We gathered in the chamber of the House of Representatives around 6 p.m. Members were in the usual mood: informal, joking and talking politics. When the doors of the House opened and our group spilled into the hallway headed to the Rotunda, a hush fell over the otherwise chatty crowd. The Rotunda looked the same but there was a different spirit about the place. Tonight, as it had been on many occasions in the history of our nation, the People's House became a house of prayer.

As I made my way toward the chamber, I had little hope of even much of a view of the proceedings, but I was honored beyond words to be there. As I entered the chamber, I followed my friend the Majority Leader and I found myself at the front of the crowd, two yards from where the body of President Reagan would be laid. Throughout the service I thought again and again of Ronald Reagan the Midwestern boy instead of the western President.

The emotion broke through with the singing of *America the Beautiful* and, of course, when Mrs. Reagan gently touched the casket and whispered reflexive words of comfort and love to her dear Ronnie...

I always thought this job was a privilege, but being able to represent the good people of eastern Indiana at the funeral of my hero was a debt I can never repay. Thank you Indiana. -Mike Pence