

Julie was very loyal and very protective of her friends. She was 5 feet and 11 inches tall and built to shelter and stand up for them. Julie's friend, Audria Daniels, remembered a time when she was having a fight with an old boyfriend. Displaying the personal courage that would serve her so well in the Army, Julie stepped right into the middle of this particularly heated exchange and said, "You can't talk to her like that." Even though the young man stood 6 foot 8, he quickly backed down. Looking back, it makes perfect sense that Julie would dedicate her life to standing up for others in need. She'd been doing it all her life.

Julie attended Westland High School in Galloway, OH. During high school, she enlisted in the Army Reserves and completed the Civil Affairs Specialist Course at Fort Bragg, NC. She graduated from Westland High in 2002, and, wanting to earn money for college, she joined the Army Reserves. Julie had been planning to start school at The Ohio State University in the fall of 2003, but before she could realize that dream, Julie was called to serve in Operation Enduring Freedom.

Julie was deployed to Afghanistan as a member of the 412th Civil Affairs Battalion, where she was assigned to the Provincial Reconstruction Team in Asadabad. As part of this team, she provided humanitarian assistance to the Afghan people, particularly women and children in need. Seeing the unfair way that women were treated in Afghanistan, Julie again decided to stand up. During her time there, Julie gave impassioned speeches to women's organizations about how they needed to fight for their rights.

Following one particular speech, Julie's mother, Melody, recalled this:

One of the women came to see her afterward and told her through an interpreter that it made them happy to see Julie wearing pants and working beside men. She said it gave them hope for the future.

For women who had grown up in oppression, Julie Hickey was an inspiration—a hopeful example of what they, too, could be.

Ask anyone who knew Julie Hickey, and they would tell you about her passion for her work. As her mother said:

[Julie] loved her job. She spent some of her time working at a medical clinic, where she assisted children. She would teach them personal hygiene. She taught them a little English—how to count from one to 10 and say "Groovy, man!"

Julie's work was direct—one-on-one with people—and she could see, firsthand, the good she was doing on the faces of the women and children with whom she worked. Julie was the type of ambassador that the United States depends on in our efforts to spread the great blessings of freedom and democracy in a part of the world still troubled by violence and fear.

More than anyone, Julie's mother understood her commitment to serving others in the fight for freedom. She once said that Julie strongly believed

that we need to "appreciate everything [we] have. We have so much here just because we were born [in the United States]." Julie never took this wonderful gift for granted. In fact, she spent her life paying it back through her service to others.

Tragically, Julie's life of service was cut short by diabetes. Julie's mother said that their family has a history of diabetes, but that Julie hadn't been diagnosed with the illness before she left for Afghanistan. Even a preliminary medical exam didn't reveal anything abnormal. However, when Julie fainted at work one day, she was stabilized and moved to a hospital in Bagram. Only then and there was she diagnosed with diabetes.

Julie Hickey was transferred to Landstuhl on June 30, 2004. She went into insulin shock and died on the Fourth of July—the day before she was to be sent to Walter Reed Army Medical Center.

The sudden nature of this tragedy struck all of Julie's friends and family. Her mother said that Julie was planning her wedding to another soldier and that she was going to be honorably discharged. According to Julie's family, one of the deepest disappointments is that Julie would never get to become a mother and have "the children she longed for." Given the love and compassion she demonstrated all throughout her life, Julie clearly would have made a wonderful mother.

Julie's awards hardly do justice to the full breadth and depth of her service. But, they do illustrate how special this young lady was. Her awards include the Global War on Terrorism Expeditionary Medal, the Global War on Terrorism Service Medal, the National Defense Service Medal, and the Army Service Ribbon.

While these awards are, indeed, impressive, there is, perhaps, a better symbol of Julie's service. On a 2-week leave in late May of 2004, Julie brought home with her a burqa—the head-to-toe covering that many Afghani women wear. One of the women she had been working with gave this to her. Julie was buried with that burqa in her casket. It was a fitting reminder of the profound impact she had on the life of so many Afghan women.

