

one of the mutual funds that I owned, owned stock in a company doing business in Sudan. I was shocked to learn that. Quickly I sold it. But I think it is a warning to all that if you want to be participating in this effort to try to get the message to the Sudanese, we should all start with our personal savings and mutual funds and make sure that we are not supporting, indirectly, the Government of Sudan. I have sold that mutual fund, and I will try to be vigilant that if another mutual fund I own purchases something in Sudan, that I divest very quickly.

All of these are small actions but cumulatively they can make a difference. Tonight, as I have done before, I can't help but think about Rwanda in 1994. I mentioned it this morning when I noted the retirement of my colleague from Vermont, Senator JIM JEFFORDS. In 1994, mass murder was launched in Rwanda. It was carried out by guns and torches and by the grisly use of machetes.

Five weeks after the killings began, Illinois Senator Paul Simon, my predecessor and my closest friend in public life, who was chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Subcommittee on Africa, and JIM JEFFORDS, then the ranking Republican on that same subcommittee, phoned General Romeo Dallaire, head of the U.N. peacekeeping force in Rwanda in Kigali and asked what he needed. A desperate Dallaire told them that if he had 5,000 soldiers, he could stop the massacre in Rwanda. Those two Senators immediately drafted and hand-delivered a note to the White House, to the Clinton administration, requesting that the United States get the Security Council to authorize deployment of troops.

In their letter they wrote:

Obviously there are risks involved. But we cannot sit by idly while this tragedy continues to unfold.

Sadly, they received no reply to their letter. The killings continued. At the end of the day, over 800,000 people died in Rwanda as victims of the genocide. Last year, about this time, Senator BROWNBACK and I went to Kigali. People there don't talk about the Rwandan genocide of 12 years ago unless it is brought up. As I looked down at a Catholic Church down the hill from the Hotel Rwanda made famous by the movie, I thought it was just a simple church in an African capital. I came to learn that over 1,000 people were hacked to death inside that church where they sought asylum during this massacre and the genocide.

Later, after it occurred, Paul Simon would say:

If every member of the House and Senate had received just 100 letters from people back home saying we have to do something about Rwanda, when the crisis was first developing, then I think the response would have been different.

Hundreds of thousands of innocent lives would have been saved. So many times I have stood on this floor pleading for our Nation to intervene in

Darfur, and I have been thinking about Paul Simon and what he did in Rwanda. This time, during the latest chapter in the world's history of atrocities, hundreds of Americans, thousands of Americans are engaged. It is so encouraging to go to college campuses across the State of Illinois and find college groups that have made Darfur their issue. It is great to go to meetings of people old and young in my State and have someone afterward come up and discuss the genocide in Darfur. These people have not been silent. They have pleaded for action.

Paul Simon was right, in part. The response this time has been different. It has been different than the world's response to genocides against the Armenians, the Jewish people, the Cambodians, the Bosnians, and the Rwandans. It has been different in that this time we recognize that truly there is a genocide taking place on our watch, in our time in this world. But we haven't stopped it.

We are here today not as Democrats or Republicans but as advocates for the people of Darfur. The U.S. special envoy to Sudan, Mr. Natsios, has drawn a line in the sand. As of January 1, the Sudanese Government must either accept the peacekeeping mission or face the consequences. Personally, I believe this deadline comes too late. But I hope it is effective. I hope it convinces the Sudanese Government to accept the peacekeepers. If not, then the administration's plan B, the consequences of refusal, must be meaningful and immediate and decisive.

Let me close with the words of Paul Simon and JIM JEFFORDS, who retires this week from the Senate:

We cannot sit idly by while this tragedy continues to unfold.

I yield the floor.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. BENNETT). The Senator from Ohio.

Mr. DEWINE. Mr. President, I congratulate my colleague from Illinois for his very eloquent statement. He, along with Senator BROWNBACK and others, has been very much involved in this issue. We say "issue," but it is a lot more than an issue. It is something that is truly one of the great tragedies of our era. I salute him for his passion. I salute him for his intellect and his drive and his determination to do something about it. We have made some progress and have a special envoy appointed. This was something Senator BIDEN and I worked on, along with others, urged the administration to do. I am delighted that Andrew Natsios is in that position. He is a man of great talent. But we in Congress—and I will be leaving the Congress—and the American people, we all have to continue to speak out. We all have to continue to make this a priority. We all have to remember, as my colleague from Illinois has so eloquently pointed out, the history of atrocities such as this in the past and that when good people do not speak up and do not, more importantly, take action, these tragedies not only occur but they continue.

I salute my colleague from Illinois.

TRIBUTE TO SENATOR RICK SANTORUM

Mr. DEWINE. Mr. President, I rise to take a moment to congratulate my colleague from Pennsylvania, Senator SANTORUM, who spoke very eloquently about the world threat that we face today. RICK SANTORUM is someone of great passion. He is someone who is fearless. He is someone who, frankly, does not care whether people agree with him or do not agree with him.

I will say this: This Senate is going to be a lesser body without RICK SANTORUM's great passion and his great drive, his great creativity. He will take those attributes out of this body, but I know that we will hear from him. He will be vocal. He will be concerned. He will be involved in whatever role he decides to assume after the first of January.

HONORING OUR ARMED FORCES

CORPORAL MICHAEL CIFUENTES

Mr. DEWINE. Mr. President, I come to the Floor today to honor a brave Ohioan, Marine LCpl Michael Cifuentes, from Fairfield, who was killed in the line-of-duty when his vehicle was hit by an improvised explosive device in Iraq on August 3, 2005. Michael is survived by his parents, Gregory and Carolyn, his brother Daniel, and his fiance Tara Reynolds.

Friends, family, and fellow marines remember Michael, first and foremost, for his kind and generous spirit. A 1998 graduate of St. Xavier High School in Cincinnati and then a 2002 graduate of my alma marter, Miami University, Michael chose to postpone his upcoming graduate studies in math education in order to serve in the U.S. Marine Corps.

