

The only alternative is to do what we did last year, and that doesn't include anyone except four people in the House and Senate.

With that, I yield the floor and suggest the absence of a quorum.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The clerk will call the roll.

The legislative clerk proceeded to call the roll.

Mr. REID. 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 President, I ask unanimous consent that the order for the quorum call be rescinded.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. REID. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the Senate proceed to 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.

RECOGNIZING THE MARSHFIELD HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Mr. LEAHY. Mr. President, true to their Vermont roots, the citizens of Marshfield, VT, are bringing to fruition a new vision for the Marshfield Historical Society, an organization dedicated to preserving—and sharing—the long history of this 44-square mile town in the foothills of Vermont, just outside our State capital of Montpelier.

In the late 17th century, the land that came to be known as Marshfield was home to the Abenaki. Then, just as now, its inhabitants enjoyed the Winooski River to fish and the surrounding hills to hunt. Marshfield is a community that upholds tradition and passes stories from generation to generation. The land is clearly different than it was centuries ago, but these customs can make it difficult to notice the sometimes subtle changes Marshfield has borne. Creating a public space to commemorate the town's past is the mission of the Marshfield Historical Society.

On September 12, with the support of the Vermont Historical Society, the Marshfield Historical Society will host its grand opening, a reopening of sorts. In concert with the support of the local Selectboard, the Jaquith Public Library, a generous anonymous donor, the perseverance of a dedicated core of volunteers, and, of course, the residents of Marshfield, the history of this small but vibrant town will now be accessible to the public. Local artifacts and memorabilia, cloistered for years, will be publicly accessible in the Old Schoolhouse Common. The Marshfield Historical Society is returning to the residents of Marshfield their own history.

The Marshfield Historical Society owes much to the memory of Hap Hayward, a longtime resident, who was an original inspiration for the establishment of a local historical society. The society's new site, organized content,

and new exhibits will surely attract visitors and locals. Some of their most noteworthy collections include a rare copy of Militia Law of the State of Vermont from 1843, as well as an extensive collection of postcards of Marshfield buildings and landscapes. These artifacts belong to the residents of Marshfield, and to all Vermonters. As a longtime supporter of the historic preservation of our communities, our downtowns and our local histories, I am eager to visit the new historical society.

I congratulate the people of Marshfield on successfully undertaking this impressive effort to protect their history for generations to come.

REMEMBERING JAMES FOLEY

Mrs. SHAHEEN. Mr. President, I would like to honor James Foley, a proud son of New Hampshire, whose life was guided by love—love for the humanity he devoted his life to documenting, love for his family members who worked tirelessly to secure his release, and love for God who brought him strength and comfort, even in the darkest moments.

The entire Nation was saddened to hear the news about Jim. It was with a heavy heart that I joined the Foley family and a crowd of nearly 1,000 on August 24 at Our Lady of the Holy Rosary parish in Rochester, NH, to memorialize Jim and reflect upon how he chose to live his life.

As we here pause to remember Jim, we cannot allow those responsible for his death to fill us with sorrow and despair. Though the sense of loss remains, through Jim's life we may hope to rediscover a sense of optimism and goodness—the same feelings that motivated him as a journalist to search for humanity in the world's darkest and most dangerous places.

When I think of Jim, I will remember his fierce passion for his work and for the people whose stories he lived to tell. I will remember the interminable spirit of his parents, Diane and John. And I will remember how New Hampshire, and Americans across the country, came together to support the Foleys.

Jim Foley's life began in Wolfeboro, a small New Hampshire town on the shores of Lake Winnepesaukee. He graduated in 1992 from Kingswood Regional High School, where classmates remember him as light-hearted, but also caring and eager to see the world. As the oldest of Diane and John Foley's five children, James developed a strong sense of responsibility for others.

Jim was known in his family for running late because wherever he went he ran into friends and colleagues who wanted to stop and catch up with him. Jim's uncommon kindness earned him the trust and friendship of people across the United States and the world.

Jim's compassion for others and his desire to learn their stories is what motivated his life's work. According to

his parents, Jim's exposure to the poverty of inner-city Milwaukee while attending Marquette University led him to realize that people are often shaped by events and circumstances out of their control, and that it was within his power to tell their stories.

He carried this mission with him throughout his life and used it as a basis for his work in conflict zones.

After graduating from Marquette, Jim started down the path that would turn him into the successful journalist he became. He first taught history for 3 years at middle school in Phoenix, AZ, a world away from his upbringing in the Lakes Region of New Hampshire.

Eager to learn how best to turn his experiences into compelling stories, he went on to complete master's degrees in writing and journalism at the University of Massachusetts-Amherst and Northwestern University. Classmates of Jim's at Northwestern recall that when one of his professors assigned him to cover a neighborhood in the Lower West Side of Chicago, Jim decided to move there, a telling decision for a future frontline journalist.

Jim later gained experience in conflict reporting while covering U.S. military operations as an embedded reporter in Iraq and Afghanistan, but he worried that being removed from the local population detracted from his reporting to people back home.

When a wave of popular revolutions swept the Middle East and North Africa in the spring of 2011, Jim knew that he needed to bear witness to this incredible phenomenon from the perspective of those living through it.

Jim left for Libya, where he provided critical stories on the Libyan civil war until he was captured and imprisoned for 44 days by pro-Gadhafi forces.

Others who were detained with Jim tell stories of his unending selflessness toward his fellow prisoners—how he shared food, blankets and an endless stream of jokes to help everyone cope with a difficult and scary situation.

Furthermore, when Jim returned to the U.S. after his release, he was frequently asked to tell the story of his capture and detention. Instead of focusing on his own experience, Jim used the publicity to raise money for the family of a colleague who had been killed in the attack that led to Jim's capture. It was Jim's nature to care more about others than he did about his own personal successes or accolades.

In his reporting from Libya, Jim discovered that his passion was in helping the world relate to those in the middle of unimaginable conflict, and he would soon return to the region, this time to Syria, where Bashar al-Assad was escalating his brutal tactics of repression to maintain control of the country.

It was in the Syrian chaos that observers began to talk about rise of a group of militant Islamists calling themselves the Islamic State of Iraq and Syria, the same group that would later hold Jim hostage for 637 days