

was a great person to boost the morale of the office, just a terrific team player, a guy we felt lucky to have on our team.

As it turned out, on the Friday that I was sitting in the living room there in Seaford, DE, talking with Cory Palmer's parents about the loss of his life shortly after he left Fallujah in a Medevac, I told them about Sean Barney who had gone in the Marine Corps. Sean Barney decided he was going to be a marine. Despite my encouragement to the contrary, to stay with us and serve here in the Senate, he elected to go on to active duty. Here is a guy, a college graduate. He could have gone to Quantico, gone through OCS. He didn't. He decided he was going to enlist and not take the easier route—not that there is an easy route in the Marine Corps, but he said he wanted to go to Paris Island basic training. He finished there with distinction, headed on to finish, after that, his advanced training. After having spent a little less than a year on active duty, he came back to Washington—with shorter hair but with a good spirit—and rejoined my staff. He picked up on the issues he worked on before, and he worked just as hard, came early, worked late, good humor, a great member of our team.

Late last year, he got word that he was going to be activated. I had really had a premonition that this was happening. When he had gone through his basic training and finished that and his unit was overseas—units were based up in New Jersey, the Marine unit—they were overseas, but he was not sent there to join them. They came back, and he continued to train with them in the United States. He had not been activated himself. He learned he was going to be activated late last year and be on active duty. I think this year.

He went through training here in this country and a month or two ago headed over to Iraq. He went to Fallujah. As I was sitting again in Seaford, with the Palmer family, trying to provide some comfort to them, about 12 days ago, I told them about Sean Barney.

Little did I know that just hours before I went to their home, Sean Barney was shot. He was shot in Fallujah, on the streets of Fallujah. He was shot by a sniper, and the bullet struck him in the neck, just missed his Adam's apple. It severed the carotid artery, apparently nipped the jugular vein, barely missed his spine. Sean ran about half a block, got behind some building or debris, and by a miracle, apparently a humvee that was not too far away was called in by one of Sean's buddies. I think it had a corpsman, Navy corpsman on board, maybe even a doc. They got to Sean and Sean was still conscious. The last thing he remembered was hearing the corpsman say: Let's get the tourniquet out and use it. Sean was thinking, with a wound in the neck, where are they going to put the tourniquet? That is Sean, a good sense of humor, maybe in this case gallows humor.

Within 12 minutes, they had Sean in the humvee and into the hospital in Fallujah. They applied first aid en route, got him to Fallujah. There was a doctor there, if I can find his name here, a fellow whose name is Captain Donovan. Captain Donovan, who just happened to be starting a 30-day rotation at Camp Fallujah Hospital, was able to stop the bleeding and put the carotid artery back together again. The fact that Sean is alive today—and he is alive today, he is in Bethesda tonight—is a miracle.

I know a lot of us prayed earnestly for Sean, for his life. He has been spared and returned to be here with his wife Daisy and his parents. He is going to be checking out of Bethesda later this week, we hope, and go on to Philadelphia where his wife is going through a residency in her medical training. She becomes a doctor, too.

That is a happy ending. While he has some problems with his shoulder in terms of ability to use that shoulder now, he is going to get great care and hopefully rehab and maybe someday will be able to regain his full capacity.

There is another young man from Seaford, though, subsequent to the time I visited with the Palmers, who we learned had been shot and killed in Ramadi.

Earlier today, a young man, Rick James, 20 years old, also a marine, was buried in Seaford. And 12 days ago, Cpl Cory Palmer was buried at Arlington National Cemetery.

Last night, I was back at Seaford visiting the family of Marine Cpl Rick James, trying to comfort them in the funeral home as they got ready to say goodbye to their son, their grandson, their brother, their cousin, and their friend.

It has been a tough month in Delaware. We are a little State. We have had a number of people—maybe a dozen or so—who have lost their lives prior to this month in Iraq and Afghanistan. We lost three last month, which is tough for a little place.

There is another young man whose family doesn't live in Delaware but he grew up in our State, Steven Snowberger, who went to William Penn High School. I was at his high school in New Castle, DE, last week. At the age of 16, he moved on to complete his education elsewhere and to join the Army. He died at the age of 18, about a week ago. We just said goodbye to Steven this past week.

Those are three causes for great sorrow in our State, the loss of three young men, the oldest being 22 years of age.

I must say that I am encouraged to talk to the families and see how proud they are of their young men, their sons, their grandsons, their brothers, their cousins, their friends.

I have never seen a town that small, Seaford—or, frankly, a larger town—sort of welling up, really with pride, as they have these last couple of weeks, supporting those who have lost their

lives and their families as well. It was extraordinary.

