

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

EXECUTIVE SESSION

NOMINATION OF KENT A. JORDAN TO BE UNITED STATES CIRCUIT JUDGE FOR THE THIRD CIRCUIT

Mr. FRIST. I ask unanimous consent the Senate proceed to executive session to consider Calendar No. 924.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered. The clerk will report the nomination.

The legislative clerk read the nomination of Kent A. Jordan, of Delaware, to be United States Circuit Judge for the Third Circuit.

CLOTURE MOTION

Mr. FRIST. I send a cloture motion to the desk.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The cloture motion having been presented under rule XXII, the Chair directs the clerk to read the motion.

The assistant legislative clerk read as follows:

CLOTURE MOTION

We the undersigned Senators, in accordance with the provisions of rule XXII of the Standing Rules of the Senate, do hereby move to bring to a close debate on the nomination of Kent A. Jordan, of Delaware, to be United States Circuit Judge for the Southern District of Iowa.

Bill Frist, Robert Bennett, Arlen Specter, Tom Coburn, Kit Bond, George Allen, Lindsey Graham, Trent Lott, Mel Martinez, Gordon Smith, Sam Brownback, Rick Santorum, Richard Burr, Hillary Clinton, Johnny Isakson, Jim DeMint.

Mr. FRIST. I ask unanimous consent that the mandatory quorum be waived.

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

Mr. FRIST. Mr. President, this circuit court nomination was reported unanimously out of the Judiciary Committee. I do not believe there is any controversy with this nomination. I hope we could vitiate this cloture motion and proceed to an up-or-down vote during tomorrow's session. In the meantime, I have filed cloture to ensure a vote this week on this circuit court nominee.

LEGISLATIVE SESSION

Mr. FRIST. I now ask that we resume legislative session.

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

ORDERS FOR THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 2006

Mr. FRIST. I ask unanimous consent that when the Senate completes its business today, it stand in adjournment until 9:30 a.m. on Thursday, December 7. I further ask that following the prayer and pledge, the morning hour be deemed expired, the Journal of proceedings be approved to date, the

time for the two leaders be reserved, and the Senate resume executive session for the consideration of the nomination of Andrew von Eschenbach; I further ask consent that there be 60 minutes equally divided for debate prior to the cloture vote, with the time equally divided as follows: Chairman ENZI or his designee, 30 minutes; Senator GRASSLEY, 30 minutes; Senator VITTER, 10 minutes.

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

PROGRAM

Mr. FRIST. Mr. President, the Senate overwhelmingly confirmed Robert Gates as Secretary of Defense today. I thank Chairman WARNER, once again, and Senator LEVIN for their tremendous work in expediting this nomination through the committee.

Tomorrow, the Senate will have a cloture vote on the nomination of the FDA Commissioner. I previously pointed out how important it is that we have a confirmed Commissioner there and thus I did file cloture to ensure that we did have before the end of this year. Senators can expect that vote somewhere around 10:30 to 10:45 tomorrow morning. If cloture is invoked, which I expect it to be, it is my hope that we will be able to get an agreement on scheduling a vote on confirmation at a reasonable hour.

We have several outstanding legislative and executive items to complete before we close out this Congress, so Senators should be prepared to be here until we get our work done.

ORDER FOR ADJOURNMENT

Mr. FRIST. If there is no further business to come before the Senate, I ask that the Senate stand in adjournment under the previous order, following the remarks of Senator DEWINE.

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

The Senator from Ohio is recognized.

HONORING OUR ARMED FORCES

SERGEANT JEREMY E. MURRAY

Mr. DEWINE. Mr. President, I rise today to honor the Marine SGT Jeremy E. Murray, from Atwater, OH. On November 16, 2005, Sergeant Murray was killed when a roadside bomb hit his military vehicle in Iraq. He is survived by his wife Megan and his young son, Ian. Twenty-eight-year-old Sergeant Murray was also the devoted son of Harold and Pam Murray, and the brother of Lisa Murray.

Jeremy lived a life that was a model of commitment and bravery. At the time of his death, Jeremy was serving his third tour of duty in Iraq. But before leaving, this is what he told his father Harold:

If I don't come home, Dad, you know I died proudly. I died for what I wanted to do. This is my lifetime dream.

Serving his Nation in the military was, indeed, the childhood dream of SGT Jeremy Murray—something that had been ingrained in him at a young age through a love of the outdoors. Born on February 5, 1978, Jeremy was only 2 years old when his father started taking him into the woods. From there, he never once looked back.

