

Bob Dole can hope to gain from this public show of professionally staged rally. And this is where skeptics find themselves traveling blind. There is no need to look for ulterior motives for there are none. Dole and his town gained from each other while one draws on unseen reserves that have nurtured him from childhood, the other grows strong from the aura reflected from his image of leadership and stature by the other.”

To the people of Russell, to the people of Kansas, thank you for the manner in which you have shaped, treated, respected a man now so worthy of our admiration. This town should be so proud because none of us come from places and become anything but from what we came from. We never escape; we don’t become somebody different than where our roots lie.

We mourn our man, Bob. It can feel like the sun is setting on both a man and the Greatest Generation that he embodied. Bob Dole, perhaps the greatest man of the Greatest Generation.

On Thursday, I stood in the Rotunda of the United States Capitol as Senator Dole lied in State. He was on a platform, incidentally that President Lincoln laid on upon his death. Only 33 people have lied in State in that Rotunda. Your hometown boy, Bob Dole, is one of them. The statue of his hero, his commanding general, Dwight D. Eisenhower, looks over that room and looked over all of us as we gathered to pay tribute to Bob Dole. I have debated whether to express concern, always be optimistic, but I am worried. I’m concerned if America, ever again, will experience the civility, the bravery, the empathy, the character of people like President Eisenhower and Senator Dole. What happens when the greatest generation is absent?

But, I am relieved—I wrote in my notes ‘think,’ but I think the word is ‘know.’ I’m relieved to know that Bob Dole would disagree. Bob Dole would disagree with my worry.

Bob Dole was a man of hope—hope for recovery, hope for those disabilities to have full access to the world around them, hope that no child would go to bed hungry, hope that every veteran would receive the care and benefits they deserve, hope that the aged would live their remaining years with dignity. In the 1996 comments from the senator on the Senate floor as he left the United States Senate for the last time, as a senator he said, “I agree with the prairie poet,” he was speaking of Carl Sandburg, “who said, ‘yesterday, is a wind gone down, a sun dropped in the west, I tell you that there is nothing in the world only an ocean of tomorrow; only a sky of tomorrows. And like everybody here I’m an optimist, and I believe our best tomorrows are yet to be lived.’”

My hope is that the life of Senator Bob Dole will be remembered—carried on in towns across America, the hearts and minds of here and around the world. Brave enough to find freedom worth defending and in the halls of our government where there is a new generation. Where that new generation, like Senator Dole, will help make tomorrow better for their fellow citizen.

I started my remarks by sharing how much Bob Dole meant to Kansans. This week, we’re also reminded how much Bob Dole meant to Americans. One of the places Senator Robert’s mentioned, the World War II Memorial. We saw this week thousands of people gathered to pay their respects to Bob Dole at the World War II Memorial. You see it every day, hundreds of Americans, veterans, their families, citizens who respected and admired their service they’re there at the World War II memorial to say, “thanks.”

I did mention earlier as I described my first connection to Senator Dole, but the first time I heard the story of my dad search-

ing for Bob Dole in Italy was when my dad told the story to Bob Dole because my dad was on an honor flight at the World War II Memorial. My dad in his early 90s, Senator Dole in his 80s, just two old veterans talking about the past. That memorial that Senator Dole gave us creates a point in which we all come together and it helps change lives now, today, and in the future. Senator Dole had this memorial built in honor of veterans like my dad, and because of that we will be reminded of the service and sacrifice for generations to come across the nation.

