

CREATING LONG-TERM ENERGY ALTERNATIVES FOR THE NATION ACT OF 2007—MOTION TO PROCEED—Continued

CLOTURE MOTION

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Under the previous order, pursuant to rule XXII, the Chair lays before the Senate the pending cloture motion. The clerk will report the motion to invoke cloture.

The legislative clerk read as follows:

CLOTURE MOTION

We, the undersigned Senators, in accordance with the provisions of rule XXII of the Standing Rules of the Senate, hereby move to bring to a close debate on the motion to proceed to Calendar No. 9, H.R. 6, Comprehensive Energy legislation.

Jeff Bingaman, Dick Durbin, S. Whitehouse, Blanche L. Lincoln, Jon Tester, Robert P. Casey, Jr., Patty Murray, Daniel K. Akaka, Jack Reed, Mary Landrieu, Max Baucus, Mark Pryor, Ron Wyden, Joe Biden, Pat Leahy, Claire McCaskill, Amy Klobuchar, Ken Salazar.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. By unanimous consent, the mandatory quorum call has been waived.

The question is, Is it the sense of the Senate that debate on the motion to proceed to H.R. 6, an act to reduce our Nation's dependency on foreign oil by investing in clean, renewable, and alternative energy resources, promoting new emerging energy technologies, developing greater efficiency, and creating a Strategic Energy Efficiency and Renewables Reserve to invest in alternative energy, and for other purposes, shall be brought to a close?

The yeas and nays are mandatory under the rule.

The clerk will call the roll.

The assistant legislative clerk called the roll.

Mr. DURBIN. I announce that the Senator from Indiana (Mr. BAYH), the Senator from Delaware (Mr. BIDEN), the Senator from Connecticut (Mr. DODD), the Senator from South Dakota (Mr. JOHNSON), and the Senator from Illinois (Mr. OBAMA) are necessarily absent.

Mr. LOTT. The following Senators are necessarily absent: the Senator from Kansas (Mr. BROWNBACK), the Senator from Oklahoma (Mr. COBURN), and the Senator from Arizona (Mr. MCCAIN).

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Are there any other Senators in the Chamber desiring to vote?

The yeas and nays resulted—yeas 91, nays 0, as follows:

[Rollcall Vote No. 208 Leg.]

YEAS—91

Akaka	Burr	Collins
Alexander	Byrd	Conrad
Allard	Cantwell	Corker
Baucus	Cardin	Cornyn
Bennett	Carper	Craig
Bingaman	Casey	Crapo
Bond	Chambliss	DeMint
Boxer	Clinton	Dole
Brown	Cochran	Domenici
Bunning	Coleman	Dorgan

Durbin	Lautenberg	Salazar
Ensign	Leahy	Sanders
Enzi	Levin	Schumer
Feingold	Lieberman	Sessions
Feinstein	Lincoln	Shelby
Graham	Lott	Smith
Grassley	Lugar	Snowe
Gregg	Martinez	Specter
Hagel	McCaskill	Stabenow
Harkin	McConnell	Stevens
Hatch	Menendez	Sununu
Hutchison	Mikulski	Tester
Inhofe	Murkowski	Thune
Inouye	Murray	Vitter
Isakson	Nelson (FL)	Voinovich
Kennedy	Nelson (NE)	Warner
Kerry	Pryor	Webb
Klobuchar	Reed	Webb
Kohl	Reid	Whitehouse
Kyl	Roberts	Wyden
Landrieu	Rockefeller	

NOT VOTING—8

Bayh	Coburn	McCain
Biden	Dodd	Obama
Brownback	Johnson	

The PRESIDING OFFICER. On this vote, the yeas are 91, the nays are zero. Three-fifths of the Senators duly chosen and sworn having voted in the affirmative, the motion is agreed to.

Ms. KLOBUCHAR. 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. KENNEDY. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the order for the quorum call be rescinded.

