

further if they just put that money into lowering their prices so that it is more affordable for every American.

I urge my colleagues and invite them to join with Senator DAYTON and me to urge the companies to change their approach and work with us to lower prices for every American.

I yield the floor.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from Nevada is recognized.

MORNING BUSINESS

Mr. REID. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that we now proceed to a period for morning business for half an hour. Senator BYRD is going to give us his annual Mother's Day speech, which I have heard on a number of occasions, and I look forward to this one.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from West Virginia is recognized.

MOTHER'S DAY

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, this coming Sunday is Mother's Day, so recognized nationally. Of course, we all know that every day is Mother's Day. We should also know that simply having children does not make mothers. "Simply having children does not make mothers." That is a quotation that I have taken from John A. Shedd, a very apt quotation in today's culture.

Napoleon Bonaparte said, "The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother."

All across the Nation, brunch reservations are being made, cards are being mailed, flowers are being ordered, gifts are being bought, and phone circuits will overload. It can mean only one thing, as I indicated earlier: This coming Sunday is Mother's Day. One day out of 365. Mother's Day.

In a great spasm of tender sentiment, Americans will set out to honor and celebrate the women most important to them—not Hollywood celebrities, not rock music stars—if stars we must call them at all—not fashion models, not athletes, but those who have devoted such energy and creativity to the timeless task of raising children and building families. I, too, wish to offer my tributes.

It is fitting that Mother's Day is celebrated in May, when the Earth is vibrant with new life. Mother birds are busy on the nest keeping hatchlings warm and their gaping mouths filled. In the tangled thickets, wild young are venturing forth from warren and den. The little foxes that, in the Bible references "spoil the vine," wrestle, and the little rabbits sample the first tiny wild strawberries. Butterflies visit the glossy, yellow buttercups and the snowy blossoms of the wild blackberries. The world seems as gentle, peaceable, and serene as any mother could wish for her children. Of course, we know the world is not always quite so benign, but we can still be impressed by those mothers who face tragedy

with great courage in order to protect and shield their children. The mothers who lost husbands on September 11 and remained strong and positive examples for their children, when bitterness and despair would be so understandable, are heroes and heroines each and every day.

Mothers set indelible examples, the effects of which last for generations. My own mother, whose early death during the great flu pandemic in 1918 meant that I would be raised by relatives, should have left no trace upon my character. After all, I was only about a year old when she went to Heaven. Yet her selflessness in thinking of me on her deathbed, and expressing the wish that I would be cared for by one of my father's sisters, left me with the deep and abiding assurance of her love for me.

I had three older brothers and a sister, and it was in that great influenza epidemic that she was taken away, as millions of other mothers were taken away—perhaps 20 million people around the world lost their lives during that great influenza epidemic of 1917–1918. It is said that 12 million people in India died from the influenza, the swine flu. Perhaps 750,000 people in America died.

As I say, it was her wish, my mother's wish, that I be taken by one of my father's sisters whose name was Vlurma. I believe my father had nine sisters and perhaps two or three brothers, but it was one of his sisters, a sister who had married Titus Dalton Byrd, who took me in response to my dying mother's wish.

But for her wish, Mr. President, I would not be here today. I would never have gone to West Virginia to be reared in the coal mining communities in the southern part of the State had it not been for that mother's wish. I probably would have never sworn the oath in entering upon the office of U.S. Senator had it not been for that wish, my mother's wish, that I, the baby, should be brought up in the home of Titus Dalton Byrd and Vlurma Byrd, the only child in that home.

The Byrds had one child before I was born. That child was named Robert Madison Byrd. That child died of scarlet fever. The Byrds moved away from North Carolina and to West Virginia and moved me with them.

At first I had been named Cornelius Calvin Sale, Jr., by my father and my mother. My mother's name was Ada—Ada Mae. The two wonderful people who raised me changed my name to ROBERT CARLYLE BYRD.