When I get frustrated with things in the nation’s capital, I’ll walk down to the Lincoln Memorial and on that trip, I’ll go by the World War II memorial, I’ll go by the Vietnam Wall, and see the Lincoln Memorial and come back by the Korean War Memorial. I was there one day, this was right before the World War II Memorial opened and I found the Kansas pillar and I stepped away from the memorial and used my cellphone to call my dad. This is something that this memorial does, because I would never tell my dad this in person. I wouldn’t voluntary say what I said to my dad that day and fortunately for me I got the answering machine so it was not a problem to leave a message. But I said, “Dad, I’m at the World War II Memorial. This memorial was built in your honor, and dad I want you to know: I thank you for your service; I respect you, and dad, I love you. That memorial caused that conversation to occur, which probably was not ever going to. Incidentally, I was walking back to my office and my cellphone rings and I answer it. It’s my dad’s voice and he says, ‘Gerald?’ I said, ‘yes?’ and he said, ‘you left me a message, but I couldn’t understand it. Would you repeat it?’

Across the nation, people will remember Bob Dole for campaigns and presidential races and service to the Senate and legislation passed. I will always remember Bob Dole as the serviceman. The person who sacrificed so much, for the rest of us, in the military. And we’ll always remember his roots.

David Rogers, who covered Congress for The Wall Street Journal, traveled to Russell in 1988 and he said, “Like the outcroppings of bleached stone in the prairie grass, there is a hardness to this land, and it shows in Russell’s native son, Senate Majority Leader Robert Dole.” Pat mentioned he spoke to the high school class graduation in 1986 and Senator Dole said—of his own powerful ambition to chase flat horizons and grasp the dreams that lie beyond—he said, “The horizon is out there somewhere, and you just keep chasing it, looking for it, working for it . . . to make your mark not only on Kansas but America.”

Bob Dole suffered; he endured, and he developed character that gave him and us hope.

I’m honored to serve in the Dole seat in the United States Senate and use the Dole desk where I see his name etched into the bottom of the desk drawer every day. It reminds me of the man who went before me, and that each of us, each of us can chase the horizon and make our mark on Kansas and the country.

Bob Dole has reached his final horizon. He promised us he’d be sitting up above us; he’s watching. And he said he’d be full of optimism and hope. CJ Mahoney, who was my first intern in the House of Representatives—a Russell native—sent me a comic, a cartoon that appeared in some nation’s paper today, and it teared me up this morning. The cartoon is Bob Dole standing in front of the pearly gates and he’s talking to St. Peter. And the caption is “For the first time, Bob Dole can again salute his country with his right arm.” Isn’t that something that is to celebrate?

Robert J. Dole gives us hope for a brighter and better tomorrow. We say, “thank you.”

I can’t say it to my dad, Bob Dole, and I can’t say it to you, except in this symbolic way. But we can say it to all those who served our country. We say this today, “Senator Dole, I respect you, I thank you for your service, and we love you.” Thank you.

(At the request of Mr. CRAMER, the following statement was ordered to be printed in the RECORD.)

REMEMBERING WAYNE STENEHJEM

• Mr. HOEVEN. Mr. President, today I would like to pay tribute to the late North Dakota Attorney General Wayne Stenehjem, a dedicated public servant, a colleague, and a true friend. Attorney General Stenehjem spent four decades serving the people of North Dakota. He was a fierce advocate for the rule of law and the rights of North Dakotans.

His was a tremendous and impactful career that clearly demonstrated his devotion to our State, which he called home for the entirety of his life. Wayne was born in Mohall, ND. He graduated from the University of North Dakota and received his law degree from the University of North Dakota School of Law. He is survived by his wife, Beth Bakke Stenehjem, and his son, Andrew, along with many other loved ones.

Wayne started his career in public service in the State legislature, where he served for 24 years, first as a member of the North Dakota House of Representatives and then as a member of the North Dakota Senate. He then ran for the position of attorney general in 2000, the same year I was elected Governor and the first time either of us sought statewide office. I had the benefit of traveling much of the State with Wayne that year, where I came to know him as a solid, reliable individual with a tremendous sense of humor.

Wayne capped off his career in public office as our State’s longest serving attorney general. Throughout my time as Governor and as a U.S. Senator, I had many opportunities to work with Wayne on keeping our communities safe, supporting our law enforcement officials, and protecting the rights of North Dakotans. He worked tirelessly to advance these important goals, and I will always be proud of our shared efforts in these matters. Moreover, I am grateful for our time together, both as colleagues and as friends.