As Julie's mother Melody has said, it is, in some respects, fitting that Julie passed away on the day of our Nation's birth. On this July Fourth, let us remember Army SPC Julie Hickey's dedication to freedom and learn from this splendid 20 year old about what it truly means to be an American.

HONORING OUR ARMED FORCES

SPECIALIST JAMES "JIM" MILLER

Mr. DEWINE. Mr. President, I today honor the memory of Army SPC James "Jim" Miller, IV. The West Chester, OH, native died on January 30, 2005, when an improvised explosive device hit his convoy near Ramadi, Iraq. He was 22 years old.

That date—January 30, 2005—should sound familiar. It was an historic day on which Iraqi citizens participated in their first, truly democratic election. And Jim Miller, an Army medic, was an integral part of that remarkable day.

Having already treated three of his wounded comrades, Jim could have stayed at an aid station to wait out the dangerous Election Day. Instead, he volunteered to go back out to the streets and help safeguard Iraqis waiting at polling places. To some, Jim's choice to do that might have seemed like an extraordinary act. But, with Jim, such actions were typical. That's just the way he was—always choosing to be brave, always choosing to be selfless. He was, indeed, a hero.

Jim Miller was one of those people who left an impression on everyone he met. He was always courteous, polite, and quick to laugh—a laugh that those who knew him describe as soft, gentle, and distinct. Jim was a very intelligent young man—wise beyond his years. His pee-wee football coach and mentor, John Hayden, said of Jim's intelligence:

He had the most sophisticated, elaborate vocabulary of any young boy I'd ever seen. [After every football practice], he would send me home looking to the dictionary for what he had called me that day!

The oldest—and biggest—of three brothers, Jim had many passions, one of which was football. In pee-wee football, he was an offensive lineman who proudly called himself a "B-U-B," or "Big Ugly Body." Jim excelled at football and played until his sophomore year at Anderson High School. But, according to John Hayden, under the large, intimidating physique, Jim was still just "a big teddy bear. . . . He was . . . a sensitive kid with a lot of depth."

Tragically, during his sophomore year of high school Jim's mother, Alice, died of breast cancer. He turned inward to find purpose and solace. At that time, Jim discovered another passion—and that was music. He started a band, in which he played the guitar, and during his senior year, he signed up for music theory and music history classes.

His principal, Diana Carter, remembers him as a "very bright, insightful, and mature young man—an independent spirit." She was also impressed with his decision to take music theory and music history because it was an extra bit of dedication to music that many musicians don't exhibit. It seems Jim was always a bit more dedicated to the things he was passionate about.

Jim graduated from Anderson in 2001 and decided to attend Xavier University and study English. After 18 months, though, Jim realized that college was not providing him with the fulfillment he desired. As his father, James Miller, III knew, "[Jim] was the type of kid who was always looking inside himself." When he looked inside himself, Jim found that what he really

wanted was to join the Army. He enlisted in April, 2003. He completed basic training at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, and then decided to train as a medic at Fort Sam Houston in Texas.

Becoming an Army medic was the fulfillment for which Jim searched. He felt a sense of purpose and pride in saving the lives of his fellow servicemembers. Father Harry Meyer, who presided at the funeral liturgy, said this about Jim:

[He was a] sensitive young man who was struggling to find his place in this world. He found himself as a medic and had decided to pursue a career in the medical field. He was happiest when he was able to serve others and felt helpless when he could not.

In planning for the future, Jim hoped to work in a trauma unit someday, so he could continue to provide life saving assistance to those in dire need.

After a year as a medic in Korea, Jim was deployed to Iraq in August of 2004 with the Army's 1st Battalion, 503rd Infantry Regiment, 2nd Infantry Division. Jim believed in his mission in Iraq and, according to his father, Jim found that most Iraqis he talked with believed in it too: "He was surprised to find out that the Iraqi people were fed up with the insurgents and wanted to take back their country." True to his nature, Jim became determined to help the Iraqi people realize their dreams of freedom.