So my mother's wish is a priceless gift even now, all of these years later. And the woman who raised me, my aunt, imbued me with her quiet faith and reverence for the Creator and impressed upon me her work ethic. I always call her "mom." She was the only mother I really ever knew. There are millions of other men and women around the world who can speak of their mothers as I have spoken of mine.

They may have lost their mothers early or at some point along life's way. Many of them have sweet memories of those mothers. I do not have any memory of my mother, but somehow I know that her prayers have always followed me. I believe that. And I believe that she is in Heaven today.

The woman who reared me, my biological father's sister, was one of the few really, really great people I have known in my life. I had the good fortune to meet with many world leaders during my years in the Senate and especially during my years as majority leader in the Senate. I met with the Shah of Iran just a few weeks before he left Iran, never to return. I met with the current King of Jordan's father. I first met him 47 years ago. I met, as I mentioned earlier, the Shah of Iran. I first met him 47 years ago—in 1955.

I met with the President of Syria. I shook hands with Nassar of Egypt. I visited with and talked with German Chancellor Schmidt and German Chancellor Kohl. I met with Margaret Thatcher in her offices in London. I met with the Saudi family. I met with Prime Minister Begin of Israel. I met with Vice President Deng of China. I met with Mr. Khrushchev in the Crimea in his summer home.

I met with many other world leaders—Kings and Shahs and Princes and Presidents and Senators and Governors. These were outstanding personages, the leaders of the world. I had one-on-one meetings with these people. I met with President Sadat of Egypt. But the truly great people in my life and according to my standards were not national leaders or politicians, they were just common people. One of them was the man who raised me, Titus Dalton Byrd, a coal miner. I never heard him use God's name in vain in all of his life. He was a humble man. He paid his debts. He never spoke ill of a neighbor. He was a good man, as good as men can be. The Bible says no man is good, but he was as good as men become. He was a great man, in my sight.

The woman who raised me was a great woman. Neither of them had any education to amount to anything. I doubt that either of them had ever gone to the third grade in school. I was the first person in all of my family line who ever graduated from elementary school or from high school or from college.

They never made it to the third or fourth grade in school, but they were great souls, they had great hearts, they had honest minds, and they imbued me with a respect for the Bible and a respect for religion.

I can listen to any man's religion. It can be a man of Islam. It can be a Hindu. It can be a Protestant. It can be a Jew. I can listen to any of them. I can pray with any of them. That is the way I was taught.

These two people who raised me were great people. That aunt, as I say, I never knew any name for her but

"Mom." I did not know that she was not my mother until I was in my year of graduation from high school. I can close my eyes and see her, after a long day, working to make ends meet in a hardscrabble West Virginia mining community, sitting at a scrubbed kitchen table, and discussing the Bible.

Those were some hard times in those days. When my wife and I married almost 65 years ago—in less than 3 weeks, if the Lord lets us live to see the day—our first refrigerator was half of an orange crate, or a grapefruit crate. I was a produce boy in a coal company store, so I sold grapefruits, oranges, other citrus fruits, other fruits, and vegetables. So I brought an empty orange crate home and nailed it up outside the kitchen window. That was during the Great Depression. During the late 1920s I lived as a boy on Wolf Creek in Mercer County, no electricity in the home, no running water in the house. Those were the days of the 2-cent stamp and the penny postcard.

I know what the word "mother" means, and I know what the word "father" means, even though my father and my angel mother did not rear me. But this old aunt and uncle who knew little about their ABCs but who knew much about life and about the things that count mostly in life, they reared me; they loved me. I heard "mom" pray many times in the stillness of the night. When the kerosene lamp was out, I would hear her voice coming from another room. I knew she was on her knees.

After I was elected to Congress, there were occasions when I would drive to West Virginia and go to her house. I would get there perhaps at 12, 1, or 2 in the morning. I would knock on the door, and she would answer the door. She would always ask me if I wanted her to fix me something to eat at that hour. Then after I spent most of the weekend in West Virginia and was about to return to Washington, she would fix a good noonday meal, and then say to me: "Robert, you be a good boy; I always pray for you."

