

country's outstanding military leaders, Colonel Robert S. Hart, Commander, 403d Operations Group. Unfortunately, Colonel Hart's service to his country ended on February 16, 2002 when he unexpectedly passed away.

Colonel Hart entered the Air Force in 1973 through the Air Force Reserve Officer's Training Corps program. His early assignments included Williams Air Force Base, AZ, and Charleston Air Force Base, SC, where he finished his active duty career in October 1979. He entered the Air Force as a pilot and continued to fly throughout his career. He joined the Air Force Reserve in July 1980. In 1981 he was the Chief of Standardization for the 300th Military Airlift Squadron, Charleston Air Force Base, SC. From 1992 to 1998 he was the Aircraft Operations Officer for the 701st Airlift Squadron at Charleston Air Force Base. For the first half of 1998 he was the Airlift Operations Officer for the 707th Airlift Squadron also at Charleston Air Force Base; the remainder of 1998 to December 1999, he was the Commander of the 707th Airlift Squadron. He joined the 403d Wing in December 1999, where he was the commander of the 403d Operations Group. As the commander of the 403d Operations Group, he was responsible for the training and mission execution of the 53rd Weather Reconnaissance Squadron, the 815th Airlift Squadron, and the 41st Aerial Port Squadron at Keesler Air Force Base, MS; and, the 96th Aerial Port Squadron at Little Rock Air Force Base, AR.

Colonel Hart was born in Abilene, TX. His father and mother, John and Mary Hart, reside in Eastland, TX. Colonel Hart earned a Bachelor of Art's degree in business and administration management at Texas Tech University. He is a graduate of Squadron Officer School, Air Command and Staff College, and Air War College. He held the rating of command pilot with more than 8,850 flight hours. He has flown the following aircraft: T-37B, T-38A, C-141A/B and C-130. His military decorations include the Meritorious Service Medal with one oak leaf cluster; the Aerial Achievement Medal; the Air Force Commendation Medal with one oak leaf cluster; the Joint Meritorious Unit Award; the Air Force Outstanding Unit Award with five devices; the Combat Readiness Medal with eight devices; the National Defense Service Medal with one device; the Armed Forces Expeditionary Medal with one device; the Southwest Asia Service Medal with three devices; the Armed Forces Service Medal; the Humanitarian Service Medal with three oak leaf clusters; the Air Force Longevity Service Award with five devices; the Armed Forces Reserve Medal with two devices; the Air Force Training Ribbon; the Kuwait Liberation (Saudi Government) Medal; and, the Kuwait Liberation (Kuwait) Medal for his service in Operation DESERT SHIELD/STORM.

Colonel Hart served his nation for 29 years distinguishing himself while up-

holding the core values of the U.S. Air Force—Integrity First, Service Before Self, and Excellence In All We Do. He was a true Citizen Soldier, always ready to answer his nation's call. On behalf of a grateful nation, I ask you to join me, my colleagues in the senate and Colonel Hart's many friends and family in saluting this distinguished officer's many years of selfless service to the United States of America. I know our Nation, his wife Karen, and his family are extremely proud of his accomplishments. It is fitting that the U.S. Senate honor him today.

LOCAL LAW ENFORCEMENT ACT OF 2001

Mr. SMITH of Oregon. Madam President, I rise today to speak about hate crimes legislation I introduced with Senator KENNEDY in March of last year. The Local Law Enforcement Act of 2001 would add new categories to current hate crimes legislation sending a signal that violence of any kind is unacceptable in our society.

I would like to describe a terrible crime that occurred February 24, 2002 in Santa Barbara, CA. A gay man, Clint Scott Risetter, 37, was doused in gasoline and set on fire while he was sleeping. The assailant, Martin Thomas Hartman, 38, confessed to the murder, and said that the victim "deserved to die" for being gay. Hartman is being charged with murder, arson, and a hate crime in connection with the incident.