Jeremy's strong appreciation for and love of the outdoors translated into a childhood obsession with all things Daniel Boone—who Jeremy believed was the greatest hunter of all time. Indeed, Jeremy wanted to be Daniel Boone.

His parents made him a Daniel Boone hunting outfit, complete with a raccoon skin cap and a rabbit pelt vest. A family friend contributed by making Jeremy a metal Bowie knife. And, his dad even made a replica flintlock for him.

Jeremy loved his Daniel Boone outfit. But, when he outgrew it, he found another uniform waiting for him—military fatigues. And according to his father, Jeremy "never was out of those. Never."

Jeremy's mother remembers that her son grew up talking constantly about joining the military. He joined the Army after graduating from Waterloo High School in 1996. After his enlistment ended, Jeremy came home and worked for awhile. But, only a few months later, he joined the Marines. It was simply the career Jeremy was meant to have. According to his father, Jeremy "wasn't happy with anything but the military."

Jeremy's mother agrees. "He really joined [the military] at birth," she said. Pam also remembers how ready her son was for the military. She tells the following story:

[Jeremy] was so prepared for military service that when he entered boot camp, he broke down a rifle faster than his drill sergeant. The drill sergeant didn't like that!

Jeremy made the military his career, and he gave it his all. He was serving his third tour of duty in Iraq when he died. SGT John McLemore was a friend of Jeremy's who served with him in Iraq. This is what John had to say about Jeremy's service overseas:

He was an uncompromising legend. We live in a world today where people compromise for their own comfort and give in just to accommodate other people. My friend Jeremy didn't do that. When we were in Iraq, he was by far the most competent leader for our section. He didn't hesitate to take the lead, and he definitely went out there and put himself directly in the line of fire on every patrol. . . . He knew what he had to do, and he got out there and did it. That's what makes him a legend. He'll be remembered forever.

Indeed, Jeremy served his country with heroic bravery. His leadership has earned him more awards than I could name here, but they include the Purple Heart, a Navy and Marine Corps Achievement Medal with a Gold Star for heroic achievement.

But Jeremy was much more than a dedicated marine. He was also a devoted husband, father, son, and brother, who loved his family deeply. His 10-

year-old niece Torey showed her love by writing Jeremy the following in a letter, "I know he's a hero in my heart. I will always miss you." And his sister Lisa wrote: Jeremy was my hero all my life. I looked up to him my whole life and miss him greatly every day.

Jeremy's wife Megan was simply his soul mate. And his mother remembers that Jeremy's son Ian could always make him laugh. Perhaps Jeremy's love for his wife and son is best captured in a picture that was displayed at his funeral. In it, he could not stop gazing at Ian, who was then a newborn, and his wife Megan—not even to look at the camera. You can just see the deep devotion he felt for them.

Jeremy's funeral was held at his old high school on a Monday when it was already closed for the first day of hunting season—fitting, considering Jeremy's great love for the outdoors. Along with her class, his niece Torey decorated the cafeteria and auditorium with colored flags and yellow ribbons. On that day, Jeremy's dad took time to watch the tree line of the woods he had once scouted with Jeremy. He said:

I told my wife if any deer came up, I would pull up a chair beside him and watch it. Jeremy would have liked that.

Jeremy's dad presided over his son's funeral. In his eulogy, he remembered both Jeremy's strong faith and his love of the outdoors. He said:

I know right now, as he's standing at the right hand of God, he's looking down on his grandfather and me because today is the first day of hunting season, and we're not out. He's gonna give me heck for that next time I see him.

Jeremy was a young husband and father with a bright future ahead of him. He was a shining example of not only a marine but also of a human being. He will always be remembered.

My wife Fran and I continue to keep the family of SGT Jeremy Murray in our thoughts and prayers.

SERGEANT JEREMY M. HODGE

Mr. President, I rise today to pay tribute to a fallen hero. Army SGT Jeremy Michael Hodge from Rushsylvania, OH. On October 5, 2005, Sergeant Hodge died in Iraq in a suicide bomber attack. He was just 20 years old.

As a member of the National Guard, Jeremy was an unselfish, hardworking leader, whose life exemplified the values of honor and duty. On dangerous missions, he was always the one wanting to take the lead. Growing up in Rushsylvania—a small Ohio village of 530 residents—Jeremy became known as a young man who would drop whatever he was doing to help with community tasks, like setting up for events at the school gym.

