

with the equally rich love and admiration of family and friends. This is what my father achieved. Measured in terms of years, his life seems all too short. But measured according to what he managed to accomplish in those years not even ten lifetimes seems sufficient to account for it at all. More significant, though, to those of us who knew him as husband, father, father-in-law, grandfather, brother, or uncle was his extraordinary capacity for love. My mother likes to say that he had been given an extra gift of love. It seemed so true. This was not a love that called attention to itself or in anyway placed expectations on those it sheltered. And it certainly never sought to control or to direct, or to tell others what was best. It was, rather, a love that could be so unobtrusive, so quiet—and yet so intense—that it became simply impossible to separate that love from the man who gave it. His was, then, a rare double talent—extraordinary public accomplishments coupled with the even more extraordinary personal qualities of a gentle but very warm humanity, an unhesitating kindness, and an unqualified love.

It is, however, not on his accomplishments nor even on his love which I wish to focus—not on his accomplishments because there are so many others far more qualified than I to speak of those, and not on his love because in the end there is so little that can be said of it. It was in many ways so much a part of his presence that for anyone who ever met him no further explanation is necessary, and for those who never had a chance to meet him, no explanation is really possible.

Instead, I would like to examine the one among his qualities which, it seems to me, most fully links those accomplishments together with that love. This was his wisdom. Among the many things my father's life was for me, it became eventually also a study of wisdom. Wisdom is not merely an uncommon virtue. It is also a rather peculiar one. Contrary to popular opinion wisdom has very little to do with intelligence, for example. And although my father had a brilliant mind, it was not from his intellect that his wisdom came. Intelligence revels in complexity and in subtlety, both of which can occasionally be helpful, but which just as often can obscure and even confuse solutions. Complexity for its own sake held no interest for my father. He preferred simplicity, clarity.

No, this wisdom came from another place entirely, and as I watched over the years I have come to more fully appreciate the nature of wisdom itself. Wisdom, I have decided, is nothing more and nothing less than the ability to state the obvious.

Describing it this way may at first seem to cheapen it, to dismiss it, or possibly to degrade it into something rather ordinary. It does none of these. The fact is, the ability to state the obvious is remarkably rare. It is rare in part, because to do so requires its own manager of courage. It is rare, too, because, strangely enough, the obvious is not obvious to very many.

The courage that is required is the sort needed in the face of the widespread belief that stating the obvious makes a person appear uninformed, or naive, or even foolish. My father was none of these, and so to state the obvious with the consistency with which he did so demanded not only a profound self-confidence but an even more profound conviction that how he himself appeared was in the long run incidental to the main task to be done, which was to make the world a better place. One of the things he was fond of saying was, "First decide what is the right thing to do. Then figure out how you are going to do it." He was convinced that this process should never be reversed. You should never let what you think you can do try to convince you what you ought to do. Start

with what is right and work from there. And for my father, to say that you should start with what is right was to state the obvious.

There were many other things similar.

It was also obvious to him, for example, that there is far, far more that unifies all of us as human beings than that separates us. There are differences, of course, but there are no differences so significant that they cancel out the far more basic needs and infinitely more important hopes that all people share simply by the fact of being human. Nearly every problem we have, he was convinced, is the result of forgetting how much each of us has in common with everyone else on this planet just as nearly every solution must start with the reaffirmation of that fact. Thus it was that his strongest impulse, an impulse that formed a cord that tied together his entire career, was always to make connections. He took it as his daily task to form bridges, bridges between ideas, bridges between institutions, and most important of all, bridges between people. He was persuaded that there could be no greater responsibility for schools, for parents, or for anyone else concerned with the future of the human race than to teach children how much we all have in common and how much depends on the recognition that we are all in this together. For him, to say this was to state the obvious.

And simply because we all share so much, and because we are all in this together, it was also obvious to him that no voice should ever be ignored, and it was those least heard that he was most inclined to notice. This was especially true of children. All his life my father was preoccupied with children. He was fully persuaded that children, simply as children, had so much to offer the world. It was for him a point of unwavering conviction that their voices, at least as much as any one else's, had to be included as part of the human solution. To him, it just seemed so obvious that this should be so.

