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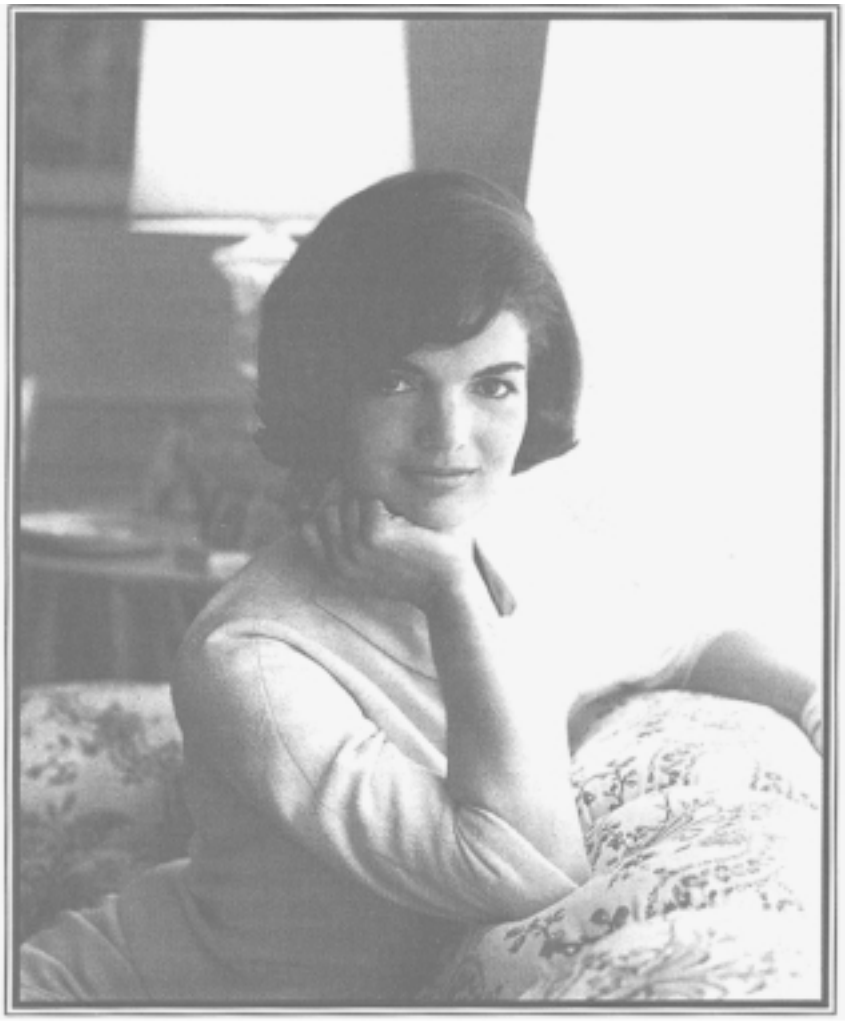
First Lady

JACQUELINE KENNEDY ONASSIS

Memorial Tributes

in the

One Hundred Third Congress of the United States



First Lady Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy.

FIRST LADY

JACQUELINE KENNEDY ONASSIS

1929—1994

MEMORIAL TRIBUTES

IN THE

ONE HUNDRED THIRD CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES

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CONTENTS

	Page
Biography	vii
Proceedings in the Senate:	
Resolution of Respect	1
Prayer	2
Remarks by:	
Senator George Mitchell, Senate Majority Leader	3
Senator Bob Dole, Senate Republican Leader	4
Tributes by Senators:	
Biden, Joseph R., Jr., of Delaware	5
Bradley, Bill, of New Jersey	6
DeConcini, Dennis, of Arizona	7
Dodd, Christopher J., of Connecticut	8
Feingold, Russell, of Wisconsin	9
Glenn, John, of Ohio	10
Hatfield, Mark O., of Oregon	11
Heflin, Howell, of Alabama	12
Hollings, Ernest F., of South Carolina	14
Hutchison, Kay Bailey, of Texas	15
Kerry, John F., of Massachusetts	15
Lautenberg, Frank R., of New Jersey	17
Levin, Carl, of Michigan	18
Lieberman, Joseph I., of Connecticut	19
Mathews, Harlan, of Tennessee	19
Moynihan, Daniel P., of New York	20
Pell, Claiborne, of Rhode Island	22
Pressler, Larry, of South Dakota	23
Riegle, Donald W., Jr., of Michigan	24
Roth, William V., of Delaware	26
Sasser, Jim, of Tennessee	27
Simon, Paul, of Illinois	28
Smith, Robert C., of New Hampshire	28
Wellstone, Paul David, of Minnesota	28
Tributes by Representatives:	
Andrews, Robert E., of New Jersey	30
Bilbray, James H., of Nevada	30
Blackwell, Lucien E., of Pennsylvania	31
Bliley, Thomas J., Jr., of Virginia	32
Borski, Robert A., of Pennsylvania	33
Brown, Corrine, of Florida	34
Costello, Jerry F., of Illinois	34
de Lugo, Ron, Delegate of the Virgin Islands	35
DeLauro, Rosa L., of Connecticut	35
Engel, Eliot L., of New York	36
Eshoo, Anna G., of California	37

(Trim Line)

(Trim Line)

Page

Proceedings in the Senate:—Continued
- Foley, Thomas S., of Washington 39
- Gilman, Benjamin A., of New York 39
- Goodling, William F., of Pennsylvania 41
- Hilliard, Earl F., of Alabama 42
- Kaptur, Marcy, of Ohio 42
- Kennelly, Barbara B., of Connecticut 43
- Levin, Sander M., of Michigan 44
- Lewis, John, of Georgia 44
- Lowey, Nita M., of New York 44
- Maloney, Carolyn B., of New York 45
- Mazzoli, Romano L., of Kentucky 47
- Rangel, Charles B., of New York 48
- Reed, Jack, of Rhode Island 48
- Romero-Barceló, Carlos, of Puerto Rico 49
- Rush, Bobby L., of Illinois 50
- Slattery, Jim, of Kansas 50
- Stupak, Bart, of Michigan 51
- Zeliff, William H., Jr., of New Hampshire 53

Statements by:
- President William J. Clinton 55
- First Lady Hillary Rodham Clinton 57

Memorial Services:
- St. Ignatius Loyola Church
  - Special Tribute by Senator Edward M. Kennedy 58
  - Poem by Caroline Kennedy Schlossberg 61
  - Reading by John Fitzgerald Kennedy, Jr. 61
  - Poem by Maurice Tempelsman 62
- Arlington National Cemetery
  - Eulogy by President William J. Clinton 64

Commentary and Tributes:
- Above Everything, A Special Mother, Newsday Magazine 85
- Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, 1929–1994, Beloved First Lady is Dead at Age 64, Boston Herald 86
- Her Lasting Gift Was Majesty, Boston Globe 88
- America's Queen, Boston Globe 90
- Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, 1929–1994, America's Only Monarch, Boston Herald 91
- Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, 1929–1994, Classy First Lady Won Over Even This Diehard Republican, Boston Herald 92
- Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis, 1929–1994, It Leaves an Empty Place, Boston Globe 93
- Behind Onassis' Charm Lay Irony, San Francisco Examiner 95
- O, Jackie, You Were Wonderful!, Boston Herald 97
- Jackie Was a Model of Dignity to the End . . ., Boston Globe 102
- . . . And There Are Five Ways We Can Honor Her, Boston Globe 103
- A Private Life Defined by Wit, Compassion, Newsday Magazine 104

(Trim Line)

(Trim Line)

Page

Proceedings in the Senate:—Continued

The Eternal Jackie, Washington Post 106

Jackie, New Yorker; Friends Recall a Fighter for Her City, New York Times 108

She Graced Our History, Nation Remembers Jackie, Who Held Us Together, USA Today 109

Farewell to a First Lady, A Role Model, A Mystery, A Legend, USA Today 111

Great Gifts and Great Burdens, Washington Post 114

A Day of Farewells to a First Lady, In a Somber Spotlight, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis is Buried, Washington Post 115

Death of a First Lady, The Overview; Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis is Buried, New York Times 117

Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis, 1929–1994, Onassis to be Buried Monday; Resting Place Next to JFK at Arlington Set, Boston Globe 120

Jackie's Washington: How She Rescued the City's History, Washington Post 121

Portrait of a Friendship, Time Magazine 124

Once, in Camelot, Time Magazine 125

America's First Lady, Time Magazine 126

The Essence of Style, Town & Country Magazine 129

BIOGRAPHY

Jacqueline Lee Bouvier was born July 28, 1929, to Janet and John Bouvier III in Southampton, Long Island, New York. She enjoyed the country life with her parents and her younger sister Lee. In what became life-long interests, she developed an expertise at horseback riding, an enduring love of books, and a great delight in writing poetry. Throughout her life, she chronicled special family events by combining her creative talents in a unique, and often whimsical way, to produce illustrated journals, scrapbooks, and paintings.

After her parents divorced and her mother remarried Hugh D. Auchincloss, the family expanded to include his children and a new baby half-sister and -brother, Janet and Jamie Auchincloss.

Jacqueline attended Miss Porter's School in Farmington, Connecticut where she excelled academically. She was accepted at Vassar and attended for 1 year. She then studied in Paris, becoming fluent in French, before transferring to George Washington University in Washington, DC where she earned a degree in French literature in 1951.

Following her graduation, Jacqueline took a job as the "Inquiring Camera Girl" for the Washington Times-Herald, and met then-Congressman, soon-to-be-Senator, John F. Kennedy, at a dinner party. "I leaned across the asparagus and asked her for a date" he quipped. They were married on September 12, 1953. Their early years together were marked by the great sadness of a stillborn daughter, and life threatening back surgery for Senator Kennedy. But in 1957, their adored daughter Caroline was born. "I used to sit and wonder how it could be possible to be any happier," Jackie said. In November of 1960, after the successful campaign for the Presidency, their happiness doubled with the birth of John F. Kennedy, Jr.

Jacqueline Kennedy became, at 31, the century's youngest First Lady and from the moment of her magnificent debut at the Inauguration, captivated the Nation and the world. She began a complete restoration of the White House and encouraged Americans to take special pride in their Nation's heritage and the effort to preserve it. Her televised tour of the restored mansion was watched

by 50 million viewers, and the resulting increase in tourists who bought her newly created "White House Guide Book" has continued to fund White House preservation and acquisitions to this day. She established the first office of White House Curator, and is credited with saving the historic townhouses and heritage of Lafayette Square. She promoted an awareness and appreciation of culture and the arts by showcasing the finest in those professions at special White House events. Intellect was honored with a dazzling dinner for all the Nobel Prize winners. The state occasions she hosted with President Kennedy continue to be remembered for their sparkling originality, exquisite taste, and classic elegance. She intuitively understood that the White House belonged to all the people, and she wanted it to be an expression of pride in American achievement. She said simply, "I just think that everything in the White House should reflect the best of America."

President Kennedy summed up her impact abroad when he introduced himself as "the man who accompanied Jacqueline Kennedy to Paris." Her natural style, gracious personality, and ability to speak numerous languages, created an outpouring of affection. At home, during a time of civil rights tension, she quietly made her position clear by integrating Caroline's White House preschool group. In August of 1963, she and the President shared the great sorrow of the tragic loss of their prematurely born son, Patrick Bouvier Kennedy, who died a few days after his birth. But the Nation, and the world, truly came to understand and appreciate her valiant strength in November of 1963. During the agonizing 4 days of her husband's assassination and funeral, her majestic example of remarkable courage and fortitude has never been forgotten. At a time of unbearable grief, she held the country together.

In 1964, she reestablished her life in New York City and devoted herself to her children. She campaigned for Robert F. Kennedy during his bid for the Presidency and his tragic loss brought additional grief to her family.

In October of 1968, she married Aristotle Onassis, and she and the children divided their time between Greece and New York. She became a widow again, when he died in 1975.

Concentrating on her love of books, she went to work and became a respected professional in the field of publishing, as an editor at Doubleday. She continued her efforts on behalf of historic preservation and was especially proud to have helped to prevent the destruction of New York's Grand Central Station. In 1980 she helped Senator Edward Kennedy in his campaign for President, and the John F. Kennedy Library continued to benefit from her ongoing devotion and involvement in its programs and such events as the Profile In Courage Award.

Jacqueline found tranquillity and joy in the companionship of her close friend, Maurice Templesman. But of all her accomplishments, she was most proud of having been a good mother to Caroline and John, often in the most difficult of circumstances. "It's the best thing I've ever done," she said. She exulted in their successes and became a doting grandmother to her three grandchildren.

In her final year, she set an example yet again of uncommon courage and spirited grace, as she battled illness. In her final days she was, as she had become to the Nation throughout her life, an inspiration.

Memorial Tributes

to

First Lady

JACQUELINE KENNEDY ONASSIS

RESOLUTION OF RESPECT

WEDNESDAY, *June 29, 1994.*

Mr. LEAHY. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the Senate proceed to the immediate consideration of S. Res. 235, a resolution to authorize the printing of statements made in tribute to the late First Lady Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis submitted earlier today by the distinguished Senator from Maine [Mr. MITCHELL] and the Republican Leader [Mr. DOLE], and others, and that the resolution be agreed to and the motion to reconsider laid upon the table.

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

So the resolution (S. Res. 235) was agreed to, as follows:

S. RES. 235

Resolved, That there shall be printed as a Senate document a collection of statements made in tribute to the late First Lady of the United States, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, together with appropriate illustrations and other materials relating to her death.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE

MONDAY, *May 23, 1994.*

PRAYER

The Chaplain, The Reverend Richard C. Halverson, D.D., offered the following prayer:

Let us pray.

Let us observe a moment of silence in memory of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, her family, her friends, and the whole world which mourns her loss.

For there is no power but of God: The powers that be are ordained of God.—Proverbs 16:3.

Eternal God, we thank Thee for the sovereign order of God—that those who hold public office do so, not simply because they sought it and won—but because God had ordained them for His purpose and plan. And we thank Thee that Thou hast promised to establish their thoughts as they commit their works unto Thee.

Omniscient Lord, Thou knowest each Senator and each staff member in microscopic detail, the circumstances from which each comes; the future unto which each goes, and the present condition of each. And You have a purpose and plan for each. Forgive us, gentle, gracious God, for our indifference, our rejection of Your love, Your care, Your guidance. Awaken us to our need of Thee, our poverty of spirit without Thee, our blindness when we do not walk in Thy light.

We pray in His name who is the Light of the World. Amen.

The Honorable George J. Mitchell

Senate Majority Leader

Mr. President, last month, our Nation mourned the passing of former First Lady Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, whose style, grace, dignity, and elegance made her a much admired American.

Her influence is difficult to overstate. As First Lady, Jacqueline Kennedy used her position to raise the stature of the arts in America. She encouraged donations of important pieces of art and furniture and raised private funds to restore and redecorate the White House. Mrs. Onassis also worked to preserve the beauty of Lafayette Square and its surrounding historic residences. She invited prominent artists to perform at the White House, as part of her effort to transform Washington into a cultural center.

Her influence was not confined to the United States. Few will forget her trip to Paris with President Kennedy. Said the President at the time "I am the man who accompanied Jacqueline Kennedy to Paris—and I have enjoyed it." The French were charmed by Mrs. Kennedy. Her wit and charisma captivated France and the world.

Although she became a virtual living legend, Jacqueline Onassis most treasured her private family life. She took great pains to shield her young children from the insatiable curiosity of the public. She understood that the most precious gift she could give to Caroline and John, Jr., was the gift of time, and she gave it as generously as she could.

Mrs. Onassis never asked to be a legend. But once she was thrust into the national and international spotlight, it was something she could not avoid. She conducted herself with grace and dignity that others could only emulate. Her contributions to the cultural heritage of this Nation are numerous, and we, as Americans, owe her a tremendous debt of gratitude.

Mr. President, at this time, I ask unanimous consent that the remarks of Senator Kennedy which were made at the funeral service for Mrs. Onassis be printed in the Record.

[Reference appears on page 71.]

The Honorable Bob Dole

Senate Republican Leader

Mr. President, few Americans ever received more public and media attention in their adult life than Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis.

And few Americans ever handled that attention with as much dignity and grace as Mrs. Onassis.

I join with all Members of the Senate in mourning the untimely passing of Mrs. Onassis, and in extending our sympathies to her family, and to her brother-in-law, our colleague, Senator Edward Kennedy.

Like all Americans, I will always remember the remarkable courage Mrs. Onassis exhibited in the very emotional days following the tragic death of President Kennedy.

Instead of Mrs. Onassis leaning on others for support during her time of grief, she provided support for an entire nation.

Mrs. Onassis will also be remembered for the style she brought to the White House during her years as First Lady. Her vision of the White House was that it should be a showplace for American culture. All the First Ladies who have followed Mrs. Onassis have acknowledged the difference she made.

Again, Mr. President, I join in mourning the passing of a woman who graced history, and, who touched the hearts of millions of men and women around the world.

TRIBUTES BY SENATORS

The Honorable Joseph R. Biden, Jr. of Delaware

Mr. President, as the Nation mourned, and continues to mourn, the death of Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis, many of us have tried, in private and public reflections, to define and explain her enduring place in our common history and our shared consciousness. It is a difficult, if not an impossible task, as it always is when we try to put into words the meaning of a life that has touched our very spirit and left us forever changed.

It never was the ambition of the woman we knew, and will always remember, as "Jackie" to have the kind of fundamental public influence. It was a part of her style that she did not cherish celebrity, a part of her grace that she did not succumb to its temptations, and a part of her dignity that she did not surrender to fame, but sought—in the end, it seemed, successfully—to make peace with it on her own terms.

Certainly, Mrs. Onassis did seek throughout her adult life to make public contributions, and did so successfully and very meaningfully. The legacy of her passion for the arts, for history, and for the beauty of the landmarks and places of refuge she cherished so deeply is very tangible and valuable, and cause enough for our lasting respect and gratitude.

Yet there is more we remember. We remember that at the age of just 31, then-Jacqueline Kennedy seemed the living expression of the inspiration so many of us felt on that cold January day in 1961. When "the torch was passed to a new generation of Americans," it quickly seemed to us that Jackie was among the most worthy to receive it, that she represented part of what was best in us, part of what we aspired to be. We were simply fascinated by her.

Initially, it may have been the glamour, the elegance in appearance, and manner that President and Mrs. Kennedy introduced over the still-young medium of television, which fascinated us in itself. But there was something deeper in the images. The couple in the White House looked like a promise, like the embodiment of hope as well as of style.

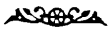
As time passed in all its fateful twists, our admiration for Jackie grew deeper. We came to know and respect her devotion to her children, her complete and uncompromising commitment to them, and her growing pride in their achievements and their characters.

We learned about the seriousness and sincerity of all her passions, and about her determination to remain true to them—despite criticism, despite challenges, despite losses that would have cracked a less noble heart.

It was in times of loss, and especially during those wrenching days of November 1963, that Jackie touched this Nation's spirit most profoundly. She was 34 years old, with two very young children, when President Kennedy was killed. She must have felt that the eyes and the weight of the world on her added to her personal and family grief, her justified anxiety about her children's future, and what must have been a rage almost as great as her sadness.

What she did was remarkable. She carried this Nation to the Capitol Rotunda, along the route of the funeral procession and for days and weeks afterward, with a strength that was both incomprehensible and undeniable. Again, now in the darkest as before in the brightest hour, she seemed the embodiment of hope—hope that the unendurable could be endured, that the future still mattered and demanded our attention, that dreams were still possible.

That may have been the greatest gift that Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis gave to this country, an enduring sense of hope. She gave it to us not through conscious effort, but as a natural result of her transcendent grace and dignity. And it is right that we should honor her for it, now and always.



The Honorable Bill Bradley of New Jersey

Mr. President, Jacqueline Kennedy was 34 when she became a widow—34 years old when she stood next to Lyndon Baines Johnson and witnessed him taking the oath of office upon the assassination of her husband in November 1963.

She behaved at that moment in history with the dignity that she brought to the White House as its First Lady, with the strength she evidenced in the ensuing months while a nation mourned, and with the poise she possessed throughout the course of her life.

Jackie Kennedy Onassis was not a woman for that time, but a woman for all time—she endured, and moved beyond that period of crisis in our Nation's history, to become more than the grieving widow of John F. Kennedy. She was her own strong woman, and that is how the Nation will remember her.

She will be remembered as a woman who fought for causes that were important to her and won: The preservation of Lafayette Square in Washington and the fight to save Grand Central Terminal in New York are but a few examples. She will be remembered for having built a successful career for herself in publishing: Bill

Moyers, a colleague of hers for whom she edited three books and a resident of my State, said that she was "as witty, warm, and creative in private as she was grand and graceful in public." Perhaps most of all, she will be remembered for the two beautiful children she left behind, whose success and happiness must be attributed in part to their mother's effort to shield them from the public's never-ending fascination with the Kennedy family.

Jackie Kennedy Onassis was an intensely private person in a world which viewed her as a living legend. In pursuit of that elusive privacy she became a sometime-resident of New Jersey, escaping from New York on weekends to her summer home in Bernardsville. There she indulged in her favorite pastime of horseback riding, and lived among people who respected the privacy that she came for. The residents of her adopted Bernardsville miss her, and mourn her passing as the Nation does.

They mourn her passing as we in the U.S. Senate do. I could not be more eloquent than her brother-in-law, Senator Edward Kennedy, was in the eulogy he delivered at her funeral: "Jackie was too young to be a widow in 1963, and too young to die now . . . she graced our history, and for those of us who knew her and loved her, she graced our lives."

The Honorable Dennis DeConcini of Arizona

The same words have been used over and over to describe Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis: dignity, beauty, courage. The style and grace she brought to the White House helped us to take pride in ourselves as a nation. She was our shining example of what we at our best could become. As Senator John Glenn has pointed out, those who have described the Kennedy years as Camelot know that a very large part of the reason was the class and elegance Jacqueline Kennedy brought to the Nation's Capital.

Single-handedly, it seemed, she transformed Washington, DC, into a cultural center. She brought the greatest artists to the White House. One Presidential dinner in particular, honoring the Nobel Prize winners of the Western Hemisphere, prompted John Kennedy's famous remark: "I think this is the most extraordinary collection of talent, of human knowledge, that has ever been gathered together at the White House, with the possible exception of when Thomas Jefferson dined alone."

Jacqueline Kennedy restored and redecorated the White House; preserved Lafayette Square; saved Pennsylvania Avenue; and kept Grand Central Station an historic landmark, when its owners were

threatening to construct a skyscraper office building over the roof of its starry concourse.

When this Nation was plunged into grief during those dark November days in 1963, it was Jacqueline Kennedy who taught us how to face our loss. She was a profile in courage for an entire nation—and she was only 34 years old.

She was also an example of strength in the courageous way she rebuilt her life. She began a new career in the publishing business and excelled in her profession. One day one of her employees phoned in to tell her that he would not be at work that day because he would be accompanying his son on a school event. He was almost apologetic in his tone, but Jackie commended him on his decision to put his family first. This was a priority by which Jackie lived her own life, raising two well-adjusted and outstanding children amid the most difficult of circumstances. It was, she said, her greatest achievement.

At her funeral service, Senator Ted Kennedy called Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis a "blessing to the Nation—and a lesson to the world on how to do things right, how to be a mother, how to appreciate history, how to be courageous." She indeed "graced our history," as Senator Kennedy stated, and she will be deeply missed.

The Honorable Christopher J. Dodd of Connecticut

Mr. President, I rise today to pay tribute to Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, a woman whose extraordinary journey through life recently came to an end. Like everyone, I was saddened by her passing, and my sincerest condolences go out to her family and friends.

In remembering Mrs. Onassis, many have focused on her grace and on her beauty. And to be sure, she was graceful, and she was beautiful. But to stop there in describing this woman is to sell her short. For the fact is that Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis was more than anything else a woman of character.

This was most starkly illuminated after the terrible tragedy of Dallas, when she stood alongside Lyndon Baines Johnson as he was sworn in as President. She put aside the shock and grief long enough to fulfill her final, and perhaps most important duty as First Lady: Providing the Nation with an indispensable symbol of the peaceful transfer of power.

But we honor the memory of Mrs. Onassis not because she was a former President's wife, but because she was a unique individual and an authentic American. She loved this country; she was proud of its culture; and she dedicated much of her life to spreading that pride among her fellow citizens.

She lent her talents to the cause of historical preservation; Lafayette Square in Washington, and New York's Grand Central Terminal, stand today as monuments to her work, enduring gifts from her to the people of this Nation.

After a person has left us, the best test of her life is to ask the question, did she make a difference. Was the world a better place than it would have been had she not been born?

In the case of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, the answer to these questions is unquestionably "yes." In the lives of her children and grandchildren, in the lives of the millions of Americans she touched, in the life of this Nation, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis did make a tremendous difference, and it was a difference for the better.

She will be sorely missed, and she will be fondly remembered.

The Honorable Russell D. Feingold of Wisconsin

Mr. President, with the death of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, the final curtain has been drawn on one of the most inspiring and exciting eras in our Nation's history. She represented and meant so much to us. Dedicated and glamorous First Lady, accomplished editor, loving mother, and role model to millions are just some of the labels that have been affixed to this truly unique woman over the decades. But she really was more than just the sum of all her roles.

We grieved for Mrs. Onassis not just because she was taken too young, leaving behind two wonderful and accomplished adult children, and because she was such an important part of the history of the last five decades. We grieved for Mrs. Onassis because she reminded us of a time when we were more sure of ourselves and of our place in the world.

When she burst onto the American scene in the late 1950s and early 1960s it seemed as though people had more faith, not just in themselves but also in their Federal Government. Vietnam, Watergate, Iran-Contra, and Whitewater were a long way off and there was a sense during the Kennedy era that we could accomplish almost anything if we set our minds to it. That sense carried on into the triumphs of the Great Society and ultimately to our victory in the cold war, but along the way we seemed to lose some of that sense of optimism.

The various crises we have faced since the death of President Kennedy have left the American people more cynical and distrustful than they were in the early 1960s. This change is understandable, given all that has transpired in the past 30 years. Jacqueline

Kennedy Onassis reminds us of how we were before this change and because of the power of nostalgia, her death makes that time seem further away than ever before. We have all lost an important part of our past. She remains one of America's most beloved First Ladies, whose grace and courage during the dark days following President Kennedy's tragic death will long be remembered.

The Honorable John Glenn of Ohio

Mr. President, I think it is good that the Senate leadership has seen fit to set aside some of this time this morning for tributes to Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis.

When she passed away in New York, America lost a heroine, and Annie and I certainly lost a very good friend.

I was privileged to first meet Jackie over 30 years ago, shortly after my orbital flight, when she and President Kennedy were in the White House. There were so many good times back then that it would be hard to recount all of them.

Those who have described those years in the White House as Camelot surely know that a very large part of the reason was the style and the class and the elegance that Jackie brought to her duties as First Lady.

Along with all other Americans who lived through that period in history, Annie and I stood literally in awe—utter awe—of the dignity, the grace, and the courage that she displayed in those sad and awful days following the President's assassination in Dallas.

But following that, Jackie refused to live the rest of her life as a frozen frame in history, as a single snapshot. She regrouped, she remarried, she began and sustained a highly successful career in the publishing industry. And all the while she nurtured and raised her two children to be well adjusted and outstanding young adults, an achievement that she herself regarded and said was the best and most important thing that she had ever done.

Through it all, Jackie remained an intensely private person of whom the public could simply not get enough. Though she shunned the spotlight, she was generous with her time and always remembered her friends. I will never forget when I was first running for office for the Senate, getting a call one day. She volunteered to help me campaign in Ohio for a seat in the Senate, and did radio spots for us back in that campaign.

The swiftness of Jackie's passing left all of us shocked and even a little bit numb. It seemed we just heard she had a problem and she was gone. For three decades she has been a fixture in our national consciousness. It is hard to believe she is really gone.

After all, in so many ways and for so many years, she was not just a First Lady, but for many Americans—for most Americans, I think—she was "the First Lady of our Nation."

For her grace, for her courage, and, above all, for her unfailing dignity, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis will be remembered as a woman not just for her time but for all time, and we shall miss her greatly.

The Honorable Mark O. Hatfield of Oregon

Mr. President, few First Ladies have impacted the country in the manner of the late Mrs. Jacqueline Onassis. It is a distinct honor to join my colleagues in recognizing her contributions to our Nation which, because thanks and praise were not her motivations, too often went unnoticed.

