men walk through life making all a big ado. Puffing up their chests when reminiscing on unremarkable past accomplishments and feats. Opening wide their mouths to expel dubious wisdom and conspiracies, tendering words upon words upon words, but no meat.

But other men forgo words and express their abilities in deed. They do so simply, without fuss nor fanfare, dancing nor prancing. They just step up to the plate, eye the ball and swing. Sometimes, the ball grazes the tree tips and is going . . . going . . . gone, or it may foul backward into the stands. Regardless. For these few exceptional men, each gesture—win or lose—is always authentic and with the full weight of their being, forcing witnesses to pause, slack-jawed, in awe-inspired amazement.

There is little wonder into which camp John Roseboro fell. Ask anyone to describe him in two words and they would say succinctly: No Bull. He was unapologetically comfortable in his skin, to the core: you either got him or you didn't. For him, there was little worthy of sweat. He would simply throw up his hands and say, "No big deal," and move on. He left it to the critics to assess the long-term merit of his accomplishments—for him, it was all in a day's work, nothing more. He considered suggestions but, in the end, his instinct would always trump any outside counsel.

In spite of this characteristic, he made it utterly impossible to be angry at him. But, thankfully, the same worked in reverse. If you looked down to discover your feet on the wrong side of his line, a simple apology would always be followed by "That's okay, Babe," and any trace of the dispute would be immediately expunged.

Although his urtle-like mien caused some strangers to hesitate, his inner circle of friends and family knew the hard outer shell merely served as protection for its precious cargo—a tender and easily broken heart. This vulnerability might uncover why it was this particular organ's weakness that sparked his fifteen-year downward health spiral. Although, admittedly, he did nothing to impede the descent.

Even after enduring countless (okay, 54) hospital stays, surgeries and treatments at Cedars Sinai alone, he maintained an unyielding *laissez-faire* attitude toward improving his condition. Yet it is the rare man whose friends and family cannot utter a single negativity after fruitlessly imploring him—for decades—to set down the Coke can, exercise, and consider the fish section of the menu. But he would likely have undergone a thousand colonoscopies of bypasses if it meant any reprieve from the constant barrage of heart-health suggestions, books, pills and tonics he received on a daily basis. His food motto remained intact until the end: "I'll die with a full stomach and that's that."

Replacing words with such mottoes was just his way, each comment whittled down to its essence and punctuated with a saying for good measure. Favorites included "Ain't nothin' shakin' but the leaves," . . . "God willin' and the creek don't rise" . . . and "Is the Pope Catholic?"

Sayings aside, John was definitely a lachronic spirit—the irony in his nickname, Gabby, was well-earned. But, as they say, silence is a text easy to misread. Just ask anyone brave enough to venture toward the back of the room and take a seat next to him. His bulbous eyes voyeuristically scanning the crowd, extracting vital bits of data to launch into an anecdote or a unique observation.

Between tales of the Glory Days, life insights and off-colored jokes, they would discover—as we already had—a man of infinite, yet simplistic, wisdom blended with an understated hilarity. He was the anti-thesis of the "dumb jock." A voracious reader, he would complete several books a month. In his later years, he took countless adult education courses, honed his considerable culinary talents and taught himself to use his new computer to surf the internet.

Although John was undeniably great on the ball field, his greatest accomplishments lie in his legacy off the field. He was generous in his purchases for loved ones, but his best gifts were always of the non-monetary persuasion: unparalleled insight, laughs, great stories and lots of love. Any time spent with him was guaranteed to be an unforgettable treat and its own reward.

In short, John Roseboro was one of the best—and easiest—men you'd ever befriend. He was a loving husband, father, brother, son, uncle and friend. His life force beats strongly in the hearts of all who were blessed enough to share their lives with him.

John was born in Ashland, Ohio in 1933 to Cecil Geraldine Lowery Roseboro and John Henry Roseboro. His only sibling was James Alexander Roseboro.

John Roseboro is survived by his beloved wife, Barbara Fouch-Roseboro and daughter, Morgan Nicole Fouch-Roseboro and his children by a former marriage, daughters Shelley Roseboro and Staci Roseboro-Shoals (John), and son Jaime Roseboro (Karen).

Additional family members include grandchildren Ashley Shoals, Amber Shoals, Kaitlyn Roseboro, Sydney Roseboro, April Roseboro,; brothers-in-law James Walker, Kenneth Walker, Jackie Millines; sisters-in-law Ifeoma Kwesi, Annie Roseboro, Michelle Hollie, Andrea Frye and Yolanda Leary; nephews Anthony M. Roseboro (Tia), Pearl Daniel White, Sinclair Saunders; nieces Gayle Mitchell (Charles), Sabrina Phillips, Latrice Westbury; great-nephews Alexander Roseboro, Jermaine Mitchell, Orlando Mitchell, Kenyon Saunders, Ronaldo Walker, Antonio Walker, Rico Walker, Norris Bray; great-nieces Shelbi Roseboro, Crystal Phillips, Summer Rain Phillips; god-daughters Kaiyanna Frye, Alexandra Josephine Richardson Jackson, and a host of other relatives and friends.

PERSONAL EXPLANATION

HON. THOMAS M. BARRETT

OF WISCONSIN

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, September 10, 2002

Mr. BARRETT of Wisconsin. Mr. Speaker, because of commitments in my home state of Wisconsin, I was unable to vote on rollcall Nos. 371 through 374. Had I been present, I would have voted:

"No" on rollcall No. 371;
"Aye" on rollcall No. 372;
"Aye" on rollcall No. 373; and
"Aye" on rollcall No. 374.

PERSONAL EXPLANATION

HON. BOB CLEMENT

OF TENNESSEE

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, September 10, 2002

Mr. CLEMENT. Mr. Speaker, on rollcall Nos. 377, 376, 375, 374, and 373, had I been present, I would have voted "aye."