I believe that Government's first duty is to defend its citizens, to defend them against the harms that come out of hate. The Local Law Enforcement Enhancement Act of 2001 is now a symbol that can become substance. I believe that by passing this legislation, we can change hearts and minds as well.

THE PIPELINE SAFETY IMPROVEMENT ACT OF 2002

Mr. BREAUX. Madam President, I rise in support of amendment No. 2979 to S. 517, the Pipeline Safety Improvement Act of 2002, which will enhance the safety of our interstate pipeline systems. As you may recall, the Senate passed this legislation last February as one of the first orders of business of the 107th Congress. This bill is the product of over 3 years of work and recent compromise and I urge my colleagues to join me in support.

The aim of the bill is to ensure the safety and security of natural gas and hazardous liquid pipelines. I appreciate the considerable number of hours that went into creating this bill by all of the parties. I also am satisfied by the spirit of compromise that infused the parties' diligent efforts. As a result of their cooperative work we have a bill that reaffirms our efforts to oversee the safety of gas and hazardous liquid pipelines effectively without interfering with the pipeline operators and owners ability to provide service to our

nation and without compromising national security.

Last Congress, the Senate passed an almost identical version of this bill by unanimous consent. Unfortunately, in my opinion, the bill was not passed by the House of Representatives under the expedited procedures of suspension of the rules, because it did not pass with a two-thirds majority, although a majority supported the measure, 232-158.

Last February, the Senate again approved this bipartisan legislation, yet we are still awaiting action by the House on this measure. Today, we are offering this legislation as an amendment to S. 517 in an effort to focus attention on this important safety matter and work toward reconciling our legislation with the House of Representatives. I hope that we can continue to work with all of the interested parties as the legislation moves through the legislative process.

Over the past few years, we have experienced two major pipeline accidents, one in Bellingham, WA, and the other near Carlsbad, NM. While these tragic accidents happened, we need to take all necessary steps to ensure that other accidents are not waiting to happen. I think that this legislation will increase the tools available to OPS to ensure that our pipeline system is as safe as possible. I would ask that OPS use the tools that we provide to ensure the appropriate level of oversight of pipeline safety practices.

While there were many who worked with Senators MCCAIN and HOLLINGS on the Commerce Committee to ensure passage of pipeline safety legislation, I would like to recognize, in particular, the efforts of Senators MURRAY and BINGAMAN. Senator MURRAY doggedly pursued changes to increase the level of safety and public participation in pipeline safety, and she worked closely with other Commerce Committee members to ensure a reasonable and fair compromise. Senator BINGAMAN was instrumental in helping bolster the bill's provisions on research and development, in fact, he authored provisions to focus our research on progressive areas that will help us develop better systems of early detection, and to ensure that we can avoid accidents such as those that occurred in Bellingham, WA, and near Carlsbad, NM.

A floor amendment which was accepted during consideration of S. 235 last February mandates a 5-year integrity inspection period for pipelines. Since passage of the S. 235 last February, I understand that studies, conducted by Batelle and Energy and Environmental Analysis, Inc., indicate that a 5-year period for integrity inspections will cause significant impacts on natural gas consumers as a result of pipeline capacity reductions resulting from such a short inspection period. I want to bring these studies to the attention of my colleagues as we prepare to move this important piece of pipeline safety legislation to conference.

Lastly, I would like to address one change to the legislation since Senate passage last year. Since September 11, we have all recognized that the way the Government has done business may change due to security concerns. In the past, we have made efforts to expand the amounts of information made available to the public, including encouraging electronic access to more data and information on pipelines. Today, we must balance the concerns of national security with the needs of law-abiding citizens who live and work alongside pipelines. We have included language which, in my opinion, fairly addresses the concerns of the public in obtaining pipeline safety information and enables the Government to safeguard information which could be used to do harm or for terrorist activities.

This bill is good legislation. It will require greater safety and oversight of our Nation's pipeline system. The bill also allows for a greater degree of public participation in the process of pipeline safety, without jeopardizing national security, updates the penalties that would be levied for misconduct and provides whistle blower protection for employees who reveal misconduct. The bill also provides for Federal investment in research which will help us be more efficient and effective in providing a safer and more secure system. I urge my colleagues to support this measure.