A sports enthusiast, he became a member of the baseball, football, and track-and-field teams at Ridgemont High School. A well-rounded student with many talents, he was also a member of the school choir and performed in musicals.

Principal Chad Cunningham remembers that Jeremy was the type of per-

son who was always offering to help his fellow students and the school faculty. This is what he said about him:

Jeremy's positive outlook was evident in all he did. If Jeremy was sitting on the bench, he wasn't pouting. He was cheering on his teammates and helping encourage them.

Jeremy graduated from high school in 2003, and soon after the National Guard. By joining the military, he was following in family footsteps. His father, Mike, was an Air Force veteran, and Jeremy had been born on an Air Force Base in Japan.

In Iraq, Jeremy's mission was to patrol the streets of Baghdad to find and destroy roadside bombs. According to military officials, the lives of three servicemen are saved by every bomb rendered useless. Command Sergeant Major Paul Trickett served with Jeremy in Iraq. He said that "by my count, Jeremy saved the lives of 225 other soldiers. He put himself in the line of danger to save others. To me, that's a hero."

At Jeremy's funeral, Sergeant Major Trickett also spoke proudly of serving with Jeremy, and of the young soldier's bravery:

He volunteered to lead. He wanted to lead—he wanted to be out front. Without hesitation, he took on the challenge to protect his brothers in arms.

Jeremy's service to our Nation did not go unnoticed. A Specialist at the time of his death, the Army honored him with a posthumous promotion to Sergeant. Jeremy's bravery also earned him the Purple Heart, the Bronze Star, and the Ohio Distinguished Service Medal.

"He was a fighter, all right," Jeremy's father said. "Whatever he did, he did full bore—non-stop since almost the day he was born."

Jeremy was a young man with a bright future before him. He had hoped to go to college and play football again after serving in Iraq. He also had dreams of one day becoming a NASCAR driver.

Scott Gillfillan was Jeremy's high school baseball coach, and his son Vince grew up alongside Jeremy. Scott remembers that Jeremy was a "well-liked kid who didn't have a bad bone in his body. He had the biggest heart you'd want to know."

Living only 7 miles apart, Jeremy and Vince played sports together and grew as close as brothers. Scott coached them both in baseball and remembers that they never came straight home after practice. He said, "They'd stay over at the field, going at it over and over until they got it right. That's what Jeremy was about."

Vince graduated from high school and enlisted in the Army just one year before Jeremy did. And on the day Jeremy died, Vince was only one vehicle behind him in the convoy. As Scott said:

There they were, together, in the same unit, in the same convoy. Now, we're just trying to work through this together. They were practically brothers. How do you get

over something like that? I don't think you ever do.

Vince spoke the following words at Jeremy's funeral:

Jeremy would say how cool it would be to grow up together, to go to school together, join the Army, serve in Iraq together, and then come back home together. What we need to do right now is help each other because I'm sure Jeremy is in Heaven right now probably racing Dale Earnhardt.

Jeremy Hodge was a true patriot. Always willing to be on the front lines, he displayed courage and tenacity. He was also loved and deeply respected by all who knew him. More than 400 hundred family members, friends, and soldiers attended his memorial service at Rushsylvania Church of Christ. After the funeral, more than 100 vehicles led by a camouflage humvee proceeded through the village to the Rushsylvania Cemetery.

Three vehicles from the front, Jeremy's father drove his son's 1999 Dodge Ram 1500 four-wheel drive pickup truck. It was adorned with both a U.S. flag and a flag for NASCAR driver Mark Martin.

Jeremy will always be remembered as an all-American boy who loved four-wheeling, motorcycles, hunting and fishing, watching NASCAR and rooting for Mark Martin. He dearly loved his family and made his parents, family, and community very proud. He had a big heart was tremendously dedicated to his family, friends, and country.

My wife Fran and I will continue to keep Jeremy's father Mike; his mother and step-father Michelle and Steve Norris, and his sisters Alyssa, Nicole, and Denise in our thoughts and in our prayers.

PRIVATE FIRST CLASS ADAM JOHNSON

Mr. President, I rise today to pay tribute to a fallen soldier—Army PFC Adam Robert Johnson. Private First Class Johnson, from Clayton, OH, died on October 31, 2005, when a roadside bomb detonated near his military vehicle in Iraq. Three other members of his unit—the 101st Airborne—also lost their lives that day. Private First Class Johnson was 22 years old and had been in Iraq for just 5 weeks.

