

talk and those who walk the walk. It has been that way on Iraq; it was that way in the days of Vietnam. But I remember to this day that more than 35 years ago, after I had committed my life to organizing my fellow veterans to end the war, too few of our leaders were willing to listen, and even fewer were willing to stand with those Vietnam veterans who were standing up against the war. April, 1971—thousands upon thousands of veterans gathered on the Mall. The Nixon White House spread rumors that the veterans would riot and turn violent. The administration even tried to kick us off The Mall. And on that difficult night, when we didn't know if we were going to jail or we were going to demonstrate as we had come here to do, TED KENNEDY was among the brave few Senators who walked down from his office to sit and talk and listen to veterans who describe the realities they had found in Vietnam and why that war had to end.

He reached out and demonstrated—in his actions as well as his words—that we had a right to tell truths many would have preferred we left unspoken, government had a responsibility to listen.

He is listening still—to the voices his conscience tells him must never be ignored.

He hears of children who go through their early years without health care and come to school unable to learn. And he has made their care his crusade. And so millions more children see a doctor today because of TED KENNEDY—and millions more will before he is done.

He hears of workers punching a time clock—doing backbreaking work over the course of a lifetime. And he has made their economic security his agenda. And so millions of workers have seen wages increased over partisan objections, seen pensions protected when others said leave it to the market, seen Social Security protected while others said privatize it, and seen a safe workplace and the right to organize put back on the Nation's agenda—and these issues will again and again be advanced by TED KENNEDY.

That is the drive—the passion—the special commitment we celebrate today—not a new ideology or a new age vision, but an age old belief that Americans have a responsibility to each other—that America is still in the process of becoming—and that we are privileged to serve here to make that dream real for all Americans.

TED KENNEDY is the most prolific legislator in American history, but he is something more. Robert Kennedy once said the most meaningful word in all the English language is “citizen.” No one has lived out the meaning of that most meaningful word more than his younger brother.

For that and so much more that makes this 75th birthday special, we honor our friend, our colleague, and a great citizen, TED KENNEDY.

#### TRIBUTE TO FRANK AND BETHINE CHURCH

Mr. LEAHY. Mr. President, when I first came to the Senate, I had the great privilege of serving with Senator Frank Church of Idaho. Marcelle and I were also privileged to spend time with both Frank and his wonderful wife Bethine. The two of them were extraordinarily helpful to this 34-year-old Senator from Vermont.

Frank Church was a Senator in the very best sense of the word. He thought of the Senate as a place where one should, first and foremost, stand for our country and make it a better place. Certainly his brilliance, conscience, and patriotism made his service here one that benefited not only the Senate, but the Nation.

Last year, the Idaho Statesman published an article that so reflected Bethine Church that I ask unanimous consent that it be printed in the RECORD so that those in the Senate who served with Senator Church and knew him and Bethine, as well as those who did not have the opportunity to know them, can have this glimpse into their lives.

There being no objection, the material was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

[From the IdahoStatesman.com, Oct. 13, 2006]

Bethine Church is the widow of four-term U.S. Sen. Frank Church. Get a narrated tour of her life and times as she describes collected photographs from the couple's public and private lives. See photos of Castro, Brando, Jackie Kennedy and more.

In a game room in Boise's East End, the walls really do talk.

Bethine Church, the widow of four-term U.S. Sen. Frank Church, has collected photographs from the couple's public and private lives. Every image has a story—of world travel on behalf of the government, of encounters with celebrities, of heads of state and high political drama, of love and loss and family, of home in the Idaho mountains.

Frank Church was the most influential Idaho politician ever. He served 24 years in the U.S. Senate, the lone Idaho Democrat to win more than one term. He chaired the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. In 1976 he was a serious candidate for president, looking briefly like the only man able to deny Jimmy Carter the Democratic nomination. He helped pass the Wilderness Act in 1964. He was an early critic of the Vietnam War, and investigated CIA and FBI abuses, forcing reforms that some now question in the post-9/11 era.

