

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The question is on the motion offered by the gentleman from Illinois (Mr. DAVIS) that the House suspend the rules and pass the bill, H.R. 4185.

The question was taken; and (two-thirds being in the affirmative) the rules were suspended and the bill was passed.

A motion to reconsider was laid on the table.

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

Mr. DAVIS of Illinois. Mr. Speaker, I move to suspend the rules and agree to the resolution (H. Res. 1016) expressing the condolences of the House of Representatives on the death of William F. Buckley, Jr., as amended.

The Clerk read the title of the resolution.

The text of the resolution is as follows:

H. RES. 1016

Whereas William F. Buckley, Jr., was born on November 24, 1925, in New York City, the sixth of 10 children in a devoutly Catholic family;

Whereas William Buckley studied at the University of Mexico before serving his country in the Army and then later graduating with a Bachelor of Arts (in political science, economics, and history) with honors from Yale University in 1950;

Whereas William Buckley worked briefly for the Central Intelligence Agency;

Whereas at the young age of 25, William Buckley published his first popular book, entitled "God and Man at Yale";

Whereas William Buckley went on to write more than 55 books and edit 5 more, including "Let Us Talk of Many Things: the Collected Speeches"; the novel, "Elvis in the Morning"; and his literary autobiography, "Miles Gone By";

Whereas William Buckley wrote more than 4,500,000 words in his more than 5,600 bi-weekly newspaper columns, entitled "On the Right";

Whereas William Buckley founded the popular and influential National Review magazine in 1955, a respected journal of conservative thought and opinion;

Whereas William Buckley wrote in the first issue of National Review that, in founding the magazine, it "stands athwart history, yelling Stop, at a time when no one is inclined to do so, or to have much patience with those who so urge it";

Whereas William Buckley served as editor of National Review for 35 years, from its founding in 1955 until his announced retirement in 1990, and as editor-at-large until his death;

Whereas in 1965, William Buckley ran for mayor of New York City and received 13.4 percent of the votes on the Conservative Party ticket;

Whereas William Buckley was host of the Emmy Award-winning and long-running "Firing Line", a weekly television debate program with such notable guests as Barry Goldwater, Margaret Thatcher, Jimmy Carter, Ronald Reagan, and George H.W. Bush;

Whereas the New York Times noted that "Mr. Buckley's greatest achievement was making conservatism—not just electoral Republicanism, but conservatism as a system of ideas—respectable in liberal post-World War II America. He mobilized the young enthusiasts who helped nominate Barry Goldwater in 1964, and saw his dreams fulfilled

when Reagan and the Bushes captured the Oval Office";

Whereas as well-known columnist George Will once said, "before there was Ronald Reagan there was Barry Goldwater, before there was Goldwater there was National Review, and before there was National Review there was William F. Buckley";

Whereas William Buckley's consistent efforts facilitated the rise of Senator Barry Goldwater and, ultimately, the presidency of Ronald Reagan;

Whereas William Buckley received the Presidential Medal of Freedom in 1991;

Whereas William Buckley received numerous other awards, including Best Columnist of the Year, 1967; Television Emmy for Outstanding Achievement, 1969; the American Book Award for Best Mystery (paperback) for "Stained Glass", 1980; the Lowell Thomas Travel Journalism Award, 1989; the Adam Smith Award, Hillsdale College, 1996; and the Heritage Foundation's Clare Booth Luce Award, 1999;

Whereas William Buckley spent over 56 years married to the former Patricia Alden Austin Taylor, a devoted homemaker, mother, wife, and philanthropist, before her passing in April 2007;

Whereas William Buckley passed away on February 27, 2008, and is survived by his son, Christopher, of Washington, DC; his sisters, Priscilla L. Buckley, of Sharon, Connecticut, Patricia Buckley Bozell, of Washington, DC, and Carol Buckley, of Columbia, South Carolina; his brothers, James L. Buckley, of Sharon, Connecticut, and F. Reid Buckley, of Camden, South Carolina; and a granddaughter and a grandson;

Whereas William Buckley, by virtue of his distinct personality, talents, good humor, and goodwill, led in a manner that earned the respect and friendship even of his adversaries; and

Whereas William Buckley was recognized as a towering intellect, a man who, in the words of Ronald Reagan, "gave the world something different", and, most of all, a true gentleman who encountered everything he did with grace, dignity, optimism, and good humor: Now, therefore, be it

Resolved, That the House of Representatives—

(1) honors the life of William F. Buckley, Jr., for his lifetime commitment to journalism, his devotion to the free exchange of ideas, and his gentlemanly and well-respected contributions to political discourse; and

(2) mourns the loss of William F. Buckley, Jr., and expresses its condolences to his family, his friends, and his colleagues.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Pursuant to the rule, the gentleman from Illinois (Mr. DAVIS) and the gentleman from Virginia (Mr. DAVIS) each will control 20 minutes.

