

IN COMMEMORATION OF MUSIC
LEGEND CHUCK BROWN

HON. CORRINE BROWN

OF FLORIDA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, May 31, 2012

Ms. BROWN of Florida. Mr. Speaker, I rise today on this bitter sweet occasion. My heart goes out to Chuck's family and friends, too numerous to mention, and the City of Washington, DC that mourns with you.

I could not let this moment pass without saying a few words about a man who was a great artist, consummate professional and wonderful man. I have been a public servant for 30 years and I truly believe that to whom much is given, much is expected. Chuck Brown is the ultimate example of that statement.

Chuck believed in giving back to the community. He inspired young people through his mentoring efforts and positive music. His brand of "Go-Go" inspired generations of musicians. Over the past six years I have gained firsthand knowledge of the versatility and vastness of his works as he has performed for me and my colleagues at events surrounding the Congressional Black Caucus Foundation's Annual Legislative Conference as well as the historic inauguration of our current president, President Barrack Obama. At each program the crowds double in capacity making his performance one of the signature events.

I will tell you a funny story about how I discovered Chuck Brown's music. My long time friend and scheduler Darla Smallwood-Wran suggested I consider a local artist for entertainment during an event I host during an annual conference. She played the music for me over the computer and I liked it. Being from Florida, I had never heard of "Go-Go". I was so excited about what I heard that I began to tell my colleagues and friends I was having Chuck Berry performing at my event! My staff quickly corrected me and we all had a good laugh. Then I went to the event and I was filled with the warmth and love of his music and his character. He was always reliable, always professional and he always turned the party out. The only thing he asked in return was to take care of the "family" and the band that travelled with him.

Chuck Brown was the sound of the people. His music transcended generations weaving the best elements of Black music into a sound that called to our African ancestry. Jazz, funk, soul, blues, Latin and African rhythms—Chuck took that new sound with its familiar notes that called to the soul of our people and he called it "Go-Go". He wrapped it up and gifted it to DC and it has been the sound track of the people of DC for more than 30 years.

He was deeply loved and he will be sorely missed. I know, through my faith, that this is a time to rejoice because he has gone home to be with the Father where there is no more pain and suffering. God Bless you all.

PRENATAL NONDISCRIMINATION
ACT (PRENDA) OF 2012

SPEECH OF

HON. BARBARA LEE

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, May 30, 2012

Ms. LEE of California. Mr. Speaker, I'd like to thank Congresswomen DEGETTE and SLAUGHTER, Co-Chairs of the Congressional Pro-Choice Caucus and our colleagues for standing up for women's health today.

As a Member of the Congressional Pro-Choice Caucus and Health Care Task Force Chair of the Congressional Asian Pacific American Caucus, I rise in strong opposition to H.R. 3541.

This bill would do nothing more than lead to the further stigmatization of women—especially Asian-Pacific American women—who seek to exercise their constitutional rights to an abortion.

It is clear that Republicans are not serious about addressing the very real issues of gender discrimination that persist in this country.

Supporters of this bill are exploiting serious issues like racism and sexism to forward their goal of making all abortion illegal.

And we already know that attempts to restrict or deny access to safe abortions is harmful to women's health and would ultimately take us back to the days of back alley abortions.

If this bill passes it would forever change the doctor-patient relationship as we know it, by casting suspicion on doctors that serve communities facing the greatest health disparities—many of which are minority communities.

And this is why the bill is opposed by some 100 organizations, including the American Congress of Obstetricians and Gynecologists; American Public Health Association and the American Society for Reproductive Medicine.

If supporters are serious about advancing the real interests of women, I urge them to vote no on this bill.

THE ARMENIAN GENOCIDE

HON. ADAM B. SCHIFF

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, May 31, 2012

Mr. SCHIFF. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to memorialize and record a courageous story of survival of the Armenian Genocide. The Armenian Genocide, perpetrated by the Ottoman Empire from 1915 to 1923, resulted in the death of 1.5 million Armenian men, women, and children. As the U.S. Ambassador to the Ottoman Empire Henry Morgenthau documented at the time, it was a campaign of "race extermination."

The campaign to annihilate the Armenian people failed, as illustrated by the proud Armenian nation and prosperous diaspora. It is difficult if not impossible to find an Armenian family not touched by the genocide, and while there are some survivors still with us, it is imperative that we record their stories. Through the Armenian Genocide Congressional Record Project, I hope to document the harrowing stories of the survivors in an effort to preserve their accounts and to help educate the Mem-

bers of Congress now and in the future of the necessity of recognizing the Armenian Genocide.

This is one of those stories:

MY GRANDMOTHER ARAXI

This story is dedicated to my children so they may always remember their family heritage. It is in memory of my grandfather and grandmother, Garabed and Araxi Kechbouladian. This is my way to honor them and to immortalize my grandmother's legacy.

My "Nana," Araxi, was born in Zeitoun, in 1914, around the time of the Armenian Genocide. My "Dede," Garabed, was born there as well. He died in the 1960's and my Nana lived with us in Germany until the day she died. One of my most vivid memories of her is her singing a particular song. She used to sing this song often. It is called "Yeraz" which means dream. I remember the first verse word for word. It goes like this, "Yes leheszy me anoush zain, eem zerahzadz mor mod ehr. Paylez neshoul ouraghoutyan. Payz absos vor yeraz ehr." It means, "I heard a sweet voice. It was my mother's. It was a gleam of joy. But, unfortunately, it was just a dream." My grandmother would sing it when she was cooking or doing chores. She would cry every time she sang this song. She had never known her mother and her father. Their names were Neshan and Vartouhy Shanlian.

Nobody knows what really happened to my great grandparents. All my grandmother would tell is that she was about a year old, perhaps a little older, when she was taken to a German orphanage in Lebanon, located somewhere between the cities of Sour and Saida. She thought that it was called Ghazir. She had heard many stories growing up and she believed that her parents were either killed during the massacre, in 1915, or died during the deportation. If the Armenians were not massacred, they were ordered by the Turks to leave their lands and march through the deserts towards Syria. Those marches were called death marches because many perished of dehydration, starvation, and exhaustion. If the march did not kill them, they were going to be killed eventually. This must have been my great grandparents' fate. As for my grandmother, she must have been kept by other Armenians. Eventually, she was given to the Germans who were gathering up orphans at that time.

My great grandparents had seven children. Only four of them survived, my grandmother being the youngest one. Their names were Flora, Maritza, Bedros, Stepan, Hagop, Avedis, and my grandmother Araxi. The siblings surviving the Genocide were Maritza, Avedis, and Hagop. However, my grandmother grew up separated from them in the German-run orphanage. She was found by Badvely Aharonian, a pastor and family friend of the Shanlians. Badvely Aharonian's mission was to seek out and reunite children and family members who were displaced during the deportation. My grandmother was about 11-years-old when the Badvely found her. The only way he recognized my "Nana" was by the name plate that was hung on my then infant grandmother's neck displaying her full name. This was recorded in the orphanage and was the only proof of her family lineage. She was taken to Cypress where she was reunited with her sister Maritza and her brother Avedis. Her brother Hagop had immigrated to France by then and she never got to meet him. It is not known how her brothers, Bedros and Stepan, died. However, the story of her sister, Flora, and the way she died, was well-known and talked about many decades later in the Zeitounzy community.

When my grandmother had her first child, a daughter, her mother-in-law requested that