TRIBUTE TO FATHER MYCHAL F. JUDGE

(At the request of Mr. DASCHLE, the following statement was ordered to be printed in the RECORD.)

• Mrs. CLINTON. Madam President, I submit the following statement of Peter James Johnson, Jr., delivered at the funeral mass for Father Mychal F. Judge in New York City on September 15, 2001, for printing in the RECORD to commemorate the 6-month anniversary of the many lives so tragically lost on September 11.

The statement follows:

REMARKS PREPARED FOR DELIVERY BY PETER J. JOHNSON, JR., AT THE FUNERAL MASS OF REV. MYCHAL JUDGE, O.F.M., FIRE DEPARTMENT OF NEW YORK, CHAPLAIN, SEPTEMBER 15, 2001, ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY,

Your Eminence, Cardinal Egan, President Clinton, Senator Clinton, Mayor Dinkins, Mr. Controller, Mr. Public Advocate, Family, Friends, Firefighters and Friends.

"Don't worry about me. Help the thousands." Mychal says to us.

I see him kneeling gently, hear him speaking in a firm and lilting whisper, his large hands making reassuring contact with a dying firefighter, his warm eyes focused and loving and deep, communicating the wisdom of almost seventy years and the spirituality of a millennium. Enveloped in the unshakeable concentration of the prayers he knew and lived so faithfully, shrouded in his own mystical but practical Catholic belief, oblivious to the risk of harm that rained from the sky, he died as he lived, trying to save a life, to save a soul in our City on a sunny, not so perfect September morning.

Friar's friar, firefighter, warrior for the Lord and New Yorker—I can't help believing that Erin and Dymphna, your beloved Emmet, who wanted to be a priest at the age of four, our beloved Mychal—in the swirling and fiery wind tunnel of the majestic twin towers, helmet off in respect to our creator, lifted his lovely tenor voice and uttered a final Alleluia as he rode the winds aloft, smiling broadly as he shot one final mortal glance at what his model St. Francis of Assisi called "burning sun with golden beam and silver moon with softer gleam."

Father Mike, it's not that we hardly knew ya that makes you leaving this earth so hard. It's that we all knew you so well and depended on you so much that hurts so much.

Though you were neither a husband nor a father, you became a model for husbands and fathers. Though you never trained on a hose on a fire or experienced the pain of being a firefighter's widow, you became a model for firefighters and the widowed. Though up until recently you never felt the anxiety of sickness, you became a guide for the sick. You taught us that the St. Francis Prayer was not merely a bookmark but a living, speaking roadmap for our daily lives as New Yorkers. We saw your greatness up close and personal. But we respectfully ask why were you so strong?

As Father Pecci pointed out last night at the wake service maybe it was the countless windows and shoes you polished and shined on Dean Street in Brooklyn as a child. Or was it the constancy and strength of example of your mother who balanced the needs of a dying husband, a house and three young children in the Depression?

I have not seen your sisters Erin and Dymphna for some time. So I asked Dymphna last night, what made Mychal great? She said it best: "With Michael there were no narrow truths. There was only wide open possibility." As I stepped outside onto 32nd Street near Penn Station last night to get some air, I was struck by the wide world of possibilities that Mychal lived in. I noticed how much more alive the street has become in just in twenty-four hours. A saxophone could be heard—"Amazing Grace"—the musician played. The smell of fried food in the air. Taxis racing down the street. Men and women laughing in conversation near a parked delivery truck. Mychal would say "How marvelous. What a strong and dynamic people we are!" And I looked at the faces on the street behind us. In Mychal's words: "Peter look at these faces. Brown and black and yellow and white. Such good minds, such strong hands, such hard workers."