The Chair recognizes the gentleman from Illinois.

GENERAL LEAVE

Mr. DAVIS of Illinois. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that all Members have 5 legislative days in which to revise and extend their remarks.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Illinois?

There was no objection.

Mr. DAVIS of Illinois. Mr. Speaker, I yield myself such time as I may consume.

Mr. Speaker, I stand to present H. Res. 1016, which was introduced by Representative TOM FEENEY of Florida on

March 4 of this year, and enjoys the co-sponsorship of over 90 Members of Congress. The measure was considered by and voted out of the Oversight and Government Reform Committee on March 13, 2008, after having been amended.

William F. Buckley was born on November 24, 1925, in New York City, and even as a young child he displayed a remarkable level of intelligence and awareness. Along with English, Mr. Buckley was fluent in Spanish and French, and was an avid musician and outdoorsman.

After attending the National Autonomous University in Mexico in 1943, Buckley was commissioned as a Second Lieutenant in the United States Army. During his tenure, he served as a member of Franklin Roosevelt's Honor Guard until the President passed away. After his military service, Buckley went on to attend Yale, where he was a member of the Skull and Bones Society, a master debater, and editor in chief of the Yale Daily News. He studied political science, history, and economics, graduating with honors in 1950.

In 1950, Buckley married Patricia Alden Austin Taylor, and as a major proponent of marriage, Mr. Buckley practiced what he preached, having been married himself for 57 years. In 1951, he was recruited by the CIA while publishing his first book, *God and Man at Yale*. He would later go on to write a volume of novels, over 50 more, featuring topics ranging from history to sailing. Most everyone knows him for his hosting of the PBS show, *Firing Line*, where he displayed a scholarly, light-hearted style.

In February of 2008, Bill Buckley was found dead at his home in Stamford, Connecticut. Let us remember him for his great oratory skills, his admirable journalism, and his overall commitment to social activism. Mr. Buckley is known for a number of views, ranging from drug legalization to opposition of the Iraq war, and whether you agreed or disagreed with him, you must recognize him for being a spirited man, well thought in his opinions, and loyal to his country.

With that, Mr. Speaker, I reserve the balance of my time.

Mr. DAVIS of Virginia. Mr. Speaker, I yield myself such time as I may consume.

I rise today in support of H. Res. 1016, to honor the life of William F. Buckley, Jr. Where do you start? By the age of 25, Buckley had written *God and Man at Yale*, a stinging critique of the onslaught of secularism in a great American university. By the age of 30, he had founded National Review, a safe harbor for conservative intellectuals at a time most of the world thought those terms were mutually exclusive. His fascination with the written word continued literally until the moment he died, at his typewriter, in February at his home in Connecticut.

He spoke three languages. English came third to him, after Spanish and

French. He played the harpsichord and the piano. He hosted more than 1,400 episodes of his political talk show, *Firing Line*, and banged out a twice-weekly column. He claimed he could do this in 20 minutes, as long as he lived. He sailed, he skied, he hunted, he rode horses, he loved the Catholic Church, and Johann Sebastian Bach, in that order, barely.

The world was his couch, as anyone who saw Buckley on his TV shows knows. He sat perpetually at a 45-degree angle as he sparred with the thinkers and newsmakers of his day in an accent just British enough to sound patrician. He was, mostly for our purposes, a true public intellectual.

On his television program, which ran for nearly 30 years, as well as on other programs, in writing and elsewhere, he tested his ideas in a uniquely public sphere. The Cold War was, for him, America's defining struggle, and he tolerated nothing less than the profligate use of all weapons at our disposal. His writings gave rise to what we now know as the modern American conservative movement. He not only helped to birth it, he helped to raise it to maturity.