A.J.—as he was known to family and friends—was an outgoing and optimistic young man, who always had a smile on his face. His positive attitude and love for others will be missed by all who knew him.

Growing up, A.J. loved nothing more than playing soccer. It was his passion. He became a star player for Northmont High School's varsity team. As a senior, his hard work and dedication earned him the starting goalkeeper position. He had an extraordinarily successful season. Not only was he selected as the Goalie of the Year for the Greater Miami Valley Conference, but he was also selected as the overall Player of the Year. A.J. was also honored as a student-athlete when he was selected as a first-team pick on the Miami Valley Scholastic Soccer Coaches Association All-Dayton North Team.

A.J. enjoyed sharing his passion for soccer with others. After graduating from Northmont in 2001, he volunteered as an assistant coach for the next two years, helping the players who came after him become better athletes and team members.

A.J. is deeply missed by those who knew him through soccer. Mark Spirk, Northmont's head coach, watched A.J. grow up playing soccer. He remembers how much A.J. enjoyed working with others. "He had helped out every year at our Northmont soccer camp, working with the younger kids," he recalls. "He worked hard at that just like he had as a player."

When A.J. joined the Army, he brought with him that same dedication and work ethic that had made him a star soccer player. Joining the Army was something he had always dreamed of doing. He enlisted without telling his parents. Afterward, he told his father Randy Johnson that this was what he had always wanted to do. "He didn't want me to talk him out of it," Randy said. "He said it was something he always wanted to do." Randy said he was proud of his son, who was always smiling and showing a positive attitude.

A.J.'s mother Fran recalls that "we all supported Adam's decision, even though, especially for me, it was very, very hard to do. I am proud of the man he became."

After joining the Army, A.J. was stationed at Fort Campbell in Kentucky. He was deployed to Iraq in September 2005. He carried his positive spirit with him into the Army. According to a sergeant who was his team leader in Iraq, A.J. fit right in "with his easygoing personality, sense of humor, and never-quit attitude."

The members of A.J.'s community have rallied around his family. Five hundred mourners attended his funeral at the Salem Church of God, and the procession from the church to the cemetery stretched a mile long. Along the way, an elementary school class and its teacher stood quietly to pay their silent respect, and cars pulled over. Some motorists got out and covered their hearts.

Army BG John R. Bartley spoke at A.J.'s funeral, saying that the young soldier was an American hero who understood the meaning of duty, honor, and country. "All of us in uniform share your sorrow," he said. "We, too, are grieving."

Displayed at A.J.'s funeral, in a wooden box before his flag-draped coffin, were the ribbons and medals he had earned. They included a Combat Infantry Badge, a Bronze Star, and a Purple Heart.

Indeed, A.J. is missed by his entire community. Abbie Harrison, who—along with her parents, Doug and Theresa, and her sister Natalie—were like a "second family" to A.J. Abbie wrote the following in his memory on an Internet tribute Web site:

A.J. was my best friend. We shared so many happy memories. I miss him so much,

and I know we will all see him again. He brought out the best in everyone, and he loved with all his heart. I wish I could be at least half the person he was. I will never forget him, and he will always be in my heart.

A.J.'s high school observed a school-wide moment of silence to honor his memory. Robin Spiller, the district's athletic director and an assistant principal at the high school, had A.J.'s name added to a memorial outside the high school stadium. It is a memorial honoring all of the community's fallen servicemembers from past wars. "It's impacted us all," she said.

I would like to conclude my remarks with the words of A.J.'s former roommate, Bryan, from Englewood, OH. This is what he said:

Adam—we all miss you dearly. You're the truest American Hero. Thank you and all the soldiers who have paid "the ultimate price" for our freedom. You will live forever in the hearts and minds of all of your friends. We all have lots of great stories to tell to remember you by . . . and we will never forget.

Indeed, we will never forget Army PFC Adam Johnson. He was a good soldier and a young man who exemplified a great spirit of caring and sacrifice.

My wife Fran and I keep his parents Randy and Fran, his brothers Matthew, Brad, and Ryan, and his grandparents Robert and Lois Marcus in our thoughts and prayers.

LANCE CORPORAL JOSEPH NICE

Mr. President, I rise today to honor a young man who lost his life in service of our Nation. LCpl Joseph Nice, from Newark, OH, was killed by enemy fire during Operation Iraqi Freedom. He was serving in the 3rd Battalion, 7th Marines, 1st Division, Expeditionary Force, Marines Air Corps Ground Combat division at Twenty-nine Palms, CA. He was 19 years old.

