

saw children on the floor, singing in English, learning new words, and painting artwork as well. On the wall behind the teacher was a drawing of a green Chinook helicopter and on the side of the helicopter was a big painted smile across the length of the helicopter.

That is the way these young people look at the United States. They are looking at these vessels of our military not as weapons of war but as machines that bring relief, and help. Later, Susan and I had supper with our troops there at the airfield. We told them how proud we are of their outstanding relief effort, about what great ambassadors they are, not just for the strength of America but also for the caring heart of America.

Today, in Pakistan, the heart of America is needed more than ever. As international attention fades and funds dry up, millions of earthquake survivors are now facing a harsh, cold winter. In the remote Himalayan region, villages at altitudes of 5,000 to 7,000 feet will soon be covered in snow. By leaving the earthquake victims exposed to the Himalayan winter, there is the real risk of seeing perhaps hundreds of thousands of preventable deaths.

We should not let such deaths happen. And thankfully, avoiding this tragic scenario is in our power. Our U.S. administration has pledged over \$500 million in aid, but these funds are urgently needed today and must reach the devastated people of Pakistan as soon as possible.

During this holiday season, and beyond, we should continue to help Americans in Louisiana and Mississippi and extend our arms to the people of Pakistan. By saving hundreds of thousands of lives during the harsh Himalayan winter, we can transform this tragic event into a story of hope, courage and perseverance.

#### INDIAN HEALTH CARE IMPROVEMENT ACT

Mr. GRASSLEY. Mr. President, I would like to explain my action today related to S. 1057, a bill to amend the Indian Health Care Improvement Act. I requested that Leader FRIST inform me prior to entering into any unanimous consent agreement relating to any amendments, motions, or any other actions relating to consideration of this bill.

This legislation exempts American Indians/Alaskan Natives from being charged a deductible, copayment, or coinsurance for an item or service for which payment may be made under the Medicaid or SCHIP programs in the Social Security Act. I am reluctant to treat one group differently from other groups. In my opinion, this is a precedent setting change. If we start by exempting one group from costsharing, then many other groups may start asking for the same exemption.

This legislation also exempts several types of property from being consid-

ered in Medicaid eligibility. We understand that there may be special circumstances that may necessitate the need for these provisions. We have requested additional information from the Indian Affairs Committee to facilitate our understanding of these exemptions. However, we have not yet received the requested information. In my opinion, without further information, these provisions send the message that resources are irrelevant to a determination of Medicaid eligibility. I don't believe that individuals should have significant resources and still be eligible for Medicaid. These provisions would create an imbalance by allowing a loophole solely for one group.

I want to be clear: it is not that I am concerned about making these changes for American Indians/Alaskan Natives, I am concerned about making these changes for any group. I welcome the opportunity to continue to work with the sponsors of this legislation, Senators MCCAIN and DORGAN, and with members of the Indian Affairs Committee on this matter. My staff has been working with staff from the Indian Affairs Committee, but they have not yet resolved my concerns.

#### ADDITIONAL STATEMENTS

##### COMMENDING THE SERVICE OF JAMES D.E. JONES

• Mr. LAUTENBERG. Mr. President, I rise to speak about the departure of Mr. James D.E. Jones from the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey. A native of Morristown, NJ, Mr. Jones has served with the Port Authority for 20 years, 19 of them in the Washington, DC, office. During this time, he served as liaison with Congress and several administrations on issues involving aviation, surface transportation, economic development, and public finance. I know Mr. Jones primarily for his efforts and expertise on aviation matters.

As a former Port Authority commissioner, I can tell you that the Port Authority is the most complex regional transportation agency in the country. It runs three major airports where almost 100 million passengers traveled in and out of last year. It operates the largest seaport on east coast of the United States and the second largest container port in the country. It runs a bimodal mass transit system and maintains under its care and responsibility such landmark assets as the Lincoln Tunnel, the Holland Tunnel, the Bayonne Bridge, the George Washington Bridge, and the World Trade Center complex in lower Manhattan.

