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House of Representatives

The House was not in session today. Its next meeting will be held on Monday, September 13, 2004, at 12:30 p.m.

Senate

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 2004

The Senate met at 9:30 a.m. and was called to order by the President pro tempore (Mr. STEVENS).

PRAYER

The Chaplain, Dr. Barry C. Black, offered the following prayer:

Let us pray:

Infinite Spirit, You made heaven and Earth, the sea and all that is in them. Thank You for Your gracious righteousness that is the same yesterday, today, and forever. Help us to find rest and peace in You. Loose us from the chains of addictions that prevent us from doing Your will. Remind us of the foolishness of seeking security apart from You. Make us a righteous Nation so that You will be our shelter and shield. Bless the Members of this body. Help them in the making of laws to execute justice for the oppressed and to set the captives free. Protect them in their work and keep them from those things that lead to ruin.

Today we pause to remember the victims of September 11. Comfort their families and friends and continue to be the shield of protection for America; for You are our rock and our Redeemer. Amen.

PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE

The PRESIDENT pro tempore led the Pledge of Allegiance, as follows:

I pledge allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America, and to the Republic for which it stands, one nation under God, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

REMEMBRANCE OF SEPTEMBER 11, 2001

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. Under the previous order, the Senate will observe a moment of silence in remembrance of the events of September 11, 2001.

(Moment of silence.)

LEADER TIME

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. Under the previous order, there will now be a period for the use of leader time. The majority leader is recognized.

REFLECTING ON SEPTEMBER 11, 2001

Mr. FRIST. Mr. President, this morning we in the Senate honor the memory of the victims of the September 11 attacks. Tomorrow, all Americans will take time from the regular course of their weekend to do the same—to reflect in their own personal way on the terrible events of 3 years ago.

The essence of the tragedy of September 11, 2001, remains self-evident: The victims were innocent. They were simply going about their daily lives, working at their desks, answering emergency calls, traveling on business or vacation.

All had families who loved them and still love them to this day. I think of Brenda Vandever of Farragut, TN. She lost her brother, Tony Karnes, in the attack on the World Trade Center Towers. Brenda recently said:

I got over the car crash that my other brother died in, and I dealt with it when my

mom and dad died. But Tony went to work that day thinking just like we do, that nothing is going to happen. You just don't get over that.

We all feel a profound sadness for those who lost loved ones on that fateful day. There is little we can say or do to fill the immense void in their hearts. But we can hope and we can pray that one day the wounds of those who still hurt may heal.

September 11 impressed upon us that life is a precious gift. Every life has a purpose. And I think we all have a duty to devote at least a small portion of our daily lives to ensuring that neither America nor the world ever forgets September 11.

Something that Karyn and I did was to take our three boys, our three sons, to New York City to visit Ground Zero soon after the attacks. We wanted to sear in their minds a lasting and vivid memory of the worst that evil can do in the world but at the same time the best that we can do in America.

Our Nation will, of course, always remember the courage of the emergency workers who rushed to Ground Zero on that fateful day; who rushed to help in Shanksville, PA; who rushed to the Pentagon just a mile from here. These heroes risked their lives, and many lost their lives, so that others may live—or at the very least their families could live—in peace.

Within 24 hours of when terrorists crashed flight 77 into the Pentagon, 76 members of the Tennessee Task Force 1 were on the scene and were hard at work. They were dispatched to rescue but soon discovered that their work would be recovery.

• This “bullet” symbol identifies statements or insertions which are not spoken by a Member of the Senate on the floor.



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Ken Reeves, a Memphis Fire Department battalion chief, recalled:

I think everybody in the country was of the mindset, "Just let me have something to do," and we had something to do.

Well, they sure did. Tennessee Task Force 1 toiled 16 hours a day for 9 straight days. They slept on cots in a warehouse not too far from here, without air-conditioning. They often lost track of time, devoting every second of the day, every ounce of energy and attention, to a task that was as difficult and as gruesome as it was grueling.

September 11, 2001, drastically altered the future course of our Nation. It also profoundly changed our individual lives. We will forever be touched by the outpouring of compassion, the outpouring of charity, and the kindness of millions of our citizens and people all around the world.

Brenda Vandever said of what she hopes for this and future anniversaries: "I just don't want [Tony] to be forgotten."

To Brenda and to all of the families who lost their loved ones on that morning of September 11, 2001, I say this morning: Your loved ones will not be forgotten. We will remember them, we will honor them, and we will cherish them on this day, every year, for as long as God wills this Nation to endure.

I yield the floor.

RECOGNITION OF THE MINORITY LEADER

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Democratic leader is recognized.

REMEMBERING SEPTEMBER 11, 2001

Mr. DASCHLE. Tomorrow, in New York, at the Pentagon, in Shanksville, PA, and in communities all across our Nation, Americans will pause to remember the horror and the extraordinary heroism of September 11. Commemoration ceremonies will be held in firehouses, VFW halls, parks, churches, synagogues, mosques, libraries, and countless other places.