I'd seen the pictures over the years, when Church hosted events for Democratic luminaries like Tipper Gore. The walls are chockablock with presidents (FDR, JFK and LBJ), prime ministers (Golda Meir of Israel), kings (Juan Carlos of Spain), dictators (Fidel Castro of Cuba and Deng Xiaoping of China) and celebrities (Jimmy Durante, Marlon Brando, John Wayne). There are family snaps of the Robinson Bar Ranch, the Middle Fork Salmon River and the grand home at 109 W. Idaho St., where Bethine lived when her father, Chase Clark, was governor in the 1940s.

But I hadn't heard her inimitable narration. I finally got the chance when my editor asked me to gather string for an obituary on the grande dame of Idaho politics. Church, 83, happily gave the E Ticket tour to me and

photographer Darin Oswald. No waiting lines, but the ride took four hours.

Several days later, she called, saying, “I'd so like to see what you're up to. Do we really have to wait until I'm dead?” My editors chewed on that, deciding she was right: There was no good reason to delay. Today, at IdahoStatesman.com, Church brings the pictures to life in an audio-visual presentation designed by Oswald's colleague, Chris Butler. We chose today because at 11:45 a.m., the U.S. Forest Service is holding a renaming ceremony at the Galena Overlook in the Sawtooth National Recreation Area. The viewpoint is one of Idaho's great vistas. From today on, it will honor Bethine and Frank Church, both of whom had the vision to protect the Sawtooths.

Driving to Robinson Bar over Galena Summit more than 30 years ago, the Churches looked down on a subdivision. “This can't happen,” said Sen. Church. Working with his Republican colleagues, Sen. Len Jordan and Reps. Jim McClure and Orval Hansen, Church got the bill creating the Sawtooth National Recreation Area through Congress in 1972. Had they failed, the Sawtooth valley would be dotted with vacation mansions.

Frank Church has been out of office 25 years, dead 22. Bethine contemplated suicide while watching him die of cancer, but he told her she had responsibilities. He was right. She founded the Sawtooth Society, which has led private conservation efforts in the SNRA; her support of Rep. Mike Simpson, R-Idaho, has aided his push to expand SNRA wilderness into the Boulder and White Cloud mountains; she helped create the Frank Church Institute at BSU that supports a scholar and hosts a world-class annual conference.

Church took a fall recently that put her in the hospital one night. But she still entertains, negotiating her kitchen in a cane and sitting on a step stool to cook. She lustily talks of a life devoted to making Idaho and the world better.

Bethine grew up in Mackay and Idaho Falls, where her lawyer father represented copper mining companies and criminal defendants.

From her parents she learned a novel way of speaking, including her mother's strongest curse, “It just freezes my preserves,” and her Pop's putdown, “He's as worthless as teats on a boar.”

From there she went to the salons of Washington, D.C., and the far reaches of the globe. But they didn't take the Idaho out of Bethine. After a reception for French President Charles De Gaulle, the Churches gathered at the home of a Senate colleague, Joe Clark, with Adlai Stevenson, the U.N. Ambassador, a former governor and the Democratic presidential nominee in 1952 and 1956.

Stevenson's intellectual heft was legend; he was mocked by Richard Nixon as an “egghead,” and voters twice chose Dwight Eisenhower. But Bethine showed no reluctance to say what was on her champagne-sparkled mind: She discussed the relative preponderance of outhouses in Idaho and West Virginia. “I guess I sounded like I sound now,” she said, laughing. “I said exactly what came into my head and somehow Frank survived it.”

Bethine Church was a true partner to her politician husband, not simply a prop. She has a knack for remembering names, something she learned from her dad. “Pop taught me that everybody, from the waitress to the people working in the kitchen, is as important as the people sitting on the dais.”

She often prompted the senator's memory, and was his most valued confidant. Had Church won his last-minute race for president in 1976 in the wake of Watergate, Bethine would have been an involved First

Lady. "If there had been tapes," she crowed, "I would have been on them!"

