

were "many towering peaks ahead" in the process. This is, no doubt, true. Pragmatic and reciprocal confidence-building mechanisms will be required to convince all the parties involved that the peace process should move forward. But it is also true that the prospects for cooperation are brighter than ever before. And much of this progress can be directly attributed to President Kim.

So, Mr. President, I take this opportunity to congratulate President Kim for his selection by the Nobel Committee, to celebrate those things that he has accomplished in his life, and to wish him much success in the days, months, and years that follow.

THE LEGACY OF GUNN MCKAY

Mr. LEAHY. Mr. President, all of us who knew him during his decade of service in Congress, and others who knew him only by reputation, mourn the recent passing of Gunn McKay.

Gunn McKay was a leading member of the Committee on Appropriations in the other body and chaired the Subcommittee on Military Construction. He was effective. He knew how to lead and how to legislate. His voice was an influential voice on energy issues and military readiness and Federal land policy. And he knew how to bring people together to get things done.

It was not politics that motivated Gunn McKay in his public service; it was people. He thrived in being able to help people get and keep good-paying jobs. He deeply, unequivocally believed that there is a role for government, through programs like Medicare and Social Security and in other ways, in helping those who struggle.

Gunn achieved all of the good he accomplished in life through a deep-down and infectious optimism about people and about the future. More than being a great public servant, he was a good man. Those who worked with him will tell you that Gunn did not have a mean bone in his body. When he left public life Gunn and his wife, Donna, devoted much of their time to church service abroad.

The Nation and its Congress are better for the fact that Gunn McKay served here. And so, certainly, are the people of his beloved State of Utah.

I ask unanimous consent that an article from the Salt Lake Tribune about Gunn McKay be printed in the RECORD.

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

[From the Salt Lake Tribune]

UTAH DEMO GUNN MCKAY DIES AT 75

(By Judy Fahys)

K. Gunn McKay, the Weber County farmer's son and Democrat who served five terms in Congress in the 1970s and earned bipartisan praise for his down-home warmth and political skill, died Friday night from cancer. He was 75.

"Tell the facts and leave the right impression," McKay used to tell his young congressional aides, and that credo served the

former teacher through a career in state and national politics and on Mormon mission assignments in Europe, Africa and Asia.

"Unassuming" and "determined" are the words Barry McKay, a Salt Lake City lawyer, used to describe his eldest brother. He recalled Friday how Gunn McKay spent most of one Christmas, the day he returned home from a church mission in England, helping neighbors start their frozen cars.

Political scientist J.D. Williams called McKay "the personification of Huntsville," McKay's hometown in the Ogden Valley.

"He talked with a rural Utah slang when he wanted to," said Williams. "He had a beautiful smile and demeanor, and he was everybody's friend."

"You didn't have to guess what he meant," said former Sen. Jake Garn, a Republican who served with the Democrat in Congress and lived near him outside the nation's capital.

"He was extremely well-liked," said Garn, whose U.S. Senate service overlapped with six years of McKay's time in Washington. "Whether you agreed with him or not, you could trust him. He would always follow through."

McKay even converted David L. Bigler, a Utah historian and former public-relations director for Geneva Steel, then known as U.S. Steel. Bigler switched political parties to raise money for McKay's first campaign.

"He really did care for people," said Bigler, who was struck at once by McKay's integrity. "All politicians say that, but few of them do. He did."

Politics may have been in McKay's blood. His grandfather, Angus, was House Speaker in Utah's first Legislature. And his father, James, had run for the 1st Congressional District seat that McKay would win 35 years later, in 1970.

And unlike most emerging politicians, name recognition was never a problem for McKay, whose father was a cousin to one of the most beloved presidents of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Huntsville-born David O. McKay. The church leader died just a year before his relative took the oath for his first term in Congress.

The eldest of eight children, McKay was a three-sport star at Weber High School before serving in the U.S. Coast Guard during World War II and on an LDS mission to England the following three years. He later graduated from Utah State University with a degree in education.