Finally, it was for him obvious too that everything we do must contribute to a greater purpose. This meant in part working on a day-to-day basis to make the world a better, more just place, but it also meant for him quite a bit more than that. Central to who my father was was his faith that no matter what any of us do in the course of our lives, it can only ever be but a tiny part of who we are and what we are to become. Some weeks before he died my father said to me, "I've always known how important what we do here can be, but recently I've come to see so plainly all the ways in which what we do here can also become what I can only describe as holy." He told me this as something that he regarded with renewed appreciation but not with surprise. On one level this, too, had always been obvious to him.

The thing is, though, that not all of this that was so obvious to my father is equally obvious to everyone else.

In a 1978 interview my father said:

"It takes constant awareness to see yourself in relation to others, to see this moment in relation to a day or week or a century, to see this planet in the universe, and to keep rediscovering how important each moment is and, in a sense, how fleeting and almost inconsequential in the broad sweep of human history and divine plan."

My only quarrel would be with the word "inconsequential." A life such as my father's shows just how consequential one person's time on earth can be. We all lose when a voice such as his is silenced. Wisdom such as he offered has grown all too rare. It has even sometimes seemed to me that when my father died wisdom itself died with him, since the only thing obvious to me now is how much I miss him. And yet he himself would have been the first to protest such a thought.

He would have pointed out that really nothing has changed: It is still true that people have more uniting them than dividing them, that no voice, least of all that of any child, can ever be ignored, and, most especially, that all that we do is towards a larger purpose.

These remain as obvious as they ever were, and obvious especially to us now even if they are still not obvious to all, because we had him to point them out to us.

ERNIE BOYER: A SELF-EFFACING LEADER

Mr. SIMON. Mr. President, several weeks ago I attended a memorial service for Dr. Ernie Boyer, a man who had dedicated most of his life to improving education and educational opportunities for all Americans. The memorial service was more of a celebration of who Ernie was and how many lives he touched than a farewell. Speakers included his son Ernest Boyer, Jr., Secretary of Education Riley, Senator EDWARD KENNEDY and the principal of a San Antonio elementary school Ernie nurtured along. None of us said it better than a fifth grader who had gotten to know Ernie Boyer, "You say you don't know who Dr. Boyer was? You never got to know him? Too Bad! You would have loved him."

I am submitting the remarks made by several of us at the service and hope my colleagues will take the time to read what Ernie Boyer meant to a lot of very different people.

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

REMARKS BY SENATOR PAUL SIMON

William Butler Yeats, the Irish poet and later an Irish Senator, in the mid 1920s wrote in a poem: "The best lack conviction, while the worst are full of passionate intensity." It sounds as if he is writing about today. But Yeats did not know Ernie Boyer.

His quiet demeanor, his ready smile and marvelous laughter, his soft response to a hostile question were not indications that he lacked solid conviction. He had backbone and vision and an understanding of humanity that combined to make him superbly effective. The Albany Times Union editorial tribute concluded with this accurate assessment: "He touched millions of ordinary lives and made them better."

The last time I talked to him by telephone, he spoke from a hospital bed, only I did not know it until after I read the story of his death. He was that kind of self-effacing human being.

While we knew each other for a period casually, I first got to really know him when President Carter appointed the Commission on Foreign Languages and International Education, headed by Jim Perkins of this city. Most of us on the Commission did not know each other. Ernie suggested a few names, and the White House added some. It turned out to be one of those rare commissions where everyone worked, and worked together with a common purpose, on a small budget with limited time, and the end result changed the educational climate in our nation—slightly. But slight changes, like one or two votes in the Senate, can ultimately make a huge difference. Ernie Boyer played a key role in the work of that Commission.

