

Among his accomplishments: UDW is now financially secure. Thanks to a volunteer member organizing effort, nearly 25,000 new members have joined UDW since 2005. For the first time in history, all of the top elected leaders in UDW are working homecare providers. Doug has helped win the highest wages in the history of the UDW statewide and has led the effort to win affordable health insurance in San Diego.

Due to his efforts, the newly installed UDW Executive Board appointed Doug Moore in February 2008 as executive director with full responsibility for managing UDW activities and staff on a day-to-day basis.

In his acceptance speech to the UDW Executive Board, Doug said:

From county board to county board, we will send a clear message that homecare providers matter. We demand to be treated with dignity and respect! We are not second-class citizens and we will fight to end the classism, sexism and racism that we see everyday from those elected boards in our counties. . . . We will do this the old-fashioned way: Organize, organize, organize! Because when we fight, we win!

TEXAS TEACHER OF THE YEAR
FOR 1970

HON. SILVESTRE REYES

OF TEXAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, April 1, 2009

Mr. REYES. Madam Speaker, El Paso, Texas has a history of producing strong, passionate, and caring educators who motivate and engage our children to become lifelong learners. As a parent and grandparent, I am grateful for the contributions of our teachers in the El Paso area, and today I want to take this opportunity to congratulate Mr. Clarence K. Stark, a teacher at Irvin High School in the El Paso Independent School District, for being selected as the 1970 Texas Teacher of the Year. The Texas Teacher of the Year is the highest honor that the State of Texas can award to a teacher. Facilitated by the Texas Education Agency, the Texas Teacher of the Year Program annually recognizes and rewards teachers who have demonstrated outstanding leadership and excellence in teaching. Mr. Clarence K. Stark represents the best of the best in the teaching profession, and we salute his energy, efforts, and dedication.

Mr. Stark taught government at Irvin High School in the El Paso Independent School District. In 1968 Mr. Stark impressed his colleagues with his work. Both that year and in 1969, Mr. Stark was voted as outstanding teacher of the year for Irvin High School and he was noted as saying: "I feel very honored, grateful, and humble that my fellow teachers selected me as outstanding teacher." Mr. Stark's social sciences department aimed to prepare young people to be tomorrow's leaders and his devotion to his students is greatly admired by teachers at his school. Mr. Stark embodies the qualities of great leaders and his passion to reach every student at Irvin High School is a testament to his character.

Mr. Clarence K. Stark is part of a larger history of educational excellence in El Paso. I am proud to note that to date El Paso area educators have been chosen as Texas Teachers of the Year 9 times. The National Teacher of

the Year Program began in 1952 and continues as the oldest, most prestigious national honors program that focuses public attention on excellence in teaching.

I am proud of the work of our teachers, and I am committed to ensuring that education remains a top priority in this Congress.

"CHILDREN IN THE FIELD," BY
DAVID ROGERS

HON. JOHN P. MURTHA

OF PENNSYLVANIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, April 1, 2009

Mr. MURTHA. Madam Speaker, I rise today to include in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD the following article written by Capitol Hill correspondent David Rogers. Although a conscientious objector, he is a decorated veteran who was wounded while serving as an Army medic in Vietnam.

In his article, Rogers vividly describes the devastating impact of war on children and how American service members create bonds of mutual friendship and curiosity with the children who become victims of conflict and war.

"CHILDREN IN THE FIELD"

(By David Rogers)

"The old French fort was nothing more than an open area encircled by a berm, dirt piled into a wall. There was gaping holes where the fortification had eroded, and when the ground attack came, the enemy rocket grenades and automatic fire were able to hit the sleeping positions. Some AK rounds came from an outlying hamlet and Jose opened up with the machine gun. In the morning there was crying from one home, for a child had been killed.

"The women and old men would only stare sorrowfully at the patrols, but the children, looking for food or being curious, would come up to the soldiers. It was an uneasy truce between them: the infantry sweating under their packs and still wary after coming from the jungle; and the children, pulling on the men's gear, begging for food, but resisting even a gentle hand wanting to touch them. For the platoon medic, breaking through this distance was easier, and the children would finally come to him. He was the only one without a weapon and just the name "Doc" was simpler to remember. They—the medic and children—never knew each other's real names. It didn't matter. After all the months in the field and in and out of the villages, many would know him on sight and call "Doc." One would start and then the others would join in. He would want to go back and stay with them.

"The platoon was securing the road when the enemy hit the third squad's position. AK fire caught Wesley in the stomach, and a rocket grenade wounded two other men. The medic had to go back for them and, afterwards, blood was all over his fatigues and hands. The children were again on the road, looking where the firing had been. They also looked at him, standing there in the stink of the heat and burned powder and blood. He wanted them to go away, but they had seen it all before. It was he who was new. Later, the Vietnamese soldiers would bring their kills out to the road. The children on the way to market would have to pass the bodies.

"She was twelve years old but had a wiser, more reserved way about her than the other children living in the villages or selling sodas along the red clay road. When candy

was thrown from the convoys, she never ran, but only watched out for her younger sister and brother. The medic always looked for her but never brought the Cokes she teased him with. When the infantry closed the road and no more sodas could be sold, he saw her fishing occasionally or carrying firewood from where the American bulldozers had cleared the jungle. They seemed better friends then. He brought her presents at Tet, and she gave him paper flowers when he came the next time. After the battalion moved out, they never saw one another again. Before returning to the United States, he went back to the village, but she was away for the day. Instead, he sat with her brother and sister, who invited him into their thatched home. The village had a solemn quiet and they talked in near whispers. He stayed an hour with them.

"The children were so light compared to the weight of the Americans that the medics had to be careful not to turn too quickly when they carried the stretchers from the helicopters. The thin bodies, smaller still on the green hard canvas, rocked back and forth with each jolt and appeared in danger of sliding off. One night, two girls brought in with shrapnel wounds. The youngest lay without a sound, her stomach hard but only slightly torn. He stayed with her until she went into the operating room, but she did not cry during the long wait. Just the staring eyes, stunned by the pain and unable to close in the glare of the overhead light. She had been asleep when the shells came. In the morning she was dead.

"The children, so young and constant, would have the effect of confronting the soldiers with themselves. Coming back from an operation and seeing them running out to the road, the platoon was faced with something more alive than itself, against which each man would account himself. The dead in the jungle, those the platoon had lost or those it had killed, would come back for that moment. It was an anxious time, waiting for the smile or shout to pull them through the memories.

"After a contact the soldiers would search the bodies looking for souvenirs or materials which might be turned over to some distant information officer. Equipment such as hammocks or shell pouches were distributed according to who had been most involved in the fighting. Once there was a picture of the dead man's child and the medic took that himself. It was a little girl holding a flower and on the back was a delicate sketch of a dove."

HONORING AUNG SAN SUU KYI

HON. MARIO DIAZ-BALART

OF FLORIDA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, April 1, 2009

Mr. MARIO DIAZ-BALART of Florida. Madam Speaker, I rise today to honor Aung San Suu Kyi, prisoner of conscience, peaceful pro-democracy activist, and leader of Burma's National League for Democracy.

In 1989 during a pro-democracy uprising, Aung San Suu Kyi was placed under house arrest. Despite the fact that her party won the election of 1990, the Burmese junta neglected to acknowledge their victory. Aung San Suu Kyi has spent 13 of the last 19 years under house arrest and the junta continues to extend her sentence on a yearly basis. There have been several undertakings to urge her release and just last week, the United Nations condemned her detention, calling it a violation of Burma's own laws.