

master's degree in elementary education from Nova University in Florida.

Adam began his teaching career in Boulder City at Elton Garrett Elementary School before moving to Boulder City High School where he currently teaches. Adam is recognized by students and parents alike for his patience, kindness, and knowledge. His efforts have earned him many awards including the prestigious Disney American Teacher Award and the Veterans of Foreign Wars' National Citizenship Education Teachers Award.

Madam Speaker, I am proud to honor my friend Mr. Adam Schultheis and his many achievements. His dedication to the community and to music education is remarkable. I wish Mr. Schultheis continued success in his future endeavors.

CONGRATULATIONS KENDALL  
CIESEMIER

HON. PETER J. ROSKAM

OF ILLINOIS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Wednesday, February 14, 2007*

Mr. ROSKAM. Madam Speaker, I rise today to congratulate Kendall Ciesemier of Wheaton for her outstanding volunteer efforts and service to others.

At just 14 years old, Kendall is the founder of Kids Caring 4 Kids, a nonprofit organization dedicated to raising awareness of the AIDS epidemic currently devastating Africa. Through community outreach and fundraising, Kendall has made an incredible difference in the lives of AIDS orphans in a village in Zambia.

In spite of her recent personal struggle with two liver transplants, Kendall has tirelessly directed her remarkable talent and energy to serving others. To date, she has raised over \$50,000 and just this week was recognized as one of the nation's top youth volunteers by the Prudential Spirit of Community Awards program.

I commend Kendall for her strength of character and selfless community service.

Kendall, your family, your school, and your community are extremely proud of what you've accomplished. I wish you all the best in the future. Keep up the good work!

A TRIBUTE TO THE HONORABLE  
LEO T. MCCARTHY

HON. ANNA G. ESHOO

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Wednesday, February 14, 2007*

Ms. ESHOO. Madam Speaker, the following are the remarks of remembrance given by the Honorable Art Agnos, former Mayor of San Francisco and long time member of the California Legislature on the occasion of the vigil and rosary of his former boss, mentor, and brother-friend, the Honorable Leo T. McCarthy, who passed away on February 5, 2007.

I never thought this day would come for me.

Over the 40 years I worked for Leo McCarthy, I came to think of him as indestructible . . . as he became my boss . . . my mentor . . . my role model . . . and simply my best friend.

For me, Leo was never sick . . . never tired . . . never discouraged . . . and never gave up . . . no matter what confronted him.

He just showed up every day ready to tackle every challenge that stood in the way of making life better for the poor, the needy, the worker, the children, the aged and anyone else who might need his help in our society.

Leo was one of those rare public officials who got better in every way . . . the closer you got to him.

There were no feet of clay here.

One of my early remembrances of him is on our first trip to Sacramento together in December of 1968.

Leo had just been elected to the assembly and it was my first week on the job as his new assistant. On that day he wanted us to drive together to checkout the new office and meet with the Assembly leader Jess Unruh to discuss his committee assignments.

I remember that it was raining hard that day, pouring, and in what was to become our routine for the next 10 years—I was driving and he was teaching, as we talked about the issues of the day and what we might do about them in the year to come.

Just as we passed Dixon on Highway 80, the rear tire went flat and I had to pull over. As I came to a stop, Leo said suddenly, "Wait here, opened the car door in the pouring rain and ran through a hayfield the length of a football stadium to a service station to get help with the flat tire.

I stayed in the car warm and dry.

He was still soaking wet through his suit when we got to Sacramento. Undaunted, he kept his appointment with Unruh as though nothing had happened.

And that's the way it was, every time.

He never asked his staff, and there were hundreds of us by the end of his political career, to do anything he wouldn't do. He cared about all of us, our careers—our families, our well being.

Every one of his former staff will tell you similar stories about when he would apologize for taking them away from their family when they had to work late on legislative testimony for the next day, or how he would show up at the Operating Engineers at 2 in the morning with food and encouragement as we printed brochures to help elect another candidate who would vote for him to be Speaker in 1974.

