

COMMITTEE ON HOMELAND SECURITY AND
GOVERNMENTAL AFFAIRS

The Committee on Homeland Security and Governmental Affairs is authorized to meet during the session of the Senate on Wednesday, July 22, 2026, at 9:30 a.m., to conduct a business meeting.

COMMITTEE ON INDIAN AFFAIRS

The Committee on Indian Affairs is authorized to meet during the session of the Senate on Wednesday, July 22, 2026, at 2 p.m., to conduct a business meeting.

COMMITTEE ON VETERANS' AFFAIRS

The Committee on Veterans' Affairs is authorized to meet during the session of the Senate on Wednesday, July 22, 2026, at 4 p.m., to conduct a hearing.

SELECT COMMITTEE ON INTELLIGENCE

The Select Committee on Intelligence is authorized to meet during the session of the Senate on Wednesday, July 22, 2026, at 3 p.m., to conduct a closed briefing.

PRIVILEGES OF THE FLOOR

Mr. CASSIDY. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent for the following interns in my office to be granted floor privileges until July 23, 2026: Anna Shaffer and David Rockett.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

ORDER OF PROCEDURE

Ms. LUMMIS. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent, notwithstanding rule XXII, that the postcloture time with respect to the Traynor nomination be expired, and the Senate vote on confirmation of the nomination immediately following disposition of the motion to discharge S.J. Res. 180, or at 12 noon if no motion is made; further, that it be in order for Senator VAN HOLLEN or his designee to make a motion to discharge S.J. Res. 180 from the Foreign Relations Committee.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

ORDERS FOR THURSDAY, JULY 23,
2026

Ms. LUMMIS. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that when the Senate completes its business today, it stand adjourned until 10 a.m. on Thursday, July 23; that following the prayer and pledge, the Journal of proceedings be approved to date, the morning hour be deemed expired, the time for the two leaders be reserved for their use later in the day, and the Senate be in a period of morning business, with Senators permitted to speak therein for up to 10 minutes each; further, that if Senator VAN HOLLEN or his designee makes a motion to discharge S.J. Res. 180 from the Foreign Relations Committee, the Senate vote on the motion to discharge at 11:30 a.m.; further, that at 1:45 p.m., the Senate execute the order of Tuesday, July 21, with respect

to the Pozos nomination; finally, that if any nominations are confirmed during tomorrow's session of the Senate, the motions to reconsider be considered made and laid upon the table, and the President be immediately notified of the Senate's action.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

ORDER FOR ADJOURNMENT

Ms. LUMMIS. Mr. President, if there is no further business to come before the Senate, I ask that it stand adjourned under the previous order, following the remarks of my Democratic colleagues.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

The Senator from Rhode Island.

REMEMBERING DAVID ROSNER

Mr. WHITEHOUSE. Mr. President, I won't speak long. David Rosner has died. You have probably never heard of him, but I knew him. His research, along with his colleague Gerry Markowitz, helped expose the role of the lead paint industry in poisoning millions of children.

He was a great public health researcher. Here is his book with Gerry Markowitz, which I just took down from my Senate bookshelf, where I keep it: "Deceit and Denial: The Deadly Politics of Industrial Pollution."

David had smarts, and he had discipline, and he had guts. The smarts made him and Gerry path-breaking researchers. The discipline made their research incontrovertible, and the guts helped him weather the response, all too common, from American industry when faced with inconvenient truths: to lie, to bully, to disparage.

Well, that behavior did not defeat David. His work stands.

As I said, I won't speak long. I will instead ask unanimous consent that three obituaries be printed in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD appended to these remarks. One is his obituary in The Lancet, the distinguished medical publication. The second is a reminiscence by his professional peer Bruce Lanphear. And the last is a Substack reminiscence by his daughter Molly.

David was a special man. He did special work. I was proud to have worked with him.

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

OBITUARY—DAVID ROSNER

(By Andrew Green)

Pioneering public health historian. Born on March 13, 1947, in New York, NY, USA, he died on May 24, 2026, in New York, aged 79 years.

As a leading historian of public health, David Rosner pursued "the highest level of scholarship that he then put to work for the benefit of people who had suffered illness and death at the hands of industry", said Amy Fairchild, Professor in the Division of Health Policy and Management at the University of

Minnesota in Minneapolis, MN. Rosner helped develop and expand the field of occupational and environmental history, showing how disease and death were often foreseeable—and avoidable—by-products of industrialisation. "What he really wanted to accomplish in labour history was to bring attention to health and the effects of working conditions on worker's health", said Gerald Markowitz, Distinguished Professor at the John Jay College of Criminal Justice in New York, NY, and Rosner's long-time collaborator. "He also really wanted to show how the workplace and the environment are crucial elements in improving public health."

