

Some kinds of optimism are bought cheaply: they come from sheltering yourself from the world. But the much more valuable, much more lasting kind of optimism comes from embracing the world—and that was my mother's kind. She was a dedicated Latin student, a bundle of energy, a basketball star in high school and at Trinity College in Washington, DC. Her nickname—"the adhesive guard"—testifies, I think, to her persistence on the court and everywhere else.

Born Mary Grace Murphy, she married my father Tom Dodd in 1934, loved him deeply, and gave him six children, of which I was the second-to-last. When my father left home to serve as a prosecutor at the Nuremberg Trials in 1945, he wrote home to his "dearest Grace" every day—sometimes twice a day. His letters are filled with descriptions of the Nazi war criminals, ravaged, post-war Germany, growing conflict between the Americans and the Russians; but above all, they are filled with how much he missed his Grace. Being away from her, he wrote, was the hardest thing he had to do.

I can't help thinking that my mother had an even harder job—raising all of us! But as full as her hands were, raising four boys and two girls, she found time to give herself fully to her community, as well. She served on the local school board, was an early advocate for public kindergarten, and wrote a column in the Hartford newspaper. And with all that, she still had time left over to read avidly, travel widely, and study Spanish.

But my sister Martha said that her greatest talent was something much simpler, something that I think was at the root of everything else in her full life: the ability to take a walk. Not a modern, calorie-burning power-walk; but simply the skill for consciously forgetting the turmoil and bustle of life and taking time to reflect. My mother loved walks—and I think that they are what kept her smile bright and her optimism undimmed for so many years.

I know a great story about that optimism. When I moved back to Connecticut after graduating law school, the driver of the moving van had a hard time finding my new house. My mother was on hand to make sure everything was going smoothly, and as the driver got angrier and angrier, she finally climbed into the cab and said, "I'll show you exactly where it is." As they drove into the dark, she kept insisting, "I can just see it! I can just see it!"—for 4 miles. But she knew exactly where they were going, she calmed the driver's nerves, and she got him there, just as she promised.

Grace Dodd did the same for all of us. Whenever times were tough and the road ahead of us seemed dark, there she was by our side, saying, "I can just see it!" What we are, we owe to her; and on her 100th birthday, the best words we say in response are, "Thank you."●

(At the request of Mr. REID, the following statement was ordered to be printed in the RECORD.)

TRIBUTE TO DONALD J. MULVIHILL

● Mr. DODD. Mr. President, I speak in memory of the life of Donald J. Mulvihill, a distinguished lawyer, a proud public servant, and an honored friend of the Dodd family. He recently died at the age of 76.

Donald gave nearly a half century—more than half of his life—to his law firm, Cahill Gordon & Reindel, and the length of his service testifies to his dedication and consummate skill as an attorney. For more than four decades, he managed his firm's Washington office, where he gained a reputation as one of America's leading authorities on federal business regulations.

Donald would tell you, though, that his most successful day at the office came when he was fresh out of law school and assigned to the same office as Grace Conroy, one of Cahill's first female lawyers. "He thought he was getting demoted because they put a woman in his office," Grace would later joke. But Donald's attitude soon changed—he and Grace were married 3 years later, and they spent 45 years together.

Donald's skill in the law led President Johnson to tap him in 1968 to direct a task force on individual acts of violence for the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence, a council convened in the wake of the assassination of Senator Robert F. Kennedy. Along with Princeton sociologist Mel Tumin, Donald wrote three volumes of the committee's final report, clearly detailing the link between deteriorating urban conditions and a swell in violent crime.

In 1970, he wrote with great insight and penetration on what it means to feel the seductive draw of crime in the inner city, "to be young, poor, male and Negro, to want what the open society claims is available, but mostly to others; to see illegitimate and often violent methods of obtaining material success, and to observe others using these means successfully."

For Donald, that was no mere academic conclusion; with the Eisenhower Foundation, he spent years working to put his recommendations into practice, giving as much energy to the revitalization of urban America as he did to his work in the law.

His example still reminds us: An open society is justly measured by the gap between what it claims is available, and what it provides—between what it promises, and what it delivers.

For his services, Donald Mulvihill will be remembered as a public-spirited leader who combined, in equal proportion, private success and civic duty. But I confess that all of those accomplishments mean comparatively little to me, next to what he did during a few months in 1967.

