

work, he made sure he was there for important events, such as her dance recitals.

"He wasn't all that liberal with praise, so when you earned it, it really meant something. . . . Growing up, he never pushed us that hard. In doing so, he instilled in us a great sense of self-motivation. That was an effective way of driving us, and I attribute a lot of what drives me today to that."

CANCER STRIKES AGAIN

In 1997, the couple moved to Riyadh, Saudi Arabia, when Stuart received the opportunity to be oncology department chairman at the King Faisal Specialist Hospital and Research Centre.

Three years later, though, cancer entered the personal realm of the Stuarts' lives yet again. Charlene became desperately sick and was diagnosed with the same leukemia, AML, that had taken the life of the patient Stuart had watched over as a med student 25 years before.

"My first thought when I learned the diagnosis was that it was cosmic irony—that this almost can't be happening," says Stuart. "In Saudi Arabia, one of my colleagues came up to me, very stricken, and said, 'I just heard your wife has AML.' I remember thinking, 'No, it's the other way around. AML has my wife.'"

AML, Stuart notes, is still nearly lethal—only one-third who are diagnosed with it survive. The couple came back home to Charleston for treatment and stayed.

"The blackest time of my life was when she relapsed after three treatments," he says.

The only recourse was to use marrow from her brother, David. The transplant was successful and she is in remission.

His care for her is a testament of his love. Of the 81 nights she was in the hospital, Stuart spent all but the first night on a cot next to her in the hospital room. Then, he took four months off from work, the longest stint of not working as a doctor, to become his wife's primary caregiver.

"It was the hardest thing I've ever done," he says now.

CYCLING FOR SANITY

In the mornings of that uncertain time, Stuart took a break by riding his bike. The exercise, he said, helped him "keep my head straight."

But he first started cycling out of necessity. It was cheap transportation in his Georgetown days. For two years, 1983–1985, Stuart was a licensed bicycle racer, but "wasn't good" due to his late start. He backed off cycling after arriving in Charleston because of his career demands, but started back in earnest after his cancer diagnosis in 1991 and began participating in charity rides.

He continued cycling during the 1990s and even rode with a group of doctors in the Saudi Arabian desert.

Perhaps his first true cycling feat came last year during the first Tour of Hope. Stuart made the first cut of 50 for the inaugural tour ride across the country, but wasn't chosen for the final group. He, however, was invited to Washington, DC, for the final day's ride and a chance to meet Lance Armstrong.

Because he wasn't picked the first year and because he was unsure the sponsors would take on tour expenses again, Stuart didn't think the opportunity would come his way again. Even when the sponsors announced the tour would happen again, he applied thinking that his chances weren't good. The Stuarts even booked a vacation in the south of France at the same time as one of the tour's training camps, thinking that he wouldn't be picked.

But he was picked. When he heard the news, his feelings were mixed.

"At first, I was really fired up. Then, I was really scared. I'm not an elite cyclist, though I'm probably better than your average Joe," says Stuart, noting that the five, four-person relay teams have only a week to get from Los Angeles to Washington.

He says the organizers also changed the route and made it harder, specifically going over both the Sierras and the Rockies in a route connecting Las Vegas, Denver, Omaha, Chicago, Cleveland, Pittsburgh and Baltimore to DC.

Stuart, however, is getting some expert training advice and equipment, including a custom-fitted Trek road bike that he'll get to keep after the tour. He's already flown to Princeton, N.J., the home of Bristol-Myers Squibb, and Colorado Springs, home of Carmichael Training Systems (Chris Carmichael is Armstrong's coach), for training weekends. He's to fly back early from his family vacation in France to go to Madison, Wis., home of Trek, in August for a final meeting before the fall ride.

Meanwhile, his current regimen consists of about 11 hours of training a week, or about 200 miles. It will peak out at about 16 hours a week. That's a lot of time on those small bike seats.

Stuart is enjoying the experience. The group of riders—of whom 13 are cancer survivors, five are physicians and two are oncology nurses—already are feeling close to one another. Stuart has been getting 10–15 group e-mails per day from them.

Stuart is among the millions of Americans who are wishing Armstrong wins his sixth Tour de France, in part because it will make the Tour of Hope an even higher profile event.

LIVING, LOVING LIFE

One of Stuart's closest cycling buddies, Clark Wyly, has grown to know him well, as they regularly meet on Saturdays and Sundays for rides ranging from 30 to 60 miles.

"He is a very caring physician," says Wyly. "He takes each of his patients so seriously and so personally. When they don't make it, it's really hard on him. . . . Rob is not extroverted, but once you get to know him, he's very personable and easygoing. I have never seen him lose his temper and get out of control."

Wyly adds that Robert and Charlene live each day fully.

For those who know them, the couple have a deep, loving relationship. For a former CEO and the extrovert in the couple, she admits to truly enjoying "loving, supporting and caring for him" and describes herself as "his professional valet."

