

be filled. But I am lifted by the knowledge of his deep and abiding faith and that he is in the hands of the One who inspired these words in "Amazing Grace:

Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

I think that gives all of us some comfort. It certainly does me.

So peace and Godspeed, Senator BYRD, and peace to your family, your loyal staff, and to the loving people of West Virginia, who held you high for so long and will continue to do so.

I thank the Chair and yield my time.

RESERVATION OF LEADER TIME

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Under the previous order, the leadership time is reserved.

MORNING BUSINESS

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Under the previous order, there will now be a period of morning business until 3 p.m., with Senators permitted to speak therein for up to 10 minutes each.

The Senator from Connecticut.

Mr. DODD. Mr. President, I see my friend from Tennessee. I presume we are kind of going back and forth. The Senator is in leadership. I do not want—

Mr. ALEXANDER. Mr. President, I would like to leave by 3, but I will be glad to defer to the Senator from Connecticut if he would like to go ahead.

Mr. DODD. I thank my colleague. I will not be long.

Mr. President, are we in morning business? Is that correct?

The PRESIDING OFFICER. That is correct.

REMEMBERING SENATOR ROBERT C. BYRD

Mr. DODD. Mr. President, let me begin by expressing my deep sorrow and my condolences to ROBERT C. BYRD's family. And that family includes, obviously, not only his direct, immediate family but obviously the literally legions of people who worked for ROBERT C. BYRD—worked with him in both the House of Representatives and this body for the more than five decades he served in the U.S. Congress.

I suspect I am one of a handful of people left who remember the day when I was 7 years old, in the gallery of the House of Representatives, watching my father be sworn in as a new Congressman, watching my father and a young 34-year-old West Virginian named ROBERT C. BYRD to be sworn in as a Member of the House on January 3, 1953. Seven years later, at the age of 14, I was in the gallery of this Chamber when I watched my father and his great friend be sworn in together on January 3, 1959, as Members of the Senate. Two years later, as a 16-year-old

sitting on the very steps where these young pages sit today, in the summer of 1961, I worked with ROBERT C. BYRD. In fact, with his departure and his death, he is now the last remaining Member of the Senate who was there that day when I first arrived as a page in the summer of 1961 when all these chairs were filled by 100 Senators. For the last 25 years, I have sat next to him at this very seat to be the recipient of his good counsel, his advice, his humor, his contributions in so many ways to me, as he was to so many others with whom he served during his tenure in the Congress.

So this is a very poignant day, one that begins, in a sense, a sense of book-marks to me and a sense of public life. It won't be the same for the remaining 6 or 7 months of my tenure here to not have this wonderful human being, ROBERT C. BYRD, as my seatmate in the Senate.

So I rise today to mark the passing and to celebrate the prolific life of ROBERT C. BYRD of West Virginia. As I have said to his family and to his staff, and, of course, to the people of West Virginia, for whom he has been such a champion throughout his public life, ROBERT BYRD loved three things above all else during the 30 years we spent together in this Chamber. He loved his wife Erma, he loved the State of West Virginia, and he loved deeply the Senate. I might say that each in turn loved him back.

Our sadness at his passing is tempered by our joy that he now joins his beloved Erma. What a love story it was. They met in grade school. They married in 1937, well before I was even born. They spent nearly 70 years on an incredible journey together, and even after passing a few years ago, his love for her was apparent in everything he did.

In 1946, when ROBERT BYRD first ran for office, West Virginia ranked at the bottom in nearly every economic indicator you could possibly think of. It was a bleak landscape pockmarked by coal fields and populated by hard-working people from hardscrabble back-grounds and communities struggling to make ends meet.

Then a young grocer from the town of Sophia arrived on the scene, asking his neighbors in those communities around Sophia for their votes in his race for the West Virginia House of Delegates. As the Washington Post noted in its obituary this morning, ROBERT C. BYRD met nearly every person—I would suspect every person—in his district, campaigning alone, with no one else, talking about the issues he cared about and those that would affect and did affect the people he wanted to represent; and when all else failed, wowing potential voters with his fiddle prowess.

He won that election, as he would every single election—every single election for which he ever ran. The people of West Virginia never could say no to ROBERT C. BYRD, and he could never

say no to them. As a State legislator, a Congressman, and as a Senator, ROBERT C. BYRD fought for West Virginians, and our Nation, I might add, at every single turn.

If you travel the State of West Virginia today, you will see his name on schools and bridges and highway signs. You will perceive his influence when you see the government buildings and research laboratories he brought to West Virginia—investments that contributed both to the State and to our national economy and to our Nation. But don't just look for his name on the sides of buildings or overpasses. Listen for it in the appreciative words of his constituents, his extended family, and of a grateful nation for his service.

No State has ever had such a deep appreciation for the Senate Appropriations Committee because no State has ever had such an effective appropriator and fighter. ROBERT C. BYRD came to Congress with my father, as I pointed out, in January of 1953, and they both arrived on the same day as they had in the House, on January 3 of 1959. In the summer of 1961, I mentioned I was a Senate page sitting on the Senate floor. I still remember the eloquent speeches of the freshman Senator from West Virginia.

It is incredible to imagine that he was once a freshman Senator. Even then, he had the same gentlemanly manner; he was kind to pages, as I recall, the same knack for triumphant oratory, and the same respect for the rules and traditions of the Senate. But he soon became a fixture and a mentor to new Senators as well. I expect that over the next few days many Senators will take this floor with a Constitution in their pockets, as I do, that they received from ROBERT C. BYRD. Here is my tattered and rather worn copy signed by ROBERT C. BYRD: "To my friend, Chris Dodd, with great personal esteem. Sincerely, Robert C. Byrd." I have carried this with me every day of my life for the last quarter of a century, given to me by my colleague in this Chamber, along, I might add, with a stern but kind lecture about Senate protocol. I have mine right here, as I said. It is a tattered and withered copy, after this many years.

For the past quarter of a century I have occupied some prime real estate on the floor of the Senate. This desk right next to me today, adorned with these flowers and this black cape, marks the seat ROBERT C. BYRD sat in for many years. As have all of us, I have been awed by his deep knowledge of this institution and his deeper commitment to preserving its place in our legislative system.

So, in many ways, ROBERT BYRD's story is one of constancy, of preservation, and of tradition. You could define his life by longevity, I suppose—his 69 years of marriage, his 52 years of service in the Senate, his 64 years of public service to the people of West Virginia. But he wouldn't have wanted it that way. This country has changed over