

care drop-off and pick-up routine. There are even growing numbers of single dads taking over the traditional role of mother in addition to their usual career track, and fathers who have opted to be stay-at-home or work-at-home dads in order to become more involved in their children's lives.

When I was a child, children were "seen but not heard" by their fathers, and no man was considered capable—or interested—in the details of raising a young child. Indeed, few men would have had any idea of how to go about caring for an infant, I suppose. And that is why I was reared by my aunt and uncle after my own dear mother died in my first year of life. I can understand and even empathize with my father, and I will always be grateful to my Aunt Vlurma and her husband, Titus Dalton Byrd, for the care and the love, the affection, the attention, and the advice that they gave to me. But, naturally, I will always wonder how my life might have been different had I remained within my own birth family. I remember nothing of my natural mother. I wish that I had more memories of time spent with my father and my siblings. I only can recall spending one week during my lifetime with my natural father.

But I do well remember a kind and gentle foster father, my aunt's husband, who gave me my name and who encouraged me to study and to draw pictures and to play a musical instrument, who encouraged me to reach for the stars and to try to attain goals that were far beyond those which were the norm in our small mining community in southern West Virginia.

Now, he did not want me to toil in the mines as he did. He encouraged me to read. He never bought me a cap buster or cowboy suit. He always bought a drawing tablet or a water color set or a violin or a mandolin or a guitar. He urged me to play music, urged me to develop my abilities.

His education probably did not go beyond the second or third grade. He could manage poor handwriting. He could read. And he read the family Bible. When he left this world, he did not owe any man a penny. In all the years that I lived with him, I never heard him once use God's name in vain, I never heard him grumble at what was put on the table before him. And he and my Aunt Vlurma lived together 53 years. I do not recall ever having heard either of them raise a voice in anger against the other.

He never forgot his little foster son. He always saved something from his lunch for me. He was a coal miner. And I can recall that late in the afternoon I would look up the railroad tracks and watch for him coming down the railroad tracks, carrying his dinner bucket. I would run to meet him. And when I came to him, he would set his dinner bucket down and take the lid off the dinner bucket and reach in and get an apple or a piece of cake. In those days, cakes could be bought for 5 cents at the

store—cupcakes, as we called them, some were chocolate, some had coconut icing, and so on. But whatever the cake, he always managed to save it for me. He never failed.

I remember his strong weathered face, his long sturdy hands and his kind, thoughtful eyes as clearly as if he had only this morning patted me on the head and gone off for another back-breaking day in the mines.

He represented strength and security and ageless wisdom to me—it was a time when things were certain and clear and uncomplicated because he was there to make everything right.

As in my own experience, a father's presence looms large in a child's life. A father who sits down to help with homework reinforces the importance of schoolwork. And when a father takes his children to worship services, or better yet, leads them in their bedtime prayers, he instills in them the importance of devotion and respect for the Creator's role in our daily lives.

I am glad that more fathers are taking an interest in their children, as a general matter, I think. It is not always the case, by any means. But they are taking an interest in their children beyond the financial aspect that was all-important during my early days as a father—when I was making \$70 a month working as a produce boy, working as a meatcutter, \$70 a month—although that is a role that cannot be abdicated. Children are a joy and a delight, but they are also a very serious lifetime responsibility, both financially and morally. Children are not like a job—they cannot be fired, one cannot quit or resign from the responsibility of being a father, and even declaring moral and financial bankruptcy does not relieve one of the responsibility for the welfare of the children.

So on this Father's Day, as we all remember or honor our fathers—and the scriptures tell us to "honor thy father and thy mother;" most of us were taught at home, to "honor thy father and thy mother"—on this Father's Day, as we all remember or honor our fathers may we also contemplate the great joy that is fueled by a special dad. The material things which daily drive and obsess so much of American life are only transient. When all is said and done they do not amount to much. So many things that occupy our thoughts and our concerns, most of the things we worry about, of course, never happen, but these things that we generally worry about and that loom so large in our daily lives really, really, are not all that large. Among the things that best endure are the love, the values passed on, and the small shared moments recalled with a caring, loving father.

May I say that the man who took on the responsibility of rearing me from the tender age of less than 1 year, I have no doubt that, in Paradise, he is aware of what I am saying today, and I have no doubt that one day, according to the scriptures' promise, I can meet

him again. Jesus was mindful of the Heavenly Father when he taught us to pray, saying, first of all, "Our Father who art in heaven."