And what a Speakership that was!

The best description I ever heard was from the former Republican Speaker of the Assembly, Bob Monagan from Tracy, California.

Bob had left the legislature some years before and was the President of the California Manufacturers Association when he said Leo McCarthy's Speakership would be remembered in the history of the California Legislature as the "Days of Lancelot."

You see, Leo was a leader who inspired other politicians—not with his power or tactics, but with his integrity, his adherence to good principle, and his deep commitment to the common good.

In all his years, there were no scandals, no innuendos, no shameful disgrace, and the legislature followed his example in doing the best work it ever did for the people of California.

That's not me talking. It is every editorial written in every major newspaper since last Tuesday.

Over the last 7 months, I saw a lot of him in the hospital, as did many of you.

We talked about his career, successes and failures. We soon ran out of failures, but the successes went on for ever. But I had to bring them up—Coastal preservation, Nursing Home reform, Farm Worker legislation, Sub-division Reform, Mental Health, Child nutrition, Human rights, Legislative Transparency and on and on.

But most of all, most of all, as great and prodigious the volume of his work, Leo was proudest of his family.

Jackie was the light of his life. She was his love, his energy, his will to live as they raised four magnificent children you will hear from tomorrow morning.

And then you will know for yourselves why he always answered the question: "What was your most important work—with a resounding, 'My family!'"

The things he did to try and make his contribution as a father and a husband are legendary to all of us.

You have heard and read the thousands of roundtrips to and from Sacramento by car, greyhound bus, and even airplane.

It was all very real because the kids were going to see their father every night no matter what. He always said that Jackie did all the work, but he had to be there for whatever he could do at night.

One of my favorite stories starts one morning when I could not drive him and he drove himself down to the greyhound station to catch the 7 a.m. bus to Sacramento.

He was late and very much focused on the busy day to come in the Legislature. So he sped into the parking lot, jumped out of the car, tossed the keys and 20 bucks to the man standing by the pay booth while running to catch the bus.

That night I got a call from a perplexed Leo asking where his car was because the lot was empty and the attendant was gone. For three days he did not believe me when I tried to tell him that there was no attendant at that lot because it was self pay.

We didn't talk about it again for a while because on the fourth day he learned the car had been found intact by the SFPD with an empty gas tank. And the rumor was that some homeless guy was going around town telling about the nice guy who tossed the keys to him with 20 bucks and ran off.

The longest trip home for Leo was one he took this past January.

He had been in the hospital for 6 consecutive months—something neither he, his family, or any of us could have imagined when we watched him being wheeled into UC hospital on June 1st of last year—not to mention the countless number of difficult tests in all kinds of machines, hundreds of needle sticks, a combined month and a half in the intensive care unit, dialysis every other day, cups of awful tasting medicinal concoctions, and bravely fight harder than ever before as he became weaker and weaker.

But as his body failed, his mind and spirit did not.

There were several times when he was asked, "Do you want to go on?"

And every time—every time—his answer was the same. "Yes! I have things to do."

He was planning family vacations next year with Jackie. He was advising Kevin about jobs after Law School. He was listening carefully to Courtney's added responsibilities at work, talking to Niall about a big case, he was thinking about Adam's new environmental business deals—he absorbed all of Conna's scholastic and athletic news about her children—he listened intently as Sharon discussed the latest events at St. Stephens—he studied writeups about outstanding college football players and discussed them with Dale so he could make the best choices for his famous annual top 10 NFL Draft choices list he published to family and selected friends, and occasionally to Bill Walsh at the 49ers.

He did all this from a hospital bed he was too weak to get out of, all the while monitoring and mentoring by phone and in person, one more politician—the future Speaker of the House of Representatives.

He loved the phone calls and visits from Nancy and her right arm and another former McCarthy staffer, Representative Anna Eshoo. Every week they were in town—they