

and we stopped many—others succeeded. Yet the technology and framework for locking down these stockpiles is within our grasp.

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Let me repeat that. Today we fund this Cooperative Threat Reduction Program at \$403 million a year. We spent 100 times that amount in 1 day to deal with the crisis that hit us at the World Trade Center and the Pentagon 2 weeks ago.

Keep in mind that this is the immediate cost only to the stabilization, rescue, and cleanup of these sites. We will be spending billions more.

Now imagine the cleanup costs that result from an attack by a weapon of mass destruction. As horrific and as heartwrenching and as merciless as were the attacks and the casualties from those attacks on September 11, a weapon of mass destruction promises to be a whole scale of magnitude worse. The devastation could be beyond our imagination.

Yet there have been many reports on this subject. The Baker-Cutler report notes that we need to spend, in their estimation, nearly \$30 billion to address just the nuclear side of this equation over the next 8 to 10 years. At our current rate of \$3 billion a year, that would require a tenfold increase.

Furthermore, it is my opinion that we cannot wait 8 to 10 years, and we must address all weapons of mass destruction in a more direct, focused, urgent, and intelligent way.

All of this is a long way of saying that Russia's stockpiles of weapons of mass destruction constitute a vital national security interest second to none. No resource should be spared, no bureaucratic hurdle left standing, no diplomatic initiative left unexplored to eliminate the risk these weapons represent.

The preamble of our Constitution makes it incumbent on this Congress to "provide for the common defence . . . and secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity." If we take the lessons learned from September 11 and destroy these weapons, we will have done ourselves and our posterity a great service.

As we embark on this extended and silent war against terrorism, I believe that nonproliferation represents one of the true front lines. If we lose the momentum necessary to destroy these stockpiles now, the outcome of this war must be in doubt.

I know the American people understand the heavy costs we will have to bear. This is surely one of those costs, but I am confident, because I have seen on the faces of Americans everywhere—people in my home State, children who

have stopped to talk with me, friends who have called, strangers who have walked in my office and left notes and missives, telephone calls I have received—that the American people are ready, they are united, they are willing, strong enough, and without fear to accomplish this goal.

I believe there are a variety of answers to that question when people ask: When will we know this war has been won? I will say this: One of the best indications of whether or not we are winning this war is our success in cooperative threat reduction. The struggle is on, but this is an objective that freedom-loving people must take and hold.

I have every confidence the Members of this body, both Democrats and Republicans, regardless of their views, will understand, and with new insight will appreciate, because of the tragedy that is before us, the urgency of this subject. I am looking forward to doing my part, with other committees that obviously have influence in this area, to work across party lines, to work with House leaders, to work with men and women who have served before in this body, who have quite an expertise in this area, as well as our private sector, think-tanks, our universities, to put all of our best thoughts and efforts in action and to be focused as a laser so we can provide for the common defense of this Nation, the common defense of civilizations and freedom-loving people around the world, and that Americans will do what Americans do best, which is to put our best foot forward with clarity, with commitment, with purpose, with the practical way that Americans move forward to take on this task and to do it well. I am confident that as we do, we will be successful in this endeavor.

THE SEZNA FAMILY

Mr. BIDEN. Mr. President, I apologize to my colleagues and to my constituents for being absent from the Senate this morning, and especially for missing the vote on the Military Construction Appropriations bill. I was attending one of the, tragically, many funeral services being conducted across the country.

If my colleagues will permit me a point of personal privilege, this funeral service had a special and profound impact on me, for the victim was a brilliant young man who was the oldest son, and best friend, of one of my very good friends, Davis Sezna.

The young man who was killed on the 104th floor of the World Trade Center's Tower II, where he had arrived on September 11th for just his sixth day of work there, was Davis Grier Sezna, Jr., known to his family and to all who loved him as "Deeg." His parents, Gail and Davis Sezna, are community leaders in Delaware; they are people I ad-

mire and respect; and, again, they are my good friends. Deeg is also survived by a younger brother, Willy, who is a senior in high school, and by his grandmother, Mrs. W.W. Sezna, his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. H.G. Ingersoll, and numerous aunts, uncles and cousins and seemingly countless friends.

As inconceivable as it is, Deeg, who was 22 years old, was predeceased by his youngest brother, Teddy, who died in a boating accident last year at the age of 15. So the Sezna family has been struck twice by the sudden, tragic death of a healthy, vibrant and much loved son, brother and grandson. Like so many of our fellow citizens, they were so full of life, and then they were gone.

