

IN HONOR OF ELIZABETH JORDAN  
GIBSON

**HON. SANFORD D. BISHOP, JR.**

OF GEORGIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Monday, June 3, 2013*

Mr. BISHOP of Georgia. Mr. Speaker, it is with a heavy heart that I rise today to pay tribute to an outstanding educator and truly one of a kind woman, Mrs. Elizabeth Viola Jordan Gibson. Sadly, Mrs. Gibson passed away on Monday, May 27, 2013. A funeral service will be held on Monday, June 3, 2013 at 12:00 p.m. at the First African Baptist Church in Columbus, Georgia.

The oldest of five children born to Alonza T. Jordan, Sr. and Olive Scott Jordan, Mrs. Gibson was born and reared in Petersburg, Virginia. She graduated with honors from Peabody High School and earned a Bachelor of Arts degree in English from Virginia State College. She earned a Master of Science degree in English Education from Tuskegee Institute. She also studied at Georgia State University and American University.

Mrs. Gibson came to live in Columbus, Georgia when she accompanied her husband, Elwood T. Gibson, Sr., on his military assignment to Fort Benning during World War II. She joined First African Baptist Church and for the next 60 years plus, she served the church faithfully in many capacities, including the Rebekah Missionary Circle, Deaconesses Ministry, and the Music Ministry. In addition to showcasing her lovely voice as a soloist in the Senior and Smithsonian choirs, she served as a director and pianist for the Youth Choir. Due to her devoted leadership and service, the women of First African selected her to chair the Women's Day Program in 1972, and in 2000, the Women's Day Program was dedicated to her. Mrs. Gibson and her husband co-chaired the church's anniversary in 1993.

Mrs. Gibson began her teaching career while still in Virginia and when she moved to Columbus, she taught briefly at South Girard High School in Phenix City, Alabama. Shortly thereafter, she was employed to teach at the historic William Henry Spencer High School in Columbus before joining her husband on a three-year tour in Germany. Extensive travel in Germany, Italy and Austria provided experiences which enhanced her teaching skills upon her return to the Muscogee County School System. In 1968, Mrs. Gibson was one of two black teachers selected to be transferred to Jordan High School when schools in Muscogee County were desegregated. Well respected at Jordan High, she was the faculty sponsor of the Frank David Chapter of the National Honor Society for 14 years until her retirement in 1991, after 42 years as an educator.

Mrs. Gibson was not only an English teacher, she was also a dedicated mentor who taught her students to be of service to others. And she herself epitomized a life of service. She was a Golden Soror and Life Member of Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority, Incorporated. In 1979, she was elected Soror of the Year by the Gamma Tau Omega chapter of Alpha Kappa Alpha and was honored for her 20 years as chairman of the Senior Citizens Luncheon at which time the chapter changed the event's name to the "Elizabeth Gibson Senior Citizens Luncheon." She was a Plat-

inum member of the Links, Incorporated, as well as a member of the Columbus Community Center Board of Directors; Muscogee Retired Educators Association; West Central Georgia Chapter of American Red Cross Board of Directors; and the American Cancer Society Board of Directors. She was also a charter member of the local chapter of Jack and Jill of America, Inc. and the Mr. and Mrs. Club; a member of the Pleasure Seekers Club; was named in the Model Club's first list of "The Columbus Ten Best Dressed Black Women" and was among the club's first "Hall of Fame" inductees. Fondly called "Gip" by her friends, she was known as a shopper extraordinaire.

Mrs. Gibson was preceded in death by her beloved husband of sixty years, Elwood T. Gibson, Sr.; her sister, Mildred J. Campbell; and her brother, Alonza "Buzzy" Jordan, II. She is survived by her children; Olive, Elwood, Andre and Alan; her brothers, Benjamin Jordan and Samuel Jordan; her nine grandchildren and three great-grandchildren; and many other family members and friends.

George Washington Carver once said, "No individual has any right to come into the world and go out of it without leaving behind distinct and legitimate reasons for having passed through it." We are all so blessed that Mrs. Elizabeth Viola Jordan Gibson passed this way and during her life's journey did so much for so many for so long. Her smile, her affectionate mentorship, her beautiful singing voice, and her warm, shining presence will be greatly missed.

