

Angelique Ramirez, Sabika Sheikh, Christopher Stone, Cynthia Tisdale, and Kimberly Vaughan.

I would like us to pause for a moment of silence as we remember these brave souls.

Their names will live on. Their killer's name will not. His name is never worth mentioning again.

Thirteen others were also brutally wounded, including three substitute teachers. Flo Rice, one of the substitute teachers at the high school that day, was shot five times. I have gotten to know Flo and her husband Scott well in the weeks and months since the shooting.

But that day was not merely a day of great tragedy. It was also a day of incredible bravery. Santa Fe police officers did their duty and swiftly engaged the shooter. One of those police officers, John Barnes, was critically wounded in the process. They shot back, and, ultimately, they took the coward into custody.

Santa Fe students also proved themselves to be heroes. One of them, Riley Garcia, made the ultimate sacrifice. He held a door shut to give other students time to escape, and he was killed in the process. Other students tended to the wounded and to each other.

In the wake of the shooting, Texans grieved with the families and friends of those we lost. We heard stories of terror and stories of hope.

I was at my home in Houston that morning. Santa Fe High School is about 45 minutes away from my house. When I got the call as to what was happening, I jumped into a truck and headed down there. I spent the entire day with families who had lost their children, with first responders, with teachers, with school leaders, with a community that was grieving mightily. But in Santa Fe, I also saw a boundless spirit and hope and unity.

I remember that afternoon, traveling to the hospital and visiting with a number of the students who had been shot and wounded that day. I remember meeting Clayton, a young man who had been shot just that morning. He had pins in his arm from being shot twice. Clayton described how he jumped over the fence, even after having been shot, and his friends helped to carry him to safety. This young man described how he is a bull rider and a pole vaulter. I asked him if he is a lefty or righty. He said he is a lefty, and that was the arm that was wounded. But he said with a smile: "You know, now I gotta learn to ride a bull with my right arm." That is the toughness and the spirit of these students and their entire community.

All across Texas and all across the country, millions of Americans lifted those children and lifted those families up in prayer. You know, it has become politically fashionable now to deride thoughts and prayers. To suggest that thoughts and prayers are not appropriate, I will say this: We should always lift up in prayer those who are

victimized by violence, by brutality, by terrorism, by murder. I believe in the power of prayer, and I will tell you that the community of Santa Fe leaned on the power of prayer in the wake of that tragedy.

Now, thoughts and prayers are not themselves a substitute for action. In the days and the weeks that followed, I met with mothers and fathers and teachers and students. I hosted Santa Fe students here in the Senate Dining Room. We talked with law enforcement and with first responders. I sat down with the President, and he traveled down to meet with the Santa Fe families. I participated in a roundtable with Governor Abbott, families from Santa Fe and other communities victimized by violence, and officials at the Federal, State, and local levels. We discussed how we could do a better job of protecting our schools and protecting our children. We have lost too many kids to homicidal action, and it has to stop.

We have to do much more to keep guns out of the hands of violent criminals and to better treat the mentally ill—all while preserving and protecting our constitutional rights.

There was a universal agreement in the wake of Santa Fe that, as a State and as a Nation, we had to see justice done and to take every step to try to ensure that such an attack never occurs again.

Soon after, I was gratified to hear that the Department of Education announced \$1 million in Federal funds for the Santa Fe Independent School District through Project School Emergency Response to Violence, or Project SERV. It is a crucial first step in Federal funding to help the Santa Fe school community to recover and protect all its students, but the story doesn't end there.

In addition to a State prosecution, most of us assumed there would be a Federal case against the Santa Fe shooter, as well, because his massive assault was on students and teachers in a public school, and, crucially, because authorities found explosive devices on the school grounds and off campus, including pipe bombs and a Molotov cocktail. To any reasonable observer, this would open the case to Federal explosives and terrorism charges.

All of us were committed to seeing the attacker prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law. Early press reports, however, indicated that Federal authorities were not going to proceed with the Federal case. Those press reports dismayed me—dismayed many—in particular because the shooter was under 18 at the time of the massacre, which means it is likely that the maximum State sentence he would receive is 40 years, which means that, if only State charges were brought, the shooter would be potentially eligible for release at 57 years old. Releasing this mass murderer into society would not be just, and it would not be right.

Thankfully, Attorney General Barr agreed, and it has been publicly re-

ported now that Federal charges have come forward to ensure that this attacker is brought to justice and faces the full consequences for the horrific acts of that morning.

(The remarks of Senator CRUZ pertaining to the submission of S. 1442 are printed in today's RECORD under "Submitted Resolutions.")

Mr. CRUZ. I yield the floor.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The majority leader.

LEGISLATIVE SESSION

MORNING BUSINESS

Mr. MCCONNELL. Madam President, I ask unanimous consent that the Senate proceed to legislative session and be in a period of morning business, with Senators permitted to speak therein for up to 10 minutes each.