His was not the reflexive and unreflective rhetoric that government could do nothing competent. His was a message that government, even so-called Big Government, was not only here to stay, but indispensable to a society that wished to protect itself from the malevolent forces beyond and within its borders. The role of conservatives, he said, was not to propose programs that expanded government's reach; it was to propose the rules for those programs to ensure that they work with minimal government intrusion.

As rapidly as ideas bubbled to the surface of Buckley's mind, it should come as no surprise that some required rethinking, which he did with unflinching grace and determination. National Review opposed the civil rights legislation in the mid sixties. But less than 5 years later, he was opposing the presidential candidacy of segregationist George Wallace and growing to admire the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr. Later, he would advocate for making King's birthday a national holiday.

He was an inspiration to millions of young conservatives. I remember being a young college student at Amherst College in the late sixties, eagerly awaiting each new edition of *National Review*, as kind of an antidote to the liberal orthodoxy that was taught in the classrooms.

Through politics, he became friends with the conservative giants of our age: Ronald Reagan, Milton Friedman, Henry Kissinger, and Barry Goldwater, before and above them all. But through his magazine and other pursuits, he built another network of friends. The lowliest staffer at *National Review* was as likely a member of this network as the most powerful cabinet secretary or Member of Congress.

William F. Buckley, Jr., spent a lifetime engaging minds, expressing his, and trying to make his world better. Many of us have much to thank him for. All of us can admire this active mind, this kindly, life-loving man, his formidable legacy.

I would urge adoption of this resolution.

Mr. Speaker, I reserve the balance of my time.

Mr. DAVIS of Illinois. Mr. Speaker, I continue to reserve.

Mr. DAVIS of Virginia. I would yield such time as he may consume to the gentleman from Connecticut (Mr. SHAYS).

Mr. SHAYS. I thank my former chairman for yielding, and now ranking member of the Government Oversight Committee.

I wanted to speak today because I have tremendous admiration for William Buckley, Jr. He lived in many places. He had a wonderful home in New York City, he had a wonderful home on the water in Stamford, Connecticut, in the Fourth Congressional District, and a family compound in Sharon, Connecticut, as well.

Bill Buckley was an absolute delight to interact with. On occasion, not often, I would be invited to have dinner at his home, and he would have people of great notoriety. I would participate in the dialog, but a lot of the time I felt it was best to listen more than talk. I loved the twinkle in Bill Buckley's eyes as he debated people, and me, on occasion.

There was nothing mean or angry ever in the way he spoke to people. He had strong views, but he clearly liked the interaction that took place. He loved debating ideas, he loved drawing you out. But I never once ever heard him be nasty about anyone. He was a conservative with strong views but he listened kindly to those with other views.

I would like to place in the RECORD, A Eulogy for My Father, St. Patrick's Cathedral, April 4, 2008, and that is by his only son, Christopher Buckley. I will just read a slight part of it. This was delivered on the occasion of the memorial mass for his dad at St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Christopher began by saying, "We talked about this day, he and I, a few years ago. He said to me, 'If I'm still famous, try to convince the cardinal to do the service at St. Patrick's. If I'm not, just tuck me away in Stamford.'" Then Christopher went on to say, "Well, Pup, I guess you're famous."

Further on he said, "Pope Benedict will be saying mass here in 2 weeks. I was told that the music at this mass for my father would in effect be the dress rehearsal for the Pope's. I think that would have pleased him, though doubtless he would have preferred it to be the other way around."

It was a magnificent service. It was a service where great joy and admiration was expressed and with people from all political persuasions, from the most

liberal, to the most conservative. We were saluting a man, the likes of which we may never see again, sadly.

With that, let me say thank goodness for William Buckley, for his magnificent family, and for the grace which embodied everything he did.

EULOGY FOR MY FATHER

Delivered on the Occasion of the Memorial Mass for the Repose of the Soul of William F. Buckley Jr. on April 4, 2008, at St. Patrick's Cathedral

(By Christopher Buckley)

We talked about this day, he and I, a few years ago. He said to me, "If I'm still famous, try to convince the Cardinal to do the service at St. Patrick's. If I'm not, just tuck me away in Stamford."

Well, Pup, I guess you're still famous.

I'd like to thank Cardinal Egan and Msgr. Ritchie of the archdiocese for their celestial hospitality, and Fr. Rutter for his typically gracious words. I'd also like to thank Dr. Jennifer Pascual, musical director of St. Patrick's, as well as the St. Patrick's Cathedral Choir, and organists Donald Dumlér and Rick Tripodi for such beautiful music.

