

what guy wouldn't be impressed with all those medals you earned. When I read your historic novel—Horizons of Glory—I couldn't help wonder how many of the scenes depicted had their root in your actual war experience. Both you and Mom are extremely well-read; thanks for passing the importance of books and reading on to us. And Dad, you have always had the gift—the flair—for writing.

And talk about a guy with that "competitive edge." In sports and life you have risen to every challenge.

In 1977, when I married my college sweetheart Marie, no one was more happy for me—us—than the two of you. I like to think our happy home is like "our" happy home. We couldn't be more pleased that Melissa, Chris, Mike and Elyse think of the two of you (aka Mom-Mom and Bobby) as really neat—and they, too, love you.

I just realized, I'm getting a little long—which is really not fair. Mick, Tom and I agreed that each letter was to be concise. Hey, number three son's a politician—what'd you expect? A postcard? Happy 50th!

Love,

CHRIS

—
A LOVE LETTER TO KAY ON OUR FIFTIETH
ANNIVERSARY FEBRUARY 2, 1946-1996

MY DARLING KAY: The unabashed, no apology romantic in me happily says, "Kay, you are synonymous with Love".

Love is the only perfect place on our planet. It can move mountains; it has brought down kings. Yet, Love is paradoxically delicate and tenuous and must never be maneuvered, and certainly never be manipulated.

To paraphrase St. Paul in one of his letters to the Corinthians . . . Love is selfless, Love is sacrificial, Love, if nurtured, can be unending.

You neither have to agree to love, nor should there be a reimbursement to Love. We don't have to be Loved back to Love the way God intended. Very simply, it is the never ending gift of totally giving our ourselves—and asking nothing in return.

Cynics may scoff at these sentiments but they come and go like the waves on a beach and, we have spent more than fifty years, most of our lives, proving them wrong. Living as we do, in an age of hedonism, you and I have never measured success with material wealth—the size or location of our homes; the cost of our cars; labels on our clothes, etc. . . .

Our wealth—indeed our legacy is our children and their children and obviously, there is no way to put a dollar value on that, nor should there be a need to.

You and I would like to think that the magic that we first felt for each other was not just blind chance—and we never lost it. Were we just lucky? Maybe—but I think not.

Just a craftsman, a technician and an athlete constantly hone and refine their skills, so too did we, through constant communication and understanding the needs of each other. And, the tender, sometimes wild, often explosively, cataclysmic, earth moving events that produced Mick, Tom and Chris became for us, wondrously frequent happenings. It sure hasn't been ho-hum nor routine.

Do you remember many, many years ago discussing, "The Magic Cottage" by O. Henry? It told of a young, handsome and vibrant couple who never saw themselves older with the passing years, as long as they were in the confines of their "Magic Cottage". Much the same as the fabled, "Shangri-La".

Well, I believe we have found the spirit of our, "Magic Cottage" in our minds. The "Fountain of Youth" is not a place but rather that tenuous, delicate spirit of love along with our "Joie de Vivre". The joy of life.

The very phrase—Joy of Life—has such a positive ring to it. Very few of us are born

with it. It must be cultivated over a span of years and, I believe we have done that.

It has manifested itself countless times through the quiet pride we take in our loving parents, brothers, sisters, three fine sons and our grandchildren.

We have been separated by war, have experienced illness and pain, suffered the loss of loved ones always putting our faith in God and His Blessed Mother—and we have been sustained.

My dearest Kay, I have learned, and will continue to learn from your example of never complaining. Someone who knows us both very well once asked me if I found it difficult to live with a saint?

"Not at all", I answered. "It's kind of nice".

Now we celebrate our fiftieth and I know you wonder as I do, "Where in the world did those years go so quickly?" Would I do it all over again? In a minute and I wouldn't change a thing.

And I'll bet you feel exactly as I. Remember the line from an old song? "A million laughs and a few little tears?" That sums it up pretty good, don't you agree?