Michael was known as having a soft spot in his heart for children, and eventually, he wanted to become a math teacher. To make the most of his time before graduate school, Michael was a substitute teacher at Talawanda Middle School in Oxford, OH. Principal Sharon Lytle remembers that he was an excellent teacher, who was well liked by his students and who exhibited a special willingness to help those requiring special instruction. She said the following about Michael:

He was always willing to take the toughest cases. He was a real team player [and] unfaillingly polite and respectful. A lot of college kids come in here just more relaxed. He was just more mature.

Mark Hinkle, Michael's uncle, said that Michael was a great teacher—a teacher who also always wanted to be a Marine. Michael taught Mark's 10-year-old daughter at Talawanda Middle School. His uncle said that Michael "just loved the kids."

Michael held a graduate assistantship through iDiscovery, an online program for teachers, until he was called for duty in the Marine Corps

Reserve. Sara Hayes, coordinator of this teaching program, said that “Michael was a bright, funny, caring personality, and he would have made an excellent math teacher.” Hayes’ sentiments are frequently echoed by friends and family alike.

Michael was always a wonderful friend, and he made an impact upon everyone whom he met. St. Xavier marching band member Kyle Metzroth recalls a particularly humorous moment with Michael:

I only knew Mike for a year. I was a freshman in the marching band the year he was a senior. I can remember him for always having a smile, and I remember a lot of laughs. But, the one solid, concrete memory I have of Mike was a trip up to Cleveland for the St. Ignatius football game that fall. Mike was a sousaphone player in the band, and if I remember correctly, he had forgotten it on this trip, or it was broken, or something of that nature. The important fact was that he was unable to march with it.

The band director was going to allow him to march anyway without an instrument. But I guess to some true bandsmen, marching without an instrument, just doesn’t cut it. There was one extra instrument lying around among the band. The difficulty with this instrument was the fact that it had strings—[it was] a banjo. One of the other bandsmen must have brought it with him as something to do on the bus ride. Little did we know that we were about to witness St. Xavier High School’s very first marching banjo! To this day, people I know in the band still talk about it.

At Miami University, Michael continued to play in the marching band—tuba, actually—and was actively involved in the Acacia fraternity, was the head manager for the women’s basketball team, and was a member of Miami’s Naval ROTC.

Miami University Marching Band Director David Shaffer said this about Michael:

[He] always gave 100 percent. He loved Miami football and was the team’s loudest voice from the stands. With great enthusiasm, he was always the first in line for the tuba snake and the one to ring the President’s doorbell during the Band Day parade. I know Mike was a very proud Marine and a true American. We can only be thankful that Mike was with us for 25 years. He was our friend, our brother, and our defender.

It was at Miami University that Michael met his fiancée Tara Reynolds. Michael’s friends say that one of the happiest moments of Michael’s life was when Tara agreed to be his wife.

Friend Janice Hughes said that “Michael was always looking for the right girl. When he met her, they clicked, (and) he was really excited to talk about her.”

Michael planned for the perfect proposal. In fact, he puts most people to shame when it comes to creative proposals. After going over the details for weeks with his fraternity brothers as a way to quell his nervousness, Michael sat with Tara on an outdoor wooden bench with a packet of recent photos. Mixed into the pile was a snapshot of him holding a sign reading: “Will You Marry Me?” She, of course, said “yes.”

A few months after their engagement, Michael’s Marine reserve unit was activated and left Oxford for Iraq.

Tom Fennell, president of the Acacia fraternity, said this about Michael:

Spending time with Mike in formal and social situations immediately led us to understand his love for his friends, family, fiancée, and country. . . . The best word to describe Michael was ‘committed.’ He was committed to his fiancée, and he was committed to the Marines.

Pride is another recurring word used to describe Michael. Chris Rhoton, assistant principal at Talawanda Middle School, said that pride “was how he felt about being called up. Michael was patriotic, mature, and respectful. He was a great role model. Students and anyone who met him just respected him immediately. He enhanced the lives of several kids here.”

The Reverend John Ferone perhaps summed it up best when he said, “Michael was a lover, a reconciler . . . a person who was able to give everything away so that this world would be a better place.”

Michael’s parents included a tribute to their son as part of the program distributed to attendees of his memorial service. This is what they wrote:

We will celebrate Michael’s life for the good that he brought to this world. With his buddies and fellow Marines, he was trying to bring a better life to a people who have suffered for too long.

My wife Fran and I continue to keep Michael’s family and friends in our thoughts and prayers.

SPECIALIST ROBERT SWANEY

Mr. President, I rise today to pay tribute to a fellow Ohioan and a brave soldier—Army SPC Robert Swaney, of West Jefferson, OH, who died on July 30, 2005, from injuries sustained when his military vehicle struck an improvised explosive device in Iraq. He was 21 years old.

Robert was an enthusiastic and passionate young man—someone who approached his life with a whole-hearted determination and zeal. In the words of his Uncle Joe, “Robert lived and died giving it his all.”

Robert graduated from Marion-Franklin High School in 2003, where he was known for his love of football. Despite being one of the smaller players on the team, he fought with a true grit to prove himself on the field. His passion, was an inspiration to his coach and his teammates. “He was our ‘Rudy,’” said Marion-Franklin head football coach, Gary Tucker, referring to the 1993 film about a football player, small in stature, who struggled against the odds to play college ball. As Coach Tucker put it, “Michael always gave 150 percent.”

A former teammate, then quarterback Tony McMichael, said that Robert “lived and breathed football. . . . He knew how to pump people up.”

After graduation, Robert would return to Marion-Franklin to cheer on the younger players. “He was so involved, so spirited, so upbeat,” Coach Tucker said. “He felt like he could conquer anything.”

Robert’s enthusiasm and willingness to get involved stretched beyond the

football field. He was a summer school teacher’s aide at Marion-Franklin and an aide for the Sunday school at Sts. Simon and Jude Catholic Church of West Jefferson. He was an avid outdoorsman, and he was also very active in West Jefferson Youth Athletic Association.

Shortly after graduating from Marion-Franklin High, Robert moved in with his Aunt Angie and Uncle Joe, and his cousins Jordan, Riley, Landon, and Ryan. “He was a good kid,” Angie said. “We thought of him as a son. He was just like one of the kids. He was such a beautiful soul and spirit.”