"I'm so devoted to him and I love taking care of him," she says. •

HONORING BEN MONDOR OF THE PAWTUCKET RED SOX

• Mr. CHAFEE. Mr. President, I would like to share with my colleagues a story of a man who has dedicated more than 27 years of his life to giving Rhode Island's baseball fans a team that they are proud to call their own.

If a poll were taken asking Americans to name the best that Rhode Island has to offer, it is fair to say that most would think of the Newport mansions, or the beaches of South County, or perhaps the Providence renaissance. While all of these sites are important components of our tourism business, I would say that for native Rhode Islanders, there is an attraction in the working class community of Pawtucket

that has an even more prominent place in their shared experience. Amid the tenement houses and old textile and wire mills of the Blackstone Valley stands McCoy Stadium, home to the Pawtucket Red Sox since 1973.

It is difficult for visitors to imagine now, but this minor league franchise got off to a very shaky start. In the mid-1970s, the team was struggling both on and off the field. Attendance was poor, the stadium was in terrible disrepair, and bankruptcy was looming. Players who were assigned there saw it as a necessary penance before making it to the big leagues and hoped to get out as soon as possible. It looked as if the PawSox would not last too long in AAA ball.

At that time, Ben Mondor, a man who had quit working in his late 40s after a successful career in business, was happy with retired life. Occasionally, he would catch a PawSox game, but as he has said, he didn't know a thing about baseball. When encouraged by his friend and former Boston pitcher, the late Chet Nichols, to rescue the PawSox, Ben refused. "Why would I want to buy a baseball team?" he asked. But Ben had plenty of experience stepping in to save struggling enterprises, and repeatedly had turned another person's failure into a successful venture. Finally, after much prompting from the brass of the parent club, he took over the team in 1977.

And so Ben went to work. He sought to instill pride in the team, and build an organization that would command both local and national respect. More than that, he wanted to give people of modest means a place where they could take their families for a night out. It didn't have to be fancy, but he would insist on a safe, family atmosphere, where young children could come and eat a hot dog or maybe a snow cone, shout "we want a hit!" when their favorite ballplayer came to bat, and learn to love the game of baseball.

Certainly, Ben faced an uphill climb, but he and his loyal staff embarked on a long campaign to renovate McCoy Stadium and reinvigorate the franchise. As years passed, more and more of the creaky wooden seats were replaced, the field was improved, and the concession stands and restrooms were expanded. It took time, but the attendance steadily climbed. Whole school buses filled with eager young fans poured in, not just from Rhode Island, but Cape Cod, and Connecticut, and greater Boston—even a few from New Hampshire. And Ben Mondor kept his word to the working class family: amazingly, 20 years went by without an increase in the price of a general admission ticket. Only in 1999, after a \$14 million renovation and expansion of McCoy Stadium did he finally relent and agree to charge an extra dollar for tickets to a game. Even today, a family of four can still take in a PawSox game for just \$20.

Ben Mondor's team gives back to the community in many other ways. There

are the free youth clinics, in which Pawsox players and coaches offer children instructions and tips on the game. There is also a Candy Hunt on Easter and roses for every mom on Mother's Day. The McCoy Stadium fireworks, which most recently lit up the sky for three nights on the Fourth of July weekend, are legendary.

After 27 years, Ben Mondor's dream has come true. A team that struggled to draw more than 1,000 fans to a game in the early days now fills a 10,000-seat park to nearly 90 percent of capacity, the best mark in the International League. One pitcher for the Boston Red Sox, recently called up from Pawtucket, praised McCoy Stadium as "the best minor league place that I've ever played." It has hosted high school baseball championship games, the U.S. Olympic team and the National Governors Association. Tomorrow night, McCoy Stadium will host the AAA All-Star Game, the crowning achievement of Ben's long, successful career in baseball. And yet, my guess is that Ben takes the greatest satisfaction from knowing that on any warm summer night, he can find thousands of blue collar workers and their young children enjoying a game played by past and future big leaguers, cheering with each crack of the bat.

In the movie *Field of Dreams*, there is a scene in which James Earl Jones's character, Terence Mann observes, "The one constant through all the years has been baseball." In spite of all the challenges that have come along over the course of three decades, the changes in the park, and the changes in our society, baseball has indeed been the one constant at McCoy Stadium. And in large measure, we have Ben Mondor and his love of the game and his love of people to thank for it.

Ben Mondor is a hero in Rhode Island, and when he steps down from running the Pawsox this summer, he will leave behind a remarkable legacy. I know my colleagues join me in saluting Ben on his well-deserved retirement.●

IDAHO STATE VETERANS CEMETERY

● Mr. CRAPO. Mr. President, I rise today to acknowledge a very special event happening in Idaho on July 31. For my colleagues in the Senate who have never been to Boise, ID, I will describe a little of what that part of my State looks like.

On a clear day, miles stretch out before you bounded to the south by the Snake River Valley and distant mountains, to the east and west by a vast expanse of open sky, and behind you to the north, by foothills rising to meet their less-weathered relatives.

