

they deserve and the unique needs of rural America are heard. It was my pleasure to work with Dennis during my time leading the South Dakota Farmers Union Foundation, and also to benefit from his experience, wisdom, and counsel during my first year in Congress and on the House Agriculture Committee.

Dennis' family, including his wife, Julie, and his children Dayton, Kyle, Owen, Austin and Elissa are justifiably proud of their father and husband for his work on behalf of family farmers and ranchers. I look forward to continuing our close and valuable relationship with Dennis as he continues to serve South Dakota and American agriculture.

TRIBUTE TO ETHEL SEIDERMAN

HON. LYNN C. WOOLSEY

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, March 8, 2006

Ms. WOOLSEY. Mr. Speaker, I rise with pleasure to honor my friend Ethel Seiderman who is receiving the Beryl H. Buck Award for Achievement on March 9, 2006, for her embodiment of "community giving in action." This award affirms what the Marin community already knows about her . . . Ethel Seiderman has given tirelessly her entire life.

Ethel's life and work reflect her passion for children and families. She has created innovative programs which have become national models for meeting a broad range of needs. From her early efforts in low-income communities in Boston and New York in the 1950s to the nationwide reach of the Parent Services Project she currently directs, Ethel has demonstrated that caring for vulnerable populations with respect and compassion reflects how we are as a people.

In 1973 Ethel founded the Fairfax-San Anselmo Children's Center (FSACC) and was the director until 1999. FSACC provides childcare for 150 low- to moderate-income families each year with ground-breaking programs such as the Get Well Room for mildly ill children, extended hours, extensive family support, mainstreaming, and transportation for school-age children. With the efforts of her late husband and partner Stan, the family support program increased fathers' involvement through the Men's Group and its various projects.

The Parent Services Project (PSP) was founded in 1980 as Ethel realized that, in order to promote the well-being of children, we must promote and incorporate their families. Working in partnership, parents and staff develop support groups, respite and family fun events, workshops and trainings, and other activities requested by the families. With Ethel leading dissemination and advocacy efforts, the PSP approach has now been integrated into over 800 programs across the country. These services vary widely, as they are developed by the needs of the particular parent group; organic development at each site is the norm rather than a one-size-fits-all approach.

As a consultant to many of these programs and a stirring and sought-after conference speaker, Ethel continues to travel the Nation promoting the family support principles that guide PSP. She has also published numerous articles and received awards including Marin Citizen of the Year, Marin Women's Hall of

Fame, and Woman of the Year from the California legislature.

Throughout these endeavors, Ethel's husband Stan, who passed away last year, and her two children and four grandchildren, have provided her a loving support network. And Ethel's extended family—the many people whose lives she has touched—have also returned her warmth over the years. In the words of one director of a children's program that she helped, "Ethel opened our eyes to a whole new approach in life as well as work, a mode that united families and staff to support each other and to promote the success of our children."

Mr. Speaker, Ethel Seiderman understands that through honoring and sustaining each other we can truly build a better future. And I honor her on the occasion of her well-deserved receipt of the Beryl H. Buck Award. I know that she will continue to embody community giving while inspiring others to do the same.

TRIBUTE TO MILTON B. LEE

HON. HENRY CUELLAR

OF TEXAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, March 8, 2006

Mr. CUELLAR. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor Milton B. Lee for his impeccable record of service to the citizens of San Antonio, and whose achievements were recognized by the San Antonio-based Lighthouse Group on January 25, 2006.

Mr. Lee, a lifelong Texan, is a native of Austin, where he accomplished a Bachelor of Science degree in Mechanical Engineering in 1971. After graduating, he quickly launched his career at General Electric, where he oversaw nuclear steam supply systems, nuclear fuel, gas turbine generators and steam turbine generators.

He was one of the formative members of the Texas Public Utilities Commission, and having testified as an expert witness in certification and rate proceedings, he has left his stamp on many of the regulations that govern my home state's electric utilities.

Over the years, Mr. Lee also served as a member on a variety of boards and commissions, including his service in a leadership capacity within the Texas Public Power and American Public Power Associations, university boards, including the Houston-Tillotson University Board of Trustees and the University of Texas at Austin Engineering Foundation Advisory Board, and professional organizations, including the National Society of Black Engineers.

Mr. Speaker, Milton Lee has risen to lead CPS Energy, formerly City Public Service and now the largest municipally owned energy company providing both natural gas and electric service. Serving as General Manager and CEO, Mr. Lee also serves as a much needed positive role model and an inspiration to the youth within our shared communities. Given his remarkable résumé and his impressive accomplishments, today I rise to honor Milton B. Lee for his ongoing commitment to service, to scientific research within and outside of his particular field of expertise, and to excellence in everything that he executes.

HONORING DANA REEVE

HON. MICHAEL BILIRAKIS

OF FLORIDA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, March 8, 2006

Mr. BILIRAKIS. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor and celebrate the life of Dana Reeve, an extraordinary woman whose kindness and generosity touched so many, including me.

Dana Reeve was many things to many people. She was a daughter, a sister, a wife, and a mother. She was an accomplished singer, actress, author, and motivational speaker. She was a determined advocate and a passionate fighter for causes in which she believed. She was, above all, a woman whose grace and courage inspired and comforted those in need.