"Such a resilient city. There is nothing like a New Yorker. We're back." In that moment I had an understanding of the incessant activity that Mychal often heard from his room on 31st Street. The same vitality that so energized him even when he was bone tired from caring for the families of the victims of Flight 800 when he would answer the phone or pager and respond to an emergency to support a stricken firefighter.

And that was Mychal too. He naturally saw the very best of himself in others. And in a strange way we slowly but surely began to see a little bit of Mychal in all of us. His dynamic strength, his good mind and his strong hands were always in evidence. Whether he was helping lift his dear friend paralyzed hero Detective Steven McDonald onto a rough stone road in Northern Ireland, to go another ten miles on the path to peace and reconciliation. Or riding Splash Mountain at Disney with Conor McDonald, who helps serve the mass. Or at the bedside of his friar friend forever, Patty Fitzgerald, in an Israeli hospital—fifty years of friendship on Saturday. Or anointing the forehead of a sick man

with aids in a small Chelsea studio apartment. Or arm in arm with our missing hero Patty Brown, comforting the family of hero firefighters like the late Captain John Drennan in a New York Hospital burn unit, Mychal was equally at home in the brown robe and sandals of a friar or the uniform of a New York City fire officer and always in an encouraging and positive way motivating us to do bigger and better things.

He was comfortable visiting President and Senator Clinton or President and Mrs. Bush in the East Wing of the White House, the portico of Gracie Mansion with Mayors Koch, Dinkins and Giuliani and the Cardinal's Residence with the late Cardinal O'Connor and now Cardinal Egan.

But he was really at home in a Times Square shelter for single mothers conducting Midnight Mass on Christmas eve, cradling a small plastic doll in its role as the baby Jesus or in a firehouse kitchen helping reunite a couple whose marriage was strained by the job. This church is full of families he united. Being at Ground Zero—wherever it was—was his life, and his death.

Mychal loved Christ and loved his family and yes, he loved us, the people of New York. This morning we unfortunately see only his casket. But I dreamt the other night of Mychal, walking and walking and walking; I guess the constant motion of his life. In a power walk from 31st Street and Seventh Avenue to Coney Island and the Atlantic Ocean, in his crisply pressed uniform on a blustery Saint Patrick's day waving, to the crowd like a matinee idol, hands outstretched to hug our children for a moment, flashing a knowing, almost shy smile and then jogging back to the line of march. Walking the streets greeting on a first name basis the homeless and friendless, many of whom wore the Christmas and birthday gifts that many in this congregation wrapped so nicely for Mychal to wear. He loved to watch the fireworks, a ride on a fire boat, a thick deep piece of apple pie with ice cream. Both most of all, he loved the call to service, the romance of duty, the necessity of honor. He was a bridge between people. Friars and firefighters, Christians and Jews, able and disabled. He grafted spirituality onto our Bill of Rights.

You see, Mychal was proud to be an American. Not in the quaint sense of a Norman Rockwell painting or in your face flag waver, although flag waving is good too.

I recall two connected events to demonstrate his palpable pride. I urged Mychal to become the Fire Chaplain, to fill late Friar Father Julian Deeken's large shoes. Shortly after he assumed his duties, there was a report of a ship run aground, and yes, even a landing of Chinese nationals with guns, according to the Park Police, in the Rockaways. I was an honorary firefighter and pro bono adviser to Mayor Dinkins, and so Mychal called me, said he would be by to get me in a few minutes and we took off in the middle of the night.

Just as we started to get to the Brooklyn Battery Tunnel, the radio started to crackle with confirmation of a large ship aground with passengers in the water. Mychal gunned the Chevy, hit the lights and sirens, both which reflected and reverberated off the tunnel walls. I felt like I was in the middle of Studio 54. I said "Mike, what are you doing? Slow down." He looked straight ahead laughed and said: "No this is good. I'm not sure what we've got here but we can do good things together."

I'll never forget what we saw that chilly morning. Helicopters in the air. A large broken ship battered by the waves off shore and a beach full of shaking, shivering and soaked Chinese men who had paid dearly and almost with their lives to reach the safe haven of