

the Interior Department trust reform efforts.

This reorganization plan was given a 50 percent increase in the President's budget. One who hasn't heard much about the trust reform issue might think that should be welcome news. But the truth is that Indian tribes and trust account holders strongly oppose the reorganization plan. This plan has been pursued without proper consultation with Indian tribes and over the vehement objections of Indian tribes.

So this administration has dedicated wholly inadequate resources to Indian country and, in distributing those scarce resources, has devoted its only increase to a proposal that Indian people vehemently oppose. In the process, the administration has ignored the needs of Indian health, education, law enforcement, and every other major priority facing Indian tribes and Indian people.

Again, Indian country needs are not theoretical. They are real, everyday needs.

Tuesday President Steele and other representatives of the Oglala Lakota people talked to me about a few of them. They reminded me that Pine Ridge has four judges and two prosecutors to serve the entire reservation. BIA law enforcement funds cover the salaries of those two prosecutors for only 6 months of the year. Because the tribe's general fund is limited, it cannot make up the entire difference. This year, the prosecutors volunteered their time for 3 months of the year.

Pine Ridge has 2 troopers to cover its 1,800 miles of roads. When there is a car accident on one of those roads, more often than not, the troopers will not be able to respond. There are more unattended crashes on Pine Ridge than attended crashes. On Pine Ridge, the "first responders" are often the next people who happen to drive by.

Waste water systems are inadequate—some underground pipes date back to the 1800s. Housing is inadequate—some homes have no electricity or running water. As Cora Whiting, a tribal council member, said to me, "How many people in America are still living that way?"

Pine Ridge has an unemployment rate of 85 percent. Tribal leaders like President Steele and Cora Whiting know that the only way to improve that statistic is to bring economic development to the reservation. But it is impossible to attract businesses without the infrastructure necessary to support them. And we have a duty to help build it.

Yesterday I met with Chairman Harold Frazier of the Cheyenne River Sioux Tribe. We discussed many of these same issues. We talked about their unmet needs, and their story is all too close to that of Pine Ridge.

Their tribal court system is a perfect example. The Bureau of Indian Affairs' tribal priority allocations fund the Cheyenne River Tribal Court. This year, their funding is about \$300,000

short of what they require to deliver the bare minimum of services. In essence, they have enough funds to pay salaries and benefits for an inadequate number of staff. They can pay for nothing else—no attorney fees, no supplies, no juror fees, nothing.

The Cheyenne River Sioux Tribe also faces some of the same infrastructure problems that the Oglalas and so many other tribes face. Water systems cannot maintain water pressure or support building upgrades that are essential to the provision of basic tribal services. And, of course, Chairman Frazier and I also talked at length about health care and the system that has failed them.

People tend to think of budgets as intellectual exercises—something that isn't binding or real. Even when we say we have balanced the budget—something we actually did in the 1990s—people tend not to believe it. And now that the failed fiscal policy of the last few years has turned projected surpluses into massive deficits, our credibility is even lower.

But budgets are not just numbers. They reflect choices about our priorities and our political will. They have real consequences for real people.

For several years, I have watched this administration and its allies defend tax cuts for the wealthy while they claim we "can't afford" to fund the Indian Health Service. We have borrowed money—from Social Security and other countries—to finance those tax cuts, but we have denied Indian children the health care that federal prisoners take for granted.

The fact that we choose to afford huge tax cuts for the wealthiest among us, or the construction of hospitals in Iraq, but choose not to afford health care or education or housing for Indian families is lost on no one in Indian country.

This budget isn't Indian country budget. It isn't America's budget. It is time to make our budget reflect America's true priorities, which are fair opportunities for every child in America, for their parents who work so hard to create a better life for them, and for their grandparents who deserve to retire with dignity.

That is the budget I'm going to be talking about and fighting for as this year unfolds.

I yield the floor and suggest the absence of a quorum.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The clerk will call the roll.

The assistant bill clerk proceeded to call the roll.

Mr. REED. I ask unanimous consent that the order for the quorum call be rescinded.