One of our colleagues, JOHN MCCAIN, was invited to go to Delaware last weekend by my colleague, MIKE CASTLE, to do a campaign event over on the coast. Senator MCCAIN was good enough, at the urging of Congressman CASTLE, to swing through Seaford, DE, and stop to make an appearance there and say wonderful, supportive words about our young men—heroes. All of us in Delaware are grateful to him for doing that.

While we mourn the loss of our marines and our Army PFC, we are just grateful that later this week another marine part of our family in the Senate, Sean Barney, is alive. I think he is going to be OK. I do not know that he will ever come back and work with us in the Senate family. He has been accepted to law school at Stanford, and my guess is he will probably—when he recovers enough and is ready to go onto the next part of his life and separate from the Marines—head for points west and pick up his life and his wife.

To those in Seaford, and the Snowberger family down in North Carolina today who lost their son, Steven, our hearts go out to you. To the extent we can be helpful, you know we are there for you, like the whole State is.

To our friend, Sean, we are just glad that miracles still happen and that one of them involved you.

I yield the floor.

FORMER SENATOR LLOYD BENTSEN

Mr. STEVENS. Mr. President, Catherine and I were deeply saddened to learn of Lloyd's passing. Lloyd and his wife Beryl Ann or as she is known to friends, B.A. were part of our Senate family for 22 years. They were good friends to Catherine and me, and they were quite a couple. Their sense of humor could lighten any situation. I recall B.A. once read an erroneous news report that Lloyd was worth \$70 million. She responded, "Where is it?"

B.A. was a great companion and partner for Lloyd in all things, and our hearts go out to her and their three children and eight grandchildren.

Lloyd was Texan through and through. He used to tell stories about growing up on his father's ranch with the sign at the end of the road that read: "To heck with the dog, beware of the owner." You would think someone raised up the road from a sign like that would have a temper, but nothing could have been further from the truth. Lloyd was gracious, composed, polished, and pressed. He was a true gentleman. "Gravitas," he liked to say, "is gray hair and a pressed suit."

Lloyd was also a patriot. As fellow World War II veterans, we were comrades in the deepest sense of the word, and I admired him greatly. He was an accomplished legislator and statesman. He was also a dear friend.

Those in Alaska will never forget his support of our State. In 1981, Lloyd came to the floor and spoke in favor of a waiver that would enable the construction of the Alaska natural gas pipeline. Congress recently approved the financial incentives needed to begin this project—and we owe a great debt to Lloyd for always making sure those in the Senate never forgot how important the Alaska gas pipeline is to our country's energy independence.

Since Lloyd greatly respected the late House Speaker Sam Rayburn, I will close with one of Sam's sayings:

"You cannot be a leader, and ask other people to follow you, unless you know how to follow, too."

Mr. President, those are words to live by, and no one understood them better than Lloyd.

Mr. OBAMA. Mr. President, I rise today to salute Lloyd Bentsen, a dearly departed former Member of this body. Senator Bentsen died yesterday at the age of 85, and he leaves behind a legacy of fiscal responsibility, steadfast service, and unwavering statesmanship.

Senator Bentsen was born in Mission, TX, in 1921, a descendant of Danish immigrants. From a young age, he excelled in nearly all his endeavors: he was an Eagle Scout, a distinguished graduate of the University of Texas Law School, and a fighter pilot, flying B-24 combat missions during World War II. At the young age of 23, Senator Bentsen was promoted to the rank of major, a post that gave him command of over 600 men. For his valiant service during the war, the Army Air Corps, now the Air Force, awarded him the Distinguished Flying Cross, one of the military's highest honors.

Senator Bentsen went on to serve the people of Texas as Hidalgo county judge, U.S. Congressman, and, beginning in 1970, as U.S. Senator. He was overwhelmingly reelected to this body three times, in 1976, 1982, and 1988.

As a Senator, Lloyd Bentsen was a champion of sound national economic policy and fiscal responsibility. He served as chairman of the Joint Economic Committee and the Committee on Finance, and balanced his keen eye on progressive causes such as women's rights with a dogged determination to cut taxes and support our Nation's businesses. As his contemporaries will no doubt attest, Senator Bentsen's political acumen was unmatched, and the coalitions he built crossed party, ideological, and even international boundaries.

Bentsen resigned his seat in the Senate in 1993 to serve as the 69th Secretary of the Treasury under President Bill Clinton. He helped President Clinton set the course for what would be our country's strongest fiscal climate in recent memory. As Treasury Secretary, Bentsen was known to be a firm and sound counselor on economic policy; the Houston Chronicle reports that an autographed picture from President Clinton was inscribed: "To my friend Lloyd Bentsen, who makes me study

things until I get it right." President Clinton went on to award Bentsen the Presidential Medal of Freedom in 1999.