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

TRIBUTE TO MARILYN SKOGLUND

Mr. LEAHY. Madam President, I would like to take a moment to pay tribute to a remarkable and unique person, Vermont Supreme Court Justice Marilyn Skoglund, who will soon be retiring after serving 25 years with the Vermont judiciary.

Justice Skoglund is what we all want to see in a jurist and public servant. She is dedicated, personable, and highly committed to the rule of law, but her path to the Vermont Supreme Court was anything but typical. As a single mother working hard to get by in the 1970s, law school was not an option. Instead, she took advantage of Vermont's "Reading the Law" approach that allowed her to study while serving as an apprentice of sorts with the Vermont Attorney General's office. After being admitted to the Vermont Bar, she would go on to serve as chief of the civil law and public protection divisions in the AG's office before being appointed to the bench in 1994 by then-Governor Howard Dean. She would be elevated to the supreme court just 3 years later. At the time, she was only the second woman to serve on Vermont's highest court. Today, women make up the majority of its five justices.

I have had the pleasure of knowing Justice Skoglund during her many years of living and working in my hometown of Montpelier. Her personal story was so compelling that she was my first choice in 2008 to keynote Vermont's Women's Economic Opportunity Conference, an annual event I have now hosted for 23 years.

But no tribute to Justice Skoglund would be complete if it did not mention her keen sense of humor. Perhaps it is this trait that has so deftly served her these many years, for as serious as the supreme court must be in delivering justice, Marilyn Skoglund has demonstrated time and again the benefit of

laughter in our lives. She finds the time to appreciate what some might only see as mundane; she cherishes her friendships, and she mentors those who will succeed us. By her own account, she has led a full life.

I ask unanimous consent that these excerpts of the May 1 Seven Days profile of Justice Skoglund be printed in the RECORD.

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

[From Seven Days, May 1, 2019]

JUSTICE SERVED: MARILYN SKOGLUND TO
RETIRE FROM THE VERMONT SUPREME COURT
(By Paul Heintz)

On her way out the door of her Montpelier home last Friday, Vermont Supreme Court Justice Marilyn Skoglund rolled up her right sleeve to show off her latest tattoo.

"I waited until my youngest daughter's wedding," the justice said with a sneaky smile. "I knew she wouldn't want me to get it."

Written in a simple black cursive on the inside of her arm were the words, "Jag är matt," a Swedish expression often uttered in her childhood home at the conclusion of a family meal. "I am satisfied," she translated. "I am full."

The 72-year-old jurist reflected for a moment—perhaps on a life rich in family, friends, dogs and the law—and declared, "I am satisfied! I mean, what else can you say? I'm very lucky. I am satisfied."

This week, Skoglund plans to inform Gov. Phil Scott that, after 22 years on the state's highest court, she intends to resign effective September 1.

Skoglund's retirement brings to a close one of the most remarkable and least likely careers in the Vermont judiciary—that of a struggling single mother who passed the bar without a day of law school and worked her way up to become the second female justice in state history.

Now, the famously irreverent attorney is looking for a new challenge, be it the beginning Spanish class she plans to take this fall or the online bartender course she's long contemplated. "I just need to take a chance and see what else I can do before I drop dead," she said, letting loose her trademark cackle.

Skoglund's sense of humor has long served as the "collegiality glue" on the court of five, according to retired justice John Dooley. In her decades on the bench, she has made it her mission to draw colleagues and staff members out of their casework and into the world—through court poetry slams, end-of-term parties and art openings at the Supreme Court gallery she founded and oversees.

"I would describe her as a unifier," said Victoria Westgate, a Burlington attorney who clerked with her from 2013 to 2014. The justice has also served as a role model to a generation of young women in the law, Westgate said.

Though Skoglund may be best known for her larger-than-life personality, colleagues describe her as a deeply serious jurist with an unmatched work ethic.

"Of all the justices I've worked with, I think she probably put . . . more effort into preparing and understanding a case than any," said Dooley, who served alongside Skoglund for two of his three decades on the court. . . .

Born in Chicago and raised in St. Louis, Skoglund had what she describes as an "idyllic childhood," replete with a picket fence and parents who were "the Swedish equiva-

lent of Ozzie and Harriet." Her father managed a steel treatment plant and her mother, a former hairdresser and math tutor, raised the future justice and her sister.

Skoglund spent seven years meandering her way through Southern Illinois University—a fine arts major and "hippie folk singer" who worked, for a time, as a graphic designer for the inventor and futurist Buckminster Fuller. She finally earned her diploma after getting married and becoming pregnant with her first daughter.

The young family moved to Vermont in 1973 so that Skoglund's husband could take a job teaching painting and printmaking at Goddard College. They rented a small, uninsulated cottage on a 500-acre dairy farm in Plainfield. Skoglund learned to milk cows, taught photography and worked as an editor at Goddard. The marriage didn't last, though, and soon she was raising her daughter on her own.

