

event that Congress does not submit such an amendment to the states for ratification on or before December 31, 2011; and be it further

Resolved, That copies of this resolution be provided to the Secretaries of State and to the presiding officers of the Legislatures of the other states.

ADDITIONAL STATEMENTS

IN MEMORY OF LOST LIVES

Mr. LIEBERMAN. Mr. President, I rise in honor of the innocent lives that were lost in Newtown, CT, on December 14, when a madman murdered 26 students, teachers, and administrators, as well as his own mother. The terrible act of violence that occurred that day has left the whole Nation wounded and shaken. In the wake of this tragedy, Mr. Albert Caswell penned the following poem:

WE NOW SO WEEP

IN MEMORY OF ALL THE LOST LIVES AND THE TRAGEDY AT SANDY HOOK ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
(By Albert Carey Caswell)

We Now So Weep

We . . .

We now so weep . . .

All in our hearts so very deep!

All in this pain to so repeat!

Forever now so to keep!

We now so weep!

And from all of this heartache!

What must we now so take!

And what sense from all of this,

must we now so make?

All so very deep,

deep down inside all of our souls to so create

. . .

That there is a battle!

And there is a fight!

That which but so rages on this very night!

Of Good Vs. Evil . . .

Of wrong or so right!

And that hate is hard,

as it makes me weep!

It makes me cry!

When, I so see those tears in your parent's eyes!

And that our moments together upon this earth,

are such so very short ones there so first!

So hold your families close,

and always remember what but means the most!

All in your hearts so very deep!

As all across this nation,

we now so weep . . .

As the tears run down our faces so deep!

At this evil our souls so tries to defeat!

All in these our darkest hours of heartbreak,

which now so beat . . .

As it's for them we now so weep!

And for all of those love ones,

who so lost their most precious daughters and sons . . .

Thy Kingdom Come,

for heaven but lies for each of them!

Their parent's most precious children so to keep!

And for all of those educators,

who were so slain so all in such grief!

Knowing full well,

all of the pain that their loved ones must now so keep!

The kind of pain,

that which only Heaven can bring such relief!

For a child!

Is but the very hope of the world!

So very innocent and so very precious,

oh such beautiful little boys and so girls . . .

With their sweet little smiles unto us as so unfurled . . .

As all around them such happiness so swirls . . .

Touching all of our hearts,

as was their part,

these most precious boys and so girls!

With their little voices and so little curls . . .

And who could so cast out such vile evil upon as so hurled?

Because, a child is but The Brightest of All Lights!

The Brightest of all Bright!

So listen on the wind,

and you will hear this my friend . . .

our Lord crying for all of them!

To take a child's life,

but stands at the very top of evil's darkest of all heights!

With all of their futures so up ahead,

so very shinny and bright!

As it's for all of them,

we now so weep!

And for all of those dedicated teachers,

whose very being was to so nurture our true heart's delights!

Who so heroically towards evil so ran,

"lock the doors, look the doors",

as she so cried out all in her most courageous fight!

As all of their children are but so now motherless now!

As a young teacher who so hid her children, to so escape past a door,

as the evil came in she so fooled and so lured . . .

sacrificing herself . . .

All so they could escape,

why now up in heaven she's so adored!

Our children,

are but our most precious of all gifts from above!

For these are our greatest gifts to our world, of our true loves!

Such shear delights!

As no more joyful Christmas mornings,

will they so see so in sight . . .

Or Hanukkah's,

so surrounded by their families with such smiles so very bright!

Not to grow up to be so very tall!

Not to have children at all . . .

Oh but the sad shame of it all!

No Weddings, No Birthdays, No Proms, or Graduations for one and all!

As a parent's greatest of all nightmares,

has now come to call!

To bury our children,

with tears in eyes to their knees they now fall!

As out across this nation,

we so try to so make sense of it all . . .

But, the answer is so very clear,

as it's as old as time is so here!

It's The Struggle!

It's The Fight!

As out across this great nation . . .

I bid to you to so hold your families close . . .

On this very night!

And remember our love and time together, but means the most!

And that this battle is not over,

so wrap your hearts all in this clover,

of all of those teachers love and courage so showed!

All in that selfless sacrifice!

Because, the darkness is no match . . .

for the light in our hearts that which evil ignites!

Goodness!

Evil!

Darkness!

Light!

Those brave hearts who evil must fight!

Who bring their light!

As against the darkest of all evils,

as onward we fight!

Rise!

Rise Up To Heaven My Child,

with but tears in your eyes!

As our Lord's Littlest of Angels now so fill the skies!

And do not so worry because in our Lord's arms you now lie!

Mommy!

Daddy!

I'm already in Heaven so don't you so cry!

Up here, there are candy canes to so taste,

and Christmas trains to so ride!

And there are puppies up in heaven,

and the most beautiful of all butterflies . . .

And because you won't ever turn seven it now makes me so cry!

And when their comes a gentle rain,

your tear drops shall wash down upon your parents to so ease their pain . . .

Until, one day up in Heaven you shall all so meet again . . .

And you won't have to cry anymore!

Mothers, Fathers, Sisters, Brothers, Grand Parents and all the others . . .

Somehow!

Someway!

Find the strength on this day!

All in what their short live's so had to say!

And so try!

To so carry them all in your hearts out on your way!

As you so wipe all of those tears from your eyes . . .

And from out of all of this heartache you must so realize,

that your children and your loved ones are Angels now up in Heaven on high!

And isn't that but where we all so wish to wake, so you and I?

Goodness!

Evil!

Darkness!

Light!

Those brave hearts who evil must fight!

Together in enjoined,

as we battle on into the darkest of all nights!

And now we so weep!

Amen!

REPORTS OF COMMITTEES

The following reports of committees were submitted:

By Mrs. BOXER, from the Committee on Environment and Public Works, with amendments:

S. 847. A bill to amend the Toxic Substances Control Act to ensure that risks from chemicals are adequately understood and managed, and for other purposes (Rept. No. 112-264).

By Mr. AKAKA, from the Committee on Indian Affairs, with an amendment in the nature of a substitute:

S. 1763. A bill to decrease the incidence of violent crimes against Indian women, to strengthen the capacity of Indian tribes to exercise the sovereign authority of Indian tribes to respond to violent crimes committed against Indian women, and to ensure that perpetrators of violent crimes committed against Indian women are held accountable for that criminal behavior, and for other purposes (Rept. No. 112-265).

By Mrs. BOXER, from the Committee on Environment and Public Works, without amendment:

S. 2251. A bill to designate the United States courthouse located at 709 West 9th Street, Juneau, Alaska, as the Robert Boochever United States Courthouse.

S. 2326. A bill to designate the new United States courthouse in Buffalo, New York, as the "Robert H. Jackson United States Courthouse".