

continue to be true if we continue the incentives that keep people on the land, keep the land productive, protect the environment for farmers so they can keep that land productive, and to be able to tell farmers: You will work hard and long, but you will be able to make a living out of it, your kids can go to college, someday you will be able to retire—all the things people desire.

I hope as we go forward the White House would realize we are all in this together. We are not talking about a partisan farm bill. One of the things I have enjoyed the most, serving for 27 years now on the Agriculture Committee, is the bipartisanship of that committee. I value my friendship with the current chairman. I value my friendship with the former chairman, Senator LUGAR. They are two of the closest friends I have in this body.

I remember Hubert Humphrey, George McGovern, and Bob Dole working closely together on nutrition matters. This is a diverse group, but I think one thing that united them was their great sense of humor and a passion, a special passion for feeding the children of this country.

There have been bipartisan coalitions on that committee ever since I came here. There was a bipartisan coalition that started the WIC Program, one of the best things for children, for pregnant women, for women post partum, after giving birth. These are programs that have come out of there—the School Lunch Program, which has improved the nutrition of our children and is now considered just a staple of Government. Yet as Harry Truman knew at the time of World War II, so many people were rejected for the draft because of lack of nutrition, so he started the School Lunch Program.

I say this to commend the tremendous work of the Senator from Iowa. I am proud of him. I am proud to be his friend. I am proud to serve as a member of his committee.

With that, 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 President, I ask unanimous consent that the order for the quorum call be rescinded.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 (Mr. AKAKA). Without objection, it is so ordered.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY GREETINGS TO SENATOR PAUL SARBANES

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, I am delighted to extend, even though belatedly, happy birthday greetings to the senior Senator from Maryland, Mr. SARBANES. His birthday was on February 3, so he has now reached the grand age of 69. Oh, to be 69 again!

Let me say that Senator SARBANES and I have more differences than just our ages. He is of Greek ancestry, and proud of it. I am of southern and Appa-

lachian ancestry, and beyond that, going back through the years of time and change, of Anglo-Saxon ancestry, and I am proud of that.

He is a member of the Greek Orthodox Church. I am a member of the Southern Missionary Baptist Church.

He is from the Chesapeake region of the Eastern Shore of Maryland. I am from the coalfields of southern West Virginia.

His career began by waiting on tables, washing dishes, and mopping floors in the Mayflower Grill in downtown Salisbury, MD. Mine began by working in a gas station in the cold winter of January and February 1935, having to walk 4 miles to work and 4 miles back, and earning \$50 a month, \$600 a year.

But, Mr. President, Senator SARBANES and I share many common interests. One of these common interests that Senator SARBANES and I share is our love for the Senate. And I have always appreciated that in Senator SARBANES' career.

I have observed Senator SARBANES since he was first elected to the Senate in 1976—200 years after that historic year of 1776. I have admired the rational way that this perfectly reasonable man has always gone about his business.

I watch him when he is listening to witnesses in committees. I serve on the Budget Committee of the Senate with Senator SARBANES. He has a rare, subtle way of listening carefully and then going right to the crux of a matter. He is very effective in his questions and the manner in which he performs his work on committees.

He is a thinker. I spoke of his Greek ancestry. PAUL SARBANES is the epitome of the Greek thinker, of which we have read so much in history.

I have watched him as he has served as chairman of the Congressional Joint Economic Committee, as chairman of the Senate Banking, Housing, and Urban Affairs Committee.

He is also the chairman of the impressive and influential Maryland congressional delegation, which includes Senator BARBARA MIKULSKI in the Senate as well as Representative STENY HOYER in the House.

He has been a very effective member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and, as I earlier indicated, as a member of the Senate Budget Committee.

There is a long list of reasons I admire PAUL SARBANES. One of the reasons I came to admire PAUL SARBANES was the support he gave to me when I was the majority leader and when I was minority leader in the Senate. During troubling times, during the most difficult votes, in the midst of the most controversial issues, I nearly always called upon PAUL SARBANES for his counsel, for his advice. Every leader would be fortunate to have a PAUL SARBANES as a colleague to whom he could go and seek advice and counsel.

So there he was, with his advice and his friendship. I can't begin to say how

much I appreciated that in PAUL SARBANES, as one of the most probing, acute intellects that I have seen in my 56 years of serving in legislative bodies. His word is his bond. His loyalty is unchallenged. His integrity is beyond reproach.