Robert loved playing baseball, basketball, and football with his younger cousins, as well as watching The Ohio State University Buckeyes football games. His Uncle Joe fondly remembers the eagerness with which Robert would help out at youth football games. “He would run chains, do the scoreboard, carry water, anything to help out the Peewee team,” Joe said. “He was so enthusiastic, you would have thought he was coaching pro ball!”

Mr. President, Robert also loved animals and had a wicked sweet tooth. “He was a junk-food junkie,” his Aunt Angie said. “He’d eat 15 candy bars and three bags of chips in one sitting and never offer a bite.”

Robert lived with his aunt and uncle until he enlisted in the Army. He was inspired by the example of his older brother Thomas McClellan, who had joined the Air Force. Although family members tried to persuade Robert into either the Air Force or the Navy, Robert was adamant in his decision to enlist in the Army. Robert’s lifelong ambition, which he had dreamed about since high school, was to become a nurse, and the Army was where he could get the skills he needed to achieve that goal.

Robert was a good soldier. According to SGT Christopher Mills, Robert had a “determination to become a better soldier” and “never failed to get the job done.” Robert’s brother Thomas said that “he knew what he was getting into, but that’s Rob. He had a big heart. He always wanted to help other people.”

Robert was assigned to the 3rd U.S. Armored Cavalry Regiment, Thunder Squadron, based at Fort Carson, CO. That October, he married the woman he loved—Alexandria—while on leave. Alexandria said that Robert “would always be the first to let you know that he was the strongest in our family, and he would do anything to take care of us.” She also remembers Robert’s cheerful, outgoing nature. “He was always trying to find the good in people,” she recalled. “He would always love to talk. He would always love to put a smile on [my] face.”

While in Iraq, Robert frequently wrote to his family. His last letter home was sent to his 8-year-old cousin Riley. He wrote to Riley that keeping her safe was all the encouragement he

needed. He wrote: "I can't promise that I will make it home . . . but I promise I will return a hero."

Robert Swaney did, indeed, become a hero. He was a young man who always put the well-being of others before his own. In recognition of his outstanding service, the Army posthumously promoted him to specialist.

I would like to conclude by quoting from a letter that Robert wrote to his mother. This is what he wrote:

I want you to know that I'm doing well and doing what I enjoy the most—serving the people of the United States of America.

My wife Fran and I continue to keep Robert's family and friends in our thoughts and in our prayers.

LANCE CORPORAL TAYLOR B. PRAZYNSKI

Mr. President, I rise today to pay tribute to a fallen marine—LCpl Taylor B. Prazynski from Fairfield, OH. Lance Corporal Prazynski was killed on May 9, 2005, by an indirect fire explosion while in combat in Iraq. He was only 20 years old.

As a young boy growing up in Fairfield, Taylor dreamed of being a soldier. He was born on Veterans Day at an Air Force base where his father John was serving in the military. John remembers that Taylor loved to try on his dad's uniform as a boy and was simply destined to join the military.

As a child, his favorite hangout was an Army surplus store. Today, a photo of 6-year-old Taylor in a military camouflage jumpsuit and beret still hangs there.

Taylor joined the Marines shortly after graduating from Fairfield High School in 2003. For him, there was simply no question of what it was he wanted to do. As his father recalls, "Taylor always said he was where he was supposed to be and doing what he was supposed to be doing."

Taylor was a compassionate young man who loved kids. While a senior in high school, he volunteered to serve as an aide for a classroom of multihandicapped students. Some of the students he worked with contacted Taylor's family when they heard news of his death.

Gary Staggs, an aide for the school's multihandicapped class, described Taylor as a budding teacher who inspired students. He remembers Fairfield graduate Josh Dixon, who was among the first to line up to pay respects to Taylor at his funeral, which was held at the Fairfield High School gym. Josh used a walker to enter the gym, and Gary said it was Taylor's hard work in 2003 that helped Josh abandon his wheelchair. According to Gary:

Taylor took it upon himself to set up Josh Dixon's braces and lay down mats for his practice walks every school day. He basically carried him. Then one day, Josh walks into the classroom with Taylor by his side and both of them [were] beaming with pride. . . . One person can make such a difference in someone's life, and Taylor did that—and more.

Taylor was simply the kind of young man who cared so much for others. As Gary Staggs put it:

He was big enough to bend over and help somebody else. He was doing what he wanted to be doing. He helped kids, but he also wanted to help society. He wanted to make a difference in Iraq.

Friends describe Taylor as a hard-working man who loved art, played football, and participated in track and field. He was well liked and deeply respected by all who knew him.

Scott Datillo, the head football coach at Fairfield High School, remembers Taylor's spirit of cooperation:

When you are a coach and want to develop a team, you want kids like him. He bought into the team concept. He worked hard and made the most of his abilities.

Taylor's tribute pages on the Internet continue to be filled in daily by those who knew and loved him. He is so deeply missed. One friend, Elizabeth Williams, wrote the following message to her dear friend Taylor:

Taylor, words will never be able to express the void that I have felt in my life and heart since you've been gone. . . . I have always loved you with all of my heart, and I just hope you knew that when you were here with us. There is not a single day that goes by that I don't think about you and miss you like crazy. Sometimes, I cannot help but think about things that could have been; but, even on those days, all I can think about are all the happy memories and the moments of our lives together.

Fellow Marine Cpl Brent T. Willoughby, stationed in Afghanistan, says this of Taylor:

I had the honor of meeting Taylor . . . in Louisville on our way to Parris Island in November 2003. We were in the same platoon and graduated on January 30, 2004. During our time at Parris Island, I saw the love of life that Ski (that's what we called him) possessed. As the lay reader for a platoon, Ski asked me to pray with him on several occasions, and he always let me know within a few days that his prayers had been answered. His dedication and devotion to this country and to his fellow marines will never be forgotten. Rest assured that God has called him home and that when we meet him again, he will be standing guard somewhere in heaven smiling that timeless smile. Godspeed and Semper Fi.

Taylor Prazynski was loved and admired by all those who knew him. He will always be remembered. He had a bright future before him. His father said that in the last months of his son's young life, Taylor had spoken in phone calls from Iraq about wanting to become a special education teacher.

