

Warfield's Business Record in 1996. She also has received the Legacy of Literacy Award from the DuBois Circle of Baltimore, the Andrew White Medal from Loyola College, the President's Medal from Johns Hopkins University and an honorary degree from Morgan State University.

In the words of media celebrity Tavis Smiley, Dr. Hayden stands out because she shows a passion for her work. "Life is too short," he says, "to not do something that you are passionate about." Dr. Hayden exemplifies that passion.

Again, on behalf of all the citizens of the Great State of Maryland and this Congress, we congratulate Dr. Carla Hayden. Baltimore is proud to have her serve in the role she now serves the Nation and, indeed, the world.

SAYING GRACE

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Mr. JIM MILLER of Florida). Under the Speaker's announced policy of January 3, 2001, the gentleman from Washington (Mr. McDERMOTT) is recognized for 60 minutes as the designee of the minority leader.

Mr. McDERMOTT. Mr. Speaker, people often have the opportunity to do things which bring attention to themselves that they did not really expect, and one such person is a woman named Barbara Kingsolver, one of the most eminent authors in this country.

During the days after 9/11, she wrote a number of essays about what was happening in the United States and was, in some instances, very poorly received by people, and I think that, having met her and listened to her at the Physicians for Social Responsibility 2 weeks ago, I thought it would be good for the House to have an opportunity to think about Ms. Kingsolver's words.

The speech she gave there was entitled "Saying Grace," and it goes this way.

"I never knew what 'grand' really was until I saw the canyon. It's a perspective that pulls the busy human engine of desires to a quiet halt. Taking the long view across that vermillion abyss attenuates humanity to quiet internal rhythms, the spirit of ice ages, and we look, we gasp, and it seems there is a chance we might be small enough not to matter. That the things we want are not the end of the world. I have needed this view lately.

"I've come to the Grand Canyon several times in my life, most lately without really understanding the necessity. As the holidays approached I couldn't name the reason for my uneasiness. We thought about the cross-country trip we had usually taken to join our extended families' Thanksgiving celebration, but we did not make the airplane reservations. Barely a month before, terrorists attacks had distorted commercial air travel to a horrifying new agenda, one that left everybody jittery. We understood, rationally, that it was as safe to fly as ever, and so it wasn't precisely nervousness that made us

think twice about flying across the country for a long weekend. Rather, we were moved by a sense that this was wartime, and the prospect of such personal luxury felt somehow false.

"I called my mother with our regrets and began making plans for a more modest family trip. On the days our daughters were out of school we would wander north from Tucson to visit some of the haunts I have come to love in my 20 years as a desert dweller, transplanted from the verdant Southeast. We would kick through the leaves in Oak Creek Canyon, bask like lizards in the last late-afternoon sun on Sedona's red rocks, puzzle out the secrets of the labyrinthine ruins at Wupatki, and finally stand on the rim of the remarkable canyon.

"I felt a little sorry for myself at first, missing the reassuring tradition of sitting down to face a huge upside-down bird and counting my blessings in the grand joyful circle of my kin. And then I felt shame enough to ask myself, how greedy can one person be to want more than the Grand Canyon? How much more could one earth offer me than to lay herself bare, presenting me with the whole of her bedrock history in one miraculous view? What feast could satisfy a mother more deeply than to walk along a creek through a particolored carpet of leaves, watching my children pick up the fine-toothed gifts of this scarlet maple, that yellow aspen, piecing together the picture puzzle of a biological homeplace? We could listen for several days to the songs of living birds instead of making short work of one big dead one, and we would feel lighter afterward too.

"These are relevant questions to ask in this moment when our country demands that we dedicate ourselves and our resources, again and again, to what we call the defense of our way of life: How greedy can one person be? How much do we need to feel blessed, sated and permanently safe? What is safety in this world, and on what broad stones is that house built?