So allow me to use these belated birthday greetings to say: Thank you; thank you, Senator PAUL SARBANES, for being a friend as well as a colleague; thank you for your tremendous work for your State and our country.

I should also thank the people of the State of Maryland for having the wisdom and the common sense to send PAUL SARBANES here to be with us in 1982, in 1988, in 1994, and in 2000. He is now the longest serving U.S. Senator in the history of the State of Maryland. The Senate and our country are the better for it.

Count your garden by the flowers,
Never by the leaves that fall;
Count your days by the sunny hours,
Not remembering clouds at all.
Count your nights by stars, not shadows;
Count your days by smiles, not tears.

And on this beautiful February afternoon, PAUL SARBANES, count your life by smiles, not tears.

FAITH

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, yesterday the President spoke at the National Prayer Breakfast. Let me just quote a few excerpts from the President's remarks. This is what he said. He said more, of course, but these are four paragraphs that I will excerpt from the totality of the remarks.

The President said:

Since we met last year, millions of Americans have been led to prayer. They have prayed for comfort in time of grief; for understanding in a time of anger; for protection in a time of uncertainty. Many, including me, have been on bended knee. The prayers of this nation are a part of the good that has come from the evil of September the 11th, more good than we could ever have predicted. Tragedy has brought forth the courage and the generosity of our people.

None of us would ever wish on anyone what happened on that day. Yet, as with each life, sorrows we would not choose can bring wisdom and strength gained in no other way. This insight is central to many faiths, and certainly to faith that finds hope and comfort in a cross.

Every religion is welcomed in our country; all are practiced here. Many of our good citizens profess no religion at all. Our country has never had an official faith. Yet we have all been witnesses these past 21 weeks to the power of faith to see us through the hurt and loss that has come to our country.

Faith gives the assurance that our lives and our history have a moral design. As individuals, we know that suffering is temporary, and hope is eternal. As a nation, we know that the ruthless will not inherit the Earth. Faith teaches humility, and with it, tolerance. Once we have recognized God's image in ourselves, we must recognize it in every human being.

Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the entire speech by President Bush be printed in the RECORD at the close of my remarks.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.
(See exhibit 1.)

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, I will differ with President Bush in many things, and in many ways; and I suppose practically every Senator here will at some point differ with the President in regard to something. On his faith-based initiative, I may differ with him. But I am glad that the President took time in his busy day to make these remarks at the National Prayer Breakfast. I am glad to hear him utter the name of God—the person in our country who is at the apex of the executive branch of Government, pausing in his day to recognize a higher power than that of the Chief Executive of this country. The Chief Magistrate of our Nation spoke of God and spoke of having been on bended knee.

Mr. President, remarks such as these have become all too rare, even in this country, when uttered by a high Government official who is elected—not directly, but indirectly, at least—by the people of the United States.

So I respect President Bush for his humility, for his willingness to call upon God, to express a faith, to express a strength that can only come from calling upon the Creator of us all. It is unfortunate, but these are times when few men and women, relatively speaking, it seems to me, recognize God in their lives and in the life of the Nation. “Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord.”

I am almost an antique around these precincts in our Capitol. I suppose one might say I am almost a neanderthal, having lived 84 years. I come from a background in which God was a major factor in my life.

When I was a little boy living in the “sticks” in southern West Virginia, in Mercer County, impressed upon my young mind was a belief in a Higher Power. The Bible was the one book in my humble household—the Bible—the King James version of the Bible. The woman who raised me was my aunt. Her husband was my uncle by virtue of their marriage. Many times, when I was a child living in Mercer County, I would hear her pray after we had turned out the kerosene lamps. I would hear her praying in the other room. Even after I had grown to manhood and was a Member of Congress and would go back to West Virginia on the weekends, or during a recess, always when I started back to Washington, she would say, “ROBERT, you be a good boy. I always pray for you.”

Many times, I have gone back to those coal fields and knocked on her door at night, at 2 o'clock in the morning, 3 o'clock in the morning, after having driven across mountain roads from Washington. She would always get up and unlock the door. Sometimes I would go up on the porch and see her on her knees praying. Many times, she would get out of bed and unlock the door and let me in the house and offer to fix a meal for me at 1 or 2 o'clock in

the morning. And then, when I would go to bed, and the lights were all out, I would hear her prayers coming from another room. I knew she was on her knees.

