

Shortly before 2 p.m., Maj. Gen. David H. Petraeus, commander of the 101st Airborne, drove in an armed convoy up a rocky escarpment into Najaf, urged on by clapping Iraqis who gestured impatiently for the Americans to press deeper into the city center.

It gives me a great deal of pride for the 101st Airborne to be able to hear these real-life stories of the bravery and boldness of General Petraeus. I was with Holly Petraeus this past Sunday at the 101st Airborne. She hosted Karen, my wife, and me to lunch and attending a church service. She is doing a tremendous job of keeping up the spirit of all the families there and has become a real focal point for the community efforts in Hawesville, KY, Clarksville, TN, and on the base to support our troops. We have a lot to be proud of, with tough days ahead.

Meanwhile, the Senate will be addressing the supplemental emergency spending in order to support our troops, as well as the underlying budget, which I hope to complete—which we will complete by April 11.

I yield the floor.

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 for the transaction of morning business not to exceed beyond the hour of 11 a.m., with the time to be equally divided between the Senator from Texas, Mrs. HUTCHISON, and the Democratic leader or his designee, the Senator from Nevada.

HONORING OUR ARMED FORCES

Mr. ENSIGN. Mr. President, I rise today to pay tribute to the troops. I am totally amazed when I watch the television reports at the bravery displayed by those who are serving our Nation in harm's way.

There is a saying from the Scriptures that:

A man can have no greater love than to lay down his life for his friends.

The motto of my home State of Nevada is: All for our country. Nevada has a long and proud history of patriotism and contributing to this Nation's defense in times of peace and in times of conflict. Many brave Nevadans have proudly donned the uniform of our armed services. Unfortunately, some of our finest have lost their lives in service to our Nation.

Nevada has lost several servicemen during the ongoing war on terrorism, and last week we learned of our first casualty in Operation Iraqi Freedom. LT Fred Pokorney was killed during a cowardly ambush on our marines near An Nasiriyah, Iraq. His death has brought the reality of war to families across Nevada. His life and dedication have touched and inspired me.

I wish I had known Fred when he played for the Tonopah High School basketball and football teams. I only had the opportunity to learn about this gentle giant, for that is what he was, since he made the ultimate sacrifice for me, my family, for all Nevadans, and all Americans.

It should not come as a surprise, but when I learn about these brave men and women who risk their lives and sacrifice so much to defend our freedom, I am awed by the caliber of their character, integrity, and dedication. Fred Pokorney is the perfect example.

Nothing was handed to Fred. He overcame challenges that would have been an excuse for others to quit. He was incredibly well liked for his positive attitude and competitive spirit. He joined the Marines right out of high school and graduated with a degree in military science from Oregon State University, also my alma mater. He loved being a marine.

A tremendous void is being felt by those who knew Fred best. Just as it is inspiring to hear about the character of men and women who serve in our military, it is heartening to speak to those left behind and hear the pride they somehow find the strength to share. When I spoke to Fred's wife—she goes by Chelle—it was obvious her husband is a hero to her as he is to us all. She is comforted by the knowledge that she knew what it was to have peace and love.

Now she is charged with raising their 2½ year old daughter Taylor—and passing Fred's legacy on to her, and Fred's love for country on to us all.

On the telephone last week, Chelle read me the last letter Fred wrote to her and to his daughter Taylor. I would have brought those letters to the floor but, frankly, I could not have read those letters without breaking down because of the emotions that were communicated from one of our soldiers on the battlefield to his family.

Chelle told me Fred's death, though, gave her hope. She feels a responsibility to take Fred's pride, strength, and deep patriotism, and instill it in other Americans. So long as freedom thrives and she can help other Marine families heal, Chelle knows Fred's death will not have been in vain.

What Chelle does not realize is that she, too, is a hero. The families who support our military wait anxiously for word from their loved ones and continue the motions of life while their loved ones are away. They are heroes also. Without their strength and support, our troops could not be the best in the world. I stand here today, grateful for the bravery of Fred Pokorney and inspired by the courage of Chelle Pokorney and others like them.

For Taylor, I pray she grows up to know that her father's death on the battlefield of freedom was not in vain. I pray when she is older, Taylor will know the gratitude of this Nation for her father's sacrifice, and for her sacrifice.

God bless LT Fred Pokorney and God bless his family.

I yield the floor.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from North Dakota.

Mr. DORGAN. Mr. President, while I know there are some who may have different views about what is happening in Iraq and our country's role in it, I think there is really no disagreement in our country about what our sons and daughters do for America when they are sent to fight for freedom. There should be no disagreement about our support for the troops that are in harm's way halfway across the world.

My colleague from Nevada and others have spoken eloquently about the commitment these young men and women have made to their country. They leave home, they leave the comforts of their community, they leave their family, and they march in the face of danger.

This morning I went to Bethesda Naval Hospital to visit a young man whom I had appointed to the Naval Academy some 12 years ago. His name is Jason Frei from Hazen, ND. A wonderful young man, he has kept in touch with me each year since he graduated from the Naval Academy, sending me Christmas cards, telling me how he is doing and what he is doing.

He left his wife and two children to go to Iraq with his Marine unit. Jason was wounded last week and is now back at Bethesda Naval Hospital. He has lost a part of his arm. His eardrum was punctured. He was injured by a rocket-propelled grenade when it hit his vehicle.