Rosner received a bachelor's degree from City College of New York, NY, in 1968 and a master's degree in public health 4 years later from the University of Massachusetts in Amherst, MA. In that period, Rosner also worked at a hospital for developmentally challenged children in New York. "That's really where he began to see the relationship between environmental factors and disease, because many of the children had been lead poisoned", Markowitz said. "That really was an important education for him about how life chances are completely altered because of housing conditions or diets or just poverty." Rosner completed a doctorate in the history of science at Harvard University in Cambridge, MA in 1978. 4 years later, he published his first book, *A Once Charitable Enterprise*, documenting how hospitals in New York had transitioned from community-based institutions to bureaucratised facilities. "That was really a pathbreaking work that got a lot of attention", Markowitz said. At City University Distinguished Professor, Rosner initiated and academic career "teaching public health students to think not only about public health policy and practice and epidemiology, but to think about history", Fairchild said. "You have to know something about what came before you. It shapes our assumptions and sense of what's possible."

In 1998, Rosner moved to Columbia University in New York, where he was named the Ronald H. Lauterstein Professor of Sociomedical Sciences and Professor of History. He also co-founded and co-directed the Center for the History and Ethics of Public Health, which was jointly hosted by Columbia's Mailman School of Public Health. "He was great to younger scholars and just very supportive of younger people coming into the field", said Susan Reverby, Marion Butler McLean Professor Emerita in the History of Ideas and Professor Emerita of Women's and Gender Studies at Wellesley College, in Wellesley, MA.

Rosner challenged the health and environmental harms caused by industry both through his scholarship and in legal settings. He would regularly testify as an expert witness on behalf of people affected by workplace and environmental hazards, including silica dust, asbestos, and lead poisoning. "He spent all this time testifying for workers and much of that money he ploughed back into Columbia to build the history of the public health programme", Reverby said. "More than the content of his work on environmental and occupational exposures, he really modelled what it means to be an intellectual who contributes to our world", said Mary Bassett, Professor of the Practice of Health and Human Rights at the Harvard T H Chan School of Public Health in Boston, MA.

With Markowitz, Rosner would write or edit several books, including *Deadly Dust: Silicosis and the Politics of Occupational Disease in Twentieth Century America* (1991), *Deceit and Denial: The Deadly Politics of Industrial Pollution* (2002), and *Building the Worlds That Kill Us: Disease, Death, and Inequality in American History* (2024).

Rosner, who retired from Columbia University as a Professor Emeritus of Sociomedical Sciences in 2025, received a Guggenheim Fellowship in 1987 and was named the recipient of the 2026 Genevieve Miller Lifetime Achievement Award from the American Association for the History of Medicine. He is survived by his wife, Kathlyn Conway, a psychotherapist, and their children, Zachary and Molly. “Disease is not only a matter of bacteria and viruses, but it is produced by the social and political conditions that society makes”, Markowitz said; Rosner “very much believed that and that is what he wanted his legacy to be, to make that known in the public health world and the broader society”.

[May 25, 2026]

HOW ROSNER AND MARKOWITZ REVEALED THE HIDDEN ARCHITECTURE OF DISEASE

(By Bruce Lanphear)

David Rosner and Gerald Markowitz did not simply write history. Together, they changed how many of us understand the relationship between industry, disease, science, and public health. Their work became so intertwined that it is difficult to think of one without the other. Yet David’s death this past week invites reflection not only on their partnership, but on the singular role he played in reshaping public health history.

I had the opportunity and privilege to work with David and Jerry—they were a package deal—in the Rhode Island and California public nuisance cases against the paint and pigment manufacturers. Watching them work was to see historians operating not as distant chroniclers of the past, but as investigators reconstructing how societies normalize harm. They brought archives to life. Internal memos, trade association minutes, and forgotten correspondence became evidence not only of what industries knew, but of how uncertainty itself was cultivated and deployed. More broadly, Rosner and Markowitz helped redefine what public health history could be. Rosner and Markowitz stood at the intersection of history and public health. They understood that disease does not emerge in a vacuum. It arises from the worlds we build—our industries, our housing, our labor systems, our politics, and our willingness to accept certain harms as the price of progress.