Throughout his career, Lloyd Bentsen set a standard for no-nonsense service, responsible business practice, and judicious public policy. I honor his good work today, and the memory of a life lived strong and full.

Mr. BIDEN. Mr. President, I had the honor of serving with Lloyd Bentsen for 20 years, and I respected him as a Senator's Senator. He had a style about him. He was this really classy Texas gentleman who, when he walked into this Chamber or into a hearing room, you could just feel his presence and his desire to work something out.

I admired him because he used the power of that office to help millions and millions of Americans, especially the people he felt needed it most, the very young and very old among us.

Everyone in America who has an IRA and is saving for retirement can thank Lloyd Bentsen. Every American worker whose pensions are protected, is because of Lloyd Bentsen. He improved access to health care for needy women and children—not with some massive sweeping bill that would never have passed Congress but, incrementally, every year, giving a new benefit so more and more people were helped.

When he went to Treasury, he was the architect of President Clinton's economic plan that eventually balanced the budget and created millions of jobs and brought credibility and leadership back to this country with other industrialized nations.

I express my sympathy to his family, and especially his wonderful wife B.A. He liked to call her his best asset, but she was an asset to all of us. Our prayers are with her.

TRIBUTE TO JUDGE DANNY J. BOGGS

Mr. MCCONNELL. Mr. President, I rise today to pay tribute to a Kentuckian who is one of the finest legal scholars of his generation. Danny J. Boggs, Chief Judge of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Sixth Circuit, has served on the bench for 20 years, and over the course of his stellar career he has made many friends and impressed all who know him—this Senator included.

Judge Boggs is renowned for having an engaging, active mind, with which he tackles not only the law but a host of other subjects. Well-read in history, geography, literature, mathematics, and political science, he is a true Renaissance man. And not only does he voraciously ingest knowledge, he loves to share it with others.

Ask any clerk or former clerk of Judge Boggs, and he or she will tell you: They are liable to be asked a question any time, on anything. One of his former clerks, who now works in my Washington office, recalls a time when Judge Boggs called in to the office while on a business trip to find out the

population of Montana not the present-day State but the Montana territory.

Judge Boggs delights in hiring clerks of any and all political persuasions, as long as they have a keen mind and are always ready for debate. Of course, these poor clerks know that Judge Boggs will almost always win. But his interest is not winning or losing. It is in ensuring that the final product—the legal brief—is as rigorous as it can be.

Judge Boggs is infamous for giving a trivia quiz to his clerkship applicants although perhaps "trivia" is not the right word for it. He prefers the term "general knowledge" test. But I don't think there is anything general about the scope of Judge Boggs's knowledge. Just listen to one question from a recent test of his: "If the moon were made of green cheese, and if green cheese floats in water, what is the most that the moon could weigh (within a factor of 10)?"

Believe it or not, most of Judge Boggs's clerks actually enjoy running this intellectual gauntlet—so much so that three of them appeared as contestants on the popular television game show "Who Wants to Be a Millionaire." Two of them picked Judge Boggs to be their "phone a friend" lifeline a superior mind to turn to for a particularly difficult question. Judge Boggs himself has tried to be a contestant on the show, so far without success, but I suspect his true calling may be to work for the show and write the questions.

Born in Havana, Cuba, Judge Boggs grew up in Bowling Green, KY, and earned his bachelor's degree from Harvard University in 1965. He earned his law degree in 1968 at the University of Chicago while being elected to Order of the Coif. After graduating, Judge Boggs taught at the University of Chicago Law School the following academic year—quite an accomplishment for a newly minted lawyer.

Judge Boggs answered the call of public service in several capacities before he attained his current post. After a few positions in Kentucky State government, he ventured to Washington, where he served as Assistant to the Solicitor General, Assistant to the Chairman of the Federal Power Commission, and Deputy Minority Counsel for the Senate Energy Committee. Judge Boggs also worked in private practice, in the White House as a Special Assistant to the President, and from 1983 to 1986 as Deputy Secretary of the Department of Energy.

President Ronald Reagan appointed Judge Boggs to his current position in 1986, and on October 1, 2003, Judge Boggs became the Chief Judge of the Sixth Circuit. Many times, his opinions have been upheld unanimously by the Supreme Court, both when he is written in the majority and in dissent.

He has taught American jurisprudence in the Soviet Union, the Commonwealth of Independent States, and Russia. Chief Justice of the United States William H. Rehnquist appointed Judge Boggs to several important posts