He is a remarkable man. This morning he was very positive. He was in good spirits and he told me about the men and women with whom he served. This morning in the hospital he was most concerned about his unit, which is still in Iraq—how they were doing, what they were doing. He is, I think, symbolic of those brave men and women who always answer the call for our country.

This is a young man from a small town in North Dakota, but he could be a young man or woman from a town anywhere in America who, when his country needs him, answers the call.

In North Dakota, we have the highest percentage of callups in the Guard and Reserve of any State in the Nation. More than one-third of our National Guard and Reserve have been called to active duty.

A young woman on my staff in Bismarck has been called to active duty with the National Guard, a young lieutenant. They go and serve because they are called to serve our country.

I recall one day at a veterans' hospital in Fargo, ND, pinning the medals on the pajama tops of a Native American named Edmund Young Eagle who served during World War II. He had never gotten his medals. His sisters asked if I could help get the medals for him, whom I didn't know just a week from death. He had lung cancer. We got his medals and on a Sunday morning

we went to the VA hospital, and his sisters came and the doctors and nurses came in the room, and I pinned the medals he won during World War II on his pajama tops.

This very sick man, with lung cancer, who had answered the call from his Indian reservation to go to Africa and Europe and fight for this country, came back from the war and lived a life that was pretty spartan. He didn't ever have very much. But this man, with the medals now pinned on his pajama tops, told me it was one of the proudest days of his life because he had served his country and his country was saying to him: Thank you.

There are so many young men and women today who are serving their country. This Congress and the American people need to say to them, in every way, every day: Thank you.

An author once wrote:

When the night is full of knives, the lighting is seen, and the drums are heard, the patriots always step forward, ready to fight and die if necessary to preserve freedom.

This country should have enormous gratitude for having such men and women, such patriots who always step forward. One of those patriots is Jason Frei, who, I am proud to say this morning, is doing well at the Bethesda Naval Hospital and who, we hope, will be released in a matter of days but who, again, worries a great deal about the troops with whom he served. He cares a great deal about this country and about their fate.

Let us all hope very much that this war is over soon, that its result is decisive, that Saddam Hussein is replaced, that the people of Iraq are no longer the victims of his tyranny, and that our sons and daughters come back to our country and return to their loved ones.

When they do, let America again say thank you, thank you for serving this great country.

I yield the floor.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Who seeks recognition?

Mr. DORGAN. Mr. President, I make a point of order a quorum is not present.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The clerk will call the roll.

The assistant legislative clerk proceeded to call the roll.

Mrs. HUTCHISON. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the order for the quorum call be rescinded.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

Mrs. HUTCHISON. Mr. President, I rise today to talk about joy and also apprehension. In Palestine, WV, they are celebrating the rescue yesterday of PFC Jessica Lynch from an Iraqi hospital. I am sure most people who watch C-SPAN have also seen the incredible pictures of that operation, seeing our Navy SEALs, our Army special forces, our Marines teaming up to go in and take a hospital because they had information that some of our prisoners of war might be there. It was a great act of courage on their part.

We are all celebrating the return of Jessica Lynch. In her Army hometown of El Paso, TX, they are celebrating. Her rescue has given hope and comfort to the families of the other missing or captured members of Fort Bliss's 507th Maintenance Company that they, too, might be returned to their homes and families.

Retired MSgt Claude Johnson, father of prisoner of war SP Shoshana Johnson, was thrilled to learn PFC Jessica Lynch had been found. I quote:

I am very, very, very glad that Jessica has been returned and that she is safe. As I have said previously, it is not just about Shoshana. It's about all the prisoners who are over there, and I hope and pray that each and every one of them can come home safe, just like Jessica did. The rescue of Lynch gives everybody hope that the rest of [those missing or captured] will be returned.

I talked to Mr. Johnson early on after Shoshana was taken captive and was shown on Iraqi television. She is a former Army personnel person. I was able to share with him the great attention that all of us are giving to all of those prisoners of war and missing in action. I told him that everything would be done to find them and to rescue them if possible. We hope this is the first of good news. But we also know that our forces are doing everything possible to determine if there are others there and also to try to get them home if they are.

We commend the brave marines and special ops forces and the SEALs who were involved in this dramatic rescue. As details come out, I know we will be even more proud of what they have achieved. Now we hope that in the days ahead there will be other good news for those families of soldiers from Fort Bliss and Fort Hood; that they, too, will be reunited with their families.

All of America is riveted on that wonderful story, but we also know there is more news to come, and we will wait anxiously to hear about others.

I also want to take time to discuss personal stories we get from the field because the press over there is seeing the individual sacrifices our young men and women in the military are making that show so much about our values. I want to share one of those vignettes. Then I want to ask my friend and colleague from Idaho to also do the same because he, too, has troops from Idaho in the field.

This morning I start by talking about CPT Chris Carter. This comes from Chris Tomlinson, the Associated Press, from Hindiyah, Iraq. I want to show this picture because it illustrates exactly what these forces are doing. This is a story that goes with this picture. You see in this picture a woman in a black veil sitting on a bridge. Here are the American troops who are trying to take this bridge.

