of qualified immunity has no textual basis in section 1979 of the Revised Statutes (42 U.S.C. 1983) and thereby represents ''precisely the sort of freewheeling policy choice'' that courts ''have previously disclaimed the power to make'';

Whereas the courts of appeals of the United States are more likely than not to grant qualified immunity to law enforcement officers;

Whereas, in 2018, Supreme Court Justice Sonia Sotomayor acknowledged that the Supreme Court of the United States ''routinely displays an unflinching willingness'' to reverse decisions of the courts of appeals of the United States denying qualified immunity to law enforcement officers;

Whereas the lack of accountability that results from qualified immunity arouses frustration, disappointment, and anger throughout the United States, which discredits and endangers the vast majority of law enforcement officers, who do not engage in the use excessive force;

Whereas a civil action under section 1979 of the Revised Statutes (42 U.S.C. 1983) is often the only viable solution for victims of police violence and the families of those victims to hold law enforcement officers accountable for the use of excessive force because criminal prosecutors are reluctant to charge, and juries are hesitant to convict, law enforcement officers; and

Whereas the Government of the United States has established itself as a government of laws, and not of men, but will cease to be so if it does not furnish a viable remedy for all civil rights violations: Now, therefore, be it

Resolved, That the Senate—

(1) recognizes and acknowledges the legal and racial inequities inherent in the judicial doctrine of qualified immunity as that doctrine is applied to law enforcement officers;

(2) recognizes and acknowledges that the doctrine of qualified immunity rests on a mistaken judicial interpretation of a statute enacted by Congress; and

(3) recognizes and acknowledges that, to correct that mistaken judicial interpretation, Congress should amend section 1979 of the Revised Statutes (42 U.S.C. 1983) to eliminate the qualified immunity defense for law enforcement officers as that defense exists as of June 1, 2020.

SENATE RESOLUTION 603—EXPRESSING THE SENSE OF THE SENATE THAT STATE AGENCIES AND OTHER PROVIDERS OF FOSTER CARE SERVICES SHOULD MAKE EVERY EFFORT TO ENSURE THAT SIBLINGS REMAIN TOGETHER IN THE FOSTER CARE SYSTEM

Ms. KLOBUCHAR (for herself, Mr. BLUNT, Mr. KAINE, Mrs. CAPITO, Ms. ROSEN, Mr. LANKFORD, Mr. MORAN, Mrs. LOEFFLER, Mr. INHOFE, and Mr. TILLIS) submitted the following resolution; which was referred to the Committee on Health, Education, Labor, and Pensions:

S. RES. 603

Whereas sibling relationships are important and should be recognized and respected;

Whereas sibling relationships provide needed continuity and stability during the placement of a child in foster care;

Whereas the sibling bond is unique and separate from the parent-child bond, and may include relations with people not linked by blood;

Whereas siblings share similar history, heritage, culture, and often biology;

Whereas the Fostering Connections to Success and Increasing Adoptions Act of 2008 (Public Law 110–351; 122 Stat. 3949) requires that States make reasonable efforts—

(1) to place siblings removed from their home in the same foster care, kinship guardianship, or adoptive placement, unless the State documents that such a joint placement would be contrary to the safety or well-being of any of the siblings; and

(2) in a case where siblings are removed from their home and not placed jointly, to provide for frequent visitation or interaction between the siblings, unless the State documents that frequent visitation or interaction would be contrary to the safety or well-being of any of the siblings;

Whereas sibling separation is a significant and distinct loss that must be ameliorated by frequent and regular contact; and

Whereas all foster children deserve the right to know and be actively involved in the lives of their siblings absent extraordinary circumstances: Now, therefore, be it

Resolved, That it is the sense of the Senate that State agencies and other providers of foster care services should—

(1) make every effort to ensure that children are placed in homes with their siblings;

(2) ensure that siblings who are not placed together are provided with ample opportunities to communicate with each other and remain connected; and

(3) in a case where siblings are not placed jointly, document the reasons why.

