

the principles of what it means to be an American. I am proud to join the President in the official recognition of the citizenship process and all it represents.

Last week, as Americans remembered and reflected upon the tragedy of September 11, 2001, I was reminded of how I recognized that terrible day on its 1-year anniversary. With Judge William Sessions, on September 11, 2002, we convened a naturalization ceremony in Vermont's historic State House. I was honored to speak at that ceremony and at others in the years following. These celebrations, in which we welcome new Americans, reflect America's resiliency and ongoing renewal. They also serve as an emotional reminder to me what it means to be part of this country. When we say to those who aspire to be Americans that we welcome you regardless of religion, ethnicity, native language, or culture, we honor the principles upon which America was founded, and which Americans spanning generations have given so much to defend.

This August, I was privileged to be invited to participate in a naturalization ceremony by the Chief Judge of the Federal District Court for the District of Vermont, Christina Reiss. I was moved then, as I am at every naturalization ceremony I attend, by how uplifting and hopeful this process is for those who have earned it and for those including myself who witness it.

In June, 68 Senators voted to pass a comprehensive immigration reform bill. The Senate and so many Americans—and aspiring Americans—wait with optimism and hopefulness for the House of Representatives to act. The core of the Senate's legislation was the opportunity for many millions of undocumented people living in the United States to enter the lawful immigration system, and to one day become citizens. The Senate recognized that the time for action is now and in acting, upheld the sacred values we celebrate today.

CONSTITUTION DAY

Mr. HATCH. Madam President, especially in times of crisis but also in times of ease, Americans have reason to reflect on the foundation of the life we enjoy as a Nation. More than the citizens of any other country, when Americans think of their collective lives or their individual liberties, we think of a document. On this day, 226 years ago, a group of America's Founders signed the Constitution of the United States.

In May of 1787, 55 of the 70 delegates chosen by 12 of the 13 States gathered in the Pennsylvania Statehouse, where both the Articles of Confederation and the Declaration of Independence had been signed. Just 115 days later, 39 of those delegates signed the Constitution and within 18 months it had been ratified and was the supreme law of the land.

The Constitution is special both for whose it is and for what it does. The Constitution's first three words identify its ownership when it says "we the people." The Constitution belongs to the people. The Constitution is also special for what it does. It both empowers and limits government. The Constitution gives powers to government by delegating enumerated powers to the Federal Government and reserving the others to the States and the people. And the Constitution limits those powers in multiple ways, including the very fact of being written down. As the Supreme Court put it in *Marbury v. Madison*, the Constitution was written so that the limits on government would be neither mistaken nor forgotten.

Put these two principles together and we see that the Constitution is the primary tool for the people to control their government. That is both the genius of its design and the source of its vitality. The Constitution lives because of whose it is and what it does. Departing from that design kills the Constitution.

President George Washington said in his farewell address that the very basis of our political system is the people's right to control their Constitution. Take away that right, undermine that control, strikes at the heart of the system of government that has given us liberty unparalleled in human history. That is why, for example, we contend over the appointment of Federal judges, many of whom appear willing or even determined to control the Constitution rather than to be controlled by it.

In times of crisis, we often look to the powers of government and in times of ease, we may emphasize more the limits on those powers. But let us never mistake or forget whose the Constitution is and what it does so that it may continue to fulfill the purposes stated in its preamble: to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity.

REMEMBERING DEREK JOHNSON

Mr. HATCH. Madam President. I appreciate the opportunity today to honor a true Utah hero—Sergeant Derek Johnson. Sadly, Sergeant Johnson lost his life in Draper, UT on the morning of September 1, 2013 in the line of duty.

From a very young age, Johnson always knew he wanted to be a police officer. His childhood aspirations became reality as he worked in various aspects of law enforcement. While he was still in high school he was an Explorer Scout for the Sandy City Police Department; followed by time as a police dispatcher, and then completion of police academy training. He has worked for the Draper City Police Department for the past 8 years, first as a reserve

officer and then a full-time officer, and recently as Sergeant.

In 2012, Johnson was presented with the Distinguished Service Medal for his role in the investigation and prosecution of a child abuse homicide in 2012. He also received the Life Saving Award, and the 2012 Community Policing Officer of the Year.

Those who knew Johnson said he loved his family, and he loved his work as a police officer. Johnson has been described as someone with a good nature and a sense of humor that could light up any room; and the ability to make anyone his friend.

Draper City Mayor Darrell Smith stated: "I have known Derek for many years. He is one of the best and most qualified sergeants on our force."

Johnson leaves behind his childhood sweetheart and wife Shante' Sidwell Johnson, their 7-year-old son, Bensen who he called his "little buddy," his parents Randy and Laura Johnson, and many other family and friends.

