

which crashed in a field near Shanksville, PA. Knowing what we know now of the hijackers' intentions, this treasured building and the lives of all of us who were here that morning were preserved because of the heroics of the passengers of Flight 93.

I had the privilege of spending last Saturday in Shanksville with the families of those brave men and women. It was their loved ones' sacrifice that saved the lives of so many here in the Capitol that day. They also saved what has become the world's most recognizable symbol of democracy. I cannot think about that tragic day without thinking of the words inscribed on walls of the Capitol, just above the door to the Sergeant at Arms' office: "We have built no temple but the Capitol; we consult no common oracle but the Constitution."

It was my belief that this hallowed structure was as untouchable as the democracy it represents that led me to remain here, even as planes crashed into the World Trade Center and the Pentagon that day. Last week, a reporter questioned me, somewhat incredulously, as to how I could have been so naïve as to remain in my office that morning. I replied that we were all naïve that day. We learned in the most painful and tragic way possible that we were not untouchable; but we also learned, and have been continually reminded ever since, that as long as brave men and women are willing to fight for this country, we will continue to endure.

With this truth in mind, I submit for the RECORD the following poem written by Albert Caswell, who was also here in this building that morning ten years ago.

LIVES IN THE DISTANCE—IN MEMORY AND IN HONOR TO THE HEROES OF FLIGHT 93 ON THIS THE 10TH ANNIVERSARY OF 9/11

Lives In The Distance . . .
Lives . . .
In The Distance . . .
While, traveling the miles . . .
From down here on earth, rising up through the clouds . . .
reaching Heaven in style!
As a non stop flight, with its destination in sight . . .
as up towards Heaven, arrives . . .
with such fine heroes the while . . .
For no one so here, upon this our Mother Earth . . .
Throughout all of the miles, has no day so promised, until death . . . from conception to birth!
As each new day, is but a fine gift . . . as one to be ever so lived . . .
while, taking stock in its true worth . . .
For no man or woman, nor even a child . . . may so know of this,
his or hers one last final moments here upon Earth!
As on a bright beautiful fall morn . . .
As all of those magnificent heroes, of flight 93 were so to our nation to be born!
As now stands alone, with the greatest of all American heroes they own . . .
As their titles now worn . . .
For their great gift of life, for their most gravest of all sacrifice . . .
while, Saving Lives In The Distance . . . forever lives on!
For as long as Mankind . . . For as since the very beginning of time,
as one so surely finds . . .
As a struggle which spans, of Good vs Evil . . .
as our Lord's chosen people, who have so fought the darkest of all evils . . .
Just like Angels on earth . . . while, all showing their worth . . . as these most hallowed of heroes,

were all so to find the courage!
While, up on a plane . . . in the face of the darkest of all evils,
our Lord's chosen people upon flight 93 together so came . . .
For when it was time, and innocent life so lay on the line . . .
these most brilliant heroes so cried, "let's roll" . . . as the light so remained!
All in a few defining moments of truth, these brave hearts gave to all such the proof . . .
as why now we so ever honor their names!
For once they heard the news, To Save Precious Lives In The Distance . . .
was but their most sacred of all gifts they so to choose!
As one heroic band of sisters and brothers were so to stand, as like none others . . .
together enjoined, as they were not to lose!
As our Lord had stepped in, slowing the plane . . . as his Angels on earth,
could buy that most precious time that they so needed to use!
As they said their final hellos, and those most poignant last tearful goodbyes!
While, talking to their loved ones on their phones . . .
as upon their most magnificent faces, their tear drops now lie!
While, summing up all of their courage . . . as their finest of souls were not so to be discouraged, as all so stood ready to die!
For there is no greater gift, nor a more so sacred offering as all of this . . .
than one's life! Moving forth, with our Lord at their sides!
Now, as I look up at our nation's dome on each new coming day . . .
As there in that moment, as out upon my way . . .
as I stop to reflect, as I find the time to pray . . .
For it was me who so stood on that rotunda floor, when on that fateful morning . . .
sure death but lay, only miles away!
All because of them, my sweet daughter Jennifer still has her best friend . . .
What greater gift, but than my life they so saved?
In life, heroes come in all shapes and sizes . . .
But, it's what lies deep down within one's heart as where their great courage rises!
Armed with but just their undaunted courage and faith, as these brave hearts were so not to be denied!
As I ask you now, how can any woman or man . . . in the midst of such evil so stand?
Could we, such the courage realize?
In this our most precious land of the free!
These brave heroes on this morning so shone so brilliantly, as forever etched in their great legacies!
As these selfless souls, so sacrificed . . . doing what was so right!
For Lives In The Distance, their own fine lives did so concede!
And still on this day, their fine lessons of life . . .
I shall never forget! Remembering them, on my knees as I pray.
And to all of those brokenhearted families, on this your saddest of days . . .
To the husbands, wives, sons, daughters, mothers and father's alive . . .
who now must so live without and so cry!
To the ones, who now live with such holes in their hearts . . .
as your anguish and pain, so forevermore so mounts!
As we pray on this day, asking our Lord to bring peace on your way . . .