AUTHORITY FOR COMMITTEES TO MEET

Mr. CORNYN. Mr. President, I have 5 requests for committees to meet during today's session of the Senate. They have the approval of the Majority and Minority leaders.

Pursuant to rule XXVI, paragraph 5(a), of the Standing Rules of the Senate, the following committees are authorized to meet during today's session of the Senate:

COMMITTEE ON BANKING, HOUSING, AND URBAN AFFAIRS

The Committee on Banking, Housing, and Urban Affairs is authorized to meet during the session of the Senate on Tuesday, June 02, 2020, at 10:30 a.m., to conduct a hearing.

COMMITTEE ON FINANCE

The Committee on Finance is authorized to meet during the session of the Senate on Tuesday, June 02, 2020, at 2:30 p.m., to conduct a hearing.

COMMITTEE ON HOMELAND SECURITY AND GOVERNMENTAL AFFAIRS

The Committee on Homeland Security and Governmental Affairs is authorized to meet during the session of the Senate on Tuesday, June 02, 2020, at 10:30 a.m., to conduct a hearing on the following nominations: Russell Vought to be Director, Office of Management and Budget and Craig E. Leen to be Inspector General, Office of Personnel Management.

COMMITTEE ON THE JUDICIARY

The Committee on the Judiciary is authorized to meet during the session of the Senate on Tuesday, June 02, 2020, at 10 a.m., to conduct a hearing on the nomination of Justin R. Walker, to be U.S. Circuit Judge for District of Columbia Circuit.

SUBCOMMITTEE ON INTELLECTUAL PROPERTY

The Subcommittee on Intellectual Property of the Committee on the Judiciary is authorized to meet during the session of the Senate on Tuesday, June 02, 2020, at 2:30 p.m., to conduct a hearing.

ORDERS FOR WEDNESDAY, JUNE 3, 2020

Mr. MCCONNELL. Now, Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that when the Senate completes its business today, it adjourn until 10 a.m., Wednesday, June 3; further that following the prayer and pledge, the morning hour be deemed expired, the Journal of proceedings be approved to date, the time for the two leaders be reserved for their use later in the day, and morning business be closed; further, that following leader remarks, the Senate proceed to executive session to resume consideration of the Anderson nomination under the previous order.

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

ORDER FOR ADJOURNMENT

Mr. MCCONNELL. So if there is no further business to come before the Senate, I ask unanimous consent that it stand adjourned under the previous order, following the remarks of Senators BOOKER and VAN HOLLEN.

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

The Senator from New Jersey.

RACISM

Mr. BOOKER. Mr. President, I rise today with difficulty. I admit I am like so many other Americans who are hurting right now and frustrated right now and feeling a torrent of emotions that I wish I could say it was the first time I felt like this.

I want to begin my remarks in a different way because the names that we are hearing shouted on streets—George Floyd, Ahmaud Arbery, Breonna Taylor—are like so many other names of people that we did not know as a Nation. They were not household names. Their names now are mixed into names that we have heard throughout my entire lifetime. But their names—and the way we say them mixed with horror and sadness and tragedy—it does not speak to their beauty, their humanity, the fullness, the texturedness of their lives. I just want to say that Ahmaud Arbery was a man, and he was 25 years old when he was murdered. He went out jogging where he was hunted by two White men who walked free for weeks after killing him.

This man, this child of God, his loved ones talked to his humanity. They said he was a loving son, a brother, an uncle, a nephew, a cousin, and a friend. He was humble. He was kind. He was

well mannered. He always made sure that he never departed his loved ones without saying ''I love you.''

Breonna Taylor, before we knew her name—an extraordinary American, an extraordinary servant—she was a first responder. In a pandemic, like so many of our first responders, she showed a courage and humble heroism. She was 26 years old when she was shot and killed by police, asleep in her home. She was an emergency medical technician in Louisville.