I have the highest personal regard for those who not only enter law enforcement but put their lives on the line each day to protect and serve our fellow men, women and children in communities across America. Sergeant Johnson did just that—he sacrificed to keep his community safe and we owe a debt of gratitude to him for his courage and selfless service.

It is my sincere hope that Shante' and Bensen and the many family members and friends who love Sergeant Johnson will find peace and hope in the life he lived and the example he set for so many to follow.

REMEMBERING MARREEN CASPER

Mr. HATCH. Mr. President. I am grateful for this opportunity today to pay tribute to a truly extraordinary woman—Marreen Casper. Sadly, Marreen passed away on September 14, 2013, while she was serving a mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints with her husband Ron Casper in Tennessee.

I had the wonderful opportunity of working with Marreen while she served on my staff for 13 years. She retired at the end of last year to pursue new opportunities in life, and to spend time with her family whom she greatly loved. Throughout her years of service in my Senate Office, she distinguished herself as someone who truly cared about our great State and its citizens. For many years she worked as my Southern Utah Field Director and became immersed in the many communities she served. She had a dogged determination and a great compassion for the citizens of southern Utah and had a ready smile and helping hand for all. She literally had friends in every corner of Utah through associations she has made and help she has rendered.

There has been no assignment ever given to Marreen that she did not fulfill willingly and with enthusiasm. She was a world-class volunteer for schools,

campaigns, and other causes she believed in; dedicated Senate employee who fulfilled her duties in a professional, caring manner; faithful servant in her church; and loving wife and mother. Marreen was absolutely loyal and always approached challenges and obstacles with grit and determination.

To know Marreen was to know one irrefutable truth—she truly loved her family. She was very proud of her children and grandchildren. Family photos adorned her office walls, and conversations with Marreen were always peppered with anecdotes and stories of events and accomplishments taking place within her family. She was very careful to always balance her work responsibilities with family time. In fact, most of her vacation days were spent traveling to visit and participate in important events in the lives of family members. I know she attended sports events, graduations, baptisms, mission farewells, and so many other milestones in her children and grandchildren's lives and loved to regale her peers and friends with memories from these experiences. Marreen loved her family with her whole heart and soul and believed wholly in the power and strength of family.

Marreen also deeply loved the Gospel of Jesus Christ and had a strong and firm testimony of eternal life and in the teachings of our Savior. She served in many positions in the church and had a profound influence in the lives of those she worked with and through her beautiful example. Marreen and Ron had planned on serving a mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints for many years and carefully prepared for this opportunity to serve. She was thrilled to be called to Tennessee to spread the message of the Gospel and to help those in need. She was a true disciple of Jesus Christ and a loving example of missionary work going forward throughout the world. It is my firm hope that Ron and her family will find some peace and comfort knowing that Marreen died while in the service of her Heavenly Father whom she deeply loved.

I am grateful I had the opportunity to work and share a friendship with Marreen Casper. Her life although not as long as many would have hoped for; was a life well-lived. She was a woman deeply admired and loved. Elaine and I extend our deepest sympathies to Ron and her five children and many grandchildren. May they find peace and comfort in the cherished memories they have shared with this noble woman.

REMEMBERING ELMORE LEONARD

Mr. LEVIN. Madam President, when Michigan novelist Elmore Leonard passed away on August 20, the world lost an irreplaceable voice, a witty creator of unlikely and unforgettable characters who, like their creator, knew the value of brevity.

Leonard's novels took place in the American West, in the Everglades, in the Horn of Africa or the streets of Havana, but they always carried a little of his hometown, Detroit. His protagonists, like his hometown, were tough and gruff, but loveable and good-heart-

ed, people of few words but bold actions. Like his hometown, Leonard's writing was without pretense or formality. "If it sounds like writing," he said, "I rewrote it."

The New York Times accurately described Leonard as "A Man of Few, Yet Perfect, Words." In 2001, he wrote for The Times a short essay on his tips for writers, titled, "Easy on the Adverbs, Exclamation Points and Especially Hoopedoodle." Their aim, he said, was to "remain invisible when I'm writing a book, to help me show rather than tell what's taking place in the story." His rules for writing are useful for all of us who write and want to be read, and I ask unanimous consent that they be printed in the RECORD. The world has lost a great writer. I have lost a friend.

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

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WRITERS ON WRITING: EASY ON THE ADVERBS, EXCLAMATION POINTS AND ESPECIALLY HOOPTEODOOLE

(By Elmore Leonard)

These are rules I've picked up along the way to help me remain invisible when I'm writing a book, to help me show rather than tell what's taking place in the story. If you have a facility for language and imagery and the sound of your voice pleases you, invisibility is not what you are after, and you can skip the rules. Still, you might look them over.

