

Recently this body voted on a tax bill that allows taxpayers to keep more of their hard-earned money in an attempt to jump-start this economy. The tax cut was passed on the premise that consumers and businesses are better suited than government to make sound economic decisions that translate into economic growth. That same premise applies to energy. Yet the Energy bill under debate tosses that premise out the window. Suddenly the consumers and businesses of this country, which we are trusting to make sound economic decisions to put the whole economy back on track, cannot be trusted to make sound energy decisions. Instead, we are dictating their energy choices for them. No body of persons, not even a panel of 100 of the world's most brilliant economists, let alone the Senate of the United States, has the knowledge, wisdom or foresight to make such decisions rationally for millions of American citizens.

Let's take a look at what this bill would do. It mandates greater use of ethanol, a fuel that is already heavily subsidized. Without subsidies and mandates, ethanol would virtually cease to exist as a motor fuel. It subsidizes renewable energies such as wind power, which again would not survive in the competitive marketplace due to the high cost and low value of the electricity produced. It subsidizes coal, already the most plentiful and affordable energy source in this country. Coal power will continue to thrive in this country whether subsidized or not, as long as we don't regulate it out of existence, yet we are providing subsidies for coal power. This bill subsidizes nuclear power, which would probably be competitive were it not for the onerous regulatory restrictions that needlessly burden that industry. The list goes on.

Let me suggest that the greatest obstacle to affordable and reliable energy in this country is the U.S. Government. Before this body looks outward for solutions to our energy problems, it should look inward. It should identify those laws, regulations, and other Government impediments that prevents this country's citizens and businesses from making sound energy decisions. We encumber the U.S. energy economy with all sorts of onerous and often unneeded and outmoded rules that raise the cost of energy and distort energy markets. Instead of fixing this state of affairs, this bill compounds these errors by further raising the cost of energy to American taxpayers and further distorting energy markets through subsidies.

Mr. KERRY. Mr. President, I rise today to speak to an amendment to fix a funding gap that exists for meritorious Women's Business Centers that are graduating from the first stage of the program and entering the sustainability portion.

I would like to first thank Senator SNOWE, Chair of the Committee on Small Business and Entrepreneurship, for working very closely with me on

this issue. Her leadership and support has been invaluable. I would also like to thank Senator BINGAMAN for his support on this issue. As a long-time ally of the Women's Business Centers and all SBA programs, his assistance on this amendment has been very helpful. Last, I want to express my gratitude to Senators HARKIN, EDWARDS, CANTWELL, ENZI and DOMENICI, as well as Congressman MCINTYRE, for their backing and for their hard work to resolve this issue.

As I have said on more than one occasion, women business owners do not get the recognition they deserve for their contribution to our economy: Eighteen million Americans would be without jobs today if it weren't for these entrepreneurs who had the courage and the vision to strike out on their own. For 18 years, as a member of the Senate Committee on Small Business and Entrepreneurship, I have worked to increase the opportunities for these enterprising women in a variety of ways, leading to greater earning power, financial independence, and asset accumulation. These are more than words. For these women, it means having a bank account, buying a home, sending their children to college, calling the shots.

And helping them at every step are the Women's Business Centers. In 2002 alone, these centers helped 85,000 women with the business counseling and assistance they likely could not find anywhere else. Cutting funding for any centers would be harmful to the centers, to the women they serve, to their States, and to the national economy.

The funding gap for Women's Business Centers in sustainability exists because the Small Business Administration has chosen to short-change existing, proven centers in order to open new, unproven ones. By incorrectly interpreting the funding formula set up in the Women's Business Centers program, the SBA has made way for new centers at the expense of those that are already established. This is both bad policy and contrary to congressional intent.

As the author of the Women's Business Centers Sustainability Act of 1999, I can tell you that when the Women's Business Centers Sustainability Act of 1999 was signed into law, it was Congress's intent to protect the established and successful infrastructure of worthy, performing centers. The law was designed to allow all graduating Women's Business Centers that meet certain SBA standards to receive continued funding under sustainability grants, while still allowing for new centers—but not by penalizing those that have already demonstrated their worth.

Currently there are 81 Women's Business Centers in 48 States. Forty-six of these are in the initial program, 29 are already in sustainability, and 6 more are graduating or have graduated from the initial program and are now apply-

ing for sustainability grants. Because of these potentially 6 new sustainability centers—from Georgia, Iowa, Illinois, North Carolina, Texas, and Washington State—and because the SBA is incorrectly interpreting the funding formula for sustainability grants in order to open new centers, the amount of funds reserved for Women's Business Centers in sustainability must be increased from 30.2 percent to 36 percent.

This amendment does just that. It directs the SBA to reserve 36 percent of the appropriated funds for the sustainability portion of the Women's Business Centers program—even though the SBA already has the authority on its own to increase the reserve—thereby protecting the established Women's Business Centers from almost certain grant funding cuts and still providing enough funds to open six or more new centers across the country.