It was Jim's usual "extra bit" of determination that led him back out to the streets of Iraq on Election Day. He was determined that the Iraqi people would be free to vote safely.

In the beginning of my remarks I called SPC James Miller a "hero." But, in today's world, what does that term truly mean? To define Jim Miller's heroism I turn to Ralph Waldo Emerson, who wrote:

A hero is no braver than an ordinary man, but he is brave 5 minutes longer.

Jim decided to leave the safety of college and enlist in the Army. In doing so, he was brave 5 minutes longer.

Jim dutifully answered the call of his country when he was deployed to Iraq. In doing so, he was brave 5 minutes longer.

On January 30, 2005 Jim—Doc Miller—volunteered to protect the lives of Iraqis waiting to vote. In doing so, he was brave five minutes longer.

That is why I choose to call him Jim Miller a hero.

My wife Fran and I continue to keep Jim's father and stepmother, James and Jodi, and his brothers, Dan and Jeff, in our thoughts and prayers.

SPECIALIST RYAN MARTIN

Mr. President, at all military funeral services it is traditional for a lone bugle to sound "Taps." It is a powerful piece of music that calls us to remember the fallen and honor their sacrifice. Upon its origin, however, "Taps" was actually a common bugle call that signified "Lights Out." The call told soldiers that it was time to end their activities and conversations and turn in

for the night. The history of "Taps" is significant because it reminds us not only of the sacrifices of the men and women it is played for, but also of the men and women, themselves.

That call for "Lights Out" has been played for countless service men and women as they were undoubtedly talking with each other about their homes, or about their spouses and children, or about just a hot shower or a good meal. These men and women were and are heroes who put their lives on hold to safeguard the lives of others. Taps plays as much for the lives they gave up as for the lives they gave.

I today honor one of these heroes—Army SPC Ryan Martin, from Mt. Vernon, OH, who gave his life on August 20, 2004, near Samarra, Iraq, when a roadside explosive detonated near his vehicle. He was 22 years old.

Ryan Martin, the youngest of three boys, grew up enjoying hunting, sports, and fixing cars. He was always willing to help his father, Tom, work on his cattle farm. With his keen mechanical skills and interest in fixing cars combined with his love for the outdoors, Ryan was a big fan of "mud running." This is a recreational or competitive activity in which 4 x 4 vehicles navigate a course of thick, muddy terrain. According to Matt Hull, one of Ryan's friends, Ryan planned to buy some land when he returned from Iraq and create his own place for mud running—a place where he could enjoy being outside and spending time having fun with his friends and family.

Ryan had a knack for "hands-on" work and mechanics. These skills led him to study at Knox County Career Center. Ryan graduated from Mt. Vernon High School and the Career Center in 2000, with training as a carpenter. He then spent a few years working with heavy machinery at construction sites.

The September 11th terrorist attacks changed everything for Ryan. According to his father, the attacks had a profound effect on Ryan. He felt a sense of duty to protect his country and to seek out those who had harmed so many. And so, after much contemplation, in April 2003, Ryan enlisted in the Ohio Army National Guard. He then volunteered for active duty in February 2004.

Ryan wanted to be part of the effort to rebuild Iraq, hastening the development of democracy and making the world a more stable and safe place for all of us. He operated bulldozers, excavators, and mine clearing machinery with the 216th Engineering Battalion, based out of Chillicothe, OH. At its core, Ryan's service to our country was a humanitarian service to the Iraqi people. He used his mechanical expertise to build roads, dig foundations for new buildings, and clear deadly mines from roads and fields.

Ryan built not only infrastructure in Iraq, but also lasting friendships with his fellow soldiers. According to his stepmother, Jackie Martin, on the eve of a 2-week leave from Iraq, Ryan said

that "he was looking forward to coming home, but when it came time to pack up, he didn't want to leave his buddies. He really made some good friendships and bonded with others while he was there."