I was 23, but I can still recall as if it were yesterday the Senate's censure

hearings of my father, Senator Tom Dodd. What a painful time that was for my family—but it gave me strength to know that sitting at my father's side, through the whole ordeal, was a talented young lawyer named Donald Mulvihill. I know how thankful my father was for Donald's good counsel.

It was the rare case that Donald didn't win; but still, he won my father's sincere and lasting gratitude. And though Tom Dodd is long gone, my family and I have kept his gratitude alive.

Now Donald is beyond our thanks. But I pledge to remember him, to keep alive his good name, and to hold up his example of a life well lived.●

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REMEMBERING CHIEF RALPH STURGES

● Mr. DODD. Mr. President, I wish to mark the passing of a true Connecticut leader and a great benefactor of his people: Ralph Sturges, chief of the Mohegan Indian tribe. Chief Sturges was 88.

At various times in his long life, Ralph was a deliveryman, a public relations director, a Civilian Conservation Corps worker, a noted marble sculptor, and a World War II Bronze Star winner—but he found his greatest purpose late in life, leading and reviving Connecticut's Mohegan tribe.

Ralph's work on behalf of the Mohegans—who have called New England home for more than four centuries—was unflagging and successful at long last. When he first sought Federal recognition for the tribe, the Government replied that the Mohegans had ceased to exist in the 1940s. That rang clearly false to Ralph, who knew firsthand that the Mohegan identity was still alive; and under his leadership, the tribe pushed until it was finally recognized in 1994.

The Mohegans were only the ninth tribe ever to be recognized on the basis of documentary evidence—evidence which Ralph and other Mohegan leaders were tireless in collecting. The chairman of the neighboring Mashantucket Pequot tribe called his efforts "an inspiration to native peoples everywhere." The Mohegans honored Ralph by naming him chief for life.

But Ralph was more than a cultural guardian; he was also a shrewd businessman. He understood that a prosperous tribe was more likely to survive into his children's and grandchildren's generations, and beyond; and so he negotiated to build the Mohegan Sun casino on tribal land.

Its popularity testifies to Ralph's economic leadership, and its profits pay for health care and college tuition for all Mohegans. Ralph was proud of the casino's success and spoke plainly

about the incentive it created for Mohegans to maintain their cultural identity: "Because Indians are making money, now it's a privilege to be one."

The casino offered the means; but the end was always clear, and it was the end to which Ralph dedicated decades of his life: bringing back a people that had seemed on the verge of fading away. Ralph dealt cannily with Wall Street investors—but took more pleasure in spending afternoons raking the leaves from his tribe's ancient burial ground.

He was a proud product of two cultures, Indian and Western, comfortable in either, taking the best from both. "What probably happened is my father's people were rowing ashore on the Mayflower and my mother's people were probably on the shore throwing stones," Ralph once joked.

He will be remembered as an artist, a businessman, and a wise chief, presiding over his tribe with a feathered talking-stick in one hand and a gavel in the other. The cultures he represented in either hand—and our whole State of Connecticut—are united in honoring Chief Ralph Sturges.●

ADDITIONAL STATEMENTS

RECOGNIZING THE 100TH BIRTHDAY OF LAS CRUCES

● Mr. DOMENICI. Mr. President, today I celebrate the 100th birthday of Las Cruces, NM. Being the second largest city in New Mexico, Las Cruces has a lot to be proud of and a lot to celebrate.

Before New Mexico became a State, Las Cruces was making its mark on the world. When it was founded in 1907 as a small railroad town, no one could have foreseen what a major metropolitan area it would become in the southern part of my State. Being sheltered by the Organ Mountains to the east, and the Rio Grande River on the west, Las Cruces boasts 350 days of sunshine a year making it one of AARP's Top 5 Places To Retire. The city also has continued to receive the title of Best Small Metro Area for Business Careers from the Forbes/Milken Institute.

Las Cruces, English translation is "the crosses," is home to the second largest university in New Mexico, New Mexico State University, with a student population of 26,000. NMSU continues to grow and improve upon the various programs and degrees they offer. This university is vital to the strength of Las Cruces. The Dona Ana Community College is located here as well. Their student population is over 4,000 strong. Las Cruces also hosts the nationally acclaimed annual Whole Enchilada Festival. The festival attracts over 40,000 visitors each year. Because of this annual event, Las Cruces holds the Guinness Book of World Records for the world's largest flat enchilada.

Las Cruces has seen a giant explosion in population over the last decade.

They have grown from just over 74,000 residents in 2000 to around 87,000 residents in 2006. And the boom in population shows no signs of stopping in the near future. Small and large industries continue to see this budding town as a great place to do business. While it is hard to point to just one industry that has caused the extreme growth, Las Cruces continues to do what it does best, be consistent in its offerings.

To celebrate their 100th birthday, Las Cruces has planned to serve a piece of cake to every resident. They might also make the Guinness Book of World Records for the largest sheet cake after the celebration! The city is planning on cutting this cake at the culmination of an all-day festival at the Downtown Mall. The festival will include live entertainment all day with various acts to include a mariachi band, craft fair, and theatre performances at the Rio Grande Theatre.

Las Cruces has so much to be proud of, and I congratulate them on their 100th birthday. May they celebrate many more. Que Viva Las Cruces muchos mas años!●

TRIBUTE TO REVEREND EDWIN "D" EDMONDS

● Mr. LIEBERMAN. Mr. President, today I pay tribute to Rev. Edwin "Doc" Edmonds, a retired pastor and civil rights leader from New Haven who passed away Tuesday, November 6. Reverend Edmonds, or "Doc," as his friends called him, was one of the smartest, warmest, and most effective people I have ever had the pleasure to know, and led a truly inspirational life.

Born and raised in Texas, Edwin Edmonds was an excellent student, graduating high school at 15 years of age. In college he began losing his eyesight until he was legally blind. Despite having much difficulty reading and writing his assignments, he prevailed and graduated from Morehouse College in 1938, only 1 year later than expected. He would then go on to earn a bachelor's of sacred theology and a doctorate in social ethics from Boston University. In 1950, he was ordained in the Methodist Church.

While teaching Sociology at Bennett College in Greensboro, NC, Reverend Edmonds became deeply involved with the civil rights movement, where he was elected president of the Greensboro chapter of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. In 1958, he met the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr. and the two exchanged letters until Dr. King's tragic death.

He also was an adviser to the "Greensboro Four," a group of brave college students committed to racial equality who would later lead the famous sit-in at a segregated lunch counter at a Woolworth's department store. This courageous protest is widely believed to be the first sit-in of the civil rights movement. Many Greensboro historians consider Reverend Edmonds a pioneer in the fight for equal rights for the city's minorities.

In 1959, Reverend Edmonds moved to New Haven to become pastor of the Dixwell Avenue Congregational Church, which is now known as the United Church of Christ. As pastor, Mr. Edmonds soon became a fixture in the local community and quickly gained a reputation as one who was always willing to help those in need. His youngest daughter, Toni Walker, who serves as a representative in the Connecticut General Assembly, recalls that people in need often stayed at their home as guests. "As long as they needed help, they were able to get it," Walker remembers.

Reverend Edmonds' congregants all knew that he was around to address not just their spiritual needs, but also everyday needs such as housing and jobs. Under his leadership, the church built a housing development and a creative arts center for the community. In addition, he was involved with many community service groups, such as the Urban League, the New Haven Clergy Association, the Amistad Committee and the New Haven Inter-Faith Ministerial Alliance. He was also a longtime member of the New Haven Board of Education, serving as its chairman from 1979 to 1988.

Even after retiring from the church in 1994, Mr. Edmonds remained active in his community. In 2000, after a meeting with single mothers who had to defer going to school to raise their children, he helped to establish Edwin R. and Maye B. Edmonds Scholarship Fund for single parents.

I bid farewell to "Doc" Edmonds and will keep his friends and family in my thoughts and prayers. I take solace in knowing that he will live on in all the people he helped to inspire to serve their community. As Clifton Graves, an activist and professor in New Haven who has known and looked up to Reverend Edmonds since he was a boy, said of his death: "We mourn this loss, but we celebrate his life and the contributions he made not only to New Haven but to Connecticut and indeed, around the country."●

TRIBUTE TO FATHER BONIFACE HARDIN AND SISTER JANE SCHILLING

● Mr. LUGAR. Mr. President, today I pay tribute to two Hoosiers who have touched the Indianapolis community and the world through their tireless leadership and commitment to the positive effect that education can have on both individuals and the communities in which they live. Over the years I have admired Father Boniface Hardin and Sister Jane Schilling for their dedication to both their religious calling as well as the more temporal needs of our communities as they worked to fight racial injustice and poverty through education and empowerment.

In 1977, Father Hardin and Sister Jane founded Martin University, an institution dedicated to serving low-income, minority, and adult learners,