He was teaching history in Ogden City Schools and running a deli when he was appointed to the first of two terms in the Utah Legislature.

From there, he was tapped to be chief of staff to Democratic Gov. Calvin L. Rampton.

During his five terms in Washington from 1971 to 1981, McKay built a reputation for being one of the half-dozen most conservative Democrats in a Congress long controlled by Democrats.

He fought federally funded abortions and backed the U.S. Supreme Court's decision to outlaw prayer in schools. He pushed the Central Utah Project, military appropriations that bolstered Hill Air Force Base and other Utah installations, "gasohol" and a balanced-budget law. He also fought higher fees for ranchers who leased federal range.

McKay's powers of persuasion helped land him a seat on the coveted Appropriations Committee upon entering Congress—the first ever for a Utahn.

"Most people have to wait [10 years] to be considered," said Jim McConkie, a Salt Lake City lawyer who served on McKay's congressional staff for five years.

McConkie recalled how McKay used his influential role as chairman of the Military Construction Subcommittee to become close

to President Carter, who invited McKay to Camp David a few times.

"But he never lost his roots," said McConkie. "He could see to the heart of an issue."

Notwithstanding his Washington successes, McKay lost his seat to Republican Rep. Jim Hansen in the Ronald Reagan landslide of 1980.

In 1986, when McKay unsuccessfully challenged Hansen for his old seat he shared his view of Utah voters, one that contemporary Utah Democrats have taken to heart.

"Utah voters are independent thinkers," McKay told The Salt Lake Tribune. "They are concerned with ineffective federal policies and lack of congressional action on issues which are increasingly having a negative impact on their lives."

The year after he left Congress, McKay went on an LDS mission to Scotland with his wife Donna. Later, the couple was called to serve in Kenya, where McKay found himself a block away from the embassy bombing in 1998.

They also served in Singapore and Malaysia. McKay took ill while serving in Pakistan.

The McKays, who married in 1950, had 10 children, 40 grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

Said former Utah First Lady Norma Matheson: "He loved being in public service, and it showed."

CONGRESSMAN MEEHAN'S ELOQUENT TRIBUTE TO HIS FATHER

Mr. KENNEDY. Mr. President, all of us who know and admire our distinguished colleague in the House of Representatives, Congressman MARTY MEEHAN, were saddened to learn of his father's death earlier this month.

At the funeral service for his father on October 14 in Lowell, Massachusetts, Congressman MEEHAN delivered an eloquent tribute to his father that deeply touched all of those who were present. He described in vivid terms and in many wonderful stories the lifelong love and support that Mr. Meehan gave to his family.

I believe that Congressman MEEHAN's moving eulogy to his father will be of interest to all of us in Congress, and I ask unanimous consent that it may be printed in the RECORD.

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

EULOGY OF MARTIN T. MEEHAN

(By U.S. Rep. Martin T. Meehan, October 14, 2000)

On behalf of my mother, brothers and sisters, my Aunt Katherine and Uncle John, my cousins, and my entire family, I want to thank all of you for joining us today to help celebrate our father's life. We are all honored by your presence and are grateful for your support and affection over the last few days.

I can imagine my father looking out at the long lines forming outside the McCabe's funeral Home yesterday. He would have said, "Frankie McCabe must be giving something out for Free!"

Frank isn't, Dad, believe me.

My father was born in Lowell on July 16, 1927 to Martin H. Meehan and Josephine Ashe Meehan. His father immigrated to the United States from County Clare, Ireland in 1912. His mother, immigrated from County

Kerry the year before, was a cousin of the great Irish patriot Thomas Ashe, who died during one of the first hunger strikes—in Ireland's fight for freedom in Mount Joy Jail in 1916.

Thomas Ashe's picture was hung on the wall of his family home on Batchelder Street in the Acre Section of Lowell. In 1963, a portrait of President Kennedy was added.

