

The motion was agreed to.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The clerk will report the nomination.

The legislative clerk read the nomination of Brian Callanan, of New Jersey, to be General Counsel for the Department of the Treasury.

CLOTURE MOTION

Mr. MCCONNELL. Mr. President, I send a cloture motion to the desk.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The cloture motion having been presented under rule XXII, the Chair directs the clerk to read the motion.

The legislative clerk read as follows:

CLOTURE MOTION

We, the undersigned Senators, in accordance with the provisions of rule XXII of the Standing Rules of the Senate, do hereby move to bring to a close debate on the nomination of Brian Callanan, of New Jersey, to be General Counsel for the Department of the Treasury.

Mitch McConnell, David Perdue, John Cornyn, John Barrasso, Mike Crapo, John Thune, Tim Scott, John Hoeven, Shelley Moore Capito, Kevin Cramer, John Boozman, Steve Daines, Richard Burr, James E. Risch, Roy Blunt, Thom Tillis, Martha McSally.

Mr. MCCONNELL. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the mandatory quorum calls be waived.

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

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from West Virginia.

MORNING BUSINESS

Mrs. CAPITO. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the Senate 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.

REMEMBERING MICHAEL BAUER

Mr. DURBIN. Mr. President, I rise today to pay tribute to my friend Michael Bauer, who died in late August after a battle with cancer.

You couldn't miss Michael—he was the outspoken, critical ally of scores of boards and organizations in the LGBTQ community of Chicago; the first call they made when they needed an effective advocate. When the conversation turned to political friends and foes, issues of the moment and candidates in the hunt, he never had a private thought or waited his turn to share it. And when the music started, Michael was the first on the dance floor.

I met Michael more than 20 years ago as a downstate Congressman running for the U.S. Senate. After an introductory dinner with Michael, his partner, Roger, and my wife Loretta, Michael gave me a passing grade, but I always knew he liked Loretta more.

His name was first on the list of must-calls for political candidates. But if you only knew the public side of Michael, you might not have known the fire inside that drove his life. Over

time we became friends, and that friendship led to trust between us. Michael shared with me the private stories, the journey of his life.

At the center were his parents, survivors of the Holocaust who spent their whole lives facing the memories of friends and family who perished. Michael knew that they were victims of forces they did not have the power to control. He was determined to know more about the cruelty and hate they faced. This search took him to the Holocaust Memorial Museum, where he carefully reconstructed his family's experience. Michael believed that through these efforts, his mother, Tema, now 103, was given back the real story of her life in a war that sent her to slave labor camps. He said with this research his mother's entire memory of the horror of the Holocaust was validated. This search for the truth was personal to Michael as the Jewish son of a survivor and as a gay man who knew the Nazis targeted and murdered homosexuals as well.

Personally facing the massive loss of life in the Holocaust, I think Michael felt a special pain with the AIDS crisis. I remember when he told me that fellow members of a board he served on were still not taking care to protect themselves. He was truly saddened as he feared for their fate.

But if life had been cruel to his family and the world outside could be perilous, Michael had one constant, one protector. He talked to me so many times about Roger, truly the center of his life, his partner, his love, and ultimately his husband. For me, it was a personal insight into a loving relationship at a level I had never before witnessed so closely. I could not imagine Roger without Michael, as now we must.

When it came to the world of politics, Michael willingly, frequently shared his opinion of every candidate and every issue. No one escaped his penetrating, outspoken scrutiny.

But Michael was always ready to help his friends, often in memorable ways. In 2000, with Joe Lieberman as the first Jewish candidate for Vice President, Michael and Roger made a point of heading to Los Angeles for the convention. When they heard I had an event planned there, they insisted on giving me a ride from the hotel. When they arrived in their rented convertible, Michael and Roger were properly dressed in muscle t-shirts and ready to drive through Beverly Hills. As we cruised through Wilshire Blvd and Rodeo Drive, Michael insisted on prepping me for the upcoming Gore-Lieberman campaign—he taught me valuable Yiddish words and phrases. Michael was always there with advice for his friends.

In 1996, we celebrated my first Senate election night together. I remember his trademark smile and the tears in his eyes. After I was elected to the Senate, Michael wasted no time bringing an issue to my attention. It was not an

ask for a job or a contract or anything that would benefit him personally; he asked if I could find time to visit the Howard Brown Health Center on Halsted. Of course I agreed—how could you say no to Michael? The visit led to a conversation where Michael looked me in the eye and said the Howard Brown Center was critical in fighting the AIDS crisis. He told me of friends who were afraid of other health venues and afraid to face the realities of their lives. Howard Brown was their best chance and for some, their only chance. He wanted me to see firsthand the impact of the AIDS crisis in our country.

Michael Bauer used his knowledge and connections to help others, to protect others, to fight a deadly crisis that was burying his friends. In his heart, Michael was a caring, loving person who used his talents and his access to help those on the outside of the halls of power. Loretta and I join Roger, Tema, Michael's extended family and so many friends in mourning the loss of Michael.

Farewell, Michael. You will be missed.

REMEMBERING MARGARET BLACKSHERE

Mr. DURBIN. Mr. President, Margaret Blackshere was a trailblazer as the first woman to serve as president of the nearly 1-million strong Illinois AFL-CIO. In July, she passed away at the age of 79, and I rise today to honor her memory. I share the privilege with countless others to call her a friend.

Margaret and her sister were raised by their single mother, Frances, and Aunt Margie in North Venice, IL. Her mother made sure her daughters knew that they could do anything. There were no boy chores or girl chores; there were just chores. Laundry and rewiring a lamp were normal activities.

She started off studying to be a nun, but she changed course and ended up studying elementary education at Southern Illinois University, Edwardsville. Her religious convictions remained an essential part of her life, but education was her calling.

After college, Margaret began teaching in a school in Madison, IL. She and her fellow teachers were making only \$3,000 a year and weren't treated with respect, but they noticed that the steelworkers and mineworkers in the area were respected and doing well because they belonged to a union and worked together to secure better working conditions. Margaret and her colleagues decided they needed to form a union and demand adequate pay from the superintendent. The superintendent refused so Margaret took action and organized a 5-week strike. One small issue—because she and the other teachers were public employees, their strike was illegal. Margaret and her colleagues were jailed, but the jail only had two cells. This meant that every day, Margaret arrived at the jail with her children, ages 3 and 5, and every