Ryan is remembered fondly by his friends and comrades, who called him "Little Bear"—referencing his 6' 2", 240 pound body. One of his buddies, Sergeant Ron Eaton, recalls Ryan's sense of humor:

[Ryan would] get us to laugh in extremely harsh situations. I remember talking in our bunks one night, and hearing him tell of how he purchased a semi truck just after this 16th birthday, without his parent's knowledge. They made him sell it back, but knowing Ryan, that's just the kind of thing he would do.

Risking his life to protect his friends was also the kind of thing Ryan would do—and did do. Ryan's father, Tom Martin, said that at a military ball he attended after Ryan's death, a general came up to him and told him that "when there was trouble, [Ryan] didn't stand behind people and he didn't stand beside them—he stood in front of them."

Ryan was always willing and eager to volunteer for dangerous missions, missions that had the protection of others as their goal. In the words of one of his commanding officers:

Ryan [made] work much safer for other soldiers.

When he was killed, Ryan was doing just that: making the area more secure for his comrades, as he helped clear deadly mines and other detonation devices from the vital highway so his fellow soldiers—his friends—could do their jobs more safely.

Mr. President, as we all know, our Armed Forces are made up of men and women from all of our communities, people who are volunteering their time, sacrificing their safety and their lives to serve on our behalf. It is through their service that they spread democracy and help make our world safer.

That is what Ryan Martin did. He built roads and houses, cleared mines, and made friends. In doing all of it, he was making the world a better place. He ultimately gave his life, a life that was just beginning, and he did so so that others could have a fresh start and a better tomorrow.

Mr. President, when I mentioned earlier the calling of "Taps," I did not mention the words that go along with the bugle call. Let me now read those words:

Day is done,
Gone the sun,
From the Earth, from the hill, from the sky.
All is well,
Safely rest,
God is nigh.

While the men and women for whom "Taps" is played are gone from this Earth, we can take solace in knowing that they may now "safely rest." The Sun may have set, but it will rise again and a new day will dawn. And with every new day, we will always remember the sacrifice and service of those who have fallen.

My wife Fran and I continue to keep Ryan's family in our thoughts and in our prayers.

ARMY STAFF SERGEANT AARON REESE AND
ARMY SERGEANT TODD BATES

Mr. President, I, today, honor two men from Ohio who gave their lives in the defense of freedom. Army SSG Aaron Reese and Army SGT Todd Bates were from two different parts of Ohio. They grew up with different life experiences and different kinds of opportunities. However, when both became members of the 135th Military Police Company of the Ohio Army National Guard, their lives became irrevocably linked.

All of our armed services, all of our Armed Forces' members, serve this country with pride and with a sense of duty. Whether it is a mission deep in the mountains of Afghanistan or a night patrol on the Tigris River or in the back alleys of Fallujah, the men and women in our military serve with a great sense of responsibility for the safety and security of those in their own units. They care about each other. Our men and women in uniform feel a unique connection to each other. They see each other as brothers. They see each other as sisters. And they are willing to put their own lives on the line so their comrades will be safe. They do it every single day.

It was this dual sense of duty—to their country and to their fellow service members—that put Staff Sergeant Reese and Sergeant Bates in harm's way on December 10, 2003. You see, their squad was on a night patrol boat mission on the Tigris River. At some point during the mission, Staff Sergeant Reese, who was the squad leader, lost his balance, and he fell from the boat, plunging into the swift, murky waters of the Tigris.

Seeing his leader fall into the river, Sergeant Bates acted immediately. He quickly discarded his heavy body armor and weapon, and, without a life jacket, he dove into the river in an attempt to save Staff Sergeant Reese.

Mr. President, Members of the Senate, tragically—tragically—the river was too strong for them both.

In William Shakespeare's play "Henry V," the title character delivers a stirring call to arms to rally his troops. Within this St. Crispin's Day speech, Henry tells his men that one day each one of them would "strip [their] sleeves and show their scars," proud that they had fought and proud in knowing that they were a "band of brothers"—a "band of brothers."

