

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

day the flag was officially adopted by the United States of America back in 1777. It was no coincidence the flag had been saved to be flown from my homeport, Pearl Harbor, to the former sailor's homeport, San Diego. The flag was torn, tattered, and covered in salt just the way my dad would have wanted it.

The material or size of a flag has nothing to do with the importance of it. The importance lies in what the flag symbolizes. It has been said that patriots express their love of a country by hoisting their flag in honor. On June 3rd, I hoisted our flag in honor of my father, fair winds and following seas old man.

WOMEN'S HISTORY MONTH MARCH
2006

HON. MICHAEL M. HONDA

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, March 8, 2006

Mr. HONDA. Mr. Speaker, I rise today in honor of Women's History Month. I would like to share with you some of the progress being made with regard to women's rights and some of the issues that I will continue to fight for. Women have come a long way since they were granted the right to vote, just 85 years ago. Women now enjoy rights to education, wages, and property ownership. It still remains, however, that not enough Americans are aware of the long struggle to obtain the rights that we take for granted today, and the rights that we have yet to guarantee and protect.

This month, I co-sponsored legislation that will help to ensure we learn more about the female heroes that fought tirelessly to secure the rights we all enjoy today. H.R. 3779, the National Women's Rights History Project Act would celebrate the accomplishments of women all year long. Specifically, H.R. 3779 would establish an auto route linking sites significant to the struggle for women's suffrage and civil rights. It also would expand the current National Register travel itinerary website, "Places Where Women Made History," to include additional historic sites. Finally, this bill would require the Department of Interior to establish a partnership-based network to offer financial and technical assistance for interpretive and educational program development of national women's rights history.

As many of you know, I lost my beloved wife Jeanne to cancer two years ago. I am acutely aware of the need for increased funding of research, prevention and treatment programs for breast and gynecologic cancers. Below is a list of legislation that I have supported during the 109th Congress that is aimed at providing this funding support:

H.R. 1245 The Gynecologic Cancer Education and Awareness Act of 2005—This Act provides for programs to increase the awareness and knowledge of women and health care providers with respect to gynecologic cancers.

H.R. 1849 Breast Cancer Patient Protection Act of 2005—This Act requires that health plans provide coverage for a minimum hospital stay for mastectomies, lumpectomies, and lymph node dissection for the treatment of breast cancer and coverage for secondary consultations.

H.R. 2231 Breast Cancer and Environmental Research Act of 2005—This Act

amends the Public Health Service Act to authorize the Director of the National Institute of Environmental Health Sciences to make grants for the development and operation of research centers regarding environmental factors that may be related to the etiology of breast cancer.

H.R. 4540 Mammogram Availability Act of 2005 This act amends the Public Health Service Act and Employee Retirement Income Security Act of 1974 to require that group and individual health insurance coverage and group health plans provide coverage for annual screening mammography for women 40 years of age or older if the coverage or plans include coverage for diagnostic mammography.

In addition to supporting this legislation, during fiscal year 2005, I was able to get funding for the Santa Clara Community Health Partnership's Community Mammography Access Project (CMAP). This will help the Community Health Partnership begin a program to offer low-income women across the county regular access to a potentially life-saving test. My office has joined the Community Health Partnership's CMAP task force as a member and will be updated regularly on the project's progress.

Access to proper healthcare is just one basic freedom women have traditionally fought for. There are several other civil rights issues that continue to limit women's participation and leadership in American culture and society:

The original Violence Against Women Act was passed in 1998. This legislation and its successors (including the 2005 reauthorization) are aimed at preventing and responding to violence against women and children. The legislation covers a broad range of services including transitional housing assistance, community awareness programs, law enforcement training, protections for immigrant victims of domestic violence, and funding for stalker and sex offender databases. I co-sponsored the reauthorization of the VAWA, significant elements of which were eventually incorporated into H.R. 3402 which passed into law on January 5, 2006.

Equity and fairness are key to our democracy. Equal pay is a critical issue, affecting all of us. Lack of equal pay makes it harder for working families to make ends meet. It also makes it harder for single mothers whose children depend on their wages for basic needs. However, more than simple economic reasons, equal pay shows women that their accomplishments and hard work are equally appreciated. Because women are equal partners in American society and deserve equity and fairness on the job and under the law, I co-sponsor H.R. 1687 the Paycheck Fairness Act and H.J. Res. 37.

H.R. 1687 would amend the Fair Labor Standards Act of 1938 to provide more effective remedies to victims of discrimination in the payment of wages on the basis of sex and to expand training for EEOC employees and affected individuals about wage discrimination.

H.J. Res. 37 proposes an amendment to the Constitution that states that equality of rights under the law shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of sex.

It is clear, that even though women enjoy the kind of freedom that didn't exist for them just decades ago, Americans continue to be threatened by Republican and far-right influences on our Administration and policy mak-

ers. The President's budget sheds light on some of the ways in which basic women's rights are undermined. The President cuts funding for health, education and housing programs that provide vital services for American families and promote equal opportunity for women. The President's budget will also adversely affect women in working families and elderly women by slashing Medicare, Medicaid, housing, food stamps and child care. Services that are vital to women and their families are cut to protect the interests of the wealthiest Americans.

My sincere hope is that each of us takes the time to commemorate Women's History Month so that we may be ever vigilant of protecting the freedoms all Americans enjoy today. The current state of women's rights demands that we honor those who brought us to this point, and inspire those who will broaden the spectrum of liberties that all Americans should have access to.

TRIBUTE TO DYESS AIR FORCE
BASE

HON. RANDY NEUGEBAUER

OF TEXAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, March 8, 2006

Mr. NEUGEBAUER. Mr. Speaker, I rise today in recognition of Dyess Air Force Base in Abilene, Texas, for becoming the first base in 4 years to receive an overall outstanding rating following an Air Combat Command Operational Readiness Inspection.

Operational Readiness Inspections are demanding examinations of our Nation's combat operations. Inspections ensure expeditionary readiness by testing combat capabilities in stressful real-world situations. They allow our Nation's airmen to face deployment with increased confidence after practicing wartime skills at home that are executed in operations around the world including Operations Enduring Freedom and Iraqi Freedom.

This outstanding rating proves that the men and women of Dyess can take the fight anywhere. They are the very best in the Air Force because they have been well-trained and are well-prepared for any task or any challenge they will face in expeditionary operations.

IN RECOGNITION OF THE RETIREMENT OF GUNNERY SERGEANT LORENZO V. CHANCE, UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS

HON. JEFF MILLER

OF FLORIDA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, March 8, 2006

Mr. MILLER of Florida. Mr. Speaker, it is an honor for me today to rise in appreciation of the 22 years Gunnery Sergeant Lorenzo Chance has served in our United States Armed Forces.

A native of the great State of North Carolina, Gunnery Sergeant Chance is a true patriot who has significantly contributed to the defense of our Nation. After graduating from Cape Fear High School in 1983, Gunnery Sergeant Chance entered the Corps at Marine Corps Recruit Depot Parris Island, South Carolina, where he attended basic training.