During his service at the Port Authority, Mr. Jones assisted policymakers in Washington as our country debated such ideas as deregulation of the airline industry to responding to the 9/11 terror attacks, which involved a substantial modification of how we provide for aviation security in our country.

Previously, Mr. Jones served as a senior staff member in the U.S. Department of Transportation's Office of the Secretary, where he focused on policy development and international agreements. In that capacity, he represented the U.S. Secretary of Transportation in dozens of bilateral international negotiations on aviation, taking him to 20 foreign countries.

Mr. Jones completed his undergraduate work at Howard University and received his MBA degree from Harvard University Business School. His accomplishments are evidence that his skills have certainly served him well throughout his career.

I am thankful for Mr. Jones' service at the Port Authority. His talents were a great asset to policymakers and lawmakers throughout the Federal Government, and his services helped shape policies for our country that make our aviation system the envy of the world.

On behalf of many New Jersey travelers, I thank Mr. Jones, and I wish him continued success. •

#### CONGRATULATING THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON WOMEN'S VOLLEYBALL TEAM

• Mrs. MURRAY. Mr. President, I am excited to congratulate the women Huskies on their terrific win in the NCAA Championships. Not only has UW's women's volleyball team given the University a new championship trophy, but they have given young girls across our State new role-models and proof that they can reach their dreams.

We need to ensure that any young girl who dreams of making the team, wearing a sports jersey or winning a college championship has the opportunity to succeed. That's why—as a Congress—we need to protect Title IX and the future of every girl in Washington State and around the country who wants to play sports.

For the past 33 years, Title IX has opened doors to athletics, education and success for millions of young women across America. Title IX is not about politics, it is about helping young women—like the members of UW's women's volleyball team—achieve their dreams.

I am proud of the UW women's volleyball team, their 32-1 record, and the fact that they became the first team in a 64-team NCAA tournament format to win all six matches by a sweep. I know I join volleyball fans statewide—and young female athletes everywhere—in congratulating them on their accomplishment. •

#### TRIBUTE TO STAN AND EUNICE KIMMITT

• Mr. BAUCUS. Mr. President, I rise today to honor the lives of two people very close to me, Montana, and the Senate. Stan and Eunice Kimmitt were both remarkable individuals and touched many lives over the years. In an effort to preserve their memory, I

think it is fitting that I share the kind remarks made at their funerals with the full Senate.

Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the material be printed in the RECORD.

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

EULOGY TO J. STANLEY KIMMITT

(December 21, 2004, Ft. Myer Memorial Chapel)

The poet and dramatist William Butler Yeats once wrote: "Being Irish, you know that in times of great joy you're comforted by the thought that tragedy lurks around the corner." Stan Kimmitt had a lot of Irishman in him. On March 20, 1972, my siblings and I threw a surprise 25th wedding anniversary reception for my parents, during which I said a few words. Driving to dinner that evening, my father was as happy as I had ever seen him, so he returned to his Irish roots and said, "Let's talk about my funeral." "Bob," he said, "I really liked your words today. For my funeral Mass, I would like you to write the eulogy—but have your brother Tom deliver it." In the ensuing 32 years, I never mustered enough courage to ask what my delivery deficiencies were on that March day long ago. But, since Dr. Tom is watching today with Dad and our sisters Kathy and Margaret from premier upper deck seats, the honor of both composing and delivering brief remarks falls to me.

The first thing Dad would want me to do is to thank all of you for joining us today. He would be humbled, but also very pleased, by this turnout. Second, he would ask me to thank all those who are involved in today's events, especially the soldiers of the Old Guard, the Congressional Chorus, his partner Deacon Vinnie Coates, and especially Archbishop Edwin O'Brien of the Military Archdiocese. Archbishop O'Brien first met my dad when serving as a young priest at West Point during my years as a cadet. The Archbishop later volunteered for military service himself, went to jump school, and served as a combat chaplain in Vietnam with many of us in attendance today in the 173rd Airborne Brigade and 1st Cavalry Division. What a wonderful person not only to celebrate today's Mass, but also to help provide spiritual direction to our brave young servicewomen and men both at home and abroad.