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

#### VETERAN PATRIOT MAX CLELAND

Mr. REED. Mr. President, I rise to respond to a scurrilous attack against the patriotism of a friend and former colleague, Max Cleland. In a town-

hall.com column by Ann Coulter, which is described as a conservative news and information Web site, scurrilous, unprincipled attacks have been leveled against a patriot, a warrior, and a friend. I want to put my response in context.

I had the privilege of serving in the U.S. Army for 12 years on active duty. I did some challenging things there: qualified as an Army Ranger, paratrooper, commanded a company in the 82nd Airborne Division of paratroopers. But I am not a combat veteran. I did not serve in a combat zone. Max Cleland, and many, many others, did. There is a difference between those who wear the uniform of the United States and those who served in a combat situation, particularly a situation such as Vietnam.

The difference is that in that situation, more than any others, you live constantly with a sense of your own mortality. At any moment, through any fire or mishap, you could die or be seriously injured. At any moment, you could see people, your fellow soldiers, die from injuries. And for officers such as Max Cleland there is a special burden that goes along with leadership—not just officers but also noncommissioned officers. You have to make tough decisions that some day could result in the death or injury of another. That is a very special type of service that is inherent in being in a combat zone.

Max Cleland served with distinction. The article that Miss Coulter wrote mocks his service, mocks his sacrifice, and, in doing so, mocks the service and sacrifice of thousands and thousands of Americans in the past and today across the globe.

For example, this is how she describes Max in some respects. In her words:

Moreover, if we're going to start delving into exactly who did what back then, maybe Max Cleland should stop allowing Democrats to portray him as a war hero who lost his limbs taking enemy fire on the battlefields of Vietnam.

Let's get one thing straight right now: Max Cleland is an American hero.

Let me read from the citation he received for the Silver Star, obtained from Senator MILLER's Web site.

Captain Cleland distinguished himself by exceptionally valorous action on 4 April, 1968 . . . during enemy attack near Khe Sanh.

When the battalion command post came under a heavy enemy rocket and mortar attack, Captain Cleland, disregarding his own safety, exposed himself to the rocket barrage as he left his covered position to administer first aid to his wounded comrades. He then assisted in moving the injured personnel to covered positions.

Continuing to expose himself, Captain Cleland organized his men into a work party to repair the battalion communications equipment, which had been damaged by enemy fire.

His gallant action is in keeping with the highest traditions of the military service, and reflects great credit upon himself, his unit, and the United States Army.

Max Cleland is a hero. No one has to portray him as one; he is one.

With respect to how he lost his limbs, this goes on to say:

Cleland lost three limbs in an accident during a routine noncombat mission where he was about to drink beer with friends. He saw a grenade on the ground and picked it up. He could have done that at Fort Dix. In fact, Cleland could have dropped a grenade on his foot as a National Guardsman—or what Cleland sneeringly calls “weekend warriors.” Luckily for Cleland’s political career and current pomposity about Bush, he happened to do it while in Vietnam.

Yeah, Max was really lucky to be in Vietnam—really lucky.

This is what happened. In Max’s book:

My tour of duty in Vietnam was now almost over. In another month I’d be going home. I smiled, thinking of the good times waiting stateside.

“Oh, Captain Cleland.”

I looked around. It was Major Cralle who had come up to our position. “The battalion needs a better radio hookup with the vision supply area,” he said. “I’d like you to send a radio relay team back there to improve communications.”

That meant setting up a radio relay station on a hill back at the division forward assembly area 15 miles to the east. Instead of sending a team alone, I decided to go with them to ensure they got set up properly.

It is what is called leadership, sacrifice, being willing to do yourself what you ask subordinates to do. That is not routine anytime. This was a combat mission in a combat area.

With two men, I pulled together some antennas and a generator and some radios and loaded them on a chopper. The three of us climbed in and the helicopter lifted off. Within minutes, we had settled down by the radio relay station. The men and equipment were unloaded, and I climbed back into the chopper intending to go down to battalion rear headquarters.

Then two ideas crossed my mind. First, it would be better to work personally with my team in setting up the radio relay. Second, I had a lot of friends at this relay station and now was a good time to have a cold beer with them.