So let me for a moment, in closing, attempt to recite some lines that were written by someone whose name does not occur to me at the moment, but I think this little bit of verse quite appropriately speaks the thoughts of most Americans, as we look forward to Father's Day. I hope we will take a little time on that day to contemplate the sacrifices of our fathers and to consider the fact that they had concerns about us and loved us.

THAT DAD OF MINE

He's slowing down, as some folks say,
With the burden of years from day to day;
His brow bears many a furrowed line;
He's growing old—that dad of mine.

His shoulders droop, and his step is slow;
And his hair is white, as white as snow;
But his kind eyes sparkle with a friendly light;

His smile is warm, and his heart is right.

He's old? Oh, yes. But only in years,
For his spirit soars as the sunset nears.
And blest I've been, and wealth I've had,
In knowing a man like my old dad.

And proud I am to stand by him,
As he stood by me when the way was dim;
I've found him worthy and just as fine,
A prince of men—that dad of mine.

Mr. President, I suggest the absence of a quorum.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The clerk will call the roll.

The legislative clerk proceeded to call the roll.

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the order for the quorum call be rescinded.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

FAREWELL TO THE SENATE PAGES

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, my attention has just been called to the fact that this is the last day in which we will all be blessed by the services rendered to all Senators on both sides of the aisle by these wonderful young people who sit on the dais, to our right and to our left, who are the pages. Daniel Webster appointed the first page. Tomorrow, these pages will graduate. They go to school while they do this work here for us and for our country. They work for our country, just as we Senators seek to do our best in serving our country. Without these pages, we would find our work to be more difficult, and we can't thank them enough.

They get up early and they go to school. They have to continue to maintain good grades while they are doing the Senate's work. And this is demanding work. They run here, they run there. They are at the beck and call of every Senator all day long.

Tennyson said, "I am a part of all that I have met." I hope these young pages, when they go back to their homes and to their communities

throughout the country, will take with them, as I know they will, a part of us, as we will keep with us a part of them.

I take occasion to talk with these young people every now and then. I have told them some stories over the days and weeks. I have told them the story of "The House with the Golden Windows." I have told them Tolstoy's story, "How Much Land Does a Man Need?" And then I related to them a story that was told by Russell Conwell, one of the early Chautauqua speakers, which he had related 5,000 times—the story titled "Acres of Diamonds." And, of course, there have been other stories. But I have found the pages to be so eager—eager to learn, eager to serve.

I think we can all be proud of our young people. We hear sometimes about the bad apples, and there are a few bad apples around. The problem is, they crowd out our view of the good apples. Most of our young people are wholesome, fine young people. They are working in the school rooms, the libraries, the laboratories, and seeking to develop their minds. Perhaps we don't hear as much of them. But they are the future citizens of this country, the great resource of the country. And one day, they will be the chemists, the architects, the teachers, the ministers, the lawyers, the Senators. I know, I have seen that gleam in their eyes. Some of them are thinking about coming back here already—as Senators.

I hope that we Senators have conducted ourselves in a way that will make the pages feel proud of us—proud that you have had the honor and the good fortune to serve here, because it is an honor and you have been fortunate. There are millions of young people throughout this country who would love to serve as pages in the Senate. So I hope that we have, in some way, inspired you to serve and to want to learn. I hope that you will continue to learn. Always seek to excel, to be the best at whatever you are doing. There is always a place for you at the top.

Unfortunately, not too many people want to start at the bottom anymore. But you should be willing to start at the bottom and seek to excel and to learn. In due time, you will be rewarded. Solon said, "I grow old in the pursuit of learning." So continue to learn all of your lives.

We praise the great athletes, but no ballgame ever changed the course of history. Study math, science, chemistry, physics, read well; and in due time, you will contribute to your community and to your country.

A careful man I want to be, a little fellow follows me.

I do not dare to go astray, for fear he will go the self same way.

He thinks that I am good and fine, believes in every word of mine.

The base in me he must not see, that little chap that follows me.

I must remember as I go, through summer's sun and winter's snow,

I am building for the years to be, that little chap that follows me.

That is the way we feel about you. Most of us, certainly, have children and grandchildren, and you are somebody's children and somebody's grandchildren, and we know that they are proud of you.

I took a piece of plastic clay,
And idly fashioned it one day.
And as my fingers pressed it still,
It moved and yielded to my will.
I came again when days were past,
The bit of clay was hard at last.
The form I gave it, it still bore,
And I could change that form no more.
I took a piece of living clay,
And gently formed it day by day.
And molded with my power and art,
A young child's soft and yielding heart.
I came again when years were gone,
He was a man I looked upon.
He still that early impress wore,
And I could change him nevermore.