knowing what your loved ones were so all about!
Not to witness another sunrise . . .
not to watch your child grow up to be old and wise,
or wake in the morn to see the joys of life comprised!
Or grow old with your loved ones at your side,
as throughout the years arriving at the true meaning of where life so lies . . .
As all of this is gone, as your heartache lives on . . .
while, into a future your faith shall be repaid in our Lord's eyes . . .
And when your child so asks you why?
With your arms all around them, wiping their tears from their eyes . . .
Tell them all about their most magnificent Moms and Dads . . .
Aunts, Uncles, Brothers and Sisters who will never die!
Tell them all about their most incredible faith, and about their greatest of all gifts . . .
Saving Lives In The Distance, so others may rise!
In Washington . . . because of them,
The greatest symbol of democracy still shines . . .
even brighter in the midday sun which now lies!
All because of their most sacred sacrifice . . . as flight 93,
brought us our first victory in this tragic war against terrorism to be won!
Now, high atop our Capitol this very day,
The Statue of Freedom sheds a tear . . .
for all of those who did what must so be done!
A Life Saved In The Distance . . . What a most precious gift this is!
As in the coming years, maybe we shall all so witness!
Perhaps a Rembrandt, or a Dr. King . . .
or even perhaps a woman who might so save the world from all of this is!
Only time can tell, for only our Lord knows so very well . . .
for our futures do not occur by circumstance!
Never forget this!
As out in the distance we find . . .
are all of those most precious moments in time, as before us defined!
As Good so faced Evil, as the most selfless of all people . . .
as our Lord's Angels on earth, were so to shine!
While, Saving Lives In The Distance . . .
as upon our Lord's face his tears drops so lie . . .
watching his new Angels in Heaven arrive!

PERSONAL EXPLANATION

HON. JOE WILSON

OF SOUTH CAROLINA
IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, September 12, 2011

Mr. WILSON of South Carolina. Mr. Speaker, I submit the following remarks regarding my absence from votes which occurred on September 9, 2011. I attended the funeral at Arlington National Cemetery for retired Colonel Charles P. Murray, Jr., a Medal of Honor recipient and American hero of World War II, as well as a personal friend.

Listed below is how I would have voted if I had been present: roll Number 695—"aye"; roll Number 696—"no"; roll Number 697—"no"; roll Number 698—"aye."

TRIBUTE TO WILLIAM TAYLOR
WATSON, III

HON. JOHN J. DUNCAN, JR.

OF TENNESSEE

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, September 12, 2011

Mr. DUNCAN of Tennessee. Mr. Speaker, recently my District lost one of the most impressive men I have ever known.

William Taylor Watson, III passed away on July 19, 2011. I knew Bill personally for many years and considered him a good friend.

Born in Nashville and educated at Vanderbilt University, Bill's career as a businessman spanned 64 years and included many great accomplishments.

He was a leader and expert in finances, once overseeing some of the largest financial portfolios in the Nation.

Bill was also an active member of several churches, and I know his faith in God played a prominent role in everything he did.

Bill always said, despite his impressive life and great career successes, that his family was his greatest joy. I extend my condolences to his wife, Mary; daughter, Mary Pierson Gibson; sons, William T. Watson, IV and George Fitch Watson; and brother, Robert Watson. I know they will miss Bill greatly.

I have nothing but the greatest respect for any person who serves in the military, especially during a time of war. We use the word hero way too often these days, but Bill was truly an American hero.

Following his time at Midshipman's School at Northwestern University, where he graduated with high honors, Bill had his pick of top positions in the Military. He could have chosen a career in the safety of Washington, D.C., working inside the Navy Department; instead, he chose the most dangerous job in the military—Underwater Demolition Team frogman, the predecessor to the Navy Seals.

Bill's son, Bill Watson IV, recently contacted me to share this story as it was told in an editorial written about his father and published in the June 1, 1944, edition of *The Sewanee Purple*.

Mr. Speaker, this piece, which is reprinted below, shows the true character of Bill Watson better than anything I could express, and I bring it to the attention of my Colleagues and other Readers of the Record.

[From the *Sewanee Purple*, Jun. 1, 1944]

EDITORIAL

. . . the greater therefore should our
courage be.—Henry V

On May 10th, a class of Midshipmen graduated from Northwestern University Midshipman School. Its members were commissioned Ensigns in the United States Naval Reserve. William Taylor Watson, III, of Nashville, graduated fifth in that class of fourteen hundred. He had attended Vanderbilt University, and was stationed at Sewanee in the V-12 Unit from July until November last year. To those who knew him, it was not surprising that he led his class.

At the time of his graduation, Admiral King had asked the Northwestern Midshipman School for a newly commissioned Ensign to take abroad his flagship, in order to see the calibre of the men the Midshipman School was turning out. There was a post in Washington, in the Navy Department, which Northwestern was to fill—and it would take a good officer to fill it. Both of those assignments were offered to Billy Watson. He

turned them both down. He was given his choice of any assignment he wanted on active duty.