More than 1,500 people came to Fairfield High School's gym to pay final respects to Taylor. It was fitting that the stirring tribute to the fallen hero took place at his high school, where the line of well-wishers waiting to file past Taylor's coffin stretched over 100 yards.

His father said:

Taylor loved the idea of "once a marine always a marine." Every time I spoke to him, I told him I loved him and that he was my hero. We sent a boy to boot camp, and he came home a man.

A compassionate young man, Taylor had a great big heart and a tremendous sense of dedication to his family, community, and his country.

My wife Fran and I continue to keep the family of Taylor Prazynski—his father and stepmother, John and Carol, and his mother Claudia—in our thoughts and our prayers.

CORPORAL JOSHUA D. JONES

Mr. President, this evening, I wish to pay tribute to Army Cpl Joshua Jones, a soldier from Pomeroy, OH. On August 27, 2006, Joshua died in Iraq when his humvee came under attack from enemy small arms fire. The 24-year-old soldier was a member of the 3rd Battalion, 67th Armor Regiment, 4th Brigade Combat Team, 4th Infantry Division based out of Fort Hood, TX. Joshua leaves his wife Tiffany, his daughter Cami, and their unborn child which Tiffany is expecting this coming March. He is also survived by his mom Sandy, stepfather Arlyn, his father Gary, stepmother Cindy, brothers Caleb, Peter, and Jacob, and sister Alexandria.

Joshua completed his basic training at Fort Knox in May 2004 and went to Iraq in December 2005. Joshua knew his mission in Iraq. He knew it well. He knew that he was fighting so that those he loved—his friends, family, and so many other Americans—would never have to. Friends tell us he joined the Army to protect them.

The role of protector was not a new one for Joshua. He was born on January 2, 1982, and was one of six children. Growing up, Joshua always looked out for his younger siblings. His love of family was evident in all his actions.

His dad beams with pride when talking about his son. Joshua's dad recalls the passion and bravery Joshua showed when he talked with him nearly 3 years ago about his decision to join the Army. According to Gary:

Whenever [Joshua] talked about joining the Army, he always said he was going to go fight so that his siblings would never have to.

Joshua is lovingly remembered by all who had the privilege of knowing this brave young man. Those who knew him best recall his energy, his optimism, his warmth. They remember him doing the things he loved—singing, traveling, racing remote-controlled cars, and riding all-terrain vehicles in the hills and trails of southeastern Ohio. Family friend David Kelly remembers Joshua as a young man who knew what he wanted and that was simply to love and care for the people around him.

And there is no one whom Joshua loved more than his wife Tiffany. This past September 12, they would have celebrated their 3-year wedding anniversary. Tiffany is making sure that Joshua's character and heroism are not forgotten. She made a book of pictures of their family and Joshua's time in Iraq. Before his death, she also kept a Web site with pictures and updates on his activities in Iraq. To be sure, Tiffany's efforts will preserve Joshua's legacy for their children.

Joshua's family saw him for the last time in June, while he was home on a 2-week leave after being in Iraq for half

of a year. They made the most of every moment they had together before he had to return. Josh loved his family so much.

Joshua was the very best kind of person—a man who put family and Nation above all else. He was a great son, husband, and father. He liked nothing more than to hold his wife and his daughter. Shortly after his return to Iraq, Joshua received the wonderful news that Tiffany was pregnant with their second child.

He called her every day from Iraq and often sent instant messages to his parents. For Joshua, nothing was more important than staying in touch with the people he loved.

Joshua's death is a loss to all of Meigs County. At his funeral, he was remembered not just for his heroism but for the quality and integrity of his life. As a soldier, he approached every task with determination and purpose. Army BG Bruce Berwick lauded Joshua for his service when he said the following:

No one will ever say Corporal Jones did nothing. He confronted evil. He drove it back. He made a difference. He died doing nothing less than saving this world.

One of Joshua's friends, Tammi Adamson, left the following message for him on an Internet tribute Web site. She reflected on his devotion to his country, his kindness, and the deep love he held for his family. This is what Tammi wrote:

Thank you, Josh, for your most honorable and unselfish service. I will never forget you, nor will I ever stop loving you. You were like my brother, and I will miss you each and every day. You are my hero and a hero to my children. Words cannot express the sadness and the sorrow I feel for [your] family. Anyone who knew [you would know that you were] a wonderful person and husband who adored [your] wife and [your] . . . daughter. May God keep you in His hand, and may you rest now. Your mission is finished.

That was so beautifully said by his friend.

My wife Fran and I will continue to keep the friends and family of Cpl Joshua D. Jones in our thoughts and in our prayers.

SPECIALIST DAVID H. FORD IV

Mr. President, this evening I pay honor and tribute to Army SPC David H. Ford, IV, from Ironton, OH. Specialist Ford was a member of the 4th Battalion, 64th Armor Regiment, 4th Brigade Combat Team, 3rd Infantry, stationed at Fort Stewart, GA. On September 26, 2005, he was killed when an improvised explosive device detonated near his military vehicle while he was on patrol in Baghdad. He had turned 20 years old just 6 days before his death.

On September 10, 1985, David was born to Violet Adams Ford and David Ford, III, in Norfolk, VA. David's family then moved to Ironton, OH. In 2003, David graduated from Ironton High School, where he was a big fan of the football team.

David also liked to bowl. "He was an excellent person," his Aunt Minnie said. "[H]e would give the last thing he could to anybody."

David was a proud soldier. When he joined the Army, he was continuing his family's tradition of military service. His father served in the Navy for 20 years, and his brother Ray also serves in the Army. As David's friend, Shannon Bare, said:

He always wanted to follow in his dad's footsteps.

His friends will remember him as a fun-loving young man who enjoyed life. The Rev. Robert Pierce, David's pastor of 14 years, agrees that David always had a smile for everyone. He said:

I'll always remember him as that grinning little boy.

Life wasn't always easy for David, however. His father passed away while he was in junior high, and his house burned down before he graduated from high school. But David always kept a brave smile on his face. He simply dealt with hardship with unusual grace. His friend and Ironton classmate, Rebecca Dingus, considers him a true example of courage. This is what she said:

He was wonderful, such a strong person. He had been through so much. He lost his father at a young age. His house burned down our senior year, but he kept going. He had such a big heart.