Aaron and Todd can no longer strip their sleeves and show us their scars, and so it is up to us to do that in their honor. It is up to us to remember their lives—lives that they each gave for our country and for their brothers.

Aaron Reese was from Reynoldsburg, OH. He grew up, however, in Elida, OH, where he attended Elida High School. Aaron worked hard at both academics and athletics. His Latin teacher, Mike Herzog, said Aaron was "one of those

you can't forget—always working hard, always smiling. He didn't have a bad day. He was always in a positive mood."

Aaron was a hurdler on the Elida Bulldogs track and field team and a defensive back on the football team. Aaron participated in sports with a quiet confidence. His principal, Don Diglia, cites Aaron's team-oriented personality as his biggest leadership quality:

He was the kind of guy who was content on being on the team instead of being the star of the team. He was a team player all around. . . .

After graduating from Elida in the year 1990, Aaron decided to put his leadership qualities and physical prowess to the test. So he enlisted in the U.S. Army. He served 7 years. While on active duty in Central America, he met the love of his life, Emilia, and then they became the proud parents of a son, Anthony, and a daughter, Nicole.

Wanting to spend more time with his new family, Aaron joined the Ohio Army National Guard. While serving in the Guard, Aaron also attended the Ohio State University and Columbus State. He planned to join the Cincinnati Police Department when he returned from Iraq.

Aaron had been serving in the Guard for nearly 6 years when his unit was called up for Operation Iraqi Freedom. It was hard for Aaron to leave his wife and his son and his new baby, Nicole, who had been born only a few months before he was deployed.

SGT Sheri Brown remembers seeing Aaron saying goodbye to his family in February of 2003 and describes it this way:

His toddler son was playing in the snow. Aaron wept as he cradled his baby and tried to say a few last words to his wife.

Aaron Reese cared for his family, but he also felt a strong obligation to his country and to his unit. It was an obligation that was not foreign to the Reese family. Aaron's grandfather, Paul Shafer, served in World War II. His uncle, James Shafer, was killed in Vietnam in 1967. Aaron also had two other uncles who served in the Armed Forces. As Aaron's father, Ed Reese, said:

What you will see in our family is the red, white, and blue.

Indeed, Aaron's military heritage, experience, and leadership ability gave him confidence in his mission. The 135th Military Police Company was responsible for the safety of their fellow soldiers, for the training of Iraqi police, and for various support missions.

Aaron Reese proudly led his unit in their tasks. Mr. President, 1LT William F. Lee had this to say of Aaron's service in Iraq:

I had the privilege of leading this outstanding noncommissioned officer in Operation Iraqi Freedom. I have known Aaron for many years. We have served many deployments together—some good and some not so good. Aaron executed his duties with excep-

tional performance and was one of my best leaders.

First Lieutenant Lee's comments are a ringing endorsement of Aaron's consummate professionalism and dedication. He was a model soldier, someone whom others not only looked up to but also tried to emulate.

SGT Timothy Haskamp had this to say:

I had the great opportunity to serve with Aaron. Over the months in Iraq, he taught me how to be a good NCO. He wasn't just a fellow soldier and my squad leader, he was a friend and someone who would do anything he could for you. I can only imagine what a good father and husband he must have been. As I continue my service, I will remember everything he taught me and teach those things to all who serve under me in the future.

For those who served with Aaron, he was an anchor of strength, an experienced leader, who made it his personal mission to keep his men and women safe. April Engstrom, Aaron's sister, said that her brother loved the soldiers in his squad and wanted to protect them. Todd Bates' actions on that night in December, however, really speak to the love Aaron's squad also had for him.

Aaron Reese leaves behind a wife, two small children, and a loving family. But he also leaves a legacy of leadership. He made a sacrifice so that his children and our children can live in a safer world. And for that a grateful Nation honors and remembers him.