Perhaps the most fitting and most lasting tributes to Mrs. Onassis exist already. They are found in the buildings she herself worked to preserve in Washington and in New York. Mrs. Onassis will be remembered for redecorating the White House, but should be remembered also for instigating its restoration and preservation. In addition, were it not for her efforts the stunning Old Executive Office Building next door would not be still standing. Her foresight in preserving the architecture of years past is reflected for us all in the elegant buildings which grace Pennsylvania Avenue today.

We must also not overlook her passion for books and later for publishing. It was due to her efforts that an array of distinctive books were made available to the rest of us. She was known for searching out new authors and ideas. The arts were a personal passion she brought with her to the White House and which engaged her for the remainder of her life. The influence on the rest of the country of this beloved interest will be lasting.

Nineteenth century author Mary Ann Evans, known to the world as George Eliot once wrote:

> Ideas are poor ghosts until they become incarnate in a person.
> Then, they look out through eyes of compassion,
> They touch with warm, redemptive hands,
> And then,
> They shake the world like a passion.

Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, with a manner which was subdued but never frail, shook this Nation. Ironically, without ever intending to do so. Her work to both preserve our Nation's history and to foster its ever-evolving artistic culture deserves tremendous credit and thanks. She will remain an inspiration for generations to come.

The Honorable Howell Heflin of Alabama

Mr. President, America and the world lost an icon and living legend on May 19, when former First Lady Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis died after a battle with cancer. Even now, over a month after her sudden passing, people everywhere are still trying to articulate what she meant to them personally and to assess her place in history. The most striking aspect of her death to me has been the tremendous outpouring of love and affection from all over the world, accompanied by descriptive terms like style, grace, elegance, dignity, and class. This remarkable woman was indeed all of these things and more, and she embodied the very best things that we like to think characterize America itself.

Of course, we don't have royalty in this country, and Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis never wanted to be our Queen. She just wanted to raise her children and live her life in her own way, pursuing the things she enjoyed and devoting herself to causes about which she felt strongly. Even decades after she left the White House, she marveled at the exalted place she occupied in the eyes of the public, once remarking to a friend that she couldn't understand why anyone would care what she did or said.

Perhaps Jackie herself didn't understand her fame, but to millions of people, she was the closest thing America has ever had to royalty, and they were intensely interested in her and everything she did. Ironically, while her celebrity was unparalleled, she could be spotted in Central Park spending quiet times with her grandchildren or strolling along the streets of Manhattan alone. Her public, for the most part, respected her privacy, admiring her from afar.

Maybe it was her mystery that made her so appealing to so many. After leaving the White House, she gave no public interviews, wrote no memoirs, and did no talk shows. Many wished she had. But somehow it was appropriate that she remained private to the end, because that mysterious and private image is, to a large degree what made her who she was. She felt no need to involve herself in politics other than to lend her support to her family whenever they needed it. Jackie just wanted to live her life in quiet dignity, surrounded by her close friends and family.

Her children, Caroline and John, Jr., were Jackie's greatest passion, and are certainly her greatest legacy. A large part of her life over the last three and a half decades was devoted to the task of making sure her children were raised the right way. She deserves a great deal or credit for the job she did, especially since she succeeded so well in spite of the unique challenges faced by single

parents. The glare of the media spotlight certainly didn't make her job any easier.

Cultural pursuits were Jackie's other great passion. She was always fascinated by the arts and literature, and for the last decade and a half of her life as a book editor in New York, she was responsible for the publication of some remarkable works. I had the privilege of working with her while she was editing former Alabama Congressman Carl Elliott's book "The Cost of Courage: The Journey of an American Congressman" a few years ago. Congressman Elliott was the first recipient of the JFK Profiles in Courage award, and she took an abiding and personal interest in his life and the sacrifices he made in the name of principle. Last December, she sent him a bouquet of flowers for his 80th birthday. Her accompanying note read, "Pretend that I'm there holding your hand because I wish I could be." In January, he received another letter from her saying how much she had enjoyed seeing a televised documentary about his life. Stories abound about such selfless and simple acts of kindness on her part. These were among her trademarks.

Jackie was an international figure, loved around the world, yet she was quintessentially American. It made us proud when she charmed de Gaulle and Khrushchev. She proved to an often skeptical world that refinement and culture were not strangers to us. She spoke several languages fluently, and was treated as royalty wherever she went.

As First Lady, Jacqueline Kennedy has a unique position in a changing world. She and John Kennedy were partners in the reinvigoration of America. She brought youth, vitality, intelligence, and, of course, a new style to the White House. We owe her a great deal of thanks for restoring the White House to its place as a showplace of American design and architecture, and for working to make the Federal Government a source of support for the arts in our country. The National Endowments for the Arts and Humanities are direct results of her efforts to enhance the place of culture and literature in our society.

It is an understatement to say that America has never known—and will probably never know again—anyone else like Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis. When she died, people who had never met her spontaneously broke into tears, unable to explain exactly why. Perhaps it was because she was our last link to Camelot and all that it symbolized, a living symbol of an all-too-brief slice of the past during which anything seemed possible. Or perhaps it was because of the way she held the Nation together that dark weekend after her husband's tragic death. Or maybe it was that she was such an

integral part of us—an American original—despite her intensely private nature.

Jackie's final resting place next to John Kennedy and the eternal flame she lit over 30 years ago is both fitting and poignant. Even though she lived over three decades after the assassination, we still feel cheated because she died so suddenly and untimely. She was active and vibrant until the very end. There was so much more that we looked forward to from this extraordinary woman, just as was the case with her husband. And yet as sad as her death was, it is somewhat fitting that she is finally reunited with him, because visitors to that special sight will now come to focus more on them as a team and what they meant together to our Nation.

They will remain symbols of hope for generations to come, and will continue to remind us of the very best things about ourselves and our country. Through her style, grace, elegance, dignity, and class in the aftermath of one of the greatest tragedies to ever befall the Nation and world, Jackie secured her rightful place in history. Her strength and determination comforted us, and taught us a great deal about ourselves. We will miss her, and will be forever grateful to her.

The Honorable Ernest F. Hollings of South Carolina

Mr. President, when Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis passed away last month, it was a former First Lady who died, but the Nation mourned as though it had lost a beloved former President. Certainly, those of us in this body who were privileged to know her feel a profound sense of loss. However, I would not say that our grief is any greater than that of millions of Americans who never met her, yet who revered her in a very special and personal way.

As First Lady, Jackie Kennedy was not politically active on the model of Eleanor Roosevelt or Hillary Rodham Clinton. However, I dare say that she served the country more intensely and profoundly than any First Lady in history. She did so in the course of those dark days in November. At a time of unspeakable personal loss, when we should have been supporting and steadying her, it was she who supported and steadied us. It was a veiled and valiant Jackie Kennedy who supported and steadied an entire nation. For that act of sustained courage and fortitude, our beloved former First Lady will be remembered and honored for centuries to come.

The Honorable Kay Bailey Hutchison of Texas

Madam President, the leadership has designated today for tributes to the sister-in-law of our colleague from Massachusetts, so I rise to remember an elegant First Lady and a lost national treasure, Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis.

While she rarely spoke in public and protected her privacy throughout her life, her effect on the spirit of the American people was great, because of her strength, and because of her love of beauty.

President Kennedy once praised Robert Frost, saying that "because he knew the midnight as well as the high noon, because he understood the ordeal as well as the triumph of the human spirit, he gave his age strength with which to overcome despair." When President Kennedy's own death threatened our Nation with despair, his widow's strength helped us to overcome the midnight of that ordeal.

Madam President, I was just a college student during the Kennedy Administration. Our generation of young women was profoundly affected by the grace and dignity of the First Lady. We were fascinated by her—as was the world.

The Kennedys celebrated art and beauty in many ways, and she was the leader in that great effort. She preserved the historic stateliness of Lafayette Park, restored the magnificence of the White House, and filled its halls with the music of great artists like Pablo Casals.

When she left the White House, her work as a doting mother and a steadfast champion of the arts became quieter, but she lost none of her zeal for either role, and she built a great legacy in both.

She was like a vision who moved, in Edmund Burke's words, "just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she had just begun to move in, glittering like the morning star full of life and splendor and joy."

When that joy was shattered, she preserved that splendor, and her morning star continued to enrich our lives.

Madam President, today I offer the condolences of all Texans to my colleague from Massachusetts and to the other relatives and friends who survive her. May she rest in peace.

Thank you, Madam President.

The Honorable John F. Kerry of Massachusetts

Mr. President, the most effective leaders are not only those people who lead in policy and in action, but those who lead by

example. Jacqueline Kennedy was a dignified, educated, well-rounded person who inspired the emulation of millions of people, and who had a profound effect on this world just by being herself.

Jackie had a clear vision of herself, and also of us. Whether or not we are aware, the image she defined of her husband—by characterizing his Presidency as Camelot—forever changed the standard for leaders in this country, and in fact, the world. She and her husband affected this period of history with enlightenment and idealism, making us all believe that collectively we were capable of great things, and making us more determined to pursue such potentials. Jackie set all of our sights a little higher.

Jackie realized what President Kennedy and our entire country were before we realized it ourselves. Even though he was the leader of the free world, Jack was a young President, and Jackie's substantial presence legitimized his role. For example, it was she, not her husband, that awed the imposing, chauvinistic Charles de Gaulle—along with his entire country. She successfully established an environment and an atmosphere that validated her husband's position. Such a function may be another generation's view of what a woman should aspire to be, but recall that Jackie was not to be pigeon-holed. A working woman when her husband met her and a working woman after he died, Jackie Onassis lived almost every role among which women choose: homemaker, supporter of her husband, success in her own right, mother, individual. And she accomplished these objectives without making speeches, she communicated a meaningful message to us without using words. Through her choices and her actions, she advocated a life of dignity, culture, and strength.

Her strength was at times monumentally important. Her solemn, collected presence at Lyndon Johnson's side, while her husband's blood still dried on her dress, was the only sign that convinced the Nation and the world that this country's leadership was intact. Her composure kept us together politically as well as emotionally. But think about how difficult it must have been to have been part of the moment that officially pronounced her husband, who was alive and vibrant only hours earlier, to be a part of history—to participate in the transfer of the title he had died for to another man. The sorrow surrounding Jack's death had the potential to engulf her and this entire country. Had she not such tremendous reserve, had she not so responsibly hid her tears from us, we might well have been torn apart.

Jackie was a wonderful person to know. Those of us who spent time with her were truly fortunate. There was something about Jackie that was too beautiful for this world. There was also a part of her that was unbearably sad. That one enchanting soul had to

endure so much heartbreak is tragic. She outlived two husbands, a baby boy, Patrick, and gave birth to a stillborn daughter. In the most painful of ways, time and again, Jackie proved that she was a survivor.

Jackie, much of this country was in love with you, but for all our collective concern, we couldn't keep tragedy from claiming those around you. All that we offered you was attention, which at times increased your pain. But, graciously, you never made us feel our adoration to be unrequited. Even as you conducted your life and raised your children in private, you never made us feel rejected. You gently presented us with your previous vision, and left us with a cherished legacy of idealism and elegance. You created and cultivated a perfectly intact and proud moment in our history that continues to define us, and in your absence, we will always strive to recreate that. We will never forget you.

The Honorable Frank R. Lautenberg of New Jersey

Mr. President, on Thursday, May 19, in the year of 1994, a woman who had influenced the style of the country, given comfort to our people, and always demonstrated dignity and grace, passed away. Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis was a woman who touched many people—Senators and citizens, executives and blue-collar workers, Americans and people throughout the world. In the words of one woman, Kristin Cabral, who paid her respects during the cavalcade along Washington's streets, "[Jackie] was not just some plastic icon, but a very strong person and woman. I very much believed in her."

I, too, very much believed in her and that which she accomplished. As the First Lady, Jackie worked hard to create a cultural atmosphere in the White House and the Capital by promoting the arts. Through these efforts, she brought an appreciation for the arts to the United States as a whole. Later, as an editor, she continued this work, bringing many wonderful books to the printing press and to the public.

Dealing with pain and tragedy is a most difficult experience, and it becomes almost unbearable when it occurs in the public eye. Jackie's courage during those horrible days after November 22, 1963, gave the country strength. Instead of giving comfort to her, we drew courage from her. At that time, I was a businessman in New Jersey, active in civic affairs, but not yet involved in the political world in which Jackie found herself. I felt the enormous blow that struck the whole country, and also took comfort from Jackie's stoic countenance and composure.

My father was a cancer victim, as was Jackie. I knew something of the pain she must have felt. But even in her last hours, she was a figure of grace and courage. She chose to spend those final moments enjoying the company of her loved ones. As a fellow Martha's Vineyard vacationer, I often witnessed Jackie's complete devotion to her children and family. I know that her children, John and Caroline, will always remember the graceful, loving, and dedicated woman that all Americans have come to admire and love from afar.

Indeed, the memory of this strong woman will live on in the minds of all the people she touched. The indelible mark that she left upon the American people, and people throughout the world will only be deepened by her passing. Our memories of her will burn as bright, and as long, as the eternal flame which marks the grave of President Kennedy, next to whom she now rests in peace.

The Honorable Carl Levin of Michigan

Mr. President, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis touched a deep chord in the American people—from the day she married young Senator John Kennedy to her days as First Lady, through the tragedy of President Kennedy's assassination and finally through her withdrawal into private life. She remained a figure greatly admired by the public for many more years than she spent in public life. She had an allure that was seemingly irresistible, and a polish and refinement that one hopes would be models for us all.

She was a modern woman whose life in many ways personified the changing role of women in America during the second half of the 20th century. Her interests were cultural, artistic and many, and her good taste governed everything in which she involved herself. Protecting her children from the limelight that was forced upon her was probably the primary focus of her young life, and she raised them to be the fine young people they are today.

Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis was taken from her family and loved ones far too soon and the loss for them is surely immeasurable. It is also a loss to those who may not have known her personally but who had great admiration for this woman whose nobility of conduct displayed a consistent and extraordinary grace as she dealt with the severe pressures and demands placed on her.

Her passing leaves a void that will not easily be filled and also leaves us diminished as a nation.

The Honorable Joseph I. Lieberman of Connecticut

Mr. President, "Many women do noble things, but you surpass them all," writes the author of Proverbs, Chapter 31. The life of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis was a life of nobility, in the finest sense of the word. She elevated a nation, especially so during a time of great crisis, and now that she is gone, we keenly feel the loss, as if a member of our family had passed away.

What is especially poignant about her life is that she never sought the kind of fame she attained. Rather, it was thrust upon her, first through marriage to a Senator with a growing national reputation. Then as First Lady, when Senator John F. Kennedy became President. But Jacqueline Kennedy was not content to simply suffer the limelight she never wanted. She went to work, in public ways and private, to the benefit of all the American people. She transformed the White House from a place to a national treasure; from an address, to a destination. Its beauty today and through the ages to come are due in no small measure to Jackie Kennedy's sense of history, art and style.

Perhaps most important, Jacqueline Kennedy held a nation together at a time when the tragedy of John Kennedy's assassination threatened to pull us apart. Hours after holding her dying husband in her lap, she stood by the side of the new President, as he was sworn into office, symbolizing the peaceful continuity of democracy that is at the heart of America's greatness. And in the difficult days that followed, the First Lady not only bore herself with grace and strength, she directed the funeral that will be remembered throughout history for its power, emotion, and meaning.

In the years since the triumph and tragedy of the Presidency of John Kennedy, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis dedicated her life to what she would probably consider her greatest accomplishment: Loving and raising two wonderful children, whose own lives carry on the legacy of service exemplified by John and Jackie Kennedy.

The life of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis is in itself a profile in courage, and a grateful nation will never forget her courage and all that she meant to us. "Give her the reward she has earned," it says in Proverbs 31, "and let her works bring her praise at the city gate."

The Honorable Harlan Mathews of Tennessee

Mr. President, I would like to take just a moment this morning to pay tribute to the memory of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis.

As a young assistant to then Governor of Tennessee, Frank Clement, it was my privilege to get to know President Kennedy as

we put together a program for the Appalachian region of this country, which has proven to be very advantageous and very helpful to the people of this Nation.

I never knew Jacqueline Kennedy. Of course, I knew of her. But, Mr. President, I, like many Americans, came to feel that she was a member of my family.

The passing of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis left our Nation poorer in grace, elegance, and dignity. The example of her life has left us an ideal to honor and to hold.

Two generations of Americans remember personally the terrible events that she met with incredible measure and presence. From her, a nation learned how to face the loss of our President. But we who remember that time, also learned from her how to find composure and steadiness when we faced tragedy in our own lives. She taught us again—and she taught us more—in the way she confronted her own death.

We still speak of Camelot, and we still ask ourselves what might have been. We will do so throughout the years to come. And when we do, we will remember the woman who remains the Nation's First Lady in more ways than we can recount. She will always be with us.

The Honorable Daniel P. Moynihan of New York

Mr. President, Jacqueline Onassis touched the lives of millions through her remarkable conduct as First Lady, her courage during a shattering national tragedy, and her ability to then raise two beloved children and succeed brilliantly in a career in publishing.

Yet there is even more to be added to the Senate's account of her achievements—her many contributions to the life of America's two greatest cities—New York and Washington, DC. Characteristically, she never sought recognition for these efforts, but they were significant ones and ought to be recorded for history.

In New York City, which was her home and which she loved, Mrs. Onassis was for the last two decades a member of the Municipal Art Society, the 102-year-old organization dedicated to historic preservation and the furtherance of civic art in New York.

As Senator Kennedy observed in his eulogy, she was much involved in the society's efforts to preserve Grand Central Terminal. Senators may recall the news photographs of her outside Grand Central with the architect Philip Johnson and others in 1975. She led the fight to stop an awful proposal to erect a 53-story office tower atop the magnificent 1913 Beaux Arts Terminal, and

ultimately prevailed when in 1978, the U.S. Supreme Court upheld the New York City landmarks law that protected the station.

She also applied her considerable energies and talents to the revitalization of Times Square; to efforts to revive Manhattan's West Side riverfront; to the preservation of St. Bartholomew's Church, and to the protracted fight against a plan to build a skyscraper at Columbus Circle that would have cast a giant shadow over Central Park.

Her influence on the city of New York was profound, yet her legacy in the area of civic improvement is perhaps even greater here in the Nation's Capital.

During his Inaugural parade in 1961, President Kennedy looked at the north side of Pennsylvania Avenue, then lined with an assortment of structures in varying states of dilapidation and the unfinished Federal Triangle on the south side, and decided that something had to be done with it. He gave this task to Arthur Goldberg, then Secretary of Labor, who in turn assigned it to me, then Secretary Goldberg's assistant. This led to the creation of the President's Commission on Pennsylvania Avenue—later the Pennsylvania Avenue Development Corporation—which produced the plan for developing the 1.1-mile stretch of the avenue between the White House and the Capitol.

One of the last instructions President Kennedy gave before departing for Dallas was that a coffee hour be arranged for the Congressional leadership in order to display the model of the Pennsylvania Avenue plan and seek their support. Bill Walton, Charles Horsky, and I, were at lunch discussing this on November 22, 1963, when the White House operator called with the news that the President had been shot. We made our way to the White House; the final word came. We left with this task undone. Or would have had it not been for the intervention of Mrs. Kennedy.

Soon after President Kennedy's funeral, she met with President Johnson in the Oval Office. Their conversation was later recounted by Mrs. Kennedy in an interview she gave on January 11, 1974, to Professor Joe B. Franz of the University of Texas at Austin. Professor Franz conducted the interview in Manhattan for an oral history of the Johnson administration. Here is an excerpt from the transcript of Mrs. Kennedy's remarks:

> I remember going over to the Oval Office to ask him for two things. They were two things I thought that I would like to ask him as a favor. One was to name the space center in Florida "Cape Kennedy." * * * And * * * there were plans for the renovation of Washington and there was this commission, and I thought it might come to an end. I asked President Johnson if he'd be nice enough to receive the commission and sort of give approval to the work they were doing, and he did. It was one of the first things he did.

Jacqueline Kennedy asked for Pennsylvania Avenue, for the continuation of the President's Commission on Pennsylvania Avenue. And coming from Mrs. Kennedy, this request understandably made a claim on President Johnson and on his administration. As it did on me. The enterprise soon acquired official sanction, having been wholly informal under JFK. And it moved forward. By the time President Nixon left office, the Pennsylvania Avenue Development Corporation had been established by act of Congress. Today, with construction of the Federal Triangle building at 14th Street well underway, one-third of a century's work is nearly complete—and Jackie made it all possible.

A few years back, as the last major features of the redevelopment fell in place, I received from her perhaps the most precious letter I will ever receive from anyone. "Twenty five years," she wrote, "is a long time not to give up on something." Then this:

> I will be forever grateful dear Pat, for your message to me along the way, for the spirit you brought to something Jack cared about so deeply, and for this happy ending.

The poet Yeats said of a man that he was blessed and had the power to bless. Those few lines of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis suggested how very blessed she was in spite of all that came to her as she traveled, in Maurice Tempelsman's words, to Ithaka.

On the morning of May 23, Liz and I attended her funeral at the Church of St. Ignatius Loyola on East 84th Street in Manhattan, the same church where she was baptized as a child. We knew and loved Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis all these many years, and never more than of late when she so wondrously, luminously contributed to any enterprise that might add grace and beauty to the city of New York. She adorned New York as she had adorned Washington before, much as she embellished our age.

The Honorable Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island

Mr. President, the memory of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis already has become a treasured jewel in our national history. Her grace and presence and her wonderful sense of proportion made her a model that will surely endure for generations to come. We knew her since her childhood when she spent many happy summers at her family home at Hammersmith Farm on Narragansett Bay. Her marriage to our then colleague and future President John Kennedy took place in Newport.

Later, Jackie Onassis brought to the White House her sense of harmony, beauty, and style. It was reflected not only in the uncompromising good taste of the restoration of the Executive Mansion

itself, but also in the elegance and verve of the parties and events that she hosted there.

Her sense of style extended into affairs of government as well. I particularly recall her influence on the legislation which I sponsored creating the National Foundation on the Arts and the Humanities.

In her later years, after the trauma and tragedy of Dallas had long receded and after the Onassis era was over, she resumed a life of her own in New York. This was particularly admirable because it was so true to her own instincts and values. She retained her privacy and she brought up her children marvelously well. And she worked as an editor at a craft that she enjoyed and at which she excelled. Her mordant wit and humor often gave laughter and pleasure to her friends.

Jackie remained a beautiful person to the end. Her life ended too soon, and we miss her immensely. But she will remain in our hearts, and in the memory of the Nation, a bright spirit of elegance and style that may not soon be equaled.

I know that my wife and I already miss her immensely, immensely.

The Honorable Larry Pressler of South Dakota

Many tributes have been written about Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis . . . all of them ring true. She was elegant, beautiful, strong, and courageous. But more importantly, Jacqueline, the public icon, was a very real person.

Refusing to simply bask in the social limelight, she epitomized what is important to so many American women today. Jacqueline chose to live a life filled with devotion to her children and grandchildren, career, and personal development.

Jacqueline's children and grandchildren were her priority. She constantly made this clear, in the face of relentless public intrusions. For that I applaud her.

Jacqueline also forged a career she loved. I have heard that she treated her staff with maternal kindness, and always was concerned about their well being. She was creative, intelligent and inquisitive and developed a sterling reputation in the publishing world on her own professional merits.

No one thinks of Jackie as just "President Kennedy's wife." She became a household name in her own right. Fiercely loyal, not only to those around her, but also to herself, and armed with a vast reservoir of inner strength, Jackie lived her life as she desired.

Of all the wonderful things I will remember about Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, I will remember most the lesson she taught us in her own quiet way: The most important things in life are your family, your contributions to society, treating others well, and remembering to be yourself.

Recently, I have come to know and respect her good friend Maurice Tempelsman. I extend my sympathies to both him and her many loving family members.

The Honorable Donald W. Riegle, Jr. of Michigan

Mr. President, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis has aptly been called a national treasure. Throughout her life, Mrs. Onassis devoted herself to preserving our Nation's historical treasures before everything slips away, before every link with the past is gone. And now, she herself has slipped away from us.

Because she embodied some of our Nation's most magnificent moments, and some of its most tragic, her passing has touched all of us in a very personal way.

Her own words best explain how she was able to live with the joys and the tragedies which characterized her life:

> We must give to life at least as much as we received from it. Every moment one lives, is different from the next. The good, the bad, the hardship, the joy, the tragedy, love and happiness are all interwoven into one single indescribable whole that is called life. You cannot separate the good from the bad. And, perhaps there is no need to do so either.

Mrs. Onassis lived her life with zeal, dignity, and grace. She was guided by her unique vision of life's possibilities and an understanding of the role history would play in judging our actions.

For the few brief years that she graced this city as our Nation's First Lady, she raised our Government's support for the arts and historic preservation to a higher level. The White House became a living monument to America's rich history and culture, where the Nation's best artists and musicians came to perform.

The historic preservation crusade, begun during her White House years, continued throughout her life. Aiding in the rescue of Washington's historic Lafayette Square and New York's Grand Central Station from demolition, are among Mrs. Onassis' best known achievements.

None of Mrs. Onassis' efforts, however, were as dear to her as the raising of her two children. She referred to that successful effort as the best thing she ever did, and her wish was to be remembered and emulated for that achievement more than for any other.

Mr. President, in his book "The Bouviers," John Davis writes:

> President Kennedy's administration had captured the public imagination in a way few Presidents in the Nation's history had done. His youthful sincerity and enthusiasm had inspired men everywhere with hope for a better world. In the last analysis, his major contribution to his country was spiritual rather than political, and after his death, it was primarily his widow who kept that contribution alive, who perpetuated it. Her majestic conduct at his funeral, from the march to St. Matthew's to the lighting of the eternal flame, her influence in changing the names of national landmarks to Kennedy, her helping with the design of his tomb, her role in founding the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts and the John F. Kennedy Library, all these contributed immensely to keeping the bright spirit of the slain President alive.
>
> Closely allied with her efforts to perpetuate John F. Kennedy's memory is what may well prove to be her most significant contribution of all, as well as the most ephemeral: The presentation of an image of beauty, courage, and grandeur to the world during three of the most shameful and humiliating days in her country's existence. As an incomparable artist in life, it was her supreme privilege and achievement to grant an entire nation, at the time of her husband's funeral, some of the finest moments in its history. It is upon the enduring quality of those moments * * * that her place in history will ultimately rest.

Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis provided the quote from Shakespeare used by Robert F. Kennedy in his tribute to the President at the 1964 Democratic National Convention:

> When he shall die
> Take him and cut him out in little stars
> And he will make the face of heaven so fine
> That all the world will be in love with night,
> And pay no worship to the garish sun.

I believe the words of Shakespeare are equally appropriate in memorializing her.

> Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
> Having some business do entreat her eyes
> To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
> What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
> The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
> As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
> Would through the airy region stream so bright
> That birds would sing and think it were not night.

And so, the architect of the eternal flame at Arlington—Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis—will now be immortalized by it. It will forever evoke the memory not only of a fallen President, but of the lady who served beside him and did so much to define his Presidency during what was, in the words of the poet Robert Frost, "an age of poetry and power."

The Honorable William V. Roth, Jr. of Delaware

Mr. President, there is not a lot that can be said about Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis that has not already been said in these past few weeks. Certainly the place this woman held in the consciousness of America was—and remains—somewhere very near our heart. Those who knew her cared deeply for her. We have heard many of their heart-warming remembrances. Those who did not know her personally admired from afar as she brought grace and elegance to a period Americans came to know as Camelot.

Indeed, she was a fitting Guinevere, a beautiful and noble woman who enriched the lives of those around her; a woman who believed in her husband and his vision—and who supported that vision in a quiet, regal way. In the process, she forever changed the role of First Lady and even the character of Washington.

About the same time America's political story was beginning, the German poet, Friedrich von Schiller was writing about the importance of art, beauty, and aesthetic education on democracy. A part of his conclusion was that, "Art is the daughter of Freedom . . . . If man is ever to solve the problem of politics in practice, he will have to approach it through the problem of the aesthetic, because it is only through Beauty that man makes his way to Freedom."

In a profound yet subtle way, Jacqueline Kennedy understood this, that "it is aesthetic culture that leads to moral nobility, and moral nobility is the precondition of a truly free society." Her successful efforts to bring art and culture to Washington forever bless our Nation. Not only was it ennobling, but at a very critical time in our history, it eased the realpolitiks of the tense cold war with softness, beauty, and joy.

