

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.