"Imagine that you came from a large family in which one brother ended up with a whole lot more than the rest of you. Sometimes it happens that way, the luck falling to one guy who didn't do that much to deserve it. Imagine his gorgeous house on a huge tract of forest, rolling hills and fertile fields. Your other relatives have decent places with smaller yards, but yours is mostly dust. Your lucky brother eats well, he has meat every day—in fact, let's face it, he is corpulent, and so are his kids. At your house, meanwhile, things are bad. Your kids cry themselves to sleep on empty stomachs. Your brother must not be able to hear them from the veranda where he dines, because he throws away all the food he can't finish. He will do you this favor: He'll make a TV program of himself eating. If you want, you can watch it from your house. But you can't have his food, his house, or the car he drives around in to view his unspoiled forests

and majestic purple mountains. The rest of the family has noticed that all his driving is kicking up dust, wrecking not only the edges of his property, but also their less pristine backyards and even yours, which was dust to begin with. He has dammed the rivers to irrigate his fields, so that only a trickle reaches your place, and it's nasty. You are beginning to see that these problems are deep and deadly, and you will be the first to starve and the others will follow. The family takes a vote and agrees to do a handful of obvious things that will keep down the dust and clear the water. All except Fat Brother. He walks away from the table. He says God gave him good land and the right to be greedy.

"The ancient Greeks adored tragic plays about families like this, and their special world for the fat brother was 'hubris.' In the town where I grew up, we called it 'getting all high and mighty,' and the sentence that came next usually included the words 'getting knocked down to size.' For most of my life, I have felt embarrassed by a facet of our national character that I would have to call prideful wastefulness. What other name can there be for our noisy, celebratory appetite for unnecessary things, and our vast carelessness regarding their manufacture and disposal? In the autumn of 2001 we faced the crisis of taking a very hard knock from the outside, and in its aftermath, as our Nation grieved, every time I saw that wastefulness rear its head I felt even more ashamed. Some retailers rushed to convince us in ads printed across waving flags that it was our duty, even in wartime, especially in wartime, to go out and buy those cars and shoes. We were asked not to think very much about the other side of the world, where, night after night, we were waging a costly war in a land whose people could not dream of owning cars or in some cases even shoes. For some, 'wartime' becomes a matter of waving our pride above the waste, with slogans that didn't make sense to me: 'Buy for your country' struck me as an exhortation to 'erase from your mind what has just happened.' And the real meaning of this I can't even guess at: 'Our enemies hate us because we are free.'

"I'm sorry, but I have eyes from which to see, and friends in many places. In Canada, for instance, I know people who are wicked cold in winter but otherwise in every way as free as you and me. And nobody hates Canada.

"Hubris isn't just about luck or wealth, it's about throwing away food while hungry people watch. Canadians were born lucky, too, in a global sense, but they seem more modest about it and more deeply appreciative of their land; it's impossible to imagine Canada blighting its precious wilderness areas with 'mock third-world villages' for bombing practice, as our Air Force has done in Arizona's Cabeza Prieta Range. I know how countries bereft of any wild lands at all view our planks for

drilling in the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge, the world's last immense and untouched wilderness, as we stake out our right to its plunder as we deem necessary. We must surely appear to the world as exactly what we are: A nation that organizes its economy around consuming twice as much oil as it produces and around the profligate wastefulness of the wars and campaigns required to defend such consumption. In recent years we have defined our national interests largely in terms of the oil fields and pipelines we need to procure fuel.

"In our country, we seldom question our right to burn this fuel in heavy passenger vehicles and to lead all nations in the race to pollute our planet beyond habitability; some of us in fact become belligerent towards anyone who dares to raise the issue. We are disinclined as a nation to assign any moral value at all to our habits of consumption. But the circle of our family is large, larger than just one nation, and as we arrive at the ends of our frontiers, we can't possibly be surprised that the rest of the family would have us live within our means. Safety resides, I think, on the far side of endless hunger. Imagine how it would feel to fly a flag with a leaf on it, or a bird, something living. How remarkably generous we could have appeared to the world by being the first to limit fossil fuel emissions by ratifying the Kyoto Agreements, rather than walking away from the table, as we did last summer in Bonn, leaving 178 other signatory nations to do their best for the world without any help from the world's biggest contributor to global warming. I find it simply appalling that we could have done this. I know for a fact that many, many Americans were stunned, like me, by the selfishness of that act, and can hardly bear their own complicity in it. Given our societal devotion to taking in more energy than we put out, it is ironic that our culture is so cruelly intolerant of overweight individuals. As a nation we're not just overweight, a predicament that deserves sympathy; I fear we are also, as we live and breathe, possessed of the Fat Brother's mindset.