I met Dana several years ago when I began working with her late husband, Christopher, on legislation I have introduced to intensify and coordinate federal research into paralysis. My bill, the Christopher Reeve Paralysis Act, bears her late husband's name because they both so impressed me with their positive spirit and tireless determination to overcome challenges that would seem insurmountable to most. Dana and Christopher both accomplished much in their all too brief time here. While many are probably more familiar with Christopher's life and his courageous fight to improve the lives of people with paralysis than they are with Dana's life and legacy, she was quite remarkable in her own right.

Dana was a founding board member of the Christopher Reeve Foundation and became its chair after her husband's death. She also established the Foundation's Quality of Life grants program, which has awarded more than \$8 million to support efforts to improve the lives of people with paralysis, and the Christopher and Dana Reeve Paralysis Resource Center, which promotes the health and well-being of people living with paralysis and their families by providing comprehensive information resources and referral services. The Foundation itself has helped raise more than \$46 million for neuroscience research.

Mr. Speaker, it is always tragic when a loved one leaves this earthly life, especially when they had so much life yet to lead. I hope everyone grieving Dana's loss will remember that she accomplished much and touched the lives of millions whose lives are better for her work here. I am certain that she and Christopher are looking down on us urging us all to go forward, as their Foundation's motto proclaims, and carry on the wonderful work they started. May God bless Christopher and Dana Reeve and may He continue to watch over those here who so loved them.

CONGRATULATING SAN DIEGO
BASED GEN-PROBE ON RECEIVING
THE NATIONAL MEDAL OF
TECHNOLOGY LAUREATE

HON. DARRELL E. ISSA

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, March 8, 2006

Mr. ISSA. Mr. Speaker, today I rise to honor Gen-Probe Incorporated in recognition of their recent receipt of a 2004 National Medal of Technology Laureate.

On February 13, 2006, President George W. Bush presented Gen-Probe, a San Diego-based company, with our Nation's most prestigious technological innovation award, the National Medal of Technology Laureate. This award is in recognition of Gen-Probe's pioneering work to develop revolutionary nucleic acid tests to protect the Nation's blood supply from dangerous HIV-1 and hepatitis C viruses. Gen-Probe collaborated with the National Heart, Lung, and Blood Institute and the U.S. Food and Drug Administration among others, to create improved technologies and systems for the detection of viral diseases.

U.S. Secretary of Commerce Carlos joined the President in his praises, stating, "Their creativity and willingness to take risks to achieve technological breakthroughs have helped make America the leader in innovation."

The National Medal of Technology is the Nation's highest honor for technological innovation. As established by Congress in 1980, recognition is given to individuals, teams, and/or companies who "embody the spirit of American innovation and who have advanced the Nation's global competitiveness." This award highlights contributions which will have made a lasting contribution to the Nation's workforce and quality of life.

Mr. Speaker, I would like to join the President and the Commerce Secretary in personally recognizing the dedication and commitment of the researchers, engineers, lab analysts and assistants, and management who contributed to safeguarding our Nation's blood supply.

IN HONOR OF HAROLD KEITH
ADAMS

HON. MARION BERRY

OF ARKANSAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, March 8, 2006

Mr. BERRY. Mr. Speaker, I rise here today to share an incredible story written by Timothy Scott Adams in memory of his father Harold Keith Adams. This story of love and service captures the powerful meaning behind our country's greatest symbol—the American flag.

MY FATHER'S FLAG

My life changed dramatically on the morning of February 11, 2005, when my roommate woke me around 5:30 a.m. He said the ship had called, and I should go into work. They had some important news to tell me, so I unwillingly rolled out of bed and stumbled to the sink. I still felt the side effects from the night before. I had gone out with some friends of mine the night before, and it had been a late one. As I began to get ready I knew something had to be wrong. Why else would the ship call me in so early? The only thought I had racing through my mind was that something bad had happened at home: somebody was hurt.

I remember walking up to the ship with my stomach in knots fighting the anxiety overdose my body was going through. I had no idea what to expect. The Quarterdeck Watch told me to go see the Command Master Chief; he had something he needed to talk to me about. I remember thinking to myself this can't be a good sign having to come into work at 5:30 in the morning to see the CMC. I was unconsciously traveling on a long road to disappointment. He sat me down and told me that the ship received a message

that my father had passed away, and he didn't have any details. I crumbled: "No, this can't be true. Things were supposed to be better! He had come so far." The world around me had suddenly frozen. I felt like I had fallen off the face of the Earth. I was all alone. My heart was locked in a dark chamber of pain and grief, yet I had no key: no answer.

The next thing I knew I was on an 8-hour plane ride home, with my emotions running fiercely out of control. My thoughts were full of anger and disgust. I kept asking myself "Why? Why now? Hasn't there been enough pain?" I felt alone not knowing what to expect when I saw my family. All I wanted to do was try and sleep to hide my pathetic appearance from the relentless curiosity of the public.

