

aside, for a moment, our party affiliations, political interests, and personal ambitions in the service of a larger cause, because that is what he did. For all his cynicism, he still believed the Senate could reach that higher calling.

Deep in the middle of his final speech on the Senate floor were these words: "I hope we can again rely on humility, on our need to cooperate, on our dependence on each other, learn how to trust each other again, and by doing so, better serve the people who elected us."

If we are to truly honor the life and the service of JOHN MCCAIN, let us do that. Let us do that.

JOHN MCCAIN put out a few final words. Today I think some of his staffers put them out. I would like to read just two paragraphs of that and then ask unanimous consent that they be put in the RECORD:

I have often observed that I am the luckiest person on earth. I feel that way even now as I prepare for the end of my life. I have loved my life, all of it. I have had experiences, adventures and friendships enough for ten satisfying lives, and I am so thankful. Like most people, I have regrets. But I would not trade a day of my life, in good times or bad times, for the best of anyone else's.

Finally, he concluded with this:

Do not despair of our present difficulties but believe always in the promise and greatness of America, because nothing is inevitable here. Americans never quit. We never surrender. We never hide from history. We make history.

Farewell, fellow Americans. God bless you, and God bless America.

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

My fellow Americans, whom I have gratefully served for sixty years, and especially my fellow Arizonans,

Thank you for the privilege of serving you and for the rewarding life that service in uniform and in public office has allowed me to lead. I have tried to serve our country honorably. I have made mistakes, but I hope my love for America will be weighed favorably against them.

I have often observed that I am the luckiest person on earth. I feel that way even now as I prepare for the end of my life. I have loved my life, all of it. I have had experiences, adventures and friendships enough for ten satisfying lives, and I am so thankful. Like most people, I have regrets. But I would not trade a day of my life, in good or bad times, for the best day of anyone else's.

I owe that satisfaction to the love of my family. No man ever had a more loving wife or children he was prouder of than I am of mine. And I owe it to America.

To be connected to America's causes—liberty, equal justice, respect for the dignity of all people—brings happiness more sublime than life's fleeting pleasures. Our identities and sense of worth are not circumscribed but enlarged by serving good causes bigger than ourselves.

'Fellow Americans'—that association has meant more to me than any other. I lived and died a proud American. We are citizens of the world's greatest republic, a nation of ideals, not blood and soil. We are blessed and are a blessing to humanity when we uphold and advance those ideals at home and in the world. We have helped liberate more people from tyranny and poverty than ever before

in history. We have acquired great wealth and power in the process.

We weaken our greatness when we confuse our patriotism with tribal rivalries that have sown resentment and hatred and violence in all the corners of the globe. We weaken it when we hide behind walls, rather than tear them down, when we doubt the power of our ideals, rather than trust them to be the great force for change they have always been.

We are three-hundred-and-twenty-five million opinionated, vociferous individuals. We argue and compete and sometimes even vilify each other in our raucous public debates. But we have always had so much more in common with each other than in disagreement. If only we remember that and give each other the benefit of the presumption that we all love our country we will get through these challenging times. We will come through them stronger than before. We always do.

Ten years ago, I had the privilege to concede defeat in the election for president. I want to end my farewell to you with the heartfelt faith in Americans that I felt so powerfully that evening.

I feel it powerfully still.

Do not despair of our present difficulties but believe always in the promise and greatness of America, because nothing is inevitable here. Americans never quit. We never surrender. We never hide from history. We make history.

Farewell, fellow Americans. God bless you, and God bless America.

Mr. SCHUMER. I yield the floor.

#### RESERVATION OF LEADER TIME

The ACTING PRESIDENT pro tempore.

Under the previous order, the leadership time is reserved.

#### CONCLUSION OF MORNING BUSINESS

The ACTING PRESIDENT pro tempore. Morning business is closed.

#### EXECUTIVE SESSION

#### EXECUTIVE CALENDAR

The ACTING PRESIDENT pro tempore. Under the previous order, the Senate will proceed to executive session to resume consideration of the following nomination, which the clerk will report.

The senior assistant legislative clerk read the nomination of Lynn A. Johnson, of Colorado, to be Assistant Secretary for Family Support, Department of Health and Human Services.

The ACTING PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Senator from Maine.

Ms. COLLINS. Madam President, I ask unanimous consent to speak as if in morning business.

The ACTING PRESIDENT pro tempore. Without objection, it is so ordered.

#### REMEMBERING JOHN MCCAIN

Ms. COLLINS. Madam President, the U.S. Senate, indeed, our entire Nation, is mourning the loss of a great leader, an American patriot, our colleague and friend, Senator JOHN MCCAIN.