We Catholics use the term "celebrate," even for funeral Masses. We celebrate, because we firmly believe that our father Stan is now in a better, more peaceful place. And that is how I think of today, celebrating an extraordinary man and the exemplary life of service he lived.

Dad did not come from a government or service background, far from it. He was born in 1918 in Lewistown, Montana, the son of a prosperous wheat farmer who was the largest landowner in the fertile Judith Basin, and he later moved to Great Falls. With the Great Depression, however, all material wealth was lost, and his family's life story went from riches to rags. However, he was firmly determined to be the first in his family to attend college, which he did at the University of Montana in Missoula. He admitted that he majored in football and minored in bartending, but fortunately for his later career, one class he did attend was an Asian History course taught by a young professor named Mike Mansfield.

Dad was drafted in 1941 and was assigned to the mule-drawn pack artillery of what would become the 10th Mountain Division. Not wanting, as he said, to "spend the war on the south end of a mule," he went to Officer Candidate School at Fort Sill and then trained

and led Battery C, 309th Field Artillery of the 78th "Lightning" Division from 1942 to 1945. Sixty years ago today, the battery was fighting in the Battle of the Bulge, then proceeded to the Hürtgen Forest, crossed the Rhine River at Remagen, and became the first American division to occupy Berlin. Alongside him throughout was then Colonel, later Major General Bob Schellman, my parents' best man and my namesake and godfather, whose widow Helen and son Jim are here today. In the recently written words of Len Cravath, one of Dad's soldiers: "Stan Kimmitt was my Captain, our leader, and our inspiration." Lewis Guidry, another soldier, called me and said: "Your father took a bunch of boys and turned us into men. We will never forget him."

In the Korean War, Dad commanded the 48th Field Artillery Battalion of the 7th Infantry Division. His bravery during the Battle of Pork Chop Hill was immortalized in S.L.A. Marshall's book of the same name. Less well known is an incident recounted in a recently-published book called "On Hallowed Ground, the Last Battle for Pork Chop Hill." Lieutenant Colonel Kimmitt was an aggressive, hard-charging artillery commander who always worked closely with the infantry. He was at the infantry battalion CP when the personnel carrier brought Ray Barry . . . to the nearby battalion aid station. Kimmitt went into the aid station, and saw his former battery commander, Ray Barry, on a table, obviously critically wounded and near death. . . . A few minutes earlier, the 7th Division G-2 had arrived by helicopter. Kimmitt, seeing the severity of Barry's wounds, went immediately to the helicopter and told the waiting pilot to fly the wounded officer to the MASH. . . . At first the pilot balked, and told Kimmitt the helicopter belonged to the division G-2. With a few choice, sharp words Kimmitt said he did not give a damn who it belonged to, the pilot would fly the wounded Ray Barry to a MASH, right now. When Kimmitt told the battalion surgeon who examined Barry he had a helicopter to evacuate him, the doctor's words were less than encouraging. "He won't make it to the MASH. He's lost too much blood." Ray Barry, who won a Silver Star for his bravery that day, is today alive, well, and a retired Colonel in Texas.

In 1955, Dad was assigned to the Office of the Chief of Legislative Liaison, "Army L&L," where he reacquainted himself with Mike Mansfield and befriended such titans as Richard Russell, John Stennis, Everett Dirksen, John Pastore, Theodore Francis Green, Stuart Symington, and Scoop Jackson. In 1960 we moved to Germany, first to Heidelberg then to Baumholder. In August 1961, he was with the battle group of the 8th Infantry Division that drove from the Soviet checkpoint at Helmstedt to Berlin shortly after the Wall went up to assert Allied transit rights. He later commanded the 8th Division Artillery, which included an Airborne Artillery Battalion, so he started the family's airborne heritage by going to jump school at age 44.