Pope Benedict will be saying Mass here in two weeks. I was told that the music at this Mass for my father would, in effect, be the dress rehearsal for the Pope's. I think that would have pleased him, though doubtless he'd have preferred it to be the other way around.

I do know he'd have been pleased, amidst the many obituaries and tributes, by the number of editorial cartoons that depicted him at the Pearly Gates. One showed St. Peter groaning, "I'm going to need a bigger dictionary." If I disposed of the cartoonist's skills, I might draw one showing a weary St. Peter greeting the Fed Ex man, "Let me guess—another cover story on Mr. Buckley?"

My mother is no longer with us, so we can only speculate as to how she might react to these depictions of her husband of 56 years arriving in Paradise so briskly. My sense is that she would be vastly amused. On the day he retired from *Firing Line* after a 33-year-long run, *Nightline* (no relation) did a show to mark the occasion. At the end, Ted Koppel said, "Bill, we have one minute left. Would you care to sum up your 33-years in television?" To which my father replied, "No."

Taking his cue, I won't attempt to sum him up in my few minutes here. A great deal has been written and said about him in the month since he died, at his desk, in his study in Stamford. After I'd absorbed the news, I sat down to compose an e-mail. My inner English major ineluctably asserted itself and I found myself quoting (misquoting, slightly) a line from *Hamlet*, He was a man, Horatio, take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again.

One of my first memories of him was of driving up to Sharon, Connecticut for Thanksgiving. It would have been about 1957. He had on the seat between us an enormous reel-to-reel tape recorder. For a conservative, my old man was always on the cutting edge of the latest gadgetry—despite the fact that at his death, he was almost certainly the only human being left on the planet who still used Word Star.

It was a recording of MacBeth. My five-year-old brain couldn't make much sense of it. I asked him finally, "What's eating the queen?" He explained about the out-out-damned spot business. I replied, "Why doesn't she try Palmolive?" So began my tutelage with the world's coolest mentor. It was on those drives to Sharon that we had some of our best talks. This afternoon, I'll make one last drive up there to bury him,

alongside with his sisters in the little cemetery by the brook. When we held the wake for him some days after he died, I placed inside his casket a few items to see him across the River Styx: his favorite rosary, the TV remote control—private joke—a jar of peanut butter, and my mother's ashes. I can hear her saying, "Bill—what is that disgusting substance leaking all over me?" No pharaoh went off to the afterlife better equipped than he does.

The last time I was with him in Sharon was last October. It was a fundraiser for the local library, billed as "A Bevy of Buckleys"—my dad, Uncle Jim, Aunt Pitts, Aunt Carol, me—reading from the aggregate Buckley oeuvre—a word I first heard from his lips many years ago, along with other exotic, multi-lingual bon mots: *mutatis mutandis*; *pari passu*; *quod licet Jove, non licet bovi*.

An article had appeared in the local paper a few days before, alerting the community to this gala event. As I perused the clipping, my eyes alighted on the sentence: "The Buckleys are a well-known American family, William F. Buckley being arguably the best known."

I kept my amusement to myself, and handed Pup the clipping and waited silently for the reaction I knew would come. Sure enough, within seconds, he looked up with what I would describe as only faintly bemused indignation and said, "Arguably?"

He was—inarguably—a great man. This is, from a son's perspective, a mixed blessing, because it means having to share him with the wide world. It was often a very mixed blessing when you were out sailing with him. Great men always have too much canvas up. And great men set out from port in conditions that keep lesser men—such as myself—safe and snug on shore. One October day in 1997, I arrived from Washington in Stamford for a long-planned overnight sail. As the train pulled into the station, I looked out and saw people hanging onto lampposts at 90-degree angles, trying not to be blown away by the northeast gale that was raging. Indeed, it resembled a scene from *The Wizard of Oz*. When the train doors opened, I was blown back into the carriage by the 50-mile-an-hour wind. I managed to crawl out onto the platform, practically on all fours, whereupon my father greeted me with a chipper, "We'll have a brisk sail."