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

MORNING BUSINESS

Mr. KENNEDY. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that there now be a period of morning business with Senators permitted to speak therein for up to 10 minutes each.

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

REMEMBERING SENATOR CRAIG THOMAS

Mr. BAUCUS. Mr. President, I honor a colleague, a friend, and a great Senator, Senator Craig Thomas.

No words that I can speak will ease the sadness of this loss. Nothing my colleagues and I say can fill the emptiness that his passing has left or lessen the pain that so many feel.

I feel compelled to speak of Senator Thomas not for the effect of my words. Instead, I speak to recognize the effect of his words, his actions, and his service.

His were words, actions, and service that have improved the lives and futures of Americans. His words and actions will leave a legacy long after our sadness passes.

Senator Thomas represented Wyoming effectively and with dignity. I was proud to work with him.

We both loved the open beautiful spaces of our home States, and we worked to keep them clean, safe, and sustainable. We collaborated to improve the Endangered Species Act and the Safe Drinking Water Act.

We also worked to safeguard our constituents' livelihoods—establishing the wool trust fund, keeping open global beef markets, and making sure that our trading partners played by the rules.

We worked together to safeguard our natural resources, improve rural energy infrastructure, and plan for a sustainable energy future with clean coal technologies.

These and many other accomplishments will be Senator Thomas's legacy. It is a legacy for which he deserves recognition, remembrance, and honor. It is a legacy for which our Nation is grateful.

But many will remember Senator Thomas more for who he was than for what he did. They will remember someone with a quick wit, an easy smile, and a generous helping hand.

I will remember Senator Thomas as I met him when he first joined the Senate in 1989. Back then, I recognized in him something very familiar. Senator Thomas was a man of the American West. He embodied the values and the character of the people whom he represented.

You always knew where Senator Thomas stood. Like many in the West, Senator Thomas was quiet, unassuming, and unpretentious—but he was never intimidated.

He was gentle and decent. When he gave you his word, he kept it. And as we all saw in these final months of his life, when he had to, he could fight like hell.

That is the man I will miss and it is the man I wish to recognize today—an honorable Senator and a great man of the American West.

Mr. DOMENICI. Mr. President, this last Saturday, I traveled with my wife Nancy and many of our colleagues in the Senate to Casper, WY, for the funeral service of my friend Senator Craig Thomas.

During the service I was particularly impressed by the words of Minority Leader MCCONNELL and I would like to thank him for so eloquently eulogizing Senator Thomas. So appropriately did his words honor Senator Thomas that I hope all our colleges in the Senate will take the time to read them.

I ask unanimous consent that this transcript of Senator MCCONNELL's comments be printed in the RECORD.

There being no objection, the material was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

SERVICE IN HONOR OF CRAIG THOMAS, JUNE 9, 2007

Reverend [Moore], Susan, Lexie, Patrick, Greg, Peter; distinguished guests, colleagues and friends of Craig Lyle Thomas.

There are people that we can't ever imagine dying because they're so alive, and there are people we can't imagine dying because they seem so healthy and so strong. Craig Thomas's death is doubly hard because he was both of these people. But death has done its work, and so we come back to the place that he was always so eager to return to, to accompany him on one last trip back.

It was here that he first heard his calling to serve in public life, and here that he first

tasted the bitterness of loss. But Susan always told him, "If you sign up to be a cowboy, you can't complain when you draw a raw, bucking bronco." He couldn't have imagined in those early years that one day he'd be known to America as the Senior Senator from Wyoming. But he was never one to dwell on his achievements. So it falls to us, his friends, to speak well of this good man.

One of the great things about this country is that so many of its leaders come from such surprising places: a candle shop in Boston, a cabin in Kentucky—and a one room-school house in Wapiti, Wyoming. Senator Enzi tells me that The Wapiti School is still standing, but that it's surrounded now by 10-foot fences and a ring of barbed wire—not to keep the kids in, but to keep the grizzlies out. That fence wasn't there when Craig was in school. They were tougher then.