#### TRIBUTE TO ROBERT F. DRINAN, SJ

Mr. LEAHY. Mr. President, on February 1, I went to the funeral mass for Robert F. Drinan, SJ. Rarely have I been so moved at such a solemn occasion. This was a joyous celebration of a wonderful man's life.

I knew Bob Drinan before he was a Member of Congress and was referred to as the "conscience of the Congress." I was a young college student when he recruited me to go to Boston College Law School. To make it better, he even offered a scholarship, and as a student with absolutely no money, this was most appealing. I finally called Father Drinan and told him I was going to Georgetown Law School because I especially wanted to be in Washington. He chuckled and said he was giving me absolution, insofar as it was a Jesuit institution.

Throughout the more than 40 years since then, he and I talked often and had some of the most wonderful visits. His interests in life, the United States, the Jesuit mission, and his friends never faded. The last time we saw each other was when I gave a speech in December at the Georgetown Law School, and he came by to hug and greet both Marcelle and me.

I will not try to repeat all of the wonderful things said about him, but I do ask unanimous consent that a tribute to him by Colman McCarthy be printed in the RECORD.

There being no objection, the material was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

#### FATHER DRINAN, MODEL OF MORAL TENACITY

(By Colman McCarthy)

If you've ever wondered whether God laughs, think back to 1980, when the Rev. Robert Drinan was ordered by Pope John Paul II to get out of politics and leave Congress. The Jesuit priest, who died on Sunday, was finishing his fifth term representing a suburban Boston district that included Cambridge and Brookline. The pope had been hearing from rankled conservative American Catholics—the Pat Buchanan, William F. Buckley Jr., William Bennett wing of the church—that Father Drinan, a purebred Democrat, was a dangerous liberal. His voting record on abortion was seen as too pro-choice.

Father Drinan's presence in the House of Representatives had been sanctioned by the previous pope, Paul VI, as well as by the U.S. episcopate, the cardinal of Boston, his own Jesuit superiors and emphatically by the voters in his district.

No matter.

John Paul, knowing that Jesuits take a vow of loyalty to popes, had his way. And who replaced the dangerously liberal Father Drinan? The more dangerously liberal Barney Frank—as ardent an advocate for abortion rights and as he was for gay rights. If there is a God, the Frank-for-Drinan trade surely had Him laughing at the Vatican's expense.

From Congress, Bob Drinan went a few blocks to Georgetown University Law Center.

It was a natural transition, from practicing the politics of peace and justice to teaching it. His classes on human rights law, constitutional law and legal ethics were routinely oversubscribed. Though I had met him before his days in Congress, when he served as dean of Boston College Law School, it was at Georgetown Law that our friendship grew. My classes there for the past 20 years have attracted the same kind of students that his did—future public-interest lawyers, poverty lawyers, human-rights lawyers, and, in good years, a future Jack O'Conner or William Kunstler.

After my Tuesday afternoon class, I would often go by Bob Drinan's fourth-floor office to get energized. I saw him as a towering moral giant, a man of faith whose practice of Christianity put him in the company of all my Jesuit heroes—Daniel Berrigan, Horace McKenna, Teilhard de Chardin, John Dear, Francis Xavier, the martyred Jesuits of El Salvador and the priests who taught me in college. In his office, ferociously unkempt and as tight as a monk's cell, our conversation ranged from politics to law to the morning's front pages. He was as knowledgeable about the Torture Victim Protection Act of 1991 as he was about the many allegations of international lawbreaking by the current Bush administration. Bob Drinan had mastered the art of being professionally angry but personally gentle.

As a priest, he was a pastor-at-large. He was at the altar at journalist Mary McGrory's funeral Mass. He celebrated the Nuptial Mass at the marriage of Rep. Jim McGovern (D-Mass.) and his wife, Lisa. And always, there were plenty of baptisms. As a writer, he produced a steady flow of books on human rights, poverty and social justice. He saved his most fiery writing for the National Catholic Reporter, the progressive weekly to which he contributed a regular column. His final one appeared on Dec. 15, a piece about the 26th anniversary of the martyrdom in El Salvador of Maryknoll Sister Ita Ford.