The Acre was where the Greek and Irish immigrants settled in Lowell. My father grew up there and he loved it. Swimming in the canals, playing baseball for St. Patrick's and Lowell High School, and building lifetime bonds. It was a neighborhood where the kids were tough and strong, and everyone had a nick name—hence "Buster." The Acre was where thousands of new immigrant families were becoming part of the great American Dream.

In 1946, Dad met my mother at a party her cousin Maureen Gay had. Dad was not invited, he crashed. And my mother was glad he did. There were married three years later.

My father had a saying for everything in life. Some of them really bugged me at times. But they all had a purpose and wisdom for how to lead a good life.

"One God, One County, One Woman" he used to say. That—one woman—was my mother. He was passionately in love with her through 51 years of marriage. Their love for each other intensified and grew. I believe the love our father and mother shared for one another was extended to every person who was a part of their lives.

I can remember as a very small boy first learning the concept of love. "I love you kids with all my heart" he'd say. "But I love your mother even more." "But Dad", I once replied, "Who am I supposed to love more? You or Ma? "You kids should love your mother the most", he'd say. "She gave birth to you."

First they lived in a three tenement on Lincoln Street where Colleen and Kathy and I were born. Later they bought an eight-room house the next street over at 22 London Street where they raised seven children in a home that was filled with love, laughter, energy . . . action 24 hour a day . . . a strong commitment to the Catholic Church and to family.

It was a great neighborhood—and my father helped us spread our family's love all over it. And there isn't a better testament to that love—than our relationship with the Durkin family who had seven children of their own, just down the street. So many memories, so many stories.

Visiting the ice cream stand with Dad was unforgettable. He would load all of us into the car with as many of our friends as would fit. He would ask us what we wanted. "I'll have a banana split," I'd shout. My sisters would say, "I'll have a hot fudge Sunday." Our friends couldn't believe it—they would order a shake or double ice cream scoop with extra nuts, extra whipped cream!

He'd take everyone's order and then go up to the line. Don't worry, he'd say, "I'll carry it back".

Ten minutes later he'd return with 13 single cups of chocolate ice cream. "That's all they'd had," he'd shrug?

Dad was also a very successful little league coach. On Dad's White Sox team everyone played—at least three innings. I remember how embarrassed I was when Dad's White Sox lost every game—0-18. Some games we were winning after three innings, 8 to 4 or even 7 to 2. But in the fourth inning Dad put all of the subs in—no matter what. "Everyone plays!" he'd say. The other teams kept the best players in for the whole game. Naturally, they would win.

Today I am so proud of the way my Dad coached the kids on that 0 and 18 team.

Today, I am so proud of how my father lived his life.

As children, we shared so many happy times together each summer with family and friends at Seabrook Beach. Later as adults, with his grandchildren, he spent weekends at dad and Mom's beach house. After a few morning hours together on the beach, Mom and Dad would head back to the house to begin the daylong cooking ritual so that we could have a dinner together. Many times in the evenings, we would sing songs around a bonfire on the beach. We enjoyed lobster bakes and thankfully Mom and Dad got to enjoy an occasional sunrise together. And many times, after a long day, many of us would sit together and watch the sun go down and our father would say to us all, "It's a great life and it's a great country".

Dad worked at the Lowell Sun Publishing Company for 43 years. He started as a truck driver . . . became a linotype operator . . . Then became Assistant Foreman in the Composing Room. He loved the Sun and the newspaper business, and he knew it from soup to nuts. There were a lot of great reporters that came through the Sun over the years, but my father never hesitated to tell them when he felt they just didn't get it right—especially on a political story.

Frank Phillips, Chris Black, Brian Mooney and others all heard from Dad on more than one occasion. When he was finished he had earned their respect and they appreciated his wisdom and experience. And they all affectionately repeat those stories—even today.

Dad was an active lifetime member of the Typographical Union—serving in a leadership position. He always stressed the importance of workers being able to organize for fair wages and benefits. It's not surprising that my sisters Colleen and Kathy are members of the teachers union and Mark and Paul are active members of their respective unions as well.