"We've got to get her off that bridge," he said.

Capt. Chris Carter winced at the risks his men would have to take. Engaged in a raid on this Euphrates River town, they were bat-

ting for a bridge when, through the smoke, they saw the elderly woman. She had tried to race across the bridge when the U.S. soldiers arrived, but was caught in crossfire.

At first they thought she was dead, like the man sprawled in the dust nearby. But during breaks in the gunfire that whizzed over her head, she sat up and waved for help.

Carter, a 32-year old Army Ranger, ordered his Bradley Fighting Vehicle to move forward while he and two other men ran behind it. They took cover behind the bridges' iron beams. Carter tossed a smoke grenade for more cover and approached the woman, who was crying and pointing at a wound on her hip.

She wore a black abayah, a robe common among older women in the countryside. Blood soaked through the fabric onto the pavement around her.

Medics put the woman on a stretcher and into an ambulance; Carter stood by, providing cover with his M-16 automatic rifle. Then she was gone, and the battle raged on for the town of 80,000 about 50 mile south of Baghdad.

By the end of the day, the Army unit would fight street to street, capture or kill scores of Iraqi soldiers, blow up a Baath Party headquarters and destroy heaps of ammunition and mortars. No U.S. soldiers were killed, but from the beginning officers in the 4th Battalion, 64th Armor Regiment described the mission as "hairy."

"Yeah, hold a strategic bridge with one infantry company that has only two platoons—a hell of a mission," Lt. Col. Philip DeCamp, the battalion commander, said with a smile.

I yield to my colleague from Utah.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from Idaho.

Mr. CRAPO. Mr. President, I appreciate the opportunity to address the Senate today with my colleague from Texas and others who have joined us and will in the future to take the time set aside by our leadership to talk about our troops and to give them the thanks of a grateful Nation as they fight in Iraq to protect our freedom.

Today I want to begin by sharing another vignette, this one is from the Army Times written by Robert Hoderne and Jane McHugh. It is about a heroic act that occurred in Iraq during some of the early days of the fighting. This is a picture with the wrong name on it. I will explain. When it was first reported, it said "Joseph DeWitt." But after further evaluation—this picture made it on the front page of a number of newspapers around the country, and people started checking into it.

It was actually Joseph P. Dwyer, age 26, who is still in the field in Iraq. A few days ago, when this report I will discuss was written, he was still 80 miles outside of Baghdad with his division, the 3rd Infantry. What we see is obvious. It is one of our soldiers carrying a young Iraqi boy to safety. But there is a story behind this picture that illustrates the bravery and commitment of our troops in Iraq, not just to cause a regime change and to overthrow Saddam Hussein and restore peace and freedom in Iraq and peace and freedom in the world, but also to do so in a way that causes the least amount of collateral damage.

I will stop before I go into this vignette to make a point. There are

many nations in the world that, when war begins, would not pay attention to the collateral damage, the injuries of innocent civilians. Saddam Hussein, as we know, has killed tens of thousands of innocent people just for the accomplishment of an objective of war.

But our Nation, as we conduct this battle, is conducting it in a way that literally puts our men and women in the military at greater risk because of the decision to try to reduce the risk presented by the war to those who are innocent. I think it is important for us to note that our men and women in the armed services are incurring this greater risk because of our commitment and theirs to make sure that we do not injure one unnecessary person as we conduct this war.

You can see here a young grimy soldier in full battle gear. You can see the level of concern on his face as he carries this wounded young Iraqi boy to safety. What is the story behind this picture? As I have indicated, Joseph Dwyer is 26, and he is still with the 3rd Infantry Division in Iraq. Until just a few days ago, he didn't really have a clue how famous he was. His name was misidentified in the first prints of the picture. By the time he was identified, his picture was one that people around the world had seen. When he was told about it, his reaction was that he laughed out loud. For a few moments, he could not stop laughing. He said afterward that he was both amused and embarrassed at the notoriety he had achieved. "Really, I was just one of a group of guys. I wasn't standing out more than anyone else," he said during this telephone conversation during some rare down time.

Dwyer has lived for the past 6 years in Wagram, NC, where his parents moved after his father retired as a New York transit policeman. This young man's family has been in law enforcement. His father is a retired policeman. He grew up in Mt. Sinai on New York's Long Island. His three older brothers are New York City policemen. If you think about that and remember 9/11, he had three brothers who were New York City policemen when he found out the news about what was happening on 9/11. None of his brothers was lost on 9/11, but one of them lost a partner on 9/11. That is how close the casualties came to his personal family.

He said: "I mean everybody lost someone, a lot of good people." He said he was sure for a long time that he had lost someone too. He believed one of his brothers had probably been killed. He said: "I thought he was gone." But when he talked to his brother on the night of September 11 and learned he was safe, Dwyer said: "I knew I had to do something." So 2 days later he enlisted in the Army and became a medic. He said: "It was just what I could do at the time."