It would be a grave mistake, however, to appreciate Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis only for the artistic contributions she made. Indeed, she did so much more. In fact, I believe it was in crisis that Americans fell in love with their First Lady. None who were alive and old enough to understand, will ever forget the courage of this woman as she stood beside Lyndon Johnson aboard Air Force One as he took the oath of office only hours after the assassination of her husband. At that moment, Jackie became a legend. And the life she led thereafter as a mother, concerned about living, nurturing, and raising her children beneath the stark glare of media light, only confirmed what we had already come to understand: This was an exceptional woman.

The Honorable Jim Sasser of Tennessee

Mr. President, I join with my colleagues in paying tribute to former First Lady Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis.

Jacqueline Kennedy came to the White House in 1961, as the third youngest First Lady in American history. In three short years, her elegance and grace set a standard by which all future First Ladies have been judged.

She restored the White House and made it a national treasure. Under her guidance, sources of historic pieces of art and furniture were returned to the White House. She also made the White House a showcase for the arts—featuring the work of such world-renowned artists as Pablo Casals.

When developers threatened Lafayette Park, across from the White House, Mrs. Kennedy stepped in. Lafayette Park was saved and the historic setting of the White House was preserved.

Equally important, however, she made a secure and happy home for her family in the White House, giving her children the privacy and security that all children need.

It is difficult now to recreate the feeling of idealism of that time. It was as if a New American Age had dawned and anything was possible. That belief, and our own innocence, ended in one shattering moment.

Those of us who lived through those terrible days in November of 1963, will never forget the grace, and dignity, and courage Mrs. Kennedy displayed. She quite literally held our country together in its grief.

After President Kennedy's assassination, during her remarriage and her career in publishing, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis guarded her privacy zealously. She continued her involvement and support for the arts and historic preservation. She worked to save such historic sites as New York's Grand Central Terminal. As a book editor, she continued her commitment to culture, editing books on the arts and history.

Throughout her life, Jacqueline Onassis never hesitated in saying that she considered raising her children to be the most important thing in her life. In the past few years we have seen just how successful she has been—raising her children to be responsible adults with a commitment to public service.

Although Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis has been taken from us too young, she has left us a legacy of grace and dignity and common sense. She graced our lives with her presence and we are the poorer for her passing.

The Honorable Paul Simon of Illinois

Mr. President, first, just in commenting on the tribute paid by Senator Mitchell to Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, he used the word "grace." That really described her, how she handled herself so well in so many difficult situations.

The tribute paid by Senator Kennedy, as well as her friend Maurice Tempelsman, at the funeral, I thought were both eloquent.

The Honorable Robert C. Smith of New Hampshire

Former First Lady Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis is one of the world's most revered women. Her beauty, charm, grace, dignity, and courage were an inspiration to so many.

As First Lady, Jacqueline Kennedy will long be remembered for her commitment to the arts and the restoration projects in the White House which enhanced its beauty and grandeur. She was a gracious hostess at home and a popular ambassador abroad.

I will always remember Jackie Kennedy for her strong commitment to her family. Jackie was an intensely private person and in spite of the public glare of political life, she was able to maintain a stable and loving home for her children.

Finally, how could anyone forget the strong, courageous widow mourning President Kennedy's death while our Nation mourned with her. Her strength and character carried us through those turbulent years and helped our country to face a new day.

Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis is a national treasure. Her life and her accomplishments have changed the course of history. We will always be grateful for having known her.

The Honorable Paul David Wellstone of Minnesota

Mr. President, I rise to pay tribute to the memory of an American heroine, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis. When Mrs. Onassis passed away in May, she left a void in the hearts of not only Americans, but people all over the world. We are all saddened by her untimely death.

We mourn her loss, not just as an American icon, but for her rich legacy. As a young First Lady, Jacqueline Kennedy fulfilled the role perfectly. But she was more than the poised and beautiful wife of our President, John F. Kennedy. She brought with her to the White House, a love and knowledge of history and culture, and a

desire to make the White House the most important home in America.

She filled it with donated pieces of American furniture and art, appropriate for the home of a President. She also brought prominent musicians and artists to the White House and helped to make our Nation's Capital a cultural center. Most important of all, she made the White House a home and filled it with the laughter of her children, Caroline and John, Jr. whom she adored. Her desire to maintain their privacy made us respect her even more.

And she taught a nation how to mourn. When President Kennedy was assassinated, she orchestrated the arrangements. We were all with her that sorrow-filled weekend, and we paid tribute to our slain President as our Nation had honored another assassinated President, Abraham Lincoln.

We will hold forever in our memories the sight of a riderless horse, and a little 3-year-old boy saluting his father one last time, and an eternal flame which still blazes brightly at Arlington National Cemetery. With her courage and the great dignity she possessed, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis helped our Nation heal following the loss of the President.

Over the years and in private life, she maintained her commitment to historic preservation, and worked diligently to save historic sites, including New York's Grand Central Terminal. As a book editor, she continued to promote culture, and was instrumental in the publishing of books on art, history, and dance.

Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis leaves many lasting and significant contributions, and I am honored to join my colleagues in paying tribute to her. Admired and loved by all Americans, we will miss this extraordinary woman.

TRIBUTES BY REPRESENTATIVES

The Honorable Robert E. Andrews of New Jersey

Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis was an inspiration to an entire generation of Americans. Her grace and dignity, her bearing and inner beauty were respected and envied by world leaders and day laborers alike. No one who met her ever walked away feeling anything less than honored to make her acquaintance, yet she never used the awe in which people held her to diminish their sense of self-worth.

Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis was an American treasure, and her memory will forever invoke fond images of "Camelot", when the leadership of our Nation reflected its youthful image. She was the embodiment of the values and qualities of her generation, and those generations that follow would be well served to make her an ideal they strive to achieve. The imprint she has left on American society, and the world whose imagination she captured, will never be diminished.

The Honorable James H. Bilbray of Nevada

Mr. Speaker, when I was a college student, I was asked to be a part of the effort to help elect John F. Kennedy, a distinguished young Senator from Massachusetts, to become President of the United States.

I quickly accepted and became the southern Nevada coordinator of the Students for Kennedy. I remember my dad, who was in political office at the time, told me that John Kennedy could not win because he was a Catholic and not a Mason. My dad was a Baptist and a Mason. This statement made me work even harder.

After he won the November election, I remember how proud all of us were. The First Lady, Jacqueline Kennedy, gave elegance and refinement to the White House that had not been seen since Dolly Madison. I remember my wife, Mikey, making me be quiet or telling me to quit blocking the TV when Jackie was speaking or just in the picture. All of us believed we were part of something special and when the phrase "Camelot" was coined, it felt perfect. And even though I could not be considered a knight of the round table, I felt I was at least a page in the fabulous court.

Jack Kennedy was certainly Arthur and Jackie was his Guinevere.

That awful day in November 1963, when Camelot came to an end will be remembered by all of us. It will never be forgotten. Something truly important, not only to America, but to my wife and I personally, had come to an end. But we do have wonderful memories.

All of us were amazed at the grace and dignity of Jacqueline during that terrible ordeal. Over the years my wife and I have always followed her walk through history. She was grace and elegance beyond compare. There will never be another one like her. So I say in conclusion, "farewell, fair Guinevere. We do miss you."

The Honorable Lucien E. Blackwell of Pennsylvania

I did not know her. But, I believe she knew me. We never met. From a distance, however, the force of her personality and what she stood for, made her seem near. When I consider the impact of Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis' years with us, I am reminded of the image of Daniel, and the passage, "Dare to be a Daniel; Dare to walk alone; Dare to have a purpose firm; and Dare to make it known."

In America, we have people of varied backgrounds. On the one hand, there are far too many who are among the hungry, the unemployed, the poor, the sick, the downtrodden, those without education, health care, nutrition, or proper clothing, those without hope. On the other hand, there are those who are among the comfortable, the untroubled, those who have managed to prosper and move into affluence. Those without hope are not always seen by those who are comfortable. To see them, clustered beneath the dim lights and dark streets, one must venture out. The First Lady dared to be different. She dared to venture out. By challenge and chance, she came to know each kind of individual represented in America.

When she was First Lady, at the tender age of 31, she had ascended to the top of the ladder. Many, too many, in America remained on the lower rungs. Her's was the language of lyrics, theirs more common. She knew what America and the World offered. They didn't even dream about what she knew. In public, she dressed smartly. They just dressed smart, depending on the weather. Nonetheless, there were few who were not warmed by the thought and feeling that she was First Lady to all America. In the barber and beauty shops, in little towns and big cities, they spoke of boxing, fashions, baseball, children, economics, family, and politics, the loudest seemed the more convincing. Competing with the noise from others, speaking loudly was a necessity. However, when

they spoke of "Our First Lady," their tones softened. They were proud Americans, and they were more proud to have her in the White House.

I am not certain why she captured the attention and imagination of so many in this country. Perhaps it was because she took on the task of restoring the White House, signaling important change for our Nation. Possibly, it was the story told of the First Lady, clad in a pullover sweater and jeans, apparel of the ordinary, helping to remove items from a moving truck into the White House, carrying the heaviest mirrors! Or perhaps it was her mastery of language. She spoke in French when in France, in Italian when in Italy, and in Spanish when in Spain. Perhaps, it was because, with her broad language background, they believed she could communicate, with them. Most likely, their interest was due in large measure to the "Jackie Look," a look that was fresh and new and offered promise for a better way of life.

The reason is far less important than the result. They believed the First Lady could see what they saw, could feel what they felt, understood what they understood. Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis. I did not know her. But, she knew us. She was a First Lady, with class.

The Honorable Thomas J. Bliley, Jr. of Virginia

Mr. Speaker, in the early 1960s I was asked as a student at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas, to be the head of the Students for Kennedy in southern Nevada. I was so proud that I was asked to do this as an active member of the Young Democrats, and I worked very, very hard. Even though I cannot consider myself a knight in Camelot, I certainly considered myself a squire or maybe only a page, but I worked very, very hard in that election to get then-Senator Kennedy elected President.

For the next 3 years I watched in awe, in admiration, as the Kennedy administration moved forward on many programs that I as a Democrat held so near and dear. We certainly admired President Kennedy and his wife, Jacqueline Kennedy, and were happy to see the progress of this administration. We were happy when they coined the name Camelot, because again, we felt we were part of that noble cause to bring their justice to all mankind and America in general.

We lost that ray of light last night when Jacqueline Kennedy died, and we will remember her forever. That light has gone out, and we feel so bad about it, but her memory will go on forever. We have certainly lost our fair Guinevere.

The Honorable Robert A. Borski of Pennsylvania

Calling her a "true symbol of class and dignity and one of America's greatest role models of courage," U.S. Representative Bob Borski (3rd-PA) is mourning the death of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis who died last week of cancer at the age of 64.

"Jackie Kennedy Onassis was a true inspiration to a generation of Americans aroused by the spirit of youth, hope and idealism that developed when the Nation's youngest President—John Kennedy—was elected to office, only to have those dreams shattered when the President was assassinated," said Borski.

"As a First Lady, Jacqueline brought culture and an unending devotion to the arts to the White House, and with that she brought worldwide artistic recognition to America," said Borski.

"As a grieving widow, Jacqueline led a horrified Nation in mourning the death of a President. Her strength of character during those difficult days after President Kennedy's death will forever be etched in our minds and was perhaps the greatest sign of strength shown at that time which enabled our Nation to heal," added Borski.

"Without ever seeking public adulation Jackie Kennedy Onassis became one of America's treasures," said Borski.

"As First Lady, she shared her love of the arts with the world and renovated the White House as a showplace for historic artifacts that the world can appreciate today," said Borski. "By encouraging world-class performances at the White House she brought class and style to the American Presidency," added Borski.

"Her love of art and history lasted with her throughout her life. In recent years she is known for helping to preserve historic landmarks in New York City so generations of people will cherish these structures as she did," added Borski.

"Despite her enthusiastic devotion to the arts, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis will best be known for her silent strength at a time of America's greatest pain," said Borski. "She touched our hearts as a young widow and her devotion to raising her family under intense media scrutiny was executed with such grace and dignity that she became a model of courage," added Borski.

"I never met Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, but like most Americans raised in the Kennedy years, I shared our country's deepest respect for the First Lady. With her husband she brought class and charisma to our Nation when it so yearned for youthful leadership. Since President Kennedy's assassination, I remain awed by that same woman whose greatest strength was restraint under the glare of media always following her. She did not live her life in the limelight but rose above that to live her life in silent dignity and grace,

and I believe she won the love and respect of a Nation as a result," said Borski.

"Thoughts of comfort are with the Kennedy family during this sad time which is truly the end of an era in American history," concluded Borski.

The Honorable Corrine Brown of Florida

All the world is familiar with the poignant photographs of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis. Every American remembers the cataclysmic assassination of President John Fitzgerald Kennedy in Dallas, and Jackie's grace in mourning. All of this is deeply embedded in the historical record of the United States and in the memory of a grateful Nation. However, there is much more to remember about this gracious matron.

Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis is one of those Presidential wives who maintained a large enduring following long after she left the White House. The public adored her performance in the role of the First Lady and her ability to preside with regal grace. She made a lasting contribution by revitalizing the antique splendor of the White House casting a spell on Charles de Gaulle and all of France during President Kennedy's visit to Paris, and by raising her children in the public eye.

Part of America's fascination with Jackie lies in the sheer drama of her life; First Lady at age 31; a widow at 34. She will always be regarded as a something of an enigma. Perhaps, what is most amazing about Jacqueline is that despite her public and seemingly tragic life, she managed to create and maintain an identity of her own. She closely guarded her private life and retained an air of mystery, while remaining an object of public adulation until her death.

Last but not least, Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis will be remembered for her many talents, her charm, her bravery and her grace under pressure which inspired a grieving Nation. We miss her dearly.

The Honorable Jerry F. Costello of Illinois

Mr. Speaker, I rise today to pay tribute to our Nation's former First Lady, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis.

Mrs. Onassis was the living embodiment of grace, courage and character in the face of tremendous adversity. None of us will forget the dignity and bravery she showed after the assassination of her husband, President John F. Kennedy.

She worked hard after that moment to raise her children, John Kennedy, Jr. and Caroline Kennedy, in as normal an atmosphere as their celebrity would allow. Her strong commitment to family and her desire to keep them out of the glare of the spotlight were admirable and will be a lasting credit to her.

Mr. Speaker, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis had a lasting impact on our Nation's perception of the White House as a home to our First Family. She dramatically altered the perception of the American people toward the First Lady, making the White House more accessible for generations to come. I join my colleagues in honoring her memory today.

The Honorable Ron de Lugo, Delegate of the Virgin Islands

Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis was a woman of elegance and poise who captivated our Nation with her grace and charm.

As our First Lady, her beauty and presence enchanted the world as no other ever has.

In her time of tragedy and ours, she shared the grief of a Nation with impeccable composure and dignity, and she reassured us that we could, too.

In years after, though followed relentlessly by the press, she always upheld the bond of trust with the people of this country as our custodian of the legacy of John Fitzgerald Kennedy.

I recall so well her visit to the Virgin Islands in 1959, accompanying her young husband as he sought my support for the Democratic nomination the next year. I will always remember what a beautiful couple they were, so vibrant and so filled with dreams for tomorrow.

Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis symbolized an era of boundless promise, a time of shattered hopes, and the rekindling of faith for an entire generation of Americans.

We owe this remarkable woman our tribute for all that she was and all that she did for our Nation.

The Honorable Rosa L. DeLauro of Connecticut

As a woman, I owe so much to Jackie Kennedy Onassis. She truly was the role model for my generation. As a wife, mother, First Lady, and widow, she was the epitome of grace and style. In triumph, she captured our imaginations, and in tragedy, she captured our hearts.

For 1,000 glorious days of Camelot, Jackie captured our imaginations. But, from the start it was clear that she was more than the beautiful wife of the handsome young President. When Jackie Kennedy moved into the White House, she singlehandedly changed the way our country viewed First Ladies. This was a woman who had her own identity—smart and stylish, she captivated the world.

And, in those three awful days in November of 1963, Jackie captured our hearts. It is for what she did then, that our Nation owes the most to Jackie. In those dark days, her inner strength and dignity served as a beacon of hope and her fortitude of spirit helped heal a heartbroken Nation. Jackie had survived and we knew that we must, too.

Jackie Kennedy Onassis lives on in our collective memory. Her legacy reaches far beyond her children and grandchildren or the causes that she championed throughout her life. Her greatest legacy is the adoring Nation she left behind. We will miss Jackie Kennedy Onassis, but we will never forget her.

The Honorable Eliot L. Engel of New York

Mr. Speaker, I wish to pay tribute to a great lady who passed away last night in my hometown of New York. I mean, of course, our former First Lady, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis.

To those of us growing up in the 1960s, Jacqueline Kennedy, along with her husband, President John F. Kennedy, personified a new generation of energy, spirit, and hope. Indeed, my very first calling to become involved in politics and government was in great part inspired by the Kennedys.

To me, Jacqueline Kennedy represented a kind of royalty in America, in a good sense. She was truly queen of our country during the short period she served as First Lady.

Who could ever forget her televised tour of the White House or her pillbox hats or the Jackie Kennedy hairdos? Who could ever forget the dignity and grace with which she conducted herself during the terrible period after the assassination?

I had the pleasure of meeting Jacqueline Kennedy only once in 1980, when she came to my home community in the Bronx to campaign with me for Ted Kennedy. I did not know what to expect, but found her charming, personable, and gracious.

In her later years, she was very much a part of the New York City spirit, involving herself in a number of causes. We were very proud that Jacqueline Kennedy, born in New York, chose New York City for her home.

She will truly be missed, but never forgotten. And my condolences go out to her children, grandchildren, and all of her family.

The Honorable Anna G. Eshoo of California

Mr. Speaker, I join my colleagues this evening to honor and pay tribute to the late Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis who was called home by her Maker on May 19, 1994.

Jackie Kennedy was consistently viewed as the most admired woman of our generation. She was the dominant symbol to Americans—especially American women, for she was a touchstone for the experiences of women of her generation.

In 1953, Jacqueline Bouvier married John F. Kennedy. Having won World War II, veterans had returned home, began having started families, and found jobs. Soon these young couples were called on to assume positions of leadership. They were determined to make a difference.

John and Jackie Kennedy were one of those couples. They were part of that group of young people who John Kennedy said, "Must step forward and provide a new generation of leaders."

And on a frigid January afternoon in 1960, this young couple stood before the Nation. As Jackie held the Bible, John Kennedy took the oath of office for the Presidency. During the campaign, Jackie had proved her mettle to the rough and tumble Kennedy clan. In a family that demanded toughness, Jackie showed an inner strength without sacrificing that refined demeanor.

As one-half of the First Couple, Jackie Kennedy demonstrated her commitment to being part of this new generation of leadership. When Jackie came to the White House, the residence showed a lack of care and dignity.

She changed that. With breathtaking speed she restored the White House inside and out. Beautiful gardens and magnificent rooms were restored and completed under her personal supervision.

And while the White House was the private residence of the First Family, Mrs. Kennedy knew it also represented something important and historic to every American. She opened up the White House to all Americans by starting White House public tours which have allowed millions of people to visit 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. Fittingly, today one of the most requested features on the tour of the White House is Jacqueline Kennedy's portrait.

Mr. Speaker, on her first day as First Lady, Jackie Kennedy began working on bringing an artistic and intellectual transformation to Washington. She orchestrated social events that brought Nobel Prize winners, musical legends, and cultural icons

together at the White House. In 1961, Jackie started the Pennsylvania Avenue Restoration project. Taking a neighborhood of seedy storefronts and abandoned buildings, the project turned Pennsylvania Avenue into one of the great boulevards of the world.

Mr. Speaker, Jackie Kennedy turned the White House and Washington into a place of beauty and interest that all Americans viewed with pride and a confidence that it represented what was exciting and good about our country. And the First Couple's own elegance and grace added to the belief of that generation that all things were possible.

But as we know that confidence was shattered in Dallas. With those catastrophic events in 1963, Jackie once more stood as a symbol of her generation. She singularly carried the overwhelming grief of an entire Nation and citizens of the world who had suffered such an incalculable loss.

And with a strength that has become mythic in its proportion, she stood before the entire world for 4 days and never flinched. She became a source of reverence and awe that we would remember forever. Images from those terrible days are etched in our minds . . . the young widow her beautiful face filled with such pain, such grief. We endured because she did.

In the years following the loss of the President, Jackie became what Norman Mailer called "The Prisoner of Celebrity." And while she endured the paparazzi, Jackie did not allow her children to be exposed to the destruction of publicity.

Jackie Kennedy once said, "If you bungle raising your children, I don't think whatever else you do matters very much." It was always clear that what mattered most to Jackie were her children.

Mr. Speaker, like many of her generation, Jackie Kennedy was a single parent. She met that challenge as he did others—with dedication and commitment. She gave her children her love and her time, and supported them in their activities and life decisions.

The results of her efforts are two-fold, centered and successful children who adored their mother and have the values of both their parents.

Mother, wife, First Lady, business executive, benefactor, and philanthropist; Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis was the most admired woman of her generation. When she died all of us closed a chapter in our lives—a chapter in our Nation's history.

Her grace and strength sustained a Nation during tragedy. Her beauty and intellect made us proud. She not only rests next to her husband, and the child who passed on before them, but in the mind and heart of a grateful Nation and the world.

When she died, her son John said, "Now she is in God's hands." As her brother-in-law, and our colleague, Senator Kennedy, said, "She will never really leave us."

Thank you Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis for leading a life of purpose and ennobling all of us for a lifetime and more.

The Honorable Thomas F. Foley of Washington

Mr. Speaker, I join with Members of the House of Representatives, on both sides of the aisle in extending our deepest condolences to the friends and family of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis.

In 1963, Jacqueline Kennedy's steadfast strength and courage, perhaps more than anything else during that fateful week, led this Nation through a tragic episode in American history. Over the years, her dignity in crisis became a symbol of our national character; and her elegance and style changed the look of America.

Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis combined intellectualism with social tradition—professionalism with style and grace—and created, perhaps ahead of her time, a standard for contemporary American women.

Few people have such a profound impact on their time as did Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis. Her dignity, elegance, and courage are forever etched in our collective memory as part of a unique period in American history that reflected the best of what we are as a Nation, and who we are as a people. Generations to come will remember her as a standard of American culture and character.

Mr. Speaker, I believe I speak for every Member of this House when I say that we join the Nation in mourning Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, and remembering what she meant to this Nation.

The Honorable Benjamin A. Gilman of New York

Mr. Speaker, I join with our colleagues in mourning the passing of a truly remarkable woman, at too premature an age.

Each First Lady in our Nation's history—from Martha Washington through Hillary Clinton—has enjoyed a significant impact on our Nation. Few, however, have had as tremendous an influence as did Mrs. Kennedy.

Today, our young people may not appreciate that, prior to the Kennedy administration, the White House was considered a temporary residence by its occupants, and enjoyed little historic significance.

Mrs. Kennedy, virtually single-handedly, transformed the White House into a national treasure. She scoured the Nation for furnishings and trappings of by-gone eras, and in many cases through cajolery, convinced private citizens to re-donate to the American people items of historic significance. As a result of her crusade, the White House became an invaluable historic landmark during her husband's administration. As hard as it may be to believe today, prior to Jackie Kennedy's tenure as our First Lady the White House was not even officially listed by the Federal Government as a historic site. She vigorously campaigned for this designation, as she also vigorously campaigned for the funding—the vast majority of which was from the private sector—necessary for the restoration and preservation of the White House.

Few of the visitors to the White House today appreciate that it is due to Mrs. Kennedy's efforts that its value as an informative and favorite stopping place for tourists, as well as a historic landmark, is preserved for us and for future generations.

We must not forget, either, that it was through her efforts that the White House, and Washington, DC, became a cultural center. The Center for the Performing Arts, which today is named in memory of President Kennedy, was her inspiration.

Most Americans are well aware and quite conscious of the fact that, during her tenure as First Lady, Mrs. Kennedy set a style of elegance and grace in the White House which captivated the imagination of the world, and which rapidly became the hallmark of Americanism throughout the world. My close friend, Oleg Cassini, served as Mrs. Kennedy's fashion designer and the revolutionary changes he and she made on the styles of the day reverberate to this day.

Not so many Americans are conscious of another, even more indelible contribution made by Mrs. Kennedy: The example she set of dignified courage in the face of overwhelming personal tragedy. The assassination of the President, on November 22, 1963, was one of the most traumatic single events in all of history. President Kennedy's youth and vigor made his sudden, totally unanticipated death all the more shocking and distressing. The fact that the United States had not experienced a Presidential assassination in over 62 years, and the fact that what was then the new electronic age, brought the horror of the assassination into virtually every living room in America, only underscored the deep emotional impact which it had on all alive at that time. Mrs. Kennedy was only the second First Lady in history to be present at the scene of the awesome crime, and accordingly would have been justified in a total withdrawal from the public eye.

Instead, with infinite grace, Mrs. Kennedy publicly led our Nation through its period of mourning. Her grieving face, standing next to President Johnson as he was sworn in just minutes after the assassination, is etched in the public memory forever. She, in fact, is the focal point of all our shared memories of that tragic weekend: Her kneeling at the coffin in the Capitol Rotunda; her urging her small son to salute his daddy's casket; and her accepting the folded American flag at Arlington National Cemetery—all of these images are forever frozen in the national consciousness and were indispensable in allowing us to cope with this monumental tragedy.

The assassination of President Kennedy was the first single event in all of history which was known by over 90 percent of all Americans within an hour of its occurrence. Her strength and dignity throughout the 4 days of memorial services did much to keep the Nation united during this time of uncertainty and dread.

Her conduct throughout the remainder of the 1960s set an example which all of us in the future should use as an appropriate role model. Although the tabloid press and the sensationalist elements in our society attempted to utilize her persona to their own ends, she remained above all controversy and criticism in silent dignity, pursuing her own grace and charm while protecting her children from the glare of needless publicity.

Throughout the twilight of her life, Jacqueline Kennedy chose to die with dignity. Her courage in the face of fatal illness, her refusal to be kept alive by artificial means, and her insistence in passing away in the presence of her dearest loved ones have humbled us all. The manner of her passing was an example to all of us on death with dignity, and is tragic only because, at the relatively tender age of 64, we appreciate that she had so much more to contribute and to be with us.

We extend our condolences to her children, John, Jr. and Caroline, to her grandchildren, and to the many family members and loved ones who were touched by the life of this remarkable woman.

The Honorable William F. Goodling of Pennsylvania

She was the epitome of grace. Beautiful, charming, and intelligent, she was a model First Lady. And she was a devoted mother who raised two very fine children under difficult circumstances. Through her inner strength, she set an excellent example which helped bring the Nation through a tragic time.

The Honorable Earl F. Hilliard of Alabama

Mr. Speaker, John Doone, the 14th century English poet, wrote about the democracy of death, and I quote:

> It comes equally to us all, and makes us all equal when it comes. The ashes of an oak in the chimney are no epitaph of that oak, to tell me how high or large it was; it tells me not what flocks it sheltered while it stood, nor what men it hurt when it fell. The dust of a great person's grave is speechless too, it says nothing. It distinguishes nothing.

What does distinguish us are the good deeds we do in life, and how we handle the darkest moments of our existence. During one of the saddest moments of our Nation's history, the spirit and strength of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis illuminated our hearts and souls. Her image will be forever etched in all of our minds. To say she was memorable is superfluous. But whomever is old enough to remember Mrs. Kennedy in 1963, dressed in black, attending her husband's funeral, just two rooms over in this Capitol's rotunda, will never forget her.

Mrs. Kennedy's composure, was America's composure. Mrs. Kennedy's strength, was our strength. Mrs. Kennedy's loss, was our loss, and Mrs. Kennedy's dignity was America's pride.

A door was closed in the history of our Nation when she left us. After all, she was a link to our glorious past, as well as to the legacy of the Presidential years of her beloved husband Jack Kennedy, our late, fallen President. In closing, let us remember the words of the verse that she so often quoted:

> Don't let it be forgot, that once there was a spot, for one brief shining moment that was known as Camelot.

God bless you Jackie, and God bless your family. We will never forget you or Camelot.

The Honorable Marcy Kaptur of Ohio

Mr. Speaker, I rise tonight to commemorate Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis who devoted her life to the enrichment of the human spirit and for this, we will always be indebted to her.

Throughout her life, Jacqueline continually gave to others, never losing her sense of self. Following President Kennedy's assassination, during times of uncertainty, Jacqueline's inspirational strength and quiet courage provided a tower of strength to guide our Nation through the dark winter of 1963. Jacqueline overcame her own personal loss in order to selflessly bind the country together as a family.