Her loved ones, too, shared the truth of her spirit. They said Breonna Taylor was full of life. She loved social gatherings with her friends and especially her family. She loved life and all it had to offer. She continued to find ways to better herself and all of the people around her.

George Floyd, he was a man that was raised in Texas. He was a Houston man. To his friends and loved ones, he was known as Floyd. In high school—I know this—he was an athlete, playing both basketball and football. He played the position I played; he was a tight end. He went on to play basketball at South Florida State College, a pathway I know to college ball. His girlfriend called him ''an angel that was sent to us on Earth.'' His family remembered him as being family oriented, loving, and godly.

Floyd was a loving father. He was a devoted brother. He was a partner, and he was a friend. He is dead at 46 years old, on May 25, 2020, when he was restrained, pinned by his neck, and killed by law enforcement officers.

The killings of George Floyd, of Breonna Taylor, of Ahmaud Arbery are singular in their pain, are singular in their particular details in the anguish and the horror, but this is a terror that is familiar. It is a fear that is baked now, cemented into our culture.

For so many Americans, especially Black Americans, this has not just not been a tough few weeks. It has not just been an emotional time because of what we are seeing, the protests all around the country. This has been a tough life. This is the story of day after day after day that punctuates our consciousness only when someone captures on videotape what is a regular part of the fabric of our country.

We have a long and wretched and disturbing history in this country of Black people being murdered by law enforcement. Our systems of accountability, our systems of transparency, our ability to end this has improved impotent and feeble. These killings for so many Black Americans today are searing reminders that Black people in this country, as I have heard from dozens of people in my life, as we hear from people on our media, that this could have been me; that this even would have been me in the same circumstances. To hear people at all stations of life—African-Americans saying—''I am alive,'' but questioning for how long, slipping into the savage reality of despair for your life and your safety.

To be Black in America is to know that a misunderstanding, that an implicit racial bias, that an interaction that should be everyday and routine can become a moment where your life is turned upside down, where your body becomes broken or when you are killed. It is a common experience. This has been a stretch where bird watching in a park, to jogging in your neighborhood, to going to a corner store, it is a jarring reminder that is reinforced by personal experiences that it could be you.

I was born to two civil rights activist parents. I was a big kid. I was over 6 feet by the time I was in seventh or eighth grade, and it was a time in my life that is a coming of age for so many people and cultures across our Nation. But something began happening to me in that period, and it was marked by the fear of my elders. Family members with jarring personal stories for a preteen or a teen would tell me what it meant to be Black, to be male in America. They were instilling fear in me as a survival mechanism. They were trying to make me aware of my surroundings.

I have difficult memories of trips to the malls with elder Black men in my family and being lectured about what I couldn't do, what I shouldn't do, and what the consequences could be. I remember that talk with my parents where I tried to joke about it, but they got chillingly angry with me about what it meant to have a driver's license in America and what could happen to me. They told me stories of friends, of family members, of others and their experiences with the police.

I spent those years of 12 and 13 in an America in the '70s and '80s where the words of my parents and elders were backed up with tragic and terrible stories of their experiences in generations before and were reinforced by my own experiences: being followed by mall security guards, being accused or stopped, being looked at with suspicion, and experience after experience after experience with police.

I remember as a college student—and it all came to a head where I wrote a column in Stanford's newspaper: Why have I lost control? I remember that night writing that column like it was yesterday. I was so overcome with emotion and rage, and I would like to submit for the RECORD that column and read right now pieces of what I wrote that night that when I look at young men on the streets of America today and I see their anger and I see their rage, it brings me back, not to that moment, but to the own feelings that have churned within me for years.

I will read from the column: Why have I lost control?

How can I write, when I have lost control of my emotions? Not guilty. Not guilty. Not guilty.

Not shocked. Why not?

