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I therefore proclaim August 29, 1998 "V-103 FM and WGCI AM/FM Unity Day 1998 in Chicago".

#### HONORING MARIA OSUNA VALDEZ FOR OUTSTANDING CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE COMMUNITY

##### HON. ESTEBAN EDWARD TORRES

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, August 6, 1998

Mr. TORRES. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize Maria Osuna Valdez for her life long commitment to being a role model citizen and exemplary woman.

Maria was born on March 6, 1914, in San Ignacio, Sinaloa, Mexico. She was the fourth of five children to Eufemio Osuna and Magdalena Escobosa de Osuna. After her parents' death, Maria, then 16 years of age, went to live with her sister, Magdalena.

While living in the mining town of El Tambor, Mexico, Maria met and married Miguel Arrellano Valdez. In 1946, after having worked in the silver mines for many years, Miguel, an American citizen, moved back to the United States. Miguel went ahead to begin working and Maria stayed with their children before moving to Tijuana, Mexico, to begin preparing for their journey to the United States. In 1957, after much work and sacrifice, the Valdez family moved into their home in Montebello, California. Maria, with the help of the older children managed the family while Miguel worked in Los Angeles.

Maria was a homemaker who took care of their eight children. She supervised their activities while Miguel often worked double shifts. Their children were their pride and inspiration. They instilled in them the American Dream, strong religious beliefs and family values. All eight of their children graduated from institutions of higher learning and were exemplary citizens. After Miguel's death in 1987, Maria continued to guide and encourage their children and grandchildren and to instill in them the high expectations of the Valdez family.

Mr. Speaker, on Sunday, May 3, 1998, Maria passed away after a long illness at her home in Montebello, California. A 45 year resident of Montebello, Maria was devoted to her Catholic faith, her husband, her children and grandchildren. She is survived by her children Beatrice, Rudolph, Gloria, Ofelia, Michael, William, Robert, George; her brother Oscar; and 22 grandchildren and one great-grandson. Maria left her family a legacy of undying love, a devotion to her faith and a deep sense of family values. I ask my colleagues to join me in honoring Maria Osuna Valdez for being an outstanding resident of Montebello, California.

#### THOMAS AND MIRIAM RYAN: A CELEBRATION OF THEIR 40TH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

##### HON. JAMES L. OBERSTAR

OF MINNESOTA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, August 6, 1998

Mr. OBERSTAR. Mr. Speaker, anniversaries are special, treasured milestones in life, a time

to gather family, friends, and loved ones to remember, re-live, rejoice and to share. One such special milestone was the celebration of the fortieth wedding anniversary of Tom and Miriam Ryan, on July 25, 1998, in Pine City, Minnesota.

Dozens of Tom and Miriam's friends joined their 82 children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren for a spiritually uplifting mass at Immaculate Conception Church in Pine City and a joyous reception—lunch at the Rock Creek City Center, to re-live and remember. Tom and Miriam's inspiring forty years together.

I have known and loved this special couple and their beautiful family for over thirty years, and felt very privileged to participate in their remarkable festivity. I was profoundly moved by the outpouring of love and joy from all who shared with Tom and Miriam their anniversary, whose spirituality and majesty were best summed up in Fr. Michael J. Lyons' homily and the children's Tribute, both delivered at the mass, and which I ask unanimous consent to include in the RECORD, in the expectation that Americans everywhere will be ennobled and inspired by Tom and Miriam Ryan's beautiful example of life together.

HOMILY FOR THE FORTIETH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY OF THOMAS AND MIRIAM RYAN IMMACULATE CONCEPTION CATHOLIC CHURCH, PINE CITY, MINNESOTA, JULY 25, 1998

Forty years together in a union so time-prone as that of marriage calls for a special sort of celebration. And for once time is not the enemy but the celebration.