People from across America jumped in and did what they could after 9/11. This young man joined the Army to help protect and defend the United

States interests and is now doing that in Iraq. On Tuesday morning, when the now-famous image of Dwyer was taken, his unit, the 3rd Squadron of the 7th Cavalry Regiment, had been ambushed repeatedly the night before as they worked their way along the north side of the Euphrates River. Just as the Sun was rising, they were ambushed again by Iraqi troops firing from tree lines on both sides of the road. The Americans fired back with everything they had and called in airstrikes to help them. In the middle of this firefight, an Iraqi family was caught in the crossfire. When the fighting stopped, the father of the family came running out screaming that his family needed help. Dwyer says: "It came over that there was a family that had some injuries. We went down there. It was kind of hectic at first. . . . We didn't know what was going on. Who was friendly and who wasn't."

Here is an example of how our troops are putting themselves in harm's way because of their interest in making sure that we reduce the casualties to innocent people.

"We didn't want to get too close to the village, knowing that there could be possible enemy there," he went on. "We saw him with the child. He came running out to where we had the hospital set up."

Then he and some other soldiers, guns at the ready, bolted from their cover to help. Dwyer reached the father and grabbed his son from him, cradling the young boy in a protective embrace as he raced back to safer ground. That is when Army Times photographer Warren Zinn snapped this picture.

The boy, who is about 4 years old, "grabbed right onto me, that was the weird thing," Dwyer said. "The kid was doing all right. I could feel him breathing real hard, and I was just carrying him and he didn't cry one bit and you know he was a cute little kid. He was scared, though, you could tell. You know, for the father to trust us to take his child over and know that we would take care of him, maybe it's just me being optimistic, but I think it was a good feeling knowing he trusted us to take his child. It was a little kid. I have little nieces and nephews back home. . . . It was just a kid, it wasn't an enemy. This is what I signed up to do, to help people."

That day was the first time Dwyer treated any wounded. The little boy had a broken left leg, but Dwyer says he is going to make a quick recovery. Though gratifying as the encounter may have been, it left him with lingering concerns. He wishes he could talk to the family.

"I wonder how they felt about us," he said. "I mean, if I was in their position and this was going on, I'd be mad at me, you know, for being here. I don't know. I wouldn't mind being able to talk to him, that's for sure."

Dwyer nevertheless is glad to be in Iraq. "I know that people are going to be better for it. The whole world will

be. I hope being here is positive because we are a caring group of people out here. If they find out, that would be great. Maybe they'd stop shooting."

Mr. President, here we have one more specific example of an act of bravery, heroism, which is happening time and time again in Iraq. As we see the scenes on TV of the bombs exploding and the troops moving, we think about our troops being engaged in battle, but we don't think about the fact that, as they are engaged in battle, they are also doing everything they can to help those who are innocent, who didn't start or cause this war, to be protected from harm's way.

I conclude my remarks by again expressing on my behalf, and I believe on behalf of the entire Senate and the Congress, and, frankly, the United States people, our thanks to our men and women in the armed services for the service they are giving.

I spoke in the Chamber a few days ago about an Idahoan who has given the extreme sacrifice. He lost his life in this battle. We will have, unfortunately, more stories like that. As a nation, we give our thoughts and our prayers and our grateful thanks to the men and women in our Armed Forces who are putting their lives on the line for our freedom.

Mr. President, I yield the remainder of my time to the Senator from Texas.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from Texas is recognized.

Mrs. HUTCHISON. Mr. President, I thank the Senator from Idaho for sharing that story with us. It reminds us of what is being done that we might not see over here, but it is those one-on-one things that that Iraqi father is going to remember.

I want to do another story from the field. This one is written by Julian Barnes of U.S. News and World Report. He is with the 101st Airmobile Division Apache Pilots. Here we have the picture of an Apache helicopter firing an antimissile flare. This was taken April 7. The story:

Chief Warrant Officer Ted Hazen has been flying attack helicopters for years. Last week, he finally flew one into combat. "It was everything I expected," he says, "and not anything like I expected." It was the first deep-strike attack by the 101st Airborne Division, and Hazen was at the controls of the command chopper, helping direct the fleet of Apache Longbows into battle some 50 miles south of Baghdad. In front of him, the other pilots locked on the Republican Guard tanks and armored vehicles and let loose their hellfire missiles. "I saw that first shot go out and bang, hit," he says. "Then there was a hellacious secondary explosion. Flames went 100 feet into the air."

After engaging the first tank, the Apaches' fuel began running low. A squadron of British Harrier jets continued the attack as the Apaches turned south, back to base. But heading home is almost as tough as attacking. Powerful tailwinds can cause blinding brownouts. The first two of the 101st's Apaches crashed while trying to land. Hazen is philosophical. After all, it's tricky business trying to land a big chopper totally blind. How tricky? "The best thing to say," Hazen mused, "is open your garage door,

turn your lights off, line yourself up, go 20 miles per hour and hit your brakes and see if you stop in time."

That sort of thing brings it home.

I wish to read an article about the 173rd Airborne Brigade. This is a picture of the paratroopers who took the airfield in northern Iraq. A U.S. soldier stands guard next to his colleagues digging in near the Harir airstrip. They are excavating earth into trucks north-east of Arbil in northern Iraq. Harir airfield is in Kurdish-controlled northern Iraq where U.S. soldiers from the 173rd Airborne unit parachuted into position.