Surely one of the most poignant remembrance events is an exhibit that is being held through Sunday at a small art gallery in New York City, not far from where the twin towers once stood. It is an exhibit of artwork by children who lost family members—mostly parents—when the towers came crashing down.

We all lost so much, so quickly, on that terrible day. But few lost more than the children of September 11. Three thousand children lost a parent in the terrorist attacks on America. Nearly two dozen of those children never met their fathers; they were born after September 11.

Many thousands more children lost someone close to them: a grandparent, a brother or sister, an aunt or uncle.

Over the last 3 years, 400 of the children of September 11 have sought com-

fort, strength, and answers in therapy programs offered by the WorldTrade Center Family Center at South Nassau Communities Hospital on Long Island. The exhibit this weekend showcases art these children have created during their therapy sessions.

With the permission of the children and their families, I would like to show you some of their work.

This was painted by a 9-year-old son of a New York City firefighter who died in the collapse of the towers. This is a baseball diamond. In the outfield are two huge crosses. The little boy who painted this picture said it is a picture of the moment he first realized how much he missed his dad. He had just hit a home run; he was rounding the bases and looked up to search for his father's face in the stands.

Angels are a recurring image in the children's art. This angel looks like the Statue of Liberty. She is delivering a message to heaven.

A month after the attacks, the children were asked to try to imagine how they might feel about their loss over time. This series of paintings is a collective effort by about 40 of the children of September 11 to answer that question. It is called "Seasons of Grief." It shows four trees. The trees start out separate and alone. By the last panel, they are leaning toward each other, almost as if they are helping to hold each other up.

Even in the depths of unspeakable grief, the children of September 11 understood instinctively that there are sorrows we cannot bear alone, but there is nothing we cannot get through together. That is a lesson we all understood—immediately and instinctively—on that terrible day.

Three years later, what we remember about September 11 is not only the shock, and horror, and grief. We also remember the stunning heroism of the firefighters climbing the stairs—the passengers and crew members of Flight 93 defying their hijackers and the rescue workers toiling day and night.

We remember, too, how differently, and clearly, we seemed to see things after the attacks. We saw beyond the old labels. We were not black, white, red, brown, yellow, rich or poor, Republicans or Democrats. We were one people, indivisible—broken-hearted but not broken apart. Our recognition of our common bonds was our comfort, and our strength.

Three years later, we remember the great kindness and generosity with which people treated each other—even total strangers, even thousands of miles from the attack sites.

Don and Adele Hight own a family ranch in Murdo, SD. On September 11, they had already struggled through 2 years of drought. They sold 100 calves and donated the proceeds—more than \$40,000—to help victims of the attacks. The manager of the local Livestock Association called their donation "an act of kindness, generosity and true Americanism."

The Smith Equipment Company in Watertown, SD, makes heavy duty torches. In the days after the attacks, their cutting supplies were in high demand. So 175 employees at Smith Equipment volunteered to work around the clock to produce tons of equipment and rush it to Ground Zero.

A week after the Twin Towers fell, two men from Sioux Falls loaded up a pickup truck with \$20,000 worth of donated steel-toed boots, tube socks, and work gloves, drove to New York, distributed the protective gear to rescue workers at Ground Zero, and then got back in their truck and drove straight home.

All across South Dakota, school children, Scout troops, church organizations, employees and customers of small businesses, and countless others donated money for victims relief funds. At least one couple donated their tax-refund checks. People stood in line to donate blood. Some enlisted, or re-enlisted, in the military. People sacrificed. And they prayed for those who died, and the families they left, for the surviving victims, the rescue workers, and for our wounded nation.

Part of the sadness many of us feel as we approach this third anniversary of September 11 has to do with how divided our Nation sometimes feels now.

We cannot reclaim those we lost on September 11. But we can reclaim the sense of unity and generosity that their sacrifice inspired in us. It is still there. It is still within us.

The families of September 11 have endorsed a project called "One Day's Pay." It encourages people to observe the anniversary of September 11 by donating one day's pay, or one day's labor, to a community organization—to channel our sadness and anger for constructive purposes.

Those of us who have the privilege of serving our Nation in elected offices have another job to do as well. We can—and we must—work together, in good faith, to make America safer—without sacrificing the freedoms that make America great. We do not have the luxury of delay.

The terrorists who attacked us struck at the symbols of our financial and military might because they thought those symbols were America's greatest strengths. They were wrong. The real measure of America's greatness is not in glass and steel. It is in our people. It is in our shared commitment to freedom and democracy—and to each other. As the children of September 11 understood instinctively, we need each other.

Wherever we find ourselves tomorrow morning, let us remember not only the horror of September 11, but also the unity and the kindness we witnessed that day. And let us vow to honor those we lost by keeping the spirit of September 11 alive in our hearts. If we do, then, in a real way, those we lost will live on forever.

I yield the floor.