Turn off the engine! Put your keys, driver's license, registration and insurance on the hood now! Put your hands on the steering wheel and don't even think of moving.

Five police cars. Six officers surrounded my car, guns ready. Thirty minutes I sat, praying and shaking, only interrupted by the command, ''I said, don't move!''

Finally, ''Everything checks out, you can go.''

Sheepishly I asked, why.

''Oh, you fit the description of a car thief.''

Not guilty. Not shocked. Why not.

In the jewelry store, they lock the case when I walk in.

In the shoe store, they help the White man who walks in after me.

In the shopping mall, they follow me—in the Stanford shopping mall. Last month I turned and faced their surreptitious security: ''Catch any thieves today?''

Not guilty. Not shocked. Why not?

I am a black man. I am 6 foot 3 inches tall and 230 pounds, just like Rodney King. Do I scare you? Am I a threat? Does your fear justify your actions? Twelve people [a jury] believed it did.

Black male: Guilty until proven innocent.

Reactions to my kind are justified. Scrutiny is justified. Surveillance is justified. Search is justified. Fifty-six blows justified.

Justice? Dear God.

I graduated from Stanford last June. I was elated. I was one of four presidents of my class—I was proud. In the fall, I received a Rhodes Scholarship. I approached arrogance.

But late one night, as I walked the streets of Palo Alto, as the police car slowed down while passing me, as his steely glare met me, I realized that to him and to so many others I am and [may] always be—

And I substitute now—

—I am and may always be the [N-word]: Guilty until proven innocent.

I am struggling to be articulate, loquacious, positive, constructive, but for the first time in so long, I have lost control of my emotions: Rage, frustration, bitterness, animosity, exasperation, sadness. Emotions once suppressed, emotions once channeled, now are let loose. Why?

Not guilty. Not shocked.

Poverty, alienation, estrangement, continuously aggravated by racism, overt and institutional. Can you leave your neighborhood without being stopped? Can you get a loan from your bank? Can you be trusted at your store?

Can you get an ambulance dispatched to your neighborhood? Can you get the police to come to your house? Can you get an education at your school? Can you get a job? Can you stay alive past 25? Can you get respect? Can you be heard?

No! Not until someone catches on video one small glimpse of your everyday reality and even then, can you get justice?

Why have I lost control of my emotions? Why do my hands shake as I write? Tonight, I have no answers.

Dear God, help us to help ourselves before we become our own undoing.

That was three decades ago. That was me as an early 20-something, writing about another one of those names that has become household. We remember it decades later. I wish I could stand here and tell you that much has changed for the experience of that young Black man. I wish I could tell you that that was the end of names becoming household words, but it has not.

This is a cycle of violence in our country; these spasms jerk us from our comfort and pull us into the world that is faced by so many African-Americans and then we go back. So many of us go back to what is now normal in America, what has been normal in America.

This cycle—I hear people now talking about the violence, the rioters. I condemn it in the same way that the other

99 Members are. It is awful, it is despicable, it is contrary to the aims of this Nation and the movements of our past. But to condemn the violence of those out there doing such awful, destructive, condemnation-worthy actions, but to only condemn them and not to condemn the fullness of that cycle of violence because there is violence going on even when we don't see it in the streets.

Peace, even, is not just the absence of violence; it is the presence of justice. This is an unjust cycle in our country that we seem to be stuck in that makes the names of children like Tamir Rice household names. It is connected with the violence that is pervasive in our Nation that demands all of us to speak out against with the same fervor and enthusiasm and energy that people are condemning the violence we are seeing in America today. To fail to do that leaves us in a state of imbalance. To fail to condemn the totality of violence in our country leaves us far from the beloved community. We need to somehow find a way out of that cycle.