The combined ages of those gathered here is testament to the influence of the union of Tom and Miriam that took place forty years ago. Their previous marriages to spouses who predeceased their present union and whose memory they continue to cherish, along with the large number of children to whom they have given life and love, suggest that this fortieth anniversary is neither silver or golden, it must surely be considered platinum. And as is the case in the mining and processing of precious metals, the years have given Tom and Miriam their share of Gethsemane to remove the dross of selfishness and produce the kind of union they have achieved. All things considered, time has assayed their marriage and has marked it as genuine.

A fortieth wedding anniversary reminds us that the marriage covenant is not an instant achievement. As we say, the wedding may be for a day but the marriage is for a lifetime. Marriage calls for love, forgiveness, sacrifice, loyalty, faith and courage in shaping these virtues and through them the ongoing work in progress.

We live in an age however, when it is all too easy to forget the constant faithfulness of the heart and the single-minded dedication that are needed to arrive at this hour of recognition and acclaim. Instant food and communications, the immediate availability of so many consumer goods, masks the care and well-planned preparation and personal attention that the union of marriage demands. French fries are a long way from the care and preparation that mashed potatoes need. And cell-phones do not replace the time and companionship that the friendship and intimacy of marriage requires. And I might add, no one can replace parents in the task of forming children in the values that ultimately matter.

Incidentally, my personal experience of Miriam's cuisine is surely symbolic in the truest sense of the self-giving that is so characteristic of her marriage to Tom, most no-

tably during his recent illness. I cherish the memory of the Sunday brunches at their home in Pine City, the silver cutlery, the linen and fine delft, the overall ambiance but most especially the food prepared and arranged with the touch of the excellent visual artist that she is, and always in the tradition of French cooking of course. Considering which, the notion of "french fries" does seem to be a contradiction in terms!

Tom's dedication to Miriam too is a noteworthy as his compassion as a lawyer and politician for the poor and those who suffer injustice in any way. This compassion of his does not flow only from the genetic heritage of his revered uncle Monsignor John A. Ryan. An unrequited democrat—the Minnesota kind—Tom Ryan's concern flows also from his unwavering commitment to the preferential place which the poor are meant to enjoy in the mission and ministry of the Catholic Church, most especially perhaps here in America. Something which the Church needs to reconsider in its list of priorities frequently.

In any case, keeping in mind that marriage is always a work of grace in progress, we are celebrating what is hopefully some experience of Mount Tabor for Tom and Miriam on this their fortieth anniversary.

In this regard, I am reminded of another anniversary I was privileged to celebrate with my parents some seven years ago, a moment of quiet wonder and thankfulness for them and for every member of the family involved. I remember especially the way in which my parents seemed to be tolerantly amused by all the fuss, sensing at times our tendency to celebrate them as trophies. After all their love did survive the raising of myself! Behind their bemusement however, I sensed a secret quality to their happiness that not even their children could know, but which they would hopefully discover in their own marriages in due course; a subject of their constant prayer I suspect.

Children it seems nearly always think of their parents as existing only from the time they have known them. Like my parents however, Tom and Miriam share times and secrets and memories that are theirs and only theirs. In Yeats' words they too: . . . have found the best that life can give./ Companionship in those mysterious things/ That make a man's soul or a woman's soul/ Itself and not some other soul.

And so, Miriam and Tom, in the words of Paul to the Corinthians—one of our chosen Scriptures for your anniversary—because of the patience and kindness of your mutual love, its humility and forgiveness, your care and compassion for your families and for all of us, we know that the ageless Christ is with us here, joyful too over all that his grace and presence have worked in you. That miracle is surely encouragement and assurance to younger couples—and God knows they need it—that His grace is always sufficient to the fulfillment of their desires and dreams. Certainly, as the Gospel of John suggests, you have proven yourselves as Christ's special friends. You have been faithful to His trust and to each other's.

We celebrate you and we bless you! Rev. Michael J. Lyons, Pastor.

#### TRIBUTE TO MOM & DAD

Once upon a time there was a widowed man with five children; they called him dad; and a widowed woman with seven children they called mom.