"I would like to have a chance to live with reordered expectations. I would rather that my country be seen as a rich, beloved brother than the rich and piggish one. If there is a heart beating in the United States that really disagrees, I have yet to meet it. We are by nature a generous people. Just about every American I know who has traveled abroad and taken the time to have genuine conversations with citizens of other countries has encountered the question, as I have, 'Why isn't your country as nice as you are?' I wish I knew. Maybe we're distracted by our attachment to convenience.

□ 1730

"Maybe we believe the ads that tell us the material things are the key to happiness, or maybe we are too fright-

ened to question those who routinely define our national interests for us in terms of corporate profits. Then too, millions of Americans are so strapped by the task of keeping their kids fed and a roof over their heads that it is impossible for them to consider much of anything beyond that. But ultimately, the answer must be that as a Nation, we just have not yet demanded generosity of ourselves.

"But we could, and we know it. Our country possesses the resources to bring solar technology, energy independence, and sustainable living to our planet. Even in the simple realm of humanitarian assistance, the United Nations estimates that \$13 billion above current levels of aid would provide everyone in the world, including the hungry within our own borders, with basic health and nutrition. Collectively, Americans and Europeans spend \$17 billion a year on pet food. We could do much more than just feed the family of mankind, as well as our cats and dogs. We could assist that family in acquiring the basic skills and tools it needs to feed itself, while maintaining the natural resources on which all life depends. Real generosity involves not only making a gift, but also giving up something, and on both scores, we are well situated to be the most generous Nation on earth.

"We like to say we already are, and it's true that American people give of their own minute proportion of the country's wealth to help victims of disasters far and wide. Our children collect pennies to buy rain forests one cubic inch at a time, but this is a widow's might, not a national tithe. Our government's spending on foreign aid has plummeted over the last 20 years to levels that are, to put it bluntly, the stingiest among all of the developed nations. In the year 2000, according to the Organization of Economic Cooperation and Development, the United States allocated just .1 percent of its Gross National Product to foreign aid, or about one dime for every \$100 in its Treasury, whereas Canada, Japan, Australia, Austria, and Germany each contributed 2 to 3 times that much. Other countries gave even more, some as much as 10 times the amount we do; they view this as a contribution to the world's stability and their own peace. But our country takes a different approach to generosity. Our tradition is to forgive debt in exchange for a strategic military base, an indentured economy, or mineral rights. We offer the hungry our magic seeds, genetically altered so the recipients must also buy our pesticides, while their sturdy native seed banks die out. At Fat Brother's house the domestic help might now and then slip out the back door with a plate of food for a neighbor, but for the record the household gives virtually nothing away. Even now, in what may be the most critical moment of our history, I fear that we may seem to be telling the world we are not merciful as much as we are mighty.

"In our darkest hours we may find comfort in the age-old slogan from the resistance movement, declaring that we shall not be moved. But we need to finish that sentence. Moved from where? Are we anchoring to the best of what we've believed in throughout our history, or merely to an angry new mode of self preservation? The American moral high ground cannot possibly be an isolated mountaintop from which we refuse to learn anything at all to protect ourselves from monstrous losses. It is critical to distinguish here between innocence and naivete: The innocent do not deserve to be violated, but only the naive refuse to think about the origins of violence. A nation that seems to believe so powerfully in retaliation cannot flatly refuse to look at the world in terms of cause and effect. The rage and fury of this world have not notably lashed out at Canada, the Nation that takes best care of its citizens, or Finland, the most literate, or Brazil, or Costa Rica, among the most biodiverse. Neither have they tried to strike down our redwood forests or our fields of waving grain. Striving to cut us most deeply, they felled the towers that seemed to claim we buy and sell the world.