It used to be when I was a little boy living on Wolf Creek Hollow, I would take bags of corn up to the mill on the top of the mountain. We had one horse named George. I had a pony. I would put a bag of corn across that pony's back, take it up to the mill, and the miller would grind the corn into meal, and that evening "mom" would make a cake of cornbread.

We had one cow, and sometimes "mom" would take me out with her to milk the cow. I would sit there and have a cup, and she would squeeze that milk down in the cup. I would drink that cup of milk with the foam freshly wrought from the bag of the cow.

I still see my aunt, who was—the only mother I ever really knew. She never kissed me in her life. I never received a mother's kiss, unlike Benjamin West, that great American painter who was living at the time the

Constitution of the United States was written in Philadelphia. He would take to his mother, so the story goes, little drawings of birds and flowers, and she took him upon her knee. It is said that she kissed little Benjamin West's cheek as he sat on her knee and she told him he would grow up to be a great painter. So he grew up to be a painter of early American scenes. "The Death of General Wolfe" was by Benjamin West. The story is told that Benjamin West said a mother's kiss made him a great painter.

I do not remember ever receiving a mother's kiss, but I received "mom's" love. I still see her in my mind's eye when my wife Erma and I sit together on Sundays and read the Bible. My aunt taught me a great deal about the quiet dignity with which she lived her life. Mothers teach when they insist that their children brush their teeth and eat their vegetables. Mothers teach by saying bedtime prayers, by reading bedtime stories, and by singing lullabies. As I say, simply having children does not make mothers, but mothers do sing lullabies at the bedsides of their children.

They demonstrate their love not only through hugs and praise, but in each meal they make, each load of laundry they fold, each toy they put away. Children absorb lessons from the people around them, and especially from the parents they look up to. So, mothers teach by example when they read themselves instead of watching television, the vast wasteland that numbs peoples' minds or by being careful with their speech and with the way they live their lives. Each small lesson helps to weave the cloth of their children's lives. It is for these daily lessons, the laughter shared and tears dried, that we put so much effort into making Mother's Day special. And we ought to make it special. We ought to see Mother on this Mother's Day and every other day of the year that it is possible.

A poem by an anonymous poet captures the inspiration that mothers provide:

WHEN MOTHER READS ALOUD

When Mother reads aloud, the past
Seems real as every day;
I hear the tramp of armies vast,
I see the spears and lances cast,
I join the trilling fray;
Brave knights and ladies fair and proud
I meet when Mother reads aloud.
When Mother reads aloud, far lands
Seem very near and true;
I cross the desert's gleaming sands,
Or hunt the jungle's prowling bands,
Or sail the ocean blue.
Far heights, whose peaks the cold mists
shroud,
I scale, when Mother reads aloud.
When Mother reads aloud, I long
For noble deeds to do
To help the right, redress the wrong;
It seems so easy to be strong,
So simple to be true.
Oh, thick and fast the visions crowd
My eyes, when Mother reads aloud.

Manufacturers of greeting cards, florists, jewelers, clothing stores, even

the phone company suggest that their products are treasured by mothers, and I am sure that they are. But mothers also treasure the lumpy clay vases made by young potters and filled with wild flowers torn from the yard. Mothers love the care and love that their loved ones put into this celebration. Flowers or no flowers, homemade cards or store-bought, mothers love being surrounded by their families most of all. Each child is some mother's treasure, her precious angel, even when that child is grown and gone to far away places. A mother's children are her greatest works, her magnum opus, her masterpiece. A phone call or a meal shared together provides an opportunity to relive the memories that make each family special. Erma and I can look around the table as we think of her mother, Erma's mother, a fine Christian woman who lived a good life. A wonderful mother-in-law. We think of her as we sit around the table with our two lovely daughters and their families knowing that our two newest members, our little great granddaughters,—let me repeat that, our little great-granddaughter, are fortunate to share in our close-knit family.