During the following years, she raised two children with character, while founding the Kennedy Library. She hoped that this library would be a living legacy to her husband. Jacqueline's love of excellence, perpetual optimism, and hope enriched the lives of millions. She never cashed in her life's story, nor wore her life on her sleeve. In this day of tell all, she protected her privacy and her children's privacy. She exemplified excellence by her determination to promote the arts and all that is fine in life. Her adventurous spirit and tireless search for a new and better world brightened all our lives. Her life, including her research and contributions to her husband's Pulitzer prize winning "Profiles in Courage," have truly earned her a chapter in that famous book.

Throughout history Jacqueline's spirit of fortitude, adventure, and courage will always live on and fill the hearts of America.

The Honorable Barbara B. Kennelly of Connecticut

Mr. Speaker, I would like to honor the memory of a truly great woman: Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis.

My parents knew her well during her years in the White House. They knew her as a woman of intelligence, beauty, grace and charm, who captivated the Nation. And in the years following her time in the White House, I watched in admiration as she became well respected in publishing and carried out her philanthropic works in New York.

But I will also remember her as a mother who raised her children very well, in remarkably difficult circumstances.

In 1963, I was the mother of a young child in Hartford, Connecticut. Like so many others in this country, I was captivated by Jackie. I watched her on TV, I read about her in the paper. I followed her every move. And I grieved for her when the President died.

It didn't seem possible that the years of Camelot could come to an end. That she would end up a widow. That her children had lost their father.

But she met this tragedy with strength, and helped all of us make the transition to the next era. In the ensuing years she protected her children, helping them lead as normal a life as possible.

There were many reasons why we admired Mrs. Onassis: Her intelligence, her beauty, her charm. But it was her ability to face tragedy head on, her strength to build a new life for her and her children, that I will always remember.

On behalf of my mother, and the rest of my family, I would like to extend my deepest sympathy to the family of Mrs. Onassis. The Nation once again grieves with you.

The Honorable Sander M. Levin of Michigan

Mr. Speaker, the death of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis evokes flashes of memory, first and foremost November 22 and its aftermath, her grace, her dignity, her strength.

But as we watched television last night and this morning, my wife and I, there were also memories of those days before November 22, their excitement, their sense of decency, and their sense of the worthiness of public service. Some might call those memories illusion. I would call them hope.

May that hope not pass on with Jackie Kennedy; instead, may it be rekindled.

The Honorable John Lewis of Georgia

Mr. Speaker, I rise today with a deep sense of sadness and sorrow over the passing of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis. Our prayers are with her children, her grandchildren, and other members of her family.

Many of us came of age when this beautiful and gifted woman and President Kennedy held the attention of a hopeful nation. In Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, we had the most gracious First Lady to occupy the White House in modern times. She was the epitome of grace, charm, intellect, and beauty. Anyone who can remember the week of November 22, 1963, cannot forget how she led us through that difficult period following the assassination of President Kennedy.

Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis represented the very best of America. She was a source of inspiration to millions of Americans. For many of us, her passing means the loss of a dear and special friend.

Mrs. Onassis was always charming and generous. She was a great supporter of the arts and historic preservation. Many historic buildings in New York City, Washington, DC, and all around the country are standing because of her tireless efforts.

Mrs. Onassis will be missed by millions of Americans. Her passing is a great loss.

The Honorable Nita M. Lowey of New York

Mr. Speaker, this evening I join my colleagues in paying tribute to the life and memory of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis. Her days, filled with great triumph and great tragedy, remind us that, in the end, character rises above circumstance.

Jacqueline Bouvier was very young when she enchanted the people of Massachusetts as the bride of their junior Senator. She was pregnant with her second child, and needed to be shielded from the campaign trail's wind and rain when her husband sought the Presidency. But in her own unique way, she still captured the Nation's imagination.

As First Lady, she made individuality fashionable, displaying a grace borne not of pretense, but of confidence. She seemed the embodiment of the Nation we hoped to be—a dream made real, at least for a time. And on that terrible fall day in 1963, it was her image which most touched us, reaching to grasp the empty air, standing beside the new President, blood stains on her suit, to affirm the endurance of our democracy, and directing a tribute to her husband which enabled all of us to face the awful news, and yet move forward.

Since then, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis has been less before our eyes, but perhaps more in our hearts. Those of us from New York thought of her as the city's first citizen, concerned always with preserving New York's special vitality, made visible in the brick and mortar of countless structures and monuments. She was a patron of the arts whose personal commitment to beauty and expression enriched the cultural experience of our entire community. She was an editor, an author, a mother, a dreamer, and a doer.

And though she never sought the glare of a public life, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis never denied to us the warmth of her personality, or the inspiration of her example.

Mrs. Onassis lives on in our memories as a model of grace, intelligence, and integrity. Through trials that would break many men and women, she remained always true to herself, never losing sight of the values she thought so important to our Nation, never dimming the spirit that shined through even the darkest experience. We will miss her.

The Honorable Carolyn B. Maloney of New York

Mr. Speaker, I have called this special order and rise to pay tribute to a constituent of mine who recently passed away. Her name is Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis.

From the day an assassin's bullets desecrated Camelot until her stroll in Central Park the weekend before she died, Mrs. Onassis embodied the strength, resilience, and independence that is the very essence of America.

We live in an age when our leaders and icons are brutally assaulted by character assassins. Gentility has steadily declined into an abyss of cynicism and tabloid commercialism.

Somehow, with her graceful manner, philanthropic spirit and infinite cultural breadth, Mrs. Onassis symbolized the last of American royalty. The end of her life brought the end of an era.

Today, Mrs. Clinton is transforming the role of the First Lady in the White House. In the early 1960s, Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy transformed the White House itself.

For the first time, she invited the American people inside the White House, making it our house instead of a remote Government bastion shrouded in mystery. With her impeccable aesthetic sensibility and expansive grasp of history, she populated the White House with elegant artifacts of the past, which brought an exalted spirit to the present.

Jacqueline Kennedy's artistic passion gave rise to a White House fine arts commission, and even wowed typically cool Parisians, who embraced her with open arms. After their trip to France, President Kennedy referred to himself as "the man who accompanied Jacqueline Kennedy to Paris . . ."

Mrs. Kennedy's grand elegance in Washington and blossoming, barefoot motherhood on the beaches of Martha's Vineyard, contributed to 1,000 days of nostalgia that many of us equate with our innocence.

Surviving a miscarriage, a stillbirth, and the assassination of her husband and his brother, Mrs. Onassis looked fate square in the eye, and steadfastly refused to be pitied by anyone.

Still, she was not invulnerable. Five years after her husband's assassination, when she became engaged to Aristotle Onassis, she told a friend: "You don't know how lonely I've been."

In an age when seemingly everyone wants to broadcast their inner secrets on TV talk shows, Mrs. Onassis treasured and guarded her privacy after leaving the White House, turning down thousands of interview requests.

How ironic that a woman who began her career as an inquiring photographer, would shy away, when the lens was turned toward her.

Mrs. Onassis believed that her life was a precious possession that was not to be trivialized. She refused to become anyone's property.

In everything Mrs. Onassis did, she gave a great deal of herself, but she never gave herself away.

As a book editor in later life, she was described as a writer's editor who worked with painstaking sensitivity and close interaction

with the author. In an age of narcissism, she realized that there were stories worth telling other than her own.

She did create two of her own masterpieces. Their names are John and Caroline.

I feel particular gratitude to Mrs. Onassis for the many contributions she made to local causes in the community where she lived and which I am privileged to represent in Congress. She was a driving force in her support for the historic preservation of the East Side of Manhattan. She showed unwavering dedication to the preservation of Grand Central Station, and strived for the preservation of low-cost housing, one of New York's most dire needs.

In her final years, Mrs. Onassis had the good fortune to be joined in life by Maurice Templesman, a wonderful, caring man whom many in this Chamber have the privilege of knowing.

To the world, Mr. Speaker, Mrs. Onassis lived a life of majesty and tragedy on a grand stage. But she never bought into that image of herself. Millions wanted her to live a public life, but instead she chose an inner life. Perhaps that is why so many private citizens identify with her so closely. Unlike most of the rich and famous, she was not one of them. In that regard, she was one of us.

Thank you, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, for all you gave us, and all you showed us. May you sleep in heavenly peace.

The Honorable Romano L. Mazzoli of Kentucky

Mr. Speaker, today we pay tribute to Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis, an extraordinary woman who lived in extraordinary times.

In 1960, she swept into the light of the cameras and dazzled America and the world with her charm, beauty, and elegance. As First Lady, her restoration of the White House was done with intelligence, sensitivity, and an excellent sense of history. And, today, millions of Americans can be proud of the house that belongs to all citizens of this Nation.

She was never considered average, but she strived to live a quiet and unassuming life amid all the clamor and glamour of political life in Washington. Mrs. Onassis' joys in life were simple: Her family, her friends, her books, and her work. The world watched her, studied her, and admired her because of her serenity and simplicity in the midst of anxiety and complexity.

Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis touched the lives of all Americans with her style, grace, and intellect. Mrs. Onassis will be most remembered, however, for the public courage she displayed after the assassination of her husband, the President of the United

States. As the world mourned our Nation's tragedy, she bravely continued her role as mother to her fatherless children. For that act of courage, Americans will remain eternally grateful.

The Honorable Charles B. Rangel of New York

Mr. Speaker, I would like to bring to the floor at this time, special words of tribute for one whom we hold so dear, to a woman who epitomized courage and grace, and to one who will forever remain in our hearts—the lady of which I speak is Jacqueline Kennedy, our former First Lady.

Long admired for her beauty, style, and grace, Jacqueline Kennedy was certainly a most gracious First Lady. Her charm was insatiable and everyone loved her, for it was easy to observe her outer beauty, and a pleasure to know the inner beauty that was there.

From her love of family to her passion for the arts, Jacqueline Kennedy was a treasure to behold. She brought vision and dignity to the White House and forever changed the way we came to think of that special residence. It wasn't long after she arrived at the White House that she focused on its restoration, and with a talent and style that could match no other, made it a cultural showpiece and shared it with all Americans as she later hosted, "A Tour of the White House with Mrs. John F. Kennedy."

While she had much tragedy in her life, it was certainly not tragic. She would rise above that dreadful day in Dallas, to enjoy a successful career in the publishing world. For all her genuineness, nobility, and depth of character, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis will be missed—her contributions to American history never forgotten—and her legacy—an inspiration.

Thank you Jackie.

The Honorable Jack Reed of Rhode Island

Mr. Speaker, I rise to express my condolences on the death of an extraordinary American, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis.

Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis had a special place in the hearts of Rhode Islanders. Her youthful summers in Newport, her joyous wedding at St. Mary's Church, all of these affiliations with Rhode Island gave us a particular pride. This pride grew with each passing year as we saw her claim an equally special place in the hearts of all the world.

For those of us who grew up in the exciting days of the New Frontier, she will always be part of our consciousness. Along with President Kennedy, she brought a special energy and style to the national scene. In those heady days, with two youthful vigorous and accomplished residents of the White House, we felt that anything was possible.

Jacqueline Kennedy brought to the White House a sophistication and charm that endeared her to everyday Americans and world leaders alike. President Kennedy remarked after his historic trip to France that he would be remembered simply as the man who brought Jackie Kennedy to Paris.

She radiated a special beauty and serenity that captivated us all. I remember, as a young boy, watching her televised tour of the White House. I was enthralled with her evocation of our history. She conveyed not only the importance of the White House as a symbol of our political heritage and her commitment to recognizing American arts; she also made us feel at home in her home and the home of her family.

When one stops and considers her life, we are struck with myriad images. I recall her interview with President Kennedy on Ed Morrow's "Person to Person." She was a young woman whose soft-spoken grace and obvious love for her husband provided a spark of magic in the otherwise dreary routine of politics. I recall the extraordinary evening in the White House when she hosted Robert Frost, Igor Stravinsky, and Pablo Casals. She and her husband made the arts and culture fashionable not just in the salons of the privileged but throughout the land.

Sadly, it was the tragic death of President Kennedy that transformed her into a historic figure of courage and strength, whose example calmed and reassured a grieving nation. No one can forget her quiet dignity as she endured the unendurable.

Her life after the White House was full of accomplishment. She remained to her last day an image of grace and elegance. We mourn her passing and express our sincerest condolences to her family.

The Honorable Carlos Romero-Barceló of Puerto Rico

Mr. Speaker, I rise to join in this special tribute to former First Lady, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis.

The widow of former President John F. Kennedy brought a special charm to the White House during the Kennedy years. She became a legendary part of the Presidential aura. As an individual with her own special skills, sense of culture and knowledge of

American history, the former First Lady continued on in her own unique career after the President's tragic assassination.

She put her children and her family first in her order of priorities, continuing to be the gracious and loving mother she always was until the end.

In the public eye, she was different things to many Americans and throughout difficult periods in her life she never lost sight of who she was and what, in the history of this country, she meant as a public figure.

Her buoyancy in life, her appreciation of what the Presidency meant to the American people and to our traditions and values, never left her, not in the years when the youth and vigor of the Kennedy administration resonated throughout the country, nor in the tragic aftermath of the President's passing.

We still miss her and shall have her in our prayers forever.

The Honorable Bobby L. Rush of Illinois

Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis will always be remembered and revered with great fondness and affection from millions of people here in the United States, and from around the world. I, too, will also remember her poise and steadfastness during times of great emotional upheaval in this country. Through her gracious manner, she affected millions who were touched by her loving devotion to her family, friends, and country.

Perhaps no other former First Lady arouses such great sentiment and deep feeling than she. Thus, it is a sad day that we come to mourn for her loss. Yet in this time of grief we should look to her as an inspiration in overcoming our great sorrow and despair. Throughout her life, she encouraged others to look forward, to rejoice in life's wonderful treasures. We should recall her words, and look ahead toward a life that is full of love for our families, our friends, our country, and of hope eternal.

The Honorable Jim Slattery of Kansas

Mr. Speaker, I am privileged to have this opportunity to pay tribute today to Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis. She was a woman of immeasurable intelligence and strength, who traveled life's journey on an often long and arduous path. Her distinguished sense of self, love of family, commitment to country, and belief in God forged a

bond with our Nation, and carried her through her journey with dignity and grace.

Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis was a true student of history with a love of culture and a desire to bring out the best in America. She sought the beauty in life and sought to live life to the fullest. I was young, a part of the generation of hope. I admired the vision of John Kennedy. I also admired young Jacqueline Kennedy and her strong sense of human decency. Her poise and radiance, displayed even during the most adverse circumstances, inspired Americans everywhere, and gave us strength.

Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis once stated that "Everything in the White House must have a reason for being there." I truly believe that there was a reason she was with us. She taught us about courage, faith, and values, a reminder for today of all that is necessary for the foundation of our dreams.

The funeral of President John F. Kennedy was a somber reminder of the vitality of youth and the seconds it takes to have it stripped away. We should all live our lives to the fullest, as if every hour on Earth may be our last. We should follow the example of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, remembering to seek out the beauty in life and to put faith and family first. These are the bonds which remain strong, even in death.

Individually, and as a Nation, we should be extremely grateful for all of her life that was given to us.

The Honorable Bart Stupak of Michigan

Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis transformed the way Americans view the First Lady, the First Family, and the White House. Her endearing legacy is one of grace, beauty, and elegance.

She transformed the role of the First Lady and the image of the White House. She and President Kennedy were the first couple in the 20th century to have young children living at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. She interjected a breath of fresh air into a stale and dull White House by redecorating it with early 19th century furnishings. She invited the American people into her living room by providing a guided tour for us that was broadcast by all three networks. Everything she did as the First Lady was in sharp contrast to the Cold War period that the American people experienced in the 1950s.

She mesmerized us with her beauty and grace. But, the American people weren't the only ones to admire her. In France, where her ancestors were from, she captured the attention of the French people. During a Presidential tour of France, French men and

women would yell at her: "Vive Jacqui." After the Paris tour, President Kennedy was quoted as saying: "I am the man who accompanied Jacqueline Kennedy to Paris—and I enjoyed it." The first 1,000 days of the Kennedy administration produced a different kind of Presidency to the American people. Images of youth and change filled our TV screens, and hearts, as we watched the Kennedy family. Jacqueline Kennedy was as much a part of that image as her husband. She helped change America, and it was changed for the better.

She was only 34 when an assassin's bullet sharply altered the course of American history. Not nearly old enough to be a widow, the image most of America will always remember is Jackie Kennedy as a woman of strength, honor, and grace. She never waivered and she never flinched. With more weight on her shoulders than anyone can possibly comprehend, she displayed the qualities that caused the American people to fall in love with her. When America mourned our slain President, we turned to look at Jackie and we watched how Jackie conducted herself. We based our own behavior and our own actions on the actions of Jacqueline Kennedy—and we were not disappointed. She was always the epitome of strength. For that we will always be indebted to her.

I believe to fully appreciate the life of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, we must also discuss her life and work after President Kennedy was killed. In 1978, she became an editor for Doubleday Books. When you read some of the quotes that authors bestowed on Mrs. Onassis, we can, once again, remember what made her so fascinating. Authors usually don't have very kind words for editors, especially wealthy editors that have lived in public life. But the accolades that we bestowed on her in the White House followed her to the editing world. She was known as a thoughtful and unassuming colleague who wanted to be treated as all the other editors were treated at Doubleday.

The American people may have thought she was highly intellectual as the First Lady, but those in New York's editing world were made aware of her intelligence and extensive worldly knowledge while she was at Doubleday. She edited 10 to 12 books a year on performing arts and many other subjects. She published Bill Moyer's "Healing and the Mind," and Edward Radzinsky's "The Last Tsar: The Life and Death of Nicholas II." She published children's books and inspired Doubleday and Noble Prize Egyptian author Naguib Mahfouz, to translate his Cairo Trilogy, "Palace Walk," "Palace of Desire," and "Sugar Street" to English to be enjoyed by millions and millions of readers.

Her work as an editor has largely gone unknown to the American people, but it gives us another glimpse into her life. She really was a truly amazing person.

We all know that the epitaph of the Kennedy administration is Camelot. But, few people realize that it was Jackie Kennedy who created that epitaph. It happened in an interview, a rare interview, that Jackie Kennedy requested herself. She told author Theodore H. White, who was a Kennedy confidant, and at that time writing for Life Magazine, that after the President's death the title song of the musical "Camelot" has become an "obsession with me" lately. She said that at night before bedtime, her husband had often played it, or asked her to play it, on an old Victrola in their bedroom. Mr. White quoted her as saying: "And the song he loved most came at the very end of this record, the last side of Camelot, sad Camelot . . . Don't let it be forgot, that once there was a spot, for one brief shining moment that was known as Camelot. . . . There'll never be another Camelot again." And so it was born, and it will never die—The Kennedy Presidency—America's Camelot.

The Honorable William H. Zeliff, Jr. of New Hampshire

Mr. Speaker, Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis, or Jackie, as America adoringly called her, came into our lives and charmed not only a nation, but an entire world as well. She symbolized an America that was wide-eyed and young and fresh, and by the side of JFK she not only captured America's heart, but, said Charles de Gaulle of her remarkable composure following the assassination of her husband, "She gave an example to the world of how to behave."

Beautiful and demure, the aura of mystery which surrounded her was like an unquenchable thirst of the public who adored her. We watched as this new chapter of American history unfolded, a young, handsome President, his charming, beautiful wife and the children America has doted over almost as much as did their mother. This woman we called Jackie once said of these two, whom she adored and fiercely protected, "I want John and Caroline to grow up to be good people." An image which will be forever etched in the minds of all Americans is of young John, saluting his father, beside a beautiful, courageous widow.

Ironically, the one thing coveted above all else by this adored public figure was her privacy. She spent her lifetime shielding both herself and her family from the public who cherished them. She gracefully acknowledged the adoration of the world, often with only the flash of her brilliant smile.

John Kennedy, Jr. said his mother had died "surrounded by her friends and her family and her books. She did it in her own way and in her own terms." Her image is synonymous with beauty and elegance. She has left not only America but the world as well with unforgettable memories of a time gone by, a time of innocence and charm in our country's history which will never be forgotten, a time called Camelot.

STATEMENTS DELIVERED FROM THE WHITE HOUSE

President William J. Clinton

Washington, DC, May 20, 1994.

On this sad occasion, Hillary and I join our Nation in mourning the loss of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis. Jackie Kennedy Onassis was a model of courage and dignity for all Americans and all the world.

More than any other woman of her time, she captivated our Nation and the world with her intelligence, her elegance, and her grace. Even in the face of impossible tragedy, she carried the grief of her family and our entire Nation with a calm power that somehow reassured all the rest of us.

As First Lady, Mrs. Onassis had an uncommon appreciation of the culture that awakened us to all the beauty of our own heritage. She loved art and music, poetry and books, history and architecture, and all matters that enrich the human spirit. She was equally passionate about improving the human condition. She abhorred discrimination of all kinds. And through small, quiet gestures, she stirred the Nation's conscience. She was the first First Lady to hire a mentally retarded employee here at the White House. And she made certain for the first time that minority children were all welcome in the White House nursery.

She and President Kennedy embodied such vitality, such optimism, such pride in our Nation, they inspired an entire generation of young Americans to see the nobility of helping others and to get involved in public service.

When I became President, I was fortunate enough to get to know Mrs. Onassis better, and to see her and her children as friends as well as important American history models and good citizens. I can say that, as much as anything else today, I am grateful for her incredible generosity to Hillary and to Chelsea, the way she shared her thoughts on everything from how to raise children in the White House to ideas about historic preservation, to her favorite current books.

We hope that Mrs. Onassis' children, John and Caroline, and her grandchildren, find solace in the extraordinary contribution she made to our country. Our thoughts and prayers are with her children and grandchildren, and her entire family, as we grieve over the passing of a cherished friend.

First Lady Hillary Rodham Clinton

Washington, DC, May 20, 1994.

I just wanted to say, personally, that every day, this Nation owes a great debt to Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis. The Nation has lost a treasure, and our family has lost a dear friend.

We stand here in one of the many legacies that she has given to this House and to our country; in this garden, which is named for her, which she helped to realize.

If she taught us anything, it was to know the meaning of responsibility—to one's family and to one's community. Her great gift of grace and style and dignity and heroism is an example that will live through the ages.

As a mother, she was selflessly devoted to her children and never wavered in the value she placed on being a mother, and more recently a grandmother. She once explained the importance of spending time with family and said: "If you bungle raising your children, I don't think whatever else you do matters very much."

She was a great support to me, personally, when I started talking with her in the summer of 1992 about the challenges and opportunities of being in this position, and how she had managed so well to carve out the space and privacy that children need to grow into what they have a right to become.

She will always be more than a great First Lady. She was a great woman and a great friend. And all of us will miss her very much.

SPECIAL TRIBUTE BY SENATOR EDWARD M. KENNEDY

St. Ignatius Loyola Church, New York City
May 23, 1994

Last summer, when we were on the upper deck of the boat at the vineyard, waiting for President and Mrs. Clinton to arrive, Jackie turned to me and said, "Teddy, you go down and greet the President."

I said, "Maurice is already there."

And Jackie answered: "Teddy, you do it. Maurice isn't running for re-election."

She was always there, for all our family, in her special way.

She was a blessing to us and to the Nation, and a lesson to the world on how to do things right, how to be a mother, how to appreciate history, how to be courageous.

No one else looked like her, spoke like her, wrote like her, or was so original in the way she did things. No one we knew ever had a better sense of self.

Eight months before she married Jack, they went together to President Eisenhower's inaugural ball. Jackie said later that that's where they decided they liked inaugurations.

No one ever gave more meaning to the title of First Lady. The Nation's capital city looks as it does because of her. She saved Lafayette Square and Pennsylvania Avenue.

Jackie brought the greatest artists to the White House, and brought the arts to the center of national attention. Today, in large part because of her inspiration and vision, the arts are an abiding part of national policy.

President Kennedy took such delight in her brilliance and her spirit. At a White House dinner, he once leaned over and told the wife of the French Ambassador: "Jackie speaks fluent French. But I only understand one out of every five words she says—and that word is 'de Gaulle.'"

And then, during those four endless days in 1963, she held us together as a family and a country. In large part because of her, we could grieve and then go on. She lifted us up, and in the doubt and darkness, she gave her fellow citizens back their pride as Americans. She was then 34 years old.

Afterward, as the eternal flame she lit flickered in the autumn of Arlington Cemetery, Jackie went on to do what she most wanted—to raise Caroline and John, and warm her family's life and that of all the Kennedys.

Robert Kennedy sustained her, and she helped make it possible for Bobby to continue. She kept Jack's memory alive, as she carried Jack's mission on.

Her two children turned out to be extraordinary, honest, unspoiled and with a character equal to hers. And she did it in the most trying of circumstances. They are her two miracles.

Her love for Caroline and John was deep and unqualified. She reveled in their accomplishments, she hurt with their sorrows, and she felt sheer joy and delight spending time with them. At the mere mention of their names, Jackie's eyes would shine brighter and her smile would grow bigger.

She once said that if you "bungle raising your children nothing else much matters in life." She didn't bungle. Once again, she showed how to do the most important thing of all, and do it right.

When she went to work, Jackie became a respected professional in the world of publishing. And because of her, remarkable books came to life. She searched out new authors and ideas. She was interested in everything.

Her love of history became a devotion to historic preservation. You knew, when Jackie joined the cause to save a building in Manhattan, the bulldozers might as well turn around and go home.

She had a wonderful sense of humor—a way of focusing on someone with total attention—and a little girl delight in who they were and what they were saying. It was a gift of herself that she gave to others. And in spite of all her heartache and loss, she never faltered.

I often think of what she said about Jack in December after he died: "They made him a legend, when he would have preferred to be a man." Jackie would have preferred to be just herself, but the world insisted that she be a legend, too.

She never wanted public notice—in part I think, because it brought back painful memories of an unbearable sorrow, endured in the glare of a million lights.

In all the years since then, her genuineness and depth of character continued to shine through the privacy and reach people everywhere. Jackie was too young to be a widow in 1963, and too young to die now.

Her grandchildren were bringing new joy to her life, a joy that illuminated her face whenever you saw them together. Whether it was taking Rose and Tatiana for an ice cream cone, or taking a walk in Central Park with little Jack as she did last Sunday, she

relished being Grand Jackie and showering her grandchildren with love.

At the end, she worried more about us than herself. She let her family and friends know she was thinking of them. How cherished were those wonderful notes in her distinctive hand on her powder blue stationery!

In truth, she did everything she could, and more, for each of us.

She made a rare and noble contribution to the American spirit. But for us, most of all she was a magnificent wife, mother, grandmother, sister, aunt, and friend.

She graced our history. And for those of us who knew and loved her, she graced our lives.

POEM READING BY CAROLINE KENNEDY SCHLOSSBERG

Daughter of President Kennedy and

Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis

The poem I'm going to read comes from a book my mother kept on a special bookshelf in her room. The front of the book reads "Marie McKinney Memorial Award in Literature, First Prize." Presented to Jacqueline Bouvier, June 1946. And the poem is called "Memory of Cape Cod" by Edna St. Vincent Millay.

The wind in the ash tree sounds like surf on
the shore at Truro.
I will shut my eyes.
Hush. Be still with your silly pleading
sheep on Shilling Stone Hill.
They said, come along.
They said, leave your pebbles on the sand
and come along.
It's long after sunset.
The mosquitoes will be thick in the pine
woods along by Long Neck.
The winds died down. They said, leave your
pebbles on the sand and your shells too
and come along.
We'll find you another beach like the beach
at Truro.
Let me listen to the wind in the ash.
It sounds like the surf on the shore.

READING BY JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY, JR.

Son of President Kennedy and Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis

Before reading a passage from the Book of Isaiah, he said that in choosing the readings for the service, "we struggled to find ones that captured my mother's essence." He said three attributes came to mind. "They were the love of words, the bonds of home and family, and her spirit of adventure."

READING BY MAURICE TEMPELSMAN

Beloved Friend

"ITHAKA" BY C.P. CAVAFY

As you set out for Ithaka
  hope the voyage is a long one,
full of adventure, full of discovery.
  Laistrygonians and Cyclops,
angry Poseidon—don't be afraid
  of them:
you'll never find things like that on
  your way
as long as you keep your thoughts
  raised high,
as long as a rare excitement
  stirs your spirit and your body.
Laistrygonians and Cyclops,
  wild Poseidon—you won't encounter them
unless you bring them along inside
  your soul,
unless your soul sets them up in
  front of you.

Hope the voyage is a long one.
  May there be many a summer
morning when,
  with what pleasure, what joy,
you come into harbors seen for the
  first time;
may you stop at Phoenician trading
  station
to buy fine things,
  mother of pearl and coral, amber
and ebony,
  sensual perfume of every kind—
as many sensual perfumes as you
  can,
and may you visit many Egyptian
  cities
to gather stores of knowledge from
  their scholars.