I first met JOHN MCCAIN when I was a young staffer in Senator Bill Cohen's office and JOHN was serving as the Navy's liaison officer. As a fellow Senator for the past 21 years, I knew him as a trusted colleague, a courageous legislator, and a close friend.

JOHN was a true American hero who devoted his life to serving his country. Courage and character were the hallmarks of his military service as well as his work in Congress. In the Senate, he was a consequential leader on the most critical issues facing our country. JOHN MCCAIN was one of our Congress's most respected voices for a strong national defense and for good government. His word was as much his bond in Washington as it was to his brothers in arms in Vietnam.

I would like to share with my colleagues a story, I believe, that demonstrates the essential character of JOHN MCCAIN.

In November of 2010, JOHN was part of a congressional delegation on its way to a security conference in Nova Scotia. Bad weather caused their flight to be diverted to Bangor, ME, where I live. I shortly received a phone call to come to the airport, and I went and welcomed JOHN and my colleagues on their unplanned visit.

As it happened, the Troop Greeters of Maine were at the airport at the same time. This legendary group of citizens has greeted more than 1.5 million servicemembers either leaving to go overseas or returning home since 2003; never missing a single flight, even in bad weather or the middle of the night. The Presiding Officer, I believe—who also has served her country so well, Senator ERNST—was one of those who was greeted by the Troop Greeters in Bangor, ME.

Rather than fly out when the weather cleared, JOHN and the others in the delegation agreed to stay and join me with the long line of these patriotic Troop Greeters to await the arrival of the airplanes.

I remember when I told JOHN that there was a plane that would be arriving shortly and then there was another one in a couple of hours, he said: Of course, we will stay.

Well, you can imagine, having gone through the gauntlet of Mainers greeting and welcoming the troops back home, hugging them, cheering them, giving them cell phones, thanking them for their service, that all of a sudden the troops realized they had just shaken hands with JOHN MCCAIN; the legendary JOHN MCCAIN, who was so popular with servicemembers. I saw them literally do a double take when the first group went by, shook his hand, and then turned around and said to each other: Wasn't that JOHN MCCAIN who just shook our hands?

They then came back and of course posed for pictures and chatted with him and held up the rest of the line, who were very eager to see JOHN.

I will never forget how thrilled these troops were to be greeted, when they

were first setting foot back on American soil, by a true American hero, JOHN MCCAIN; someone who had served our country with such courage and character.

By the end of the day, JOHN had spent 3 hours greeting two planeloads of soldiers. He loved greeting them and posing for pictures. It was such a heartwarming, unexpected event and a very special moment. It not only gladdened the hearts of the troops but also of the Troop Greeters, who were thrilled to have their hero with them.

It was vintage JOHN MCCAIN that he stayed even after the weather had cleared and greeted each and every one of those troops.

JOHN MCCAIN did what he thought was right, regardless of the political consequences. He had absolutely no interest in scoring partisan political points on the Senate floor. He welcomed and would listen to good ideas, whether they came from the Democratic or the Republican side of the aisle. While he was always open to new evidence, good ideas, and was capable of changing his mind, he was unshakeable when he was convinced of the appropriateness of a course of action.

JOHN was impatient. He wanted to get on with solving the problems facing our country. He had no use for the political games that, sadly, far too often are played in the Senate.

One often overlooked aspect of JOHN was his love for the environment. I once visited him at his beloved ranch in Sedona, and I was surprised when he took me all over the property, pointing out birds, naming them, and clearly taking such delight in the wildlife. Until that moment, I did not know of his interest and love for nature.

Later on, I accompanied JOHN on a trip he organized to the Arctic to see the permafrost melting and to meet with Native Alaskans. We also traveled to Antarctica, where we spent 4 days meeting with scientists who told us of the impact of global warming.

He took me on so many trips and broadened my horizons. Four times we went to Afghanistan, four times to Iraq. We went to Yemen. We went to Libya and met with Colonel Qadhafi before he was overthrown and killed. JOHN taught me so much on these trips.

The principles that guided JOHN's life are best summed up by his own words from his beautiful autobiography, "Faith of My Fathers." He said: "Glory belongs to the act of being constant to something greater than yourself, to a cause, to your principles, to the people on whom you rely, and who rely on you in return."

JOHN MCCAIN was a statesman and a dear friend who was devoted to a cause greater than himself, and that cause was the United States of America.

It has been an honor to serve alongside him for nearly 21 years in the U.S. Senate. Although he will be deeply missed by all of us, he leaves behind an

extraordinary legacy that will inspire Americans for generations to come.