Indeed, this is the strength and spirit that helped David and his family through their difficulties. David's friend Shannon remembers how David always stayed positive:

He never had a sad look on his face. He always kept a smile on his face. He made friends with everybody. He called me a couple months ago to ask how everyone was doing back here.

David cared about people and they cared about him. He was deeply loved by his family—his mother Violet, his fiancée Susie White, his brother Ray, and his sister Kimberly. His mother said that David was a responsible young man who loved life and was easy to love. He was her "pride and joy." But she knows that he "died doing what he wanted." That is what his mom said.

David joined the Army in 2003 after graduating from high school. He planned to study forensic science after his military service was completed. His cousin, J.P. Harris, said that David was interested in forensic science and that "[h]e wanted to get into CSI-type of investigations." J.P. also said:

It makes you proud he was a member of your family. He was the type of person who did what he was supposed to do.

Repeatedly, that is what friends and families said about David—that he was such a good person, that he cared for his family, that he did what was right and that made his family very proud. "He was proud of being a soldier," his mother remembers. "He believed in standing up for what he believed in."

One of David's former teachers, Sue Blagg, remembers that David "was a quiet student. He always had his work in on time, and he was never any trouble." David's work ethic, his kindness, and his optimism were also apparent to

those he served with in the Army. One of his comrades, SGT Heath A. Hutchison, left the following message in David's memory on an Internet tribute Web site. This is what he wrote:

There would never be enough to say about David. I knew him well. He was always the guy to make me laugh, and now he makes me cry. I will always remember him and all of the crazy things that we did together. I will miss him, and I thank God that I knew him.

At David's funeral, BG John C. Bartley read the following statement from David's commanding officer in Iraq noting David's unforgettable smile:

When I saw him, I thought to myself: My goodness, this soldier looks so young. But as time went on, I saw him mature from a boy into a man. Watching him grow amazed me. As first gunner, I could see he was nervous, but before I knew it, he was standing before me grinning from ear to ear.

David will be remembered with pride by all who knew him. Internet tribute pages are full of comments from those individuals who remember his warmth, his bravery, and how he could make any day brighter simply by being himself. He was a great friend to many, and his death is a loss for all. As his grandfather Ray Adams said:

I am proud of him. I am real proud. He was a fine boy. I tell you, it is a great loss.

Indeed, David Ford was a remarkable person—a beloved son, grandson, and brother. He was also a gracious human being. He was bright and he was kind. When confronted with challenges in life, he smiled. He didn't give up. He kept going. He persevered.

David Ford will never be forgotten. We celebrate his life—a life devoted to serving his country and loving and respecting his family and friends.

My wife Fran and I will continue to keep David's family in our thoughts and in our prayers.

FIRST SERGEANT RICKY L. MCGINNIS

Mr. President, this evening I would like to honor the memory of Army 1SG Ricky L. McGinnis, who was originally from Hamilton, OH. First Sergeant McGinnis was killed in Iraq when a roadside bomb detonated near his patrol on October 26, 2006. He is survived by his wife Kerstin and their four daughters: Julia, Laura, Melissa, and Nina. He is also survived by his sisters, Rhonda Isaacs and Julie Wilson and his brother Carl Wilkerson. Ricky was 42 years of age at the time of his death.

Ricky McGinnis graduated from Hamilton High School in 1983 and joined the Army soon after at the age of 18. His niece Nichole recalls how important the military was to Ricky. She said:

I remembered him always being in an Army uniform. Ever since I was born, he was in the Army.

Ricky gave 23 years of dedicated service to our country and to the Army, though he was planning to retire from the military when he returned from his deployment in Iraq. Ricky's sister Rhonda remembers how

proud he was to serve our country and how patriotic he was. Ricky's commitment to the military took him around the world—from Germany to Korea to the Middle East.

It was in Germany where he met the love of his life, his wife Kerstin. They were married over 20 years ago in Weisenbaden, Germany, in 1986. Ricky was a loving husband and a devoted, proud father of their four girls. He certainly loved his family unconditionally.

Relatives remember that Ricky's daughters meant everything to him. He loved coaching them in softball, basketball, and soccer. One family friend wrote the following to Ricky on an Internet tribute Web site:

Coach Mac, we can't believe you are gone. God must have needed a great coach and leader in Heaven to have taken you so very soon.

In his 23 years of service, Ricky embodied the best of everything the Army stands for: loyalty, courage, and selflessness. His passion and commitment to the Army was seen by all who were privileged to serve with him. Ricky inspired so many others to follow his example and join the Army, including his 19-year-old nephew, PFC Joey Isaacs.

To Joey, his uncle was more than a mentor—he was a “best friend” and a “second father.” Joey's mother Rhonda—Ricky's sister—remembers that Joey saw his uncle as a hero. Joey remembers how proud Ricky was when he decided to join the Army. This is what Joey says:

All we ever talked about was going to Iraq. My uncle and I were inseparable. When I told him I joined the Army, he couldn't have been more proud. He said it was going to be a long year, but we were going to get through it. Whenever I needed him, he was always there.

In Iraq, Ricky and Joey served in the same unit as part of the First Cavalry Division. Every day they would meet to eat lunch together. According to Rhonda, “Ricky was going to make sure nothing ever happened to Joey.” And that is exactly what Ricky did.

While both Ricky and Joey were in Iraq, Joey's father was hospitalized after an accident. Without hesitation, Ricky started working to get his nephew home so that he could be with his family. Rhonda remembers the last words Ricky spoke to her. He said:

Hey, Sis, I am doing everything to get Joey home. I love you.

That conversation took place on Tuesday. The following Thursday, just 2 days later, Ricky was killed.

Joey also recalls the last conversation he had with his uncle. Ricky had come to his barracks to make sure that his nephew was doing all right, and doing all right with his dad's accident. This is how Joey remembers that last final meeting:

The last time I saw my uncle, he came to my barracks to visit me because I was having a rough time with my dad and his accident. He came in and told me he was there for me—I could talk to him. He told me to be strong, to keep doing my job, and he told me that he loved me.