"We do not own the world, as it turns out. Flight attendants and bankers, mothers and sons were ripped from us as proof, and thousands of families must now spend whole lifetimes reassembling themselves after shattering loss. The rest of us have lowered our flags in grief on their behalf. I believe we could do the same for the 35,600 of the world's children who also died on September 11 from conditions of starvation and extend their hearts to the mothers and fathers who lost them.

"This seems a reasonable time to search our souls for some corner where humility resides. Our Nation believes in some ways that bring joy to the world, and in others that make people angry. Not all of those people are heartless enough to kill us for it or fanatical enough to die in the effort, but some inevitably will be, more and more, as desperation spreads. Wars of endless retaliation kill not only people, but also the systems that grow food, deliver clean water, and heal the sick. They destroy the beauty, they extinguish the species, they increase desperation.

"I wish our National Anthem were not the one about bombs bursting in air, but the one about the purple mountain majesties and amber waves of grain. It's easier to sing and closer to the heart of what we really have to sing about. A land as broad and as green as ours demands of us thanksgiving and a certain breadth of spirit. It invites us to invest our hearts most deeply in invulnerable majesties that can never be brought down in a stroke of anger. If we can agree on anything in difficult times, it must be that we have the resources to behave more generously than we do, and that we are brave enough to rise from the ashes of

loss as better citizens of the world than we have ever been. We've inherited the grace of the Grand Canyon, the mystery of the Everglades, the fertility of an Iowa plain; we could crown this good with brotherhood. What a vast inheritance for our children that would be, if we were to become a nation humble before our rich birthright, whose graciousness makes us beloved."

Mr. Speaker, I hope all Members take the time to read this.

A TRIBUTE TO A WONDERFUL WOMAN

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Mr. JEFF MILLER of Florida). Under the Speaker's announced policy of January 3, 2001, the gentleman from Indiana (Mr. BURTON) is recognized for 60 minutes as the designee of the majority leader.

Mr. BURTON of Indiana. Mr. Speaker, I will not take the whole 60 minutes.

Mr. Speaker, every once in a while one of our colleagues here has a wife or a child or a husband that dies, and we express our condolences and we tell them how sorry we are; but our colleagues really do not know very much about those people who have passed on. If a Member dies, we have the flag on the Capitol that is lowered to half mast and Members fly out to the district for the funeral and there is a lot of attention paid to it. But behind the people in the Congress are husbands and wives and children that are never really known about, except when a tragedy occurs. They are there to help us get elected, to feed us, to bring us joy when we go home at night; but they do not get much attention.

Well, this is a picture of my wife. We were married 42 years. We laid her to rest yesterday morning. She was one of the most wonderful people that I ever met. I promised her before she died that I would make sure that she would at least be remembered as a footnote in history, if not a little bit more. I told her I would come to the floor and tell a little bit about her life, because it was a very interesting life.

She was born in Flat Creek, Kentucky, up in the mountains, the hills of Kentucky in a two-room shack. They had no water, running water, they had no plumbing, and they had no electricity. She and her grandmother and grandfather and her mother and her uncle lived in that two-room shack while she was a little girl. Her mother got pregnant and was not married, and her father would not marry her mother, so her uncle literally got on a horse, took the shotgun and went over to this guy's house and said, you are going to marry her or you are not going to come out of that house alive, so the proverbial shotgun wedding took place and he married my wife's mother, and he never lived with her again. He went to World War II and died while he was over there; not in combat, he died from some other kind of an illness. My wife's

mother literally had a broken heart, because she was really in love with the fellow.