The article is by Bay Fang, U.S. News & World Report. He is with the 173rd Airborne Brigade:

The man is covered in mud. "I landed in a puddle," he says sheepishly. "It was a great landing, other than where I landed." He and the other members of the 173rd Airborne Brigade dropped into northern Iraq the night before, but they still have not had a chance to clean up. They are fanned out across the airstrip here, dun-colored figures dotting the lush green fields, diggings foxholes, setting up their guns.

Another paratrooper checks a jeep-mounted machine gun and gestures at the fields and mountains shrouded in mist. "I have total sympathy for the men in Vietnam, walking through the rice paddies," he says. "I don't see how they did it. This isn't half as bad. And it's tough, this terrain out here."

Up the road, a special forces officer haggles over a truckload of wood his men need for heat. They chose to send the troops in by parachute rather than plane, he says, for reasons of both efficiency and psychological impact. "It sends a dramatic message to the whole region that U.S. forces are here," he says. "I think we can say that the northern front is already underway."

The north has indeed begun to move. Late that afternoon, I hear that Iraqi forces have pulled back from the ridge overlooking Chamchamal, the frontline town where I have been staying, to positions just outside Kirkuk. Kurdish fighters, known as peshmerga—

Described as "those who face death"—

and curious townspeople have rushed up the mountainside. Some are here to inspect the area inhabited by their enemy for the past 12 years. Some have come to loot. But most are simply tourists, hoping to visit places once forbidden to them.

Arivan Ahmed stands on the remains of a hilltop bunker. He used to pass through this place every day on his smuggling run from Kirkuk to Chamchamal and bribe the soldiers at what was called the Challenger checkpoint. "They sometimes took my shoes from me, so I would have to go back barefoot to Chamchamal," he says. That was before the American bombing started and all traffic stopped. "I used to be very afraid every time I came through here. Now I am just happy to stand here on this ground." He holds a rusty hammerhead in his fist that he scrounged from the rubble, and says that is enough of a memento for him.

The road is now open 12 miles deep into what was Iraqi territory. All along it, I see scenes of defiance and celebration. A man drives a bulldozer into a cement plaque in the middle of the road. It bears pictures of Saddam Hussein—wearing a western-style suit on one side, and Kurdish dress on the other. It takes him 15 minutes to topple the

plaque, and he wipes the sweat off his forehead with a laugh. "It is very strong—he spent all of Iraq's money on plaques like these!" he says. I just wish I could go to Baghdad and do the same to the man himself."

The peshmerga express the same impatience with beginning the drive down south. But their commanders, sensitive about being seen to cooperate with America, make sure we understand that their forces will not move in unilaterally. It is not the peshmerga taking the newly vacated regions, they say, it is the people themselves. "These areas we are moving into, they belong to us," says Gen. Rostam Hamid Rahim, the top peshmerga commander from Kirkuk. "The citizens have moved back to the liberated area, and we are just protecting them."

At the end of the newly opened road, Kirkuk shimmers like a mirage on the horizon, still about 12 miles away. "It is the Jerusalem of Kurdistan, and we would like to be free," says the mayor of Chamchamal, walking briskly toward it as the sun sets. He and everyone else here want to return soon, fighting their way through if necessary. But they have a new phrase for their suppressed hopes: Instead of inshallah, meaning "God willing," it is Insha-Bush."

This is the picture taken that first day after the paratroopers landed in the north of Iraq.

I will show a few more pictures because I do believe that pictures say a thousand words. A lot of people have seen the pictures from the field of our troops in combat doing everyday activities. I want to show some pictures about what life is like over there for our soldiers.

Here our soldiers are sleeping next to their tanks on a highway that they have taken. They just laid down on the cement, covered their heads, and are taking what I am sure is a long hoped for respite right in the middle of the day because they have been moving at night. They are taking the rest when they can get it. We see a couple of soldiers just cannot sleep. They are awake and talking. But some of them are sleeping with their rifles on and their boots on the ground.

This is another picture showing soldiers sleeping. This was during that sandstorm that many of us saw. These soldiers are wrapped up, trying to protect their faces, their noses from inhaling that dust and sand. We see one soldier sleeping sitting up with a rifle on his lap, and we see another soldier laying down also with a face mask on trying to protect from that dust. Clearly, they are so tired that they will sleep anywhere.

These are troops digging trenches, trying to set up for potential warfare. They, too, are trying to rest before the battle that might ensue. We see them sleeping in their trenches, standing in their trenches that they just worked so hard to dig. We see the trucks that are lined up to protect them in case there is an enemy out there.

That is a fitting end to showing what our troops are enduring every day as they are on the front lines fighting for every one of us, fighting for our way of life, fighting for our right to speak on the Senate floor, the right to be in the

Galleries listening, the right to watch C-SPAN2 cover the Senate every day. They are fighting for the right of each of us to kiss our babies in the morning as we go off to our jobs or as we give them the chance to play with some of their friends. Every one of the activities we are doing every day is being protected by those men and women in the field as we speak today.

We are starting the Senate every morning with 1 hour of tribute to our troops, talking about something that has happened that shows American values shining through to the people of the world. We are doing this to honor our troops, to let their families know we will not forget them for 1 minute, and that we appreciate what they are doing every single minute of the day.

We will do this every day our troops are in the field in Iraq, until this war is over.

I yield the floor.