As in all families, my mother, my aunt who raised me, my wife, my daughters, my granddaughters and my great-granddaughters our grandsons, our daughters-in-law, our sons-in-law, all share many titles. They are proud citizens of this fair land. They are strong, talented, independent women. They may hold many business titles. They are sisters, cousins, and aunts. They are, or may be, wives. But the title, the job, that will give them the greatest pleasure in their lives, will be to be called "Mother." Remember that simply having children does not make mothers. The title comes with much labor, much patience some tedium, hopefully not too many tears, and love beyond measure. The job will call upon their every reserve of strength and every ounce of creativity, but it will never tax their ability to love and to cherish.

This Sunday, scrubbed and shining, let us present the mothers in our lives with fitting tribute. Give them flowers, cards, good food, and presents, but most of all, let us give them our gratitude and repay, in small measure, the love and devotion that they have showered upon us.

I close with a few stanzas from a poem by Elizabeth Akers Allen. It is called "Rock Me to Sleep."

I offer it to my own sweet angel mother, who hears me now, who is listening today with millions of other mothers like her who have gone on to that land where the flowers never wither and the rainbow never fades.

Backward, turn backward, O time, in your flight,

Make me a child again just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads from my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;—

Rock me to sleep, Mother—rock me to sleep!
Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures—
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours:
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary
brain.

Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids
creep;—

Rock me to sleep, Mother—rock me to sleep!
Mother, dear Mother, the years have been
long

Since I last listened your lullaby song:
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my
face,

Never hereafter to wake or to weep;—

Rock me to sleep, Mother—rock me to sleep!

I will yield the floor and 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. REID. Mr. President, I ask unan-
imous consent the order for the
quorum call be rescinded.

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

MORNING BUSINESS

Mr. REID. Mr. President, I ask unan-
imous consent the Senate now proceed
to a period of morning business, with
Senators permitted to speak therein
for a period not to exceed 5 minutes
each.

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

TRIBUTE TO THE CITY OF IDABEL ON ITS 100TH ANNIVERSARY

Mr. NICKLES. Mr. President, it is an
honor for me to recognize the 100th An-
niversary of the City of Idabel, Okla-
homa.

Idabel is the county seat of
McCurtain County, located in the
Southeast corner of Oklahoma. The
scenic rivers and wilderness that sur-
round Idabel rival the beauty of any re-
gion in the United States.

Idabel has a rich cultural history.
For 75 years, from the 1830s into the
twentieth century, Idabel was under
the sovereignty of the Choctaw Tribe.
Following their removal from Mis-
sissippi, the Choctaws occupied and
ruled over the land that we today know
as Idabel.

In 1902, before Oklahoma even be-
came a state, the town of Purnell was
incorporated along a rail line. It was
named after Isaac Purnell, a railroad
official at the time. This name did not
last long, however. Our very own
United States Postal Service rejected
the town's name because it was too
similar to that of another Oklahoma
town Purcell. For two years, this in-
corporated town battled possible names
around, names like Mitchell and
Hoyopa, until finally settling on the
name "Idabel"—a combination of the
first names of Isaac Purnell's daugh-
ters.

While rich in its history and in the
beauty of its surroundings, the great-
est part of Idabel are the people who
live there from the people who set up
shop in that small trade village in the
early twentieth century to the present
day students, the Idabel Warriors, who
are the future of this great town.

The people of Idabel are devoted to
God, to their country, and to their
families. I am proud to honor their cen-
tennial, and am privileged to serve as
their representative here in the U.S.
Senate. May their next one hundred
years be as fruitful as the first.

ADDITIONAL STATEMENTS

NURSES' WEEK

• Mr. CLELAND. Mr. President, this
week commemorates the contributions
of the nursing profession to patients
and health care and the dedication of
those individuals who have chosen
nursing. Yet in all the years that we
have acknowledged how much nurses
mean to the delivery of health care and
our quality of life, we have not done
enough to ensure the viability of nurs-
ing as a profession. The 2001 American
Nurses Association (ANA) National
Survey revealed that 715 hospitals had
126,000 openings for nursing positions
and an 11 percent vacancy rate. Nurs-
ing schools across the country report
that enrollment has significantly de-
creased and the ANA also projects that
65 percent of present nurses will retire
within this decade. These statistics sig-
nal a nursing crisis and that means a
health care crisis for this country.