As I look back across the 80 years of my life, I have lived a full life, and it seems that it was only a little while ago when I was young, like the boys and girls who are our pages. Even then, I wanted to learn all that I could cram into my head, and I wanted to make something of myself, and to be somebody when I grew up to be a man. I, too, like you, had dreams of all the future years, of what I would do in the days to come.

Ah, how great it is to believe the dream,
As we stand in youth by the starlit stream,
But greater still to live life through,
And find at the end that the dream is true.

One thing, finally, I want to leave with you. Always take God with you. I have lived beyond the psalmist's promise.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten, and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength, labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

I have lived almost 80 years and I have seen times when I have felt God was near me and listening to me, and you will see those times, too. There will be times in your lives when you will be walking in deep valleys, and you may walk in crowds, but there will be someone closer than the crowd to you. There may be no one else around you, but there is someone with whom you can communicate, someone who will share your grief, and someone who will give you strength, someone who will help lift you up from under great burdens, and that someone is the Heavenly Father. No man is good. We all fall short of the glory of God. But there is a God up there.

Look at the stars tonight, if the skies are clear, and see God's wonderful handiwork. And remember that some of those stars are so far away that the light from them has been traveling millions of light-years—millions of light-years, that some of those stars are so large that they would not be able to pass between the Sun and the Earth. The Sun is 93 million miles away. Yet there are stars so huge that they could not pass between the Earth and the Sun.

Napoleon, as he sat listening to the discussions about material things on

the deck of a ship one night, pointed upward and said, "Say what you wish. Who made all of that?"

So you will come across doubters and skeptics and cynics. But you can trust in God. Remember, there are great physicists, great scientists, men and women who have earned degrees from the higher institutions of learning, but they know that there is a hand greater than the hand of man that has created the Earth and the universe—the universes. Keep your faith in Him.

These are the little random thoughts that I have, as we say goodbye to you tomorrow. We will always wish for you these things: work for your hands, a straight path for your feet, sunshine on your windowpane in the morning, a song in your treetop at evening, soft rains for your garden, happiness in your hearts, love at your firesides, and God's blessings always.

Mr. President, I yield the floor.

ADJOURNMENT UNTIL 11 A.M., MONDAY, JUNE 16, 1997

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Under the previous order, the Senate stands adjourned until 11 a.m. on Monday, June 16.

Thereupon, the Senate, at 6:49 p.m., adjourned until Monday, June 16, 1997, at 11 a.m.

NOMINATIONS

Executive nominations received by the Senate June 12, 1997:

IN THE ARMY

THE FOLLOWING-NAMED OFFICER FOR APPOINTMENT IN THE U.S. ARMY TO THE GRADE INDICATED WHILE ASSIGNED TO A POSITION OF IMPORTANCE AND RESPONSIBILITY UNDER TITLE 10, UNITED STATES CODE, SECTION 601:

To be general

GEN. WESLEY K. CLARK, 0000.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE

SUSAN E. RICE, OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, TO BE AN ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF STATE, VICE GEORGE EDWARD MOOSE.

IN THE NAVY

THE FOLLOWING-NAMED OFFICERS FOR APPOINTMENT TO THE GRADE INDICATED IN THE RESERVE OF THE NAVY UNDER TITLE 10, UNITED STATES CODE, SECTION 12203:

Captain

JOHN A. ACHENBACH, 0000
TOMMY W. ADAMS, 0000
JEFFREY L. AIKEN, 0000
BENJAMIN P. ALBA, 0000
CHRIS L. ALBERG, 0000
RICHARD J. ALEXANDER, 0000
WILLIAM P. ALEXANDER III, 0000
DEMON S. ALLEN JR., 0000
BRIAN S. ANDERSON, 0000
THOMAS W. ANDERSON, 0000
ROBERT J. APRILL, 0000
CALVIN L. BAGBY, 0000
JOSEPH L. BAILEY JR., 0000
EDWARD D. BAIN, 0000
DAVID W. BAIR, 0000
JEROME A. BALUKAS, 0000
ANTHONY J. BARATTA, 0000
PAUL K. BARRETO, 0000
PAUL H. BASZNER, 0000
JOHN J. BAUCOM, 0000
DANIEL B. BELL, 0000
MELVIN BELL, 0000
DENNIS D. BENSON, 0000
FRANKLIN H. BERNARD, 0000
DAVID N. BIZE III, 0000
RICKY L. BLACKWOOD, 0000
WILLIAM G. BODDY, 0000
EDWARD B. BONECK, 0000
OSCAR J. BRAYNON, 0000
JOHN W. BRENNAN JR., 0000
DAVID L. BROWER, 0000