Ricky's final mission was simply taking care of his family. He succeeded. Joey was able to return home and his father recovered from his accident. As Joey said:

God saved my dad and now my uncle is with God.

Without question, Ricky did his job in protecting his family, but his compassion and strength were large enough to take care of others as well. He was loyal to and protective of everyone with whom he served. LTC Keith Gogas, Ricky's squadron commander, remembers the dedication with which he served. This is what he said:

Ricky was doing exactly what he loved doing: leading his soldiers. He loved being a first sergeant because he loved his troops. He loved training them. He loved watching them mature, and he loved turning them into cavalrymen.

Indeed, Ricky was a leader in the truest sense of the word. With his words and his deeds he trained a new generation of leaders. And he truly believed in what he was doing. As his niece Nichole said:

Ricky was very patriotic. He said he was going to go to Iraq just to get the job done. He was totally about just getting over there and doing his job and worrying about the men he supervised.

Ricky made it his job to look out for others. This is the type of man he was.

The following words were once said by an American soldier:

What we have done for ourselves, alone, dies with us. What we have done for others and the world remains and is immortal.

These words could not be more fitting in describing the full life of 1SG Ricky McGinnis. Ricky spent 23 years of his life working for others, working for our Nation. This lifetime of service will remain, and it will be immortalized in all those who Ricky trained, led, and inspired. A devoted husband, father, uncle, and son, he impacted them and changed their lives in countless ways. He is deeply missed by all those who knew him and all of those who loved him.

My wife Fran and I continue to keep Ricky's family in our thoughts and in our prayers.

ARMY SERGEANT DAVID GORDON

Mr. President, this evening I would like to honor the life of David Gordon from Williamsfield, OH. David was a member of the 3rd Battalion, 16th Field Artillery Regiment, 4th Infantry Division based in Fort Hood, TX. On September 8, 2006, he was killed in Baghdad when an improvised explosive device detonated near his vehicle. David was serving his second tour of duty in Iraq, and he was scheduled to return home in just 2 months. He was 23 years of age at the time of his death.

David Gordon leaves his wife Kimber, his stepchildren Miguel and Matthew, his father Rodney, his mother Judy, his stepfather Bob, and his three sisters Theresa, Tiffany, and Jean.

David was born in Westfield, NY. His family moved to Pennsylvania and then to Ohio where he attended

Pymatuming Valley School. David was known for always helping his loved ones. A childhood friend, Michael Reed, said David was the best friend anyone could ask for and that whenever anyone said something bad about Michael, David would stick up for him. Michael described David as tough, but that deep down he was just a big puppy dog.

In 2000, David graduated from South Ridge Christian Academy where he spent his senior year. David joined the Army immediately after graduating high school. According to his aunt, Kathy Hicks, he wanted people to be proud of him and wanted to model himself after others who had gone into the military. David's grandfather Howard Gordon said that David was going to make the Army a career, and he really believed he was making a difference.

A person with a great zest for life, David enjoyed so many different things. He liked hunting, fishing, football, and wrestling, and he was a fan of NASCAR. His sister Jean remembers that he was an outgoing person. She says:

He liked to horse around. He liked to watch movies, play video games, and to be on his computer.

David's wife Kimber remembers the impact he had on those whom he knew, and this is what she said:

David was an extraordinary man, husband, father to our sons, and awesome son and brother. Anyone who had the privilege of having him as a friend would say he touched their life like no other. David is so deeply missed and will always be loved and held in our hearts forever.

David's aunt Kathy wants people to remember that he was a great kid, the kind of boy who always wanted to help out others. This is what she said:

David was so polite, especially to me. He would hug me whenever he saw me. Most kids that age would not do that, but David was a fun-loving kid who played video games. He was a good kid all the way around.

His mom said:

He was the kind of boy that would make your darkest days shine bright. He was not only my son, but also my best friend.

A fitting tribute to David was given when his body was brought home to Andover, OH. Friends, neighbors, and strangers stood silently as his body was brought through Andover Square, led by Wayne and Andover fire, police, and emergency crews. Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts stood at attention and held candles to honor this brave fallen soldier. One of the Scouts said:

I am here to honor him and to honor my country. It is so sad, so sad that he is dead, but I can feel him in my heart.

Mr. President, the Andover Council president, Myra Brown, said it was important for the communities to support each other as they grieved for their hero. Mark Wilbur, president of the Andover Fraternal Order of Eagles, said:

David won't just be honored in Andover, he will be remembered forever as our hero. He reminds us that freedom isn't free.

Friend Tim Haidon said the following about him:

We met at the church a few years ago before we went back to Iraq. He was a person of faith and we are fortunate to know today he is in heaven.

David Gordon was a good person, someone who was passionate about the security of others, who dedicated himself to protecting all of us.

David Gordon was an exceptional young man. He was simply the type of person who never gave up. Today, we honor his life and we remember how he was a devoted son, a caring brother, a loving husband and father. It is through the good deeds that he did—the service to our Nation that he so selflessly gave—that his memory will never fade.

I would like to conclude my remarks with the heartfelt words of the father of fallen Army soldier, SGT Gregory L. Wahl. He posted this message on a Web site honoring David. This is what he had to say:

To the Gordon family from the Wahl family—you are not alone. Every fallen family and our family are with you. Our heart and prayers are with you and David. He has not died in vain. He is an American hero, and so much more to all who knew him. David has touched the hearts of many. Be supportive towards one another in honoring your son, David.

He continues on:

Each of you and all of us who knew him will reflect on the very fond and precious memorable times we shared together with David. Shed a smile, laugh, and tears. David would not want anyone sad or unhappy. David is with Gregory. They didn't know one another, yet both are brothers. David, you will never, ever, ever be forgotten as you are remembered today and always.

My wife Fran and I continue to keep SGT David Gordon's family and friends in our thoughts and in our prayers.