I want to again express my sincere and steadfast support for the growing community of women entrepreneurs across the Nation and for the invaluable programs through which the SBA provides women business owners with the tools they need to succeed. As a long-time advocate for women entrepreneurs and SBA's programs, my record in support of the SBA's women's programs and for women business owners speaks for itself. I have continually fought for increased funding for the women's programs at the SBA, for sustaining and expanding the women's business centers, and for giving women entrepreneurs their deserved representation within the Federal procurement process, to name a few. With respect to laws assisting women-owned businesses, I have been proud to either introduce the underlying legislation or strongly advocate to ensure their passage and adequate funding.

This amendment is necessary to continue the good work of SBA's Women's Business Center network, and I urge all of my colleagues to support it.

MORNING BUSINESS

Mr. REID. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that we proceed to a period of morning business.

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

EULOGY OF DAVE DEBUSSCHERE

Mr. REID. Mr. President, I read in a number of national publications brief excerpts of the eulogy that former Senator Bill Bradley gave at the funeral of Dave Debusschere. The paragraphs I saw were really moving.

I was able to obtain a copy of the full eulogy that Senator Bradley gave on May 19 at St. Joseph's Church in Garden City, NY. It is really, truly, a moving eulogy. It outlines the context and the relationship of Dave Debusschere and Bill Bradley and other members of the New York Knicks team, but especially those two who were roommates

during many years of their travels around the country playing championship basketball. It explains their personal relationship, as Bill Bradley can do. He explains also what a team is all about. We, both in the majority and minority, are always working with our team. I recommend this as reading for everyone.

I ask unanimous consent that the full text of the speech given by Bill Bradley at the funeral of Dave DeBusschere be printed in the RECORD.

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

EULOGY OF DAVE DEBUSSCHERE

Geri, Michelle, Peter, Dennis, DeBusschere sisters and family.

Today, Willis asked me to speak for him, for Clyde, Earl and all the Knicks who loved Dave. The moment I heard the news last Wednesday, it was as if a lightning bolt hit my heart. It was so shocking, so unexpected, so final.

When I saw the newspaper stories after Dave's death, one photo caught my eye. It was of Dave driving to the basket, the ball in his left hand, legs sturdy, shoulders strong, shock of dark hair matted with sweat, and a face full of his unique determination. As I looked at it, I was reminded of a time when we were all younger, and there was a magic about life. A magic about life—there is no other way to describe those years on our Knick teams. How it felt to hear the roar of the Garden crowd, to know the satisfaction of a play well-executed, to feel the chills of winning a championship, to share the camaraderie, even brotherhood, of working in an environment of mutual trust, with people you respected, each of whom had the courage to take the last second shot.

Dave's strength, his dedication, his unselfishness, his fierce desire to win, and, above all, his commitment to the team, were all at the core of that success. He seemed to say, "What's the point of achieving anything in basketball if you can't share it?" That's the beauty of having teammates. They know what it takes to get through a long season, to recover from a loss, to pull out a win when you're hurt or tired. Dave believed that once good players have put on their uniforms, everything else about them—race, ethnicity, personal history, off-court style—fades into the background. It's time to play—together. And we did.

Dave DeBusschere left all of himself on the court every game. He held nothing back. I can remember those nights on the road in late February. Dave, his face drawn from the long season; and Willis, with his brow furrowed, and heating packs on each knee. They would look at each other in the locker room of the fourth town in five nights, and their glances alone seemed to say, "I'm tired to my bones. I don't want to go out there, but if you do it, I will too." And they always did. Together they set the character tone for the team in a kind of shared leadership that rarely needed words.

If I had \$100 for every night Dave played hurt, I could buy a nice car. One night, Dave caught an elbow in the face that broke his nose. The pain was obvious. I didn't see how he was going to play the next night. But, there he was, ready to go, when the buzzer sounded—with a strip of plastic over his nose, held in place by white adhesive tape forming an "H" above and below his eyes.

I think the fans loved Dave because they sensed what his teammates already knew: he was the real thing. No pretense. He hated phonies. No guile. He told you exactly how

he felt. No greediness. I never heard him talk about points. No excuses. He always took responsibility for his mistakes.

Dave was a man of action, not words. He was above the petty things in life, and he wasn't impressed easily. Power, fame, money, were not the currencies he traded in. Friendship, loyalty, hard work, were what he placed the greatest value in. If Bush or Madonna or Rockefeller walked into a bar, I bet he'd barely look up from the beer he was sharing with a friend.

There was a time when I'd slept in a room with Dave DeBusschere more than I had with my wife. We were roommates on the road for six years. That's about 250 games, 250 cities, 250 hotels.