I looked up at him incredulously and said, "We're going out in this?" Indeed we did go out in it. We always went out in it. Some of my earliest memories are of my mother, shrieking at him as the water broke over the cockpit and the boat pitched furiously in boiling seas, "Bill—Bill! Why are you trying to kill us?"

But the cries of timorous souls never phased him. He had been going out in it for years, ever since he published his first book, *God and Man At Yale*. Nor did he need a sailboat to roil the waters. His *Royal* typewriter—and later, *Word Star*—would do.

How many words flowed from those keyboards. I went up to Yale recently to inspect his archive of papers. They total 550 linear feet. To put it in perspective, the spire of St. Patrick's rises 300 feet above us. By some scholarly estimates, he may have written more letters than any other American in history. Add to that prodigious output: 6,000 columns, 1,500 *Firing Line* episodes, countless articles, over 50 books. He was working on one the day he died.

Jose Marti famously said that a man must do three things in life: write a book, plant a tree, have a son. I don't know that my father ever planted a tree. Surely whole forests, whole eco-systems, were put to the axe on his account. But he did plant a lot of seeds and many of them, grown to fruition, are here today. Quite a harvest, that.

It's not easy coming up with an epitaph for such a man. I was tempted by something Mark Twain once said, "Homer's dead, Shakespeare's dead, and I myself am not feeling at all well."

Years ago, he gave an interview to *Playboy* Magazine. Asked why he did this, he couldn't resist saying, "In order to communicate with my 16-year-old son." At the end of the interview, he was asked what he would like for an epitaph and he replied, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Only Pup could manage to work the Book of Job into a Hugh Hefner publication. I finally settled on one, and I'll say the words over his grave at sunset today in Sharon, as we lay him to rest. They're from a poem he knew well—Robert Louis Stevenson's *Requiem*—each line of which, indeed, seemed to have been written just for him:

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live, and gladly die.
And I lay me down with a will.
This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be.
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

Mr. DAVIS of Virginia. Mr. Speaker, how much time do I have remaining?

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from Virginia has 12 minutes remaining.

Mr. DAVIS of Virginia. I would yield such time as he may consume to the gentleman from Indiana (Mr. PENCE).

□ 1130

Mr. PENCE. I thank the gentleman for yielding and for the privilege of having the opportunity to speak in favor of this important resolution expressing the condolences of the House of Representatives on the death of William F. Buckley, Jr. I also want to thank the Democratic leadership of the Congress for scheduling this bill and giving this Congress and this country an opportunity to express appreciation for an extraordinary American life.

This resolution was introduced by Congressman TOM FEENEY. I am proud to be an original cosponsor of the bill. I want to thank Congressman TOM FEENEY for his leadership and his compassionate attentiveness in bringing this legislation before the Congress. Congressman FEENEY cannot be with us today. He is on a congressional delegation trip to China. But I know that were he here, he would regale this floor and those watching in with his deep affection and appreciation for the life and work of William F. Buckley, Jr.

As this resolution attests, William F. Buckley, Jr., was an American hero and an intellectual leader of the conservative movement for more than five decades. As the previous speaker just alluded, he led in a manner that earned both the respect and the friendship of his political adversaries.

William F. Buckley, from his many years on television, the program, *Firing Line*, which was the longest running political television program in the history of American television, he demonstrated that wit and sharpness and civility can all go together, and it is a lesson that I suspect many of us on an ongoing basis can continue to learn

and apply in the institutions of our government.

By virtue of his distinct personality, his talents, his humor and his goodwill, William F. Buckley has been recognized as the premier conservative intellectual in post-World War II America. He once commented that he would "rather live in a society governed by the first 2,000 names in the Boston phone directory than in one governed by the 2,000 members of the Harvard faculty." It was that kind of rapier wit, beginning with the publication of his book "God and Man at Yale," that ended up resulting in the publication of thousands of books, thousands of columns, and thousands of debates that turned him into a force of nature in the American public debate.

We also recognize him as a man who played a critical role in helping this Nation understand the great calling of his generation, which inasmuch as the calling of the greatest generation, was to confront Nazism and fascism.

William F. Buckley and his intellect and his capacity for elocution managed to help focus the Nation on the threat of Soviet communism and the realities of the Soviet Union, and I believe that history will record that it was William F. Buckley, Jr., perhaps more than any other American, who outside of government influenced the leadership in the 1980s that led to the collapse of Soviet communism and the Soviet Union.