Craig Thomas was always the tough guy—not tough to deal with, not tough on others, just tough. When his family moved to Cody, he signed up for two sports: wrestling and football. One of his teammates on the football team, Al Simpson, was also his neighbor. It may be the only time in American history that two U.S. senators grew up a block and half from each other.

There was a time when it was normal for tough guys to be studious too. And if you went back to Cody in the 1940s, you'd find the son of Craig and Marjorie Thomas as attentive to his football plays as he was to Mrs. Thompson's English lessons. He'd remember and benefit from both many years later during hundreds of legislative battles or on countless nights by the campfire along the North Laramie River, reciting the "Cremation of Sam McGee."

As a young man, Craig would have heard about the days when an unwritten code of honesty, bravery, and chivalry governed daily life in Cody. And he was inspired by stories of another code of bravery that guided young Americans of his own day in exotic places like Guadalcanal, Bougainville, Tarawa, and Guam. World War II cost the Marines nearly 87,000 dead and wounded. But as a young man fresh out of college with his whole life ahead of him, Craig Thomas wanted in. Fifty years later, he still proudly wore the anchor and the globe on his lapel.

He was happiest when he was here, but 18 years ago history called him to Washington and he responded dutifully. It was anything but inevitable. His opponent in the campaign to replace an outgoing congressman who's done pretty well himself over the last 18 years had about 99 percent name recognition and had just lost an election for U.S. Senate by about 1,200 votes. The lowest point in the race was the early polling, which suggested that Craig didn't have a chance. But over the next 40 days, the Marine and his staff pulled it off. Craig set the tone, he led the way, and he let others take the credit. That was his way.

Four days after the election, Craig and Susan packed their bags, headed east, and two days after that Craig was sworn in as a member of the U.S. Congress. It wasn't the easiest transition. As soon as Craig got to Washington, he froze with a sudden realization—he didn't have any suits. So he did what anybody from Wyoming would do. He called Al Simpson, who told him where to find one.

A few months later, he had a similar predicament. He and Susan got an invite to the White House and Craig didn't have a tuxedo. So he told one of his staffers to go to a dry cleaning store up the street and rent one—but not to worry about the shirt. When the staffer came back, she found Craig in his office with a buck knife. He was cutting holes into his cuffs for where the cufflinks would go. Craig just laughed that big laugh of his,

that full body laugh, and then went to the White House with a tuxedo shirt of his own making.

The Gentleman from Wyoming took an office on the top floor of the Longworth Office Building, but he didn't get too comfortable. Some members of the Senate boast about visiting every county in their state over the course of a year. Craig visited all 23 counties in Wyoming—the ninth largest state in America in just two weeks during that first August recess. He enjoyed every minute of it: driving west from Casper, looking out at the Wind River Range, and thinking about what an honor it was to serve this big, beautiful place he loved.

This was his home, and he loved it. He loved the land, he loved the people. But anyone who knew him knew what his greatest love was.

Craig met Susan in 1978. She was working on a statewide campaign, he was working for the state Republican Party, and she invited him over to talk about the race. When she looked out the window and saw a man riding toward her office on his bicycle, she turned to the woman next to her and said, "Now who would that be?" She soon found out, and thanks to her loving support, so did the rest of the country. Everything they did, they did together. She was with him for every race he won. Craig always said Susan was the one who liked campaigning.

They were like children, but they were deadly serious about their work. Craig viewed politics as a high calling, and he viewed Susan's work the same way. He admired her deeply. He never failed to mention her. I remember my wife Elaine telling me after giving the commencement speech one year at Susan's high school, how devoted to her the students there were.

We honor Susan today for her devotion to Craig. We'll miss seeing her outside the Senate chamber waiting for him to finish up his votes. The Senate's a lonelier, less joyful place without Craig. It's already a lonelier, less joyful place without her too.

