

support of the global war on terror. Major Rogers has received numerous awards and commendations during his service including the Bronze Star and the Air Force Meritorious Service Medal. He was also honored in 2005 as the 20th Air Force Outstanding Young Judge Advocate.

Mr. President, I want to give my heartfelt thank you to Thom for his service. His eagerness to tackle issues which were new to him and to advance the goals I have set for my staff on behalf of both the men and women of the Armed Forces and the citizens of New Mexico were truly commendable. I have no doubt that as Thom continues his military career, he will achieve great things for both the U.S. Air Force and his country, and I wish him the very best of luck in all his future endeavors.

REMEMBERING GEORGE OSMOND

Mr. HATCH. Mr. President, I rise today to speak in honor of a friend of mine, Mr. George Osmond, who, on Thursday, November 6, passed away. While most people will likely remember George as the patriarch of one of our Nation's most famous entertainment families, he should also be remembered as a great humanitarian and entrepreneur.

George was born in 1917 in Star Valley, WY. As a young man, in 1941, he enlisted in the Army and served honorably during World War II. In 1944, he was stationed at the U.S. Army's General Depot in Ogden, UT, where he met his wife, Olive May Davis. George and Olive were married in December 1944 and had nine children, eight boys and one girl.

To most, George's early professional life was quite normal. He began his career selling real estate and life insurance. He later took a position as the Ogden Postmaster. During that time, his sons began to study music; George taught them to sing barbershop and helped them get invitations to perform at community events. His family first entered the national spotlight when four of his sons, Alan, Wayne, Merrill and Jay, formed a quartet known as "the Osmond Brothers" and began performing at Disneyland and on The Andy Williams Show.

Over the years, seven of his nine children would perform a variety of music styles all over the world. All counted, the Osmond family has recorded 142 albums, selling 100 million copies with 51 gold and platinum recordings. George, himself, worked as the manager of his children's music careers, working to make sure they remained grounded and focused on the importance of family.

One of the lesser known facts about the Osmond family is that two of the Osmond children, the oldest sons Virl and Tom, were born deaf. While these two sons were never music performers, they were closely involved with their father's charitable efforts, working with him to establish The Osmond

Foundation, which later became the Children's Miracle Network.

The Children's Miracle Network is now headquartered in Salt Lake City and has, to date, raised more \$3 billion, which is distributed directly to a network of 170 hospitals. These funds are raised specifically for children's hospitals, medical research and community awareness of children's health issues. It is the largest organization of its kind in the world and is, in addition to their many children and grandchildren, George and Olive Osmond's greatest legacy.

Mr. President, I knew George Osmond for many years. He was, above all else, devoted to his family and a man of integrity. I thoroughly enjoyed the opportunities I have had over the years to work with him and his family on several charitable endeavors. George was truly a remarkable man who leaves a long legacy here with us in his passing. I want to express my deepest condolences to George's family and thank them for their wonderful example of service.

ADDITIONAL STATEMENTS

REMEMBERING SALLY SMITH

• Mr. BAUCUS. Mr. President, I wish to recognize a great friend of mine and a wonderful woman and leader. Sally Smith passed away December 1, 2007, from complications related to myeloma. Sally founded the Lab School in Washington, DC, one of the premier educational institutions in the Nation for students with learning disabilities. The Lab School is a place where children with learning disabilities are nurtured, taught, given the tools to succeed and the opportunity to flourish. And nearly all of them do.

I had heard what an extraordinary place the Lab School is and decided I wanted to find out for myself. On a crisp autumn morning about 4 years ago, I decided to drop by the Lab School on my way into work. I was amazed as I walked into the Castle, which is the main building of the school. As Sally hadn't arrived yet, I was invited to wait in her office. The door was always open as Sally welcomed anyone and everyone. Soon a woman came in looking like a bright rainbow with brilliant colors flowing and dazzling from head to toe. As I spoke with Sally about the school and its mission I quickly came to understand what a unique and wonderful place this was. The Lab School is a safe haven for so many kids who are bright and smart and eager to learn but can't learn in traditional ways. Sally through her hard work and years of dedication has truly created a grand new doorway to education for kids who found the doors to other schools closed to them. From that day on I became great friends with Sally and supported the school in any way that I could. I have attended the annual Gala Awards

Dinner which has raised much needed funds for the schools and honored people like Charles Schwab and Magic Johnson who had grown up with learning disabilities and struggled until they found a pathway to education. I always looked forward to visiting with Sally and offered to help in any way that I could.