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, I want to speak briefly about the miraculous rescue of a young West Virginian. Today, a community in West Virginia is celebrating amazing news. For many days, the people of the small town of Palestine—very appropriate—in Wirt County, WV, have been gripped with concern for PFC Jessica Lynch. She is part of the Army's 507th Maintenance Company convoy that was ambushed near the southern Iraqi town of Nasiriyah on March 23. Since that day, no word had been heard from PFC Jessica Lynch. The Army did not know where she was. The Defense Department did not know where she was. Her family did not know where she was. Her family could only be told that she was missing.

For each painstaking hour, over each nerve-racking day, the family and friends of Jessica Lynch awaited word. They held on to each other, they prayed together, they grasped for hope, and they held on to faith.

Then last night, in the afternoon late, the telephone rang. Good news. Amazing news. A miracle had happened: PFC Jessica Lynch has been found in a hospital in Iraq. She was rescued in a daring effort by the brave Army Rangers and Navy SEALs. Today, she is safe—safe once again.

Her State of West Virginia is relieved. Her community is exuberant. Her family is overjoyed. I spoke with Jessica Lynch's father last evening and shared with him our thoughts. The news of Jessica's rescue spread through the county and throughout the State like wildfire. Wirt County has fewer than 6,000 residents, and it appeared as though every one of those people were out honking horns and hugging neighbors last night. Jessica Lynch's parents and siblings were not alone. Jessica has become a part of everyone's family.

As a nation, while we celebrate this rescue, we remain steadfast in our concern for the other members of the armed services who are listed as missing or captured. We look forward to

one day celebrating their safe rescue and return.

We also pray for those families whose loved ones will not be coming home. When we say we pray for them, that is what we mean. Jessica Lynch was found and is safe today. She was preserved. She lived because of the prayers that went up to Heaven from the people of the community and from people all over the Nation.

Hundreds of people gathered yesterday for the funeral service of West Hamlim, WV, native Therrel Shane Childers, a U.S. marine who became the first American combat casualty in the war in Iraq. The Chaplain at the service yesterday noted that First Lieutenant Childers "emanated a courageous sense about him, that nothing scared him."

We must continue to wrap our arms around the hundreds of thousands of families of those men and women engaged in military action. Each day, each hour they struggle with worry and concern. They do not struggle alone. To those families, know that the Nation is with you at each step and at every turn. May God have mercy on your loved ones and may He bring them safely home.

I yield the floor.

Mr. INHOFE. Mr. President, today I want to recognize Oklahoma's first loss in the fight for our country's security and our country's freedom and future.

LCpl Thomas "Tommy" Alan Blair from Broken Arrow, OK, was killed in the line of duty on or about March 23. Lance Corporal Blair was described as a born leader, an enthusiastic student, and a confident young man who loved Oklahoma and his country.

I remember him well when I went out and talked to him and some of the others before their deployment. All of them were enthusiastic, all of them were courageous, but all of them knew they were risking their lives.

He was killed when an enemy rocket-propelled grenade hit and destroyed his amphibious assault vehicle as it was traveling near Nasiriyah, Iraq.

This battle was described as the sharpest battle in the war to date, and Lance Corporal Blair paid the ultimate price—his life. Let me say again, he gave his life. Why would a person pay this price? Why would a person risk facing this fear and die in combat? Lance Corporal Blair fought and died because he was an American, he was a marine, and he knew what freedom really means—the freedom most Iraqis have never known, and a freedom most Americans take for granted.

He fought for Americans who have already forgotten our freedoms were attacked on 9/11. He fought for the pundits who think this war is about oil. He fought for the protesters who have always had the freedom to express their opinions but never considered what it requires to protect and secure these freedoms for the future.

Expressing your opinion in Iraq may cost your tongue being cut out of your

mouth, it may cost your wife being raped in front of your children, or your family may just disappear. If you are lucky, it may only cost a bullet in your head without the suffering.

How could such a place void of these fundamental freedoms exist on God's green Earth? This place does exist. It is Iraq under the rule of Saddam Hussein.

Does the average American consider life without these freedoms? Does the average American consider the life of an Iraqi? Does the average American know the bravery Lance Corporal Blair felt in the last seconds of his life? I would say not.

Lance Corporal Blair considered these freedoms and he considered them important enough to join the Marine Corps, serve his country, and eventually sacrifice his life. He gave his life for the continued freedom and security of the American people. He gave his life for the new freedom the Iraqi people will enjoy.

I do remember talking to his group. Many of the people at that time were saying: Why are we so concerned about Iraq? Why not go after Osama bin Laden or some of the other areas? They forget what we are going through now is not a war, it is a battle in Iraq. The war was declared by the President of the United States at 8:30 in the evening on September 11, that fateful day. This is the No. 1 terrorist out there, by any measure. How many people has he tortured? How many people has he murdered? He is the premier terrorist of our time and has to be eradicated.

I ask us and all Americans to think about the freedoms we take for granted, to think about the fear the Iraqi people feel every day, and think about the sacrifice LCpl Thomas Blair and his fellow countrymen have made to ensure we will always enjoy these fundamental freedoms.

Our thoughts and prayers are with his family as they deal with the tragic loss of their son, LCpl Thomas Alan Blair.