1. Never open a book with weather. If it's only to create atmosphere, and not a character's reaction to the weather, you don't want to go on too long. The reader is apt to leaf ahead looking for people. There are exceptions. If you happen to be Barry Lopez, who has more ways to describe ice and snow than an Eskimo, you can do all the weather reporting you want.

2. Avoid prologues. They can be annoying, especially a prologue following an introduction that comes after a foreword. But these are ordinarily found in nonfiction. A prologue in a novel is backstory, and you can drop it in anywhere you want.

There is a prologue in John Steinbeck's "Sweet Thursday," but it's O.K. because a character in the book makes the point of what my rules are all about. He says: "I like a lot of talk in a book and I don't like to have nobody tell me what the guy that's talking looks like. I want to figure out what he looks like from the way he talks . . . figure out what the guy's thinking from what he says. I like some description but not too much of that . . . Sometimes I want a book to break loose with a bunch of hoopedoodle . . . Spin up some pretty words maybe or sing a little song with language. That's nice. But I wish it was set aside so I don't have to read it. I don't want hoopedoodle to get mixed up with the story."

3. Never use a verb other than "said" to carry dialogue.

The line of dialogue belongs to the character; the verb is the writer sticking his nose in. But said is far less intrusive than grumbled, gasped, cautioned, lied. I once noticed Mary McCarthy ending a line of dialogue with "she asseverated," and had to stop reading to get the dictionary.

4. Never use an adverb to modify the verb "said" . . .

. . . he admonished gravely. To use an adverb this way (or almost any way) is a mortal sin. The writer is now exposing himself in earnest, using a word that distracts and can interrupt the rhythm of the exchange. I have a character in one of my books tell how she used to write historical romances "full of rape and adverbs."

5. Keep your exclamation points under control.

You are allowed no more than two or three per 100,000 words of prose. If you have the knack of playing with exclamers the way Tom Wolfe does, you can throw them in by the handful.

6. Never use the words "suddenly" or "all hell broke loose."

This rule doesn't require an explanation. I have noticed that writers who use "suddenly" tend to exercise less control in the application of exclamation points.

7. Use regional dialect, patois, sparingly.

Once you start spelling words in dialogue phonetically and loading the page with apostrophes, you won't be able to stop. Notice the way Annie Proulx captures the flavor of Wyoming voices in her book of short stories "Close Range."

8. Avoid detailed descriptions of characters.

Which Steinbeck covered. In Ernest Hemingway's "Hills Like White Elephants" what do the "American and the girl with him" look like? "She had taken off her hat and put it on the table." That's the only reference to a physical description in the story, and yet we see the couple and know them by their tones of voice, with not one adverb in sight.

9. Don't go into great detail describing places and things.

Unless you're Margaret Atwood and can paint scenes with language or write landscapes in the style of Jim Harrison. But even if you're good at it, you don't want descriptions that bring the action, the flow of the story, to a standstill.

And finally:

10. Try to leave out the part that readers tend to skip.

A rule that came to mind in 1983. Think of what you skip reading a novel: thick paragraphs of prose you can see have too many words in them. What the writer is doing, he's writing, perpetrating hoopedoodle, perhaps taking another shot at the weather, or has gone into the character's head, and the reader either knows what the guy's thinking or doesn't care. I'll bet you don't skip dialogue.

My most important rule is one that sums up the 10.

If it sounds like writing, I rewrite it.

Or, if proper usage gets in the way, it may have to go. I can't allow what we learned in English composition to disrupt the sound and rhythm of the narrative. It's my attempt to remain invisible, not distract the reader from the story with obvious writing. (Joseph Conrad said something about words getting in the way of what you want to say.)

If I write in scenes and always from the point of view of a particular character—the one whose view best brings the scene to life—I'm able to concentrate on the voices of the characters telling you who they are and how they feel about what they see and what's going on, and I'm nowhere in sight.

What Steinbeck did in "Sweet Thursday" was title his chapters as an indication, though obscure, of what they cover. "Whom the Gods Love They Drive Nuts" is one, "Lousy Wednesday" another. The third chapter is titled "Hoopedoodle 1" and the 38th chapter "Hoopedoodle 2" as warnings to the reader, as if Steinbeck is saying: "Here's where you'll see me taking flights of fancy with my writing, and it won't get in the way of the story. Skip them if you want."

"Sweet Thursday" came out in 1954, when I was just beginning to be published, and I've never forgotten that prologue.

Did I read the hoopedoodle chapters? Every word.

MANDATORY MINIMUM SENTENCES

Mr. GRASSLEY. Madam President, the Attorney General has recently announced that the Department of Justice will not charge certain drug offenders in a way that would trigger the