Sally first saw the need for a school to help children with learning disabilities to learn and grow when her son Gary was in the first grade. While Gary was bright and creative, he was unable to read and do simple math. When Gary began to have trouble at school, his parents found that he had severe learning disabilities. The school he was attending gave them few options to help their son learn, and Sally began to realize that for Gary to excel and reach his potential he would need to be given the opportunity to learn in a way tailored to his unique needs. Using what she had learned in graduate school course work in education and observing that her son learned best through storytelling and acting things out, she set out in 1967 to create a school that would use these tools to teach children with learning disabilities.

Rather than learning through lectures and traditional textbook exercises, Sally set out to create a curriculum that would allow for artistic, visual, hands-on learning. She invited artist friends to serve as teachers and sought the help of many acquaintances to raise funds that would make the dream of the Lab School a reality. The Lab School has now for 40 years given students like Gary a chance to succeed. From this life learning opportunity, nearly all Lab School alumni graduate and over 90 percent find their way to college.

We can only imagine where these students would be without the love and dedication of Sally Smith. Where others saw kids who couldn't learn and were disruptive, Sally saw kids eager to learn and let their creativity bloom in their own special way. And why should these children, the future of our Nation, be pushed aside and forgotten about when they have so much potential and so many gifts to give?

The Lab School over the years has expanded and now has nearly 325 students enrolled. It reaches another 250 through tutoring programs for children and adults and many more through summer camps and outreach services. The school also opened a campus in Baltimore. Sally was also a professor at American University's School of Education and was in charge of the master's degree program specializing in learning disabilities. She has authored 10 books on effectively teaching students with learning disabilities and conducted workshops for educators of learning disabled children.

Sally's legacy and nurturing teaching style that sought to include and find the potential of each student will never be forgotten by those whose lives she touched. Not only did her students

learn a great deal from Sally, but we all can.

Mr. President, I ask that a copy of an article from the December 4, 2007, edition of the Washington Post entitled "The Teacher at the Head of the Class" be printed in the RECORD.

The material follows.

[From the Washington Post, Dec. 4, 2007]

THE TEACHER AT THE HEAD OF THE CLASS

(By Ellen Edwards)

At first glance you might have thought you had come upon some improbable tropical bird, full of color and feathers, dressed in layers of patterns on patterns, a pile of rolling blond curls on her head.

This, of course, is what captivated children when they first looked at Sally Smith, the founder and director of the Lab School of Washington, one of the nation's premier places for students with learning disabilities. She didn't look like any other adult in their experience, and they discovered she didn't think like any other head of school, either.

Sally Smith, who died Saturday from complications of myeloma at 78, looked right back at those young faces and saw potential, intelligence, the charm and grace of childhood.

Where other schools saw kids who didn't pay attention, she saw kids who viewed the world in creative ways. Where other schools saw frustration and anger, she saw kids desperate to learn, and she created a school for them. She gave them respect, she gave them hope and she gave them the tools to succeed.

Her own son's difficulties with learning caused her to look for ways to teach him, and from the beginning, even before she became a nationally known educator, she placed the responsibility directly on adults in charge. In the school handbook, Smith wrote, "our philosophy is based on the belief that a child's failure to learn means that the teaching staff has not yet found a way to help him. It is up to the adults to seek out the routes by which each child learns, to discover his strengths and interests and to experiment until effective techniques are found."

Anyone who ever met Sally has a story to tell. She was larger than life: in her size and presence, in her ambitions, in her throaty voice advocating her ideas. She cultivated artists, and often had them to her Cleveland Park home. She cultivated support for the Lab School, from wealthy and powerful potential donors to parents who could give only their time. Her fundraising gala highlighted learning-disabled achievers, who over the years have included Charles Schwab, Magic Johnson, Robert Rauschenberg, Cher and James Carville. In a closed-door session, the students would face those big names and ask blunt and painful questions: "Did you feel stupid compared with your siblings?" "Were your parents embarrassed by you?" "How did you feel when you were asked to read out loud in class?"

The core of all of Smith's techniques, in her 10 books and the PBS series about her work, is empathy. I first heard her name a decade ago from a reading specialist in the Midwest when I was beginning to think I might have a dyslexic child.

You're near Sally Smith's school, aren't you?" she asked me. "That's the place." She said it with such confidence and certainty that I knew I had better figure out who Sally Smith was.

I met Sally first as a reporter, sitting in her office and listening to her talk about students the Lab School has taught. I remember in particular the story of the young boy who was good at numbers but not good at reading. The Lab faculty, which individ-

ualizes homework, a study plan, classwork, everything, for every student, put him in charge of the school store. He loved selling things. They found a way to catch his interest and motivate him to learn to read. He grew up and out of Lab, and, Smith boasted, had become a successful businessman.