Keep Ithaka always in your mind.
  Arriving there is what you are
destined for.
  But do not hurry the journey at all.
Better if it lasts for years,
  so you are old by the time you
reach the island,

wealth with all you have gained on
the way,
not expecting Ithaka to make you
rich.

Ithaka gave you the marvelous
journey.
Without her, you would not have
set out.
She has nothing left to give you now.

And if you find her poor, Ithaka
won't have fooled you.
Wise as you will have become,
so full of experience,
you will have understood by then
what these Ithakas mean.

Then, he concluded with his own words:

"And now the journey is over, too short, alas, too short. It was filled with adventure and wisdom, laughter and love, gallantry and grace. So farewell, farewell."

EULOGY DELIVERED AT ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY

May 23, 1994

PRESIDENT WILLIAM J. CLINTON

We are joined here today at the site of the eternal flame, lit by Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis 31 years ago, to bid farewell to this remarkable woman whose life will forever glow in the lives of her fellow Americans.

Whether she was soothing a nation grieving for a former President, or raising the children with the care and the privacy they deserve, or simply being a good friend, she seemed always to do the right thing in the right way.

She taught us by example about the beauty of art, the meaning of culture, the lessons of history, the power of personal courage, the nobility of public service and, most of all, the sanctity of family.

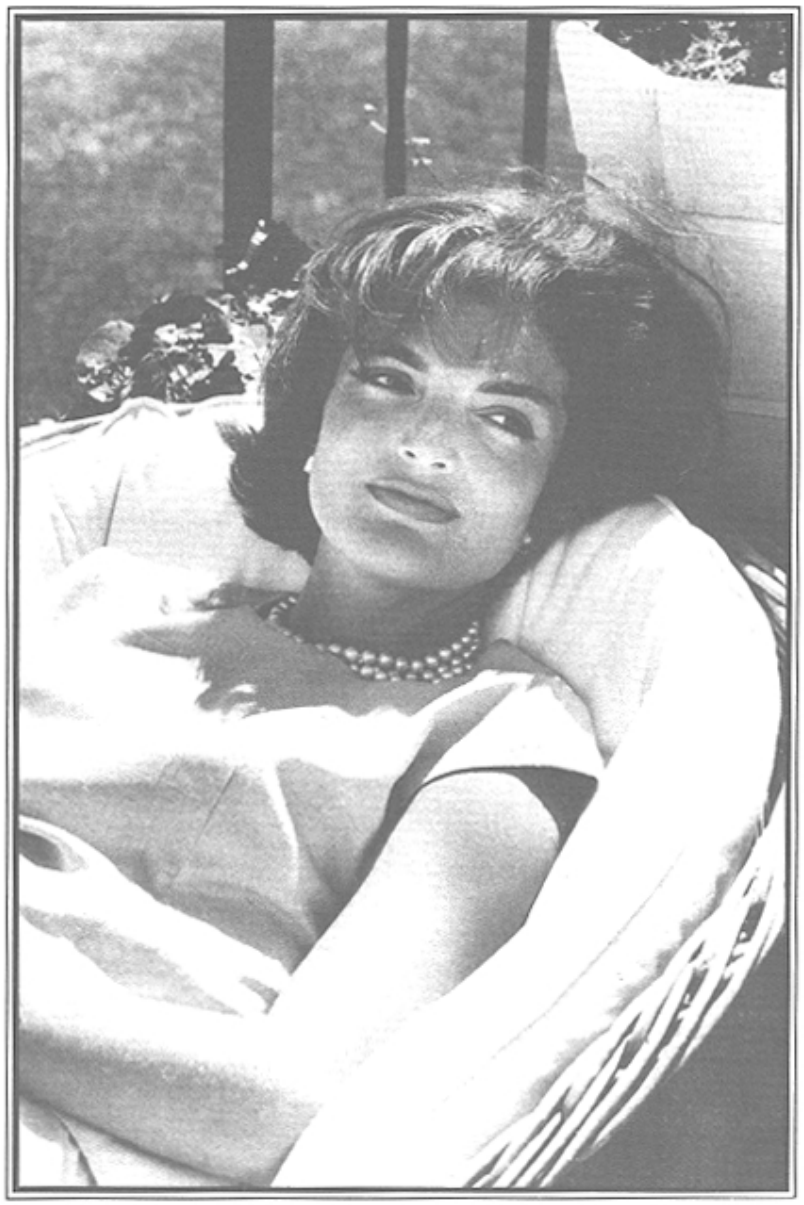
God gave her very great gifts and imposed upon her great burdens. She bore them all with dignity and grace and uncommon common sense. In the end, she cared most about being a good mother to her children, and the lives of Caroline and John leave no doubt that she was that and more.

Hillary and I are especially grateful that she took so much time to talk about the importance of raising children away from the public eye, and we will always remember the wonderful, happy times we shared together last summer.

With admiration, love and gratitude, for the inspiration and the dreams she gave to all of us, we say goodbye to Jackie today.

May the flame she lit so long ago, burn ever brighter here and always brighter in our hearts.

God bless you friend, and farewell.



Jacqueline Kennedy in Hyannisport in 1959.

Senator and Mrs. John F. Kennedy with their daughter Caroline at Hyannisport in 1959.

The Democratic Party nominee and Mrs. Kennedy are cheered in a New York City ticker tape parade during the 1960 Presidential campaign.

President and Mrs. Kennedy, along with Vice President Johnson and his family, arrive at the viewing stand for the Inaugural Parade.

The new First Lady makes her dazzling debut at the Inaugural Balls with President Kennedy.

Speaking in Spanish to luncheon guests during the 1962 state visit to Mexico.

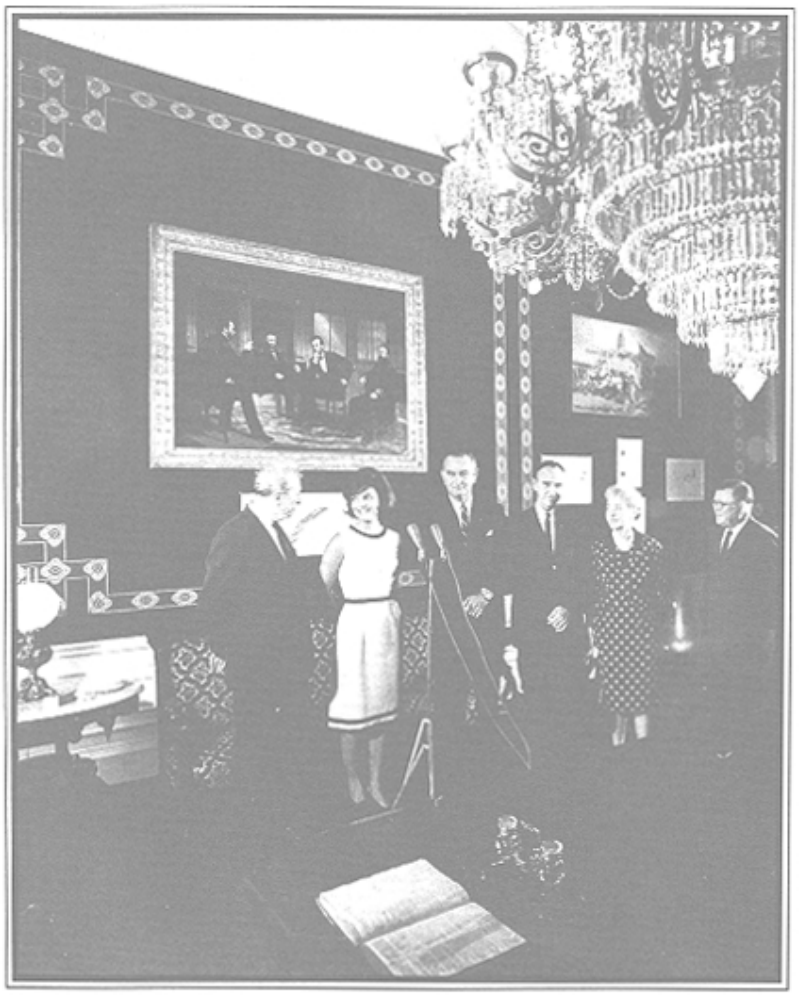
President and Mrs. Kennedy host a White House state dinner for President of the Ivory Coast and Mrs. Felix Houphouet-Boigny in 1962.

Pablo Casals is congratulated after his historic performance in the East Room of The White House in 1961.

Astronaut Alan Sheppard and his wife are welcomed to The White House by President and Mrs. Kennedy and Vice President Lyndon Johnson after he became the first American to go into space.

The President and First Lady leave Washington, DC's National Theater after attending a performance of the musical "Mr. President."

Here with GSA Administrator Bernard Bouten and architect John Carl Warnecke, Jacqueline Kennedy inspects a model of the plan she successfully promoted to preserve Washington historic Lafayette Square.



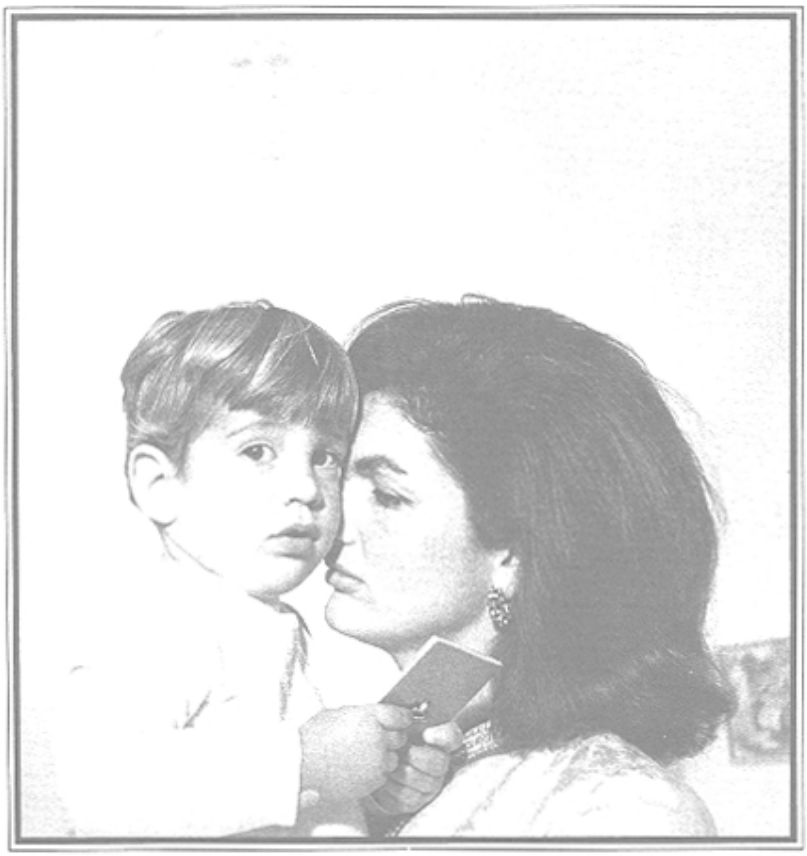
Announcing the restoration of the White House Treaty Room with Senate Republican Leader Everett Dirksen, Vice President Johnson, Majority Leader Mike Mansfield and Mrs. Mansfield, and Archivist of The United States, Wayne Grover in 1962.

The First Lady is greeted by Prime Minister Nehru during her visit to India in 1962.

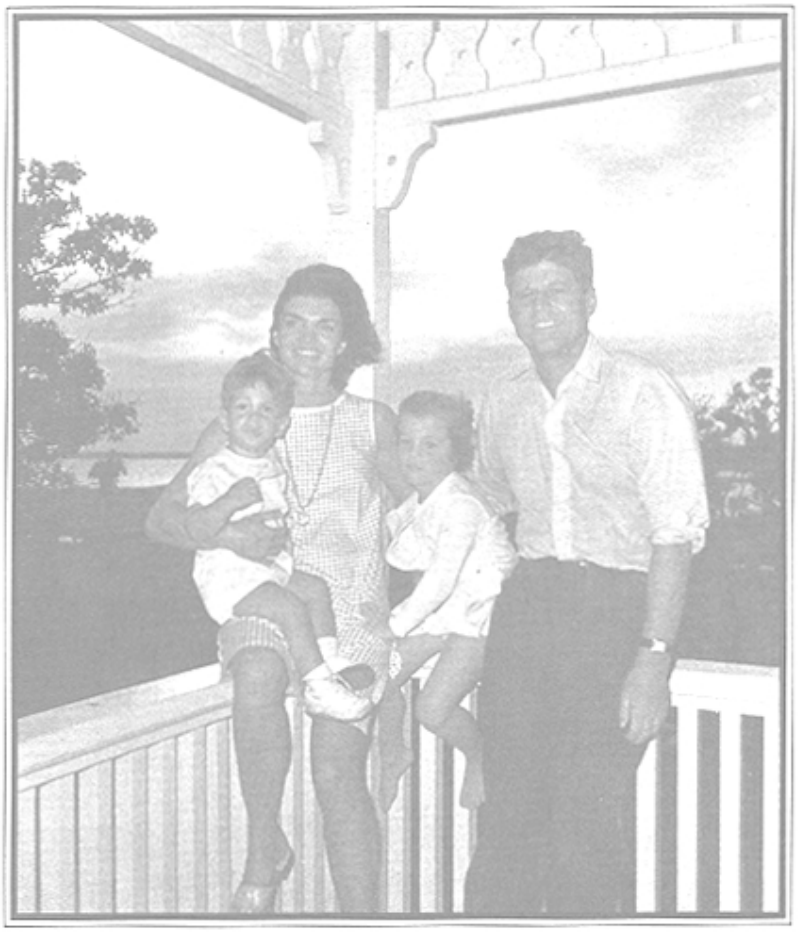
President and Mrs. Kennedy arrive at a White House South Lawn reception in 1962.

Along with Vice President Johnson, The First Lady greets the Conference of Democratic Women visiting the White House in 1962.

With French Minister of State for Cultural Affairs Andre Malraux at the unveiling of the "Mona Lisa" which was loaned to the National Gallery of Art in 1963.



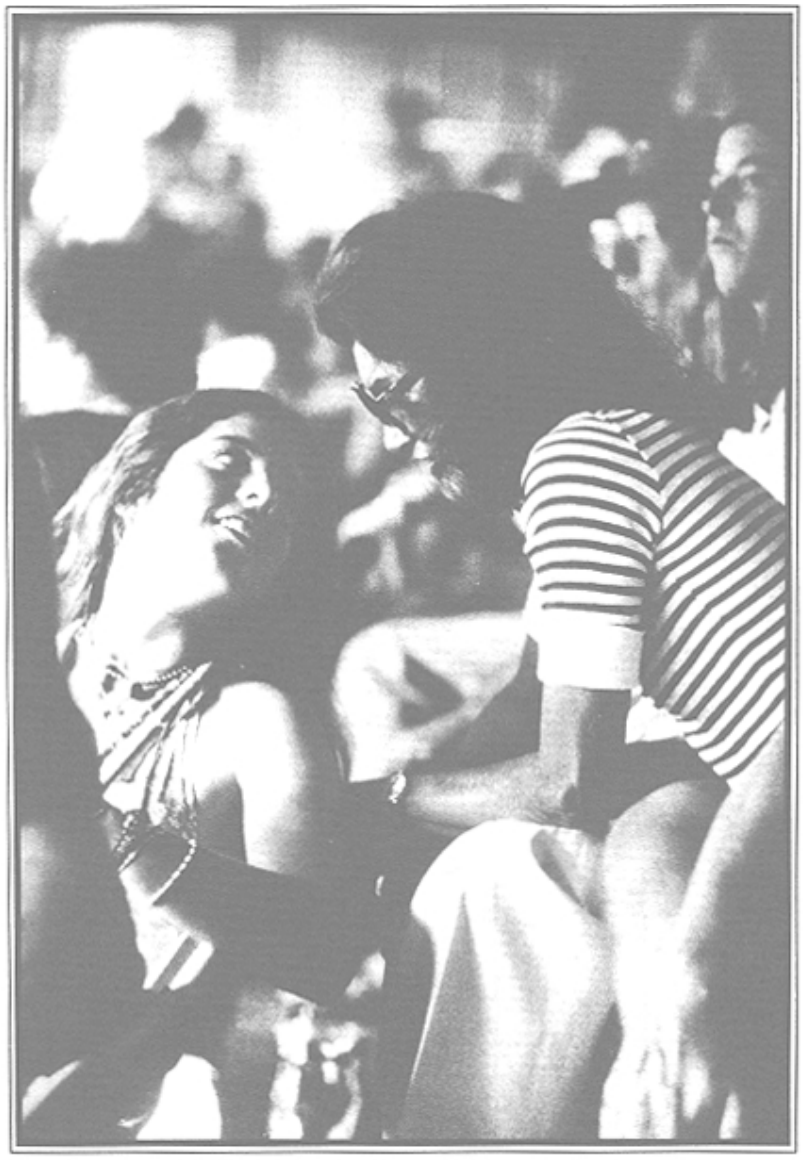
With John F. Kennedy, Jr., at The White House.



Summer on Cape Cod in 1962.

Accompanied by Attorney General Robert Kennedy and Senator Edward Kennedy, Jacqueline Kennedy leads the procession of attending heads of state during President Kennedy's funeral in 1963.

Arriving for an event in New York City in the mid-1970's.



Sharing a special moment with daughter Caroline at the Robert F. Kennedy Tennis Tournament in 1976.

Caroline Kennedy presents Honorable Carl Elliott with the first Profile In Courage Award in 1990, as her mother and Senator Kennedy look on.

Chatting with Nelson Mandela during his visit to the John F. Kennedy Library in 1990.

John F. Kennedy, Jr., and Jacqueline Onassis welcome the Gorbachevs to the Kennedy Library in 1992.

Applauding President Clinton's remarks at the dedication of the Kennedy Library museum in 1993.

COMMENTARIES AND TRIBUTES

[From Newsday Magazine, May 20, 1994]

ABOVE EVERYTHING, A SPECIAL MOTHER

(By Jim Dwyer)

When the world had dried its tears and moved on to other things, Jacqueline Kennedy was still a mother raising two kids by herself. One day in 1965, a phone call came to Peter Clifton. He was then the assistant headmaster of St. David's School on the upper east side of Manhattan, a few blocks from the Kennedy apartment on Fifth Avenue. "Hello Mr. Clifton," said the soft voice on the phone. "This is Jacqueline Kennedy. I wonder if I could come and see the school."

Peter Clifton thought back to that call yesterday, when word came that Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis had been administered the sacraments of the sick in that same Fifth Avenue apartment.

"What kind of mother was she?" said Clifton. "We all found that she was an absolutely sensational mother."

No one knows the hour, the Bible advises, but Mrs. Onassis decided Wednesday that when it came, she would be at home in the big apartment on the park. The tricks of the medical trade had all too quickly lost their magic on her behalf. So she went home to the dignified quiet that she carved for herself in an age of rising babble.

For those of us who were children when the pageant of national funeral was played across our black-and-white TV's, we expected only that Mrs. Kennedy would do what moms do: Just take care of business. To awaken as adults, nearly 31 years later, is to realize for the first time what she faced: She left the White House as a widowed mother, age 34, with two children and the world hounding them every step of the way.

"She was involved with everything that we needed her for," said Peter Clifton. "Not active in the Parents Association, but for anything involving John, she would be in touch with the teachers or myself."

Mrs. Kennedy did not land on the couch at Johnny Carson's or Oprah's, doing private therapy on public time. So today, the assassination generation has no idea what her voice sounds like. Now, raising our own children, it is plain that she spoke forcefully in more important ways.

"You can see the results of her motherhood," said Peter Clifton. "Those two kids have grown up to be great adults."

St. David's is a Catholic school for boys, a few blocks up Fifth Avenue from the Kennedy apartment. It is run by a lay board of trustees and has no formal affiliation with the Archdiocese of New York. Caroline went to a private girls school.

"Everybody was scared to death at the school," Clifton remembered. "At the time, we had about 300 students. Who knew what would be involved?"

At the school, young John Kennedy was another 6-year-old boy, with cousins ahead of and behind him in the same classrooms—Chris Lawford, Steve and Willie Smith, Anthony Radziwill. "That was a help to John, to have a lot of family around," said Clifton. "There was no one sweeter than John—he had no guile in him. He's still like that. I have to give her a lot of credit for that."

She had moved to a neighborhood in New York that would allow her, she hoped, the gift of privacy; she never got it. But she was near to family, and they all had Central Park as their front yard. Of course, she was rich. That might be a few

percent of the struggle in raising kids. She could hire help, but she did not contract out her heart.

"She was always very calm when she came to school, extremely sympathetic to the teachers, especially when there were some difficulties with the Secret Service," said Clifton. "We never really had problems with John, but I always had the feeling that if there were any, she would make great good sense."

Raising kids is a crapshoot, but she did whatever she could to improve their odds. Her son and daughter have conducted themselves as adults with propriety equal to the mother. Idleness worms its way through the lives of the rich and poor, at different angles, but destructively all the same. When her kids got old enough, Mrs. Kennedy went to work. Her children noticed. With a firm, loving hand, she led them away from the bedlam of celebrity.

"I remember taking John to Harvard football games—Penn-Harvard, Columbia-Harvard, and she was enormously thankful for someone paying attention to him," said Clifton. "John also had a tremendous relationship with the head of the Secret Service detail, a terrific guy. Mrs. Kennedy always appreciated that."

Her daughter Caroline, a lawyer and author, has three children. One of them, Rose, was in a nursery school last year, with the children of Art Garfunkel and Sigourney Weaver and the granddaughter of the late Richard Burton.

Of all the grandparents in the class, Jacqueline Onassis was the only one to show up for a class trip—a big outing for the nursery school set, down the block and across the street to the lawns of Central Park. She came in sneakers and jeans, and chatted kid stuff with the other parents, who expected her to be tinny and distant in a pillbox hat. They found her warm and sweet. "Which one is yours?" she demanded. "Show me."

She came home the day before last to the apartment on Fifth Avenue, to spend her last hours overlooking the park where her children and grandchildren skipped in the peace she won for them, and richly earned for herself.

[From the Boston Herald, May 20, 1994]

JACQUELINE KENNEDY ONASSIS, 1929–1994

BELOVED FIRST LADY IS DEAD AT AGE 64

AMERICA LOSES A LEGEND WITH PASSING OF JACKIE O

(By Joe Battenfeld, Andrew Miga, and Joe Mallia)

NEW YORK—Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, 64, died in her Fifth Avenue apartment late last night, spending her final hours alone with her two children as the Nation mourned the passing of one of Camelot's most dashing and dignified figures.

She died at 10:15 p.m., according to an Onassis spokeswoman. Her son, John Kennedy, Jr., and daughter Caroline Kennedy-Schlossberg, and longtime companion, Maurice Tempelsman, were at her bedside when she passed away.

"Jackie was part of our family and part of our hearts for 40 wonderful and unforgettable years, and she will never really leave us," Senator Edward M. Kennedy said in a statement from Washington. "Our love and prayers are with John and Caroline and Ed (Schlossberg) and their three children.

Kennedy will fly to New York tomorrow.

Funeral arrangements were incomplete, but President Clinton and his wife Hillary Rodham Clinton, who became close to Onassis, were expected to attend.

In a statement released last night, President Clinton said, "Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis was a model of courage and dignity for all Americans and all the world.

More than any other woman of her time, she captivated our Nation and the world with her intelligence, elegance, and grace."

The President noted, "Even in the face of impossible tragedy, she carried the grief of her family and our entire Nation with a calm power that somehow reassured all of us who mourned."

Onassis had been clinging to life in a coma at her New York apartment yesterday after receiving last rites. She had reportedly been in a coma after the cancer had spread to her brain and liver, according to a family source.

Onassis nephews Robert F. Kennedy Jr. and Douglas Kennedy arrived at her apartment about midnight to share their grief with family members. The first funeral bouquets and other expressions of sympathy began arriving at her apartment.

The flag at the John F. Kennedy Library in Boston was immediately lowered to half-staff.

Reaction from government leaders was immediate and heavy with praise.

"Few women throughout history have touched the hearts and shaped the dreams of Americans more profoundly than Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis," former President Reagan said in a statement. "Nancy and I have always admired this remarkable woman, not only for her grace and dignity, but also for her tremendous courage."

Former President Bush hailed Onassis as a woman who brought special strengths to the White House—and the Nation.

"Jackie Onassis brought great dignity and grace to the White House and was, indeed, a charming and wonderful First Lady," said former President Bush. He said he and his wife, Barbara, "join her many friends and admirers around the world in mourning her loss."

Senator John Kerry (D–MA) said he was moved by Onassis' remarkable life.

"I am deeply saddened," Kerry said. "She was a remarkably graceful and courageous woman who helped the Nation through some of its most difficult moments."

Kerry and President Clinton reminisced yesterday about the President's trip to Martha's Vineyard last summer when he took a boat ride with Onassis and the Kennedy clan.

"He said it was a very special moment in his Presidency and he cherished it," Kerry said.

Onassis had disclosed 4 months ago that she was diagnosed with lymph cancer.

A family spokesman had announced yesterday that any additional treatment would be futile.

"She will not have any further treatment," Onassis spokeswoman Nancy Tuckerman said. "The disease has progressed and there is nothing they can do for her . . . How long it will go on, we don't know."

Onassis had been lingering in a coma near death after the cancer had spread to her liver, according to today's edition of the New York Times.

She was also suffering from pneumonia and had refused antibiotics, the Times reported.

Somber family members and close friends maintained a watch yesterday that stretched into last night.

Senator Kennedy (D–MA) and his wife Victoria Reggie Kennedy spent more than an hour at Onassis' bedside last night and afterward spoke to reporters outside her Fifth Avenue apartment building at 8:30 p.m.

Kennedy learned of Onassis' death shortly after he arrived back in Washington last night.

The former First Lady—surrounded by family members, including children John Jr. and Caroline—was given rites known as "sacrament of the sick" by her priest as her condition worsened during the day.

"She has her children around her and that's the way it should be," Tuckerman.

Tuckerman yesterday had said the cancer that struck Onassis, the former wife of slain President John F. Kennedy, was no longer treatable.

Onassis had asked to receive Catholic rites while she was still conscious at her home yesterday, Kennedy family sources said.

"It was an issue for her and she made it clear she wanted to be conscious for her last rites," a family source said.

Onassis' priest, Monsignor George Bardes of St. Thomas More Church, administered the sacrament and Communion and heard her confession.

Onassis earlier this week developed serious complications from her disease, non-Hodgkin's lymphoma, a cancer of the lymph nodes.

Officials did not elaborate on the complications, but Kennedy family sources said the cancer had spread to other parts of her body.

For the Kennedy clan, Onassis' fast-moving illness is the latest in a long series of tragedies and personal setbacks.

Kennedy has assumed many of the patriarchal duties of the family since the death of JFK, and another brother, former Senator Robert F. Kennedy.

The Senator has remained close to Mrs. Onassis and her children, according to aides.

He became a father figure to the children of Robert, after he was assassinated in 1968, and assumed the same role for the children of his sister, Jean, and brother-in-law, Stephen Smith, after Mr. Smith died.

An exercise enthusiast, Mrs. Onassis jogged regularly in Central Park until she became ill. She was seen as late as last weekend walking around the park reservoir on the arm of her longtime married companion, Maurice Tempelsman.

She was born Jacqueline Lee Bouvier, July 28, 1929, in the Long Island resort community of Southampton to stockbroker John "Black Jack" Vernous Bouvier III and Janet Lee Bouvier.

Her parents divorced when she was 11 and her mother married Washington, DC, broker Hugh D. Auchincloss.

A socialite by birth, and debutante in her youth, she attended Vassar College and studied at the Sorbonne in Paris before earning a degree in French literature from George Washington University in 1951.

[From the Boston Globe, May 20, 1994]

HER LASTING GIFT WAS MAJESTY

(By David Shribman, Globe Staff)

WASHINGTON—Jacqueline Onassis is dead, but for millions of Americans she will forever be Jackie Kennedy, she will forever be young, and she will forever be frozen at Love Field in Dallas in a pink dress with gold buttons and a blue collar.

And if at this sad, sobering moment a second image or maybe a third crowds in, it will not be of the woman who later married a Greek shipping magnate or hid from the public behind big black sunglasses.

It will be of how her dress was set off by red roses on that November morning in 1963, and by red blood on that afternoon, or how she reached back in the open convertible to help Clinton Hill, the Secret Serviceman, into the Lincoln, or how she stood—dignity personified, bearing the unbearable grief of a mourning nation—in black at Arlington National Cemetery, hugging the folded flag to her breast.