First: I want my men to do the job. I am going to be there with them. By the way, I have comrades that I have served with and, you know, if I have a chance to be with them, and, oh, by the way—in his characteristic honesty—have a beer with them, I was going to do that.

I called to the pilot that I was getting out. He nodded and held the ship steady. I jumped to the ground, ran in a crouch until I got clear of the spinning helicopter blades, turned around and watched the chopper lift.

Then I saw the grenade. It was where the chopper had lifted off.

It must be mine, I thought. Grenades had fallen off my web gear before. Shifting the M-16—

Let me stop. I assume if he is carrying grenades and an M-16 this was not a recreational activity.

Shifting the M-16 to my left hand and holding it behind me, I bent down to pick up the grenade.

A blinding explosion threw me backwards. The blast jammed my eyeballs back into my skull, temporarily blinding me, pinning my cheeks and jaw muscles to the bones of my face. My ears rang with a deafening reverberation as if I were standing in an echo chamber.

Memory of the firecracker exploding in my hand as a child flashed before me.

When my eyes cleared I looked at my right hand. It was gone.

I could go on, but I think that speaks volumes. Max thought, frankly, that it was his grenade. But regardless of whose grenade it was, I was always taught, as a leader, that if there was a grenade, a live grenade, somebody has to take care of it.

Now, maybe Miss Coulter would have simply said: Sergeant, go get that grenade—or maybe just turned around and run further away, leaving a live grenade, with a pin or without a pin, in the middle of a landing zone.

Max did what a good soldier does. We used to say at West Point: A good soldier marches to the sound of guns. And that is what he did when he picked up the grenade. He was horribly wounded. Everything was broken except his spirit.

But the fear that it was his grenade, that it was a dumb accident, was allayed years later. This is an article in *Esquire* magazine:

He lives with the fact that he asked for it. He was in college during Vietnam and left to join the Army because he’d always gone toward the action.

“March to the sound of the guns.”

He became the aide to a general stateside and fought to get shipped to ‘Nam.

He fought to go to Vietnam.

Once in country, he was an army captain and saw little combat and fought to be sent into Khe Sanh.

Closer to the action—

And when Khe Sanh was over and they were mopping up, he almost bought the farm.

For thirty-one years, he figured it was his fault. Before he jumped out of the chopper, he’d checked his grenades to make sure the pins that activated them were bent and could not accidentally fall out. Straight pins can get you killed. The next thing he knew, he was on the ground and saw a grenade beneath him. And then for thirty-one years he heard that explosion and thought, “I’ve blown myself up with my own grenade.” He got decorations but would have none of them, because to Max Cleland they sure . . . didn’t cover a man who blows himself up. Then, this spring—

This was August 1999—

He was on a television show and told his story about that day at Khe Sanh, and later a guy called up and said, Hey, I was there, it wasn’t your grenade, I saw it. And Cleland checked the caller out, and it seems the guy really was there. And this year—

In 1999—

Max celebrated Being Alive Day with him down in Georgia.

This is not an accurate portrayal of the service and sacrifice of Max Cleland. It is unprincipled and scurrilous. It defames him, and it defames people who wear the uniform of the United States.

She is not through yet:

Cleland wore the uniform, he was in Vietnam, and he has shown courage by going on to lead a productive life. But he didn’t “give his limbs for his country,” or leave them “on the battlefield.” There was no bravery involved in dropping a grenade on himself with

no enemy troops in sight. That could have happened in the Texas National Guard—

There is plenty of bravery there, the bravery of leading men in difficult circumstances, in the sight of the enemy or out of the sight of the enemy. It was the bravery of understanding instinctively that you could not leave a live grenade rolling around in a landing zone. It was the bravery of being willing to be with his men even though he could have easily dropped them off, waved from the helicopter, and flown off to a happy life, 1 month before his return to the United States.

It disturbs me about Max, but Max is quite a man. But this also disturbs me about—what does it say about our soldiers today in Iraq, about the soldiers I visited, National Guardsmen and regular soldiers, at Walter Reed, who were injured, critically injured, in vehicle accidents and other mishaps that are part of a combat operation?