Since writing you hundreds of letters beginning in 1939, I always ended them with a simple—"I love you" but I don't think I'll actually end this one. The song is still playing and I don't think it will ever end.

So, I'll break off here with something you told me you liked very much after hearing it in a speech I once gave.

"Age is not a time of life—youth is merely a state of mind. We become old when we desert our ideals and dreams. We are as young as our faith, as old as our doubts. As young as our self confidence, as old as our fears".

"And deep within our hearts is a recording chamber, and as long as that chamber is receiving messages of hope—faith and cheer, we will never, never grow old. Happy anniversary.

Love,

BERN

REMARKS BY SENATOR SIMPSON
AT NATIONAL PRAYER BREAK-
FAST

HON. TOM LANTOS

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, February 1, 1996

Mr. LANTOS. Mr. Speaker, it is a pleasure for me to introduce into the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD the following speech, by my friend and colleague Senator ALAN SIMPSON, given at the National Prayer Breakfast this morning. Senator SIMPSON delivered this eloquent address with his legendary wit and humor. I encourage all of my colleagues to read this most significant speech by Senator ALAN SIMPSON.

NATIONAL PRAYER BREAKFAST

FEBRUARY 1, 1996

Mr. President, First Lady Hillary, Mr. Vice President and President of our Senate and Tipper Gore, distinguished guests. Greetings, my fellow seekers, discoverers, and wanderers (not necessarily in that order!) Always a grand morning.

One of the great honors of my life was to give the principal address at this National Prayer Breakfast in 1989. I was filled with trepidation that a seeker like me would be asked.

The night before, the Reverend Billy Graham, one of the most loving, inspirational, caring men in this world, called and said,

"Alan, we are praying for you." I said, "You're praying for me! I'm doing plenty of that for myself!" So typical of Billy Graham.

Long ago in public life I learned where to turn when I didn't know where to turn. One source.

The Senate prayer breakfast group gathers every Wednesday morning for a convivial half hour between 8 and 9:00. Our leaders are Bob Bennett, the Republican from Utah and Dan Akaka a Democrat from Hawaii. Rare gentlemen both.

The presenter of the day—after an opening prayer—shares much of himself or herself with us for fifteen or twenty minutes and then a time of discussion and fellowship. Promptly at the hour of nine we close with a prayer as we stand with hands joined around the tables. Sometimes the theme is the Bible. Sometimes it's public life. Sometimes it's about family and our jobs but always it's about ourselves and the impact of that greater force in our lives—a higher being. All faiths. All philosophies. All believers.

These are always very moving times. We share much with each other and we gain much from each other.

It helps us endure in the partisan and political world in which we have chosen to labor. Kindness, civility, tolerance and forgiveness all are part of the essence of our gatherings. We try to put aside harsh judgment and criticism.

I remember the words of a wonderful couplet my mother used to share.

"There is so much good in the worst of us. And so much bad in the best of us. That it ill behooves any of us to find fault with the rest of us."

I like that one. I knew you would!

We also talk about our human frailties. We talk about how easy it is to fall for the blandishments of flattery and be overcome by ego. I have often said that those who travel the high road of humility in Washington DC are not really troubled by heavy traffic!

It is always a very uplifting time. Yes, actually too a time of sharing of our own vulnerabilities. It was Will Rogers, our great American humorist, who said, "It's great to be great but it is greater to be human."

We are very privileged to be able to serve in the United States Senate. A special obligation. People do observe us. We are scrutinized. (Indeed we are!) We hope to do more than just talk a good game. We need to live the things we learn and share.

Let me close with a poem that is something we try to take from the weekly Senate prayer breakfast group and something we might hope to remember from this marvelous convocation today. That little poem. "We'd rather see a sermon than hear one any day,

We'd rather you would walk with us than merely show the way.

The eye is a better pupil and more willing than the ear.

Fine counsel is confusing, but example's always clear.