The plane touched down in Dallas with a three-hour layover. The first thought that crossed my mind was to drown my emotions and fears with my good buddy, Jim Beam. I took a deep breath and came up for air. I knew that's not what I needed right then. I forced some food down at one of those typically priced airport cafes and waited to board the plane. My chariot of disappointment was approaching ready to guide me to the land of reality. I had no other options but to face the facts.

The airplane took off from Dallas with one more stop: home. The flight was only about an hour and a half long. It felt like an eternity with the lack of sleep and emotional stress I had put my body through in the last 24 hours. When I saw the Mississippi River laid out like a big slithering python surrounded by mosquito infested cotton fields, I knew I was home. The first thought I had was of a country music song, "Walking in Memphis." How ironic. I was touching down in the land of the delta blues in the middle of the pouring rain. It's like they say, "When it rains it pours."

I came down the 2 mile long escalator and saw my wife and children waiting for me along with my childhood best friend. It felt as if the emotional monkey had been knocked off my back. I wasn't going to have to play this hell of a hand I'd been dealt alone: "Maybe they could help me find that key?"

The ride home was a good one. It relieved some of the tension momentarily. We talked about how we've all been, what's been going on in our lives, and not the fact that my father had just lost his life. It may sound as if we were a little selfish, but it was a healthy way for us to escape the nasty reality of what's to come. My father had died and I didn't want to believe it.

The morning of the funeral came and I felt as if I had been the one who had died. The weather painted a perfect picture to set the stage for the gloomy nightmare I was about to face. The rain poured down profusely without any hope of letting up and the wind blew an evil chill upon my face. I felt the power of God upon my face, and I knew faith was all I needed to help carry me through this. I hoped, I thought, and I asked: "Is this my key: faith?"

I had decided to wear my dress blues to the funeral. My dad was in the Navy for 8 years, so I knew that he would appreciate it. I felt it was my duty to honor him. He had always told me how proud he was of me for joining the service. He was the type of guy who thought every young man should do a little time for this country. I polished my shoes and pressed my uniform better than I ever had before for any inspection. Everybody told me he would have been proud. I thought to myself, "He is proud."

The whole family met at my grandparents' house so we could ride to the funeral home together. I nervously got into the limo with

my brother and sisters still dreading the reality of the situation we were facing. The ride to the service provoked an inebriated sense of loneliness except for the vague sniffles and whimpers I heard from my younger sisters. The reality of the horrifying situation we were facing was inevitable.

When the limo pulled into the parking lot of the funeral home, my entire body was paralyzed with fear. The cars of the people paying their respects were lined up for days. The thought of having to walk into that place of death with all the mourners in there was terrifying. I just sucked it up and told myself to be strong for my younger siblings. I tried to tell myself to be faithful: "Faith! That could be your key, Scott. Remember it can carry you through anything."

My wife and I walked through the enormous wooden double doors and into one of the most beautiful, yet horrifying scenes I had ever experienced. Every step I took felt as if time had stopped, and my heart had skipped a beat. I hoped this memory wouldn't haunt me forever.

That's when I first saw it, the Stars and Stripes. A piece of colored fabric that serves as a symbol of victory, submission, pride, loyalty, and even hope. The flag that I work to defend every day: the American flag, our flag, and my father's flag. It was draped over his coffin like a protective shield carrying him home, away from all his mortal pain. My throat had begun to itch and lumped up; it ached with pain. My knees began to feel weak and sweat dripped from my hands. I felt my wife's hand squeeze mine and with a comforting whisper she said, "It's going to be alright."

I sat down and felt a great deal of relief after the thousand-mile walk I had just made in 30 seconds of hell. The preacher told stories of how great of a man my father was and how he had enjoyed the fishing trips they had made together in the past. It brought back memories of the same trips that I had enjoyed with both of them, things I had forgotten, and memories from my childhood that I had put away and buried. Things that are sometimes taken for granted, and you don't miss until they are gone. I felt guilty for forgetting the times my father took out of his life to teach me what I needed to know to become a man. Although the service was short it did everything it was supposed to do. Families shouldn't have to sit through a long public grieving.

On the way to the cemetery, I thought about how proud my father would have been of the American flag he had been honored with. I wanted to do something special for my grandmother. At the graveside before the coffin was lowered my father's best friend, an old navy buddy, and I folded the flag ceremonially and presented it to my grandmother, in turn, the most honorable experience of my life.

Later that afternoon I found out the flag had a history. It was flown over the Nation's Capitol on October 15, 2004, at the request of the Honorable Marion Berry. Then the flag was presented to the Adams' Estate in honor of my grandfather. My grandfather thought it would be nice to have it draped over the coffin at the funeral, my dad being a veteran and all. Later, my grandmother told me to keep the flag. At that very moment I knew that the flag's journey wasn't over.

Four months later and thousands of miles away from Arkansas on the 3rd of June, 2005 USS *RUSSELL* DDG 59 steamed out of Pearl Harbor Naval Base with a new ensign flying high. With the help of a couple of my loyal shipmates we had made the tribute to the old sailor possible. We flew the ensign over 3,500 nautical miles across the mighty Pacific Ocean en route to San Diego where it was brought down on the 14th of June, the