Army SGT Todd Bates was 20 years old when he dove into that dangerous Tigris River to try to save his squad leader, Aaron Reese. Todd Bates spent his all-too-short life growing up in Bellaire, OH, where he was raised by his grandmother, Shirley Bates. Todd was a fun-loving kid, who was loved dearly by his friends and family. One of his lifelong friends, Richard Kendle, remembers growing up in Bellaire with Todd. This is what he had to say:

I knew Todd all my life. We went to school together from kindergarten on up through graduation. I remember the many days that I used to go over to his house and play video games. Or, we'd go out in his backyard and shoot his BB gun. I remember the meals that his grandmother prepared for us after a day of play. Todd and I never had much growing up . . . but we never knew it. We had families that loved us and a friendship that would never die.

Family and friends are important in Bellaire, OH. For many young men and women who grow up there, the two most promising paths to success are sports and the military. Todd Bates realized this and applied his tireless work ethic to both endeavors. At Bellaire High School, Todd excelled on the "Big Reds" football team. But he did not do so through just raw talent. Rather, Todd worked his way into the starting lineup. He worked his way there.

More often than not, if you wanted to find Todd, all you had to do was look in the football weight room. His coach, John Magistro, thought Todd was humble, genuine, caring, and unselfish. And I quote him:

He was a good player and he worked really hard.

Todd's work ethic and attitude were recognized by his teammates on the 2000 "Big Reds" team. They voted him one of their cocaptains. And under Todd's leadership, Bellaire reached the State playoffs that year.

Todd was recognized in Bellaire for being a leader of the football team, for being a quiet and respectful young man, and for his beloved car—called the "Bates-mobile," by most people. His football coach remembers Todd, often in the school parking lot long after practice had ended, under his car's hood, trying to get it started. Reverend Donald Cordery also remembered the "Bates-mobile." Reverend Cordery was an assistant football coach and a mentor to Todd. One day after practice, he asked Todd for a ride home:

I said, "Bates, what's the chance I could get a ride in your car?" He said, "Pastor Don, do you really want to take a ride in my car?" I said, "Bates, with my looks and your car, the ladies will be out!"

Todd was respected by his peers, his teachers, and his community, but he wanted more. He wanted to go to college. He knew, though, that he wasn't going to be able to secure a football scholarship. Financially, that left Todd with very few options. So, after graduating from Bellaire High School in 2001, Todd decided to join the Ohio Army National Guard to make money for college.

But, like many things in Todd's life, it wasn't easy. He had played as a lineman in high school and he had the body of a lineman. Todd was 6 feet tall and 250 pounds—not quite the ideal weight for a National Guardsman. Todd needed to lose some weight if he hoped to get into the Guard. To qualify, Todd loaded a backpack with 50 pounds of weight and walked eight miles a day. He repeated this workout until he had lost fifty pounds. Todd was, indeed, a remarkable young man.

As with his dedication to losing weight and to football, Todd brought the same focus and work ethic to his career in the Army. His drill sergeant, Jason Patrick, from Ft. Leonard Wood said this about Todd:

Todd was a remarkable soldier and person—always striving to be the very best and fully committing to every task at hand. I watched this fine young American grow from civilian to soldier. I watched as he endured everything I could throw at him. I am proud to have trained him and extremely proud of all he accomplished.

After being deployed to Iraq in February of 2003, Todd continued to outperform the expectations of his commanders. Brigadier General Ronald Young said of Todd, "[He] was an exceptional soldier . . . He served his assignments with great distinction, and his commanders have recognized his dedication to duty and personal leadership on several occasions."

Todd had a passion for what he was doing in the Guard and as with his

other passions in life, he was the standard for hard work and excellence. While he was certainly a very focused young man, Todd also had a terrific sense of humor and never took anything too seriously.

