

Year category and helped win numerous Grammys and awards for other artists. He has released seven albums, including a Christmas album that he wrote and recorded.

The American Society of Publishers, Authors, and Composers named Weatherly Country Songwriter of the Year in 1974. Weatherly is also a member of the Nashville Songwriters Hall of Fame and the Mississippi Musicians Hall of Fame.

Weatherly's "Midnight Train to Georgia" was inducted into the Grammy Hall of Fame in 1999. In 2001, The National Endowment for the Arts and the Recording Industry Association of America ranked this song 28th among 365 Songs of the Century.

Since moving back to the Southeast, Weatherly has continued to write, publish and record songs. Weatherly recently cowrote an album with Vince Gill that sold over 5 million copies, and he continues to have No. 1 country hits on the charts.

I congratulate Mr. Weatherly on being honored by his hometown of Pontotoc, MS, and on his long, illustrious career. I wish him the best in his future endeavours.●

TRIBUTE TO MICHEL BAIK

● Mr. DODD. Mr. President, it is with a heavy heart that today I pay tribute to fire fighter Michel Baik, who sadly lost his life on July 24, 2010.

A lifelong resident of Bridgeport, Michel graduated from Central High School, where he played football. Throughout his life, he remained engaged in sports playing softball and basketball and was also an active member of the St. Nicholas Antiochian Orthodox Church congregation.

He was well known as a loving husband and father who was very engaged in the lives of his children, Andrew, Thomas, and Margaret. He coached Junior Varsity basketball, volunteered with the Boy Scouts, and was a constant presence at their various school plays, sports events, and dance recitals.

For many years, Michel worked for companies like Norelco and Alcon Data, as well as at the Connecticut Post newspaper as distribution manager. He also helped teach computer skills to the unemployed as an instructor at a nonprofit workforce development organization called Career Resources.

Then, in 2007, he decided to take on a new challenge. He trained hard, studied hard, and ultimately became—at the age of 47—the oldest "probey," or rookie, member of the Bridgeport Fire Department. It was a job he loved, and he was proud to have been able to serve his community as a member of the department and the Ladder 11 team.

When a person becomes a firefighter, they are not simply taking a job; they are following a calling.

We have all felt our chests tighten and our pulses quicken with anxiety at the sound of a fire engine screaming through town. For most of us, this signals two important things: There is an emergency somewhere nearby, and—more importantly—that help is on the way.

Of course, for the people riding on those rigs, all the commotion is just another day at the office. They are focused solely on the task at hand.

When the unthinkable happens—a devastating hurricane, industrial accident, terrorist attack, or three-alarm fire—these brave men and women are the first on the scene and the last to leave. In between, they give all they have to make sure the emergency is contained and our communities are safe.

For Michel Baik and firefighters all over our Nation, the call to serve means facing danger every day. The commotion of an emergency becomes secondary to the need to help people, and the dangers they personally face must take a backseat to the task at hand.

That was the case on the afternoon of July 24, 2010, when Michel and his colleague, fire lieutenant Steven Velasquez, were conducting a search-and-rescue mission on the third floor of a burning house in Bridgeport. They were deepest into the blaze, looking for people in need of assistance and trying to ventilate the structure. None of the inhabitants of the home were injured. But tragically, both of these courageous men lost their lives, despite the quick action of their colleagues to pull them out of danger and get them to the hospital.

Tragedies are inherent in this profession, and the risks are shared by every single person who has ever gotten the call, rushed to their gear, and has run headlong into danger in order to save the life of someone else. These shared risks help to bind those called to take them together in a solemn way.

Firefighters will do anything for one another, both on the job and when the worst happens. The more than 7,000 of their fellow firefighters—from as far away as western Canada—who attended the memorial services for Fire Fighter Baik and Lieutenant Velasquez were an impressive testament to that bond.

I believe that the eulogy offered in tribute to Michel Baik by International Association of Fire Fighters president Harold Schaitberger at his memorial service speaks well of this solemn commitment. Through these difficult times, the community which Michel served, and those he served with, can provide support and comfort to his loved ones, and I will ask that President Schaitberger's words be printed in the RECORD.

Of course, no tribute will ever be enough to ease the suffering of their families. I offer my deepest con-

lences to Mich's wife Laurie, his children, and his entire family. Their sacrifice is unimaginable, and they will always be in our thoughts and prayers.

I know that we can never make this right for them. But we must celebrate the life and service of Firefighter Michel Baik and make sure that his memory—as a role model and true hero—lives on and helps to inspire others to take up the call to serve.

