

with what we have to spend, and if used wisely, the funds in this bill will advance U.S. interests and improve the lives of countless people less fortunate than we are.

#### HONORING OUR ARMED FORCES

##### PRIVATE FIRST CLASS DANE BALCON

Mr. SALAZAR. Mr. President, I want to take a moment to reflect on the life and service of a fallen Coloradan: PFC Dane Balcon of Colorado Springs.

Private Balcon graduated from Sand Creek High School in 2006, joined the Army, and was deployed to Iraq in July with the 3rd Brigade, 1st Cavalry Division, out of Fort Hood, TX. Private Balcon was killed last Wednesday alongside CPL William T. Warford, III, of Temple, TX, when a roadside bomb exploded near their vehicle. Dane Balcon was 19 years old.

Private Balcon was looking forward to a long career in the military. Since he was 3 years old he dreamed of being a soldier, of following the path of service that his father, John Balcon, and his mother, Carla Sizer, chose. Dane was eager for the opportunity to serve in Iraq, and was dismayed when his unit's deployment was delayed. He knew that the longer he was at Fort Hood, the longer another soldier would have to stay in theater. "Every day I stay at Fort Hood," he told his mother, "someone is away from their family." He wanted to get into the fight and lift his weight, so that the weight on others might be lifted.

Dane's loss has left a hole for his community, his friends, and his family that no words can ever fill. At Sand Creek High School, Dane's friends remember a young man dedicated to his future in the military. He joined the ROTC program, was in the drum line, and had a voracious appetite for learning the soldier's craft.

His charm won him widespread admiration and friendship. His habit of playing his drumsticks alongside an imaginary chorus during the school day exasperated his teachers, but his jokes would gain their smiles, and his heart would earn their respect. When he deployed in July, their thoughts and prayers, like those of his classmates, friends, and family, were with him.

The values that led Private Balcon to enlist and to serve on the battlefields of Iraq are the values that have guided American soldiers for more than two centuries. "Duty, honor, country," GEN Douglas MacArthur told young soldiers at West Point in 1962. "These are the words that dictate what a soldier wants to be, can be, and will be. . . . They teach you to be proud and unbending in honest failure, but humble and gentle in success; not to substitute words for action; not to seek the path of comfort, but to face the stress and spur of difficulty and challenge; to learn to stand up in the storm, but to have compassion on those who fall; to master yourself before you seek to master others; to have a heart that is clean, a goal that is high; to learn to laugh, yet never for-

get how to weep; to reach into the future, yet never neglect the past; to be serious, yet never take yourself too seriously; to be modest so that you will remember the simplicity of true greatness; the open mind of true wisdom, the meekness of true strength."

PVT Dane Balcon, who dreamt of serving his country and of devoting his life to its protection, embodied this creed. He donned the soldier's uniform at the first opportunity, he showed his bravery on the battlefield, and he perished in service.

Duty, honor, country, GEN MacArthur's "hallowed words" characterize Private Balcon's sacrifice. They are the values of America's great soldiers, the giants to whom we owe our freedom. Theirs is a debt we cannot repay.

To Carla and John, I cannot imagine the sorrow that you are feeling with the loss of your son. I hope that in time your grief will be salved by your pride in your son's extraordinary dedication to service. Dane served the Nation with honor and dignity. His sacrifice will never be forgotten.

##### CHIEF WARRANT OFFICER SCOTT OSWELL

Mr. President, I rise today to reflect on the life, service, and sacrifice of CWO Scott Oswell, who died on July 4 when his helicopter went down in Mosul, Iraq. Chief Oswell was on his second tour of duty in Iraq, piloting OH-58 Kiowa Warrior helicopters with the 4th Squadron, 6th U.S. Air Cavalry out of Fort Lewis. He was 33.

Scott grew up the son of an Army officer and was a stoic servant of the greater good. He joined the Marines soon after graduating from Air Academy High School in Colorado Springs, CO. He later transferred to the Army, where he became a helicopter pilot and, in 2006, earned his instructor rating.

At his funeral at Fort Logan National Cemetery in Denver, friends and family spoke of Scott's devotion to his family and to his service. He was "family man" to his wife, Cheri, and to his three children, Caitlyn, Amanda, and Ian. He was a patient "big brother" to the pilots he taught. And he was a brave soldier to those with whom he served in Iraq, willing to risk his life to defeat an enemy or to lift others to safety.

For his service to his country and his unit, and for his death on Independence Day on a mission to save another, Chief Oswell will always be remembered as a patriot. But he is also a patriot in a larger sense. Frances Wright, one of America's most famous lecturers, reminds us that patriotism is a virtue that characterizes an individual's dedication to the public good, to the preference of the interests of the many to the interests of the few, and to the love of liberty. "A patriot," she told an Indiana crowd on July 4, 1828, "is a useful member of society, capable of enlarging all minds and bettering all hearts with which he comes in contact; a useful member of the human family, capable of establishing fundamental principles and of merging his own in-

terests, those of his associates, and those of his Nation in the interests of the human race."

Chief Oswell wore his patriotism with humility. He did the job, and he did it well amid the perils of war. At Scott's memorial service, a fellow soldier recalled how they flew out to examine a suspicious flicker of light along a supply route to Baghdad. Finding an insurgent with a rocket-propelled grenade in hand, Chief Oswell hovered within the enemy's range, committed to preventing an escape. "This guy is not going to get away," he said.

Even with the best training and preparation, keeping calm and composed in difficult circumstances demands something more from an individual. Chief Oswell had what it takes. His friends recall that on missions he would often sing popular children's songs. He was steady and stoic.

CWO Scott Oswell sacrificed his life for this Nation as a patriot, in service to something larger than himself. He accepted the great risks of being a pilot with a smile and used his talents and temperament to teach others what he had learned. His extraordinary courage is a lesson to us all, a debt we cannot repay, a loss we cannot replace. He was a father, a teacher, a pilot, and a patriot. We are humbled by his service and his sacrifice.

To Chief Oswell's wife Cheri, to his children, Caitlyn, Amanda, and Ian, and to his parents, Barry and Nancy, I know that even now, no words can fill the hole left by Scott's death. I pray that you can find comfort in knowing that he was always, and will remain always, a true patriot. He will endure in our hearts and prayers.

#### ADDITIONAL STATEMENTS

##### CELEBRATING EL GRITO DE DOLORES

• Mr. CRAPO. Mr. President, next week, Idahoans of Hispanic and Latino heritage will be joining others in the United States and Mexico to celebrate the beginning of the decade-long battle to liberate Mexico from Spain almost 200 years ago. They gather to celebrate "El Grito de Dolores," or "The Cry from Dolores," issued by Father Miguel Gregorio Antonio Ignacio Hidalgo y Costilla Gallaga Mondarte Villaseñor, better known as Miguel Hidalgo y Costilla, Mexican priest and revolutionary leader. Cura Hidalgo, although ethnically a criollo, or Mexican of Spanish or European descent, became sympathetic at a young age to the terrible plight of the Indians and mestizos—those of mixed ancestry—who had been subjugated by the Spanish for 300 years in Mexico. Hidalgo was an intellectual, well-versed in a number of languages and well-read. Some historians tell that his classmates called him "el zorro," or "the Fox." He was