

Teresa's was My Dad's parish for more than 70 years—A Navaho boy—he bought a four-bedroom house all the way across the street on Pawnee Parkway before they were married—and St. Teresa's became Mom's parish too! As with so many things in our parent's lives and loves together—Mom made it her own—she is rightly remembered for her leadership and involvement in so much of St. Teresa's history—Msgr. Toomey's Golden Jubilee, the first St. Teresa's Restoration campaign—with Fr. Berg—another success as we can see.

Mom and Dad organized the hot dog concession for the Annual Comeback Run and I know people came back—for Mom's brownies—which she would offer with every hot dog sold! She was a lecturer for many years—so standing here—where she stood many times before—feels very right.

Our family thanks all of you here today. We know you share our loss—one of my great friends said "thanks for sharing your Mom with me." There was no choice—My Mother's life was and her legacy will be about sharing. Her devotion to countless classmates and neighbors, her friends and the friends of her children was imbedded into her very being—it was not what she did—it was who she was!

She gave of herself—listening, organizing, collecting for a worthy cause, her talents—singing Danny Boy—always a favorite, fashion show commentating, the wearing of the hats, the baking of the brownies, the donating of the dollars—in fact, we realize our true inheritance is all the good she did—because her money went to so many of you here today—a dollar here, five dollars there—that really adds up, you know).

She gave her heart—when she had her heart attack in 1994—her grandson, James—just a little guy then—said—Gram's heart hurts—because she loves too much—and now, all of our hearts hurt because we loved her so much.

And we have to hurt—but we also must give thanks! If that fact escaped any of our attention—it was Thanksgiving Day when the Buffalo News printed her beautiful picture and life story.

We give thanks for Patricia Doyle born almost 76 years ago to Mike and Gert Doyle of South Park Avenue. At 14, her world would be forever changed by the death of her father—she would have to go to work at Cecil's dress shop every day after class at her beloved Mt. Mercy Academy to help make ends meet—and dreams of college and a teaching career were ended.

Her life was not to be an easy one—but she made it easy for all of us. She was not a teacher by trade—but our greatest teacher by example—she became a legal secretary where many a Judge and co-worker told us—they worked for Mrs. Kane. She would always say the greatest gift you can give your child is to teach them empathy—understanding the feeling of others—and oh, how she understood.

We give thanks for Patricia Doyle whose goodness and beauty caught the eye and heart of a young man named Donald F. Kane—56 years ago—husband and wife for 52 years—wonderful parents and best friends whose mutual respect for each other made them even more successful as individuals. We strive to be better husbands and wives, better parents and friends—better at whatever we do in the workplace—because of their example.

We give thanks for the best Mother and Mother-in-Law, making us each feel special as individuals but showing us nothing is more important than family. Mom to six, Mother-in-Law to five, Grandma Kano to 14, Sis to two brothers whom she loved so much, a Sister-in-Law who became a good friend and confidant, a Cousin who became an older

sister, Aunt Pat to many and 'Chubby Cheeks' to some.

Our Mother always said, "Make a Difference in this World." And we give thanks for the difference she made in all of our lives.

We give thanks to a woman ahead of her time who was always a lady—a politically savvy partner with my Dad—a politically active person on her own—she knew who she was and what she stood for, stayed loyal when it would have been easier to bend, a truth teller—even when we on the receiving end did not always ask for it or want to hear it when it was given—She never had a driver's license—but how she drove us all to be better than we otherwise would have been—A special friend said—"she had the guts to say whatever was on her mind and the integrity to get away with it."

We give thanks for her words—left to us to read, remember, treasure and share. Before there was E-Mail there was "Mom-mail!" Can you imagine the discipline (which I do not have) it took to put paper in the typewriter—with not an insert or delete button in sight—and type out her thoughts to you perfectly—perhaps include an article she clipped or currency for a special treat—what was better than knowing you got a letter from Mom, Grandma Kano, Aunt Pat or Mrs. Kane.

