

me tell you that every single thing they touched prospered. They touched me. I wouldn't be in Congress this day if it weren't for Herman Russell, an African American who dared to fight segregation and reach across, and Carl Sanders, a White Governor, who, himself, fought and integrated the schools in Georgia when it was not popular.

When I got ready to run for the State House, it was Herman Russell who I asked, Could you help me?

He said, Yes, I will. Who have you got with you?

I said, I have got Andy Young. I have got Maynard Jackson. I have got "home run king" Hank Aaron.

Then Herman said, Well, where are your White folks?

I went, and the first door I knocked on was that of Governor Carl Sanders, who took me in and gave me a contribution. He didn't stop there. He even assigned two of his lawyers, Norman Underwood and Dale Schwartz, to get out into the community and help me. That is what Carl Sanders and Herman Russell mean. They built Atlanta the right way.

When Pete Rozelle wanted the NFL—all of this while the civil rights movement was churning, but in Atlanta, the NFL was coming—he picked up the phone and called Carl Sanders. Can you get me somebody there, Governor, who has got \$5 million or \$6 million? We will bring an NFL team to Atlanta. Carl Sanders got on the phone and called his old buddy at the University of Georgia.

We thank God for Herman Russell and Carl Sanders. God bless Herman Russell and Carl Sanders, and God bless the United States of America.

IN NOBLE TRIBUTE TO SHERIFF'S DEPUTY DANNY OLIVER AND DETECTIVE MICHAEL DAVID DAVIS

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Chair recognizes the gentleman from California (Mr. McCLINTOCK) for 5 minutes.

Mr. McCLINTOCK. Mr. Speaker, on October 24, Sacramento County Sheriff's Deputy Danny Oliver and Placer County Detective Michael David Davis were wantonly gunned down in one of the most cold-blooded rampages in the history of either county. By all accounts these were exemplary law enforcement officers, fathers, husbands, sons, and neighbors.

Deputy Oliver spoke his last words as he approached a car in a parking lot for the simple purpose of asking if he could help a couple who appeared to be lost.

How is it going? he said.

The gunman and his accomplice next gunned down a bystander who was too slow in turning over his car keys as the couple hijacked his car. Miraculously, the bystander survived a gunshot wound to the head but vividly remembers the smile on the gunman's face as he pulled the trigger.

The next victim was Detective Michael Davis. You may have heard of

him. On the very same date 26 years earlier, Michael Davis' father was killed in the line of duty as a Riverside County Sheriff's Deputy. Michael was 16 years old at the time.

Mr. Speaker, I wish there were some words of consolation to offer the grieving families of Danny Oliver and Michael Davis, but there are limits to our language, and words fail us when they are the most needed, but I know this: that the esteem and gratitude that our communities hold for these two officers and the sympathy we feel for the terrible losses their families have sustained could be seen most vividly and eloquently in the solemn faces of literally thousands of ordinary citizens who lined the funeral route for these officers or who stood silent vigil outside the church where they were mourned.

As I looked at the law enforcement officers from throughout the country who had come to honor these fallen peace officers at their funerals, it occurred to me that Deputy Oliver and Detective Davis and their many brothers and sisters in law enforcement are the business end of all of the highest principles of this amazing Republic of ours—a society that proudly proclaims itself a nation of laws.

We often speak of the rule of law, but who among us is willing to lay down our lives for it? Michael Davis was. Danny Oliver was. Because of their sacrifices, this rampage ended without a single civilian death. They protected us, but did we do everything we could to protect them? Their assailant had repeatedly entered this country illegally. While here, he had been apprehended for committing other crimes and had been repeatedly deported, only to easily recross the border without even being challenged. That is a subject for another day.

On this day, we should reflect on the agony of the Oliver and Davis families, who have lost devoted husbands and fathers. We should reflect on the extraordinary courage of our peace officers who bear growing and mortal risks every day to protect the peace that we too often take for granted.

Michael Davis' brother Jason eulogized his older brother. Jason is also a Placer County Deputy and was on the scene only minutes after his brother had been shot. Their third brother, Christopher, had died in 1998 in an accident as he, too, had been preparing for a career in law enforcement. And Jason, who had been present 26 years before when his mother was told of his father's death, who 16 years ago had informed their mother of Chris' death, and who days before had told her of Michael's death, looked at his grieving mother and asked the question if all of their pain justified their family's commitment to law enforcement. Without hesitation, he answered, "Yes."

I don't know where we get men like Danny Oliver and Michael Davis, but I know what we owe them. Of course, we owe them our gratitude and every

honor that we can bestow upon them, but most of all, we owe it to them, to their families, and to their fellow officers to be just as devoted to the rule of law as they were. If we, the people, would do that, then we will have proven Jason Davis right—that their extraordinary devotion to these principles is as justified as it is noble.

ON THE EVE OF A NUCLEAR DEAL WITH IRAN

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Chair recognizes the gentleman from Washington (Mr. McDERMOTT) for 5 minutes.

Mr. McDERMOTT. Mr. Speaker, I rise this morning on what could be the eve of a nuclear deal with the Islamic Republic of Iran as U.S. and European and Iranian negotiators are going back to Vienna for a final round of talks.

With so much of the region in turmoil right now, it seems hard to imagine that we could be on the verge of, arguably, the most important diplomatic achievement in the Middle East in recent U.S. history. The leadership of President Obama, the tenacity of the U.S. negotiators, and the determination of President Rouhani and his team have set the stage for a landmark agreement that would turn the page on decades of distrust, dissension, and cynicism.

Here is what the nuclear deal would mean: a profound reduction in the decades-long tension between Iran, the U.S., and our allies that has set us on a path to war; a contained Iranian nuclear program with verifiable, internationally accepted limits; meaningful sanctions relief that bolsters Iran's flagging economy and allows U.S. businesses access to a potentially vibrant market; finally, an opening for a broader understanding between the U.S. and Iran, as well as an opportunity to work with Iran as an ally in the fight against ISIS.

Like all compromises, there may be parts of this deal that Americans won't like, and there may be parts of this deal that Iranians won't like, but such is the definition of cooperation—working together for something meaningful and building momentum toward a solution even when the easiest option is to get up and walk away.

President Obama deserves enormous credit for his steely resolve in pursuit of a nuclear deal, especially in the face of those hoping he will fail. If we do not reach a nuclear accord next week, if a deal is delayed, or if, heaven forbid, the talks collapse, I believe President Obama is still owed our thanks.

It has become fashionable around these halls and certainly in the media these days to deride the 44th President, to call him "aloof" when he acts methodically or to threaten impeachment when he acts decisively to promote the best interests of the American people. The fact that he has the audacity to try with persistence and openness, in the face of withering doubt from