

in his 90 years of life, more than most of us. He lived everyday with passion to do his best and to be happy. He is now on his journey into somewhere we will all meet again.

A successful businessman, loving father, and community icon, Andy was indeed a talented man of courage and integrity. His character, love of life, enthusiasm and selflessness were felt by all who knew him. It is individuals like Andy that make our Nation a sought-after home for those with a dream. My thoughts and prayers are with family, and everyone who has enjoyed Andy's hospitality and a meal at one of his restaurants. May the memory of Andy live on in our hearts.

HONORING ELIZABETH JONES

HON. HENRY C. "HANK" JOHNSON, JR.

OF GEORGIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, June 5, 2014

Mr. JOHNSON of Georgia. Mr. Speaker, I submit the following Proclamation.

Whereas, A virtuous woman of God accepted her calling to serve in the Educational System; and

Whereas, Ms. Elizabeth Jones began her educational career in teaching thirty-five (35) years ago, and this year she retires from teaching at Stephenson Middle School in Stone Mountain, Georgia, she has served the DeKalb County School District well and our community has been blessed through her service; and

Whereas, this phenomenal woman has shared her time and talents as a Teacher, Educator and Motivator, giving the citizens of Georgia a person of great worth, a fearless leader, a devoted scholar and a servant to all who want to advance the lives of our youth; and

Whereas, Ms. Jones is formally retiring from her educational career today, she will continue to promote education because she is a cornerstone in our community that has enhanced the lives of thousands for the betterment of our District and Nation; and

Whereas, the U.S. Representative of the Fourth District of Georgia has set aside this day to honor and recognize Ms. Elizabeth Jones on her retirement from the DeKalb County School District and to wish her well in her new endeavors; now therefore, I, HENRY C. "HANK" JOHNSON, Jr. do hereby proclaim May 25, 2014 as Ms. Elizabeth Jones Day in the 4th Congressional District of Georgia.

Proclaimed, this 25th day of May, 2014.

HONORING THEODOSIA MURPHY NOLAN

HON. TIM GRIFFIN

OF ARKANSAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, June 5, 2014

Mr. GRIFFIN of Arkansas. Mr. Speaker, today I submit the homily of Theodosia Murphy Nolan, a legendary Arkansas business-woman and philanthropist, delivered on May 28, 2014, and authored by her godson, the Reverend Doctor Christoph Keller III.

Theodosia; from theos (God) and dosis (gift). "Gift of God."

As Jesus was passing through Samaria, he met a woman at a well. Thirsty, he asked for water. "Who are you," she said, "a Jew, a man, asking me, a woman of Samaria, for water?" That's when he said: "If you knew the gift of God, and who it is that asks you for a drink, he would give you living water." If you knew the Gift of God. If you knew Theodosia.

If you knew Theodosia, then you know the story; that her father was already forty-five, her mother thirty—old for those days—when they married; that in the first two pregnancies, they lost their baby. Now came a daughter, beautiful and healthy. With thankful hearts, they named her Theodosia.

You know that she grew up gentle, respectful and devoted to her parents, but not meek; that at sixteen, she owned and flew an airplane, setting a dangerous example for her sister, in the opinion of my father; and that at eighteen, she married William, over objections from her parents. She was too young; about William, there were questions. As she stood her ground opposite her parents, she was being every inch their daughter. Firm and loving, they gave their children rope to make and accept the consequences of their own decisions. It was her life and she would get to live it as she saw fit.

So how did she live it? As a firm and loving wife and mother, devoted to her family—and with William, who was a keeper.

If you knew Theodosia, you know Bubba. For our guests, Bubba is our term of endearment for Bertie Wilson Murphy, Theodosia's mother. I guess Charlie Nolan must have been the first to call her that. Eventually, Bubba was her name to everyone in El Dorado.

When Bubba died almost forty years ago, Theodosia—now "Dosa," thanks to Diny—assumed the matriarchal mantle for our wider family, including siblings Charles, Polly and Bertie, plus all their progeny and in-laws. Ours has been a fruitful, multiplying clan, now sprawled out across the planet from Seattle to Beirut. The family center, though, is here in El Dorado: 900 N. Madison, where you can dangle your feet in the pool, sucking scuppernongs and muscadines.