In the pursuit of his dream and in the footsteps of his relatives, Joseph Nice carved out a path for himself while serving the country he loved. Left to cherish his memory are his father Lloyd Nice III, his mother Marilyn Nice, his five sisters, his two brothers, his grandparents, and his aunts and uncles.

Today, we remember Joseph Nice—who was known as "Joey" to his family and friends. Joey was born in Newark on April 6, 1985. As a young boy, he was interested in football, soccer, baseball, cars, and the military. As a young boy, Joey loved to ask his grandfather about his own service in the Marines. From a very early age, Joey was interested in serving his country.

In 1998, Joey and his five siblings moved to Oklahoma for a time. There, Joey attended Choctaw High School, where he was well liked and involved in many activities. He was a straight-A student, worked in the school library, played saxophone in the band, and taught himself the drums. He played on the soccer team and loved to draw landscapes.

Joey was also known as a great friend. Teammate and fellow band member Cody Largent had this to say

about Joey: "If you had a problem, he was always there for you. He was very brave, and I'm proud that he was my best friend." Joey used to tell Cody that he wanted to be a lawyer so that he could help his friends get out of trouble in the future.

Joey was very close to his grandmother Mary. One of her favorite memories of Joey is how she would joke with her grandson about how much time he spent in the bathroom, making sure he looked "just so." She remembers his polite and easy-going nature—and his cooking talents.

When Joey decided to enlist after high school, it did not surprise anyone. After all, he had made his intentions known since he was a little boy. High school classmates recall that while watching coverage of Operation Iraqi Freedom at school, Joey would tell them that he couldn't wait to fight for his country.

Joey loved being a marine—something his grandmother quickly noticed: "The Marines were his life," she said. "If you didn't know any better, you'd think he'd been in the Marines for 30 or 40 years. That's how devoted he was."

Joey was, indeed, a devoted marine, and he did not shy away from serving in Iraq. His Aunt Susan remembers a phone conversation she had with her nephew before he left. Joey told her:

I know it's not easy. I know I might not make it back. But, I want to do this for you, our family, and our country.

Joey wanted to make his family proud—and he did. His grandmother described the feeling she got whenever she saw her grandson—it made her chest swell "200 miles."

Joey was stationed near Baghdad, and although he was on the other side of the world, he made sure to keep in touch with his family at home. He called his grandfather, Lloyd Nice, Jr., to tell him how happy he was to have qualified for the military law program. Joey also made sure to call his grandmother every few weeks, and the two were making plans for his return home. Joey couldn't wait to buy a car and have a belated birthday celebration.

Tragically, Joey did not celebrate his birthday with his family. He was killed by an enemy sniper on August 4, 2004, in Al Anbar Province, Iraq.

At the memorial service held in his honor, friends and family remembered Joey as a patriot—a man who put his country ahead of himself. They remembered that he was quick to smile and eager to raise the spirits of all those around him. They remembered a young man full of love for his family and for his country. As Reverend Robert Knox said so well at a ceremony for Joey at the American Legion Post 85, "A lot of people say they believe in our Nation. This man proved he did."

LCpl Joseph Nice was an extraordinary marine, but more than that, he was an extraordinary person. Though he is truly missed, I know that Joey will live on in the hearts and minds of all those who had the privilege of knowing him.

My wife Fran and I continue to keep the family of Marine LCpl Joseph Nice in our thoughts and prayers.

MASTER SERGEANT JOSEPH J. ANDRES, JR.

Mr. President, I rise today to pay tribute to Army MSG Joseph J. Andres, Jr., of Seven Hills, OH. On December 24, 2005, Master Sergeant Andres was wounded when his Special Operations Unit came under small arms fire in Iraq. He died later that day. He was 34 years old.

Joe, as he was known by family and friends, was a selfless man, deeply devoted to his family, friends, and community. Joe was always there for someone who needed him, whether it was to talk over the big issues of life or simply to fix a friend's computer.

Joe's generosity was truly exceptional and rare. Once, shortly after buying his first house, he insisted that a comrade's family stay there while closing on their own home. According to Joe, it was they who would be doing him a favor. This is simply the kind of man Joe was—he always wanted to lend a hand to those who needed it.

Joe grew up surrounded by family and friends. He was the only boy in a family with five sisters. He liked being outdoors, fishing with friends and riding his dirt bike through the woods. His father, Joseph, Sr., said that his son was "adventurous," but also responsible. Joe rode dirt bikes, skateboarded, and snowboarded, but he was also on the honor roll, played drums in the symphony orchestra, wrestled, and ran track. He was fun-loving but also hard working.