On October 4, 1958 they got married; soon there were two more children, becoming a blended family of 16. Through a lot of faith, dedication, hard work and love, the family thrived.

We are here today to celebrate the union of these two people and the beautiful example

of love and family which is their legacy. There were 14 children, and so far 40 grandchildren and 31 great grandchildren. One son, one grandson and one great granddaughter are here with us in the spirit of peace and love from heaven above.

Mom is known for her gourmet meals that always includes dessert and a table set for royalty even night designated as "must go", which means everything in the refrigerator must go. These meals boasted of concoctions fit for kings and the presentations always to match.

Grocery shopping was always a major ordeal. Dad and Mary would often times go together—filling two or more grocery carts brimming full. Trying to find places for it all at home was much like the politics we were thrown into. They shopped liberally and had to put it away conservatively.

Speaking of politics, life with dad is always politically charged. I'm not sure if it's because he's a lawyer, his strong Irish Heritage, or he just loves talking. The more controversial and politically charged the better.

There were always parades to walk with stickers and brochures to hand out, door knocking campaigns for dad or some other worthy candidate. It was expected of us much like a farmer expecting his children to help out on the farm.

A family our size has required us to cooperate, share and be creative. Family vacations and rides in the car were a real test of that. "It's my turn to sit by the window, you're touching me, or you're in my space" were common grumblings ending up in pinching matches and angry words. Long trips required a cooler of sandwiches and beverages eating in the car on a stop at a roadside picnic area. Sleeping in the car required further division of the minimal car space. Two got the floor usually by screaming dibs first! That was a real treat because you had twice the room of the 3 or 4 sitting behind you on the seat. But if you got pushy or crabby you ended up in the front seat with mom and dad—that was really bad. By the way dad, you can get a smaller car now.

When we thought things were tough or unfair for us mom always told us "offer it up and you'll go straight to heaven". You can guess how much credence that held with five 6 to 13 year-olds. Then there was the now famous saying of mom's when we would say something she thought was really dumb . . . "Don't talk like a sausage". To give you an idea of the incredible wisdom we held as children we never questioned that saying. Only as an adult did I wonder how a sausage sounded and how stupid we were to believe a sausage talked.

Weekend trips often include a caravan of family cars following our leader, Dad. He drives fast so he's hard to keep up with, but you can always count on catching up to him because he most often makes a Dairy Queen stop . . . his car seems to smell them out. He never hears a single complaint.

Through the years mom tried to find ways to help with the clothing needs of so many young teenage girls. There was Beeline home clothing partyshows . . . no need to hire a model, all she had to do was bribe me with new clothes. Actually I loved doing it! The Chic Shoppe came later. A dream of mom's. A women's brand name clothing store with sizes to fit women and teens. What a boon for the four teen girls at the time. I think it was more a dream for us than for her; though she kept a good handle on her inventory.

Dad is always one to be in the forefront of technology, first in the neighborhood to get a color tv, vcr, or videocassette recorder. I often wonder how such an intelligent person can be so electronically progressive and not have a clue on how to keep his tv remote control programmed or run his telephone an-

swering machine. But then there is a time for everything and maybe that's one reason why he has so many children.

Leisure activities always included games for the whole family. Evening ping pong matches were common, as were card games for those deemed able. You knew you came of age in this family when you were included in the weekend card games, buck eucker, hearts and bridge, to name of a few. This was the true passing into adulthood!

Dad, you have continued to inspire your children through your example of lifelong learning, and many of us have stepped forward to follow in your steps and have sought and gotten degrees as adults.

Mom, your appreciation of art and the beauty you alone are able to create on paper and canvas makes it a joy. To see your newest creations puts such pride in our hearts. Some of your children and grandchildren have been blessed with your artful talent. We see the beauty in life because of you!

Experiences both good and bad have a part in shaping who we each are and have become. Thank you, mom and dad, for loving each other in sickness and in health, through good and bad, and for living life to the fullest. You have laid both the foundation of life, as a married couple, and our strong family values. You can be proud!

