

Mr. REID. Mr. President, I now ask unanimous consent to proceed to Calendar No. 340, H.R. 3221, and I suggest the absence of a quorum.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The clerk will call the roll.

The legislative clerk proceeded to call the roll.

Mr. REID. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent the order for the quorum call be rescinded.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

MORNING BUSINESS

Mr. REID. Mr. President, I ask now that there be a period of morning business, with Senators permitted to speak therein for a period of up to 10 minutes each.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

SPRINGTIME AND EASTER

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, this week, as the Senate debates proposed changes to the budget resolution, our minds are focused keenly on the pros and cons of various amendments and on the consequences of the budget resolution for the authorization and appropriations process that lies ahead. We have much to do this year, and less time than usual in which to do it.

Personally, I am glad to be back amid the controlled chaos of the annual budget debate. As many people know, I fell last week. Fortunately, I only gave my back a good wrench, but my family and my doctors insisted on a lot of care and physical therapy, which was both therapeutic and frustrating. I do not like to be poked and prodded and cajoled any more than the next person, especially after I begin to feel better and am ready to get back to work. Nevertheless, the rest did let me spend a little time staring out the windows, watching the beauty of springtime steal across Washington. I hope that each of my colleagues will have a chance to enjoy the springtime show as the Senate breaks for the Easter recess.

This year, the vernal equinox falls in the middle of the Easter Holy Week, on Maundy Thursday. Therefore, the first day of spring is also the day that marks the Last Supper between Jesus and his disciples, the evening before the crucifixion Good Friday and the miracle of resurrection on Easter Sunday. It is fitting that the dawning of the spring and the resurrection of Christ occur in close conjunction. Both events celebrate renewal and rebirth, the awakening of new life. I, too, feel a sense of renewal this year, of restored health and energy that only enhances my usual affection for the springtime of year.

I welcome spring with the words of the English poet, William Blake (1757–1827) in his poem, “To Spring:”

O thou with dewy locks, who lookest down

Through the clear windows of the morning,
turn

Thine angel eyes upon our western isle,
Which in full chorus hails thy approach, O
Spring!

The hills tell one another, and the listening
Valleys hear; all our longing eyes are turn'd
Up to thy bright pavilions: issue forth
And let thy holy feet visit our clime!

Next week, as Christians step through the liturgical calendar of Easter, observing and commemorating great events of two millennia past, the occupants of the northern hemisphere also count down the days to Spring. In these first warm and fragrant days, we can most fully appreciate the beauty of the season, so easily compared to the cold and wet weather of the previous weeks. With each trumpeting daffodil, each nodding crocus, each arching branch of yellow forsythia, and each dainty petal of blooming pear and cherry tree, we find the undeniable evidence of the approaching season. In the ever-lengthening evening light, we spy the house wren flitting about as she seeks a sheltered spot to build her nest. We hear, clear and strong, the first evening chorus of frogs, a song that will be lost in the background noise later in the season. But this week, we hear it “a capella,” unaccompanied by the evening singing of crickets and the hum of air conditioners on hot summer evenings.

Each sign of spring, each glory of the Easter-tide, is a gift from the Creator, a promise made to each of us that there is life after death, and beauty after the dark days of winter. I urge my colleagues in the Senate and those listening at home to step outside and revel in the glory and the beauty of spring.

Mr. President, I close with a poem by the great American poet, Robert Frost (1874–1963), called “A Prayer in Spring.” I thank my colleagues for their many kind wishes for my renewed health.

Oh, give us pleasure in the flowers to-day;
And give us not to think so far away
As the uncertain harvest; keep us here
All simply in the springing of the year.

Oh, give us pleasures in the orchard white,
Like nothing else by day, like ghosts by
night;

And make us happy in the happy bees,
The swarm dilating round the perfect trees.
And make us happy in the darting bird
That suddenly above the bees is heard,
The meteor that thrusts in with needle bill,
And off a blossom in mid air stands still.

For this is love and nothing else is love,
The which it is reserved for God above
To sanctify to what far ends He will,
But which it only needs that we fulfill.

TRIBUTE TO DR. HARRY CARLOSS

Mr. McCONNELL. Mr. President, I rise today to pay tribute to a good friend and respected Kentuckian, Dr. Harry Carloss. Dr. Carloss has worked diligently for over 32 years to treat thousands of his patients who face one of life's most terrible illnesses, cancer.

Originally from Lexington, KY, Dr. Carloss went to the University of Lou-

isville Medical School and later worked at the Scripps Clinic and Research Foundation in San Diego, CA. Dr. Carloss, along with and his wife Barbara, returned a few years later to Kentucky and settled in Paducah to practice as an oncologist. Dr. Carloss worked in Paducah for 28 years, choosing to help those who oftentimes were facing a death sentence.

Along with helping his patients, he became a point man in the campaign to battle cancer. He has written medical scientific papers, been involved in many research and clinical trials over his career, and been given numerous accolades in the form of honors and awards from his peers.

Mr. President, I ask my colleagues to join me in honoring a man who worked tirelessly and gave so much of himself to the people he served. Recently the Paducah Sun published a story about Dr. Harry Carloss, which admirably illustrates the work, sacrifice and commitment Dr. Carloss gave to his patients, and to finding a cure for cancer. I ask unanimous consent that the full article be included in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD.

There being no objection, the material was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

[From the Paducah Sun, Mar. 12, 2008]

CARLOSS STANDING DOWN—AFTER A RELUCTANT WITHDRAWAL, COMBATANT IN WAR ON CANCER LOOKS BACK ON CAMPAIGN

(By Steve Vantreese)

PADUCAH, KY.—A cancer doctor dying of cancer—that sort of story has a dark irony.

In the case of Paducah oncologist Harry Carloss, happily it isn't true.

“I've heard the rumor,” he said, not particularly offended. “I don't have cancer. I have physical limitations that forced me to retire.”

Instead of his primary foe over 32 years as a cancer fighter, a fall from a ladder stopped the 57-year-old Carloss in his oncological tracks. He broke his back, had it surgically repaired as best as could be done—ruined spinal parts removed, at least—and now is debilitated. Not dead, not totally paralyzed, both of which he could have been. Just limited.

He returned to his practice after injury and surgery, but found after a trial period that he couldn't remain on his feet for any length of time, or sit in most circumstances, for that matter. He makes little reference to ongoing pain, loss of sensation and difficulties in walking that came with the nerve damage.

“Other people have far worse problems,” Carloss notes in self-deferring fashion.

He's seen enough to know. As once the sole oncologist in a void west of Louisville, south of St. Louis and north of Nashville, Carloss saw a steady parade of patients in dire straits.

The Lexington native and University of Louisville medical school graduate went to the Scripps Clinic and Research Foundation (San Diego, Calif.) to work in primarily hematology. He and his wife, Barbara, returned to Kentucky, coming to Paducah as a smaller town in which to raise their kids.

“I came here to be an oncologist, but I had doubts at first that a town the size of Paducah could support an oncologist,” Carloss said. “That turned out to be the joke of the century.”