Tim Vojta had been a friend of Joe's since third grade and ran track with him at Padua Franciscan High School. Tim remembers his friend's strong work ethic. He said that Joe "wasn't the fastest guy on the team, but he was the one who worked hard and was really dedicated." According to Tim, Joe displayed a capacity for commitment and enthusiasm as a child that followed him throughout life.

It was these qualities of commitment and enthusiasm that made Joe such an excellent serviceman. After graduating from high school in 1989, he studied materials engineering at the University of Cincinnati for 2 years before deciding that he had another calling in life. For Joe, that meant serving his country in the Army. According to his father, "Joe decided he didn't want to spend his life behind a desk."

Joe enlisted in the Army Reserve as a combat medic in February 1992. The following April, he volunteered for active duty, eventually serving as a medic and medical noncommissioned officer at Fort Bliss, Texas, and in Germany. When he died, Joe was serving with the U.S. Army Special Operations Command, based in Fort Bragg, NC.

One of the most remarkable things about Joe was his simple bravery. He shrugged off the dangers of his job, often telling strangers that he was a greeter at Wal-Mart. But Joe also knew there was nothing funny about any-

thing he did. According to his family, he knew and appreciated the risks of his job. If the worst should happen, he told them, he wanted to be buried at Arlington National Cemetery, which, indeed, became his final resting place.

Joe's bravery and dedication to the Army have been recognized with numerous awards, including the Bronze Star, a Meritorious Service Medal, and an Army Commendation Medal. He was also posthumously promoted to the rank of master sergeant.

Joe's family was making preparations for his return when he died. His sister Sharon says that he had spoken to their mother just a few days before his death. "She told him she was praying for him," Sharon remembers.

Although it was expected that Joe would return to Iraq, he was scheduled to be home for New Year's Eve 2005. Plans were being made to celebrate in Cleveland's Warehouse District and to attend a Cleveland Browns game the following day. And almost daily, Joe was e-mailing his best friend Chuck Carlin, making plans for what they would do over the holidays.

Tragically, these plans were never realized. The Christmas decorations were already up, but new ones were then added. Six small American flags joined the manger scene, the snowman, and a Merry Christmas sign. And other houses throughout the Seven Hills community displayed flags and red bows honoring Joe's memory.

Joe was a young man who was deeply connected to his church and community. Before his burial at Arlington, a memorial mass was held in his honor at St. Columbkille Roman Catholic Church. An unofficial honor guard of school children lined a street as the procession drove past.

During the ceremony, family and friends fondly recalled Joe's playful side. They remembered that he loved cartoons, fluffy towels, hot tubs, and hot sauce. They remembered that Joe would bring his laundry home when on leave and would call ahead to make sure that his favorite takeout sandwich was waiting for him.

Family and friends also paid tribute to Joe's love for and dedication to his country. "He was the best of the best," declared his sister Pamela. "He really believed in what he did," said his sister Debbi. And sister Maureen added, "Reflect and remember why men like my brother serve this great country with such passion and conviction."

Joe made friends easily—and then kept those friends for his whole life. His Internet tribute pages are filled with messages from those who knew him from as far back as elementary school. All of these messages are incredibly moving. They speak of Joe's bravery, his dedication, and the simple way in which he could make anything fun. There is one message, in particular, that I would like to share today. A childhood friend, Michael Stutz, wrote the following in a message addressed to Joe:

To anyone who would ever hear the half of it, our time together over years long gone sounds like a giant roll call of the idylls of youth: scouting, fishing, swimming, biking, the autumn football games, camping at the lake, our first band, that double-date to the ice cream stand, mopeds, skateboarding, shooting rifles, exploring the woods, riding in the Triumph Spitfire, wandering out among the Erie islands.

But today, what I remember most is one brief moment on our eighth grade field trip to Washington, where you stood next to me at Arlington. We paid our respects and thought of the long glory of the nation and for just a moment everything was quiet. In my heart, I stand by you there again, but you are suddenly a whole lot taller, and I am looking up to you.

I salute you, pal.

Joe Andres was an exceptional soldier and an exceptional human being—someone who knew the importance of both service and generosity. He will never be forgotten.