Mr. Speaker, my wife Vivian and I, along with the more than 700,000 people of the Second Congressional District salute Mrs. Gibson for her outstanding achievements, service, and public distinction. I ask my colleagues in the House of Representatives to join us in extending our deepest condolences to Mrs. Gibson's family, friends and the Columbus, Georgia community during this difficult time. We pray that they will be consoled and comforted by an abiding faith and the Holy Spirit in the days, weeks and months ahead.

WITNESSES TO TIANANMEN  
SQUARE

**HON. FRANK R. WOLF**

OF VIRGINIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Monday, June 3, 2013*

Mr. WOLF. Mr. Speaker, following is the article I referred to earlier today in my one-minute speech.

[From the Washington Post, June 2, 2013]

WITNESSES TO TIANANMEN SQUARE STRUGGLE  
WITH WHAT TO TELL THEIR CHILDREN

(By William Wan)

BEIJING.—From a young age, Qi Zhiyong's daughter asked him how he lost his leg.

To everyone else in the world, Qi always responded to the question with an unflinching, often angry, answer: He lost his left leg when soldiers fired on him and other unarmed civilians during protests at Tiananmen Square in one of modern history's most brutal crackdowns.

But when his daughter asked, Qi choked back the words.

"I lost it in an accident," he mumbled for years.

The lie, however, burned at him, he said.

In the 2½ decades since the protests' violent end, China's government has largely scrubbed Tiananmen from history. Bullet holes on the streets of Beijing have long been patched over. The government has barred any independent inquiry and censored all mention online. Instead, Tiananmen Square has been reduced to a single euphemistic sentence in most school textbooks, making vague reference to "political turbulence in 1989."

But for those who were part of the student-led protests against government repression and corruption, those dark morning hours of June 4, 1989, remain etched in memory and, in cases like Qi's, on their bodies. That generation must now decide what to tell their children about that day, if anything at all.

For many, the decision is colored by how their own views have changed over time. In interviews with more than a dozen survivors, a few wondered whether the democratic cause they fought for was misguided by youthful passion. Others have won asylum abroad, and when they talk of Tiananmen to their children, it is as history—just one part of their life's larger story.

But the dilemma is often more complicated for those who remain in China, where public mention of Tiananmen can result in government retribution. To this day, officials maintain that the decision was necessary for stability, and the anniversary is marked with thousands of police officers patrolling the square and chasing off journalists.

Those who have found successful careers in business, law and academia often talk of it only in private, fearful of consequences for themselves and their offspring.

Even some of those who have soldiered on as activists deliberately say little of Tiananmen to their children, who grow up not fully understanding why police barge into their homes each year as the anniversary approaches to interrogate and spirit away their parents for weeks without explanation. Some children experience restrictions and warnings at school.

For most parents, it comes down to a choice between protecting their children from the past or passing on dangerous and bitter truths about the authoritarian society they continue to live under.

It is something Qi and his wife have wrestled with throughout their 14-year-old daughter's life. The two have fought so often and so heatedly on the subject that neither dares mention 1989 at home anymore.

"THE VEIL WAS LIFTED"

A 33-year-old construction worker at the time of the Tiananmen protests, Qi took a detour that night toward the central Beijing square with co-workers out of curiosity, not activism. Qi, who later converted to Christianity, now likens the moment that troops fired without warning at the crowd around him to a baptism of sorts.

"The veil was lifted from my eyes, and I saw the party for what it really was," he said.

In the hospital, he said, as doctors tried to salvage his bullet-torn left thigh, he took a purple antiseptic liquid and, to their chagrin, angrily scrawled on his leg: "This bullet belongs to the Communist Party's army."

After the amputation, he was forced to give up his construction job and has not found work since. By the time Qi Ji was born in 1998, her father had become a full-time activist, protesting the government's maltreatment of the disabled and democracy advocates, along with other human rights abuses.

Qi's wife warned him early on: Say what you want about the government to everyone else, but Ji is too young. Why create problems for her, his wife argued. Why poison her against the society she must live in?