So, the President spoke of having been on his knees at times, and that our Nation during these trying days has found comfort in its suffering by being on its knees. People are turning back to the church. I remember that woman as she prayed on her knees. And I remember him, her husband. I knew no other father than he. He was the only man I ever knew as my father—except for one occasion when I was in high school, my senior year, when he and I caught a Greyhound bus and traveled back to North Carolina where I did meet my biological father and spent about a week in his home. But that coal miner who raised me, and whom I called my dad, was likewise a religious man.

These two wonderful old people, this couple who raised me, didn't go around wearing their religion on their sleeve and making a big whoop-de-do about it; they didn't claim to be good, as the Bible says that no man is good. They didn't belong to the Christian right or the Christian left, or Christian middle, or whatever it was. They had that King James Bible in their home. They lived their religion. They didn't look down upon any man and they didn't look up to any man—except they looked up to God. So they brought me up like that and taught me like that.

Now, I will say this: Regardless of how far one may stray from the right path, if he has had this basic faith drilled into him from the beginning by parents who reared him and taught him how to live, he may stray away from those lessons, but he will come back.

We all err and fall short of the glory of God. It just touches my heart and makes me feel good that the Chief Magistrate of our country talks about getting on his knees. So I say while I may differ, and will differ from President Bush, I will also respect him and respect his humility, his basic faith exemplified by what he is saying in this instance, exemplified by his indicating that a nation advances when it advances on its knees. Once when my wife and I dined at the White House with Mr. Bush as President—that is and may be the only time we will ever have the privilege of dining there—but upon that occasion President Bush said grace at the table before we ate. He did not call on me to say grace. He said it himself. He was, I am sure, not attempting to impress us with his faith but he was practicing it. Nobody was there other than TED STEVENS, his wife, my wife, me and the President.

So, yes, we will differ on President Bush's budget—we will disagree mightily on that—but when it is all said and done I have to remember that here is a man who preaches and practices, as far as I have seen, his faith.

“Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it. Except

the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.”

I hope we will never become so mighty, so wrapped up in ourselves individually, so subordinated to the tenets of partisan political parties, that we fail to acknowledge God. After all, when it comes down to the last mile of the way, the last hour of my days, if I have a clear mind at that point I will not be thinking about the Democratic Party. I will not be reciting the tenets, the principles, of the Democratic Party. Political party in that moment will mean nothing to me. Instead, I will be wondering, how will it be with my soul when I have to meet God face-to-face.

Now perhaps I did not think so much about these things when I was 24 or when I was 34, but 50 years later at the age of 84, I am drawn to think about these things. No, the party platform will not be worth much to me in that hour. Nor will it be to you or to you, but that moment is coming. For some of us, it will be all too soon. We know not when. It comes to us all. It comes to Presidents. It comes to Kings. It comes to Governors. It comes to Senators. It comes to coal miners, to farmers, to schoolteachers, to lawyers, but it comes.

I salute President Bush for his remarks. I hope he will continue to call upon his Maker in his search for strength and comfort.

I lost a grandson 20 years ago this year. For a long time thereafter, I walked in a deep valley. I sought everywhere for strength. I went to see the coroner. I went to see the State policeman who was there and saw my grandson's body removed from the truck that had crashed and then caught fire. I went to see the volunteer fire department that was nearby. Again and again I went to these same people. I was searching, trying to persuade myself that my grandson had not suffered. I found the greatest of comfort when I felt that my grandson was aware of my grief—that he knew about my grief, and that I have the promise in God's Word that I can see Michael again.

There may come a time in the young lives of these high school juniors who are here as pages, when they, too, will find succor and comfort only in God's Word, feeling that, yes, He is here, He knows about their grief.

I will refer to one other time in my life. I was much younger than 84, much younger than I was in 1982 when I lost my grandson. This was back in 1945, during the Second World War. I had been a welder in Baltimore for a year and a half working on “Victory” ships and “Liberty” ships. I decided to take my wife and two daughters and go south to Florida the next winter rather than remain in Baltimore shipyards where the cold winds came across the bay, as we were on the decks of the ships welding that cold steel. I was in Crab Orchard, WV, in southern West Virginia, visiting with my uncle and aunt who had raised me and I dreamed

that Mr. Byrd, the man whom I had always recognized as my dad, had died.

The very next day I received a telegram from my brother—who is still living; he is 88, a little older than I, still living in North Wilkesboro, NC—saying to me that my biological father, Mr. Cornelius Calvin Sale, had died. After having dreamed that my adopted father had died, the very next day I received a telegram saying that my natural father had died.