They did not sacrifice their limbs and their spines for our country? Is that what she is saying? Is that what we are going to say when we pat them on the back and say thanks for your service? There are no excuses for this kind of unprincipled attack on an individual, unsubstantiated by the record, an attack, as I say again and again, not only denigrates Max Cleland, it denigrates everyone who wore the uniform of the United States and wears it today. It denigrates particularly those individuals—and I must again emphatically say, I did not serve in combat—but those individuals who today serve in a combat area, who wake up every morning thinking it may be their last moment, who wake up every morning thinking that they may have to order people to do things that will cost them their lives.

It is an experience that I have not known, very few people in this Chamber have known. It is the mark of true heroism and courage, and day in and day out men like Max Cleland do it. And to suggest that he is not a hero, to suggest that his sacrifice was some type of stunt gone bad, some type of foolishness is beneath contempt.

I yield the floor.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The minority leader.

Mr. DASCHLE. Mr. President, I commend the distinguished Senator from Rhode Island for his powerful words and for sharing his insights with us on this extraordinary demonstration of verbal violence. He has laid out the record very well.

I am appalled that anybody could say the things that the Senator from Rhode Island has now reported having been said by Miss Coulter. I thank him for setting the record straight.

I would take it one step further. I think Miss Coulter owes Max Cleland an apology, and every other veteran in this country an apology. For anyone to say that somebody could possibly be lucky to experience the explosion of a grenade in Vietnam, that somehow that is lucky, just defies all common

sense, all decency, any appreciation for the magnitude of the sacrifice given by any veteran under any circumstances.

She ought to apologize. She ought to be ashamed. How low does political discourse in this country have to go before somebody says "enough"? How could you possibly say things like this for political gain, recognizing that this isn't just an affront to one soldier but to all soldiers? To minimize sacrifice, and to minimize the extraordinary circumstances of one's life as a result of that sacrifice, is just inexplicable.

I am grateful to the Senator from Rhode Island for his passion, his words, and for the effort he has made tonight to set the record straight.

I yield the floor and suggest the absence of a quorum.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The clerk will call the roll.

The assistant journal clerk proceeded to call the roll.

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

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

#### ENERGY PACKAGE CONSIDERATION

Mr. FRIST. Mr. President, I want to take a minute to let colleagues know what the Democratic leader and I have discussed with respect to consideration of an energy package.

The Chairman of the Energy Committee has been working hard, along with others, to put together a slimmed-down energy package that addresses some of the concerns that members of the Senate had with the conference report last fall. While there was some interest in addressing energy amendments on the highway bill, the Democratic Leader and I agreed that we will instead consider energy separately from highways.

Under this agreement, I will Rule 14 an energy package and put it before the Senate in an expeditious way. We will consider it as quickly as possible, in a constrained manner, with as few amendments as possible. Senator DASCHLE and I will seek to get an agreement to limit amendments, but if that is not possible, we understand that it may be necessary to file cloture to move the process along. The goal would not be to preclude any Member's right to offer an amendment, but to ensure that the Senate has an opportunity to decide: do we want to consider a slimmed-down energy package, or not?

So, for the information of colleagues, that is how Senator DASCHLE and I have agreed to handle energy issues in the immediate future. I would now yield to the Democratic leader for his comments.

Mr. President, this is indeed how the Majority Leader and I have agreed to proceed with respect to the consideration of an energy package.

I believe this is the most appropriate way to proceed, and I appreciate work-

ing with the Majority Leader to reach this understanding.

#### THE DEFICIT OF DECENCY

Mr. MILLER. The Old Testament prophet, Amos, was a sheep herder who lived back in the Judean hills, away from the larger cities of Bethlehem and Jerusalem. Compared to the intellectual urbanites like Isaiah and Jeremiah, Amos was just an unsophisticated country hick. But Amos had a unique grasp of political and social issues, and his poetic literary skill was among the best of all the prophets.

