

EXTENSIONS OF REMARKS

TRIBUTE TO JUDI ROGERS AND
YOUNG SHIN

HON. BARBARA LEE

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, September 23, 2002

Ms. LEE. Mr. Speaker, I am tremendously proud to rise today to recognize two of my constituents, Judi Rogers and Young Shin, for recently winning the Nation's highest honor for community health leadership from The Robert Wood Johnson Foundation.

Rogers and Shin captured two of the ten national awards for their work in the Oakland and Berkeley communities. They were selected from a pool of over 450 nominees from across the country, and will each receive a grant for \$120,000 to continue their important work.

Rogers has been recognized for her work with Through the Looking Glass—a Berkeley organization serving families with disabilities—where she provides childbirth and parenting education for mothers with disabilities. She provides home-based services to more than 35 families a year, most of them low income. She also leads a monthly support group.

Her work touches families well beyond Berkeley. As part of Through the Looking Glass' National Resource Center for Parents with Disabilities, she offers technical assistance and training for parents and professionals both nationally and internationally. The Center is funded by the Department of Education's National Institute of Disability and Rehabilitation Research. She is also the author of "Mother to Be: A Guide to Pregnancy and Birth for Women with Disabilities."

Rogers' has drawn on her own experience as an occupational therapist and disabled mother of two to inspire her work. A recent battle with breast cancer also convinced her to initiate a community outreach program to provide breast cancer screening services to women with disabilities.

As Roger's nominator for the award aptly put it, "She has opened up a whole new world for people with disabilities."

Young Shin launched the Asian Immigrant Women Advocates (AIWA) in 1983 to empower Asian immigrant women in California's factories to create healthier working conditions. Since 1991, her work has focused on addressing health and safety issues, especially for garment and electronics workers at risk for chronic injuries and exposure to hazardous chemicals. The group's Peer Health Promoter Project has trained over 75 women as peer educators, who have, in turn, trained an additional 300 women on workplace injury prevention.

In 2000, Shin partnered with the University of California-San Francisco to establish the two-year Asian Immigrant Women Workers Clinic. The clinic, which is located near the garment factories in Oakland's Chinatown district, has treated more than 250 women with ergonomic injuries. The clinic has now ex-

panded its services and operates independently with low-wage Asian and Latino workers under the auspices of UCSF.

Shin also developed a project to set up sewing labs where garment workers can collaborate with health care professionals to design and test practical, low-cost workstation improvements.

On top of all these efforts, her group also sponsors literacy classes, leadership training and campaigns on workplace issues.

Mr. Speaker, it's plain to see that Judi Rogers and Young Shin are tremendously deserving of their recent awards and I am thrilled to call attention to their achievements. I urge my colleagues to join me in congratulating them both.

EULOGY TO DONALD LEO
DUCHARME

HON. MARTIN T. MEEHAN

OF MASSACHUSETTS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, September 23, 2002

Mr. MEEHAN. Mr. Speaker, I was saddened to learn of the tragic death of Donald Leo Ducharme on June 11, 2002. Donald was a Dracut, Massachusetts resident, Lowell-native, and dedicated teacher for 27 years at the Greater Lawrence Vocational High School. He is survived by his wife of 36 years, Rita and his six children, Heidi, Dawn, Jessica, Donald, Todd, and Toby. A beautiful eulogy was given on June 14, 2002, at St. Magdalen's Church in Dracut by his son, Donald. I ask for unanimous consent to submit it to the RECORD:

First of all, I want to thank everyone for coming. It is really amazing how many people I have seen over the past couple of days. You may think that it was tough to stand up yesterday for 8 hours, but the longer it went the easier it got. It was such an incredible tribute to see for my father. I would also like to ask you to keep a smile on your face and feel free to laugh. Dad would want it that way, and I may need the help.

Some of you maybe wondering how I was picked to be up here. I'm happy to say that it was actually my father's wish. I know this because we talked about it. About a year ago, I had a short strange dream one night. It started with me in this same exact spot. I walked to the podium and the first thing I did was ask the question, "How many of you people think my father is one of the biggest pains in the butt you know?" The wording was a little more harsh, if you know what I mean. Anyway, half the place raised their hands. I followed that question with another, "Now how many people would think of that same pain in the butt as the first person to call if you needed help with something?" and all the same hands plus a few extras came up. I awoke just after, thinking that was a very strange dream. I wasn't sure whether or not to tell him about it, but after working with him for so many years, I was able to talk to him about anything. I told him the story a few days later, which was also just after the family's long time friend and neighbor, Mr. Pepin passed away. He said,

"You know, when I was at Mr. Pepin's funeral, I thought about asking you to do it." So here I am.

In the time since September 11th, many people have been called heroes. So, I named this next section "Our Fallen Hero":

He may not be a veteran of a military war, but did I ever have some with my brothers. He wasn't a policeman, but he was at least a traffic cop in our house. He wasn't a fireman, but no one could build a more beautiful, safer place for a fire. He was always there when you needed him, no questions asked, except to find out what tools he needed to bring. He is our Fallen Hero.

Okay, enough mushy stuff, OR we do the mushy stuff his way and all line up for slaps in the back of the head, any takers? Yes, it was a strange way to show love, and it didn't make much sense for a long time. He wanted things done right and done right meant his way. As much as I tried to prove him wrong, somehow he was always right. It started making sense to me when I was about 16. I was thinking about getting my license and therefore needed a car. Well, when I was 12, 13, 14 years old it didn't make much sense to me why I had to go to work with him all summer and every Saturday during school, but when I asked my Mom how much money I had to buy a car it started making sense. Then a couple of years later I started realizing it had nothing to do with the money, but it had everything to do with the ability and skills it takes to be able to make money, and making money really meant being able to stand on your own two feet and providing for your own family some day.

We all had our lessons growing up. Heidi was in charge of cleaning the pool, and no one kept it cleaner than her. The only problem was Dad thought she dragged the hose on the concrete and put holes in it. So, he booted her in the butt all the way to her bedroom and she was grounded. Sometime later, maybe a couple of months or the next summer, there were a few more leaks in conjunction with butt chewings and punishments. It turns out it wasn't Heidi at all. Luckily, for her, Pepere R. Dad's father-in-law, figured out that because of the way the hose was hung on the fence the sun was actually melting holes in it.

Then there was Dawn Ann; could be here all day, only because there is no one more like Dad. Dad was always very strict with his girls, especially with all the guys that were always hanging around the house. One day my parents weren't around when Dawn got a call to go to a Celtics game. She really did want to ask for permission, uh huh, but it was before everyone carried a cell phone. So in her infinite wisdom she decides she is going into Boston on the train with 3 of the guys to a Celtics game. Mom and Dad came home and asked Heidi where Dawn was. You would have thought there was a steam engine train in the living room with the smoke that came out of his ears. You guessed it, Grounded!

Jessica. As any parent knows, you never want to pick favorites out of your kids, or at least admit it. Well, we all know that Jess is the favorite, Daddy's little girl, can do no wrong. Just a couple of weeks ago I was at my parents' unloading my truck from a long day of work. As I was about to leave, Dad came out of the house and said, "Jessica just called and there is a bat in the house. Do you

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