Mr. Byrd and I caught a Greyhound bus and we traveled to North Carolina. I attended the funeral of my father, Mr. Sale. From there, I left alone to go to Florida to get a job there, if I could, as a welder, building ships. I traveled all night on a bus. I took a welding test the next morning in Jacksonville in a shipyard. I failed the test. Having been up all night, I didn't have a steady hand, perhaps. I failed that test.

I asked: Where else are they testing and hiring welders here in Florida? I was told to go over on the west side of Florida on the side of the gulf. I was told that they were hiring welders in Tampa. So across Florida I started again on a bus. When I reached Lakeland, late in the day, I got off the bus and I went into a little grocery store and bought a stick of pepperoni, some crackers, a piece of Longhorn cheese, and a can of sardines. I sat down on a railroad rail outside the grocery store and I ate. What was left, I put back in the paper bag and found myself a hotel. It didn't cost much in those days to stay in a hotel, so I spent the night in a hotel.

While in that hotel I, of course, felt lonely. My wife and two daughters were back in West Virginia, miles away. I was homesick.

I opened the drawer of a table in the room, and there was a Gideon Bible. That was the first Gideon Bible I had ever seen. It was the King James version. Senators often hear me refer to the King James version. That is the only Bible I will read, the King James version. I like its immaculate English, its beautiful prose. I read two or three chapters of that Bible and went to bed. I said a little prayer and asked God to protect me and protect my wife and children back in West Virginia, to forgive us, and to help me the next day when I took the welding test in Tampa.

The next day, I rose early. I ate what I had left over from the previous day: some pepperoni, some cheese, some of the bread. I went on to Tampa, took the welding test, passed it with flying colors, and was hired to work in McCloskey Shipyard.

I found in that Bible the words of comfort and succor that helped me on that night in Tampa, FL. That was 57 years ago.

I say to the young people here and to those young people who are watching the Senate via television, I want us to appreciate the words of the President when he talks about God, about prayer. I want you to realize that even though you are just juniors in high school, you

too are going to grow old some day. We all grow old if God lets us live long enough. And there will come a time in life when you will need the strength that comes from a faith in a Creator, faith in a higher power. That is the kind of faith that our fathers had, the men and women who built this country, who built this Republic. It is a representative democracy. But it is not a democracy, a pure democracy. Theirs was a pure democracy in Athens, in Greece. But that was a small town compared with Washington, DC, or New York City.

I say to the young people of this country—as well as to Senators—it doesn't make any difference how many degrees you may have, how many degrees you may attain, what you may achieve, the heights of whatever career you may choose in this life. Remember, when it all comes down to the end, six feet of Earth makes us all of one size. What will count then most of all is how well will I be prepared when I stand before the eternal judge?

I attended an execution once of a young man who had killed a cab driver. He had hired a cab driver in Huntington, WV, to take him to Logan. On the way to Logan he shot the cab driver in the back, tossed him out beside the road, took his money, and went on. A few days later the young man was apprehended in a theater in Montgomery, WV. He was brought to trial, convicted, and sentenced to die in the electric chair.

West Virginia law at that time required a certain number of witnesses to an execution. I thought that, inasmuch as I had occasion often to speak to young people in Sunday school classes, churches, Boy Scouts, Girl Scout troops, 4H Clubs, if I could talk with this young man who was about to go to the electric chair, he might be able to tell me something that would help these young people with whom I would meet and speak.

On this occasion I went to the State penitentiary at Moundsville. I asked the warden to let me be one of the witnesses. He gave his approval. Before the execution, which was scheduled to be at 9 p.m., I asked the warden to let me talk with this young man whose name was Jim Hewlett. This was in 1951 when I was a member of the West Virginia Senate. I went to the death house, entered the death house, and there was Jim Hewlett. I shook his hand. It was clammy, with perspiration. Behind him was a chaplain.

I said to Jim Hewlett, I have come tonight to ask you if you might have something that I could say to young people. I often have the occasion to speak with young people. I think you just might have something I could tell them, that would help them.

He said:

Well, tell them to go to Sunday school and church.

He said:

If I had gone, I wouldn't be here tonight.

And then, as I started to go—I knew the time was fleeting and his remain-

ing minutes were precious to him. As I turned to go, he said:

Wait a minute. Tell them one other thing.

He said:

Tell them not to drink the stuff that I drank.

Those were his exact words:

Tell them not to drink the stuff that I drank.

I said:

Well, now, what do you mean by that?