We can soon learn how to do it if you'll let us see it done,

We can watch you well in action, but your tongue too fast may run

And the lecture you deliver may be very wise and true,

But we'd rather get our lessons by observing what you do."

Now there's "The Word" for the day! God bless you all.

YELTSIN ADVISOR PROCLAIMS
YELTSIN REFORM ERA OVER

HON. GERALD B.H. SOLOMON

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, February 1, 1996

Mr. SOLOMON. Mr. Speaker, I would like to submit for the record the text of Boris Yeltsin's human rights advisor Sergei Kovalev's letter of resignation.

Mr. Speaker, this devastating critique of the Yeltsin regime is most timely, considering the IMF's current considerations of a \$9 billion infusion into the Russian treasury. It also comes at a time when Prime Minister Chernomyrdin is here in the United States assuring the administration and other officials that all is well in Russia. All is not well Mr. Speaker, and those, like the administration, who still don't get it are plainly referred to by Mr. Kovalev as naive. I urge all Members to read this critical letter.

THE CASE AGAINST YELTSIN

(By Sergei Kovalev)

For the past six years I have considered it my duty to promote in every way possible the policy that can fairly be called the "democratic transformation of Russia" notwithstanding many reservations. For a long time that policy was closely linked with your name. You were the head of a country on the road to democracy, and at first, you were even considered the leader of the democrats. As long as you remained headed in that direction. I considered myself your ally, or, in those instances when you departed from the overall course or drastically slowed the tempo of advance, a member of the loyal opposition.

Russia's road to freedom never promised to be easy. Many difficulties were obvious from the very beginning. Many others cropped up unexpectedly. To overcome them, all of us—the government, society, each individual—had to make complicated and sometimes tragic decisions. The main things the country expected from you were the will to make changes and honesty. Especially honesty. In electing you, Russia saw not only a politician ready to demolish the former state structure, but a person who was sincerely trying to change himself, his views, his prejudices and his habits of rule. You convinced many—myself included—that humane and democratic values could become the foundation of your life, your work and your policies. We weren't blind. We saw the typical traits of a Communist Party secretary preserved in your behavior. But all Russia, like a man striving to overcome a serious defect, was struggling with itself. We understood you even when we did not love you.

In recent years, however, even though you continue to proclaim your undying devotion to democratic ideals, you have at first slowly, and then more and more abruptly, changed the course of government policy. Now your government is trying to turn the country in a direction completely contrary to the one proclaimed in August 1991. . . .

Beginning in late 1993 if not even earlier, you have consistently taken decisions which—instead of strengthening the rule of law in a democratic society—have revived the blunt and inhuman might of a state machine that stands above justice, law and the individual. . . .

During the tragic days of the fall of 1993 [when Yeltsin dissolved the Supreme Soviet], I decided to stand by you despite my serious inner doubts. I don't deny my responsibility for that support. I believed that the use of force was a tragic necessity given the immi-

nent threat of civil war. Even then I understood that the events of October might encourage the top leaders to perceive force as a convenient and familiar instrument for resolving political problems. But I hoped for a different outcome, that by overcoming the crisis of legitimacy and creating a basis for the rule of law in Russia, the president and the government would do everything possible for our country's peaceful and free development. To a very great extent, the outcome depended on you, Boris Nikolaevich. I believed that you would choose the second path. I was wrong.

The 1993 Constitution confers enormous powers on the president, but it also places enormous responsibilities on him: to be the guarantor of the rights and liberties of citizens, to safeguard their security and to protect law and order in the country. How have you discharged these duties? How have you fulfilled your responsibilities?

You have virtually halted judicial reform, which was designed to make the administration of justice truly independent from the other branches of government. You openly professed the principle: "Let the innocent suffer as long as the guilty are punished."

You loudly proclaimed the launching of a war on organized crime. In order to implement this, you granted exceptional, extralegal authority to the security ministries. The result? The criminals continue to roam freely, while law-abiding citizens have to tolerate the abuse of the uniformed forces without gaining the security they were promised.