He is survived by his parents Joseph and Sandra and by his five sisters Deborah, Pamela, Christine, Maureen, and Sharon. My wife Fran and I continue to keep his family and his friends in our thoughts and in our prayers.

SERGEANT LARRY R. KUHNS, JR.

Mr. President, this evening, I rise to honor Army SGT Larry R. Kuhns, Jr., from Austintown, OH. On June 13, 2005, Sergeant Kuhns died when his military vehicle came under a grenade attack during combat operations in Iraq. He was 24 years of age at the time.

Born on April 9, 1981, Larry grew up an avid fan of the Cleveland Browns and was a lover of the outdoors. His father Larry, Sr., remembers him as a big, rambunctious boy, who was patriotic and adventurous—the type of person who was always looking for new ways to challenge himself. And in the Army, Larry always found new challenges.

After graduating from Fitch High School, Larry worked driving a tractor-trailer truck before joining the Army Reserves, where he became a heavy equipment operator. While in the Reserves, Larry also worked at an Army recruiting office in Boardman, OH, during late 2003. SFC Anthony Catrucco, who worked at the recruiting office with Larry, said this about him:

It's a sad moment every time we hear something like this. [Larry] knew what he was getting into. He accepted it, and he was proud to serve his country.

Larry enlisted for active duty with the Army in February 2004. According to his father, Larry enjoyed serving in the military so very much. In his dad's words:

[Larry] was a very dedicated soldier. All he thought about was the Army. He wanted to make it his life.

By joining the Army, Larry was also carrying forward his family's long tradition of military service. Larry's grandfather had served in World War II, and his great-grandfather had served in World War I. But, the family history went back even further—Larry's great-great grandfather fought

in the Civil War. As Larry's grandmother Norma said, "We were very proud of him."

Larry, himself, took great pride in his military service. He joined the Army and simply loved what he was doing. His father remembers talking to his son at Christmas 2004, and even though Larry had shrapnel in his shoulder at the time, he was still positive and remained proud of what he was doing in Iraq.

When Larry died, he was a 7-year veteran, who was serving his second tour in Iraq and had been recently promoted to sergeant. SFC Herb Campbell remembers the dedication with which Larry served his country. He wrote the following in Larry's memory on an Internet tribute Web site:

I was there as [Larry's] recruiter when he joined, and he could not have been prouder to serve his country. I will never forget Larry as we formed a close bond—as soldiers and friends. He had the biggest heart, the greatest sense of humor, but was ultimately dedicated to what he believed in, serving his country.

And, SPC Eric Rodman wrote this, as well on the Web site, in remembrance of his friend:

I served with Sergeant Kuhns in the same platoon in Ramadi, Iraq. It was hard for me to deal with the loss. He was like a brother to me. I miss him so much.

Not only was Larry Kuhns a dedicated soldier, he was a devoted son, husband, and father. He loved his wife Courtney and their daughter Mackenzie more than anything else in the world. According to his dad, Larry thought and talked constantly about his family. Mackenzie was always uppermost in his mind. As Larry, Sr., said, "That little girl was his pride and joy."

Larry's devotion to his family was also clear to his comrades in Iraq, who saw everyday the love he had for his wife and daughter. His room in Iraq was simply plastered with pictures of his family—most of them featuring Mackenzie and Courtney. PFC Jason McCully, who served with Larry in Iraq, remembers how excited his friend was whenever he heard from those he loved and how he shared that excitement with his fellow soldiers. Private First Class McCully said that "every time [Larry] received a letter from home, everybody knew about it."

Even while serving in Iraq, Larry's family came first to him. The day before he died, he talked to his grandmother Norma. She recalls that the only thing Larry wanted to talk about was those he loved. "He didn't talk much about the war," she remembers. "He talked about family."

To Larry's cousins, he was like a brother. His cousin Jennifer Myers remembers both his strong belief in service and his wonderful sense of humor. She wrote the following in tribute to her beloved cousin:

The last time I saw Larry, he was home between assignments in Iraq, and a big group of us all went out. I remember how proud he was of his service, how much he loved being

in the Army and serving his country. I remember how much fun we all had that night, and seeing him laughing and just being good ol' Larry. That's how I will always remember Larry—my cousin, my friend.

[He was] a great guy, with a great smile and a beautiful heart. When I think of him, I think of him as he was that night—happy, smiling, laughing.

Indeed, Larry is missed by everyone who knew and loved him. Family members always fondly remember Larry the sports lover, Larry the outdoorsman, and Larry the devoted husband, father, and son. They will never forget him. As his father said, "I know the Army didn't make a mistake, but I still keep thinking the phone will ring and I'll hear him say, 'Hey, old man.'"