Upon the election of Ronald Reagan, it was reported to me once that William F. Buckley was asked what position he would like to have in the new Reagan Administration, to which he apparently put his hand in his jacket pocket and replied with a twinkle in his eye, "ventriloquist." And in many respects William F. Buckley was a ventriloquist for so many of us in public life, reading his columns, reading his books, having from time to time the privilege of watching him long distance or in person as he made the case for limited government. He made the case for traditional values. He made the case for the American ideal of freedom, here at home and on a global basis. We, all of us, were happy to have that extraordinary intellect and heart filled with goodwill pull the strings on our careers and guide us and direct us.

So, I join my colleagues, and especially Congressman TOM FEENEY, in taking this moment to give honor and thanks to William F. Buckley, Jr., for all he did to advance the vision for America and a capitalist democratic vision for the world and to express the profound sorrow this Nation feels upon his death.

The Bible says if you owe debts, pay debts; if honor, then honor; if respect, then respect. Today, thanks to the leadership in the minority and the generosity of the majority, Congress and the American people will have the opportunity once more to pay a debt of gratitude to this great American, who was William F. Buckley, Jr.

Mr. DAVIS of Illinois. Mr. Speaker, I continue to reserve my time.

Mr. DAVIS of Virginia. Mr. Speaker, let me just thank Chairman WAXMAN and Chairman DAVIS for allowing this bill to come to the floor. I urge its adoption.

Mr. Speaker, I yield back the balance of my time.

Mr. DAVIS of Illinois. Mr. Speaker, I would urge adoption, and I yield back the balance of my time.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The question is on the motion offered by the gentleman from Illinois (Mr. DAVIS) that the House suspend the rules and agree to the resolution, H. Res. 1016, as amended.

The question was taken; and (two-thirds being in the affirmative) the rules were suspended and the resolution, as amended, was agreed to.

A motion to reconsider was laid on the table.

MARINE GUNNERY SGT. JOHN D. FRY POST OFFICE BUILDING

Mr. DAVIS of Illinois. Mr. Speaker, I move to suspend the rules and pass the bill (H.R. 3721) to designate the facility of the United States Postal Service located at 1190 Lorena Road in Lorena, Texas, as the "Marine Gunnery Sgt. John D. Fry Post Office Building".

The Clerk read the title of the bill.

The text of the bill is as follows:

H.R. 3721

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,

SECTION 1. MARINE GUNNERY SGT. JOHN D. FRY POST OFFICE BUILDING.

(a) DESIGNATION.—The facility of the United States Postal Service located at 1190 Lorena Road in Lorena, Texas, shall be known and designated as the "Marine Gunnery Sgt. John D. Fry Post Office Building".

(b) REFERENCES.—Any reference in a law, map, regulation, document, paper, or other record of the United States to the facility referred to in subsection (a) shall be deemed to be a reference to the "Marine Gunnery Sgt. John D. Fry Post Office Building".

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Pursuant to the rule, the gentleman from Illinois (Mr. DAVIS) and the gentleman from Virginia (Mr. DAVIS) each will control 20 minutes.

The Chair recognizes the gentleman from Illinois.

GENERAL LEAVE

Mr. DAVIS of Illinois. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that all Members may have 5 legislative dates in which to revise and extend their remarks.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Illinois?

There was no objection.

Mr. DAVIS of Illinois. Mr. Speaker, I yield myself such time as I might consume.

Mr. Speaker, as a member of the House Committee on Oversight and Government Reform, I join with Representative CHET EDWARDS and his fellow colleagues from the State of Texas in considering H.R. 3721, which renames the postal facility in Lorena,

Texas, after Marine Gunnery Sergeant John D. Fry.

As stated, the measure at hand was first introduced by Congressman CHET EDWARDS on October 2, 2007, and is co-sponsored by all members of the Texas congressional delegation. The measure was referred to the Committee on Oversight and Government Reform, where it was passed by voice vote on December 12, 2007.

H.R. 3721 would help to remember the life, service and legacy of Marine Gunnery Sergeant John D. Fry by renaming the Lorena Post Office on Lorena Road in his honor. Assigned to the 8th Engineer Support Battalion, 2nd Marine Logistics Group from Camp Lejeune, North Carolina, Marine Gunnery Sergeant Fry was working to disarm an improvised explosive device in the Anbar Province of Iraq when he was killed at the young age of 28.