The other members of his unit remember Todd as a funny guy who was always trying to make tough, stressful situations a little easier with a joke. At the same time, Todd was always looking out for the other members of his unit. He felt connected to them—like they were all a big, extended family, who believed in the National Guard motto: "Of the troops, for the troops."

When Todd Bates jumped into the Tigris River on that cold, December night, he was not thinking of himself. He was only thinking of his squad leader—his friend, his "brother," Aaron Reese.

Both Aaron Reese and Todd Bates gave their lives not thinking of themselves, but only thinking of us. They put our lives, Iraqi lives, and the lives of their fellow service men and women before their own. We will never forget their sacrifices.

My wife, Fran, and I continue to keep the families of Aaron Reese and Todd Bates in our thoughts and in our prayers.

CHILD SURVIVAL AND MATERNAL HEALTH

Mr. DEWINE. Mr. President, the Senate Appropriations Committee this week took an important step. That step was in providing \$275 million to the Child Survival and Maternity Health Programs. I congratulate the full committee for this work. I also congratulate the subcommittee, chaired by Senator MCCONNELL, and Ranking Member LEAHY, for the bill they reported which contained this money. I want to use this occasion and the passage of this bill—in the future, it will be coming to the Senate floor with this language—to share some important statistics about child and maternal mortality.

It is so very important that we understand what this money can do. I am often hesitant to recite statistics on the floor of the Senate because when you hear them repeatedly, it is all too easy to become numb to statistics, to forget the human realities that they do, in fact, represent.

It is important for all of us and for the American people to listen to some of these statistics because they are so unbelievable and so tragic and because they do represent human lives. These are lives that can be saved, lives that can be saved by making resources available to developing countries and people who are in such great need. Let me recite some of these statistics.

Today, over 10 million children under the age of 5 die each year from preventable and treatable diseases and ailments. These include diarrhea, pneumonia, measles, and, yes, malnutrition. It is an unbelievable figure. Of those 10

million deaths worldwide, 3.9 million occur in the first 28 days of life. These babies don't even have a shot at getting as old as 2 or 3 or 4 or 5. Yet two-thirds of these deaths could be prevented if available and affordable intervention had reached the children and their mothers who need them. Malnutrition contributes to 54 percent of all childhood deaths. As many as 3 million children die annually as a result of vitamin A deficiency. An estimated 400,000 cases of childhood blindness are reported each year, children who are condemned to going about their lives blind. These are preventable. Of the 130 million babies born each year, about 4 million die in the first 4 weeks of life. In poor communities many babies who die are unnamed, unrecorded, indicating the perceived inevitability of their deaths. Four hundred fifty newborn children die every hour, mainly from preventable causes.

According to World Health Organization estimates, over 4.4 million children died from vaccine-preventable diseases in 2001, diseases such as hepatitis, polio, and tetanus. Of all the vaccine-preventable diseases, measles remain the leading childhood killer, claiming the lives of 745,000 children, more than half of them in Africa.

Such staggering numbers of children dying from preventable diseases is unacceptable. It is up to us—the Congress, the Senate, people in the developed world, the United States, around the world—to change this tragic human reality. We have an obligation to make this change because we have the know-how, we have the resources to prevent these deaths.

The Lancet, a British medical journal which ran a series of articles last year about child survival, just published a new study indicating that the lives of an estimated 6 million children could be saved for as little as \$1.23 per child. Yes, for as little as \$1.23 per child in the 42 countries with the highest rates of child mortality, 23 lifesaving interventions could be made universally available. These interventions, many of them as basic as vitamin A or zinc supplements, are critical to preventing the deaths of millions of children.

The full Appropriations Committee has agreed to provide this \$275 million for child survival in the Foreign Operations bill. This is very significant. It is an important step in our efforts to improve the health of children around the world. This funding will save lives. I urge my colleagues to support this funding level when the bill comes to the floor. I urge my colleagues, when the bill then goes to conference committee, to keep this funding in that bill as well.

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

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. CORNYN). The clerk will call the roll.

The assistant legislative clerk proceeded to call the roll.