He chose what the Navy terms "demolition". Only volunteers are accepted for this work. It is a dirty job. The men in demolition ride small rubber rafts, in through the surf to the beaches, where an amphibious attack is to be made. A hundred yards from shore, the demolition men start to swim. They search the beaches, locating mines, clearing paths through them, and destroying any explosives which would interfere with a landing. Then they swim back to their little rubber rafts, and paddle away—if they can.

The choice that Watson made of course caused a good bit of comment. We heard one emptyheaded fool laugh at it; to this person it seemed a ludicrous choice!

There was a bright red haze in front of us for a long time afterwards. Speech came very hard, for there was no fitting answer to that sort of statement. The whole vital issue of the war seemed to be tied up in that little incident. On the one hand, was a man who had the same high ideal that kept the Spitfires flying in the battle of Britain—that kept the Russian line together before Moscow—that pervaded—and kept the courage up—in the soul shattering defeat in the South Pacific Withdrawals.

On the other hand—well—you name it. It doesn't print very well.

To William Watson, we can say only a part of what we feel by giving him a deeply respectful and admiring salute—for his nobility, his courage, and his superb action in accepting his individual responsibility.

AMERICA'S STRENGTH THROUGH DIVERSITY

HON. JOE WILSON

OF SOUTH CAROLINA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, September 12, 2011

Mr. WILSON of South Carolina. Mr. Speaker, over the weekend of the Tenth Anniversary remembrances of the attacks of September 11th, I saw the strength and diversity of the people across the Midlands of South Carolina which is underestimated by our evil enemies.

The diversity of America by heritage, race, religion, gender, and politics makes America strong.

At the request of President Mary Peña, I spoke to the Filipino-American Association of Greater Columbia citing the special contribution of Filipino-Americans for over 100 years in defense of America into the Global War on Terrorism.

For our family, this September 11th began with participation in the Memorial Service sponsored by the West Metro Rotary Club, West Metro Chamber of Commerce, Lexington School District Two, and Pine Press Printers at the West Columbia River Walk Amphitheater. The passionate patriot Joe Pinner presided over tributes to our military, military families, and first responders highlighted by Sheriff James Metts and Irmo Fire Chief Mike Sonefeld.

Proof of the resolve of the New Greatest Generation was the Change of Command Ceremony of the Headquarters Support Company of Sumter's 351st Aviation Support Battalion. Before a fully staffed complement of all volunteers, Cpt. Julian D. Wilson relinquished command to Cpt. Michael W. Jones. Wilson had enlisted in the S.C. Army National Guard

in December 2001 in the tradition of service as the namesake of Marine Major Julian D. Dusenbury who was awarded the Navy Cross for his successful capture of Shuni Castle on Okinawa in April 1945. Both Captains are symbols of military families with Cpt. Jones supported by his wife Terry and their six children, Michael, Jr., Megan, Nathaniel, Summer, Shan, and Brooke and Cpt. Wilson encouraged by his wife Joy and son Julian, Jr.

As a 31-year veteran of the Army Reserves and the S.C. Army National Guard, I have never been prouder of their committed members and their capabilities for domestic and overseas service. Due to the success of America's military more countries today have been liberated from totalitarianism in the history of the world living in freedom and democracy from Estonia to Thailand and South Korea to Bulgaria.

Due to the vision of Dan Hennigan, a 9/11 First Responders Remembrance Memorial featuring two New York World Trade Center steel beams were unveiled at the base of the State House in front of the Columbia Metropolitan Convention Center with Columbia Mayor Steve Benjamin and Governor Nikki Haley.

At the Remembrance, it was very appropriate on the front row of special guests were Hampton and Jane Caughman, proud parents of SPC Thomas W. Caughman who was killed June 9, 2004, Iraq. SPC Caughman was mature beyond his age concluding his letters with the adage, "Freedom is not free." He understood we were in a long war to protect American families at home.

The weekend concluded with a moving Service of Remembrance at Saxe Gotha Presbyterian Church named in recognition of the community's original German Swiss farming settlers. Heartfelt leadership was provided by pastors Dr. Jim Glatz, Dr. Helen Harrison Coker, and Dr. Bill Johnston. Dr. Glatz recounted the extraordinary heroism of Todd Beamer on Flight 93. After reciting together The Lord's Prayer with air phone operators, Beamer stated to his comrades the immortal "Let's Roll," which successfully stopped the jihadists from their murderous destruction of the U.S. Capitol Building. This was the first successful counterattack in the Global War on Terrorism. The service was enhanced by a Color Guard of the Lexington Police Department along with the Lexington County Choral Society and the Lake Murray Symphony Orchestra.

The positive message of Dr. Glatz was clear that the American people will prevail with faith, hope, and love.

In conclusion, God Bless Our Troops, and we will never forget September 11th in the Global War on Terrorism.

10TH ANNIVERSARY OF 9/11

HON. LUCILLE ROYBAL-ALLARD

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, September 12, 2011

Ms. ROYBAL-ALLARD. Mr. Speaker, as Congress marks the 10 year anniversary of the September 11th attacks, I rise to mourn the loss of the thousands of innocents who perished and to honor the selflessness of those who sacrificed so much to protect us, both on that day and in the decade since.