At the funeral, French President Charles de Gaulle saluted an American flag and Ethiopian Emperor Haile Selassie marched in a kelly green sash with gold braiding and a raft of medals, but it was Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy we remember, standing bravely alone and then comforting her children.

She was speechless, and her silence spoke for the Nation.

"Jacqueline Kennedy," the London Evening Standard wrote at the time, "has given the American people from this day on—one thing they have always lacked—majesty."

But though she was a woman of great privilege, with perhaps more continental influence to her than some purists might have liked, there was something very democratic, very American, about how she comported herself that awful weekend and about the sort of farewell she planned for her husband, President John Kennedy.

The premiers and potentates were there, to be sure, but the people were there, too, along the funeral route, in the line of mourners at the Capitol (a quarter of a million of them), in every nook and cranny of every public event.

It was, of course, the biggest funeral gathering in the world since the death of King Edward VII in London in 1910. More than two dozen heads of state joined the mourners here. But the thing that lingers in memory is how the people whose names we will never know cried in the night, or lined up for hours in the chill to pay their respects to the man whose body lay in state in Lincoln's catafalque.

Later she would be known as Jackie O, or sometimes Jackie O!, and she would be the object of lurid fascination, and of annoying photographers. She would be the subject of nine cover stories in People magazine; only five people, princesses and movie stars, had more.

But this is now, and that was then—and it was different then.

Jack Kennedy met Jacqueline Bouvier, an "inquiring photographer" for a Washington newspaper, at a dinner. The young senator later explained that he "leaned over the asparagus and asked her for a date." The phrase became one of the classic courting lines of its time. The two were married in Newport, R.I. She was storybook beautiful, he was dashing. She loved the ballet and horses, he was more taken with the Harvard-Yale game and his sailboat. Together they swept the country off its feet.

They were public people, their exuberance hiding a slim but durable contemplative strain. They knew something of history, and they knew the importance of symbol. No one told her that she should walk the half-mile behind the caisson to St. Matthew's Cathedral for the funeral. She decided that herself.

She was the one who chose the Black Watch Royal Highland Regiment to accompany the cortege. She was the one who invited the chorus boys from the Irish Military College in County Clare to Washington; she recalled that the President, only 6 months earlier, had watched them perform the Irish funeral drill.

The irony of Jacqueline Kennedy is that she will be remembered for those days of death, because the life she brought to the White House has not been replicated in the three decades since she left it.

She brought classical musicians, artists, and writers to the executive mansion. The performance of the cellist Pablo Casals was especially memorable. But she also brought the American people to the White House as well, in a much-watched television special that invited the public behind the most exclusive walls in the Nation. Their two children were everywhere, sometimes even under the desk in the Oval Office.

They were all so young then. The snapshot of Jacqueline Kennedy, Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy and Senator Edward M. Kennedy walking to the funeral, in mourning clothes, is a reminder of how long ago all of this was. There is grief in their eyes, but no gray in their hair.

In the days after the assassination, in Hyannis Port, she talked, more stream-of-consciousness than conversation, saying that she could not rid her mind of a silly line from a musical comedy. She had heard it hundreds of times—it was Jack's favorite, she told Theodore H. White—and it came at the very end of a record he used to play just before falling off to sleep: "Don't let it be forgot, that once there was a spot, for one brief shining moment that was known as Camelot."

Jackie Kennedy wasn't the President, she was his wife. But she had the power of making Camelot last 3 extra days—the Saturday, Sunday, and Monday after her husband died, the 3 days leading to his burial at Arlington and the lighting of the eternal flame, like the one at the Arc de Triomphe that she was determined to win for him on the gentlest, most stirring hill in the whole country.

[From the Boston Globe, May 20, 1994]

AMERICA'S QUEEN

(Editorial)

Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis was American royalty. Crowned in 1960 at age 31, she remained possibly the most glamorous, most photographed and most intriguing woman of her time until her death yesterday at age 64.

She was an original who came into the public consciousness on the arm of John Kennedy when women were little more than "wives of." Yet she maintained an independence and dignity in her designer suits and matching pillbox hats.

She was not a Kennedy clone and refused to play touch football. She was not the dutiful political wife. She wore fur during the Presidential campaign and had no interest in trying to compete with Pat Nixon's cloth coat.

In his book "Profile of Power," Richard Reeves reports that Angier Biddle Duke, chief of protocol, sat down with her to ask what she would like to do as First Lady. "As little as possible," came the answer. "I'm a mother. I'm a wife. I'm not a public official." She was fierce about maintaining a private life and keeping her children out of the klieg lights. Her husband called in the photographers to take pictures of the kids when his wife was away.

But the woman America came to know as "Jackie" also filled a stellar public role at the White House. She used her knowledge of the arts to bring in Pablo Casals, Igor Stravinsky, George Balanchine, and other greats for concerts. She used her talent to redecorate and hang French paintings on the historic walls. Dinners at the White House featured gourmet cuisine, and the menus were printed in French.

"I'm the man who accompanied Jacqueline Kennedy to Paris," said the President returning from the trip where she spoke French, charming Charles de Gaulle and a nation. She spoke Spanish in Latin America, too, and the crowds cheered her there.

She was the perfect queen for Camelot and the perfect wife for a husband with a wandering eye. She was cool, strong, smart and willing to keep up appearances as long as she could raise the children her way and maintain her lifestyle. She struck another bargain of independence when she married Aristotle Onassis. Nobody owned her. As the years passed, it was evident that her abilities as a parent to Caroline and John Jr. were more than a match for the obvious threats to a healthy and relatively normal upbringing for her children.

What came through in all phases of her life was her intelligence. Whether conducting a televised tour of the White House, looking at the camera through a widow's veil as she accepted the folded American flag, attending a horse show with her

children, greeting well-wishers at the Kennedy Library, learning to be a book editor, or fighting to save green space in New York City, she was never a cliche.

She had class without being arrogant. A reporter who met with her to discuss a book idea recalls her as "gorgeous, smart and unpretentious." He says she displayed keen business acumen as well as creative flair at the meeting. She didn't fuss about the details of the lunch or demand special treatment from the waiter. "She seemed shy in a lot of ways," he said.

Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis was an unmistakable profile in huge sunglasses. Ever slim and elegant, with thick, dark, often wind-blown hair, she seemed ageless until the past year. She was photographed thousands of times, and America never tired of looking at her, probably because she didn't want them to look. She did not do the talk show circuit. She did not write the tell-all autobiography. She wanted to live her life quietly and well. And that she did.

[From the Boston Herald, May 20, 1994]

JACQUELINE KENNEDY ONASSIS, 1929–1994

AMERICA'S ONLY MONARCH

(Editorial)

A generation of American women grew up attempting to imitate her style, which was at its core inimitable. Oh, they might copy her trademark bouffant hairstyle or the pillbox hat or the smartly tailored suit. They might even make an effort at copying the soft lilt of her voice.

But, in the end, there could be only one Jackie. Ah, and how many public figures would be so well known as to be referred to by just one name?

Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis was at once the most public of figures, and the most private and reclusive. A reluctant celebrity, yet one whose very presence made any event special.

As the young wife of one of the Nation's youngest Presidents, she brought energy and glamour, charm and culture to the White House—French food, Italian designer clothes, internationally renowned musicians.

She was as close as America would ever have to a reigning monarch, and yet part of her appeal was her humanity, her grace in the face of enormous loss and pain. When a child died shortly after birth, a nation was touched. And when the First Lady became a widow, a nation wept not just for its own loss but for hers too.

Even her remarriage—to a man average Americans determined was too old, too unattractive, too foreign, and much too rich to be right for their Jackie—failed to knock her off the national pedestal. After all, she who was raising two wondrous young heirs to the Kennedy legacy could be forgiven most anything.

Amidst the constant public adoration and celebrity, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis managed somehow to make a new life for herself—becoming a respected editor in the heady world of New York's publishing industry—and for her children of whom she was quite rightly enormously proud. Doing so took a strength of will we had come to admire long after bouffant hair and pillbox hats went out of style.

That strength, that courage, that quiet grace which endured even until her final moments on this earth, are her most lasting legacy.

May Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis find at last the peace and serenity too long denied her here on earth.

[From the Boston Herald, May 20, 1994]

JACQUELINE KENNEDY ONASSIS, 1929–1994

CLASSY FIRST LADY WON OVER EVEN THIS DIEHARD REPUBLICAN

(By Joe Fitzgerald)

The admiration didn't come early, and at first it didn't come easily because, truth be told, it's hard to give up our prejudices, and a prejudice existed here, a resentment really, for just about everything the lady represented.

And yet it wasn't her fault.

She just happened to be married to the candidate who beat the candidate favored here in the Presidential election of 1960, the first one in which this writer took an active and rooting interest.

So that resentment, albeit unmerited, followed her to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue and for many years it festered, though it became harder and harder to sustain.

When her husband, sweeping Paris off its feet, identified himself as the man who'd accompanied Jackie, there was an involuntary rush of pride in the face the two of them showed the world, the face of a young, attractive America able to poke fun at itself.

And when she hosted state affairs with elegance, when she led a TV tour of the White House with grace, she was making even those who'd regretted her arrival now happy she was there.

It was so hard to find fault with her reign as First Lady that eventually the effort was ceased and, before long, this recalcitrant young Republican actually started liking her.

And then—just like that—she was gone, widowed in a moment none who lived through it will ever forget.

We didn't know how much we'd miss those days until we lived through the ones that followed, through Vietnam and Birmingham, through a convention in Chicago, from a motel balcony in Memphis to a hotel kitchen in L.A., places that now conjure up devastating memories and will forever more.

Along the way she got lost in the shuffle, at this address anyway, paparazzi notwithstanding, even through her marriage to a Greek tycoon.

But as the years went by, another image of Jackie began to emerge and this one couldn't be ignored. Indeed, it was admired here and would have been applauded if we'd ever met.

She'd gotten older, so had I, and tribal instincts had long since faded, giving way to a new awareness born of the passage of time.

Her kids, having no more choice than she did, lived in a fishbowl not of their own design, not of their own choosing, simply the price society extracted from them for being the widow, son, and daughter of a martyred icon.

They were children of privilege, to be sure, but nothing about them suggested they were filled with their own importance. Others of their generation, sharing their station in life, wandered in and out of headlines, sometimes for minor indiscretions, occasionally for major transgressions.

But Jackie's kids were different. No one could find fault in them, and not for lack of trying.

Some time back a scrap went public when, word had it, she hit the roof over son John's intention to set up housekeeping with Daryl Hannah, sans the swapping of "I do's" at the altar.

It seemed so . . . so, Republican, though that's certainly lost its meaning over the years. What it was, really, was the admiration of one who knows how challenging parenting can be, for another who'd clearly done it magnificently well.

Colleague Gayle Fee, now of Inside Track renown, remembers her days on the staff of the Cape Cod Times when young John was part of the crew employed by skipper Barry Clifford in his celebrated attempt to salvage the *Whydah*.

"I went to him one day and asked if we could talk for a few minutes," she recalls. "He was nice. He laughed and said, 'I'd love to help you, but my mother would kill me.' And he was no kid. But that's the kind of respect he had for her."

It's a wonderful story, a wonderful memory, a wonderful tribute to the lady who was accompanied to Paris by an American President in what now seems, more than ever, to have been a lifetime ago.

No, the admiration didn't come early at all, but when it did it sure came easily, and now it's been replaced by an ache, a void, a sense of loss, because this was not only a lady of style but also a lady of substance.

Like the Biblical mother whose "children rise up and call her blessed," Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis was a class act in areas that truly matter, areas having nothing to do with party lines, and her death is being mourned by an ardent fan at this address.

Better believe it.

[From the Boston Globe, May 21, 1994]

JACQUELINE BOUVIER KENNEDY ONASSIS, 1929–1994

"IT LEAVES AN EMPTY PLACE"

(By Joseph P. Kahn, Chris Black, and Michael Kranish)

Reaction poured in yesterday from the world of politics from Russia to Boston, as well as from the arts, fashion, and family friends.

HILLARY CLINTON, wife of the President, "If she taught us anything, it was to know the meaning of responsibility—to one's family and to one's community. Her great gift of grace and style and dignity and heroism is an example that will live through the ages."

LADY BIRD JOHNSON, became First Lady after assassination. "It leaves an empty place in the world as I have known it. We shared a unique time and I always thought of her as my friend."

BEN BRADLEE SR., Kennedy friend and former Washington Post executive editor, "She was a classy young lady. Perhaps her greatest contribution was getting this country through those 3 or 4 days. I'm not so sure I could have done it without her. She was 35 (when Kennedy was assassinated). She found an inner strength at a time in her life when most people haven't had to prove themselves at much of anything."

FRANK MANKIEWICZ, Robert Kennedy's press secretary, "She changed the view of the First Lady. As someone said, she was the first one who didn't look like your grandmother. I think what probably will be remembered is dignity, privacy, class, as in high-class; high style, not just fashion or decoration, but the way she lived. We haven't seen her for over 30 years really in any TV interview, no posed picture for 31 years, and yet she is probably the best-known woman in the world. She did that by holding herself aloof and leading her own life."

GEORGE BUSH, former President, "Jackie Onassis brought great dignity and grace to the White House and was indeed a charming and wonderful First Lady."

JOHN T. FALLON, Chairman and chief executive officer of R.M. Bradley & Co. and a Kennedy family friend, "Her greatest legacy is the impact of a caring mother on her children, Caroline and John. They are the finest examples of a widowed parent who kept her children on an even keel despite the terrible trauma of their

father's death, all the national attention and curiosity they had to deal with. They were the greatest rewards of her lifetime."

SAMUEL HUTCHINSON BEER, political scientist, professor emeritus Harvard University, active in Massachusetts Democratic politics during the Kennedy administration, "The way she assumed the duties of the widow of an assassinated President so bravely and so intelligently is what really made her. Majesty is not the right word. She had poise. She demonstrated what a widow can do to heal the wounds of a country."

POLLY FITZGERALD, Wayland resident, veteran Kennedy campaign aide who organized the famous "ladies teas" during Kennedy's campaigns. "At the first reception in Kenosha, Wisconsin, Senator Kennedy was late arriving. The people were all there waiting. Some music was playing so she was asked to go to the microphone and welcome the people and thank them for coming. She didn't like to do much public speaking but she did. After asking the crowd to vote for her husband, she said, 'Why don't we have some singing? Does anyone know Southie is My Hometown?' She just thought that it was a song everyone would know in politics. We all laughed."

MICHAEL STERN, author, "Encyclopedia of Pop Culture," "Jackie had access to the best, and had it in a way that made all of us seem to have it, too."

BETTY BOYD CAROLI, author, "First Ladies," "Many First Ladies have had an enormous effect on how women act and dress and what they think is important. She had a particularly large effect because of television. Getting to see her so much changed the idea of what femininity was. We saw a woman in the White House . . . who was young and glamorous but also very intelligent, who spoke three or four languages and seemed genuinely interested in dance, art, and history."

SALLY QUINN, author, "I admire most the way she evolved as a woman. Imagine being married to Jack Kennedy, with all that energy and charisma! People forget how young she was, too. As unofficial White House curator, she managed to turn a fusty old mansion into a beautiful museum, besides being both wife and mother. In that sense Jackie was way ahead of her time. She evolved in a way that any self-respecting feminist would consider brilliant: Raised her children, had a successful publishing career, devoted herself to her grandchildren. Yet here is a woman who lost a baby and a husband in the space of 3 months."

BILLY NORWICH, Vogue editor at large, "She became a modern pop icon at a time when the media was growing bigger, period. With her came the advent of the paparazzi, and because the best shots of her captured Jackie in motion—on a sailboat, riding a horse—she transformed the fashion photography industry by giving it a sense of youthfulness and motion it never had before. Later, in New York, it was a given that if you got Jackie Onassis on your fund-raising committee, the event was a sellout. A done deal. Nobody else in the city had that clout."

JOHN GLENN, Senator from Ohio, former astronaut, "America lost a heroine and I lost a friend."

GIP HOPPE, playwright, "Jackie: An American Life" "Her type of celebrity is something we'll probably never see again. When you look at who we have for celebrities today—Madonna, Roseanne—it doesn't take a genius to see a kind of de-evolution there. What endeared me to Jackie was that she never went on the couch with Barbara Walters, talking about chemical dependency or incest or whatever. It was her gift to us in many ways. It preserved her sense of mystery."

GEORGE PLIMPTON, author, "Jack Kennedy once looked around a roomful of Nobel Prize winners and called it the greatest collection of talent in the White House since Thomas Jefferson dined alone. Well, Jackie was part of that feeling. She brought Pablo Casals and Andre Malraux to the White House, among many others. In New York, she was enormously influential in saving Grand Central Station. She also edited two of my books. . . . One thing about having Jackie as

an editor, she could pick up the telephone and get absolutely anyone in the world on the line."

CAROLINA HERRERA, designer, "With her grace, charm and elegance, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis captivated the world like no other woman of her time. She epitomized fashion and style in America and was copied by millions of women around the world. Her contribution to fashion was to introduce naturalness to elegance."

PIERRE SALINGER, Kennedy press secretary, "She was extremely kind. In the 2 days after John Kennedy was assassinated, she gave every counselor to the President a private present, something she'd taken out of Jack's files or something. She gave me this wonderful leather thing, two cigars I can put into it, and on it it says "JFK." She wanted me to remember that."

NATOLY KRASIKOV, deputy spokesman, Russian President Boris N. Yeltsin, "We remember the tragic image of the young widow at the funeral and her remarkable dignity and composure. She will always be remembered for that courage."

MARY ROBINSON, President of Ireland, "She will be remembered with great affection and admiration by Irish people everywhere."

CARDINAL BERNARD LAW, "I wish to offer my prayerful sympathy to the daughter, son and all the family of Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis at this moment of loss. The American people mourn her passing and remember especially her dignity, grace and courage during our time of national trauma caused by the assassination of President Kennedy. . . . She set an example which helped to bring the country through one of its darkest hours."

NANCY REAGAN, former First Lady, "She was very kind to me when my husband was shot, and when we didn't know whether he was going to live or not. . . . She wrote me a very sweet, sensitive note and called me. . . . She couldn't have been nicer to me at that time when I really needed it."

[From the San Francisco Examiner, May 22, 1994]

BEHIND ONASSIS' CHARM LAY IRONY

(By Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.)

She was a woman of fierce independence. Of course she was famously beautiful and elegant, and she fascinated and enchanted her age. But one recalls above all the quiet but implacable determination, amid the uncontrollable blazes of publicity, to live her own life.

Her father, "Black Jack" Bouvier, was a swashbuckler. Her mother was a very proper society matron. She was brought up at a time—the 1940s—and in a place—Newport, RI—where young ladies were taught to conceal their intelligence lest it frighten young men away. She observed the conventions, but underneath a shy exterior developed cool judgment of people and an ironic slant on life.

In the early 1950s, she met another ironist, John Fitzgerald Kennedy. Their marriage was a notable moment in the social history of the United States: At last the Irish were accepted in Newport.

Jacqueline Kennedy took to her new political life more easily than her Newport friends expected. Like her husband, she was an idealist, and, like him, an idealist without illusions. She came to like politicians and their free and easy talk, and she came to like campaigning. Bursting upon the electorate in 1960, the handsome couple seemed the embodiment of youth, and rather daring in a nation ruled by tired old men. Private missions.

She added more than decoration. Jack Kennedy always sought her assessments of people, and sometimes asked her to carry out confidential missions. When, for example, he wanted to talk to the economist John Kenneth Galbraith and me, but did not want to disquiet his possessive and overworked campaign staff, Jacqueline would make the call and set up the meeting.

Once her husband had been elected President, she wondered how she could best play her role as Presidential wife (she detested the term "First Lady," regarding it as undemocratic.) Her expertise lay in the arts, and her aim was to use the White House to honor artistic achievement. Soon Casals, Stravinsky, Robert Frost, Isaiah Berlin, and Leonard Bernstein were Presidential guests. Jacqueline saw the White House itself not as a private residence but as a possession of the American people, and she very efficiently organized a redecoration and refurnishing that served to renew the historical continuities.

To those of us on the White House staff, the Kennedys appeared an affectionate couple, delighting in each other, and their two attractive children. No one can know the inwardness of a marriage, but despite latter-day tales of women parading through the White House, their relationship seemed increasingly close. The President could be a solicitous husband. I remember his asking me, after the loss of their third child, whether I could get Adlai Stevenson to send a note of condolence: "Jackie is very fond of Adlai and hasn't heard a word from him."

Then came Dallas. In the dark weeks and months afterward, Jacqueline and her brother-in-law, Robert Kennedy, were drawn together in grief. He became the protective element in her life. Seeking privacy for her children and for herself, she moved to New York and began a new career as an editor in a publishing house, a job for which her critical eye and flawless taste admirably equipped her. She was proud of Robert Kennedy in his opposition to the war in Vietnam, but hated it when he decided to run for President. "They will do to him what they did to Jack," she said to me in March 1968. In June, "they" did as she predicted. Three months later, seeking a new protection, she married Aristotle Onassis.

After Onassis died, Jacqueline returned to her quiet, highly disciplined life: Winter in New York; riding in New Jersey or Virginia in spring and autumn; summer in Martha's Vineyard. An excellent mother, she taught her children how to elude the paparazzi.

In her middle years, Jacqueline was more fascinating than ever. Her finely modelled face resisted age. She always had the seductive habit of giving undivided attention to the person with whom she was talking. Her humor gleamed, and her zest for life never flagged. She was a great reader and loved the theater. Illness was sudden.

She followed politics and remained an ardent liberal Democrat to the end. In 1992, she acquired a new friend in Hillary Rodham Clinton. They lunched together a couple of times during the campaign, hit it off at once and kept in close touch thereafter.

The illness struck unexpectedly last December. Doctors diagnosed it as lymphoma in January. She seemed cheery and hopeful, perhaps to keep up the spirits of her friends. "I feel it is a kind of hubris," she told me. "I have always been proud of keeping so fit. I swim, and I jog, and I do my push-ups, and walk around the reservoir, and I gave up smoking 40 years ago—and now this suddenly happens."

She laughed as she talked. Chemotherapy, she added, was not too bad; she could read a book while it was administered. The doctors said that in 50 percent of cases lymphoma could be stabilized.

She bore the last ordeal with characteristic gallantry, and with never a word of complaint. She died as she lived, in grace and in dignity—"a very classy dame," as they say in New York. Henry James would have understood her, and could have portrayed her.

She will be remembered as the American woman at her best: Brave, disciplined, ironic, imperturbable, filled with a vivid sense of the potentiality and the sadness of life.

[From the Boston Herald, May 22, 1994]

O JACKIE, YOU WERE WONDERFUL!

FIRST LADY GAVE STRENGTH TO AILING NATION, YOUNG WIDOW CARRIED ON JFK'S VISION, PERSONAL TRAGEDY PULLED PAIR TOGETHER, SHE FOUND HAPPINESS IN BOOKS, CHILDREN

(By Wayne Woodlief)

Behind Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis' Mona Lisa smile, First Lady poise and clotheshorse image lay an indomitable will that allowed her to survive great grief, protect her children, serve her country and find an independent way through a majestic life.

After dying as she insisted she wanted to, not in the coldness of a hospital but at home, surrounded by family and friends, she will be buried tomorrow in Arlington National Cemetery beside her assassinated husband, near the Eternal Flame she ordered to mark his grave.

But the memories of her wondrous time on Earth and her reign with Jack Kennedy over the second "Camelot" will, as she virtually ordained, not be "forgot."

On the morning of November 22, 1963, President Kennedy returned to his suite in Fort Worth's Hotel Texas after a morning rally in that city to prepare for his next stop: Dallas.

First Lady Jacqueline Kennedy listened to her husband read aloud a hate-filled anti-Kennedy ad from that day's Dallas Morning News.

She felt sick, according to historian Michael R. Beschloss' "The Crisis Years: Kennedy and Khrushchev, 1960–63," as the President told her, "We're heading into nut country today."

"Last night would have been a hell of a night to assassinate a President," he continued. "There was the rain and the night, and we were all getting jostled. Suppose a man had a pistol in a briefcase."

She could not stop the rifle bullets that indeed would kill the President that afternoon, nor could she control the hatred that also would take away her beloved brother-in-law Bob, 5 years later.

Jackie Kennedy couldn't control the things that caused her the sharpest pain: The blatant adulteries of her father and husband, her still-born daughter, the death of her 3-day-old infant Patrick Bouvier Kennedy.

But she found some things she could control, if she exerted her most salient yet most publicly concealed feature: That will, that determination that some things would be done right.

She was able to preserve her children's privacy from the press. And, for the most part, she kept Caroline and John away from the corrosive Palm Beach, FL, atmosphere that so damaged some of their cousins.

Jackie Kennedy had been an "inquiring photographer" for the Washington Times-Herald years before. She had learned to dole out a photo opportunity here and there—thus making them prized for their rarity—while allowing her children to grow up as free from prying as possible.

In her later years, she would insist on a pre-nuptial agreement with Greek shipping tycoon Ari Onassis that left her very wealthy—with an estimated $20 million settlement—after his death.

Despite her fortune, she took a job, carving out her own identity as a well-regarded editor with the Doubleday publishing house. She brought Egyptian Nobel Prize winner Naguib Mahfouz's "Cairo Trilogy" to the United States and drew praise from Bill Moyers and other distinguished authors.

But it was her behavior in the aftermath of JFK's assassination for which she will most be remembered.

Through her shock and sadness, she meticulously planned the 3 days of mourning that kept a country together, enabled Americans to lay aside their divisions and join a lovely ritual of remembrance and restoration.

Aides researched the Lincoln funeral for her at the Library of Congress and the "black crepe, catafalque, caisson and muffled drums of the Nation's tribute to Abraham Lincoln thus became the blueprint for the world's farewell to John F. Kennedy," wrote a Kennedy biographer, Nigel Hamilton.

She determined who would eulogize the slain President at the funeral, and at the grave. And as Kennedy lay in state at the Capitol rotunda, she had whispered to her daughter Caroline, "We're going to say goodbye to Daddy, and we're going to kiss him goodbye and tell Daddy how much we love him and how much we'll always miss him."

The two of them moved forward, Jacqueline kneeling gracefully, Caroline kneeling as her mother had, hesitating for a moment, until Jackie Kennedy said, "You know. You just kiss."

With their lips, they lightly touched the American flag that draped the coffin, a moment that shook the hearts of millions watching on television, and of the battle-hardened politicians and potentates in the great hall.

It was Jacqueline Kennedy who reminded her son John-John, 3, to snap the salute to his slain father that symbolized to their countrymen they had lost a leader but the country carried on.

She walked head-high during those sad days.

And at age 34, she enabled a nation to grieve in a way that purged much of its poison, helping mold a national mood that allowed successor President Lyndon B. Johnson to achieve landmark civil rights laws and other goals Kennedy sought.

In a touch of genius and myth-making, Jackie Kennedy also created the name that would give an enduring gauzy mist to her husband's time in office, a title even the most lurid revelations about JFK would stain but not destroy—"Camelot."

Theodore H. White, author of the "Making of the President" series, had interviewed her the week after JFK's death. As he later wrote, she told him she was concerned about how to "rescue" Jack's memory and reputation "from all these 'bitter people' who were going to write about him in history."

Her mind kept returning that week, she said, to the song from a musical Jack Kennedy loved and often played on an old Victrola in their bedroom.

The part he loved most, she said, was King Arthur's imploring a young messenger from the battlefield to remember the lore of the kingdom:

"Don't let it be forgot, that once there was a spot, for one brief shining moment, that was known as Camelot."

White wrote the story for Life Magazine, and it became the catch-word for an era.

Yet life for Jack and Jackie Kennedy never was as beautiful and noble and true as she might have wished it—but could not will it—to be.

John F. Kennedy and Jacqueline Bouvier first met in 1951, at a dinner party given by Kennedy's old friend, newsman Charles Bartlett. The dashing young Senator, he later recalled, "leaned over the asparagus" to pay court to the 23-year-old brunette with deep-brown eyes, thin waist, and almost-hushed voice.

She was the daughter of society woman Janet Bouvier and John Bouvier III, the notorious "Black Jack," who would break many a woman's heart and his daughter's, too, when he openly pursued women in front of her, and when her parents divorced.

Jackie Kennedy went to the best schools, the best parties, rode thoroughbreds and enjoyed wealth and privilege, especially after her mother's second marriage to millionaire Hugh Auchincloss.

Yet it was something else that bound her to Jack Kennedy.