She talked about another student who learned kinesthetically, through movement. The teachers spread patterns out on the floor for him to learn math, a map for him to learn geography, and he danced his way through learning.

She told me how often tears had been shed in that office, which was crowded with art from students and professionals, and which had an open door policy so vigorously enforced that most people didn't think she even had a door. Parents came to her desperate to find a school where their child would be accepted and challenged, where they could learn and not be warehoused until they dropped out. They brought with them horror stories from other schools that had treated their kids as if they were stupid, made them feel terrible about themselves and chucked them in the corner as a lost cause.

After a few months at Lab, they often wept again, with gratitude, because the school meant no more endless rounds of tutors and therapists. It meant free time after school for exhausted children who worked hard every minute of the school day. It meant an end to the isolation of parenting a child who learned differently, because the school community embraced the potential of these children.

Five years ago I met Sally again, but this time as the parent of a prospective student. It was clear my son had the family dyslexia gene, and reading was going to be a struggle. He enrolled for third grade, where 12 students in his class had four educators.

His lead teacher that year spent a long time figuring out how to get him interested in reading. Of course he was interested, but it was so hard and frustrating for him that he pushed it away. Finally, she realized his interest in baseball might do it. Every day, his homework consisted of reading lessons she had taken from news stories about baseball and had rewritten at his reading level. Every day she created a page of four or five questions for him to answer from his reading. Little by little, his reading got better. He was studying without realizing it. He thought he was just having fun.

This learning environment was Sally Smith's creation, her gift to the world of education. She saw how arts could teach all kinds of things, and she shaped the Lab School around the arts. She hired artists as teachers because she knew they would think creatively. They taught sophisticated content without reading.

In his first year there, the mythologies of ancient times were taught through what was called Gods Club. The students were taught by Cleopatra, complete with headdress. The students dressed in togas. Each took the identity of a Greek god. To enter the classroom, they used passwords that changed every day, such as "Corinthian," which taught them the name of a column's capital. A painted Nile River ran through the middle of the classroom just as the real Nile runs through Egypt.

When the winter break came, and we took our son to the Egyptian galleries at the Metropolitan Museum in New York, he read the hieroglyphics to us while we listened slack-jawed.

This was her famous Academic Club method, one of the many she shared as professor in charge of American University's masters program for special education. Our son went on to Knights and Ladies Club, taught by El-

eanor of Aquitaine, and Renaissance Club taught by Lorenzo de Medici. He jostled and learned about Holy Wars, made cheese and tasted ravioli, painted a fresco and took on the persona of Dante.

He learned, and after four years he moved on to a mainstream school, which was Smith's ultimate goal for all her students.

A couple of months ago, my son was visiting the school and saw Smith. She was in a wheelchair, dressed in her usual eye-popping splendor. She took his hand and asked him how he liked his new school.

She really wanted to know the answer, and she really listened when he gave it. That was Sally Smith's genius. ●

REMEMBERING CHARLES E. "BUTCH" JOECKEL

● Mr. HAGEL. Mr. President, I wish to recognize the loss of Vietnam veteran Charles E. "Butch" Joeckel, who was buried yesterday with military honors at the Columbarium in Arlington National Cemetery.

Butch was raised in Colmar Manor, MD, graduating from Bladensburg High School in 1965. In 1966 he enlisted in the U.S. Marine Corps and fought for his country in Vietnam. He was seriously wounded during the Tet Offensive in 1968, losing both of his legs above the knees. For his heroic service, Butch received the Silver Star, Bronze Star, Purple Heart, Navy Commendation Medal with Combat Valor, and numerous meritorious citations, medals, and honors.

Butch's service to his country did not end in Vietnam. He became a national service officer for the Disabled American Veterans (DAV), and in 1988 he rose to the position of DAV national adjutant, serving in this capacity until 1993. He served on the board of directors of Help Disabled War Veterans, and contributed his time, wise counsel, and strong efforts to the President's Task Force to Improve Access to Health Care for our Nation's Veterans at the National Veterans Legal Services Program. In 2004 he was appointed to the Veterans' Disability Benefits Commission.

Butch was an inspiration to all who knew him, and especially for those who were disabled. He accepted the heavy responsibility of "role model" for disabled war veterans with grace, dignity, and a special twinkle of humor.

For all of his selfless service to his country, Butch's family always came first. He is survived by his wife Dianne; his three children, Chuck, Tammy and Scott; his father, Charles, Sr.; his sister and brother-in-law; three sisters-in-law; 11 nieces and nephews; and seven grandchildren.

Butch was an American patriot who believed in his country and fought for his country and the veterans who built it. America owes him our thanks for his contributions and sacrifices. Our country lost an American original, who will be missed by many. ●