If you've read King Lear, or Faulkner, or Genesis and 2nd Samuel, or the Wall Street Journal, or watched Dallas, then you should know that life in families isn't simple, necessarily.

Theodosia, however, doesn't bring to mind the complexity of family life. She represents its grace. It was Robert Frost who said: "Home is the place where, when you have to go there, they have to take you in." True enough, I suppose, but it doesn't capture Theodosia. With her, you wanted to go there and she wanted to take you in. She wanted to feed you a heart-healthy breakfast: quail and scrambled eggs, Talla Bena sausage with a side order of bacon, pancakes with Ribbon Cane syrup (maple syrup only if you begged, served with a slight frown of disapproval). She wanted you to plop down beside her on the couch, get comfortable, and tell her the latest chapter of your story. She would know that you weren't telling her the whole truth. You would know that, even if you did, she would love you. There was nothing you could do or say that would warrant expulsion. You were family, period.

A word to my younger Nolan cousins: I used the word "grace." If you have heard that word and wondered what it means, then think of where you stood with Dosa.

Remember your worst day. You know that on that day she still loved you. That is grace. Jesus made that point through parables, like the prodigal son returning to his father. You can understand the father in that parable just by knowing Dosa. Once you understand that father, you know God.

The force of Theodosia's presence and example on our family history is impossible to calculate, but I am thinking that her impact was enormous. After everything, and no small thanks to her, we know our family as a blessing. We won't let it be less.

If you knew Theodosia, you know that, not only was she devoted to a family, she was devoted to a place: El Dorado, Arkansas.

Let's think on this place. Growing up in Arkansas, we learn early on of our three distinct geological regions: mountains to the north and west, delta to the east and, in between, spreading south from Little Rock, the gulf coastal plane. Of the three regions, this is the one that seems to have lacked a national identity: Hillbillies, they know, delta planters, they know, but who are we?

Well, there is a lot of wood, so I will start with that. Wood means deer, and I will mention that. Then came oil. My wife Julie recently took on a project to salvage and restore a Steinway piano at Central High School in Little Rock. This instrument had been purchased for the school in 1927. Julie tracked down the original Steinway distributor's ledger that recorded the sale. That particular ledger page shows 73 sales from throughout the Mid-South. Looking it over, Julie noticed a sale, December 28, 1926, to Bertie Wilson Murphy. When Julie showed me her find, I noticed that, of the entries on that page, no fewer than twenty were to buyers in El Dorado, Arkansas. It made perfect sense! The Busey-Armstrong well came in 1921. Through the twenties, El Dorado was a boomtown. What are you going to do with all that new money? The good citizens of El Dorado were going to purchase Steinways, which we now know is what people did with extra cash before the invention of the bass boat. Just three weeks ago, Julie brought that ledger down to 900 North Madison and showed it to Theodosia. They sat down on the couch beside Bubba's Steinway, and Julie caught Theodosia up on Keller family stories.

El Dorado's early glory day was back before the great depression. Even then, it would not have been the kind of town that is full of its own importance. There are such places. Great ladies in such places are not called Bubba. I have lived in such places and I appreciated and enjoyed them. But they don't care. They don't need our loyalty and love. If we want the kind of instant self-esteem they offer, we can have it just by living there. They give us that, needing nothing in return. These places are in New York or California. I am told there may be some in Texas. They are not in Arkansas. They are not El Dorado.

The big oil play petered out and the economics of the region began to favor dispersion: raise your kids and send them off, pack up the Steinways and move on. But El Dorado defied that fate with muscular determination, as well as cultured sensibility and aesthetic flair. Does that sound like anyone we know?

As much as Theodosia's love for family was unconditional, so was her commitment to South Arkansas. The taxes are a little higher here than Florida or Texas, the lights a little brighter in New York, but she belonged to El Dorado, case closed. She stayed put, as did her brother; and, as they insisted, so did the companies they founded. So Madison stayed too, with Suzanne; and Bill, with Deborah; and Bob with Candi, and in came Claiborne with Elaine; now Raymond with Liza; and back come Mike and Sydney. And now El Dorado is recognized throughout the country as the town where anyone and everyone can get a college education. There are no such towns in Texas, New York or California. El Dorado has an impressive new identity; and a remarkable town square; and