

And I didn't answer because the only thing I could think of was "Yes, a Democrat." Quickly adding, "But even for Democrats, she had a place in her heart!"

Yes, that was Mary. She had her opinions, and she was passionate about them, but she had a heart big enough for everyone . . . and the only things that really drove her nuts were racism and sexism, two things for which she had zero tolerance.

On a personal level, I will always be deeply grateful for Mary's selflessness last year, when despite her illness, her loyal friendship brought her home to Maine to be at my side at crucial moments of my campaign for Congress—during the Republican Convention a year ago last weekend, and again during the hectic final weeks of the campaign last fall.

When it was crunch time, and everyone knew I needed someone to help keep me calm amidst the storm, it was Mary we turned to.

Knowing Mary was a joy in every respect. Her curious mind, her cheerful outlook and easy laugh, her grace under pressure, her steely determination and unflinching courage in the face of devastating illness, all combined to make this incredible young woman one of the most remarkable individuals I have ever met—or hope to meet—in my lifetime. They also made her much more than a co-worker. They made her a beloved friend—in the truest sense of the word.

And one of the joys of knowing Mary was that of getting to see her experience the wonder of true love. For that is what she found with Wayne.

No two people could ever have been more right for each other. And while Mary certainly made Wayne sweat it out for a long time before deeming him worthy of her affections, once she made up her mind, it was a true romance.

And it was the best decision of her life, for she got a life's partner who was there for her in every way—and who stayed at her side, giving her strength and support and love through every day of her life, and drawing his own strength and inspiration from Mary.

And while their days together were far too few, they brought each other great happiness and fulfillment.

Among the things Karen and I will always be grateful to Mary for is allowing us to get to know Wayne, and to share in the joy of their loving relationship, and other small joys like our shared passion for good food—especially Indian food. Of course, Mary's had to be vegetarian, while she tolerated Wayne, Karen and I indulging our basic carnivorous instincts.

And our mutual love of movies, cook-outs by the pool, enjoying special occasions together like the Inaugural Ball, the celebration of their long-awaited marriage, and being at their side during the up and down fight against Mary's cancer, and in the bittersweet journey of these last weeks.

Then, of course, there was that picture-perfect summer day in Bar Harbor last August, when Mary and Wayne were married at last. It was the wedding of Mary's dreams, and she was truly a radiant and beautiful bride.

Moments before the ceremony, when most brides are a nervous wreck, Mary took time to play ring-around-the-rosie with Alexa and another of the littlest guests.

At the reception, she danced, she laughed, she mingled and spent precious moments with every person there, and she entertained everyone by singing her trademark karaoke rendition of Garth Brooks's "I've Got Friends in Lo-o-ow Places."

And in keeping with the nautical theme of the reception—so in keeping with Mary's love of the ocean and lighthouses, and Wayne's love of the sea—Wayne thoughtfully dubbed every table with the name of a ship.

Ours was, of course, the State of Maine. And the Bride's table? What else but the Queen Mary . . .

For that is what Mary was to Wayne—his Queen.

And she was able to rely on him always. His devotion to her was unwavering and it was boundless. She never made a decision without him, for they were partners in every way—even against cancer.

And through it all, in all the times we spent together, and all the discussions we had, through every hopeful sign, and with every setback, I never heard either one of them ask "Why me? Why us?" They just faced every day as a team, determined to get through it together.

That Mary found such a perfect love with Wayne was a very natural thing. Because Mary has been surrounded by love her entire life.

Especially Chris and Betty, the parents she cherished, and about whom she was so concerned throughout her illness. And if you have ever spent time with Chris and Betty Bowers, you will understand how Mary came to be so bright and cheerful and optimistic.

As we heard the beautiful trumpet solo of "Rock of Ages" a few moments ago, I couldn't help but think what rocks Chris and Betty have been for Mary. With their frequent journeys to Washington to be at Mary's side at crucial times in her battle against cancer, they were a constant source of support and love for Mary and for Wayne. And I know Mary was so grateful that she was able to spend her last days surrounded by their love.