I yield the floor.

The ACTING PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Senator from Georgia.

Mr. ISAKSON. Madam President, yesterday was a difficult day for me.

Before I get to that day, let me recognize the Senator from Oklahoma for a motion.

Mr. INHOFE. Madam President, I thank the Senator from Georgia.

I ask unanimous consent that at the conclusion of the remarks of the distinguished Senator from Georgia that I be recognized for such time as I shall consider.

The ACTING PRESIDENT pro tempore. Without objection, it is so ordered.

#### REMEMBERING JOHN MCCAIN

Mr. ISAKSON. Yesterday was a difficult day for me. I am 74 years old. I was born in 1944. Like many Americans, my youth was during the Vietnam era. The prime of my youth was the Vietnam era.

In fact, my senior year in college, I got a graduation diploma and a draft notice on the same day. They were put in the same book. Everybody was going. Everybody was being called up for the draft. There was a lottery, but so many people were eligible that almost everybody in my age group would have been drafted if they didn't join the service.

I joined. I joined the National Guard, which I am very proud of, and I am still a guardsman to this day. It also gave me the chance to serve my country in a way that would not put me at as much risk to go to Vietnam as it would if I were drafted. I consciously did that because I wanted to do everything I could to stay here and get married a few months later to my wife Dianne. I was of the age to be drafted, and I made the decision to find a way to serve that would not put me in a position of being drafted, where I lost control. I was able to do it, and a lot of people were, but a lot of people weren't. I know that. The ones who could know it, and the ones who couldn't know it. The Presiding Officer knows what I am talking about, being a guardswoman herself.

I lost my best friend in Vietnam, Jackson Elliott Cox III, Waynesboro GA, Liberty County—Bird Dog Capital of the World.

Jack and I graduated from college together. Jack went off for a weekend and came back and told us all he had joined the Marine Corps, was going to OCS, and was going to go to Vietnam and fight the bad guys. We all said: Jack, don't volunteer to do that. You could get killed.

He said: No, I want to do it. It is a great country. I have had a great life, going to the University of Georgia, have a wonderful mom and dad, good friends like you all. I want to go to OCS and be an officer in the Marine Corps—and he did.

A few years later, he was shot by a sniper in the 11th month of a 13-month

stint in Vietnam. Alex Crumbley, the superior court judge in Georgia years later; Pierre Howard, the Democratic Lieutenant Governor of Georgia; and myself—we were the three best friends, the "Four Amigos," if you will. We went to 589 Liberty Street in Waynesboro and spent 3 nights and 4 days with Emily and Jack, Jack's dad and mom.

When the Marine Corps brought the body back, it was lying in state in their dining room, and we had a wake and a service for him. We stood guard. We cried. We talked about the good times. We talked about the bad times. We felt sorry for ourselves because the life that had meant so much to all of us was gone.

Jack felt a calling for the country, and he did a great service for the country. I am proud of him, and I am proud to have been his friend.

I tried to do what I could but never in the category of a JOHN MCCAIN or a Jack Cox. There were a lot of people my age who didn't do as much as they probably could have or might have done, and probably from time to time have second thoughts about it, too, because the Vietnam war was so tough.

I had friends coming back who had to dress in blue jeans and khakis when they got off the troop train from wherever they were in Atlanta because people would get accosted on the street if they were in their uniform during that era. Today, we go to the airport, and if we have troops coming through who are going to fly back for duty somewhere, they will get standing ovations, and people will give up their seats to let them sit there. It wasn't like that in the 1960s and 1970s. It wasn't like that at all.

In fact, people were risking their lives—58,000 did give their lives for all of us—and in many cases, we were making fun of them as a nation. It was terrible. It messed up our politics, messed up our country, messed up our people, and messed up everybody else. But America is a great country. What I am telling you is tragic to me, and I apologize to everybody that I didn't do everything I should have done, but I think all of us owe each other a commitment to say that we are never going to let America get that way again.

Americans should always be as we were on 9/11 or 9/12 of 2001, when we all put American flags on our cars, we all sang the national anthem, and we said the Pledge of Allegiance after we were attacked. For a few months, we were the most patriotic Nation in the world. We ought to be that way every single day because every single day, just like those firemen and emergency medical people of 9/11, there are those who were in the Vietnam war, who signed up, who fought, risked their lives, and in some cases died, like JOHN MCCAIN and like my brother-in-law Rocky Davison, my wife's brother, who flew Navy A-4 reconnaissance planes in Vietnam—one of the most decorated pilots in the Navy during that era. People like him