I ask that President Schaitberger's words to which I referred be printed in the RECORD.

The information follows:

INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF FIRE FIGHTERS

President Harold Schaitberger

EULOGY FOR FIRE FIGHTER MICHEL BAIK, BRIDGEPORT LOCAL 834, JULY 30, 2010

To Fire Fighter Michel Baik's mother Mary, to his wife Laurie, to his children Andrew, Thomas and Margaret, and to his sister Rania—thank you for allowing me the honor of taking part in this beautiful service to commemorate Mitch's life, his service, and his sacrifice.

To Mitch's family, to his friends, to his brothers and sisters in the Bridgeport Fire Department and Local 834, and to his extended fire fighter family, I stand before you like the man we honor today, a servant unto God, to offer the thoughts and prayers on behalf of our General Secretary Treasurer, our Executive Board, and the 298,000 fire fighters we represent across two great nations.

These are the times that words are a poor substitute as we try to make sense of such a profound loss and provide comfort to each other in this time of great sadness. I know words can do little to heal the heart-wrenching pain that we all feel. But I also know that I—and that all of Mitch's brothers and sisters in the fire service who traveled from across two nations to be here—want you, Mitch's family, to see and feel the love and the sorrow that each and every brother and sister in the fire service family feels today.

These emotions are as strong and as heartfelt as anything I can say. They are as genuine as anything I've written on these pieces of paper in my hand.

I want you to know that all of us have come here today to put our collective arms around you. Many of us are gathering for a second time today. We also paid tribute to Lieutenant Steven Velasquez.

Sadly, we are back together again and it's no easier the second time to say goodbye to one of our own.

Many outside of our ranks will refer to Mitch and Steven as heroes. But they didn't set out to be heroes and they didn't think of themselves that way. No, if they were here they would simply tell you they were just doing their jobs.

I did not have the honor of knowing Mitch personally, but I do know who he was. I do know that like many who came before him Mitch was drawn to "The Job" like countless young men and women who follow their childhood dreams—who experience the calling to service to become fire fighters. But for much of his life Mitch pursued other dreams, and at age 47—two years ago—he answered the calling.

He entered this close knit profession like so many of his brothers and sisters in dress blues who surround us now, with a humble confidence, eager to put in the hours with no expectation or desire for public recognition.

He summoned the quiet courage that resides in all who come to this work, and he

decided he could do it. He was determined—not only that he wanted to do it—but that he needed to do it. And at age 47 he realized a life-long dream, and he joined us on “The Job.”

Mitch was so excited and so proud when he became a fire fighter. He held up his badge to show his kids what Dad had done. He was Local 834’s oldest probey.

Though he was a rookie, Mitch approached the job like the man he was—accustomed to hard work and long hours and eager to sacrifice for his family and his community.

The journey he took to get on the job is remarkable.

Sadly, it takes a tragedy like this to remind us just how fragile life can be and how our own journeys can end all too quickly.

Sadly, too often it takes a tragedy for a community and its citizens to recognize the courage, dedication, commitment, sacrifice, and service that people like Mitch make day in and day out.

And sadly, it takes a tragedy for the rest of the world to see the sacrifice that their families make.

So today as we pay our respects to Mitch we also pay our respects to his family—for giving more than you should ever be asked to give. And we pay our respects to you for the sacrifice you have made.

Remembering and honoring our fallen is the most solemn, most revered tradition in the fire service.

Every year across the United States and Canada a hundred or more fire fighters make the ultimate sacrifice. And when one of our brothers or sisters falls, the fire service family comes together.

We come together no matter how near or how far to make it clear to you—Mitch’s family—that our hearts ache.

We want you to know that his brothers and sisters in the fire service loved him—but we understand that you loved him more.

We want you to know that we will miss him tremendously—but we know you will miss him more.

We have gathered to embrace you and let you know that your extended family is here, standing with you—and we’re not going away.

For almost a century we’ve come together in times of loss to show the love and respect we have for our family and to stand strong for our IAFF brothers and sisters, including here in Bridgeport.

We use the tradition-bound symbols of our profession—the men and women in their crisp dress blues, the bagpipers and drummers who play their mournful songs, the Honor Guard standing at attention—to salute those we have lost. And then the ring of the Bell sends them home.

This is how we cope.

This is how we mourn.

This is also how we salute YOU.

From all of us in this great union—this brother and sisterhood called the IAFF—we want you to know that your loved one may be gone—but he will never be forgotten.

Mitch’s name will remain, forever etched in the granite walls of our Fallen Fire Fighters Memorial in Colorado Springs.