The wind blows with reassuring regularity, and it seems that in this western meeting place of land and sky, at once comfortably familiar and awe-inspiring, it is indeed an appropriate place to rest our fallen warriors of free-

dom and pay our respects and tribute to their sacrifices.

The Idaho State Veteran's Cemetery represents the vision and hard work of many dedicated Idahoans. These men and women have focused their energy and donated their time and money to see this tremendous project to fruition. An idea that for many years was in the hearts of concerned patriots, the cemetery is the first of its kind to be built in Idaho, and its construction allows Idaho to finally join the rest in having a state veterans' cemetery.

Gazing out at this vista of the junction of earth and sky, and the visible freedom of wide open space causes us to reflect upon the freedom that our country stands for; the freedom for which the men and women who will rest here committed their lives, some ending either much too young in combat or others after fulfilling and long lives. In this time of sacrifice by yet another great generation of brave young men and women, this place gives comfort and exists as a testament to the age-old ritual of caring for those that have gone before us, in a proper and appropriate military manner that reflects their sacrifice, sense of duty and selfless devotion to the cause of liberty.

This place and the people for whom it is preserved remind us that freedom is eternal, and their and our living and dying are not in vain.●

IN MEMORY OF EDWARD F. MILES

● Mr. LEAHY. Mr. President, I memorialize the life of Edward "Ed" Miles, a decorated Vietnam veteran who heroically turned his war experience into a mission of compassion for victims of conflict around the world. Ed Miles died on January 26, 2004.

I first met Ed through his advocacy on behalf of war survivors—work that embodied the ideals of the Leahy War Victims Fund, which was established in 1989 to respond to the needs of innocent victims of conflict in developing countries. Despite painful injuries suffered during the war in Vietnam that left him a bilateral amputee, and the challenges of working in a country reeling from Pol Pot's genocidal Khmer Rouge regime, Ed persevered and set up a rehabilitation clinic for landmine survivors and other war victims that was the first of its kind in Cambodia. Today it is recognized as Cambodia's national rehabilitation center and a model for others around the world.

Ed is perhaps best remembered for this work through his involvement with Vietnam Veterans of America Foundation, VVAF, and the International Campaign to Ban Land Mines, which received the Nobel Peace Prize in 1997 for its advocacy to eliminate the scourge of landmines.

As an associate director of VVAF, Ed traveled throughout the world raising funds, generating medical research and support, and, finally, building and staffing a prosthetics clinic for amputees at Kien Khleang, outside Phnom

Penh, Cambodia in 1991. Since its inception, this project has produced 15,000 prosthetics, orthotics and wheelchairs for landmine survivors and other war victims. In addition, since Ed's initial pioneering and humanitarian efforts in Cambodia, VVAF has opened rehabilitation clinics in Vietnam, Angola, Ethiopia, Kosovo and elsewhere in Central America and Sub-Saharan Africa. Thousands of people with disabilities, many of whom had been treated as social outcasts, recovered their mobility and their dignity because of Ed Miles.

Ed's personal mission to help war survivors was undoubtedly the result of his own war experience. In April 1969, as a Captain and Military Advisor, Special Forces, United States Army, Ed was wounded in an ambush outside Cu Chi near the Cambodian border. He stepped on a landmine and lost both of his legs above the knee, suffered severe bone, nerve and muscle damage to his arm and later lost one of his eyes to infection.

As a result of his service in Vietnam, Ed received the United States Army Silver Star for Bravery, the Bronze Star, the Purple Heart, the Vietnamese Cross of Gallantry, the Vietnamese Campaign Medal, the Air Medal, the Good Conduct and the Combat Infantryman's Badge.

After returning home, Ed became an active critic of the Vietnam War, co-founding Veterans Against the War. Yet despite the severity of his injuries, years of hospital treatment and his enduring disabilities, he also completed his education, receiving his Masters of Public Administration from New York University. Ed worked as an Outreach Counselor for Vietnam veterans with Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder. In 1989, he was one of the first Americans to return to Vietnam since the war ended. In fact, he was featured on "Nightline" visiting the site where he was wounded.

Ed continued his quest for peace and reconciliation with America's former enemy through VVAF, continuously lobbying the United States Congress and the White House to normalize diplomatic and trade relations with Vietnam, which ultimately occurred in 1995. He was a featured speaker throughout the United States, and a visiting guest speaker at local schools where he described his Vietnam experience and the historical significance and lessons of the Vietnam War.

For the 35 years since being wounded and up until his life's end, Ed exhibited a selflessness, determination and compassion beyond compare. Despite the daily struggles and pain from his injuries, I never once heard Ed complain about his own misfortunes. He was soft spoken and unassuming to a degree rarely seen, but he also harbored a fiery passion for ridding the world of injustice and senseless conflict. Ed was an inspiration to me in my efforts to ban landmines, and to everyone who knew him.