STAFF SERGEANT ELVIS BOURDON

Mr. President, I rise this evening to pay tribute to a fallen soldier—Army SSG Elvis Bourdon, originally from Youngstown, OH. Staff Sergeant Bourdon was killed in Baghdad on September 6, 2004, when his military vehicle came under attack by enemy small-arms fire. He was 36 years old, and was serving with the 1st Battalion, 9th Cavalry Regiment, 1st Cavalry Division based out of Fort Hood, TX. Left to cherish his memory are his wife Mary, and their two children Corey and Allyssa, his father Juan, his mother Dalila, his brothers Ray and Juan, Jr., and his sisters Elizabeth, Jenny, Thannia, and Barbara.

Although Elvis and his family resided in Texas, he will always be a proud son of Ohio. His home community of Youngstown mourns the loss of a true hero. Family, friends, and neighbors will never forget Elvis. His death was a loss for his entire community. Every day, he is remembered as a wonderful husband, father, and patriot.

A friend of Elvis' named Teresa Schaub from Killeen, TX, left him a message on an Internet tribute Web site. In it, she reflects upon the love shared by Elvis and his wife, and the pride with which his life is remembered. This is what she wrote:

Elvis, I come to your grave side often. . . . You [and Mary] were both always laughing and so happy. Nothing can ever take that away. You both were always an inspiration to everyone and continue to be. . . . Everyone is so proud of you, Elvis. . . . Leaving us is like going through a stormy season here on Earth, but then we think of you as the rainbow that comes out after the storm and the clouds begin to fade. You are our rainbow, our hope, and you will always be our HERO.

Elvis was deeply respected and loved by those with whom he served in the Army. They remember him as a man with whom new recruits could always sit down and talk—whether it was about personal problems or any other questions that needed to be answered. Whatever it was, Elvis was always willing to listen.

Elvis is also remembered for his humor. Those who served with him recall that he was always joking, always smiling. He was a spirited and humorous man—someone who shared great laughs with everyone around him.

SPC Christopher Beck served with Elvis and remembers how much Elvis taught him during that time. In his honor, Specialist Beck wears a black "killed in action" bracelet, on which is written Elvis' name, rank, hometown, military branch, and date of death. Specialist Beck does this so that he may never forget the sacrifice that Elvis made for our country and for those he loved.

Soldiers who served with Elvis at Fort Hood remember the respect with which the Staff Sergeant was regarded. "He was always a great NCO," Joshua Roughton wrote. "I respected him greatly, as I know all of us in 1-22 Infantry, B-Company did. He will be missed."

And another of Elvis' comrades, Eric Kneffler, wrote the following in his memory on an Internet tribute Web site:

Staff Sergeant Bourdon will be dearly missed by his family and Fellow Soldiers. I had the opportunity to serve with him at Fort Hood and considered him a good buddy and someone to count on.

Aaron DeShay also served with Elvis. He wrote this on Elvis's tribute Web page:

To the family and friends of Elvis Bourdon, may God bless you and bring you comfort in this most painful of times. I, like many others, served with Elvis in B-Company 1-22 and found a good friend in him. I share your pain as he has left his mark in my heart as he has with those who got to know him. We had a lot of laughs together, and I know he will be greatly missed as he truly was a great man.

Jeremy Cheney was another of Elvis' comrades who will never forget him. This is what he wrote about Elvis:

Staff Sergeant Bourdon taught me many things as a soldier and as a person. He was an excellent team member and was easy to get along with, regardless of differences in rank. He will be missed.

In these numerous messages left for Elvis, I think one thing is beautifully clear—Elvis was a man who could be depended upon and was someone that so many looked up to. He was someone

who could be trusted and who had a huge impact on everyone he met. Indeed, Elvis was a dedicated and respected soldier.

More importantly, though, he was a devoted family man, who deeply loved his wife, children, and siblings. Elvis' brother, who also serves in the military, remembers how they would laugh and talk over a cup of coffee.

They would talk so that they could help each other cope through difficult times. And, in the military, they fought side-by-side. They were truly brothers-in-arms.

Elvis' sister remembers her brother as a true hero and a peacemaker. It is for these traits that she remembers and honors him. She wrote the following in honor of Elvis:

I would like to thank everyone for the blessing of my brother and any fallen heroes. Our family sends love and appreciation to those all over the United States. I loved my brother dearly and he is a true hero in my book. He was a good person, who loved his family and siblings. He was a peacemaker, and I love him for that. Your family misses you, little brother, and you will always be in our prayers. We love you and miss you very much.

Elvis was dearly loved and respected by all who knew him. His tribute pages continue to be filled with messages from family and friends. These messages serve as living testaments to his legacy. Elvis had many people who loved him. On the tribute page, his wife recognized the outpouring of support. She wrote the following, 2 years after Elvis's death:

It makes me feel good inside to know my husband had touched so many soldiers' lives. He loved his job . . . and would be proud and humbled by your words. The children and I are strong, faithful people. God knew he was a good guy and wanted to be with him, too. Continue to keep my husband's advice going, and keep his family in your prayers. Thank you.

When I think of men like Elvis Bourdon, I am reminded of words once spoken by Sir Winston Churchill. He said that "courage is rightly esteemed the first of human qualities, because it is the quality that guarantees all others."

Without question, Elvis served his country with courage—and that guaranteed the rest. He will always be remembered. My wife Fran and I continue to keep his family and friends in our thoughts and prayers.

SPECIALIST RICHARD A. HARDY

Mr. President, I rise this evening to pay tribute to Army SPC Richard A. Hardy from Bolivar, OH. On October 15, 2005, Specialist Hardy was one of five soldiers who died when an improvised explosive device detonated near his military vehicle. He was 24 years old.

Rick—as he was called by family and friends—wasn't planning to join the Army when he graduated from Timken High School in 2000. However, the terrorist attacks of September 11th motivated him to enlist. He wanted to serve his country. He wanted to protect our homeland. Rick was assigned to A

Company, 2nd Battalion, 69th Armor Regiment, 3rd Infantry Division, based at Fort Benning, GA.

Rick's father Richard remembers his son as "a great kid." He also recalls the commitment Rick displayed in always trying to do his best. Rick graduated in 2000. "He was really proud of that," his father recalls.