As inconceivable as the tragedy is, even more remarkable to me is the way in which the Sezna family has responded to loss that would cripple many people's faith and spirit. When Deeg was still listed as "missing," they held onto hope as long as they could, joining the legions of loved ones in New York, searching hospitals and talking with the rescue workers and local officials, determined to do everything they humanly could, and asking for God's help, for themselves and for others. As Davis said then, "It would be very selfish at a time like this for anyone to just pray for themselves. We need to pray for all of us. We're not in this alone."

When it became undeniable that everything had been done, and that there was no more hope of bringing Deeg home alive, his family continued to reach out to others. This grieving father, who had been in the boat accident in which his youngest son was lost and who had been on the streets of New York searching for his oldest son, this man, who had more reason to feel despair and rage and fear and to just give up than almost anyone, he called me and said, "I will go and stand with you anywhere, any time, any place to tell people, 'Don't be afraid.'"

With those words, Davis Sezna became more than my friend, he became one of my heroes. When you feel like your world is ending, and I don't know what can do that more than the death of a child, there is immeasurable courage behind the power to believe in the future. In one of the great inspirations I have ever known, the Sezna family still believes; as Davis told Sports Illustrated, when they interviewed him for a profile on Deeg as one of the athletes killed in the terrorist attacks, all the Seznas have been great golfers, "I live for tomorrow. I'm inspired by tomorrow. There will always be tomorrow."

In our efforts to respond to the events of September 11th, I can think of no higher goal for us as a nation, than to endeavor to justify the Sezna family's courageous faith in tomorrow.

And I ask unanimous consent that the complete text of the Sports Illustrated profile be printed in the RECORD.

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

[From Sports Illustrated, Sept. 24, 2001]

UNPLAYABLE LIES

(By Michael Bamberger)

A father was on the golf course, and his son was at work. The morning was crisp, bright, perfect. Twenty-two-year-old Davis G. Sezna Jr., known as Deeg, was working in the south tower, 2 World Trade Center. His father, Davis Sr., was playing at Pine Hill, a new public course in southern New Jersey, just down the road from Pine Valley.

"Dad," Deeg would sometimes ask, "do you think someday I'll be Pine Valley material?" Augusta National, Cypress Point, Seminole, Pine Valley. Those are the four sacred corners of the shawl that wraps private-club golf in the U.S. For many of its members, Pine Valley is the ultimate sanctuary, Davis Sezna, 48, is one of those members.

Deeg was employed by another Pine Valley member, Jimmy Dunne, a managing principal at Sandler O'Neill & Partners, a financial-services company. The father made the introduction, but from there the son was on his own. Dunne and Deeg played a round of golf together. Golf reveals a man; that's what Dunne believes, Davis Sr. does too. "Golf's a great interview," he says. Later Deeg came into the office for a sit-down meeting with Dunne and the firm's other principals. Deeg was wearing a suit. He was serious, energetic, respectful. He was offered a job.

"Can I start on May 14, Mr. Dunne?" Deeg asked. In other words, graduate from Vanderbilt on a Friday, take the weekend off, then begin work on Monday.

"No, you cannot," Dunne answered. "Take the summer off. Kiss a pretty girl. You don't have to call me Mr. Dunne, and you don't have to wear a suit."

Deeg took the summer off. He started work the day after Labor Day. Wore a suit every day. Called his boss Mr. Dunne. He will make it here doing something, Jimmy Dunne remembers thinking. Banker, trader, salesman, something. On Sept. 11, Deeg's sixth day on the job, he arrived for work a little after seven.

Deeg's father works in golf. He's an owner of a busy public course outside Philadelphia, Hartefield National, the site of a Senior tour event in 1998 and '99. He's going into business with the owner of Pine Hill, which is why he was there on that beautiful Tuesday morning that so abruptly turned grim and gray. Somebody pulled him off the course when the first plane smashed into the north tower of the World Trade Center. He was watching the terror unfold on TV when the second plane struck his son's building. "I knew Deeg was on the 104th floor," he says. "The plane hit, an hour passed, the building crumpled. A friend drove me home."

The Sezna house is in Delaware, in the rolling countryside outside Wilmington, near the Brandywine River, the pastoral land the Wyeths have been painting for three generations. The kitchen dates to the 17th century. The backyard is a long, sweeping hill, ending at a pond. The three Sezna boys would hit wedge shots and take divots out of that lawn all summer long. Gail Sezna, their mother, would look the other way. Her father-in-law was a superb golfer. Her husband was the 1973 Delaware Open champion. Her sons were being raised in the game as well.

"My dad used to say, 'A golfer is a gentleman,'" Davis Sr. says. "I raised my sons to understand that. The first time I brought Deeg to the course, he was five. As we left, he said, 'Was I a gentleman today, Daddy?' He dabs his eyes with a napkin embossed with scallop shells.

