

became a judge, he mentored me. As a prosecutor, he counseled me. As a legislator, he influenced me. I count him among the people who kept the wind beneath my wings. I pray God will continue to bless him. We love you.

PERSONAL EXPLANATION

HON. JERRY WELLER

OF ILLINOIS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, March 14, 2007

Mr. WELLER. Madam Speaker, I was unable to be present on Monday and Tuesday of this week and missed the following votes:

Rollcall No. 136, Motion to suspend the rules and pass H.R. 85.

Rollcall No. 137, Motion to suspend the rules and agree to H. Res. 136.

Rollcall No. 138, Motion to suspend the rules and agree to H. Res. 89.

Rollcall No. 139, Motion to suspend the rules and agree to H. Res. 64.

Rollcall No. 140, Motion to suspend the rules and agree to H. Res. 228.

Rollcall No. 141, Motion to suspend the rules and agree to H. Res. 222.

Had I been present, I would have voted "yea" on each of these motions.

TRIBUTE TO FERN HOLLAND

HON. SUE WILKINS MYRICK

OF NORTH CAROLINA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, March 14, 2007

Mrs. MYRICK. Madam Speaker, I would like to honor and recognize a true American hero, Fern Holland. Three years ago, Fern gave her life so that others might have a brighter future. One of my staffers was friends with Fern and wrote this tribute on the three year anniversary of her death:

On March 9, 2004, my friend, Fern Holland was killed—assassination-style—in Iraq. She, her colleague, and a translator were stopped at a checkpoint where they were shot by gunmen posing as Iraqi police. These gunmen riddled their car with AK-47 bullets and took her life.

Fern wasn't killed because she was a soldier. She was killed because she was someone cared about other people.

When Baghdad fell, Fern traveled to Iraq to work for USAID and then later served on the Coalition Provisional Authority as a women's rights specialist. It was this work that made her a target by extremists. You see, Fern worked tirelessly at setting up Iraqi women's centers around the country. These centers were places women could organize, learn political skills to participate in a democracy, and learn life skills. These centers were not welcome by many extremists for a variety of reasons, and Fern was an easy target because she was white and blonde and very outspoken in her quest for women's rights in Iraq.

While she was doing this work, even more important work came to the forefront. Fern, 33 from Oklahoma, was a lawyer by trade, and she helped draft the interim Iraqi constitution. It was Fern Holland who wrote the section of the constitution that got Iraqi women 25 percent of the seats in the national assembly.

On March 8, 2004, Iraqi leaders signed the interim constitution that included Fern's provision. Women in Iraq now had more than just a seat at the table, they had a say in Iraq's future. Fern was able to see her hard work come to fruition, but only for a day. Her work on behalf of people she did not know, and who did not know her, led to her death.

In February 2003, I met Fern. I was looking for a place on the Hill as a young staffer, and I wound up subleasing her room while she went to work on projects in Africa. She had worked previously in the Peace Corps in Africa and headed back to continue the work she had started when I took over her lease. Her work in Africa led to the establishment of a legal clinic for women who had been sexually exploited. At the time of her death in 2004, the clinic had handled 118 cases including rapes, sexual assaults, wife beatings, family abandonment and sexual exploitation.

From time to time, Fern would come back to the U.S. and would stop by the house to pick up her mail, chat about what she was doing, make sure her car was still working, and then would head back out into the world to battle for what she believed. Several months prior to her death we chatted and I took over her lease and paid for her desk and other items she had left in the room that I now use. From time to time, when I get a chance to slow down, I look around and think about Fern.

Today, three years later, I don't tear up as much as I once did, but the sadness is just as real, and my heart is just as heavy, as it was when I got the call about her death from my roommate Michael. Questions still flood my mind as to why such evil would happen to such a good person. . . . I often think in deep silence about the Iraq War and the sacrifices of Fern and those who serve there. . . . I wonder why God allowed Fern and my path to cross—if only for a brief time—yet thank Him at the same time that I got to meet her.

Fern's life has taught me many things. I have learned to love people more. It is really easy to get cynical about work and life on the Hill when things move at a snails pace, or when you see that people's main motives are something other than helping people. But when I catch myself in a poor attitude or in a cycle of cynicism, I think of Fern and her sacrifices and realize there is more work to be done to help others. Fern's life also taught me my time is not my own. I constantly try to keep in contact with friends/family—and would do anything in the world for them—and I try to reach out to people in need. I have learned that the most important things in this world are the small things people often overlook. I learned that people need other people and so I take the time to speak with someone longer than I would normally, or return calls or emails when I am tired or would rather not. I invest in people because it seems friendships and helping others is the only return that makes me happy. I think that is the secret of life that Fern learned and shared with others.

Today has just begun, yet my thoughts are constantly bouncing back to Fern and to a quote from Martin Luther King Jr. that I can't get out of my head: "A man who won't die for something is not fit to live." In one of Fern's last emails she wrote, "I love the work and if I die, know that I'm doing precisely what I want to be doing—working to organize and educate human rights activists and women's groups." In a day an age where people think

only of themselves, Fern was willing to die for something she believed in; people. And because of that, her life and work means something. . . . it means others can live in a better world.

We tend to throw around the word "hero" alot these days. But I have learned that they are not on the sports field or on the TV or on the movie screen. They are the people who sacrifice for others; who die for others if need be. Fern Holland will forever be one of my heroes. And I wrote this today so that others might know the work she did, and the life she led, because Fern deserves to be remembered.

IN MEMORY OF BOBBY HILDEBRAND

HON. MIKE ROSS

OF ARKANSAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, March 14, 2007

Mr. ROSS. Madam Speaker, I rise today to honor the memory of my dear friend Bobby Hildebrand of Camden, Arkansas, who passed away February 24, 2007.

Bobby Hildebrand and his family grocery store, Harvey's Grocery Store, were South Arkansas institutions. Bobby was a businessman, a landowner and the proud owner of Harvey's Grocery in Camden, one of Arkansas's legendary political landmarks. Bobby made Harvey's Grocery a famous gathering spot for Arkansas politicians, business leaders and residents of South Arkansas who had a love of good food, heated debate and friendship.

Bobby became known for his locally famous barbecue as much as his generous heart. Each time I drove through Camden, my car always wanted to veer to Harvey's Grocery where I knew I would find good food and great conversation with a man I truly looked up to and admired. I was privileged to have witnessed first hand the effect Bobby's big smile had on visitors of his store and friends who needed someone to listen. Above all else, I am blessed to have been able to call Bobby a dear friend.

Bobby talked endlessly about how politics could be a good and noble profession and how a career in public service could positively affect the lives of thousands. His love of politics helped inspire me and many others to seek elected office and for that, I am forever grateful.

I send my deepest condolences to his wife, Pat of Camden; his brother Harvey Hildebrand of Louisiana; and his sister Dorothy Herrington of Camden. Bobby Hildebrand will be greatly missed in Camden, Ouachita County and throughout the state of Arkansas, and I am truly saddened by this loss.

WALBERG SUPPORTS STATE, LOCAL CONTROL OF EDUCATION

HON. TIMOTHY WALBERG

OF MICHIGAN

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, March 14, 2007

Mr. WALBERG. Madam Speaker, as a member of the Education and Labor Committee, this morning I attended a bi-cameral