In 1966 he accepted Mike Mansfield's offer to retire from the Army to become Secretary for the Majority, where he served for 11 years; then he won a contested vote and was Secretary of the Senate from 1977 to 1981. The Wall Street Journal wrote a piece during this time, describing him as "The Man at the Senate's Back Door," and, though always a loyal Democrat, his approach to his work in the Senate was nicely summarized in a letter Bob Dole sent to my mother: "So sorry to learn of Stan's passing. I need not tell you what a good man he was. I can tell you he was loved and respected by all the 'Senate family' regardless of party."

One of Dad's proudest achievements in the Senate was when he, together with Senators

Warner and Mathias, got all 100 Senators to sponsor the bill granting land on the Mall for the Vietnam Veterans Memorial. Next time you are there, please look for the small brass marker at the back of the Wall's apex and you will see Dad's name. He was particularly pleased that the Vietnam Memorial helped pave the way for his generation's memorials: Korean War, FDR, and World War II, the dedication of which he attended with our son Mac, who was born on his grandfather's birthday. Mac told us later that his grandfather asked if it were OK to leave the ceremony a bit early, because Dad was embarrassed by so many people thanking him for his service. (He probably also wanted to beat the traffic!)

Dad's third career, as a company Washington representative, lasted 10 years, during which time he worked on the Apache attack helicopter and other programs for Hughes Helicopter Company, which was acquired by McDonnell Douglas and later by The Boeing Company. In 1991, he then started the consulting firm of Kimmitt, Coates & McCarthy with his friends George McCarthy and Vinnie Coates, and after George's death, Dad and Vinnie joined David Senter and John Weinfurter in forming Kimmitt, Senter, Coates & Weinfurter, for which he was Chairman until the day he died.

To give you an idea of the pace at which Dad lived his life, I would note that this year alone, at age 86, he had visited his beloved Montana seven times, including just two weeks before he died. He had also traveled in August to Belgium to celebrate with his friend, U.S. Ambassador Tom Korologos, the 60th anniversary of the liberation of Hoeselt, a small town east of Brussels, and in November he attended the 78th Division Reunion in Biloxi, Mississippi. On the last day of his life, December 7, he organized his desk, stopped in at Boeing, dropped by the Senate Democratic cloakroom, shopped at the Ft. Myer Commissary for my mother, went by his office, then went to a farewell reception for Senator John Breaux, whom Dad admired from the day he arrived in the Senate. If Dad could not be with his natural family at his death, he would have wanted to go just as he did—surrounded by Democrats, with no pain or struggle, with his boots on.

Debbie Boylan, of the Democratic Leadership Council, wrote: "I was with him on Tuesday at the party for Senator Breaux, and thought you'd like to know that he seemed like a very happy man that night: He was the first to arrive, had a smile and a chuckle for everyone he met, and—as he put it, 'as the senior Democrat in the room'—made short, eloquent remarks about the Senate and Senator Breaux. Please know this: On that night, as I'm sure on many others, he was surrounded by people who loved him." Jodi Bannerman, who was also there that evening, wrote: "Stan told an anecdote to the DLC and its guests of Russell Long, saying Long once said: 'When I have a friend, I have a friend. I'll fight for him or her until hell freezes over. And then, I'll fight on the ice.'"

And Dad fought on the ice for many people. If you were down, in trouble, or just in need of a friendly, non-judgmental listener, he was your man. He looked up to many, down to none, and right in the eye to all. Even after almost 50 years in Washington, he never looked over your shoulder to see if someone "more important" were approaching. At a 78th Division reunion in Pittsburgh several years ago, he was with his friend and divisionmate, former Congressman Lionel Van Deerlin and his daughters. Liz Van Deerlin recounted in a recent note: "My sister, my dad, and I walked Stan back to his hotel which was about 6 blocks away. There was a guy on crutches with one leg who had

a cup out for some cash. Stan was ahead of us in his stride and he went right up to this guy, gave him some money and they talked a bit, but I was moved at how Stan treated him. He didn't avoid eye contact and hurriedly drop cash into his cup, he lingered a while and had somewhat of a conversation with this man, who thanked him heartily. If I didn't know better, I would have thought they knew one another."