That familiar quote of Martin Luther King, Jr.:

Justice will rush down like waters and righteousness like a mighty stream. . . .

Those are Amos's words.

Amos was the first to propose the concept of a universal God and not just some tribal deity. He also wrote that God demanded moral purity, not rituals and sacrifices.

This blunt-speaking moral conscience of his time warns, in Chapter 8, verse 11 of the Book of Amos, as if he were speaking to us today:

The days will come, sayeth the Lord God, that I will send a famine in the land. Not a famine of bread or of thirst for water, but of hearing the word of the Lord.

And they shall wander from sea to sea and from the north even to the east. They shall run to and fro to seek the word of the Lord, and shall not find it.

"A famine in the land," has anyone more accurately described the situation we face in America today? A famine of "hearing the word of the Lord." Some will say Amos was just an Old Testament prophet who lived 700 years before Christ.

That is true. So how about one of the most influential historians of modern times, Arnold Toynbee, who wrote the acclaimed 12-volume "A Study of History." He once declared:

Of the 22 civilizations that have appeared in history, 19 of them have collapsed when they reached the moral state America is in today.

Toynbee died in 1975, before seeing the worst that was yet to come. Yes, Arnold Toynbee saw the famine, "the famine of hearing the word of the Lord," whether it is removing a display of the Ten Commandments from a courthouse or of a nativity scene from a city square, whether it is eliminating prayer in the city schools or eliminating "under God" in the Pledge of Allegiance, whether it is making a mockery of the sacred institution of marriage between a man and a woman, or, yes, telecasting around the world made-in-the-USA filth masquerading as entertainment.

The culture of far left America was displayed in a startling way during the Super Bowl's now infamous half-time show, a show brought to us on behalf of the Value-Les Moonves and the pagan temple of Viacom-Babylon.

I asked the question yesterday: How many of you have ever run over a

skunk with your car? I know the President has, somewhere over there around Frog Hollow. I have, many times. I can tell you that the stink stays around for a long time. You can take the car through a carwash and it is still there. So the scent of this event will long linger in the nostrils of America.

I am not talking just about an exposed mammary gland with a pull-tab attached to it. Really, no one should have been too surprised with that. Wouldn't you expect a bumping, humping, trashy routine entitled "I'm Going To Get You Naked" to end that way?

Does any responsible adult ever listen to the words of this rap-crap? I would quote you some of it, but the Sergeant at Arms would throw me out of this Chamber, as well he should.

Then there was that prancing, dancing, strutting, rutting guy, evidently suffering from jock itch because he kept yelling and grabbing his crotch. But, then, maybe there is a culture of crotch grabbing in this country I don't know about. But as bad as all that was, the thing that yanked my chain the hardest was seeing this ignoramus with his pointed head stuck up through a hole he had cut in the flag of the United States of America, screaming about having "a bottle of scotch and watching lots of crotch."

Think about that. This is the same flag to which we pledge allegiance. This is the same flag that is draped over coffins of dead young uniformed warriors, killed while protecting Kid Crock's boney butt. He should be tarred and feathered and ridden out of this country on a rail. You talk about a good reality show? That would be one.

The desire and will of this Congress to meaningfully do anything about any of these so-called social issues is nonexistent and embarrassingly disgraceful. The American people are waiting and growing impatient with us. They want something done.

I am pleased to be a cosponsor of S.J. Res. 26, along with Senator ALLARD and others, proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the United States relating to marriage; and S. 1558, the Liberties Restoration Act, which declares religious liberty rights in several ways, including the Pledge of Allegiance and the display of the Ten Commandments.

Today, I join Senator SHELBY and others with the Constitution Restoration Act of 2004 that limits the jurisdiction of Federal courts in certain ways.

In doing so, I stand shoulder to shoulder, not only with my Senate cosponsors and Chief Justice Roy Moore of Alabama, but more importantly with our Founding Fathers in the conception of religious liberty and the terribly wrong direction our modern judiciary has taken us.

Everyone today seems to think the U.S. Constitution expressly provides for separation of church and state. I guess you could ask any 10 people if