His work as Chancellor of the State University of New York earned him what I am

sure were deserved laurels, but when he became United States Commissioner of Education, then headed the Carnegie Endowment for the Advancement of Teaching, he enriched the nation immensely. In those positions he lifted all of us in ways that never can be calculated fully.

Our friend attended Greenville College in Illinois, a small liberal arts college, for his undergraduate work. Greenville is sponsored by the Free Methodists. When he attended, female students could not wear lipstick, and all students had to take a pledge not to attend movies. The Free Methodists were not too free.

But Ernie always felt gratitude to that school for the opportunity it gave him. He learned to respect and understand that part of our culture. From there he grew and reached out across all the barriers of religion and race and ethnicity to live a life of concern. He wanted a quality opportunity to be the option for all in this nation and beyond this nation.

As we bid a formal farewell to the man, let us honor him by not bidding a formal farewell to his ideas and his ideals. He did not want a nation that has technically superb but useless B-2 bombers and inner-city schools with no books in the library and, too often, no hope in the classroom. He did not want a nation eager to invest in more and grander prisons but unwilling to invest in better schools. He did not want a nation with great sensitivity to the whims of those of us who are more fortunate economically but indifferent to the 24 percent of our children who live in poverty. He did not want a nation of scholars who can carry on great discussions but are unable to carry out great dreams.

Ernie Boyer: gentleman, scholar, dreamer, doer.

May we be the same.

REMARKS FROM ALICIA THOMAS

Dr. Ikenberry, Trustees of the Carnegie Foundation, members of Dr. Boyer's family, friends of Dr. Boyer, distinguished guests, ladies and gentlemen. It is my very great honor and privilege today to speak on behalf of all the teachers, students and principals in the Basic School Network. This has been a time of great sadness for us all. We have lost a dear friend. In the two years that we have worked together this group has become very close, very united in our efforts to improve schooling on behalf of this Nation's children. And so for all of us there is a lot of affection, warm affection for Dr. Boyer, much respect for him, and consequently a deep sense of loss and a sense of absence that will always be with those of us who had the privilege to learn from him, and to engage in conversation and discussion. I think his voice and his presence will always be missed, and we will never be quite the same again.

But this is also a time of reflection on the richness of a life, and the richness of a legacy. Of all the people I've known, no one's life and legacy could have been richer than Ernest Boyer's. His family was a great source of pride; four wonderful children, grandchildren, a loyal and devoted wife. But beyond family, Ernie Boyer's life was one of service. Service to children, both in highly respected positions in our Nation's government, and as President of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. His life was very rich. He gave of himself, and in doing so earned the respect and love of all, family, friends and colleagues, and most especially, teachers.

To Ernest Boyer there was no nobler profession than teaching. He spoke movingly of the great teachers in his life, including the famed first grade teacher, Miss Rice. And he

moved each of us to work with renewed purpose and inspiration, to commit our lives to practice in an exemplary way. Dr. Boyer wanted the best and the brightest in teaching; he wished for loving and supportive first teachers in order that all children succeed. Dr. Boyer felt teachers were part of the strength and solution for our Nation's schools; he knew that a truly great teacher changes lives forever. The teachers at Jackson-Keller said simply, "He stood up for schools; he stood up for us." Kindergarten teacher Kristen Dreyer said "I just loved it when he told me 'you are doing the Lord's work.'" And so we are.

I can't forget to mention Dr. Boyer's wonderful sense of humor. He so enjoyed the funny stories shared about teachers and children. He would dance the chicken dance with a group of second graders, listen intently as Kindergartners explained their drawings, chortle with laughter as Third grade teacher Suzann Westermann sang "Nothing could be sweller than to be at Jackson Keller." Ernie Boyer just loved people, and he believed the best in them. It was the people that linked him to schools. And at Jackson-Keller he was as beloved by the Head Custodian as he was by the children, parents, and teachers.