Mr. ROCKEFELLER. Madam President, last night, an extraordinary event happened in Iraq: The extraction and rescue of PFC Jessica Lynch of West Virginia who comes from the small town of Palestine in Wirt County with a population of about 5,800. She was in a hospital in Nasiriyah, with others, where she had been held captive.

Through superb coordination of the Navy SEALs, Marines, and Army Rangers, U.S. forces went in, created diversions, rescued her, and brought her to safety. She is now on a C-17 on her way to Ramstein Air Force Base where she will receive treatment. She has many broken bones and other injuries, but none of them are life threatening.

She was part of the Army's 507th Ordnance Maintenance Company and was moving with the 3rd Infantry Division north toward Baghdad. It was that classic case where the group made a right turn instead of going straight ahead, and they were captured. Not all

of her fellow soldiers were so lucky, but she is known to be in very good spirits. I have seen pictures of her, as I think we all have, and I have spoken with her parents to express my thoughts of her being rescued.

I have to say that in a time of great stress, worry, and loss in this country, there do come high points and this is one of them. This private is 19 years old. She wants to be a teacher. She was rescued by people who showed the most extraordinary skill and heroism.

What is interesting is her desire to be a teacher. Even when she went overseas, she told a kindergarten class in her hometown of Palestine, WV, that she wanted to have a pen pal relationship with them from the field. By having this communication, she believed they could get a better sense of what war was like rather than just watching TV, reading the newspapers, or listening to the radio.

As my senior colleague, Senator BYRD, knows well, Palestine is a very friendly, very proud place where people struggle hard in a rural county to give the best possible life for their daughters and sons. I think Jessica Lynch has already started her role as a teacher. She has taught all of us. The Nation took her to heart because of the innocence and the beauty of her young face. The Nation prayed over her, worried over her, as we all did. She was rescued. She was delivered back to us, so to speak. So I think her career, in being inspiring to all of us, has already begun as a teacher. She has taught us enormously. Then again, so did those who rescued her teach us, because they took extraordinary skill and courage and used the proper techniques. They were under fire and brought her home safely to an ambulance.

There are still others who are missing, of course, and we worry about them. I know she does, even as she hurts with her wounds. For now, for this moment, and in West Virginia for a long time to come, we can rejoice about this extraordinary miracle of Jessica Lynch. She would like to know and surely can know that all Members of the Senate join their colleagues in other bodies of Government, and Americans in general, in offering our warmest congratulations to her as a person, to her family, and to her neighbors who, in fact, became her family and always has been her family.

Jessica Lynch's story has lifted our hearts, and I think her rescue is a cause for rejoicing throughout our land.

I yield the floor.

Mr. LAUTENBERG. Mr. President, I rise today to speak about a brave New Jersey resident, 31 year old Sgt. James Riley, one of the prisoners of war now being held in Iraq. On behalf of the Senate, I would like to express my support for his family and for the families of the other American POWs being held in Iraq.

On March 23, 12 members of the 507th Maintenance Co, part of the 111th Air

Defense Artillery Brigade stationed in Fort Bliss, Texas, took a wrong turn near An Nasiriyah, a key battle ground city on the Euphrates River in southern Iraq. Iraqi forces ambushed their unit. Five soldiers, including Riley, were taken prisoner of war. The remainder were most likely killed, although their deaths have not been confirmed. Subsequently, Iraqi state-run television aired a gruesome videotape of interviews with Sgt. Riley and the other POWs, and displayed chilling shots of four murdered American servicemen and women. This videotape was then broadcast by television networks all over the world, including the influential Qatar-based Al Jazeera.

Sgt. Riley's family, including his parents Athol and Jane Riley, are waiting anxiously for information on their son's condition. The Rileys have experienced a tremendous loss this week; their daughter, age 29, died last Friday after suffering from a rare neurological illness that had left her in a coma since late January. My heart goes out to the Rileys and their friends and family during this painful time.

James Riley moved to New Jersey from New Zealand when he was 10 years old. He attended West Field Friends Grade School and he graduated from the Pennsauken High School in 1990. According to his parents, he had always dreamed of serving in the Army and he enlisted immediately after he graduated from high school.

I am confident that our superior military will find and rescue the American POWs. In the meantime, I pledge my support for all service men and women serving in the Persian Gulf and for their anxious families at home.

I ask unanimous consent to have printed in the RECORD a moving story about James Riley printed in the New York Times on April 2, 2003. This story illuminates the quiet courage displayed by the Rileys as they wait for news of their son, as well as the communal support extended to them by their neighbors.

There being no objection, the material was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

[From the New York Times, Apr. 2, 2003]

A.P.O.W. BRINGS WAR CLOSE TO HOME
(By Matthew Purdy)

PENNSAUKEN, N.J.—In the 10 days since he was taken prisoner in Iraq, Sgt. James Riley has become something of a symbol in this working-class town where he grew up—a homegrown argument for or against the war, depending upon who is talking.

Joseph McCollum, a maintenance worker who lives next to the Rileys, said that when he heard the news, "I said 'Maybe we should go over there and drop the bomb and suffer the consequences.'"

"Since 9/11, I think we needed the war," Mr. McCollum said. "This makes me feel like we really have to get them."