Their work on lead poisoning fundamentally reshaped the public conversation. Lead was long portrayed as an unfortunate but isolated problem affecting poor children in deteriorating housing. Rosner and Markowitz showed something much larger and more unsettling: lead poisoning was not an accident. It was the foreseeable consequence of industrial decisions, aggressive marketing, political compromise, and delayed regulation. Their landmark work, *Deceit and Denial*, documented how industries understood the dangers of lead long before the public did and how scientific uncertainty was often amplified to delay action.

The same themes ran through their work on silica and vinyl chloride. They chronicled how workers developed silicosis, cancer, and other occupational diseases while industries debated standards, questioned evidence, and insisted more study was needed. They showed that uncertainty was not merely a scientific condition; it was a political strategy.

Rosner and Markowitz read corporate archives the way epidemiologists read outbreaks: searching for patterns, timelines, concealment, and consequence. They reconstructed not only what companies knew, but when they knew it and how they responded. In doing so, they helped expose a recurring pattern in public health: the long gap between recognition of harm and willingness to

act. Their work did not remain confined to universities or academic journals. It entered courtrooms, regulatory debates, and public policy battles, where it was often intensely contested precisely because it challenged powerful industries and long-standing assumptions about responsibility for disease.

They also understood something profound about modern disease. Many of the illnesses surrounding us are not sudden catastrophes. They accumulate slowly across decades, hidden within the ordinary routines of industrial life. Lead in paint and gasoline. Silica in mines and factories. Vinyl chloride in plastics manufacturing. These were not exotic hazards. They were woven into modernity itself.

That insight feels even more relevant today. We increasingly inhabit a world saturated with synthetic chemicals, pollutants, and technologies introduced long before their long-term effects are fully understood. Rosner and Markowitz’s workforced us to confront an uncomfortable possibility: we are, in part, dying from the world we built.

Yet David was never merely cynical. His work carried a moral seriousness without drifting into selfrighteousness. He believed history mattered because it illuminated choices—choices made differently in the future if we were willing to learn from the past.

Many scholars write about public health. David Rosner helped reveal its deeper architecture: the political decisions, economic incentives, institutional hesitations, and cultural assumptions that shape who becomes sick and who is protected.

That is an extraordinary legacy.

[June 16, 2026]

LOSING MY DAD WHILE THE KNICKS WIN

(By Molly Rosner)

As Knicks fever took over NYC the last few weeks, I’ve been excavating more memories of my dad and the Knicks, more lessons that 1990s fandom taught me. So I wrote a fuller piece about it. And here it is:

My dad, a lifelong New Yorker and dedicated Knicks fan, died on the Sunday of Memorial Day weekend, May 24th. One day later, the Knicks won their first Eastern Conference championship since 1999. Making sense of the cruelty of that timing isn’t easy.

One tough reality about mourning is that the rest of life keeps happening while you do it. Grief settles into you while you go about your daily routine pretending a piece of yourself isn’t broken, missing. The Knicks kept playing, magnificently, even though my dad wasn’t there to answer the phone after the game.

My childhood in the 1990s was the last heyday for Knicks basketball and I have a lot of memories mixed up with the events of Madison Square Garden. As an awkwardly tall pre-teen, I found comfort in fancying myself as Patrick Ewing on my basketball team. When Allan Houston played with a Band-Aid on his head because he’d bumped it in the night while feeding his baby, I thought there was nothing more noble or sweet. In that moment, I saw that being a fan was about more than athletic ability: Everyone loved Michael Jordan, but I could see the qualities that made my own dad so wonderful in Allan Houston. When I wore my Latrell Sprewell jersey to class, my middle school science teacher asked me—a rule follower to the core—if I supported his assault on his coach (before he came to the Knicks). I grappled with adoring someone who broke rules. I idolized the players my dad idolized.

It was while my mom was undergoing chemo for breast cancer, that my dad and uncle got season tickets as a relief valve. Because of those tickets, my dad was there

cheering in the crowd when my brother and I played the national anthem with the East Harlem Violin Program before a Knicks game. We practiced while the Knicks warmed up and, for the length of the song, the Knicks watched and applauded for us—a group of local public-school kids—as we played on their court. When the electronics store Nobody Beats The Wiz, sponsored the Knicks, we played the free giveaway cassette tape with jingles about The Wiz and raps about—and performed by—the Knicks over and over again. “I’m a Knicks fan <what!>, I’m a Knicks fan <what!> / I’m down with the orange and the blue!”