There is violence in our Nation seen and our environment, that we still are a Nation where a person's race is the single biggest factor of whether they live near a toxic site or not. Ask the mother of a child who drank lead water for months and months and has had their brain permanently damaged if that was not violence. It is violence to not have access to quality care. Ask the woman who has lost her child because of lack of prenatal care. Ask the Black woman in America, who today is four times more likely to die, herself, in childbirth if this isn't a violence in our society that needs condemnation. It is violence we see from our healthcare system, to our criminal justice system, to environmental injustice, to the denial, as one author says, of the savage inequalities within our education systems.

It is why so many Black Americans scream out: Do you see me? I do not have your equal justice under law. Do you see me? I do not have justice for all. Do you see me? I matter. I matter. Black lives matter. Black bodies matter. America, I love you. Do you see me? Do you know my experiences? Do you see the failings of our ideals?

The murder of a Black man by multiple cops who knew they were being filmed in broad daylight is not the extent of the problem of racism in America. It is a final and deadly manifestation of that racism of a nation where everything about us is interwoven, it is interconnected, and we are in relationship with each other.

This ideal that we are one Nation is not a quaint ideal. It is an inescapable fact of American society. The pain and the hurt of our brothers or sisters is our pain. I can show you that economically. I can show you that by every ideology that is expressed here on the floor of this Senate.

The cycle of violence has to stop, the cycle of wretchedness and hurt. Our ancestors scream out at us now. Millions of Americans scream out right now, and I know we have an obligation in this body to do something.

I have heard words from people on both sides of the aisle speaking toward the injustice of racism that exists in our country. I have heard words. But for generations what they sought from this body—greater men and women that any of us—what they sought on the streets, what they sought in front of the White House, from Alice Paul, the first person to protest out there, was legislative changes. That is what they sought.

The march on Washington. Disability activists were throwing themselves out in front of buses. They fought for tangible legislation.

Martin Luther King said:

> While it may be true that morality cannot be legislated, behavior can be regulated. It may be true that the law cannot change the heart but it can restrain the heartless. It may be true that the law cannot make a man love me but it can keep him from lynching me.

It is on us. The cries for justice in the street, it is on us. The pain being made manifest for all America to see, it is on us. Those who have been comfortable for too long are now pulled from their seats as they stare at a television that shows them a window into a nation that is not at rest. It is on us in this body to do something, to change the law. We can do that.

In the coming days, Senator KAMALA HARRIS and I have partnered together on a comprehensive police reform proposal that takes into account the incredible work of Congressional Black Caucus members, many of them who have been in this congressional body much longer than I have. They have been working on these issues much longer than I have. It takes the work of so many people in both of the bodies that make up our Congress and pulls them together.

There are so many injustices, but this comprehensive package is about police accountability. It is an answer to the pain, to the hurt, and the agony. It speaks to the young children whose parents right now are teaching them fear as an art of survival, teaching them not to be a threat to anyone who could kill you, to try to shrink from the fullness of your body so that they don't take your body, they don't harm your body, and they don't kill your body. It creates accountability and transparency and practices that can repair police community relations. It can give faith back to those who have lost it. It can rescue people who are slipping into a deeper despair about this Nation and perhaps cobble together some semblance of hope.

This is a moment in American history where we must recognize the hurt and the pain and do something about it where this body that has so nobly acted in past years to pass legislation—the 1964 Civil Rights Act, the 1965 Voting Rights Act, and the spasms of 1968. Fair housing laws were passed.

I said I come to you today torn up inside. As so many Americans, the soil of our souls have been plowed up in pain, hoping for seeds of possibility, hoping that somehow, borne out of agony and despair, can sprout a new harvest for America.

As a man who believes in this country and believes in the ideals of hope and love and faith and charity and kindness, I want to confess to you something, that right now hope is essential, but it is not enough. I confess to you, right now, words of kindness and grace are essential to America, but they are not enough right now. I confess to you even something that is hard to admit, that the spirit of courage and grit being shown by people on the streets—not in the comfortable hallways of the Senate—who in one of the most noble traditions of our Nation are protesting, are petitioning their government, are peacefully gathering, I want to tell you, right now, that that is not enough. It is essential, but it is not enough. These things are necessary, but not sufficient.