The Chaplain broke in. He said:

I know what he means. He was drinking when he killed the cab driver. You see that little crack on the wall up there? If he were to have two or three drinks right now, he would try to get through that crack in the wall. That's what it does to him.

I left the death house and went back to the warden's office, and when the hour came, I returned to the death house, and entered the death chamber. As one of the witnesses, I watched Jim Hewlett die.

Some years later, probably 30 years later, I was in the northern panhandle of West Virginia, and while I was there, someone said: Why don't you go down and see Father—I don't remember the Father's name—go down and see Father So-and-So. He's very ill, and I am sure it would help him if you just stopped by and said hello.

I said:

OK, where does he live?

I had my driver take me to the man's house. He was sitting out on the back porch in the sunshine. I introduced myself and sat down with him.

For some reason, I cannot account why, my conversation went back to a time when I visited Moundsville and witnessed the execution of a young man named Jim Hewlett. I don't recall how our conversation took this turn. But this priest, who, indeed, was in very failing health, listened raptly as I told about this execution, about what I had said, about what Jim Hewlett had said.

When I finished, the priest said:

Yes, that's the way it was. You see, I was the Chaplain that night when you visited Jim Hewlett in his cell.

I didn't know the priest. I didn't know his name. But there he was, 30 years later, and he had been in that cell.

The point I want to make is this. The young man scoffed at religion, and after he was convicted of this crime and scheduled to die, he didn't want a chaplain in his cell. He scoffed at religion. But when the last days came and Governor Patten of West Virginia declined to change his sentence, declined to commute his sentence from death to life in prison or whatever, Jim Hewlett knew then that he was, indeed, going to die, and he wanted a chaplain in his cell. He had scoffed at religion. Now, when he knew that he indeed was going to meet God shortly, he wanted a chaplain in his cell.

That is why I say to you young people all over this country, there will come a time when you, too, will want—will want God.

Last night, I passed beside the blacksmith's door,
And heard the anvil ring the vesper chime,
And looking in, I saw upon the floor,
Old hammers worn with beating years of time.
"How many anvils have you had," said I,
"To wear and batter all these hammers so?"
"Only one," the blacksmith said, then with twinkling eye,
"The anvil wears the hammers out, you know."
And so the Bible, the anvil of God's word,
For centuries, skeptic blows have beaten upon,
But, though the noise of falling blows was heard,
The anvil is unharmed, the hammers gone.

EXHIBIT 1

REMARKS BY THE PRESIDENT AT NATIONAL PRAYER BREAKFAST, WASHINGTON HILTON HOTEL, WASHINGTON, DC

The President: Thank you very much, John. Laura and I are really honored to join you this morning to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the National Prayer Breakfast. And Admiral Clark, whatever prayer you used for eloquence, worked. (Laughter and applause.) I appreciate your message and I appreciate your service to our great country. (Applause.)

I want to thank Jon Kyl and Judge Sentelle for their words, and CeCe for your music. I appreciate getting the chance to meet Joe Finley, the New York City firefighter. He's a living example of what sacrifice and courage means. Thank you for coming, Joe. (Applause.)

I want to thank Congressman Bart Stupak. I really appreciate the fact that my National Security Advisor, Condoleezza Rice, is here to offer prayer. (Applause.) I appreciate the members of my Cabinet who are here. I want to say hello to the members of Congress.

I'm particularly grateful to Lisa Beamer for her reading and for her example. (Applause.) I appreciate here example of faith made stronger in trial. In the worst moments of her life, Lisa has been a model of grace—her own, and. (Applause.) And all America welcomes into the world Todd and Lisa's new daughter, Morgan Kay Beamer. (Applause.)

Since we met last year, millions of Americans have been led to prayer. They have prayed for comfort in time of grief; for understanding in a time of anger; for protection in a time of uncertainty. Many, including me, have been on bended knee. The prayers of this nation are a part of the good that has come from the evil of September the 11th, more good than we could ever have predicted. Tragedy has brought forth the courage and the generosity of our people.

None of us would ever wish on any one what happened on that day. Yet, as with each life, sorrows we would not choose can bring wisdom and strength gained in no other way. This insight is central to many faiths, and certainly to faith that finds hope and comfort in a cross.

Every religion is welcomed in our country; all are practiced here. Many of our good citizens profess no religion at all. Our country has never had an official faith. Yet we have all been witnesses these past 21 weeks to the power of faith to see us through the hurt and loss that has come to our country.