He will be greatly missed and remembered well for the meaningful legacy he has left behind. Mikey and I send our sincerest condolences to Beth, Andrew, and the entire Stenehjem family.●

HONORING BALTIMORE FIRE-FIGHTERS PAUL BUTRIM, KELSEY SADLER, AND KENNETH LACAYO

Mr. CARDIN. Mr. President, today is a sad day. While we gather here in session, a memorial service is being held to honor three Baltimore, MD, fire-fighters who gave their lives in service to their community. These tragedies

are a stark reminder of the commitment and sacrifice that firefighters throughout our great Nation make on a daily basis serving communities large and small. They are truly our domestic defenders and epitomize their moniker of “America’s Bravest.”

International Association of Fire Fighters—IAFF—Baltimore Fire Officers Local 964 Lieutenant Paul Butrim and Baltimore Firefighters IAFF Local 734 Acting Lieutenant Kelsey Sadler and Firefighter/Paramedic Kenneth Lacayo died after a partial collapse trapped them in a burning rowhouse in west Baltimore last Monday. These fallen brothers and sister leave behind grieving family members, a devastated firefighter family, and a community in mourning. We owe them the deepest gratitude and respect.

During this difficult time, I ask my Senate colleagues to hold in their prayers the families and friends of the victims, the members of the Baltimore City Fire Department, and the citizens of Baltimore. This tragedy affects us all. Families lost a mom, a dad, a sister, a brother, an aunt, an uncle, a firefighter, a friend. In the pre-dawn hours of Monday, January 24, 2022, Baltimore City firefighters were dispatched to the 200 block of South Stricker Street for a reported rowhouse fire. As the firefighters responded, the dispatcher relayed that there was a “report of persons trapped.” Shortly after they arrived at the scene, the building partially collapsed, killing Lieutenant Butrim, Acting Lieutenant Sadler, and Firefighter/Paramedic Lacayo. A fourth firefighter, Baltimore IAFF Local 734 member John McMaster, was transported to Shock Trauma and has since been released to recover from his injuries. Please keep him and his family in your prayers, too.

Lieutenant Butrim was just 37, but already a 16-year veteran of the Baltimore City Fire Department. He was no stranger to putting himself in harm’s way. He was called to the job in 2005 when he began his training as a firefighter/paramedic. Immediately after completing his training, he joined the Baltimore City Fire Department. He was always looking to improve his skills as a firefighter/paramedic, eventually earning the rank of lieutenant. Those who knew him say that he was not just an excellent firefighter; he was also an all-around good guy and always willing to help. Paul was a big sports fan and especially liked following NASCAR, baseball, and hockey. He married Rachel, his best friend and love of his life, in 2015. Their son, Nolan, was born in 2016. Tragically, Nolan passed suddenly in February 2019, leaving the family heartbroken.

Ms. Sadler, 33, a firefighter for 15 years, was serving as an acting lieutenant for the department when she was killed in the partial rowhouse collapse. Three days after her death, the Baltimore City Fire Department officially promoted Kelsey to the rank of lieutenant. Lieutenant Sadler began her

career with the Baltimore City Fire Department after graduating from high school in 2006. Lieutenant Sadler had a big heart, a strong will, and the determination to get any task done. Family was her priority. Her presence in any room made everything better and brighter. She was an amazing wife to Brandon, an incredible stepmom to Mila, and the best aunt to Lily and Emmett. When it came to the job, she earned the respect of her colleagues doing what she did best. Everyone who witnessed the beauty and dedication in how she lived her life will remember her.