She contracted tuberculosis. When my wife was about 6 years old, her mother died of tuberculosis and then she was left to be raised by her grandmother and grandfather. Her uncle had gone to the war as well. Her grandmother, from taking care of my wife's mother contracted tuberculosis, and she likewise died.

So now my wife was about 7. She had a grandfather, and the uncle came back from the war and said, we cannot let this little girl stay in this house with just two men. So they took her to an uncle who was a superintendent of schools. He had a nice home in Kentucky, but his wife did not like the wildness of this little 7-year-old girl because she had never had any formal training or education, and she said she could not stand having her in the house, so they kept her for about 2 months and then they shuffled her off to another relative.

She went to the other relative who was called her Aunt Jackie who had two children of her own, and she lived there until she was about 17 years old, and she matured and she became a very pretty lady. She was very popular among her fellow students because she was very quiet and withdrawn. I think it was probably because of the toughness of her childhood. She became what was called the band sponsor. She was elected by her classmates, and she was very proud of that. But what they did not know was she had contracted tuberculosis from her grandmother, which had been in her body all of that time.

So in her senior year in high school, she had to go into a sanitarium in London, Kentucky; and she was there for about 6 months, pretty much by herself because they kept people pretty isolated in those days because they did not know how to cure tuberculosis. She did not do too well, so they sent her to Louisville, Kentucky, where she had half of one lung removed, and she was there for about another 3 or 4 months, and she was alone again. But she survived and she got better and then she moved to Cincinnati, Ohio, and lived with another aunt and went to secretarial school.

I was studying for the ministry at the Cincinnati Bible Seminary when I met her at the Westwood Cheviot Church of Christ, and I asked her out and we started dating, and 6 months later we were married. Marriages that take place in 6 months they say do not last too long. We were married 42 years. She was probably, if not the best, one of the best things that ever happened to me.

I ran for Congress four times before I got elected. If my colleagues know anything about spouses, they have to put up with the heartache, the pain, the financial losses and everything else when somebody runs for office. When you have a husband or a wife that runs

and loses, you go through the pain with them. You go through the financial hardships with them. She did it once, twice, three times, and finally a fourth time.

I remember the last time I thought we were going to win and everything started going wrong, and I told her we would have to put some of our own money into the campaign, and I told her we would probably have to mortgage the little farm that I had bought and I sold my car and I took our savings in order to be competitive and ended up borrowing and everything else on my land and everything to the tune of \$91,000. I never will forget what she said when I told her we were going to have to do that, because I said, I can either do that or get out of the race. She put her arms around me and she said, Don't worry, we can make more money. It was the fourth time.

Anyhow, we were successful; and now I have been in Congress 20 years, but I do not have her anymore. The thing that is interesting about it is, and I wish all of my colleagues were here to hear this, is one never really appreciates somebody like that until it is almost too late. Thankfully, we had the last year and a half together. We went to Germany and went to Florida and the State of Washington and every place we could to try to get her cured, but it was too late. She had metastatic colon cancer.

□ 1745

I would like to say to my colleagues, if you have not had a colonoscopy be sure to get one, because if we had done that earlier she probably would have survived. But nevertheless, we expect our spouse, our loved ones to be there when we go home at night. When we go away on a campaign trip we expect them to be there when we get back. We take them for granted, year in and year out, and we never think that one day we will come home and they will be gone.

Well, I would just like to say to my colleagues from one who knows there is a good possibility they will be gone. So whether you are in politics or whether you are not in politics, pay a little attention to your family and your kids and spend as much time with them as you can, because a car accident, cancer, something can come along real quickly and you will not have them any more and you will rue the day.

I remember I was talking to the gentleman from Illinois (Mr. HYDE), who lost his wife a few years ago. We did not talk about that much on the floor either. I was trying to console him and he said, I would give 2 or 3 years of my life just to walk around the block with her.

That is how hard it was on him, and that is how hard it is on me and my family right now. So I wanted to come down tonight and extol the virtues of a woman that I loved for 42 years. I did not treat her as well as I should have. She deserved a lot better but she was