My wife Holly captured this sentiment when discussing which photograph we should use for Dad's obituary in the Washington Post, one from his younger days or a more recent one: "I would not use the younger one. That was definitely Stan, but of a younger, different time, at the height of his professional prime. I like the older one because, to me, that is who he really was. He came into his own as an older man, still busy, productive, and effective, but he had a more loving and lovable way about him, a person who knows how great his life has been, how good he has it, has taken the sadness in stride and still looked forward to every moment of every day and reveled in contact with every person he met."

In the hundreds of cards, e-mails, phone messages, and visits since Dad's death, the most heartwarming and humbling words have been how his family—children, grandchildren, great grandson—are reflections of his life well lived. I know how very proud Dad was that government service was and is an essential element of the professional careers of his children. He was very proud of Judy's long service in the Senate, most recently with Senator CARPER; Mary's time with both the National Park Service and now ministering to the health needs of the women and men and families of the 1st Infantry Division as an Army Physician's Assistant in Bamberg, Germany; Mark's military career and especially his recent service in Iraq and the Gulf; Jay's time both in the House and Senate and the Army; and my service in the Army and the White House and several departments—even in Republican Administrations! Dad's pride in his children knew no political boundaries.

Dad was a man of character, but no eulogy would be complete without mentioning that he also was a character. Just saying the following words will bring smiles to many faces here today: gutters; leg wrestling; frequent flyer miles; tennis shorts & black socks; large paper napkins, especially if embossed; and Unterberg. And several of you have shared some of the phrases we heard so often from him:

"Enunciate!"  
"Wheels rolling."  
"Plan your work and work your plan!"  
"Do something, even if it's wrong!"  
"You decide what you want to be in life; then be the best at it."  
"Into every life a little rain must fall, but we don't have to be drenched by it."  
And, the one all the grandchildren know by heart: "An excuse is an opiate administered by nature to deaden the pain of mediocrity."

Archbishop, two days before Dad died, he went to his last Mass at the Chapel at Georgetown University Hospital. Why, you might ask, would he drive from McLean to the District for Mass? Well, the Mass at Georgetown Hospital is never more than 35 minutes long; there is no music and no collection; and they validate your parking ticket. That was his kind of Mass. And, in another vein, I am sure that I know my Dad's last two thoughts before dying. One would surely have been of Mom and the family, but I am equally sure the other would have been: "Thank God I mailed the Christmas letters!"

My brother Jay asked me to note that the vast majority of the Washington legislative

community treated Dad with respect and inclusion to the day he passed. As we all know, one becomes less relevant the longer one is away from positions of power in this town. On the day Dad died, he was leaving Boeing and he turned to a receptionist and said, "Thanks for putting up with an old soldier." Actually, Dad may have used a noun other than "soldier." The Kimmitt family would like to thank the entire legislative community for their kindness to and respect for Dad over all these years.

Let me close with one final anecdote. In 1978, at the peak of Dad's career in the Senate, Holly and I were introduced to Congressman and Mrs. Lucien Nedzi at a Christmas party. Mrs. Nedzi's eyes lit up, and she asked, "Are you related to . . . Eunice Kimmitt, the school bus driver?" No one would have been more pleased than Dad to hear Mom's service as a St. John's School bus driver in the 1950's recognized. In discussing preparations for his funeral after my brother Tom's interment last December, he said he had only three requests: (1) to be buried in Arlington Cemetery at the site where our sister Margaret was buried in 1959; (2) to have "Oh, Shenandoah" sung during the service, as was done so splendidly by the members of the Congressional Chorus as we entered the chapel; and (3) to make sure that Mom as well as he was recognized in these remarks.