Firefighter/Paramedic Lacayo, 30, was a native of Montgomery County, MD. He became a firefighter in 2012 and a paramedic in 2014, serving first with the Wheaton Volunteer Rescue Squad, where he received multiple citations for going above and beyond the call of duty. He joined the Baltimore Fire Department in 2014 and was assigned to Engine 14 in August 2021. All those who knew Firefighter/Paramedic Lacayo well describe him as the pinnacle of what a good person should be: kind and humble, always putting others before himself. His exceptional skills as a firefighter and paramedic were matched by his bright smile and his unfailing good nature.

Kurt Vonnegut said, “I can think of no more stirring symbol of man’s humanity to man than a fire engine.” I agree. There are no adequate words to describe the pain and the severity of these losses. But today, this tribute remembers and celebrates their lives, memorializes their sacrifice, and commemorates their service. These public servants worked every day on the frontlines, answering the call whenever sudden danger occurred until the very end. On January 24, these brave men and woman made the ultimate sacrifice.

Knowing what I know about these fire fighters is best described with words like service, sense of duty, response, commitment, courage, and sacrifice. And while those are strong reasons by which to live, sadly, in the firefighting profession, they are also the reasons by which they die. It is important to rejoice in the lives and contributions these lost souls have given, knowing that this world is a safer place because of the men and women across this country who continue to give their lives so others may live. From this moment forward, we will honor these three firefighters who lost their lives for their bravery and courage. Today, I ask that, in their honor—and for firefighters everywhere—please help protect our firefighters in their heroic efforts to save lives.

36TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE “CHALLENGER” SPACE SHUTTLE DISASTER

Mrs. SHAHEEN. Mr. President, I rise in recognition of the 36th anniversary of the *Challenger* Space Shuttle Dis-

aster and to pay tribute to the memory of all seven *Challenger* crewmembers: Gregory Jarvis, Judith Resnik, Francis Scobee, Ronald McNair, Michael Smith, Ellison Onizuka, and Christa McAuliffe.

On January 28, 1986, the world witnessed a fatal accident that claimed the lives of all seven of the *Challenger*’s crewmembers. As many of my colleagues will remember, just moments after launch, the shuttle exploded, never having left the Earth’s atmosphere. It was later determined that unusually cold temperatures caused several seals within the shuttle’s right rocket booster to fail, ultimately resulting in this devastating tragedy.

This anniversary is a particularly difficult day for the people of New Hampshire as we pause to remember the *Challenger* crew, including Granite Stater Christa McAuliffe. The *Challenger* mission had been chosen to pilot President Reagan’s Teacher in Space Program, and Concord schoolteacher Christa McAuliffe was selected to be the program’s first participant. Christa looked forward to the opportunity to teach two lessons from space and share her once-in-a-lifetime experience with students across the country.

Although the Teacher in Space program was discontinued following the accident, the families of the *Challenger*’s crew established the first *Challenger* Center for Space Science Education to promote science, technology, engineering, and math—STEM—education. The center is a nonprofit that engages with students and teachers, providing hands-on education in science, technology, engineering, and mathematics. Today, 40 *Challenger* learning centers have opened globally, and they are continuing to expand opportunities for innovative programs and activities in STEM. Though we lost five dedicated astronauts, a hard-working engineer, and a passionate and devoted educator 36 years ago, the *Challenger*’s poignant legacy continues to live on.

So many of our students and teachers can point to Christa McAuliffe and *Challenger* learning centers as having inspired them to pursue careers in education, science, mathematics, and innovation. New Hampshire has both the McAuliffe-Shepard Discovery Center, an air and space museum and planetarium, as well as the Christa McAuliffe School, an elementary school in Concord. I have no doubt Christa would be glad to know that a great number of young women have chosen to follow in her footsteps and embrace the values she worked so hard to espouse. Christa lived by the words, “I touch the future. I teach.” More than three decades later, her enduring impact on the future is clear.

In 2019, the Senate passed the Christa McAuliffe Commemorative Coin Act, legislation I sponsored with the late Senator Mike Enzi of Wyoming. The legislation was advanced through Congress with overwhelming bipartisan