At both the June 14, 2001, Senate Vet-
erans' Affairs Committee hearing on
the looming nursing shortage and the
June 27, 2001, Governmental Affairs
Subcommittee hearing on the federal
government's role in retaining nurses
for delivery of federally funded health
care services, I emphasized an alarm-
ing statistic that the federal health
sector, employing approximately 45,000
nurses, may be the hardest hit in the
near future with an estimated 47 per-
cent of its nursing workforce eligible
for retirement by the year 2004. Cur-
rent and anticipated nursing vacancies
in all health care settings are attrib-
uted in part to worsening work place
conditions with mandatory overtime
and increasing patient care workloads.

I believe today we are facing a wide-
spread and complex challenge with this
nursing shortage and there are no
quick fixes. Congress has passed some
important measures to help nurses to
continue to take safe and effective care
of their patients and to assist health
care facilities to recruit and retain
needed nurses. Some of these impor-
tant measures will help recruit new
nurses and assist with the cost of edu-
cation, like the Nurse Reinvestment
Act and S. 937 which I authored and
which will now permit the transfer of
entitlement to educational assistance
under the Montgomery GI Bill by mem-

bers of the Armed Forces thus allowing
spouses and children of eligible service
members to use transferred GI bill as-
sistance for undergraduate or graduate
nursing education.

Additionally, the VA Nurse Recruit-
ment and Retention Enhancement Act
was signed into law this year and will
help to alleviate the anticipated VA
nursing shortage by addressing work-
ing conditions, implementing a Nurse
Cadet Program to encourage high
school students to pursue nursing car-
ers as well as other education incen-
tives. I was pleased to have played a
major role in development and passing
this measure as well.

Congress, Federal and State agencies,
private and public health care organi-
zations are all actively working to de-
velop solutions to the looming nursing
shortage. We want nurses to know that
they do have allies who will work with
them to find solutions.

To further demonstrate our support
of nurses, I am also proposing that the
U.S. Postal Service issue a nursing
stamp to say, "Thank you for being a
Nurse." This stamp will help to raise
public awareness of the nursing crisis
and show our support of the nursing
profession.

I ask my colleagues to join with me
in a long-term commitment to support
the nursing profession. I want to say a
special "thank you" to the nurses who
were there for me when I was injured in
Vietnam. These nurses gave me care
and hope. I do not care to think of the
future of health care without these
dedicated and knowledgeable nurses. •

MESSAGE FROM THE HOUSE

ENROLLED BILL SIGNED

At 11:40 a.m., a message from the
House of Representatives, delivered by
Mr. Hays, one of its reading clerks, an-
nounced that the Speaker has signed
the following enrolled bill:

S. 378. An act to redesignate the Federal
building located at 3348 South Kedzie Ave-
nue, in Chicago, Illinois, as the "Paul Simon
Chicago Jobs Corps Center."

PETITIONS AND MEMORIALS

The following petitions and memo-
rials were laid before the Senate and
were referred or ordered to lie on the
table as indicated:

POM-232. An engrossed resolution adopted
by the Assembly of the State of Wisconsin
relative to the Upper Mississippi and Illinois
Rivers' Inland Waterways Transportation
System; to the Committee on Environment
and Public Works.

2001 ASSEMBLY RESOLUTION 56

Whereas, the state of Wisconsin borders or
contains over 360 miles of the upper Mis-
sissippi River and 11 navigation locks and
dams along those borders; and

Whereas, many of Wisconsin's locks and
dams are more than 60 years old and only 600
feet long, making them unable to accommo-
date modern barge tows of 1,200 feet long,
nearly tripling locking times and causing
lengthy delays and ultimately increasing
shipping costs; and