Eunice Wegener Kimmitt also led a life of service, both as a young Red Cross girl in Europe during World War II and as an Army wife and mother who sent her husband and sons off to wars in Korea, Vietnam, and Iraq. But even more, she was and is the firm foundation of our family—no matter how many times we moved to new houses, we always knew that home was where Mom was. Dad would have said that this eulogy is as much about Mom's service and contributions as his—and he felt that way for all their nearly six decades together. Mom, thanks for what you meant to Dad and still mean to all of us.

Please note in your program that you are welcome either to join us at the graveside service immediately following this Mass or to proceed directly to the Officers Club, where the family looks forward to greeting you after the interment. Whether you are at the gravesite today or later, you will see that there is a clear view of the Capitol Building from the site, which was selected serendipitously 45 years ago when our sister died. We will also be burying with Dad soil from Lewistown and Great Falls, Montana; Baumholder, Germany; and the Capitol grounds. Only symbols, but powerful symbols, of the life and life of service you have kindly allowed me to share with you today.

I can almost hear Dad tapping his feet and saying: "Let's get moving so these good people can get back to work!" In such moments, there is just one reply: "Yes, sir, Colonel!" Dad, thank you for the life of service you lived and for the example that will inspire many more such lives in generations today and to come. We love you, we miss you, we will see you again.

Well done, Soldier. Be thou at peace.

**EULOGY TO EUNICE L. KIMMITT**  
(December 3, 2005, St. Agnes Catholic Church, Arlington, Virginia)

Shortly after Mom and Dad were married, she wrote in their brand new family album that her favorite poem was entitled "If" by Rudyard Kipling. That poem, which is printed in full on the back of your program, captures the spirit of the mother, grandmother, and friend whom we remember today. Let me read just several lines from the poem:

If you can keep your head when all about you

Are losing theirs and blaming it on you  
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster  
And treat those two imposters just the same  
If you can force your heart and nerve and  
sinew  
To serve your turn long after they are gone  
If you can talk with crowds and keep your  
virtue  
Or walk with kings—nor lose the common  
touch  
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in  
it

The earth was Mom's, and now so much  
more.

Even though Mom was among the first in her family to go to college and had worked both at home and abroad for six years before she was married, she wrote in that same album that her goal in life was "to be a good wife and mother." She achieved that goal, and so much more.

In the words of the Old Testament, our mother was "a wife of noble character"—and she lived with a noble character. No man ever had a more faithful, hardworking, and devoted spouse than did our father, even though he delighted in expressing his respect and appreciation in unusual ways. Though she had to call the Senate Cloakroom most nights to overcome the uncertainty of when he would be home, there was no uncertainty when he called to ask, "Old Mother, do you have any steaks defrosted?" That meant at least one, and more likely a half dozen, Montanans were about to descend on Mom for the evening. Once there, they got a great steak dinner (2½" New York strips, specially cut at Safeway). Drinks continued after dinner, but only with Mom—since Dad would have left her and his friends as soon as his steak was down.

It is a great honor to us, but especially to Mom, that the senior Montanan in Washington, Senator Max Baucus, is with us today. Senator, thank you for your service to our country and your friendship to our family.

But it wasn't just Montanans. Former Senator Fritz Hollings from South Carolina was among the many Senators who called to express his condolences, and he related the following about his first night in Washington as a new Senator forty years ago, "Your Daddy asked me what I was doing for dinner, and an hour later I was eating a big Montana steak with him and that dear, strong Eunice." On our honeymoon a decade later, Holly and I stayed with friends of my parents in Dublin. On arrival—I think even before hello—Frank Fitzpatrick said, "My God, we're still talking about those steaks."

Senator and Mrs. Hollings were with Mom and Dad on their trip to Paris, mentioned in the obituary in The Washington Post, during which Mom injured herself in a fall. To paraphrase Paul Harvey, you will now know the rest of the story. Mom and Dad had gone to Mass at Sacre Coeur on the Montmartre one rainy evening, and, because Dad was not one to take a cab, they were hustling (he was always hustling) down wet, steep, centuries-old steps to the Metro, and my mother took a hard fall, breaking her upper arm and knee. When we saw her at Walter Reed after her Medevac trip home, Dad was at her bedside and, in his most compassionate and understanding way, said, "Well, they told me Paris would cost me an arm and a leg, but I didn't believe that till now." Mom's reaction to hearing this comment, I am sure not for the first time, was a wan smile through her casts and bandages.