So how? How do we go forward? In Washington, the people talk about being so savagely broken. How? At a time that I worry about King's ideal of a beloved community, how do we create that out of this moment? I do not know.

But I want to tell you this: When I find myself disturbed and sad, when I find my heart that, on most days, has an invincible hope for our Nation, I turn to our history, but I don't need to turn too far.

I know the heroes whose names are hailed from generations past. I don't know how Harriet Tubman, Ella Baker, and Fannie Lou Hamer mustered their strength and courage. They were marvelous magicians that could turn the most wretched of times into progress.

So at a time that I need hope, I tell you I turn to the spiritual alchemists of our day. I met them. I have been to a church in South Carolina where White supremacists stormed in and murdered nine blessed souls. I have watched on a TV screen this spiritual alchemist who somehow turned the most unimaginable grief into forgiveness and a lesson for our Nation.

I visited a church just a few months ago in Tulsa, OK. It was the last structure that was left standing out of one of the greatest acts of domestic terrorism we had ever seen—the torching, the bombing of Black Wall Street—and I met a pastor there, Pastor Turner. He is a great spiritual alchemist, who somehow turned the only remaining structure—after horrific violence—he somehow turned it into a symbol of struggle.

I have talked to mothers of the movement. These are these great Black women whose sons were murdered and are names we now know. I learned from them this unbelievable demonstration of spiritual alchemy, that somehow they turned their tragedies into a grit and guts and a determination to never

stop fighting as long as they have breath in their body and blood in their veins. They will fight for this Nation, even when it so savagely lets them down.

I get strength from those in our Nation today who demonstrated alchemy greater than any power I can possess, that somehow, in our darkest of times, we still are a Nation that can find a way to ignite the world, in a Nation where so many people have been so thoroughly failed, that they can still manifest the ability to fight for the ideals that have been denied for them. They are the ones right now whose spirit we all must try to summon.

We will come up short, but we must try to summon it. It is the only way forward that, somehow, this Nation that shares one spirit can find a way to put enough indivisible into this one nation under God, that somehow this great country can find a way in this time of our generation's great crisis—that we, like those before us, those magicians, those alchemists of love and spirit and sweat and struggle—that out of this time of crisis, we can make this Nation truly one of liberty and justice for all.

Madam President, I yield the floor.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Ms. MCSALLY). The Senator from Maryland.

RACISM

Mr. VAN HOLLEN. Madam President, let me start by saying to our colleague, the Senator from New Jersey who just spoke on the floor, that we are all thankful for his passion to make sure that this country lives up to its promise and for sharing with this body his personal testimony about racism and the need for all of us to move urgently to address the fundamental inequities at the heart of our society and institutions. I don't think it is an overstatement to say that we are at a pivotal point in our country. It is a moment of reckoning. Historians will carefully examine this moment to see how our country responded to see which path we took, how the Senate responded, how each Senator responded.

The immediate spark for this moment was the brutal murder of George Floyd by agents of government. In Minneapolis, a police officer aided and abetted by three other officers—we all witnessed the horror of George Floyd gasping ''I can't breathe'' as a White officer kept his knee on his neck for 8 minutes and 46 seconds; three other officers participated in the crime. All four need to be brought to justice, but the murder of George Floyd was not an isolated event in the United States of America. It is not the first time a Black man has called out ''I can't breathe'' as he was choked or lynched. We can draw a straight line that runs from slavery to Jim Crow to legal segregation to de facto segregation to institutional racism to the killings of Michael Brown, Tamir Rice, Eric Garner, Freddie Gray, Breonna Taylor, and George Floyd, as well as the vigilante killings of Trayvon Martin and Ahmaud Arbery and others.