"In fact what Jack and Jackie had in common had less to do with the wealth and privilege of their backgrounds than with the loneliness that each of them had experienced as a child," wrote Doris Kearns Goodwin in "The Fitzgeralds and the Kennedys."

The young John Kennedy had spent weeks, sometimes months, in bed at home or in hospitals, plagued by a variety of illnesses. According to historian Nigel Hamilton's controversial biography, he received little warmth from his mother, yet was given too much modeling in womanizing by a lustful father.

Jack Kennedy, in his solitude, learned to love books and writing. So, too, did Jacqueline Bouvier.

"Jackie was 6 when her parents first separated and 9 when they divorced," Goodwin wrote. "A vulnerable and sensitive child, she was left from this trauma with feelings she could not easily share with anyone else.

"Trusting less in people than in animals and in nature, she sought her deepest pleasures in solitary acts, reading a book, listening to music or taking a long walk on the beach."

Young Jack had had a wide choice of women, but his lifelong friend Lem Billings told Goodwin, "Jackie was different . . . She was more intelligent, more literary, more substantial."

Both Jack and Jackie came from families that scrapped their way into society by reshaping their images over the generations.

Joseph P. Kennedy Sr., Jack's father, was the son of a saloonkeeper, descended from Irish immigrants and, it was widely suspected, made some of his early fortune in rum-running.

The Bouviers sprang from tailors, farmers, and domestic servants in France—not the noble ancestry Jacqueline's grandfather had claimed—according to documentation in a book by a cousin, John Davis, titled "The Bouviers."

As Lem Billings told another biographer, Jack and Jackie "had both taken circumstances that weren't the best in this world when they were younger."

"(They) learned to make themselves up as they went along," he said.

Their marriage in September 1953, at her stepfather's Hammersmith Farms estate at Newport was one of the political and social events of the year.

And Jackie learned to live with, and make her own way within, the boisterous, sometimes-intimidating Kennedy clan.

Years later, she would express regret she had not counseled Joan Kennedy on how to handle the in-family competition. She liked Joan, friends said, even though Joan had once publicly blurted out that Jackie "has three wigs and wears them a lot," a secret the First Lady would have preferred to keep.

"If only she (Joan) had realized her own strengths instead of looking at herself in comparisons with the Kennedys," Jackie told friends.

"Why worry if you're not as good at tennis as Eunice or Ethel when men are attracted by the feminine way you play tennis? Why court Ethel's tennis elbow?"

Instead, Jackie Kennedy would talk about movies and operas on the porch with patriarch Joe Kennedy, or read "Proust" on the lawn while her in-laws bruised themselves in touch football.

But her husband's apparently compulsive lust for other women was something far harder to accept or ignore.

"While on one level Jackie must have known what she was getting into by marrying a 36-year-old playboy, she never suspected the depth of Jack's need for other women," Lem Billings once recalled.

"Nor was she prepared for the humiliation she would suffer when she found herself stranded at parties while Jack would suddenly disappear with some pretty young girl."

Perhaps the most painful such incident for Jackie Kennedy, one that nearly caused a separation from Jack, is described in Beschloss' book on Kennedy's foreign policy, "The Crisis Years."

"In July 1956, after Kennedy lost his bid to run for Vice President with Adlai Stevenson—(a bit of drama at the Democratic National Convention that thrust Kennedy onto the national stage)—he and (Florida Senator George) Smathers flew off to the Riviera, where they and female guests relaxed aboard a yacht," Beschloss wrote.

"During the cruise, Kennedy's wife lost their first child, a girl (born dead), in Newport. Hampered by bad communications, he did not fly home for several days. The columnist Drew Pearson wrote that 'for a long time, she wouldn't listen to his overtures for a reconciliation. He blamed himself for the estrangement.'"

That wound took time to heal. Jack Kennedy grieved, too, affected by the loss of the child more than he had been by his own long illness of the past, his father wrote to a friend.

Jackie Kennedy worried whether she'd ever have a child, "blamed her problem on the crazy pace of politics" and the demands to take part in the Kennedys' relentless activities, Billings said.

She began to demand distance from the clan, insisting that instead of the ritual gatherings at her father-in-law's house in the Cape Cod compound, that she and Jack have dinners alone.

Caroline Bouvier Kennedy was born in November 1957, and by 1960, Jackie was pregnant again, with the child who would be John F. Kennedy, Jr., "John-John."

At the time, Jack was deep into his campaign for President, Jackie by his side as often as possible.

"Jackie stole the show" at a big rice festival down in Crowley, LA, speaking French to thousands of Cajun revelers, recalled longtime Kennedy aide and Kennedy Library Curator David Powers.

On the day after Kennedy's extraordinarily narrow win over Richard Nixon, she was beside Jack, glowing in her expectancy of a new child and of a new administration.

In a TV interview at the White House that seems dated in this era of feminism, the new President's wife said, "The major role of a First Lady is to take care of the President so he can serve the people."

She launched a refurbishing of the White House at a then-unprecedented cost of nearly $200,000 and, though she quietly ordered an end to "disruptive" afternoon public tours through her new home, she personally conducted a much-watched TV tour for millions of viewers of CBS.

In a blizzard of memos to staff, uncovered by biographer David Heymann, author of "A Woman Named Jackie," she ordered, "No Mamie (Eisenhower) pink on the walls except in Caroline's room, no Grand Rapids reconditioned furniture, no glass and brass ashtrays . . . I intend to make this a grand house."

"Maud (the British nanny hired to take care of Caroline) won't need much in her room. Just find a wicker basket for her banana peels and a little table for her false teeth at night.

"All 18 bedrooms and 20 baths on second floor must be tidied; 147 windows kept clean; 29 fireplaces laid ready for lighting" each day, she instructed the staff.

Yet Jacqueline Kennedy did far more than see to it that the President was comfortable at home and prepared to handle the affairs of state.

She accompanied the President to Paris for an important summit during his first year in office, charming the imperious French Premier Charles de Gaulle with her

knowledge of his language—better than most Frenchwomen, he observed—and her stunning beauty.

Jackie also read passages from de Gaulle's memoirs to Jack, and the President memorized them to quote to the vain Frenchman at their meetings.

She helped bring reconciliation and healing when she flew with the President to Miami's Orange Bowl, after the Christmas Eve ransom of the last of the Cuban Bay of Pigs prisoners had been completed.

In Spanish, she told them she hoped her son would grow up to be as brave as they were. They wept and shouted, "Guerra, Guerra, Guerra."

Behind the scenes, she did not keep silent as the body count mounted in Vietnam.

Robert S. McNamara, Kennedy's Secretary of Defense, recently recalled that she confronted him at the White House. "She literally beat on me with her fist," he said. "She said, 'You've got to stop the killing.'"

The woman who brought Pablo Casals to the White House had urged her husband to create a Cabinet post for the arts. He said he would do it after he returned from Texas.

After his death, she persistently urged Lyndon Johnson to do the same. Eventually, he created the National Endowment for the Arts and the National Endowment for the Humanities.

The death of the Kennedys' son Patrick in August 1963, deeply saddened them both and drew them closer, according to biographer Heymann.

Jack Kennedy began to show more concern for his wife's wants. He told friends that after his second term, he'd enjoy being named Ambassador to Italy "because Jackie would like it."

Then came Dallas, first of the hammer blows that would drain her. Five years later, when Robert F. Kennedy was assassinated, she went to the airport to meet the plane bringing his body to New York.

Trembling as she mistook the huge Air Force Boeing 707 for Air Force One, she whispered to a crewman, "I couldn't go on that plane again," wrote author Lester David.

For 5 years after Jack Kennedy's death, Jackie was "The Widow," the continuing symbol of Camelot.

But in October 1968, she wed Greek shipping magnate Aristotle Onassis, who had been a generous friend. Asked by an interviewer if she wasn't concerned she'd lose her place on America's pedestal, she replied, "It's cold up there."

Mr. and Mrs. Onassis gave each other room in their marriage. "I never question her and she never questions me," he once said. She traveled, bought the latest Givenchy offerings, went to plays and operas with friends, with or without Onassis. He would cruise or dine at Maxim's, with soprano Maria Callas.

Jacqueline did not fly to Onassis' side when he died in 1975, remaining in New York. His daughter Christina did, and later sued to keep Jackie from the bulk of Onassis' fortune.

They settled out of court on $20 million for the widow. In later years, the last man in her life, diamond merchant Maurice Tempelsman would help her make investments that gave her an estimated net worth of at least $100 million at her death.

In 1975, she went to work as a consulting editor for Viking Press in New York, quitting after the company brought out a novel in which her brother-in-law, Senator Edward M. Kennedy, becomes President and a target of an assassination attempt.

But in 1978, she became an editor at Doubleday, where she worked for 16 years, bringing about a dozen books a year to publication, most of them stylishly printed and illustrated.

"I'm drawn to books that are out of our regular experience, books of other cultures, of ancient history," she said last year in a rare interview with Publishers Weekly.

She became familiar with Egyptian author Mahfouz's mystical novel, even though it wasn't available in the United States, because "It was available in French translation and I read that."

Veteran aide Dave Powers said, "She captured the imagination of the world. She had elegance and style. She made you proud to be around her."

Tomorrow, all the family members and friends and admirers of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, who were proud to be around her, will say farewell as she returns to John Kennedy's side forever.

Herald reporter Christie George contributed to this report.

[From the Boston Globe, May 22, 1994]

JACKIE WAS A MODEL OF DIGNITY TO THE END . . .

(By Ellen Goodman)

She went home to die. There would be no strangers coming down her hospital corridor, whispering outside her door. No paparazzi angling to get at her bedside.

The spokesman for the hospital had said, as spokesmen have said so many times before, "Mrs. Onassis and her family have asked that her privacy be respected at this time." The reporters, the curious, the well-wishers were kept at arm's length for one last time.

Jacqueline Bouvier. Jacqueline Kennedy. Jackie O. It was a malignant cancer indeed that killed this most private of public women at 64 years old.

The woman's image was seared into our national photo album half her lifetime ago. She was 34 years old—only 34—on that day when she flew back from Dallas, still dressed in a pink suit stained with the blood of her husband.

In the days that followed, Jacqueline Kennedy become the icon of national mourning. She set a standard for the stoicism we call dignity in the face of death. She did this as she did everything—with courage, in public, under a veil.

Jacqueline Bouvier. The daughter of Black Jack. The 18-year-old who was chosen the Debutante of 1947. The diffident Vassar and George Washington student who became the "inquiring camera girl" for the old Washington Times-Herald. The wife of the young Senator from Massachusetts. The First Lady.

At times she looked like a deer caught in the Kennedy headlights. She hadn't voted before her marriage, didn't care much for politics, was more attracted to art than policy and liked shopping more than touch football.

We thought we knew her. We thought she belonged to us. She has been on more magazine covers than Madonna. We followed every move, every hairstyle and lifestyle change. We knew her favorite diet dinner—baked potatoes with caviar—and her favorite designers.

But it was a compliment she didn't return, an intrusion she lived with but didn't welcome.

As a single mother, the most famous widow with the most famous children in America, she chose to raise Caroline and John as well and as far from the spotlight as possible.

Once, after Jack died, she said she was reading essayist Thomas Carlyle, "and he said you should do the duty that lies nearest you. The thing that lies nearest me is the children." She did that duty and had that pleasure.

Years later, when her son, John, made a toast at his sister's engagement, he said: "There were always just the three of us. Now there will be four." And now there will be one less.

America wanted Jacqueline Kennedy to remain frozen in time, circa 1963, circa 34 years old. When she married Aristotle Onassis, the country reacted as if some marauding Visigoth had made off with America's trophy widow. But she did what she wanted.

When she went to work as an editor, she was criticized as a rich woman who had gone slumming at the workplace. But she made her own coffee, xeroxed her own pages, edited her own books. She made her own life.

The world changed enormously in the years after Jackie was First Lady. Gradually the zone of privacy we allow public figures became smaller than a shower stall.

Judith Exner and the girls showed up in Camelot revisions. The President's widow became the extravagant wife of a shipping magnate feuding with her stepchildren. Unauthorized biographers came along slinging their stuff in the name of openness and the right to know . . . the worst.

Now psychobiographies written in psychobabble fill the shelves and turn lives into miniseries. Fame means living long enough to have an actress play you in someone else's script about your life. Jackie O.

In the 1990s even politicians are expected to reveal their childhood traumas to talk show hosts. Wives are called upon to do confessional interviews about their inner feelings about everything, including their marriage. Everyday people line up for the chance to discuss dysfunctional families and 12-step horror stories in the name of "sharing."

But Jackie didn't "share." Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis remained the most famous and the most private of women. She didn't comment. She didn't write her memoirs or do interviews about her disappointments.

Call it distance. Call it shyness. Call it reserve, aloofness. Choose your word on the continuum of privacy. May I suggest dignity? At this end of an era, Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis did it her way. She died with dignity.

[From the Boston Globe, May 22, 1994]

. . . AND THERE ARE FIVE WAYS WE CAN HONOR HER

(By Thomas Oliphant)

WASHINGTON—The living testimony to her inspiring triumph is stunning enough—Caroline Schlossberg and John Kennedy, Jr.

They are not icons; they are individual, rounded and grounded adults who have their own mature identities and secure, essentially private, lives.

Above all, and before all, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis was a magnificent mother. Under circumstances of indescribable difficulty, she protected her children, nurtured them and fought to give them the space within which they could grow to be themselves.

As a huge wave of emotion sweeps over the country on which she made such a deep and lasting impression, this essential part of her stands out most prominently as the ultimate legacy and tribute. There are few of her words that stand out, so great was her commitment to her own and her children's privacy, but I will never forget her observation that if you have failed your children, nothing else you have done with your life can compensate.

Her victory mattered greatly, and legitimately, to the country. In their infancy her children were in the center of the picture of youth and optimism and activism and

possibility that ushered in the 1960s. When their father was murdered, every heart in America literally ached for them, and the prayer that the children would turn out all right was fervent. Well, they did, but not as martyred symbols; they turned out all right as people.

There needs, however, to be more of a public remembrance, for this was as significant a female life as has been lived in American history, and its impact will be with us permanently. Five ideas come quickly to mind:

1. The Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington bears her husband's name, appropriately, but it is in equal part her memorial. In less than three White House years, she singlehandedly gave previously self-conscious American culture its public and international confidence. One of the center's venues is the Eisenhower Theater, politically correct if culturally oxymoronic; the opera house or the concert hall should now bear the name of the woman who brought Pablo Casals' cello, Isaac Stern's violin, and Carl Sandburg's voice to the White House.

2. Every tourist who passes through the White House gets a booklet that admirably describes the place and its history. That was her doing, as was the establishment of the curator's position to make restoration an ongoing responsibility. Other President's wives redecorated; she restored, and in the future the booklet should contain her picture and a summary of her accomplishment.

3. There should be a plaque, or, better, a bust in Lafayette Park, across Pennsylvania Avenue from the White House. Thanks mostly to her last-minute intercession, development on this important open space was blocked and a nascent movement that came to be called historic preservation was given a major boost. She was its indefatigable soldier for the rest of her life.

4. If I were rich, I would endow a program in journalistic ethics somewhere in her name. We live in an increasingly crude, Peeping Tom age in which the daily paper often reads like People magazine and uses the standards of the National Enquirer. Mrs. Onassis fought to have her privacy respected, and it was. We have an often unpleasant job to do, but every public life deserves a private zone, and we need to learn how to behave responsibly to save what's left of the high ground in our national conversation.

5. If I were President Clinton, I would ask Richard Nixon's family for understanding to allow an extra day for his official mourning period. On Monday, I'd order every flag raised to the top of every pole in salute to Mrs. Onassis, and in gratitude for her courage during a week in 1963 that still hurts so much.

In the first hours after President Kennedy's murder, there was horror, true shock, fear, irrationality, blind anger. But from the instant she emerged from Air Force One at Andrews Air Force Base, her carriage helped the country maintain the dignity of sorrow against the pull of aimless emotions while the entire world watched.

Amazingly, she was just 34 years old, and for that alone her country will be grateful forever.

But there was so much more, and she did it all her way.

[From Newsday Magazine, May 22, 1994]

A PRIVATE LIFE DEFINED BY WIT, COMPASSION

(By Pete Hamill)

We were on a train heading south through the June afternoon, carrying another Kennedy in a coffin to the dark permanent earth of Arlington. I was sitting in one of the crowded cars with Jose Torres, who had been the light-heavyweight champion of the world. He had torn his achilles tendon in the gym and his right foot was in

a cast and we were talking, and trying to make jokes to erase grief, glancing out at the ruined faces standing beside the tracks.

I was drinking then. I saw an old man standing at attention, saluting, and I turned away and sipped my whiskey and then, coming down the aisle, there was Jackie Kennedy.

She was moving slowly, stopping to murmur words of consolation to this person and that; and then came to us. Jose introduced himself and then me. She shook our hands and asked about Jose's leg.

"I know Bobby loved you guys," she said. "I'm so sorry."

The words were simple and correct, of course; so was the stoic grace, the refusal to weep in public, cry to Heaven for vengeance, or issue some gushing demand for pity. But there was something unstated too, moving around in her eyes, present in the coiled tension of her stance. She was bitterly angry. In 1968, with Martin Luther King gunned down and now Robert Kennedy, she wasn't alone.

That morning in St. Patrick's Cathedral, anger stained the air; it was here on the funeral train too, impossible to tame with either words or whiskey. The murder of Jack Kennedy provoked horror and grief, the killing of Robert Kennedy, a generalized absurd fury.

Jackie Kennedy, as everyone called her then, had been to King's funeral in April; now she was part of still another, less than 5 years after the bloody finality of Dallas. American public life was beginning to resemble a death cult, and in her eyes, and the slight tight-lipped shake of the head, she seemed to be wondering if the killing would ever end.

The train rocked slightly; she didn't lose her balance. She turned to console someone else and then she was gone. Four months later she married Aristotle Onassis.

"I wanted to go away," she told me once. "They were killing Kennedys and I didn't want them to harm my children. I wanted to go off. I wanted to be somewhere safe."

After the marriage to Onassis, of course, much bitterness was directed at Jackie herself. Three public versions of the same woman emerged, often warring with one another: Jacqueline Bouvier, Jackie Kennedy, Jacqueline Onassis. By refusing to play forever the role of Jackie Kennedy, Grieving Widow, by resisting the demands and hypocrisies of the cult she'd helped create by telling Theodore White it was like Camelot, by insisting instead on her right to live, Jacqueline Bouvier invited the pikes and lances. In the process, she made a brave and difficult life.

A decade after Robert Kennedy's death, after Onassis had died, and after Jackie had begun to build her life in New York, we went around together for a while. I don't know of any public figure whose public image was at greater variance with private reality. "I picked up the newspaper today," she said one evening, "and read this story about this absolutely horrible woman—and it was me."

She did not retail herself, of course, did not work the talk show circuit or give interviews or issue press releases. The absence of information was filled with gossip, rumor, the endless human capacity for malice. She was able to immunize herself from most of this with irony and detachment, laughing at the more overblown printed fevers. She understood that she was the stuff that tabloid dreams are made of, combining in one person the themes of sex, death, and money. But she could be wounded too.

"I just don't understand sometimes why they work so hard at hurting me," she said. "There are so many more important things to do."

Books have been written about her; more will come in a ceaseless flood. I hope they all make clear how much she loved her children and the man she once described to me as "this young handsome guy who later became President." Loved them: And the geometries of the French language, the marbled acres of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the lanes and green surprises of Central Park, the light of the Mediterranean. She loved riding horses through the fields around Bernardsville

in New Jersey and loved rogues, too, men who reminded her of her father, Jack Bouvier. She is one of the few women I ever met who could be equally comfortable with Jimmy Breslin and Andre Malraux.

Her intelligence was subtle and surprising. She could discuss characters from Proust and dances by Fred Astaire. She had a wicked sense of humor, saw sham when it appeared, had little patience for fools, expressed herself with wit.

She worked hard at editing, reading more manuscripts at home than ever were published, urging people into good work. And she could write too. Her notes were models of grace and precision. The most appalling thing about the suddenness of her death is that she apparently never wrote her memoirs, she who had so much to remember. "Sometime, when I'm old and creaking," she said, "may be I'll write some of all that."

Instead, she wrote notes to people who were in trouble, to men whose wives were dying, to women who'd lost their men. The world was full of the wounded. She had the gift of sympathy, which is rarer than we all care to admit, and brought it more often to the hurt than to the triumphant. She was gracious with strangers, particularly people astonished by the sight of her, amused by the absurdity of her own celebrity, but never cruel or dismissive to those who thought it was important. She used that celebrity for decent causes: The saving of Grand Central, the campaign to rehab 42nd Street, the curbing of Mort Zuckerman's skyscraper on the edge of Central Park. In those and other endeavors, she wasn't assembling scrapbooks; she was being a citizen. Most of the time, she hung the celebrity in the closet like a dress, and lived her life.

She didn't need to do any of these things. She could have lived out her days in icy exile in Europe, hugging some mountain in Switzerland, walled away from the world in some personal fortress on the Riviera. She chose instead to live in New York, a city as wounded as she was.

In the last decade, when every sleazy rumor about Jack Kennedy was treated like fact, she maintained her silence. And silence, of course, is communication.

Now, in silence, she will make her own final journey to Arlington. To be forever with the man she loved, long ago. God bless.

[From the Washington Post, May 22, 1994]

THE ETERNAL JACKIE

(By Mary McGrory)

She was a First Lady like no other. She was improbably beautiful, she rode to hounds, did exactly as she pleased and knew just what she wanted.

Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis wanted babies and fine arts in the White House. She would pose with the occasional poster child, but not with county chairmen. She was a perfectionist who poured over histories and other old tomes to find out exactly how the White House was supposed to be and then set about restoring it. She had the State Dining Room painted nine times before she got the right shade of white.

The country was not sure what to make of her. She was half of the handsomest couple ever sent to the White House. Whether to dismiss her as a Newport irrelevant or a clothes horse occupied much speculation until she went with the President to Europe in June 1961, and created a sensation. In Paris, the French, contemplating the wide-set eyes, luxuriant black hair and delicate nose, forgot to be superior and sniffy. By the end of the second day, Kennedy was presenting himself as "the man who brought Jackie Kennedy to Paris."

In Vienna, they lined the streets murmuring "suess" (sweet) in such volume that it sounded like a giant, enveloping hiss. She stood next to Khrushchev's bulky wife, Nina, on a balcony—a referendum on the Cold War, and the West won in a walk. The President had a rough time with Khrushchev, but Jackie came home to glory—and to new respect from her Irish in-laws, having proved herself world-class.

Jackie Kennedy was not into issues like Eleanor Roosevelt was. In her rare public statements, she stressed the importance of raising one's children well. She didn't hold press conferences, didn't give interviews. People told her she had to, but she knew better. Her silence added to her glamour. She kept her children out of camera range and gave elegant parties. Grown men cried if not invited. Poets and musicians came to dinner. There was waltzing in the foyer.

In Dallas, the First Lady became a queen. Her bearing during the traumatic weekend when the young President lay in state in the Rotunda and the country sobbed was an above-and-beyond demonstration of noblesse oblige, worthy, many said at the time, of royalty. The 34-year-old socialite understood that she had a shattered country on her hands, and that she had to hold it together. She made her tragic rounds with dignity and grace. She planned her husband's funeral to the last trumpet and piper. She researched the hanging of crepe on the White House. She oversaw the funeral invitation list to St. Matthew's Cathedral. She saw to the eternal flame. She walked down the aisle holding daughter Caroline's hand. The child felt the sobs and reached over and patted her mother's arm. Outside, 3-year-old John saluted the casket. She had taught her children love and manners.

When it was over, after she had seen off the last head of state, she did something else. She put her own spin on the Kennedy years. Reticence set aside, she summoned Teddy White, the romantic chronicler of Presidential campaigns, to Hyannis Port, and told him what it was all about. It had been Camelot, she told him. And for a generation, while tales of Presidential philandering filtered out of Congressional committees and revisionism broke through the vale of tears, Camelot was the theme.

She was mobbed, revered, pestered by paparazzi and reckoned a saint by some who had originally judged her a snob. She lived in New York, supported cultural causes, tutored a Harlem high school student, enjoyed her children and her job, as a book editor.

The tranquility came to a screeching halt in October 1968, when she married Aristotle Onassis, an obscenely rich and somewhat primitive Greek shipping magnate. People were shocked, furious that she should step down from her stained-glass window. She never explained, never apologized. She was again, her friends said, about the business at hand. Bobby Kennedy's death had made her see her vulnerability, her need for protection and financial security.

Onassis died as they were planning a divorce. Onassis's family settled a fortune on her. Her life seemed peaceful. She attended gatherings of the clan. She observed the scene with the attention and wit of another daughter of New York, Edith Wharton. She watched as the Governor of New York came down the path at Hickory Hill at the wedding of Kerry Kennedy and Andrew Cuomo. "Somehow," she said, "I think the Cuomos will hold their own as in-laws."

Her suffering during her last illness seemed gratuitous, totally inappropriate for someone who had had much trouble. She was cheerful through it all, they say. She saw friends and family and adored grandchildren who called her "Grand Jackie." She conversed as long as she could. Once again, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis was showing us how to behave. We shall miss her exquisite tutelage.

[From the New York Times, May 22, 1994]

JACKIE, NEW YORKER; FRIENDS RECALL A FIGHTER FOR HER CITY

(By Robert D. McFadden)

On a weekend of nationwide mourning and tributes from around the world, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis was remembered by her colleagues and friends closer to home yesterday as, after all, a New Yorker who loved and enjoyed and fought for her glittering, frustrating city.

All over town—at a Grand Central Terminal she helped to save, outside her Fifth Avenue apartment building, in Central Park where she jogged, in comments from those who had known and worked with her—people recalled her campaigns for treasured buildings, her work as a book editor, her affection for art, her quiet presence in church, and mostly her friendship.

New York, which confers a measure of privacy on celebrities, had counted her among its own for many years. Mrs. Onassis, who died Thursday at the age of 64, had spent much of her childhood here, and it was here she returned in 1964 after the assassination of President John F. Kennedy, and here she went back to work in 1975, after the death of her second husband, Aristotle Onassis.

"She had this tremendous enthusiasm—it was almost childlike at times—and when she talked about a book, you knew she was completely engaged," said Stephen Rubin, the president and publisher of Doubleday, where Mrs. Onassis had been an editor for the last 16 years.

"A WICKED SENSE OF HUMOR"

Mrs. Onassis, who edited about a dozen books a year on the performing arts, history, and a wide variety of other subjects, had a small office at Doubleday, at Broadway and 45th Street, where she attended editorial meetings, worked with manuscripts and authors, helped design book jackets and art layouts, and even helped develop sales and marketing strategies, Mr. Rubin said.

"Every single person on the staff adored her," he said. "She was not just accessible, she was genuinely caring. She also had a wicked sense of humor and was a lot of fun. She really connected with the authors, too, once they got over the idea that their editor was Jackie Kennedy Onassis. She was warm, engaging, smart—a friend."

One of her authors, Bill Moyers, for whom she had edited three books, recalled her yesterday in similar terms: "As a colleague, working closely on my books, she was as witty, warm and creative in private as she was grand and graceful in public."

Nancy Tuckerman, a lifelong friend and confidante who had been Mrs. Kennedy's White House social secretary, recalled roller-skating with Jackie Bouvier as children in New York in the 1930s, when they were fellow students at the Chapin School.

JOGGER, CHURCH-GOER, LOBBYIST

"Going back to our childhood days, she always loved New York and everything about it—the museums, the parks, the people," Ms. Tuckerman said. "She was always drawn back to New York. She chose to bring up her children in the city. She got into publishing because she knew it would be an educational experience—she would learn something every moment—and she became a superb editor."

Mrs. Onassis was intensely private, but did not live in seclusion, Ms. Tuckerman noted. She jogged around the reservoir in Central Park nearly every day, took cabs to work, went to church, attended dinner parties and went to countless meetings, lunches, even out-of-town lobbying trips, in her work on behalf of campaigns to save buildings like Grand Central Terminal.

At the terminal yesterday, people from all over the world gathered in the newly restored South Hall to sign and scribble their feelings in a memorial book to Mrs. Onassis. Nearby, a spotlighted plaque read: "Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis led the fight to save this beautiful terminal. The victory won in the U.S. Supreme Court in 1978 established the public's right to protect landmarks in cities and towns all over America."

Kent L. Barwick, president of the Municipal Art Society, remembered the day in 1975, when Mrs. Onassis called him and volunteered to join what then looked like a losing fight to save the terminal from a plan to put up an office tower that would obscure its facade.

