

this Congress. I thank and applaud my colleagues for coming together on behalf of our Nation's defense, which is especially important in a time of disillusionment and seeming dysfunction for the American people.

I yield the floor.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from Colorado.

REMEMBERING WILLIAM MODEN

Mr. GARDNER. Mr. President, I rise today to honor an officer of the Colorado State Patrol whose watch tragically came to an end earlier this month when he was killed in the line of duty.

On June 14, 2019, Trooper William Moden was responding to an accident that occurred on I-70 in Deer Trail, CO. He was doing what he did every day—responding to an incident and giving a helping hand to Coloradans in need. He was assisting the passengers of a vehicle who were involved in a crash—one of whom was an 18-month-old child—when he was struck by a passing vehicle.

Like too many of our Nation's law enforcement officers, Trooper Moden gave his life while protecting and serving others.

William Moden was 37 years old and had served in the Colorado State Patrol for 12 years. His fellow troopers remember him as someone whose uniform was always perfect and whose boots were always polished. There is no doubt for any of them that he was meant to serve and that he did so with the utmost honor and dignity.

While Trooper Moden carried out his duties with seriousness, his friends and loved ones remember him as someone with a tremendous sense of humor. At a memorial service held last week, he was described as having an infectious laugh—a laugh that was usually the loudest in the room. Many at the service remembered the time he put on a dog's shock collar just to see how it felt and to make others laugh. These are the kinds of memories his loved ones will remember forever.

Just as he answered when his Coloradans called, his friends and family say he was someone who could always be counted on. He was reliable, dependable, and they often described him as their “knight in shining armor”—someone who is always there to provide care and comfort. The chief of the Colorado State Patrol, Colonel Matt Packard, described William Moden as “the true personification of what it means to be a Colorado State Trooper.”

At the memorial service last week, Trooper Moden was awarded the title of “Master Trooper”—a rank given only to those who show great leadership and character. To those who knew him, William completely exemplified these characteristics and is certainly deserving of this high honor.

We know we can never pay the debt of gratitude owed to people like William Moden, who risk their lives every

day to ensure their communities are safe. The best we can offer is to never forget and to continue to celebrate the lives of those who sacrifice everything.

I know my Senate colleagues will join me in mourning the loss of Trooper Moden and all those who have given their lives in defending the thin blue line.

So for the second time this year, I come to the floor of the U.S. Senate and remember the words of LTC Dave Grossman, who said, “American law enforcement is the loyal and brave sheep dog always standing watch for the wolf that lurks in the dark.”

I hope the outpouring of love and support that Trooper Moden's family and friends have received in the past few weeks bring them a small bit of comfort.

To Trooper Moden's family and loved ones, our State thanks you for your service, sacrifice, and willingness to share William with the people of Colorado.

Thank you.

I yield the floor.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from New Jersey.

BORDER SECURITY

Mr. MENENDEZ. Mr. President, I come to the floor once again to speak about a humanitarian crisis that is not taking place in Yemen or in Syria or in any foreign country but, rather, right here at the southern border of the United States.

They say a picture speaks a thousand words, but I think it is even more than that. Photographs have the power to cut through noise, speak the truth, and invoke action.

We all remember the heartbreaking image of a little boy who was covered in ash while he sat in an ambulance in Syria. It told us all we needed to know about acts of mass murder committed by Bashar al-Assad. Likewise, we remember the look in the eyes of the malnourished girl who was on the brink of death in Yemen—one of more than 85,000 children to have succumbed to hunger during Saudi Arabia's disastrous bombing campaign. Yet the photo I have brought to the floor today has shaken me to the core as a father, as a grandfather, as a son of immigrants, and above all else, as an American.

Like the other photographs I mentioned, this one tells a story too. This one speaks an ugly truth, and that truth is that President Trump's cruel, inhumane, and un-American border policies have failed. They have failed to make us safer. They have failed to reduce migration to our border. They have also failed to live up to the American values that define our leadership around the world.

We will never forget this heartbreaking photo. More importantly, we will not forget the names of Oscar Alberto Martinez and his 23-month-old daughter, Valeria. They drowned in a

desperate attempt to claim asylum in the United States.

Oscar, Valeria, and Tania, her mother, fled El Salvador in the hopes of seeking asylum in the United States.

The Washington Post reported:

They traveled more than 1,000 miles seeking it. . . . But the farthest the family got was an international bridge in Matamoros, Mexico. On Sunday, they were told the bridge was closed and that they should return Monday. Aid workers told The Post the line to get across the bridge was hundreds long.

The young family was desperate. Standing on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande, America looked within reach. Martinez and Valeria waded in. But before they all made it to the other side, the river waters pulled the 25-year-old and his daughter under and swept them away.

Later, when Mexican authorities recovered their bodies, Oscar and Valeria were still clinging to each other.

Here in the United States, it is hard to imagine what kind of desperate conditions would propel you to flee your home and embark on a perilous journey in search of protection from a foreign nation.

Most of these families who arrive at our border come from Guatemala, El Salvador, and Honduras—three countries that are collectively known as the Northern Triangle. It is a region that is plagued by transnational gang violence, weak institutions, and poverty. Young boys are forced into servitude by gangs. Young girls are beaten and raped if they refuse to become their girlfriends. Parents who try to protect their children end up getting killed. These countries are among the most dangerous in the world. In El Salvador, a woman is murdered every 19 hours, and in Honduras—the country with the highest homicide rate in the world for women—a woman is killed every 16 hours.

To be blunt, these families face an impossible choice. It is either stay and die or flee for a chance to live.

Well, if this horrific and tragic photograph does anything, I hope it dispels us of the ludicrous notion that you can deter desperate families from fleeing their homes in search of safety. That is how the Trump administration describes its cruel policies at the border—deterrence.

In the name of deterrence, it is tearing children and babies away from their mothers and fathers. In the name of deterrence, it is shutting down legitimate ports of entry, effectively encouraging migrant families to seek more dangerous methods of getting into the United States, like crossing the Rio Grande. In the name of deterrence, children are being housed in unsanitary conditions, which leaves infants in dirty diapers and children without soap or toothpaste.

Let me share with our colleagues just a few of the statements that the children who have been kept in these abhorrent conditions have made.

Said one 8-year-old boy:

They took us away from our grandmother, and now we are all alone. They have not