Around the corner, Charlene Walls, a school aide, said the capture of Sergeant Riley, 31, perfectly illustrated why she opposed invading Iraq: "It's just people losing people."

"We've already lost too many people for something no one can tell you why we're in there," Ms. Walls said.

If people are being made to think twice by the war's unexpected difficulties, they seem to be coming down even more firmly where they were already standing.

Antiwar protests are growing in vigor, while polls show the country supports the war as much as ever. Everyone is rallying around the flag, or a banner.

When Sergeant Riley's maintenance company was ambushed outside Nasiriya, yellow ribbons blossomed amid the red, white and blue in this South Jersey town. Even the giant water tower that rises behind the houses has a yellow bow on it.

There's also a big yellow bow outside the local tavern Bryson's Pub. Inside, Tom McVeigh, a landscaper, said that Sergeant Riley's capture only brought home the cost of the war in people and world opinion. "We look like a bully," he said.

But few people in the neighborhood appear to question the war.

Ed Russell, who works in finance for I.B.M., trusts what the Bush administration says about Saddam Hussein. "I don't think it's in the nature of the American people to go out and start a war," he said. "They must have critical evidence that something bad was about to happen and they needed to stop this guy."

Mr. Russell said he hardly knew the Rileys, but Pat Dimter, who grew up down the street from James Riley, sees her friend's capture as more justification to fight. The United States treated the Iraqis "like they're our own people," she said. "And it's not fair what they're doing to us with 9/11 and how they're treating our P.O.W.'s."

Greg Sassone, an eighth grader, was walking through the neighborhood park on Monday when he picked up a piece of yellow ribbon from the ground and tied it to a tree. One of Sergeant Riley's sisters was his babysitter, and the ordeal has hit too close to home.

Greg's father is in the Air Force Reserves. "If my dad gets called, he could get captured," he said. And his 20-year-old brother could get called if there were a draft, he said. "My mom says she would move him to Canada."

At school, students fear another terrorist attack, Greg said. That's why, despite Sergeant Riley's capture, he supports the war against Saddam. "We have to get rid of him before it's too late," he said.

It's hard to find someone without an angle on Sergeant Riley's capture.

Monday night, at the close of a stirring vigil detected to Sergeant Riley, the Rev. Guenther Fritsch pulled out a Bible to show what the enemy "is all about." He read a passage about Ishmael, from whom Arabs are said to be descended: "He will be a wild donkey of a man; his hand will be against everyone."

The only people who seemed to find no larger significance in Sergeant Riley's capture were his parents.

Athol Riley, a building inspector, was calm and simple when he addressed the crowd. He said that in addition to his son's being captured, a daughter had died on Friday after a long illness. Mr. Riley thanked the township that employs him, the publishing company where his wife works, the store where his surviving daughter works, and the family that runs the McDonald's where his deceased daughter had worked. "I would like to thank everyone for the show of support," he said.

Afterward, mobbed by television cameras and reporters, he was asked how he felt about the course of the war. Mr. Riley expressed no thoughts about Saddam Hussein or George Bush.

A stout man in a dark coat, Mr. Riley obliged the cameras only when he was asked if he had a message for his son. A sad smile

on his face, Mr. Riley had no angle, only words from the heart: "Hang in there, and hurry home."

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from Pennsylvania.

Mr. SPECTER. Mr. President, in the absence of the arrival of the chairman of the Appropriations Committee, I ask unanimous consent to speak for up to 5 minutes.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

Mr. SPECTER. First, I thank the distinguished Senator from Texas for her comments and recognition of the valor of our troops. There was very good news yesterday concerning the rescue of a female soldier. There was great pursuit by her fellow comrades to bring her back. I think it is very important, as the war proceeds, to put the Iraqis on special notice that war crimes will be prosecuted and that when the war ends, it will not be over for those who have violated the requirements of the Hague and Geneva Conventions.

Last Saturday, when four U.S. soldiers were murdered with a car bomb by an Iraqi soldier masquerading as a civilian, that constituted a war crime. Then Tariq Aziz, the Deputy Prime Minister, appeared on international television boasting about the incident and saying there would be many more who would come forward, with reports of some 4,000 volunteers willing to engage in such suicide bombing. It is important to put Tariq Aziz on notice that such conduct is a violation of international law, and it will be prosecuted. Similarly, it is important to put Iraqi Vice President Taha Yasin Ramadan on notice that this is a violation of international law.

Today in the Hague the former President of Yugoslavia, Slobodan Milosevic, is on trial. In an international jail, the former leader of Rwanda is serving a life sentence for violation of international law. On Monday, I filed a resolution at the first available date to put the Iraqi leaders, as well as the Iraqi followers, on notice they will be liable for prosecution as war criminals. It is not a defense for the followers to say they have been operating under orders.

I see the distinguished President pro tempore, the chairman of the Appropriations Committee, is in the Chamber.

I yield the floor.

CONCLUSION OF MORNING BUSINESS

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Morning business is closed.

SUPPLEMENTAL APPROPRIATIONS ACT TO SUPPORT DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE OPERATIONS IN IRAQ FOR FISCAL YEAR 2003

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Under the previous order, the Senate will now proceed to the consideration of S. 762, which the clerk will report by title.

The assistant legislative clerk read as follows: