

contained in section 44921 of title 49, United States Code, as in effect on the day before the date of enactment of this Act.

SEC. 13. REPORT ON DEFENDING AIRCRAFT FROM MAN-PORTABLE AIR DEFENSE SYSTEMS (SHOULDER-FIRED MISSILES).

(a) IN GENERAL.—Not later than 90 days after the date of the enactment of this Act, the Secretary of Homeland Security shall issue a report to the Senate Committee on Commerce, Science, and Transportation and the House of Representatives Committee on Transportation and Infrastructure on how best to defend turbo and jet passenger aircraft from Man-Portable Air Defense Systems (shoulder-fired missiles).

(b) ISSUES TO BE ADDRESSED.—The report shall include an analysis of—

(1) actions taken to date, countermeasures, risk mitigation, and other activities;

(2) existing military countermeasure systems and how those systems might be adapted to commercial aircraft applications;

(3) means of reducing the costs of military countermeasure systems by modifying them for use on commercial aircraft; and

(4) the extent of the threat and the need for countermeasures.

(c) REPORT FORMAT.—The report may be submitted in classified form.

SEC. 14. AUTHORIZATION OF APPROPRIATIONS.

There are authorized to be appropriated to the Secretary of Homeland Security such sums as may be necessary to carry out this Act and sections 44901(f), 44922, and 44923 of title 49, United States Code, for fiscal years 2004 through 2008.

Mr. WYDEN. Mr. President, I move to reconsider the vote, and I move to lay that motion on the table.

The motion to lay on the table was agreed to.

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

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The clerk will call the roll.

The assistant 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 President, I ask unanimous consent that the order for the quorum call be rescinded.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. VOINOVICH). Without objection, it is so ordered.

MOTHER'S DAY

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, this coming Sunday is Mother's Day. For a few short hours, families will dust off a rarely used pedestal and attempt to pay homage to a woman who likely will hop right back off that pedestal in order to straighten her husband's tie, or apply a bandage to a skinned knee, or do one of the countless other small tasks that keep a mother's hands in perpetual motion.

This Sunday, families may try to still those busy hands by serving mom a homemade breakfast in bed or taking her to a nice restaurant for brunch. They will shower her with cards, and flowers, and presents in an attempt to say "thank you, Mother" for all of the hours that she has labored over them. The cards that are smudged with small blurry fingerpainted handprints will be especially savored, as will the bouquets of short-stemmed, wilting flowers plucked forcibly from weeds and beds

in the backyard by loving and determined children, and presented in lumpy homemade vases painted with the wild abandon of childhood joy. Each gift and each gesture, whether suggested to a youngster by a loving husband or father or proffered by an awkward teenager who otherwise prefers his connection to the family be kept secret, will bring smiles, even tears, of gratitude.

On Sunday, mothers will revel in each moment, delight over each expression of caring, and give back tenfold, as they always do, the love offered from their most precious charge, their families.

It does not matter whether she is a business executive, an hourly laborer, or an unpaid stay-at-home mom—the best mothers invest the best of themselves in their families. They are high stakes brokers and we, their families, are the stocks on their exchange. They may spend many hours at work, but they still manage to make their children feel loved. They still manage to make each house a home. They still manage to create and sustain the traditions and customs that make each family unique. They enforce discipline on homework and at bedtime. They ice the birthday cakes and pack the lunches. They cool fevered brows and beam at graduations. They set high standards and higher expectations. They glory in our successes and consol us in our defeats. Like ripples in a pond, their investment spreads across the generations. The memories deep within each of us that connect us to our families are often closely linked to our mothers. From the food dishes that make each holiday special, to customs that range from the right way to fold clothes to the way we choose to raise our own children, our mother lives on in us. It is up to us to live up to our mother's expectations, to be the kind of adults she always believed we could be and would be. And if we simply try our best, she will consider the return on her investment to be well met.

I still remember, from growing up in a time when children memorized and recited poetry, particularly poetry that taught a lesson, the following poem by Margaret Johnston Grafflin:

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON

Do you know that your soul is of my soul
such a part,

That you seem to be fibre and core of my
heart?

None other can pain me as you, dear, can do,
None other can please me or praise me as
you.

Remember the world will be quick with its
blame,

If shadow or stain ever darken your name.

"Like mother, like son" is a saying so true,
The world will judge largely the "mother"
by you.

Be yours then the task, if task it shall be,
To force the proud world to do homage to
me.

Be sure it will say, when its verdict you've
won,

"She reaped as she sowed. Lo! This is her
son."

An old adage avers that "As the twig is bent, so grows the tree." Countless

studies have demonstrated the essential role that mothers play in family life, and their role in shaping the personality of their children, for good or for ill. I know from personal experience that a mother's influence reaches even beyond the grave. My own sweet mother died when I was just a year old, leaving me to be raised by my aunt and uncle. But my mother's serene face shone, and still shines, from a photograph that I keep in my office. Ada Kirby Sale; I have always felt her gentle presence, her soft urging to do my best to make her proud, to live the lesson of that poem.

She died of influenza in 1918, during the great pandemic that took many millions of lives worldwide, her final struggle that of ensuring her baby's fate, my fate. It was her wish that a particular aunt and uncle take me to raise. I had three older brothers and sister, but she wanted the Byrds, Titus Dalton and Vlurma Byrd, to have the baby, Robert. At that time my name was Cornelius Calvin Sale, Jr.

As concerns of a SARS epidemic sweeping the globe make today's headlines, I fear that other children may also be similarly orphaned. If that is the sad case, I hope that these children may also be able to keep their mother's memory and influence with them throughout their lives, as I have been fortunate to do.

You see, I do not remember ever having seen that mother. But it is as though she were there beside me often. I feel that I am here because of that mother's wish, and I feel that she is watching today. I hope that other members of their families will be so willing to take them in and raise them as their mothers would have wished, as my Aunt Vlurma and my Uncle Titus Dalton Byrd did for me. They took me in. They gave me a new name to share with them and to be proud of, and they brought me to the land of my heart, if not my birth, West Virginia.

West Virginia is the birthplace of my wife, Erma Ora Byrd. As I have said before, and I am happy to say again and again, she is a wonderful mother, a wonderful grandmother and great-grandmother. The ripples of her influence have spread now to the third generation. Erma and I are proud parents, grandparents, and now great-grandparents of a brood of fine people, individuals that distinguish any group. Erma's investment in her family has paid off a hundredfold.

Good mothers are so special—you know that; you know that; you know that—so essential to our families and our society that I am especially gratified that the U.S. national celebration of mothers has its own origins in the town of Grafton in Taylor County, WV. The only surprise is that it is such a recent holiday, first established in 1907, when Ms. Anna Jarvis of Philadelphia persuaded her mother's church, which was in Grafton, WV, to celebrate Mother's Day on the second anniversary of her mother's death on the second Sunday in May. By the next year, Mother's

Day was also being celebrated in Philadelphia.

By 1911, thanks to the efforts of Anna Jarvis and her supporters, Mother's Day was being celebrated in almost every State—there were only 46 of them in 1911. In 1914, President Woodrow Wilson made the official announcement proclaiming Mother's Day a national holiday, to be held on the second Sunday in May each year. It is a tribute to Anna Jarvis's mother that her daughter was so inspired and so persevering. It is an equal tribute to countless other wonderful mothers that Anna Jarvis's good idea spread so quickly. Today, Mother's Day is celebrated throughout the United States and in many other nations as well.

Mother's Day sprang from a loving and loyal heart, not from the avarice of any executive of the greeting card industry, the floral delivery service, the chocolate candy manufacturers, or the restaurant business. And despite all of the advertising these days aimed at getting grateful families to spend money on ever-more extravagant gifts for Mother's Day, the warm and caring feelings that inspired the day remain central to the observance. I know economists would like to see more spending to boost the economy, but I am also sure that for most mothers, the best part of the day is the time spent with their families. The hugs and laughter of her children, the pride in them that she shares with her husband—these are the gems in the mother's crown and the gold in mother's vault.

This Sunday, as each of us calls or visits our mother, or pauses to hold close her dear memory, we can savor the warmth and caring of her hugs and the special accolade that was her smile of pride.

I close with another old poem, by Elizabeth Akers Allen, that for me is forever linked with Mother's Day: "Rock Me to Sleep." I will offer it up to my own angel mother and to all other mothers who are angels as well.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP

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 in your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;

Over my slumbers your loving watch keep:—
Rock me to sleep, Mother—rock me to sleep!
Backward, flow backward, oh, tide of the years!

I am so weary of toil and of tears—
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain—
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay—
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap:—
Rock me to sleep, Mother—rock me to sleep!
Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O Mother, my heart call for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between:
Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again.

Come from the silence so long and so deep;—
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!
Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,

Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep:—
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!

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

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The clerk will call the roll.

The legislative clerk proceeded to call the roll.

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

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

HONORING THE 2003 AAA SCHOOL SAFETY PATROL LIFESAVING MEDAL AWARD WINNERS AND THE AAA NATIONAL PATROLLER OF THE YEAR

Mr. DASCHLE. Mr. President, I am proud to announce to the Senate today the names of the young men and women who were selected to receive special awards from the American Automobile Association. Four safety patrolers received the 2003 AAA School Safety Patrol Lifesaving Medal Award, the highest honor given to members of the school safety patrol. Another safety patroller received the special honor of the AAA National Patroller of the Year. They received their awards this past Sunday, May 4, and I wanted to say how proud we are of them.

There are roughly 500,000 members of the AAA School Safety Patrol in this country, helping in over 50,000 schools. Every day, these young people ensure that their peers arrive safely at school in the morning, and back home in the afternoon.

Most of the time, they accomplish their jobs uneventfully. But, on occasion, these volunteers must make split second decisions, placing themselves in harm's way to save the lives of others. The heroic actions of this year's recipients exemplify this selflessness.

The first AAA Lifesaving Medal recipient comes from Deshler, OH. Her name is Sadie Peters.

On the afternoon of May 2, 2002, Sadie, age 12, was on patrol assisting fellow students with crossing a busy intersection at Deshler Elementary School.

Kaydi McGill, a three-year old girl, was with her grandmother at the intersection when Kaydi wandered away from the older woman into the path of an oncoming semi-truck. Seeing that Kaydi was in danger, Sadie immediately threw down her patrol flag and sprang toward Kaydi, grabbing her from in front of the semi-truck.

This year's second AAA Lifesaving Medal honoree comes from Lancaster, OH.

Cody Byers, age 13, was on morning duty at Fairfield Christian Academy on January 22 overseeing a crosswalk with heavy pedestrian traffic. The two traffic lanes in front of the school were filled with cars dropping off students for class.

Cody's safety patrol advisor, Mark Zeitman, saw a first grade student race out of the school and head into traffic. he called out to Cody, who took off after her and grabbed the youngster by the coat collar just before she ran into the street.

The next AAA Lifesaving Medal winners come from Burke, VA.

On the morning of November 1, 2002, Michael Butters, age 12, was at his post at Holy Spirit School, monitoring a busy traffic circle where children are dropped off. Suddenly, Michael heard a teacher yell, "Get her!"

A little girl had been playing a game of chase with her friends when she broke away from the group. Not looking where she was running, she headed right for the drop off area. Without hesitating, Michael ran to the little girl and grabbed her backpack, saving her from being hit by a car.

In addition to honoring safety patrolers with the Lifesaving Medal Award, AAA also recognizes the School Safety Patroller of the Year. This award is presented to patrolers who perform duties above and beyond their normal responsibilities and demonstrate outstanding leadership, dependability, and academic strength.

This year, the Safety Patroller of the Year goes to Kaaren Hatlen, age 11, Safety Patrol Captain at Bear Creek Elementary in Woodinville, WA.

Kaaren has been a member of the Bear Creek Elementary School Safety Patrol for the past 2 years. She established herself as a leader early on and this year was selected as a captain of her safety patrol. She was also selected for several leadership responsibilities, including the newly created post of captain of Kindergarten Duty and team leader for the sixth grade salmon tank.

Kaaren is always the first to volunteer to fill in for absent patrol members, even in the worst weather. She looks for potentially dangerous situations and corrects problem before trouble can occur.

Kaaren is involved in school volleyball, math olympiad, chorus,