Skoglund found herself relying upon the generosity of Walter Smith, the 68-year-old dairy farmer who served as her landlord and her "very own personal version of welfare." He provided firewood when she needed it and let her dip raw milk from the bulk tank. When she and her daughter were low on food, they would join Smith for cans of chicken noodle soup and mayonnaise sandwiches.

"He saw me through it," she said.

Skoglund's experience with poverty later informed her work on the bench and, she said, gave her "a very good understanding of desperation and frustration and what it causes people to do." "I think I'm the only justice that's ever been poor," she said.

After completing a six-month paralegal class, Skoglund landed a clerkship in the Vermont Attorney General's Office and began reading for the law—an alternative route to the bar that enables aspiring attorneys to bypass law school through independent study. It was a solitary, self-motivated education, but I am disciplined," she wrote in a recent essay about her unconventional path. "In the central office of the attorney general, I was the only student with about 50 'teachers.'"

Skoglund spent four years clerking for Louis Peck, then the chief assistant attorney general and later a Supreme Court justice. She would run lines for Peck, an amateur actor, and he would school her in the law. Skoglund credits him with informing her "legally conservative" approach. "I don't take liberties with the language, and I don't read myself into it," she said. "It's not about you, Marilyn."

Skoglund spent 17 years in the Attorney General's Office, eventually serving as chief of its civil law division and then its public protection division. She was appointed to the Superior Court in 1994 and to the Supreme Court in 1997.

"It's like candy," Skoglund said of her current gig. "I have never been bored."

The pace of the job wouldn't allow it. The supremes hear an average of 120 full cases a year, plus many more appeals on the so-called "rocket docket." They're also consumed by the myriad unseen administrative duties of the judicial branch, such as divvying up its "shoestring" budget and managing the lower courts.

"This all takes hours when all I want to be doing is reading cases," Skoglund said. . . .

According to Skoglund, her acid prose occasionally gives her law clerks "panic attacks." But members of her tight fraternity of former clerks praise her "dedication to raising a new generation" of lawyers, as Todd Daloz put it.

"She has a real energy and a real humor and a real joy of life," said Daloz, who clerked for Skoglund from 2009 to 2011 and now serves as associate general counsel for the Vermont State Colleges System.

"When I hire [clerks], I explain that I'm hiring my best friend for the next year," Skoglund said. "I have to be able to come in and vent and bitch and moan and get solace from them." . . .

For the past 35 years, Skoglund has lived in a tall, brown- and green-shingled house perched above the Statehouse on the southern boundary of Hubbard Park. The place is crammed with books and artwork and features a "wall of dogs" consisting of canine paintings she's collected. "It's kind of a magical place for me," she said of her home, where she does much of her off-the-bench legal work. "It's just a sanctuary."

Skoglund's two grown daughters, an obstetrician and a neuropsychologist, have long since moved out. Her current roommates include a 4-year-old goldendoodle named Johnny and, during Vermont's four-month legislative session, Senate Majority Leader Becca Balint (D-Windham). "I always say I have the best roommate," Balint said. "Sometimes it's seven o'clock in the morning and we're both crying because we're laughing so hard." . . .

Last Friday morning, after showing off her tattoo, Skoglund wrapped an unused dog leash around her waist and commenced her three-block commute down the hill and past the Statehouse to the Supreme Court. Johnny pranced along in front of her, relishing his freedom.

Skoglund gushed about her daughters and 9-year-old granddaughter, with whom she had spent the previous weekend.

"They're not thrilled with this tattoo—at least, the younger one isn't," she conceded. "But that's the way it goes, ladies. Mom's gotta do what Mom's gotta do."

Skoglund entered the court through a side door and showed off one of her most concrete contributions to the institution: an art gallery in the lobby of the building that she's curated for the past 20 years.

"When I first got here, it was the hall of dead justices," she said, referring to the oil paintings of her predecessors, now relegated to the stairways and upper floors. In their place was a series of mixed-media pieces by the artist Janet Van Fleet consisting of red buttons and plastic animals. Johnny led Skoglund up to her third-floor office, which features a smiling boar's head mounted to a wall. "Behind you is Emmet, my amanuensis," she said, gesturing at the hairy creature. "A lot of those wild boar things look scary and vicious. He's just sweet."

Skoglund took a seat behind her cluttered desk and said, with a resigned tone of voice, "I've been here for 22 years. It's time to go."

Asked how she hoped people would remember her, Skoglund answered without hesitation. "I worked hard," she said. "I took my position very seriously. I never cut corners. I understood the responsibility. That's what I hope."

TRIBUTE TO E. THOMAS SULLIVAN

Mr. LEAHY. Madam President, today, I am honored to recognize the president of the University of Vermont, UVM, Thomas Sullivan, who is stepping down this June after 7 years as a remarkable leader for the university.

Tom's tenure as the 26th president of the University of Vermont came during a tumultuous time in higher education. Despite demographic declines and reduced public investments in higher education, Tom made quality, affordable education and investment in scholarship his top priorities.

Tom expanded UVM's course offerings, oversaw 20 building projects, and