Everyone who knew my mother knew how much she loved sports. She herself played basketball, tennis, and golf when she was younger, and she swatted a mean ping pong

paddle later in life. While she loved any sport on television, watching her beloved Redskins was her real passion. Once in the 1970's, during the Redskins' heyday, she and Dad were in Europe when the Redskins were playing an important Monday night game. My Dad awoke about 5 a.m. on the Tuesday morning—11 p.m. Monday night Washington time—to find Mom lying very still on the floor next to their bed. Alarmed, he called out to her, only to be told to "Be quiet, Stan!"—because she was listening to the 'Skins on the Armed Forces Network using a transistor radio she brought for the occasion, and reception was better on the floor.

But, as much as we laugh about those stories now, the most remarkable thing is that Mom's role as spouse never once kept her from performing well her other life's goal as a mother. In the first twenty years of their marriage, the family lived in ten different houses, in four states, and on two continents. Change was a constant in our lives, as it was for all service families of that era and today. But no matter where we were or what house we were in, we always knew that home was where Mom was. Dad traveled or was deployed frequently in those years, and though his strong persona was never far from our thoughts, Mom was never far from our sides—and always on our side. I remember Dad at many of my Little League games, but I remember Mom at all of them, and I can still see her, vividly, running along the fence with her arms held high as I circled the bases after my first home run at the McLean Little League fields.

But one thing Mom left out of the album those many years ago was a goal she achieved nonetheless—world's greatest grandmother. While I do not recall a lot of gum, candy, soft drinks, or Pringles in our home growing up, there were entire shelves—lower shelves, of course—and a separate refrigerator filled with whatever her grandchildren's little hearts desired. For those who can join us at our home for the reception after Mass, you will be treated to a Eu-nice Kimmitt menu that will include these and many more of her favorites. What a gift it was and is that the grandchildren and she—as well as my Dad—got to know each other so well. And she was so very proud of her grandchildren, and fiercely protective of each of them.

Mom was a person of deep and abiding faith. She was raised Methodist in Napoleon, Missouri, in a church whose hymnals were in German, so it was big news in that small town when she returned from Germany in 1947 as a pregnant Catholic married to an Irishman from Montana. And, just like naturalized American citizenship, no one appreciates the Catholic faith like a convert who embraces the faith later in life on their own initiative. From weekly confession—even when my Dad was in Korea and the confessional sessions must have been brief—through weekly Holy Communion when she was homebound, and then Last Rites just before she died, Mom's faith was an integral part of her being and thus the legacy she leaves to all of us.

Indeed, I am firmly of the view that my mother was and is a saint. I am as sure of that fact as I am of any tenet of my faith. For 16 of the 18 years our brother Tom lived after his accident in 1985, Mom spent an average of six hours a day with him, every day of every year, whether in Arlington, Washington, Alexandria, or Richmond, as we, led by her, sought the best possible care for Tom. That is over 35,000 hours, or 4 full years, at Tom's side. Many in the Church today visited Mom and Tom at some point during that period, and I am sure felt, as did I, that we were privileged to be in the presence of two of God's most blessed children,

now reunited by and with Him. And I would like to offer particular thanks to Father Roos and the St. Agnes community, who were so attentive to Tom and Mom during those many years when Tom was just down the road at Cherrydale Nursing Home.

So, if Holly is right—that Dad met Mom at the Pearly Gates last Friday with a cigarette, glass of wine, and a to-do list—I am pretty sure that Mom told Dad, after hugging him, Kathy, Margaret, and Joe, that sitting down to continue her personal Scrabble tournament with Tom was at the top of her to-do list. And as they sat down for their first game after a twenty-year break, I know Tom's first words to her were, "Mom, thanks. I always knew you were there."