And Mary took such comfort from the reassuring presence and tender care of her beloved sister Missy, with whom she was so very close, Missy's husband LeRoy, and such joy from time with her precious nieces Jordan and Alexa.

She had a very special bond with Jordan, to whom Mary entrusted the secret of fluttering eyes. Jordan used to say "Auntie, can I move in with you and Wayne?" And Mary would say "But your mother will miss you." And Jordan said "But we'd let her come visit!"

And Alexa, at a different phase in her life. So little, but so precious in her Auntie's eyes. Mary adored them both . . . and the feeling was mutual.

The circle of love that was Mary's family also included her grandmother Phyllis, who is too ill to be here today, but who faithfully traveled from Sherman to Bangor to spend time with Mary these past weeks, and is here in spirit, as well as her aunts and uncles and cousins, and Wayne's parents and grandparents and other family who became her own.

And as her days neared their end, she told Wayne she was looking forward to being reunited with her beloved grandfathers who passed away before her. And we know now in sure and certain faith that she is with them today, and her other grandmother she never knew in this life.

Two summers ago, as Karen and I began building our home in my hometown of Perry, Mary and Wayne and her Uncle Tony and Aunt Carmel bought from us a piece of land that my aunt and uncle had given me at my birth. At a beautiful place called Gin Cove on the Perry shore of Passamaquoddy Bay, overlooking St. Andrews, New Brunswick.

This spot has been near and dear to me for my entire life. It represents a family legacy, a place where I played as a child, learned to dig clams and experienced the joy of living in Maine. And while I knew selling it would be a big help in realizing the dream of building our home, I was reluctant to do so. But seeing how much Mary and Wayne loved it, and knowing that it would fulfill their dream

of being on the ocean, and provide us the bonus of bringing them regularly to Perry, made it just right.

Now that beautiful spot represents even more. Its beauty is just one more reminder of the beauty of Mary Bowers, and the legacy she leaves us all.

On Monday, Wayne came down to Perry to his and Mary's spot on Gin Cove, seeking peace and reflection at this place she loved so much.

May each of us find peace—and joy—as we reflect on Mary, and give thanks to God for sharing her with all of us these past 28 years. And while we're at it, let's whisper thanks to Mary for sharing her love and her spirit and her goodness with us.

Mary, to take some liberties at paraphrasing Garth Brooks in that song you loved to sing: now we know we have a friend in high places.

Mary, we love you, we will miss you, and we will never, never, never forget you, for you will be in our hearts until the day each of us join you in Heaven.

ADDITIONAL STATEMENTS

LCOAL LAW ENFORCEMENT ACT OF 2003

● Mr. SMITH. Mr. President, I rise today to speak about the need for hate crimes legislation. On May 1, 2003, Senator KENNEDY and I introduced the Local Law Enforcement Act, a bill that would add new categories to current hate crimes law, sending a signal that violence of any kind is unacceptable in our society.

I would like to describe a terrible crime that occurred in Aloha, OR. On August 26, 2001, Lorenzo "Loni Kai" Okaruru was found dead in an overgrown field with her face smashed in and her fingertips cut off. A biological male born 28 years before in Saipan, Okaruru, Loni began living as a woman before she had migrated to Oregon. Given the savagery of the attack—a telltale sign of a probable hate crime—local police counted Loni's murder as the first official hate crime in the county's history.

I believe that government's first duty is to defend its citizens, to defend them against the harms that come out of hate. The Local Law Enforcement Enhancement Act is a symbol that can become substance. I believe that by passing this legislation and changing current law, we can change hearts and minds as well.●

HONORING MIKE MANGEOT

● Mr. BUNNING. Mr. President, I rise today in recognition of Mr. Mike Mangeot of Covington, KY. Mr. Mangeot is a recipient of the 2003 Covington Award presented by the Friends of Covington organization.

Each year the Friends of Covington take the opportunity to honor a business professional who places an equal amount of energy on community development as they place on professional success. Mr. Mangeot was selected for his strong dedication to community affairs and leadership in Covington.