During Rick's funeral, BG Tod Carmony, the deputy commander for the 38th Infantry Division, remarked upon the courage Rick displayed by enlisting in the Army after the 9/11 attacks. Rick knew it was wartime, and he knew the risks that he would be running. But, he enlisted anyway. This is what Brigadier General Carmony said about Rick:

He understood that we have no choice but to win this global war on terrorism if his family, his community, and his country are to be safe. So Richard put himself on the line, and he died trying to keep that promise of safety to his family and country.

Brigadier General Carmony also noted that Rick was an expert with a carbine and a qualified Bradley gunner. According to the Brigadier General, this "is quite an accomplishment."

Rick's father remembers that his son was proud of his role in the military and took the dangers of it in stride. He said, "Rick didn't mind at all. It was a job—that's the way he looked at it."

Indeed, the Army was a job that Rick did exceedingly well. When he died, he was on his second tour of duty in Iraq. And according to his father, Rick had been sent back because the Iraq elections were approaching and they "wanted some guys with experience in the country."

Well, Rick was a guy with experience—and he used that experience to help further the goal of democracy in Iraq. In fact, the day Rick died was also the day that millions of Iraqis braved death to vote for their new constitution.

As Brigadier General Carmony put it, "By being there, Richard gave the Iraqi people a chance to move a step closer to freedom and democracy."

Rick was scheduled to return home in December 2005. According to his father, he was going to take some time off to relax and then planned on getting a job as a welder.

Those who knew best Rick remember that his favorite pastime was riding dirt bikes. His father owns about 6 acres of land, and Rick simply loved riding all over it. "He was all over the place," his dad recalls.

Rick also loved barbecue—steaks and ribs. His father said that Rick had to have a barbecue every time he came home. According to his dad, Rick "said it beat the MREs—[that] there was nothing like a home-cooked meal."

These barbecues were one of the many things Rick loved. He enjoyed life, and he especially enjoyed the simple things—like coming home to eat a good meal with his family.

Specialist Hardy was a courageous soldier—a true hero, who always stood

on the front lines. His Internet tribute Web page continues to be filled daily by family and friends with messages that serve as a living testament to Rick's legacy. Rick had many people who loved him.

His Aunt "Debbers" posted the following message on the tribute Web site. This is what she wrote:

Ricky! You were supposed to come home alive and well! I guess God had other plans. You are so loved and missed. I know you didn't want to be forgotten, but this wasn't the way we wanted to remember you. May you at last find peace. You will always be remembered, especially at the family barbecues.

God bless you for what you have ultimately paid the price for—our freedom. Give Gram a hug and kiss. All our love to you.

Rick's Aunt Sandra posted this message:

To my nephew—you will be missed greatly, and we love you. We are also very proud of you and all of your comrades who are fighting this war. God bless all of you.

Rick's body was laid to rest with full military honors at St. Stephen's Catholic Cemetery in Bolivar. For his brave actions, Rick was posthumously awarded a Bronze Star and a Purple Heart. During his career with the Army, he was also the recipient of the Army Good Conduct Medal, National Defense Service Medal, Iraqi Campaign Medal, Global War on Terrorism Service Medal, Army Service Ribbon, Combat Infantryman's Badge, and the Weapons Qualification Badge.

The world is a better place since Rick Hardy has been in it. A young man with courage and a sense of adventure, Rick was the model of what we all hope our children will become.

My wife Fran and I will continue to keep Rick's father and step-mother, Richard and Jody, his mother Doris; and his sisters Kristy and Jessica in our thoughts and in our prayers.

Mr. President, I suggest the absence of a quorum.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The clerk will call the roll.

The assistant legislative clerk proceeded to call the roll.

MR. ISAKSON. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the order for the quorum call be dispensed with.

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

SENATOR MIKE DEWINE

MR. ISAKSON. Mr. President, I would like to express my sincere appreciation to the Senator from Ohio for allowing me to intercede for a few moments. Since he is on the Senate floor and he has been so gracious as to give me this time—I did not come to the floor and will not talk long about Senator DEWINE, but since he is on the Senate floor and gave me the time, I wanted to express to him my grateful appreciation for his service to the Senate, not just the people of Ohio but the people of this great country.

One of the great joys I have had as a Member of the Senate, having been

elected 2 years ago, was to serve on the Health, Education, Labor, and Pensions Committee with Senator DEWINE. One of my great joys I had early on as a Member of this body was to watch him join the Gang of 14 and break the logjams, allowing us to confirm Supreme Court Justices Alito and Roberts. I worked closely with him on the pensions bill. Time and again, I saw his tireless effort on behalf of the best interests of this country and in particular always the best interests of the people of Ohio.

To Senator DEWINE, not to pander because of his graciousness in giving me the time but for giving me the unique chance to express that, we are all very grateful.

DELTA AIRLINES

MR. ISAKSON. Mr. President, I rise for a moment in morning business to address an issue that to some may appear only to affect the State of Georgia and maybe even in particular the city of Atlanta. But in practice, I say to the distinguished Senator from Utah who is in the chair and others, this is an issue of major import to the United States of America.

An offer has been tendered for the purchase of Delta Airlines. Delta Airlines is a great American carrier that, like most airlines, has gone through terribly difficult times post-9/11. Delta went into bankruptcy. Delta has worked hard in bankruptcy to develop a plan to exit bankruptcy as a healthy, thriving, and dominate company. To Delta's eternal credit, their management committed from the beginning that they would honor and preserve the pension plans of their employees were we able in the U.S. Congress to modernize the pension laws in this country to allow them to do so.

Thanks in no small measures to yourself, Mr. President, and to Senator HATCH as well and the 97 Members of this body, the pension modernization bill passed. We put in specific provisions for the aviation industry, and great airlines and their employees now will be able to earn their pensions and not have them dispensed with because we addressed that crisis, and more importantly Delta Airlines' management has worked to reduce its costs, and its employees have voluntarily taken pay cuts. They have modernized their fleet. They have repositioned their fleet. They have opened international marketplaces that never before were available to people in this country. They have paid the heavy price that only in the great American free-enterprise system are you able to do where you take the problems and adversity and turn them into opportunities.

Now on the doorstep of exiting bankruptcy and filing that petition, a hostile takeover has been made to purchase that great airline.

Before I came to the Senate, I was in business. Nobody understands buying and selling companies and opportunities better than I, and no one would