Faith gives the assurance that our lives and our history have a moral design. As individuals, we know that suffering is temporary, and hope is eternal. As a nation, we know that the ruthless will not inherit the Earth. Faith teaches humility, and with it, tolerance. Once we have recognized God's image in ourselves, we must recognize it in every human being.

Respect for the dignity of others can be found outside of religion, just as intolerance is sometimes found within it. Yet for millions of Americans, the practice of tolerance is a command of faith. When our country was attacked, Americans did not respond with bigotry. People from other countries and cultures have been treated with respect. And this is one victory in the war against terror. (Applause.)

At the same time, faith shows us the reality of good, and the reality of evil. Some acts and choices in this world have eternal consequences. It is always, and everywhere, wrong to target and kill the innocent. It is always, and everywhere, wrong to be cruel and hateful, to enslave and oppress. It is always, and everywhere, right to be kind and just, to protect the lives of others, and to lay down your life for a friend.

The men and women who charged into burning buildings to save others, those who fought the hijackers, were not confused about the difference between right and wrong. They knew the difference. They knew their duty. And we know their sacrifice was not in vain. (Applause.)

Faith shows us the way to self-giving, to love our neighbor as we would want to be loved ourselves. In service to others, we find deep human fulfillment. And as acts of service are multiplied, our nation becomes a more welcoming place for the weak, and a better place for those who suffer and grieve.

For half a century now, the National Prayer Breakfast has been a symbol of the vital place of faith in the life of our nation. You've reminded generations of leaders of a purpose and a power greater than their own. In times of calm, and in times of crisis, you've called us to prayer.

In this time of testing for our nation, my family and I have been blessed by the prayers of countless of Americans. We have felt their sustaining power and we're incredibly grateful. Tremendous challenges await this nation, and there will be hardships ahead. Faith will not make our path easy, but it will give us strength for the journey.

The promise of faith is not the absence of suffering, it is the presence of grace. And at every step we are secure in knowing that suffering produces perseverance, and perseverance produces character, and character produces hope—and hope does not disappoint.

May God bless you, and may God continue to bless America. (Applause.)

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, I yield the floor. I suggest the absence of a quorum.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The senior Senator from West Virginia yields the floor and suggests the absence of a quorum. The clerk will call the roll.

The assistant legislative clerk proceeded to call the roll.

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

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

AGRICULTURE, CONSERVATION, AND RURAL ENHANCEMENT ACT OF 2001—Continued

Mr. REID. Mr. President, I ask for the regular order, and I ask that the Crapo amendment be the regular order.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The amendment is the regular order.

Mr. REID. Mr. President, I appreciate that very much. I didn't know that. Thanks for advising me.

AMENDMENT NO. 2842

Mr. REID. Mr. President, I send an amendment to the desk.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The clerk will report.

The assistant legislative clerk read as follows:

The Senator from Nevada [Mr. REID] proposes an amendment numbered 2842.

Mr. REID. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that reading of the amendment be dispensed with.

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

(The amendment is printed in today's RECORD under "Amendments Submitted.")

Mr. REID. Mr. President, there has been a lot of discussion regarding the Crapo amendment. I spoke at some length this morning regarding my amendment to that amendment. I am sure there will be more discussion on Monday and Tuesday as to this amendment. It is an important amendment. My amendment is supported by virtually every conservation group in America. It is supported by many farm groups. The people who oppose this amendment, as I said this morning, have a lot of imagination because what they are talking about has no relation to the facts, and it is obvious to me it is without foundation.

I hope people will refer to the statement I made earlier today and recognize that all these concerns about the Federal Government taking the water from these poor, unfortunate ranchers and farmers is simply untrue. State law would rule. Any water that would be transferred would be that of a willing seller or a willing lessor. No one can be forced to do anything. It does not change State water law. For example, in the State of Nevada, the water engineer makes those decisions relating to water and would still make those decisions.

MORNING BUSINESS

RUBY RIDGE

Mr. SPECTER. Mr. President, I have sought recognition to report on what may be the concluding chapter of the tragic incident at Ruby Ridge where the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms and the FBI had a standoff with Randy Weaver which resulted in the death of his wife and the death of his son Sammy Weaver and the death of a deputy U.S. marshal.

The Judiciary subcommittee which I chaired conducted extensive hearings on this matter back in 1995. At that time we developed the facts that Randy Weaver was sought out by agents from the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms unit to be an informant. And they sought to buy from him two sawed-off shotguns which he did provide. Then they threatened him with criminal prosecution unless he would be an informant. When he refused to do that, a criminal prosecution was initiated.