

In Vietnam, Robert was killed when the helicopter he was flying was struck by hostile fire, crashed, and burned.

In addition to his parents and siblings, he left behind his wife, Doris.

Robert's family says that everyone loved him and that to this day, whenever his classmates see his sister, Patty, they still talk about him.

Robert's mother's husband, Duane, has a diary that Robert kept while he served in Vietnam. Duane notes the interesting fact that Robert stopped writing in the diary about 5 months before he died.

BYRON KULLAND

Byron Kulland was from New Town and was born on November 9, 1947. He served in the Army's 196th Infantry Brigade. Byron was 24 years old when he went missing on April 2, 1972.

His brother, Lee, says that Byron was always smiling and enjoyed life. He loved music, animals, and he loved his wife, Leona.

Byron was musically gifted. His mother taught him to play the piano, and he taught himself to play the guitar and banjo.

Byron and his brother, Lee, sheared sheep to help pay for Byron's college tuition. Byron graduated from North Dakota State University with a degree in agricultural engineering. He also graduated from ROTC as a second lieutenant.

In Vietnam in 1972, Byron and his helicopter crew were flying on a search and rescue mission when their helicopter was shot down. For over a year, Byron was considered missing in action. One of his passengers was taken as a prisoner of war and returned to the United States in 1973.

In 1993, Byron's remains were uncovered, and today he is buried in Arlington National Cemetery.

DAVID "DAVIE" DEPRIEST

David "Davie" DePriest was from Rugby and was born September 17, 1946. He served in the Army's 20th Engineer Brigade. David died on March 25, 1968. He was 21 years old.

He was the youngest of six kids. He had four brothers and one sister. All five of the boys served our country in the military. The three youngest boys—David, Lane, and Russ—served in the Army in Vietnam, and Richard and Dennis served in the Air Force. The three youngest boys served in Vietnam at the same time.

While in high school, David joined the National Guard and then later decided to join the Army.

David's brother, Russ, says that David was short but muscular and liked to hunt rabbits to improve the accuracy of his shot.

While in Vietnam, the brothers were less than 100 miles apart, but they didn't see each other until the day of David's funeral.

In addition to his siblings and parents, David left behind his wife, Donna, and their young son, Travis.

JOHN BRINKMEYER

John Brinkmeyer was from New England and was born June 19, 1946. He served in the Army's 101st Airborne Division Artillery. John was 22 years old when he died on November 27, 1968.

John's family says that he loved barefoot waterskiing and flying. John chose to serve so that none of his three brothers would ever have to.

The last letter John mailed to his parents from Vietnam described, with a positive outlook, living and working in less-than-ideal conditions. In his letter, he wrote that he expected to be promoted and receive a better aircraft in about 1 month. But almost 2 weeks after writing the letter, John's aircraft was shot down and John was killed.

His captain wrote John's parents a letter that said:

John was the most outstanding young officer in my battery.

He was hardworking and conscientious in all that he did. His personal courage on combat operations won him not only the respect of all the officers and men in the battery, but also that of Lt. Col. Bartholomew, the battalion commander, who personally chose John as his pilot.

In addition to his parents, brothers, and sister, John left behind his wife Leona, daughter Lori, and son Michael. John's daughter Lori feels that both her dad and mom were heroes—her dad for his service and sacrifice and her mom for dealing with the pain of losing her husband.

I want to take a moment and thank all of the pages who have been so patient as I have read these stories of these incredible men who gave their lives for our country.

I think one of the reasons why we have periods of commemoration and why we do this is so that we remind not only those of us who lived during this time but we remind a younger generation of that sacrifice and that opportunity to serve our country and to honor those people who gave the ultimate sacrifice.

Our Vietnam veterans had a lot of challenges when they returned home right after Vietnam, and their challenges continue—whether it is untreated post-traumatic stress or just simply being part of a war that generated so much controversy in our country—but it can never diminish the sacrifice these men and their families made for our country.

Again, I thank the pages for their attention, and I hope these are voices and names they will remember for a long time along with me. I know it means a lot to their families.

I thank the Presiding Officer, and I yield the floor.

#### REMEMBERING ELDER L. TOM PERRY

Mr. HATCH. Mr. President, I rise to honor the memory of Elder L. Tom Perry, an exemplary leader whose kindness, compassion, and love were as boundless as his optimism. Elder Perry

quietly passed away on May 30 after a brief battle with thyroid cancer. Serving as an apostle in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints for more than 40 years, Elder Perry traveled the world, strengthening congregations, visiting the poor, and ministering to the sick and afflicted. Throughout his ecclesiastical service, his words and actions inspired countless Latter-day Saints and many more outside the church. As millions across the world mourn his passing, we find peace in his teachings and take solace in the memory of a man who consecrated his life to the service of others.

From humble beginnings, Elder Perry developed a strong sense of discipline that would later define his church service. Born to Leslie Thomas and Nora Sonne Perry in 1922, his father was a lawyer and his mother was a teacher by profession. Together, they taught Tom the principles of honest work and self-reliance. Elder Perry was no stranger to hard labor, and some of his earliest memories included long days working the fields, milking the family cow, and cutting hay by hand with an old scythe. From these early experiences, Elder Perry learned that nothing would be handed to him and that he had to work for everything he received. And work he did.

After finishing his first year of college, Elder Perry accepted a call to serve his church in the Northern States Mission. During the 2 years Elder Perry worked as a volunteer missionary, he developed a powerful testimony of Jesus Christ—a testimony that inspired a life of love and selfless service. After serving his church, Elder Perry desired to serve his country. He enlisted in the United States Marine Corps only a month after returning from his church mission.

Elder Perry's marine battalion was deployed to Nagasaki shortly after the Japanese surrender. Observing the devastation and suffering of the Japanese people only softened Elder Perry's already tender heart. In his off-duty hours, he rallied a group of fellow marines to help him rebuild a Protestant chapel. On the same tour, he also helped repair a Catholic orphanage and build another chapel on the island of Saipan. While in Japan, Elder Perry grew especially close to a Protestant congregation. When he was transferred to another city, a group of nearly 200 members of this congregation gathered to bid him farewell. As his train crawled out of the station, each member of the congregation lined up along the track as Elder Perry reached out to touch their hands one by one. He loved these people, and they loved him back, making the goodbye all the more difficult. Last Saturday, thousands of us tasted that same bittersweet emotion when Elder Perry departed this mortal life for the next. Like this small Japanese congregation, we were all moved by his kindness, energized by his enthusiasm, and humbled by his service.