And I also know that at 2:30 p.m. this afternoon, they and Dad will all say, as they did so many years in person, "Go Army, Beat Navy!"•

#### COMMENDING THE SERVICE OF PAUL H. BEA, JR.

• Mr. LAUTENBERG. Mr. President, I rise to thank a dedicated public servant for his service to the people of New Jersey. Mr. Paul H. Bea, Jr., has been Washington representative for the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey for over 25 years, serving as a voice of the Port Authority here in Washington, DC.

As a former Port Authority Commissioner, I can tell you that this agency is the most complex regional transportation agency in the country. It runs three major airports that handled almost 100 million passengers last year. It operates the largest seaport on the east coast of the United States and the second largest container gateway in the country. It runs a bi-state mass transit system and maintains under its care and responsibility such landmark assets as the Lincoln Tunnel, the Holland Tunnel, the Bayonne Bridge, the George Washington Bridge, and the World Trade Center complex in lower Manhattan.

Mr. Bea has provided lawmakers and policy makers advice and information on a variety of topics including the Federal budget, aviation, surface transportation, tax, and trade issues, but he has developed a particular expertise in the field of maritime, port security, and environmental matters. Through Paul's work with the New Jersey and New York congressional delegations on behalf of the Port of New York-New Jersey, he has contributed to the improvement of both the underwater infrastructure and the Hudson-Raritan estuary.

In 2002, Paul became chairman of the Coastwise Coalition, a public-private sector partnership that works to educate policy makers on the potential of domestic waterborne transportation to enhance the capacity of the national transportation system.

In 2004, he was invited by the U.S. Secretary of Transportation, Norman Y. Mineta, to serve on the Maritime Transportation System National Advisory Council. His principal efforts on that panel involve coastwise shipping, intermodal freight transportation, and waterway issues.

Mr. Bea's experience in Washington dates back to 1970, when he arrived to work on the staff of the late Congressman Edward J. Patten from New Jersey. He was responsible for Federal budget, appropriations, energy, environment, transportation and other issue areas.

In 1978, Mr. Bea went to work as a Washington representative for New Jersey Governor Brendan T. Byrne on environmental and energy concerns, which were a focus of President Carter's administration at the time.

I am very grateful for Mr. Bea's service at the Port Authority. His capable representation has helped the Federal Government navigate through some very tumultuous times for our country, including the 9/11 terror attack on the World Trade Center, and the bombings at the same location in 1993.

On behalf of the people of New Jersey, I thank Mr. Bea for all he has done and will continue to do to make our country a safer, more secure, and efficient place to live and conduct business, and I wish him well. •

#### MESSAGES FROM THE PRESIDENT

Messages from the President of the United States were communicated to the Senate by Ms. Evans, one of his secretaries.

#### EXECUTIVE MESSAGES REFERRED

As in executive session the Presiding Officer laid before the Senate messages from the President of the United States submitting sundry nominations which were referred to the appropriate committees.

(The nominations received today are printed at the end of the Senate proceedings.)

#### EXECUTIVE AND OTHER COMMUNICATIONS

The following communications were laid before the Senate, together with accompanying papers, reports, and documents, and were referred as indicated:

EC-5075. A communication from the Director, Strategic Human Resources Policy, Office of Personnel Management, transmitting, pursuant to law, the report of a rule entitled "Veterans Recruitment Appointments" (RIN3206-AJ90) received on December 12, 2005; to the Committee on Homeland Security and Governmental Affairs.

EC-5076. A communication from the Director, Office of Management and Budget, Executive Office of the President, transmitting, pursuant to law, a report regarding accounts containing unvouched expenditures that are potentially subject to audit; to the Committee on Homeland Security and Governmental Affairs.

EC-5077. A communication from the Chairman, U.S. Merit Systems Protection Board, transmitting, pursuant to law, a report entitled "Reference Checking in Federal Hiring: Making the Call" to the Committee on Homeland Security and Governmental Affairs.

EC-5078. A communication from the Chairman, Appraisal Subcommittee, Federal Financial Institutions Examination Council,