The people of Wyoming sent Craig to the Senate in 1994, and those of us who've served with him there are grateful they did. It was the first time since 1906 that every statewide office in Wyoming was held by a Republican, and the credit, of course, goes to Craig. He led the ticket, and he worked tirelessly to bring everyone else along with him.

But again, he didn't take the credit. And the victory and the higher office did nothing to change the man. If there was any chance of that, Susan made sure to nip it in the bud. She made him hang a photo of himself falling off a horse. She knew the Scripture that "pride cometh before a fall" But Craig knew it too, and he wouldn't disappoint. He was a simple, humble son of Wyoming and he remained one to the end.

He was always eager to get home. So eager, in fact, that one time when his Mustang broke down on the way to the airport, he left it on the side of the highway and hitchhiked the rest of the way. They let him on the plane to Cheyenne without a ticket or anything. He called his staff from the airport to see if someone could get the car. When they found it, the keys were still in the ignition. They sent his clothes on the next plane.

We'll never forget his toughness, his goodness, his humor, his steady reassuring hand. Nor his kindness, which he always showed toward everyone—from presidents to doormen. He was straightforward and honest. In a phrase that Craig might have recalled from Mrs. Thompson's Shakespeare lessons, he was not a man "to double business bound." His only business was his duty—to God, country, family, and friends. And he fulfilled them beautifully.

He was strong, humble, and full of faith. And here is why. As a boy Craig Thomas

looked out at the majesty of the canyons and the falls of Yellowstone and knew there is a God. As a teenager he saw the hard work and dedication of his parents and learned that giving is more admirable than taking. And as a man he could hear the rumble of the herd even from his desk in Washington, and know that the movements of men were nothing compared to the power of the wild.

I am not a cowboy. But I've come to know and admire a few of them in my 22 years in the Senate. And I've come to know a little bit about their pastimes. I've heard that holding down a steer takes two kinds of ropers—a header and a heeler, and that there's an old saying that the header may be the quarterback, but that the heeler makes the money. The idea is that there may be more glory in roping the head, but that the heeler has the harder, more important, and less glamorous job. No one who knew Craig Thomas is surprised to know that he preferred to be a heeler.

The most impressive thing in Washington is also the rarest: and that's a man whose position and power has no effect on the person he was when he got there. I've never met a man who was changed less by what the world calls riches or power than Craig Lyle Thomas.

Now this great American life has come to an end. Yet we know it continues: This husband, father, lawmaker, mentor, and friend goes to the Father's house. We take comfort entrusting him to the Lord of Mercy, who tells us that in the life to come, every question will be answered, every tear wiped away. And we are confident in the hope that he will ride again, healthy and strong, along a wider, more majestic plain in a land that's everlasting.

## HONORING OUR ARMED FORCES

TECHNICAL SERGEANT RYAN A. BALMER

Mr. BAYH. Mr. President, I rise today with a heavy heart and deep sense of gratitude to honor the life of a brave airman from Mishawaka. Ryan Balmer, 33 years old, was killed on June 5 while deployed near Kirkuk, Iraq, when an improvised explosive device struck his vehicle. With an optimistic future before him, Ryan risked everything to fight for the values Americans hold close to our hearts, in a land halfway around the world.

Ryan has served in the Air Force since enlisting shortly after graduating Mishawaka High School in 1993. He was extremely proud of his military service and was nearing the end of his 6-month tour in Iraq when he was killed by the improvised explosive device. In addition to his military service, Ryan, the youngest of nine children, was the devoted husband of Danielle Balmer and the father of two sons and one daughter.

Ryan was killed while serving his country in Operation Iraqi Freedom. He was assigned to Detachment 113, 1st Field Investigations Region, stationed at Hill Air Force Base, UT. A good high school friend of Ryan's, Dave Falkenau, told local media that, "[Ryan] would go out of his way for anyone; I wouldn't be surprised if he died trying to save someone else from dying."

Today, I join Ryan's family and friends in mourning his death. While