

causing rural hospitals to allow beds not needed for a critical access purpose to remain unused. This deprives rural hospitals of a much-needed revenue stream and deprives residents of rural areas of access to needed health care services.

My colleagues may be interested to know that the idea for this bill comes from Marcella Henke, an administrator of Jackson County Hospital, a critical access hospital in my congressional district. Ms. Henke conceived of this idea as a way to meet the increasing demand for assisted living services in rural areas and provide hospitals with a profitable way use beds not being used for critical access purposes. I urge my colleagues to embrace this practical way of strengthening rural health care without increasing federal expenditures by cosponsoring the Enhanced Options for Rural Health Care Act (H.R. 6154).

ON THE FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF
SEPTEMBER 11, 2001

HON. MARTIN T. MEEHAN

OF MASSACHUSETTS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, September 25, 2006

Mr. MEEHAN. Mr. Speaker, I rise to recognize Ms. Leslie Blair and the hundreds of other individuals from Massachusetts who lost loved ones on September 11, 2001. This September 11th, I attended an event at the Massachusetts State House with Ms. Blair and other families who lost loved ones on September 11, 2001 to commemorate and celebrate their lives. The day of remembrance and reflection was filled with heart wrenching testimonials of loss, powerful tributes to inspirational courage, and life affirming stories of love and family. Ms. Blair's testimonial about her sister, Susan Leigh Blair, was truly moving.

Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent to include Ms. Blair's remarks in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD.

Good morning. My name is Leslie Blair. My sister Susan Leigh Blair was one of the beautiful faces you just saw in that extraordinarily moving tribute video. Sue was killed on September 11, 2001, as she went about her normal routine on an exceptionally beautiful Tuesday in the South Tower of the World Trade Center.

That video is such a moving tribute to the beautiful souls we lost on horrible and hateful day. Now I have seen a lot of beautiful memorials to the tragedy of September 11, but in static, granite ways, they tend to honor the memory of a day where nearly 3000 vibrant individuals died. This video montage honors the lives, not the deaths, of our loved ones. In those faces, we see the joy of today. And in those eyes, we see the promise for tomorrow, a tomorrow that never came, and a promise that could not be fulfilled.

My son, Nicolas is three. He and I watched this video together, and he asked me what it was. Looking at the smiles, the celebrations, the graduations and weddings, the sun and the sea, the embraces, the families, he looked at all of these lives, and he said, "It's too much." And as you and I know too well, the loss of one is too much. This video memorializes the loss, not just of individuals, but their lives, their promises, their hopes and their joy, and it's just too much.

I was asked to speak today about the value of one life and what one life means—how powerful and impactful one life can be. And like you, I know what I have lost because Susan isn't here. But magnify that loss by all of the families and friends and factor in thousands of coworkers and clients from a today five years ago, and then somehow add in the tomorrows that will never come, and I mean, our country, our world has truly suffered an amazing blow by not having them here. What have we lost as a society because just one of these beautiful smiling faces is no longer here? That is a big question. Let me tell you how I tried to answer it.

I started off by reading recent commentary by some of today's most intelligent economists, authors, politicians, sociologists. Surely the war on terror, the unease and unrest, the social upheaval can somehow be related to our loss. But that didn't seem to answer my question very well. So I turned to the great philosophers and thinkers from a world before 9/11 to see how they had answered that question. The meaning of life—very academic and metaphysical, but, in fact, not very helpful in answering my question.

Then, I looked through my copy of the Portraits of 9/11 book—a consolidation of many of the NY Times obituaries. Certainly we lost smart, successful people in the prime years of their contributions to the world. We lost bankers, investment brokers, insurance executives, servicemen and women, rescue workers, flight crew, corporate management, consultants, technicians, hockey scouts. To lose the brightest, most productive individuals in a society certainly has an economic impact, a social impact. But that didn't seem to answer the question either.

Then I looked my copy of We Remember, a compilation of tributes from Mass 9/11 Fund members, from us. There I found the heart wrenching loss of children, spouses, siblings, parents, friends, and more photos of life and love. I tried, but I couldn't read it cover to cover. So I flipped around. I landed on Capt. John Ogonowski's tribute, and in there, John's family included a poem by Bessie Anderson Stanley. In 1904, Bessie entered a magazine contest and won \$250—so maybe not a great thinker of her time, but her definition of success started to get at what we lost.

He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much; who has enjoyed the trust of pure women, the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who has always looked for the best in others and given them the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory a benediction.

And I read the rest of John's pages, and I read Ann's pages, and Ace's pages, and Fred's pages, and Betty's pages, and Robin's pages, and it was easier to read more and more pages of these beautiful people whose lives, by Mrs. Stanley's definition were clearly successful. Their lives inspired others and their memories have been a blessing to those who loved them.

And I read the little booklet in front where I found pages of scholarships and funds, awards, forums, lectures, and music. These beautiful souls, through the inspiration and blessing of their living, of having been here and made a mark, these people are still con-

tributing to society today. They are no longer corporate executives or technicians or bankers, or hockey scouts but through their memory and in honor of their lives, we are able to perpetuate their success.

My sister's scholarship rewards teachers so that her passionate commitment to children and her unfulfilled dream of teaching can live on. Mark Bavis' foundation provides college funding and leadership training. Todd Hill's scholarship awards sportsmanship and perseverance. The list goes on. Surely the promise of Susan and Mark and Todd has not died.

So at this point in my research, I abandoned my original question, because inspired by these individuals and how much they were loved and how unique they were and how their promises could be fulfilled, I think I found a more important question. If we, as individuals, incorporate the spirit of our loved ones, their vibrancy, their vitality, their potential, their love, can we not change the world? Can we not increase the potential we had before 9/11 by carrying the potential of our loved ones in our hearts and in our lives and in our own successes?

We all know, too well, the devastating impact of a few evil individuals. But we, as individuals, can and are counteracting that evil impact. In honor of those vibrant successful lives, we can make a more significant impact on society, in our communities, our schools, our businesses, by our own individual actions.

And I think back to that video, the smiles of a today that has passed and the hope for a tomorrow that will never come. And I remember the success described by Mrs. Stanley. Surely our loved ones left a mark on the world in their own right. And we, by loving them and remembering them, make their mark deeper. And we, by doing that, make our own mark. Honoring the characteristics that we loved about them and carrying those characteristics into our today's, do we not carry our loved ones into the future? We have the opportunity today to continue their success. And despite our loss, or maybe because of it, we have the opportunity to live our individual lives successfully, as if tomorrow may never come. Individually, yes, together certainly, we can leave the world better than we found it, as they did. And we can give their promise for tomorrow, through our own promise, to those who love us.

SENIOR CITIZENS DEMAND AFFORDABLE DRUG COVERAGE ON DONUT HOLE DAY

HON. JANICE D. SCHAKOWSKY

OF ILLINOIS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, September 25, 2006

Ms. SCHAKOWSKY. Mr. Speaker, I rise in recognition of last Friday, September 22, "Donut Hole" Day. Donut Hole Day was not a happy day but a marker to remind policymakers about the problems that the Part D plan is imposing on America's seniors and people with disabilities this year.

September 22 was the day when the average person with Medicare fell into the Part D donut hole—a black hole of coverage for those whose annual drug costs fall between \$2,250 and \$5,100. The donut hole is a \$2,850 gap in coverage when people with private Part D plans continue to pay insurance