My dad was always unabashedly proud and supportive of me, so I can pinpoint the one time I knew I’d disappointed him. I was approached at the Garden during a game and asked if I wanted to shoot free throws during half time. As a teenage girl who’d watched so many other fans miss in front of thousands of people, I was too scared and I declined. When I got back to the seats from the concession stand and confessed to him, I remember his astonishment, “My own daughter turned down a chance to play at Madison Square Garden?” So certain am I in his love for me, that this “failure” became a running joke that would pop up at various life milestones.

My dad had that chance himself, playing for his high school team on that hallowed court in Madison Square Garden in 1964. Though he was a renowned scholar, one of his prized possessions was the photo of him mid-air, arms stretched high for a jump ball, converse sneakers dangling above the floor during that game.

As he got older, my dad’s appreciation for the team turned into one of awe for their athleticism. He’d repeat comments throughout the game—look how strong they are, look how high they can jump. “Just incredible,” he’d mutter to no one in particular.

This year on Mother’s Day, when I called him during game 3 of the second round to tell him our car had broken down on the highway about an hour south of Philly, he’d comforted me first with the Knicks score and then noted that train tickets home might be expensive because of all the Knicks fans coming home that evening. He offered to come get me instead.

Two days later, he went into the ICU.

The final round of the Eastern Conference began—Knicks vs. Cavs. After he stopped responding to our voices in the hospital, my brother and I would put the Knicks game on in the room, both holding on to the hope that the sound of sneakers squeaking on the court, or the announcers calling the plays, or the chants of “de-fence” would get through to him—that those familiar sounds might just be powerful enough to wake him up.

We’d stay until halftime, when visiting hours ended, watching, hoping. I walked the mile and a half home from the hospital checking the score on my phone, eavesdropping on conversations and shouts from inside bars where the game was playing, unsure of how to navigate all the emotions I was feeling: Devastation at my dad’s condition; joy at the Knicks glory punctuated by pain that I couldn’t share this with him; certainty that he’d want me to enjoy this; heartbreak that I wouldn’t receive a “Yeah!” text at the end of the game. As I walked through Harlem, I stopped next to a group of four men on folding chairs who’d set up a projector to watch the game. I checked the score and complimented their set up. Being conversant in Knicks meant we could talk to each other with a certain level of familiarity. “Let’s Go Knicks,” I said in lieu of, “have a good night.” As I continued home, I felt grateful that the whole city, it seemed, was rooting for their hometown team—our team.

The next morning, the ICU nurse caring for my dad, who is not a basketball fan, told us that she'd checked the score on her way to work just so that she could tell him the good news. For us, that was a real act of care. His fandom was a part of his identity as a New Yorker. The Knicks gave us something hopeful to talk about even as we felt increasingly alarmed that he wasn't responding to that news, or anything else.

And then, there they were, our childhood heroes: Patrick Ewing, John Starks, Allan Houston, Latrell Sprewell, Larry Johnson, and all our favorite players, thirty years older, showing up to support this team that was, for the most part, not born when the Knicks last saw a division championship. It felt like they were coming together specially for my family. The whole city has awakened in a way only New Yorkers can—with innovative watching parties, public joy, orange and blue bagels, and signature snark that makes the city into a home.

My dad bestowed on my brother and me the gift of being part of the crowd. He taught us what it means to cheer through thick and thin, what it means to maintain hope, and that there is power in believing in something “just for fun.” I share the bond of fandom with friends who send me texts throughout every game even if we haven't spoken all year, and I thank my dad for bringing me into this community.

The day he died, we told my dad that the Knicks were one game away from the Eastern Conference title that he'd waited 27 years to see. We told him that they looked like they were going to sweep. We told him the Knicks were honoring him at MSG. We told him the wait was over, we told him we loved him.

You can't time grief. I know that writing this is an attempt to make sense of something that defies logic. I wondered if a Knicks win would exacerbate my grief, as many things seem to right now. I'd cried big slobbery tears when they won the East. But the road through the finals was filled with moments of pure joy and camaraderie, the drama of an historic comeback, and a team so likeable you can't help but smile. It has felt like a balm on this open wound. I think it's healing decades of strife for fans with people who didn't live to see this victory. Karl-Anthony Towns said after winning the championship that he felt like his mom, who many fans know died in 2020, helped pull some strings for this win. “Thank you, mama. I appreciate you getting me one,” he said. Every lifelong Knicks fan has someone like my dad who didn't get to see this championship, but believes they might have helped pull some strings, too.

I know my dad would not want our grief compounded by a Knicks loss. Being a Knicks fan in the '90s was an exercise in resilience. It taught us not to take anything for granted and I draw on those lessons today.

Now, even without my dad, my family cheers because being a fan in New York is a legacy we are tasked with carrying on. A chance to be part of something bigger than us. Something to cheer for through pain.