But as strong a union person as he was—he loved the Lowell Sun and the company's ownership, the Costello Family. He followed the Costello kids' lives as if they were his own—always loyal to the company and the Costello family.

Supporting Mom and seven young children was not always easy. For seven years he got a second job working nights as a Corrections Officer. On Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays he would get up at 5:30 to be at the Sun to punch in at 7 o'clock. His shift was over at 3:30. He'd put on his uniform at the Paper, punch in at the Jail at 4 o'clock and work until midnight. He got home by 12:30 in the morning, and went to bed for five hours so he could be back at the paper by 7 am.

I'm sure it wasn't easy—but he wanted the best for his children and he wanted my mother to be able to be home with us.

My father didn't care what we did for work—but he wanted us to get an education. And we all did. He was especially proud of the fact that my sisters Colleen, Kathy, and Mary all became school teachers. He thought it was the most important job of all. "Teaching is not a job"—Dad would say—"it's a vocation". He loved the idea that his daughters were helping to shape the minds of 25 kids in a classroom each day.

He was so proud of all his children, in a unique and special way. My brother Mark, a master electrician, "has the biggest and best heart of all my kids", he'd say. And Mark gave Dad his newest precious grandchild "Sarah" just two weeks ago. He was so proud that Paul followed him to the Sheriff's Department. Paul is a model for overcoming obstacles and winning. He recently went back to school for his degree, got married and was promoted to Captain as well.

When I ran for Congress in 1992 my sister Maureen answered the call and put her

work—and life—on hold to take the most important job in the campaign—raising the money to win. My Dad just loved the fact that I turned to my sister. And when we won he knew it was Maureen who was the rock behind us. "Politics is a tough business," he'd say—"you need people you can really trust—and that means family". That's why President Kennedy had Bobby. 'Course after the election, I remember Maureen was sick and I asked, "What's wrong with her now?"—Dad's split second response—"Working for you!"

Dad was so well read, a voracious reader . . . A lover of poetry and words, and boy did he love to sing!

So much love in his heart, and this extension of love was felt by his grandchildren and in-laws. The term "in-laws" didn't mean much to Dad—he welcomed them and loved them like they were his own. And they loved him back.

All fifteen of his grandchildren are loved as individuals and each of them realizes the power of love and family through their papa and munama. One of my young nieces asked during the last couple of days, "How did Papa have so much love to give to so many people?" Well, I really don't know the answer to that for sure. I just know he did. Every time our father gave us a hug—or as he would say a hug-a-deen—he would accompany it with an "I love you". "Aren't they wonderful", Dad would say. "Your mother and I will live in them in the next generation through these beautiful kids . . . and as I've told you", he'd say, "that's the sweet mystery of life".

So happy, so content, there was nothing more in life that he wanted—than that which he already had—His Family.

And he thanked God for our happiness every single day.

Joseph P. Kennedy, Sr., once said that the measure of a man's success in life was not the money he had made, but rather the family he had raised. That quote has been framed in my parents' home over 15 years. My father believed it and devoted himself to family every day of his life for 73 years. He was an immensely successful man.

We love you Dad and will miss you.

CONSERVATION RESERVE PROGRAM TAX FAIRNESS

Mr. BROWNBACK. Mr. President, I rise today to urge my colleagues to retain the important ag tax provisions contained in the Senate version of the upcoming tax package that will soon be before us. I have not seen the final tax bill as of yet, but word is that most if not all of the agricultural tax provisions are being stripped from the bill at the will of the House. I hope this is not true. I cannot imagine why we would choose to leave out farmers from important tax relief at a time when this Congress has clearly recognized the economic hardships in farm country today.

I plead with my colleagues to include these necessary provisions in any final tax package.

Specifically, I am talking about a provision that came from a bill Senator DASCHLE and I introduced—along with 31 co-sponsors—to clarify that Conservation Reserve Program (CRP) payments made to farmers for taking agricultural land out of production for environmental improvement—are not