We do that to show that he left an indelible mark on our lives, that he will forever be a part of our fire fighter family—and so will all of you.

Thank you Brother Baik for the gift of your life.

May you rest in peace. God bless you and may God bless the fire fighters on the front lines everywhere.●

REMEMBERING THEODORE H. FOCHT

● Mr. DODD. Mr. President, today I wish to honor the life of Theodore H. Focht, a former lawyer, educator, and public servant who passed away on April 22, 2010, at the age of 75. I extend my deepest condolences to his wife of 53 years, Joyce, his sons, David and Eric, and his grandson Jason.

Over the course of more than four decades, starting with his graduation in 1959 from law school at the College of William and Mary, Theodore—or Ted, as he was more commonly known to his family and friends—enjoyed an illustrious legal career that took him from academia to the halls of Congress to senior leadership positions at the Securities Investor Protection Corporation, or SIPC. Throughout his career, Ted earned a well-deserved reputation as an extremely knowledgeable and experienced voice on matters related to securities law and as a dedicated and hardworking public servant.

Following a stint as a legal assistant at the Securities and Exchange Commission in the early 1960s, Ted became a faculty member at the University of Connecticut School of Law in my home State, where he taught classes on securities regulation, administrative law, and property law. In 1969, Ted took a leave of absence from his work at UCONN and moved to Washington, DC, to take on a temporary assignment as special counsel to the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce.

When Ted took that position on Capitol Hill, the House Commerce Committee was in the middle of working to pass legislation that would provide critical new protections to U.S. investors from bankrupt and financially troubled brokerage firms. As the committee’s special counsel on securities policy, Ted jumped right into the issue, playing an absolutely instrumental role in crafting the Securities Investor Protection Act. This legislation, which was signed into law by President Nixon, created the SIPC—a nonprofit entity that insures the assets of investors against brokerage firm failures—and with it, an important new layer of security and sense of confidence for Americans who wanted to invest in the stock market.

But Ted’s work on investor protection issues did not end with the enactment of that landmark bill. Following its creation, Ted became the SIPC’s president and general counsel, where he successfully shepherded the corporation through its first two decades of existence. Between 1971, when he took the helm at the SIPC, until 1994, when he retired from the corporation, Ted became inextricably linked to the organization’s work and mission. Indeed, I believe that Ted’s work with SIPC, both in helping to build the organization as a young congressional staffer

and run it after establishment, are among the most striking aspects of his impressive professional legacy.

And so I would like to take this opportunity today to thank Ted for his years of dedication to the law—whether as a professor helping to shape the minds of young law students at UCONN, or as a senior executive at the SIPC working to build a safer environment for Americans to invest.

And I once again extend my most heartfelt condolences to all of the people who knew and loved him.●

REMEMBERING SERGEANT ORVILLE SMITH

● Mr. DODD. Mr. President, today I honor the life of a true American hero. Police SGT Orville Smith, a 39-year veteran of the Shelton, CT, Police Department, died July 7, 2010, of injuries he sustained while in the line of duty. I express my deepest condolences to his family, colleagues on the Shelton Police Force, and the entire community of Shelton for this tragic loss.

It goes without saying that American law enforcement officers such as Sergeant Smith are a very rare and special breed. Every day, police officers around the country go to work with a singular objective—to selflessly protect the communities and the people that they know and love. It is an incredibly rewarding career, but one fraught with potential dangers and sacrifices. And unfortunately, men and women in law enforcement are all too often forced to make the ultimate sacrifice, giving their own lives in defense of their fellow citizens.

That is exactly what Orville Smith, the first Shelton police officer to be killed in the line of duty since 1964, did. Late in the evening on July 3, while directing traffic outside of a local fireworks event commemorating the July 4 holiday, Sergeant Smith was struck by a drunk driver. He passed away 4 days later, leaving behind a loving wife, two children, four grandchildren, and a legion of fellow police officers who, during his nearly four decades of service on the force, came to know Sergeant Smith for his fearlessness and unflinching dedication to his job.

Indeed, to say that Sergeant Orville Smith was committed to public service and helping his fellow citizens regardless of the personal sacrifice required is, in my view, a bit of an understatement. From his service as a U.S. marine in the Vietnam war to his work as a volunteer firefighter, Sergeant Smith made protecting and defending his community and countrymen his life’s mission.

While he planned to retire from the force next year, his heart truly belonged to the Shelton Police Department. It is therefore fitting that Shelton Police Chief Joel Hurliman called him “one of the bravest guys I