This was last Thursday, two days after the attack. The father had spent the previous day in the detritus of the World Trade Center, searching for his son. Now he was in his backyard, in the "final innings of hope," as he put it. Friends were visiting. The men were golfers, members of Pine Valley, Seminole, Merion, all clubs to which the father belongs. Sezna also owns several popular restaurants in Delaware. He was pouring good wine and slicing aged cheddar. It only looked like a late-summer cocktail party. The chatter could not mask the sorrow. Tom Fazio, the course architect, telephoned. He's a Pine Valley member too.

"Jimmy Dunne, God bless him, he was in there in the rubble with us," the father told Fazio. Dunne's firm had 125 employees on the 104th floor. Half of them were missing. More than a few were serious golfers, or the sons of serious golfers. Dunne is a serious golfer. He wasn't in the office on that horrid Tuesday morning because he was attempting to qualify for the U.S. Mid-Amateur, a lifelong dream for him.

The conversation with Fazio came to a close. "They can rip off your arms and legs, Tom, you just don't want them taking your children," Davis Sr. told him. "I love you, Tom Fazio. Give Sue and your kids a big hug from me."

Deeg once got his handicap down to four. Every third year, on a midsummer weekend, he'd play in the two-day Father-Son tournament at Pine Valley. One year the Seznas were in contention as they stood on the 16th tee in the second round. The format was alternate shot. One generation hits a shot, then the other generation plays the next. The son hooked his drive. The father needed to hit a big sweeping hook to reach the green, which is bordered by a water hazard on the right.

"Why don't you punch a safe one down in front, I'll chip up, and you'll make the putt for par," the son said.

"Nah, I can hook a five-iron on," the father said.

The five-iron shot didn't hook a bit. As it was heading for the water, Deeg said, "How old do I have to be before you'll start listening to me?" He was 15. From that double bogey on, his father listened.

Last Thursday, Davis Sr. was showing a friend a picture of his favorite foursome. Three boys and their father, all in shorts and polo shirts and smiles, standing on the 14th tee at Seminole, in North Palm Beach, Fla., the Atlantic Ocean behind them, nothing but years of golf in front of them. The father was on the far right, looking proud. He started to identify his boys. "That's Willie next to me," said Davis Sr. "He's a senior in high school, plays to a three [handicap]. That's Deeg on the left. Between them, that's . . ."

The name never came out. The boy was Teddy, the youngest child of Gail and Davis Sezna. He died last year, at age 15, on the first Saturday in July in an early-morning boating accident. The father and son were cruising in a 30-foot motorboat when they ran into a steel light pole. It took two hours for rescuers to find Teddy's body. It took seven hours to get everyone through the receiving line.

Last Saturday the father was backed in Manhattan, searching for signs of his name-

sake in hope's final at bat. Somehow the father found the courage, wisdom and grace to say, "I live for tomorrow. I'm inspired by tomorrow. There will always be tomorrow."

Willie Sezna now has a standing offer to join his father, every summer, in the Pine Valley Father-Son. They'll play in Deeg's memory. They'll play in Teddy's memory. They'll play until the day comes when they can play no more. When that day will be, no one can say. The Seznas know that far too well.

Mr. BIDEN. Mr. President, I suggest the absence of a quorum.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The clerk will call the roll.

The legislative clerk proceeded to call the roll.

Mr. REID. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the order for the quorum call be rescinded.

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

EXECUTIVE SESSION

EXECUTIVE CALENDAR

Mr. REID. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the Senate proceed to executive session to consider the following Calendar Nos.: 386 through 402, 404 through 412, 414 through 417, and the military promotions reported out earlier today by the Armed Services Committee; that the nominations be confirmed, the motions to reconsider be laid upon the table, any statements relating to the nominations be printed in the RECORD, and the President be immediately notified of the Senate's action.

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

The nominations considered and confirmed are as follows:

DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORTATION

Joseph M. Clapp, of North Carolina, to be Administrator of the Federal Motor Carrier Safety Administration.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE

Roy L. Austin, Pennsylvania, to be Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of the United States of America to Trinidad and Tobago.

Franklin Pierce Huddle, Jr., of California, a Career Member of the Senior Foreign Service, Class of Minister-Counselor, to be Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of the United States of America to the Republic of Tajikistan.

Kevin Joseph McGuire, of Maryland, a Career Member of the Senior Foreign Service, Class of Minister-Counselor, to be Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of the United States of America to the Republic of Namibia.

Pamela Hyde Smith, of Washington, a Career Member of the Senior Foreign Service, Class of Minister-Counselor, to be Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of the United States of America to the Republic of Moldova.

Michael E. Malinowski, of the District of Columbia, a Career Member of the Senior Foreign Service, Class of Minister-Counselor, to be Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of the United States of America to the Kingdom of Nepal.