You stated that your goal was the preservation and strengthening of the Russian Federation's territorial integrity. The result? A shameful and bungled civil war which has been raging in the North Caucasus for more than a year. Under the guise of strengthening Russia's defense capability, you've blocked all military reforms which would give Russia an effective modern army. The result? Spending on the army is growing, and the number of generals has increased to an indecent figure. In order to justify their existence, the term of service has been increased and draft deferments have been ended. Meanwhile, soldiers and officers are impoverished, ragged and hungry. And the degradation, ill-treatment and corruption, traditional in our army, are as prevalent as ever. Not surprisingly, tens of thousands of young men are evading this medieval recruitment like the plague.

You speak of a policy of openness, of transparency and of public accountability, yet at the same time you sign secret decrees concerning the most important matters of state. You create closed institutions, and you classify as secret ever more information about government operations and the state of the country. Presidential decisions are made almost in the same backroom fashion as in the era of the Politburo. It's no secret that you increasingly depend on the security services and on their system of clandestine information. Isn't it obvious to you how unreliable and tendentious this information is?

The thrust of your personnel policy is becoming clearer with each passing day. At first there were quite a few competent, honorable people around you. But you also enthusiastically welcomed individuals whose only virtue consisted in their personal loyalty to you. Gradually such loyalty has become your primary demand when recruiting staff, just as it was in the heyday of the Community Party. . . .

You began your democratic career as a forceful and energetic crusader against official deceit and party disposition, but you are ending it as the obedient executor of the will of the power-seekers in your entourage. You took an oath to build a government of the people and for the people, but instead you

have built a bureaucratic pyramid over the people and against the people. Moreover, having rejected democratic values and principles, you haven't stopped using the word "democracy" so that naive people may well believe that "democrats" remain in power in the Kremlin. Your policies have compromised the very word, and if democracy is fated to someday exist in Russia (and I believe it will), it will exist not because of you, but in spite of you.

HARRY KUBO CELEBRATES 25
YEARS AT HELM OF THE NISEI
FARMERS LEAGUE

HON. GEORGE P. RADANOVICH

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, February 1, 1996

Mr. RADANOVICH. Mr. Speaker, on March 8, 1996, the Nisei Farmers League will celebrate its 25th anniversary. This will be the closing of an era with Harry Kubo at the helm and the dawning of a new era with him handing over the reins to Manuel Cunha, Jr. Harry will be stepping down as president but will remain on the board as president ex-officio.

AND THE DOVE OF PEACE WEPT,
TOO

HON. CHAKA FATTAH

OF PENNSYLVANIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, February 1, 1996

Mr. FATTAH. Mr. Speaker, Mrs. Marilyn Krantz of Philadelphia, in response to the assassination of Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin, was moved to pen the following poem entitled "And the Dove of Peace Wept, Too."

Feelings * * * shared by countless many,
Amidst the shock and grief,
In prayers and prose and poetry
Expressing horror and disbelief
That Israel's leader, Yitzhak Rabin
Had so mercilessly been slain—
And by one of his countrymen
Whose deed marked the return of Cain!
With the word "Peace" still on his lips
And his heart filled with hope anew
This Great man fell, and tears did flow,
And the Dove of Peace wept, too.
Reaching beyond Israel's boundaries,
This was a loss to all the world,
Leaders gathered from near and far
To join as mournful words unfurled
For this man who'd struggled to ensure
The survival of one small nation
And worked tirelessly to bring peace
In the Mideast—a great revelation!
Soldier, statesman, family man.
In his wisdom, he'd come to see
That war was no solution
And killing brings no victory.
May his memory be for a blessing,
Others will carry his ideas through;
This was promised amidst the tears,
And the Dove of Peace wept, too.
Yitzhak Rabin is with us yet:
He lives in every believing heart
That peace must and will be achieved,
And each dawn offers a new start.