The White police officer who looked at the video as he kept his knee on the neck of George Floyd thought he would get away with his actions because he and so many others had not been held accountable before. He thought he could get away with it, based on his experience. We must change that. As Senator BOOKER said, we can have our moments of silence, we can have vigils, but that is not enough. It is not nearly enough. This is a moment that demands real action, real change, and real results, starting with changes in police practices and the systemic racism and institutions that have shielded those who engage in misconduct from accountability.

Those changes must include establishing truly independent oversight mechanisms to ensure that those police officers who betrayed the public trust are held accountable. We must ban outright the use of chokeholds unless the officer's life is in imminent danger, and we must use Federal leverage to incentivize deescalatory practices over escalatory ones. We need national standards backed up by real consequences for those who do not comply, and we must establish a Federal databank that tracks reports of police misconduct—not simply unjustified killings by police, but all forms of misconduct. These and others changes are required to ensure the protection of citizens, communities, and an overwhelming number of police officers who are meeting their sworn oaths to protect our communities. Bad cops are bad for good cops, and we need to make sure we have a system in place to punish misconduct and reward those who are upholding their sworn duty.

Now, while the murder of George Floyd and others has, again, exposed the need for systemic change in police accountability, it also cries out for systemic change to address racism embedded in our institutions. The need for additional change does not mean we have not made progress in our country on key issues of civil rights and political rights, but it does mean we have a very long unfinished road ahead to achieve the promise of equal justice, equal rights, and equal opportunity in America. The murder of George Floyd comes in the middle of a pandemic that has inflicted disproportionate harm on communities of color, especially the Black community, because of deep underlying disparities in our society that have been well documented. It comes amid a pandemic that has shone a harsh light on deep inequality in our education systems, including the digital divide and the homework gap, but so much more.

The reality is we must put all of our systems under the microscope and very intentionally root out racial bias and discriminatory impact. In the city of Baltimore, in my State of Maryland, we have a terrible legacy of housing segregation. Baltimore City had an explicit committee on segregation, which was followed by harsh and restrictive covenants and redlining that blocked our Black community from economic mobility. That may seem like a long time ago, but the harmful impact of those laws is lasting, and you can still trace those red lines separating our neighborhoods today.

So let us be very clear here that these disparities can be directly traced to policies that were designed to discriminate. For decades, Federal, State, and local policies covering issues from housing to banking amounted to nothing less than state—sponsored efforts to deny African-Americans the basic equal rights they are owed under our Constitution. While many of these policies are off the books today, their legacy endures and practices endure, and it is our obligation at every level of government to uproot and destroy those embedded policies with the same kind of deliberation that they were put in place in the first place.

Now, the protests taking place in Minneapolis and all across the country are an expression of the deep pain caused by the continued death toll and other harms caused by our failure as a nation to address the underlying inequities in our society and in our institutions. That is why people have taken to the streets to protest. It was Dr. King who said: There can be no justice without peace, and there can be no peace without justice. Real justice and real peace is long overdue.

Last night, in response to those protests, we witnessed something I never thought we would see in the United States of America. We had the President of the United States call up and order military police to fire tear gas and rubber bullets at peaceful protesters to clear a path for him to conduct a photo op in front of Saint John's Episcopal church, a historic church close by to the White House.

Here is what Mariann Budde, the bishop of the Episcopal archdiocese of Washington, had to say about what the President did. She made a statement that outlined the President's abuse of their church for his political purposes, and then the church itself issued the following statement—I should point out that the pastor of the church and many of the parishioners were at the protest and providing water and nutrition to some of the protesters.

Here is what the leaders of the church said:

> We at St. John's Church were shocked at the surprise visit from the President this evening and even more appalled at the violent clearing of Lafayette Square to make the visit possible. St. John's is a community that welcomes all—from powerful presidents to the homeless—to worship God. We fully espouse the words of our Baptismal Covenant, which says, in part, that we ''will strive for justice and peace among all people and respect the dignity of every human being.''