Go New York, Go New York, Go.

Mr. WHITEHOUSE. I thank the Chair. I yield the floor.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from Wisconsin.

IRAN

Ms. BALDWIN. Mr. President, I rise today to, once again, try to end President Trump's war of choice in Iran.

We are nearly 5 months into this war, with no end in sight. President Trump

and Pete Hegseth have spent at least \$37.5 billion on a war that Americans overwhelmingly oppose. Americans are footing the bill with their tax dollars and at the pump, as higher prices continue.

We have lost 18 American servicemembers, with hundreds more wounded. My heart is with the military families who are grieving the loss of a loved one.

Now, after months of chaos, Secretary Hegseth wants Congress to sign off on nearly \$70 billion for this illegal war—nearly \$70 billion more of our money to fund a war that Americans did not choose. That is \$70 billion that we could be using to bring down the cost of housing and help folks get their foot in the door to buy their very first home. That is \$70 billion that we could be using to help families afford childcare and allow parents to get back to work. And that is \$70 billion that we could be using to lower Americans' health insurance premiums, fund our rural hospitals, or put some of the damage from Republicans' cuts to Medicaid to rest—in other words, restore that money.

Instead, this President wants nearly \$70 billion for a war that is spiraling further out of control. That is his priority, not Americans' housing costs or insurance premiums, but rather a war across the globe that nobody asked for.

Even worse, we are 5 months into this war, and this administration refuses to give us straight answers about when this conflict will end.

It does not have to be this way. It is clear the only way to stop this war and find a political solution through diplomacy and tough negotiations is for Congress to force President Trump's hand. He started this war, and he is clearly incapable of ending it on his own.

So on behalf of all of our constituents who are paying the price, I urge my Republican colleagues to join us in bringing an end to this war before another American life is lost.

I yield the floor.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from Rhode Island—Oregon. I am sorry. Please forgive me.

IRAN

Mr. MERKLEY. Thank you. The Senator appreciates your pronunciation of my home State, which people across America have a hard time often figuring out.

Mr. President, I am here tonight joining my colleague from Wisconsin on a very serious topic: that our Nation is at war; that our servicemembers are dying; that for every one who dies, so many are injured—a war that is absolutely hurting us in every possible way.

Operation Epic Fury has become “Operation Epic Failure.”

On February 28, President Trump and Prime Minister Binyamin Netanyahu launched this unconstitutional war against Iran.

President Trump was asked how long would this last. He said: 4 or 5 weeks. He talked about how our overwhelming military power would produce Iranian leaders who would plead—who would plead—for an unconditional surrender.

Mr. President, 16 weeks later, the war was still going on, but then there was agreement to a 14-point outline of a cease-fire agreement. But because it was just an outline, because the countries hadn't worked out their different understandings of the points, just as President Trump completely blotched the war, he completely blotched the negotiation; so it was back to war.

President Trump announced new strikes on Iran, and we are now in the 21st week of that 4- to 5-week war. Time and time again, leaders think they can launch a war and make a series of assumptions that prove to be wrong, and here we are again.

We were wrong with the assumption you could occupy Afghanistan and build something resembling a modern democratic nation.

We were wrong in spending our resources to attack Iraq, which was a counterbalance to Iran and undid this balance in a way that created Iranian influence through an arc that extended clear across to Lebanon.

You know, our Constitution clearly assigns the question of war to Congress. So to my Republican colleagues: Why aren't you insisting that Congress make this decision rather than the President?

Madison summarized: The Constitution supposes, what the history of all governments demonstrates, that the Executive is the branch of power most interested in war, and most prone to it. [The Constitution] has accordingly, with studied care, vested the question of war in the Legislative [branch].

That is us. That is us. It is not the President. And the reasoning was that an Executive can too easily make assumptions that something will be quick and easy, but you are committing the lives of our citizens—you are committing the treasure of the Nation—and that should require careful consideration. One person alone, our Founders said, should not be able to take a Republic to war. That is what Kings do. That is what authoritarian strongmen do. But we are not—need I remind you—a strongman authoritarian state—at least we are not by our Constitution. We are a democratic Republic, so let's start acting like it and let's start honoring the structure of our Constitution.

That structure assigns the power of the purse to Congress. So every single Senator should be down here protesting when the President cancels a program that has been authorized and funded. Every single Senator should be down here protesting when the President creates a slush fund to do projects that are not authorized and not funded—that is our responsibility. Unfortunately, this Chamber has failed, for the most part, to defend its role and to defend the Constitution.