The column began: "In the 1980s I gave a lecture at Jesuit Regis High School in New York City, where the students are all on scholarship. I spoke about the war being waged by the Reagan administration against the alleged communists of El Salvador.

"In the discussion period, three students took issue with my remarks, making it clear that they and their families agreed with the U.S. policy of assisting the Salvadoran government. The atmosphere was almost hostile until one student stood and related that his aunt, Maryknoll Sister Ita Ford, had been murdered by agents of the government of El Salvador. I have seldom if ever witnessed such an abrupt change in the atmosphere of a meeting."

One of my students at Georgetown Law last semester was also one of Father Drinan's: Chris Neumeyer, a former high school teacher from California. His father, Norris Neumeyer, was in town earlier this month and wanted to meet his hero, Father Drinan. The two lucked out and found the priest in his office. Yesterday, Norris Neumeyer, after learning of the priest's death, e-mailed his son and recalled asking if Father Drinan knew his often-jailed fellow Jesuit Daniel Berrigan and his brother Philip. He did. The difference between himself and the Berrigans, Father Drinan believed, was that they took action outside the system while he took action inside.

Papal meddling aside, it was enduring action.

#### TRIBUTE TO CLAUDIA BECKER

• Mr. LEAHY. Mr. President, Vermont is constantly made a better place by

some of the extraordinary people who come there and add to the talents of our State.

One such person is Claudia Becker. She has restored the Big Picture Theater in Waitsfield along with her husband Eugene Jarecki. The theater has become a center for the people of the Mad River Valley, and Claudia has shown a sense of conscience in films she has shown at Big Picture.

Marcelle and I have been privileged to know Claudia for years and her husband Eugene for years before that. Marcelle, as an acting justice of the peace, even performed their marriage. We have enjoyed watching their home grow in Vermont, as well as the addition of two of the most beautiful children anyone could wish for.

Recently, *Seven Days* in Vermont wrote an article about Claudia and what she has done with her film festival. I ask unanimous consent that the article be printed in the RECORD.

There being no objection, the material was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

#### "BIG" DEAL—FILM FEST FOUNDER CLAUDIA BECKER GETS THE PICTURE

(By Candice White)

On a recent sunny afternoon, several cars, many with ski racks, pulled into a large dirt parking lot at the corner of Route 100 and Carroll Road in Waitsfield. Children pulled off brightly colored ski hats and unzipped puffy jackets as they led their parents through sturdy wood doors. Above, bold red and black letters inscribed on a round, Art Deco-style clock identified the building as the Big Picture Theater.

Inside, the petite proprietor, Claudia Becker, was hustling from one task to another. She swept the wooden floor of the large, windowed cafe-lounge, dusted the player piano, crossed to the carpeted hallway to help an employee count a cash drawer, and answered both the theater phone and the personal cell phone hooked to her corduroys.

A young man and his blonde girlfriend—friends visiting from Becker's native Germany—appeared and greeted her. After a quick exchange of words in German, the man walked behind the bar to the kitchen area and began polishing silver, while his girlfriend took over the broom. Becker darted back to the concessions area and, with a warm smile, greeted the line of customers arriving for a 4 p.m. matinee of Charlotte's Web.

The past year has been a whirlwind for Becker, 39, in her new role as owner of the Big Picture Theater. When she bought and renovated the former Eclipse Theater last spring, she already had a full plate: two children under the age of 6, a marriage to filmmaker Eugene Jarecki (*The Trials of Henry Kissinger*, *Why We Fight*), and an acclaimed film fest. Lately, Becker's velocity has increased as she gears up for the fourth annual Mountaintop Film Festival. The human-rights-based marathon runs at the theater starting this Wednesday, January 10, through Sunday, January 14.

The fest presents 10 documentary films and three dramas, all addressing issues of national and international concern, from the toll of the Iraq war to Bombay's child sex trade to civil disobedience during the Vietnam War. It showcases personalities, too. The opening night gala features a reception with filmmaker Henrietta Mantel before the showing of her film on Ralph Nader, *An Unreasonable Man*. A Q&A with Nader himself