Army SGT Larry Kuhns lived a life that was a model of service and dedication. He was devoted to his family, his fellow soldiers, and his Nation. As a soldier, he served with conviction and honor. My wife Fran and I will continue to keep his family in our thoughts and in our prayers.

Mr. President, I have one final tribute tonight and appreciate the Chair's generosity and time.

SENIOR AIRMAN ALECIA S. GOOD

Mr. President, I rise today to honor the life of Air Force Senior Amn Alecia Sabrina Good. Alecia was assigned to the 92nd Communications Squadron, Fairchild Air Force Base in the State of Washington. On February 17, 2006, Alecia lost her life from injuries sustained in a helicopter collision while on assignment in the Gulf of Aden off the coast of Djibouti, Africa. She was 23 years old.

She is survived by her 2-year-old daughter Tabatha, her twin sister Ashley, her brother Paul, and her parents, Paul and Claire.

Alecia grew up in Ohio and joined the Air Force 1 month after the September 11 terrorist attacks. After basic training and technical school, she was assigned to Fairchild's 92nd Communications Squadron as a tactical radio operator and maintainer.

In early February, Alecia was deployed to the Combined Joint Task Force Horn of Africa mission, supporting Operation Enduring Freedom. The Combined Joint Task Force Horn of Africa was set up in Djibouti in 2002 and is responsible for fighting terrorism in eight African countries and in Yemen.

Alecia was flying her first training mission when she was killed in the helicopter crash. The training mission involved two Marine transport helicopters in the Aden Sea. Alecia was on board the helicopter to provide satellite communication back to the Joint Operations Center at Camp Lemonier.

Alecia's death has been felt by many. She was a devoted, compassionate, and vivacious young woman, and possessed all the qualities that make a service-member exceptional.

Alecia's twin sister Ashley described her sister as a vibrant, outgoing, young woman, who was full of fun and lived life to the fullest. "She was the silliest,

quirkiest person. . . . She really knew how to cut loose," Ashley said. "We'd go dancing and she'd make up these really crazy dances. There was one she called the 'Pepper Grinder' and [one she called] the 'Lawn Mower.' She was very hard not to love."

Ashley also said that Alecia was extremely devoted to her family, especially her 2-year-old daughter Tabatha. Alecia wished the absolute best for her family," Ashley said. She wanted her little girl to grow up in a world that was safe and a world that was free.

Friends, family, and comrades recall Alecia's passion for living. But, they also recognize her dedication and perseverance. U.S. Air Force Chaplain MAJ Donald Hoffman noted how Alecia enlisted in the Air Force exactly 1 month to the day after the September 11 attacks. "By her mother's own words, she was not afraid," Hoffman said.

Pastor Bruce Gallaher said that people should remember Alecia's spirit and make the most of their own lives. "She looked at life adventurously and wanted to live passionately," Gallagher said. The energy and spirit that drove Alecia Good shall remain an inspiration to many long after her death. We owe it to Alecia to celebrate her life.

I would like to conclude my remarks with a message that was posted on an Internet tribute website in honor of Alecia. A man named Leo Titus of Grayslake, Illinois—someone who never met Alecia or her family—recognized her service and bravery. He wrote the following eloquent words:

Thank you Alecia Good. You will not be forgotten. Your bravery goes beyond words. I want to express my deepest gratitude for your sacrifice. To [your] family and friends, [I send] my prayers and deep condolences in your loss. May God strengthen you from knowing that fellow Americans and people around the world care about you and grieve with you in your loss. God bless you all.

This message is signed simply—"A very appreciative fellow American."

Airman Good was buried with full military honors in Dixon, CA, on February 28, 2006. My wife Fran and I continue to keep her family and friends in our thoughts and in our prayers.

I thank the Chair and the staff and yield the floor.

ADJOURNMENT UNTIL 9:30 TOMORROW

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Under the previous order, the Senate stands adjourned until 9:30 a.m. on Thursday, December 7, 2006.

Thereupon, the Senate, at 9:30 p.m., adjourned until Thursday, December 7, 2006, at 9:30 a.m.

NOMINATIONS

Executive nominations received by the Senate December 6, 2006:

DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE

MICHAEL J. BURNS, OF NEW MEXICO, TO BE ASSISTANT TO THE SECRETARY OF DEFENSE FOR NUCLEAR AND