If the truth be told (as Geri knows), on many occasions Dave woke me up with his snoring. I'd say, "Dave." To no avail. I'd shout, "Dave!" Still no success. Finally I'd get out of bed, put my hands on his back and push him over on his side. He still wouldn't wake up, but the snoring would stop. And I'd get a few hours of sleep . . . until the next time.

You get to know someone when you're with him that much. You hear about his life; you meet his friends and family; you know what he likes to eat, what he likes to do in his downtime, what forms his daily habits; you learn what he admires in people and what he can't stand.

You can learn a lot of from your roommate, too, especially if he's an experienced pro and you are not. It was my second year in the NBA. I had just made the Knicks starting team as a forward, and we had lost a close one in Philadelphia on a bad pass I made when the Sixers were applying full court pressure. After the game I was dejected. Back at the hotel. Dave, who had joined the team from Detroit two months earlier, saw how I felt and put me straight. "You can't go through a season like this," he said. "There are too many games, Sure, you blew it tonight, but when it's over, it's over. Let it go. Otherwise you won't be ready to play tomorrow night." It was NBA lesson #1; Don't make today's loss the enemy of tomorrow's victory.

On occasion, Dave, Willis and I would go to dinner on the road, and Willis would begin telling hunting stories—what weapons he used, where he used them and what the weather was, how he tracked the animals, what his gear consisted of, the angle at which he shot with his gun, or his bow and arrow, and so forth. Dave and I were not hunters, but once Willis got started, it took him more than a little while to finish. After one such evening when we got back to our room, Dave said, "You know, I think Willis likes to hunt!"

Dave also was not above practical jokes. Once after a championship season, the DeBusscheres, Kladis's and Bradleys chartered a boat to tour the Greek islands. One day we pulled up off an island beach, and Dave and I dove off the boat to swim ashore. As we were coming out of the water, we found a lone man, laying on a towel. An American. He watched us emerge from the sea, and shouted, "DeBusschere—Dave DeBusschere, Bradley. Oh my God! Wait til my family sees this!" and he took off. Dave looked at me; I looked at him, and with a grin he said, "Let's go." We swam back to the boat, hid behind towels and watched as the man, his wife and kids behind him, ran back onto the beach. "Honest they were here!" We could hear him shout. "I saw them! Really! They were here I swear it."

It's been a long time since the Knicks were champions and I roomed with Dave. But time has only deepened our friendship. I always looked forward to our one-on-one lunches, our dinners with Ernestine and the irrepres-

ible Geri, our family visits to Long Island, and on occasion a game like the one last spring when Willis, Dave, Earl and I went to New Jersey for a Lakers/Nets playoff game with loyalties split between Willis's Nets and Phil's Lakers.

Over the years I commiserated with Dave about the way the Garden treated him when he was G.M. I spoke at Peter's college graduation. I shared the pride that he and Geri felt as Michelle, Peter and Dennis grew into spectacular young adults.

And, I will never forget when he told me how proud he was to be sitting in the gallery the day I was sworn into the Senate. Over the years he made campaign appearances in New Jersey on my behalf, attended fundraisers to add star power, and sloughed through the snows of Iowa and New Hampshire in 2000. Whenever I asked him to do something, he was there; and every place he went, he made people feel good.

Until last Wednesday, one of the most enjoyable things in life was talking basketball with Dave DeBusschere. The players and the teams, the rules and style of play have all changed, but the sharpness of his insights never diminished. What he said was always so clear and simple that I'd ask myself afterwards, "Why didn't I think of that?"

Championship teams share a moment that few other people know. The overwhelming emotion derives from more than pride. Your devotion to your teammates, the depth of your sense of belonging, is something like blood kinship, but without the complications. Rarely can words express it. In the nonverbal world of basketball, it's like grace and beauty and ease, and it spills into all areas of your life.

So I say to my big brother: Be proud. You brought all these things to the many lives you touched. Goodbye, we'll miss you, #22. May God grant you a peaceful journey.

ORDER OF PROCEDURE—S. 14

Mr. REID. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent, with respect to the Graham amendment No. 884, to which we are going to proceed in the morning, and the hour of time we have, that Senator FEINSTEIN, Senator BOXER, and Senator CANTWELL each control 15 minutes of the 60 minutes.

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

Mr. REID. Mr. President, I suggest the absence of a quorum.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The clerk will call the roll.

The assistant legislative clerk proceeded to call the roll.

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

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

THE CRISIS IN THE MIDDLE EAST

Mr. WARNER. Mr. President, I rise today to express my concern about the horrific violence which has erupted over the past few days in the Middle East. The world is distressed to see the images on T.V. of today's suicide bombing in Jerusalem and the attacks in Gaza. Condolences are extended to all of those who continue to pay the price of this intolerable seemingly uncontrollable cycle of violence in the Middle East.