As dad always says, "It's hard to be humble when you're perfect in every way". Isn't it?

#### PATIENTS' BILL OF RIGHTS

#### HON. GREG GANSKE

OF IOWA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, August 6, 1998

Mr. GANSKE. Mr. Speaker, soon the House will adjourn for the August District Work Period. Members will scatter to the four corners of the nation and return to their hometowns.

Over the next month, we will have the time to speak with our constituents at countless county and state fairs, town hall meetings, and other gatherings, both formal and informal. It will be an opportunity for us to communicate what we have done and for the voters to tell us what they would like Congress to do.

I think that we will find it next to impossible to pick up a newspaper or hold a town meeting without hearing another story about how a managed care plan denied someone life-saving treatment.

And no public comment poll could convey the depth of emotion about this issue as well as movie audiences around the country who spontaneously clapped and cheered Helen Hunt's obscenity-laced description of her HMO.

Mr. Speaker, I rise today to offer some thoughts on what we are likely to hear from our constituents about this issue over the next month.

Two weeks ago, the House approved a Republican Task Force bill which was advertised as addressing consumer complaints about HMOs. But, Mr. Speaker, I think an examination of the fine print is in order, particularly when we compare it to the Patients' Bill of Rights, a bi-partisan proposal I support which has been endorsed by close to 200 national groups of patients and providers.

Last year, Congress and the President were able to reach agreement on a plan to save Medicare from bankruptcy. Included in that package were several provisions to protect

seniors enrolled in Medicare HMOs. One of the most important was language to ensure that health plans pay for visits to the emergency room.

We had heard frequent complaints that health plans were denying payment if the individual was found, in the end, not to have had a condition requiring ER care. The best example is the man who experiences crushing chest pain. The American Heart Association says that is a sign of a possible heart attack and urges immediate medical attention.

Fortunately, there are other causes of crushing chest pains, but seniors whose EKG were negative were being stuck with a bill for the emergency room care, since, in retrospect, the HMO said it was not an emergency after all.

The Medicare law passed last year took care of this problem, by ensuring that plans paid for emergency room services if a "prudent layperson" would have thought a visit to the ER was needed. This prevented the sort of "hindsight is 20-20" coverage denials that consumers had complained about.

The Patient Bill of Rights, which I support, would have extended the same protections to consumers in all health plans. Instead, the Republican Task Force bill passed by the House contains a watered-down version of the prudent lay person rule.

On Tuesday, the *New York Times* published an excellent article by their noted health reporter, Robert Pear. In it, Mr. Pear outlined just how different the protections in the Republican Task Force Bill are from those we passed for Medicare and Medicaid.

A key difference is exactly how much patients will have to pay for emergency care. The Patients' Bill of Rights, which I supported, provides that patients could not be charged more money if they seek care in a non-network emergency room.

By contrast, the Republican Task Force allows the health plan to impose higher costs on those who are so careless as to allow emergencies to befall them in places not close to a network-affiliated hospital!

Mr. Speaker, consider what this means. HMOs require enrollees to use certain hospitals, because the plan has some financial arrangement with them.

But when a young child splits his head open by falling down a flight of stairs, I fail to see that any good is served by giving patients a financial incentive to delay care until they can get to one of the HMOs own emergency rooms.

Consider the case of James Adams. Age: six months. At 3:30 in the morning, his mother Lamona found James hot, panting, and moaning. His temperature was 104 F.

Lamona called her HMO and was told to take James to Scottish Rite Medical Center. "That's the only hospital I can send you to," the Medicare nurse added.

"How do we get there?" Lamona asked.

"I don't know," the nurse said. "I'm not good at directions."

About 20 miles into their ride, they passed Emory University's hospital, a renowned pediatric center. Nearby were two more of Atlanta's leading hospitals, Georgia Baptist and Grady Memorial.

But they didn't have permission to stop there and pressed on. They had 232 more miles to travel to get to Scottish Rite.

While searching for Scottish Rite, James' heart stopped. When James and Lamona