A graduate of Waco Christian Academy, Sergeant Fry will always be remembered by his family, friends, fellow marines, and, of course, by his country, for his bravery and unselfish service in Iraq.

Mr. Speaker, I ask that we pay tribute to the sacrifice made by this great American hero and pass H.R. 3721.

Mr. Speaker, I reserve the balance of my time.

Mr. DAVIS of Virginia. Mr. Speaker, I yield myself such time as I may consume.

Marine Gunnery Sergeant John D. Fry was a proud and loyal American who served his country in fighting the war on terror. He made the ultimate sacrifice defending freedom when he lost his life on March 8, 2006, in Iraq.

Only 7 days before returning home to his family, Sergeant Fry volunteered for a mission to defuse bombs along a road in Al Anbar. After successfully defusing three bombs, a fourth, hidden under the third bomb, exploded, ultimately resulting in his death. Sergeant Fry was aware of this incredibly risky procedure, but with his dedication to making a difference in life, he felt it was his duty to undertake this mission.

He was remarkably generous and had a passion for helping others in Iraq, not just fellow marines, but Iraqi citizens as well. Throughout his deployment overseas he disarmed 73 explosives, including one of the biggest car bombs in Fallujah, and saved the life of an Iraqi boy who had been beaten and chained to the wall with explosives strapped to his chest. In this and many other instances, Sergeant Fry proved that he truly could make a difference.

Not only was Sergeant Fry a hero to his country, but he was a husband, a father and a son. He was proud to serve his Nation, and with gratitude and bravery for his sacrifice, I ask all Members to support H.R. 3721.

Mr. Speaker, I yield back the balance of my time.

Mr. DAVIS of Illinois. Mr. Speaker, it is my pleasure now to yield such time as he may consume to the sponsor of this resolution, the distinguished

gentleman from Texas, Representative CHET EDWARDS.

Mr. EDWARDS. Mr. Speaker, I want to begin by thanking Mr. DAVIS of Illinois and Mr. DAVIS of Virginia for their very eloquent comments in respect to a great American who gave his all for the American family.

I rise today in support of H.R. 3721, which salutes the service and sacrifice of Marine Gunnery Sergeant John David Fry by naming a Post Office in my district in Lorena, Texas, in his honor.

For generations to come, Mr. Speaker, citizens in his hometown of Lorena will be reminded that Sergeant Fry gave, in the words of Lincoln, his "last full measure of devotion" to country. In doing so, Sergeant Fry joined the heroes who, throughout our Nation's history, have given their lives to our country.

John David Fry was born in Lorena, Texas, in 1977. He joined the Marines in 1995 and became an explosive ordnance disposal technician, EOD. As an EOD, he was stationed in Japan from 2002 to 2005 and was deployed to Iraq in September of 2005 with the 8th Engineer Support Battalion, 2nd Marine Logistics Group, 2nd Marine Expeditionary Force out of Camp Lejeune.

While in Iraq, Sergeant Fry saved countless lives by rendering safe hundreds of bombs, including one of the largest car bombs found in Fallujah. He once went into a home, as Mr. DAVIS of Virginia mentioned, to find a bomb strapped to a mentally retarded young Iraqi boy who had been beaten and chained to a wall. Sergeant Fry disarmed the bomb and saved that child's life.

Sergeant Fry turned down a Bronze Star and a ticket out of Iraq after a serious wound. Why did this great American do it? He said because he just wanted to do what he was supposed to do. He was proud to be a marine and proud to be serving his country.

□ 1145

Mr. Speaker, sometimes I wonder where we Americans find such magnificent citizens with such spirit and soul.

Seven short days before this 28-year-old marine with a wife and young children was to be sent back home, he volunteered, he volunteered when he didn't have to, to defuse one more explosive device, this time in Al Anbar province. Sergeant Fry found three bombs that night and defused all of them. But the insurgents had hidden a fourth bomb under that third bomb. It blew up and killed him. This brave Marine, who had saved hundreds of lives, finally gave his own life.

He leaves behind his mother, Beth, his wife Malia, and their three young children, Kathryn, Gideon, and C.L. As the father of two young sons, Mr. Speaker, I would like to say to the Sergeant Fry children that when my two young sons, who are now 10 and 12, grow up some day, if they had a right to be one-tenth of proud as me as these