Danal Jimenez, J-K Fifth grader wrote "If I can quote Shakespeare, 'Alas, I knew him well.' Personally, I feel the loss. He came from Princeton and made me feel special when two years ago he gave me his firm handshake, special note on his business card and friendly words. He was like an instant quick friend and I will never forget him. Did you know he loved the arts?"

Danal's friend Michael Navarro said, "A few days ago, Jackson-Keller lost a great friend, mentor and thinker. He helped the Basic School exist. You say you don't know who Dr. Boyer was? You never got to know him? TOO BAD! You would have loved him." Michael continued, "The Asians had their Sensai, the Indians had their Shaman, and we had our Dr. Boyer. Though he passed away, he will continue to live in our commonalities, and through our community of learners, and definitely in the hearts of the children who knew him."

During their visit to Jackson-Keller last October, Dr. and Mrs. Boyer were serenaded by our third grade students. Our children sang:

I am a child,
I am the future of the world, and just like
every boy and girl
I have a dream.
And when I dream,
The only way it will come true is if I'm gently
led by you
And then set free.

In the Basic School Network, we have been gently led by the words and the actions of Ernest Boyer, and we do believe in this dream of the Basic School, a school committed to the success of every child. I heard Dr. Boyer say on many, many occasions "the tragedy is not death. The tragedy is to die with commitments undefined, convictions undeclared and with service unfulfilled."

Proverbs 29 tells us "A people without vision shall perish." But those with vision shall flourish. In the Basic School Network we have each been blessed to learn from the vision and commitment, the conviction and service, of this fine man. We accept the challenge of Dr. Boyer's legacy, The Basic School. It will live on because he taught us schools are not about buildings and budgets, but about building a better world for children. We learned from him that there must be a school of quality and excellence, a place of love and learning in every neighborhood, within the reach of every child. And that the meaning of life is to create a life as if it were a work of art.

We are thankful for the life of Ernest Boyer, and that each of us was allowed to touch it, and be touched by it.

NATIONAL ENDOWMENT FOR THE HUMANITIES

Mr. PELL. Mr. President, I strongly oppose any further reductions in funding the National Endowment for the Humanities. The agency has responded to a 36-percent budget cut for fiscal year 1996 with major restructuring of programs and staff. Using the House appropriations figures contained in the last two continuing resolutions, NEH is now operating at a 40-percent reduction—\$99.5 million instead of the anticipated \$110 million.

The agency has already eliminated 90 positions from its 260-person staff, streamlined its administrative structure, and cut programs. The suspended programs include: archaeology projects, summer stipends for teachers, dissertation grants, the NEH/National Science Foundation grants, the Kettering Foundation partnership, and, most disturbing to me, the National Conversation initiative. Further staff reductions are now probable.

The recent furlough and uncertainty over its budget is preventing the agency from planning, carrying out its mission, and ensuring that the taxpayers dollars are spent wisely. For example, NEH has had to cancel peer review panels. As NEH can fund only 18 percent of the more than 8,500 applications it receives each year, competition for funding is fierce. Ensuring that these funds are awarded to the best proposals is a responsibility that NEH takes seriously. The Humanities Endowment peer review system has been heralded as a model for adoption at other agencies. The forced cancellation of peer panels as a result of government shutdown has weakened that system and prevented the agency from meeting its high standards of rigorous review.

Should funding run out on March 15, NEH will have to cancel its March 25 round of grant awards. Applicants who have put thousands of hours and effort into their grant applications will be denied the opportunity for funding for an entire year.

Changing the Humanities Endowment appropriations means that: Work on the George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Jackson, Dwight Eisenhower, and First Federal Congress Papers will be terminated before completion. Summer seminar programs for teachers will be canceled entirely. One hundred fellowships will be eliminated. The widely-read Humanities Magazine, already forced to cancel its January issue, will have to cancel more. In July, all grants to film, libraries, and museums will have to be canceled. This includes a Utah Humanities Council exhibit scheduled to travel to 32 small, rural museums from West Virginia to Oregon, and a Buffalo Bill Historical Center exhibit slated for 10 Western sites. State Humanities Councils, in