Let me restate that—not all letters brought good news—some brought "constructive criticism," some brought fashion tips including Dr. Scholl's footpads for all of us before a family wedding.

Words were my Mother's actions and her strength. Her own experiences were an endless well of hope and faith, a simple, powerful reminder that you were not alone!

We give thanks for my Mother's love of holidays—and how she helped us get through our first Thanksgiving without her physically present—yet her presence filled the day. We were at my house—watching football, taking the kids to St. Tommy's gym, making fun of me being in the kitchen—and after dinner—Gramps called us together and—told the Grandkids how Grandma Kano talked about what she wanted to do for them for Christmas this year. And of course what she talked about doing—she did—and so—

Gramps called each of them by name and gave them an envelope from Grandma. Tears and thanks were followed by lots of stories and reading from a few of her letters—it is only right to leave you with the words of Patricia Kane—I will read the words but it is her voice I know that you will hear.

"Keep doing what you think is right and realize that not everyone will agree with you. Put a smile on your face—even in the darkest of days, you found Mom with a smile throughout her whole life. Smiles make everyone feel good—yourself and the one to whom the smile is given. God Bless You—keep your head high and your mind ever working and your spirit with God, He will help you every step of the way—I am proof positive of that statement—I love you today and always."

Thank You Mom—We love you today and always!

PERSONAL EXPLANATION

HON. MARK GREEN

OF WISCONSIN

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, December 7, 2005

Mr. GREEN of Wisconsin. Mr. Speaker, I was absent from Washington on Tuesday, December 6, 2005. As a result, I was not re-

corded for rollcall votes No. 609, No. 610 and No. 611. Had I been present, I would have voted aye on rollcall No. 609, No. 610 and No. 611.

IN MEMORY OF GURDEV SINGH SANDHU

HON. EDOLPHUS TOWNS

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, December 7, 2005

Mr. TOWNS. Mr. Speaker, I was recently informed of the passing of Gurdev Singh Sandhu at the young age of 62. I would like to extend my sympathies to his family and friends. He is survived by his wife Jaswant Kaur Sandhu, whom he married in 1974, his daughters Samreet and Ramneek, his son Sanmeet, his son-in-law Jason Pavlak, and his grandson London Singh Pavlak.

Gurdev Singh Sandhu was a very passionate supporter of Sikh freedom. He came to this country at age 18 and attended Wayne State University. He worked at many careers, including working as an engineer at Motown Records, working at DEA, employment as an engineer at General Dynamics, and a Quality Manager at Thyssen-Krupp Budd Company. He even had a couple of businesses of his own. He was very involved with his children, helping with homework, coaching Little League Baseball, teaching them to ride a bike, and so many other activities. He designed the house where he and his wife lived.

In his last few years, Gurdev Singh Sandhu had learned to play golf, worked in his garden, was active at a local gym, and worked in his yard and on various home-improvement projects. He had recently built a deck and designed his new garage.

Gurdev Singh Sandhu was a strong supporter of the cause of Sikh freedom and the Sikh homeland, Khalistan. He had hoped to live to see Khalistan free. Hopefully, even though he won't be around to see it, this dream will be achieved in very short order.

Again, Mr. Speaker, I would like to extend my condolences to Mr. Sandhu's family and friends and I know that the Members of this House join me in that. May God bless him.

IN TRIBUTE TO MRS. EDITH A. GRAY, DISTINGUISHED CONECHU COUNTY EDUCATOR

HON. TERRY EVERETT

OF ALABAMA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, December 7, 2005

Mr. EVERETT. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to pay tribute to the long service of a distinguished Conecuh County citizen who has contributed to the education of many in Southeast Alabama. Mrs. Edith A. Gray, who turned 95 this year, is truly an inspiration of community service.

A native of Galveston, Texas, Mrs. Gray received her educational training in 1940 at Tuskegee Institute. Already teaching even before she obtained her B.S. degree, Mrs. Gray dedicated over four decades of her life to educating others at Conecuh County Training School.