"Jackie brought an enormous visibility to the campaign," Mr. Barwick recalled. "By standing up and speaking out for the terminal, she made it a success. And she made it not just a struggle involving New Yorkers, but people all over the country, who sent in $5 bills and notes of support."

At a crucial stage of the campaign, when the issue rested before the U.S. Supreme Court, Mrs. Onassis and other supporters boarded a train to Washington to join a public demonstration, Mr. Barwick said. She gave it such respectability that some U.S. Senators joined in.

Mr. Barwick also recalled how Mrs. Onassis fought a plan to construct a huge tower on Columbus Circle, one that would cast an enormous shadow over Central Park; plans for the building have since been scaled down. And, he said, she was instrumental a decade ago in persuading legislators in Albany to block the construction of an office tower beside St. Bartholomew's Church on the East Side.

FAITHFUL PARISHIONER

"Jackie got on the train to Albany, met with assemblymen and senators and the Governor all day, gave testimony and at the end of the day, when the rest of us were exhausted, she stood for well over an hour while virtually every important legislator had a picture taken with her," Mr. Barwick remembered.

The Reverend George Bardes, the pastor of St. Thomas More Roman Catholic Church, at 85 East 89th Street, who administered last rites to Mrs. Onassis on Thursday, remembered her as a faithful parishioner who quietly attended services with her family. "She would usually stop after Mass to exchange pleasantries with the priests," he said, and he spoke of the sad passing of a woman of courage.

Like many New Yorkers, Mrs. Onassis got away occasionally—on weekends to her horse farm in New Jersey, in the summer to her estate on Martha's Vineyard, where she and her companion of recent years, Maurice Tempelsman, entertained President Clinton and his wife, Hillary, last summer.

But, her friends said, she was always glad to come home to New York.

[From the USA Today, May 24, 1994]

"SHE GRACED OUR HISTORY"

NATION REMEMBERS JACKIE, WHO "HELD US TOGETHER"

BURIAL PRIVATE, BUT MANY FEEL HER LOSS

(By Andrea Stone, Mimi Hall)

ARLINGTON, VA—The woman who taught a nation how to mourn and then to go on living was buried here Monday, beside the eternal flame she lit 31 years ago for her slain husband.

In ceremonies as private as her life, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis was remembered for her style and strength, a woman whose death seems to define the end of an era.

At a small graveside service in Arlington National Cemetery, President Clinton praised the former First Lady as a "remarkable woman whose life will forever glow in the lives of her fellow Americans."

Earlier, at a funeral Mass in New York, Senator Edward Kennedy eulogized his sister-in-law as "a blessing to us and to the Nation. . . . She graced our history. And for those of us who knew and loved her—she graced our lives."

Onassis died Thursday at 64, of cancer, in New York.

To many of the sad and curious who flocked to her Fifth Avenue apartment building or watched retrospectives on television, Jackie's death seemed too abrupt and too soon. She had lived three decades beyond the spotlight, yet the grainy black and white images of a too-young widow streamed back like a worn refrain from Camelot.

In 1963, the Nation buried its murdered President, John F. Kennedy, with muffled drums, slowly moving caissons and funeral marches—as planned by his widow. Monday, she was mourned the way she would have preferred: In private.

Then, a little girl reached beneath a flag to touch her father's casket. Monday, Caroline Kennedy Schlossberg kneeled to place a white lily on her mother's bier.

Then, a little boy called John-John whirled to salute his father, buried on the day he turned 3. Monday, John F. Kennedy Jr. said goodbye to his mother, before laying his hand, for a poignant moment, on his father's grave marker.

Gathering hours before Monday morning's funeral, thousands stood outside St. Ignatius Loyola Church in New York as a hearse carrying the mahogony casket, covered with ferns and a cross of white flowers, arrived.

In the same church where Jacqueline Bouvier was baptized and confirmed, old Kennedy hands like Pierre Salinger, Dave Powers, and McGeorge Bundy gathered. Hollywood figures Daryl Hannah, romantically linked to John Jr., and Arnold Schwarzenegger, married to a Kennedy, mingled with First Ladies Hillary Rodham Clinton and Lady Bird Johnson.

And for the first time, many heard Onassis' first name pronounced as she preferred it: "Jock-leen."

John Jr. told the 1,000 invited guests that he and Caroline had struggled to choose readings that "captured my mother's essence." They settled on her "love of words, the bonds of home and family, and her spirit of adventure."

Onassis' children planned the simple, 90-minute funeral Mass, down to the white flowers and candles on the altar. John Jr., 33, read from the prophet Isaiah. Schlossberg, 36, invoked her parents' beloved Cape Cod as she read "Memory of Cape Cod" by poet Edna St. Vincent Millay. Onassis' longtime companion, Maurice Tempelsman, read from a favorite poem, "Ithaka." Opera singer Jessye Norman sang "Ave Maria."

There was no mention of Aristotle Onassis, the Greek billionaire Jackie married in 1968—to the horror and dismay of her Kennedy kin. Nor was there mention of the court fight over Onassis' fortune, in which Jackie settled for a reported $26 million. Monday, an Onassis family foundation announced it would donate $50,000 to a U.S. charity as a tribute to Jackie.

In his eulogy, Edward Kennedy skipped over the Onassis chapter in Jacqueline Onassis' life. Instead, he spoke of what impressed and fascinated a nation:

"During those 4 endless days in 1963, she held us together as a family and a country. In large part because of her, we could grieve and then go on. She lifted us up, and in the doubt and darkness, she gave her fellow citizens back their pride as Americans. She was then 34 years old."

"I often think of what she said about Jack in December after he died: 'They made him a legend, when he would have preferred to be a man.' Jackie would have preferred to be just herself, but the world insisted that she be a legend, too."

Perhaps, the last Kennedy legend.

That seemed clear as eight honorary pallbearers lined the church steps. Members of the next generation—Robert F. Kennedy Jr., Timothy Shriver, Christopher Lawford, William Kennedy Smith, Edward Kennedy Jr.—their youth and varied troubles a reminder of how heavy a legacy can be.

There were also reminders of how loving and well-loved the family is. Former Secret Service Agent Jack Walsh, who protected Caroline and John Jr. as children, was a pallbearer.

And among the guests: Roosevelt Grier, former football star and one-time bodyguard to Robert Kennedy. "She meant a lot to me," he said simply.

The man who discreetly shared Onassis' last years bade his own goodbye. Said Tempelsman: Her life "was filled with adventure and wisdom, laughter and love, gallantry and grace."

And then a final journey back to Washington, the city she charmed and transformed and fled so many years ago.

President Clinton met the family's chartered jet at National Airport. A 28-car motorcade passed thousands baking in the heat under blue skies as it made its way to Arlington National Cemetery. Some held signs: "Jackie—We Loved You, Too."

"I was in this exact spot 31 years ago," said Charles McAree, 56, of Arlington, standing outside the cemetery gate where he watched the President's funeral cortege go by in 1963. "I was just thinking about how much has gone by in the last 35 years."

Norman Reno, 64, of Oak Lawn, IL, took a break from sightseeing to pay his last respects. "I'm part of that Kennedy generation," he said. "It feels like a family member lost. They really had a connection with the people."

Just 100 family members and the Clintons attended the graveside ceremony, held at the breathtaking spot high above the Potomac River across from Washington that draws millions of tourists each year. Monday, no visitors were allowed. And mourners at 23 other funerals scheduled at the 612-acre cemetery were carefully screened.

The Onassis service lasted but 14 minutes. The bells of Washington's National Cathedral tolled 64 times.

"God gave her very great gifts and imposed upon her great burdens," said Clinton, who spoke briefly. "She bore them all with dignity and grace and uncommon common sense."

When it was over, John Jr. and Caroline—whom their uncle called Jackie's "two miracles"—knelt in prayer, approached the casket for the last time and bid farewell.

[From USA Today, May 24, 1994]

FAREWELL TO A FIRST LADY

A ROLE MODEL, A MYSTERY, A LEGEND

(By Mimi Hall, Peter Eisler)

ARLINGTON, VA—They came to the gates of Arlington National Cemetery from everywhere—a mix of generations, a mix of races, drawn by a woman and a memory.

They came to say goodbye to Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, each using this last moment on a sunny Monday afternoon to somehow recapture the legacy of her era.

Howard Riddick made the sad journey, much as he had in 1963, when he waited and wept with thousands of others for more than 11 hours to pay his last respects to John F. Kennedy at the Capitol.

He had been to slain civil rights activist Medgar Evers' funeral just months earlier. He would later attend the funerals of Bobby Kennedy and Martin Luther King, Jr.

"I came for what they stood for and what they were trying to do and how they disappeared," Riddick said as he waited. "I sort of felt I should be here, too."

Jim Goudie, a retired Air Force sergeant who was at Andrews Air Force Base when JFK's casket arrived from Dallas, came to honor the legacy of the civil rights movement.

"She was always the First Lady to me, and to black people in general," said Goudie. The Kennedys "really set the trend for us, and they passed that to LBJ, who carried on what I'm sure President Kennedy would have done (in civil rights) if he were alive."

Norman and Florence Reno, of Oak Lawn, IL, came, remembering the election that put the first Catholic couple in the White House.

"My wife and I are Catholics, . . . so there's a real connection there," said Reno, 64. "It feels like a family member lost."

Shelley Walker came to honor a role model, a woman she watched and admired as girl.

"I was 13 years old when the President died, and watching her made me grow up," said Walker, 44, a staffer at the Clinton White House. "I really admired her, all the things everybody says, the strength, the grace, the mystery."

John Clizbe, 32, an unemployed engineer from Burke, VA, is too young to remember the turbulent 1960s.

But "I was named after Kennedy," he said. "And I came to get a feeling of being a part of history."

Nearly everyone standing quietly to watch the hearse pass spoke about their memories of a time gone by.

Kristin Cabral, 28, wasn't born when JFK was assassinated. But he "left a legacy, most primarily, of service. That was very vital to me growing up—that it's important to do service for others," she said.

At the curbside, mourners tried to shield themselves from the heat of the bright spring day, many stared out across the Potomac River, wondering what had been lost.

"She kept the people's respect and that's hard to do today," said Carolyn Edwards, 56, who came from Masontown, VA. "It sounds like a cliche, but she's the closest thing to royalty that we as Americans have."

Could any one else have brought Riddick from his Portsmouth, VA, home for this roadside vigil?

"In politics? No, not right now. Nobody's worthy."

Said Theresa Gogat, 58, of Springfield, VA: "I don't think there'll ever be anyone like those two. It's just the end of an era."

EXCERPTS FROM SENATOR EDWARD KENNEDY'S MASS EULOGY

"No one else looked like her, spoke like her, wrote like her, or was so original in the way she did things. No one we knew ever had a better sense of self.

And then, during those 4 endless days in 1963, she held us together as a family and a country. In large part because of her, we could grieve and then go on. She lifted us up, and in the doubt and darkness, she gave her fellow citizens back their pride as Americans. She was then 34 years old.

Afterward, as the eternal flame she lit flickered in the autumn of Arlington Cemetery, Jackie went on to do what she most wanted—to raise Caroline and John, and warm her family's life and that of all the Kennedys.

Her two children turned out to be extraordinary, honest, unspoiled and with a character equal to hers. And she did it in the most trying of circumstances. They are her two miracles. Her love for Caroline and John was deep and unqualified. She reveled in their accomplishments, she hurt with their sorrows, and she felt sheer joy and delight in spending time with them. At the mere mention of one of their names, Jackie's eyes would shine brighter and her smile would grow bigger.

She never wanted public notice—in part, I think, because it brought back painful memories of an unbearable sorrow, endured in the glare of a million lights.

In all the years since then, her genuineness and depth of character continued to shine through the privacy, and reach people everywhere. Jackie was too young to be a widow in 1963, and too young to die now."

EXCERPTS FROM "MEMORY OF CAPE COD" BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

"The wind in the ash tree sounds like surf on the shore at Truro.
I will shut my eyes.
Hush. Be still with your silly pleading sheep on Shilling Stone Hill
They said, come along.
They said, leave your pebbles on the sand and come along.
It's long after sunset
The mosquitoes will be thick in the pine woods along by Long Neck.
The winds died down. They said, leave your pebbles on the sand and your shells too and come along
We'll find you another beach like the beach at Truro.
Let me listen to the wind in the ash
It sounds like surf on the shore."

MAURICE TEMPLESMAN READ THE POEM "ITHAKA" BY CONSTANTINE PETER CAVAFY, DURING THE MASS—EXCERPTS:

Keep Ithaca always in your mind,
Arriving there is what you're destined for,
But don't hurry the journey at all,
Better if it lasts for years so you're old by the time you reach the islands,
Wealth with all you've gained on the way, not expecting Ithaca to make you rich.
Ithaca gave you the marvelous journey,
Without her, you wouldn't have set out,
She has nothing left to give you now.

JOHN F. KENNEDY, JR., READ FROM ISAIAH 25 AT THE BURIAL

"The Lord God will wipe away the tears from all faces. The reproach of his people he will remove from the whole earth. For the Lord hath spoken. On that day it will be said: Behold our God to whom we look to save us. This is the Lord for whom we looked. Let us rejoice and be glad that he has saved us."

EXCERPTS FROM THE PRESIDENT'S GRAVESIDE EULOGY

"We are joined here today at the site of the eternal flame, lit by Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis 31 years ago, to bid farewell to this remarkable woman whose life will forever glow in the lives of her fellow Americans.

Whether she was soothing a nation grieving for a former President, or raising the children with the care and the privacy they deserve, or simply being a good friend, she seemed always to do the right thing, in the right way.

She taught us by example about the beauty of art, the meaning of culture, the lessons of history, the power of personal courage, the nobility of public service, and most of all, the sanctity of family.

God gave her very great gifts and imposed upon her great burdens. She bore them all with dignity and grace and uncommon common sense. . . .

Hillary and I are especially grateful that she took so much time to talk about the importance of raising children away from the public eye, and we will always remember the wonderful, happy times we shared together last summer. With admiration, love and gratitude, for the inspirations and the dreams she gave to all of us, we say goodbye to Jackie today.

May the flame she lit, so long ago, burn ever brighter here and always brighter in our hearts.

God bless you, friend, and farewell."

[From the Washington Post, May 24, 1994]

GREAT GIFTS AND GREAT BURDENS

The following is a transcript of President Clinton's remarks yesterday at the burial service for Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis in Arlington Cemetery:

> We are joined here today at the site of the eternal flame, lit by Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis 31 years ago, to bid farewell to this remarkable woman whose life will forever glow in the lives of her fellow Americans.
>
> Whether she was soothing a nation grieving for a former President, or raising the children with the care and the privacy they deserve, or simply being a good friend, she seemed always to do the right thing, in the right way.
>
> She taught us by example about the beauty of art, the meaning of culture, the lessons of history, the power of personal courage, the nobility of public service, and most of all, the sanctity of family.
>
> God gave her very great gifts and imposed upon her great burdens. She bore them all with dignity and grace and uncommon common sense.
>
> In the end, she cared most about being a good mother to her children, and the lives of Caroline and John leave no doubt that she was that, and more.
>
> Hillary and I are especially grateful that she took so much time to talk about the importance of raising children away from the public eye, and we will always remember the wonderful, happy times we shared together last summer.
>
> With admiration, love and gratitude, for the inspirations and the dreams she gave to all of us, we say goodbye to Jackie today.
>
> May the flame she lit, so long ago, burn ever brighter here and always brighter in our hearts.
>
> God bless you, friend, and farewell.

[From the Washington Post, May 24, 1994]

A DAY OF FAREWELLS TO A FIRST LADY

IN A SOMBER SPOTLIGHT, JACQUELINE KENNEDY ONASSIS IS BURIED

(By Marylou Tousignant, Malcolm Gladwell)

Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis was laid to rest yesterday at Arlington National Cemetery, next to the eternal flame she lit over the grave of her fallen husband 30 years ago.

Church bells tolled and about 2,000 people lined the roadway as the hearse bearing the body of the 64-year-old former First Lady made its way from National Airport to the cemetery. She was buried on a hillside overlooking the Potomac, alongside President John F. Kennedy and the two children they lost at birth.

In his eulogy yesterday morning at Onassis's funeral Mass in New York, Senator Edward M. Kennedy (D–MA), her brother-in-law, recalled her as "a blessing to us and to the Nation—and a lesson to the world on how to do things right, how to be a mother, how to appreciate history, how to be courageous."

Onassis died Thursday of lymphatic cancer in her Fifth Avenue apartment in New York.

The farewell to a woman whose beauty and style fascinated a nation was, like the enigmatic Onassis herself, both intensely private and extremely public.

Her two grown children and longtime companion were joined by about 100 relatives and a handful of close friends by her grave on the grassy slope at the cemetery. The cemetery was closed to the public for the day, but television cameras, permitted to film from a distance, brought the graveside service to an audience of millions.

Stoic as their mother had been at the same place so many years ago, John F. Kennedy, Jr., and his sister, Caroline Kennedy Schlossberg, read from the Scriptures during the 20-minute service on a hot, still afternoon.

As they led the mourners away, Schlossberg placed a long-stemmed white flower on her mother's mahogany coffin, while her brother knelt to kiss it before touching the black granite marker on his father's adjacent grave. They then paused for a moment of prayer at the grave of their uncle, Senator Robert F. Kennedy, assassinated just a few years after President Kennedy.

Among the mourners were President and Mrs. Clinton, who accompanied the Kennedy family to Arlington in a scene familiar to millions of Americans. Leading the procession was Archbishop Philip M. Hannan, a family acquaintance who had eulogized both John and Robert Kennedy after their assassinations.

President Clinton bade Onassis goodbye in his brief graveside remarks. "God gave her very great gifts and imposed upon her great burdens," Clinton said. "She bore them all with dignity and grace and uncommon common sense. . . . May the flame she lit so long ago burn ever brighter here and always brighter in our hearts. God bless you, friend, and farewell."

Clinton and Edward Kennedy, who eulogized Onassis at the funeral Mass in New York's St. Ignatius Loyola Roman Catholic Church, where she was baptized, made special note of her fierce devotion as a mother caught in celebrity's relentless spotlight.

"In the end," said Clinton, "she cared most about being a good mother to her children, and the lives of Caroline and John leave no doubt that she was that, and more."

When Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy moved into the White House in 1961, she was just 31—younger than her children are today—and the handsome and vibrant Kennedy family captivated much of the Nation.

Yesterday, the little cousins who had played touch football at the family compound in Hyannis Port, Mass., were the somber young men serving as honorary pallbearers. Joining them was Jack Walsh, the Secret Service agent who guarded Caroline and John Jr. for 12 years after their father's death.

Along the drive leading to the cemetery gates, people stood on tiptoe and pointed cameras as the motorcade went by.

Rick Werth, 22, a welder from Virginia Beach, said he drove to Washington with four friends instead of going to work. "The President's wife was very important," Werth said. "Really, we can't afford to have a day off, but we had to come here."

At the conclusion of the burial service, a bell at Washington National Cathedral tolled 64 times, once for each year of Onassis's life.

Earlier in New York, almost 1,000 people, including First Lady Hillary Rodham Clinton, attended the hour-long funeral, planned by Onassis's children. Thousands of onlookers crowded behind police barricades that extended over three surrounding city blocks as the coffin, adorned with ferns and a cross of white lillies of the valley, was carried into the Park Avenue church.

Across the street, an elderly woman sat in a chair on the sidewalk, weeping, while her companion knelt in the street in prayer.

The funeral was the coda for an extraordinary period of public and private mourning for Onassis in New York, beginning Thursday afternoon when scores of well-wishers gathered outside her luxury apartment as she lay dying inside, surrounded, her family said, by the people and books she loved.

Throughout the weekend, an ever larger and sometimes unruly crowd maintained a constant vigil on the sidewalk outside her apartment building. Celebrities, friends and countless more who had never met her left flowers at the front door.

President Clinton did not attend the funeral, worried that his presence would disrupt the family's wish for privacy. But the First Lady who followed Jackie Kennedy into the White House, Lady Bird Johnson, was there.

The guest list also included actress Darryl Hannah, a friend of John Kennedy Jr.'s; Rosie Grier, former football player and bodyguard to Robert Kennedy; retired CBS News anchor Walter Cronkite; actor Arnold Schwarzenegger, who is married to Maria Shriver, Onassis's niece; author William Styron; Jann Wenner, publisher of Rolling Stone magazine; and several former Kennedy administration officials.

Guests received hand-delivered invitations over the weekend and had to produce them at several security checkpoints to enter the church.

"Getting those 1,000 people into their seats was one of those logistic miracles," said Frederic Papert, an Onassis friend. "It's sad but true that the Kennedys know how to do this. They've had too much practice."

Regarding the service itself, he added, "If Jackie was watching, she would have smiled. You saw all her touches."

The simple ceremony was planned around poems and readings from the Scriptures chosen, in the words of John Jr., "to capture my mother's essence."

"Three things came to mind over and over again and ultimately dictated our selections," he said. "They were her love of words, the bonds of home and family, and her spirit of adventure."

Opera singer Jessye Norman sang "Ave Maria," and longtime Onassis companion Maurice Tempelsman read one of her favorite poems, "Ithaka," by Constantine P. Cavafy. "And now the journey is over," he read. "Too short, alas, too short."

It was a journey chronicled by historians and tabloids, the mesmerizing story of a dark-haired debutante who married into an American political dynasty and became a tragic heroine on that November day in Dallas. Five years later, she stunned her admirers and the Kennedy clan by marrying Aristotle Onassis, a Greek shipping tycoon 23 years her senior who swept her into his jet-set lifestyle.

After his death in 1975, Onassis settled in New York City and surprised her public once again by entering the work force as a book editor, a job she held until her death.

She also became a doting grandmother who enjoyed taking Caroline's three children for ice-cream cones and walks in Central Park.

A lifelong patron of the arts and formidable defender of her city's landmarks, Onassis was not reclusive, tolerating but never encouraging the public spotlight that inevitably fell upon her.

"I often think of what she said about Jack in December after he died," Edward Kennedy told mourners yesterday. " 'They made him a legend when he would have preferred to be a man.' Jackie would have preferred just to be herself, but the world insisted that she be a legend too."

[From the New York Times, May 24, 1994]

DEATH OF A FIRST LADY

THE OVERVIEW; JACQUELINE KENNEDY ONASSIS IS BURIED

(By R.W. Apple, Jr.)

Eulogized by President Clinton as a "remarkable woman whose life will forever glow in the lives of her fellow Americans," Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis was buried today on an Arlington hillside next to her martyred first husband, the 35th President of the United States.

The eternal flame that Mrs. Onassis lighted three decades ago as a 34-year-old widow flickered in a summery breeze as the President spoke of her courage at the time of John F. Kennedy's assassination, when her poise and dignity helped to salve the Nation's wounds, and of her kindness to him and to Hillary Rodham Clinton as they searched for ways to shield their daughter, Chelsea, from the corrosive glare of publicity.

"God gave her very great gifts and imposed upon her great burdens," Mr. Clinton said. "She bore them all with dignity and grace and uncommon common sense."

In keeping with Mrs. Onassis's passion for privacy, it was a modest, 11-minute ceremony, with fewer than 100 people standing near the grave in the midday sun. There were brief readings by the two children, John F. Kennedy, Jr. and Caroline Kennedy Schlossberg, whose then-tiny hands so tightly clutched those of their mother at their father's funeral—a heart-rending picture that is burned into the memory of every American old enough to remember.

Finally, 64 bells rang out from the tower of the Washington Cathedral across the Potomac River, one for each year of a life suddenly cut short by lymphoma, a form of cancer.

At the funeral Mass at St. Ignatius Loyola Roman Catholic Church in Manhattan this morning, Senator Edward M. Kennedy of Massachusetts recalled that Mrs. Onassis had once said that "if you bungle raising your children, nothing else much matters in life." She did not do so, he said, for all the obstacles that fate had cast into her path, and her two children, he said, "are her two miracles."

Despite her dazzling successes in the White House, despite her second marriage to the shipowner Aristotle Onassis, despite the paparazzi who dogged her steps, Senator Kennedy said that "she never wanted public notice—in part, I think, because it brought back painful memories of an unbearable sorrow, endured in the glare of a million lights."

Since she died last Thursday evening in her Fifth Avenue apartment after a short illness, Mrs. Onassis has been praised by politicians, historians and news commentators for her style, her taste, her bravery in the face of crushing tragedy, her devotion as a mother and her stubborn insistence on living by her own lights. Her passing broke a link to a time when politicians were often heroes, a time of sweet optimism that was soured by Vietnam and Watergate.

In a vulgar era when celebrity is something to be cashed in on, she seemed to many to symbolize a more refined and more ordered way of life.

The historian Michael Beschloss argued that Mrs. Onassis was one of the two most important First Ladies of the century, the other, in his view, having been Eleanor Roosevelt. Pierre Salinger, the White House Press Secretary in the Kennedy White House, insisted that she was a figure of substance as well as glamour. President Lyndon B. Johnson, he said, wanted to nominate her as Ambassador to France, but she dissuaded him.

"She made a rare and noble contribution to the American spirit," said Senator Kennedy. At no point did he or any other speaker at the funeral Mass make the slightest allusion to Mrs. Onassis's second marriage, which was widely criticized in the news media at the time as inappropriate.

TOUCHSTONE OF CONTINUITY

The church, a 96-year-old neoclassic limestone structure on Park Avenue at 84th Street, was the same one where Jacqueline Bouvier was baptized as an infant and confirmed as a teen-ager—a continuity rare in modern America, where people's lives often carry them far from their origins. Perhaps in memory of those days, the officiating priest, the Rev. Walter Modrys, pronounced her name in the French manner, zhak-LEEN, as she preferred when young, and not in the American way, JACK-well-in, as became common later.

Tradition was also served in the preponderance of family members among the readers, pallbearers and other participants in the Mass. One pallbearer was William Kennedy Smith, a nephew of Mrs. Onassis, who was acquitted on rape charges in December 1991, after a late-night drinking incident in Palm Beach, FL, that March.

John Kennedy, Jr. said that the family had struggled to set the right tone for the funeral and had finally decided that three things "defined my mother's essence: Her love of words, the bonds of home, and family and her spirit of adventure."

Maurice Tempelsman, Mrs. Kennedy's companion of recent years, read a favorite poem, "Ithaka," by the Alexandrian Greek, C.P. Cafavy. Mrs. Schlossberg read another, "Memory of Cape Cod," by the American poet Edna St. Vincent Millay.

Outsiders were also involved. Mike Nichols, the director, who occasionally escorted Mrs. Onassis in New York in the 1970s, read a scriptural passage, and the soprano Jessye Norman sang a pair of hymns, Franck's "Panis Angelicus" and "Schubert's Ave Maria."

Daryl Hannah, the actress friend of John Kennedy Jr., was there, as were four Senators with close ties to the family: John Glenn of Ohio, Daniel Patrick Moynihan of New York, John Kerry of Massachusetts, and Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island. With the aid of a plastic cane, Lyndon B. Johnson's widow, Lady Bird, now silver-haired and rarely seen in public, moved slowly up the steps of the church, at Park Avenue and 84th Street.

Mrs. Clinton attended the Mass, but her husband did not. He met the chartered plane carrying Mrs. Onassis's body to Washington at National Airport and rode with the hearse and members of the family to Arlington, VA.

The family arrived at Arlington National Cemetery in three long, black limousines. The grave itself was covered in green cloth and with greenery that was carefully arranged and sprayed with water for freshness just before the family arrived.

The retired Roman Catholic Archbishop of New Orleans, the Reverend Philip J. Hannan, an old family friend, conducted the service. As auxiliary bishop of Washington in 1963, he conducted John F. Kennedy's funeral. Today, he chose six sad words to capture the mood. Mrs. Onassis, he said, was "so dearly beloved, so sorely missed."

Mrs. Onassis' coffin was carried to the grave by professional pallbearers who were preceded, at a steady and somber gait, by Archbishop Hannan and the five Kennedy cousins and another friend of the family who served as honorary pallbearers. They were Robert F. Kennedy, Jr., Timothy Shriver, Christopher Lawford, William Kennedy Smith, Edward M. Kennedy, Jr., and Jack Walsh, a retired Secret Service Agent who guarded both Caroline and John throughout their childhoods.

The Archbishop's magenta surplice and skullcap and the bright peach-colored lapels on Mrs. Clinton's black suit were the only splashes of color in the black-clad procession.

Among the people gathered at the grave for the burial service were Mrs. Onassis's sister, Lee Radziwill Ross; her stepbrother, Hugh Auchincloss, and three Kennedy sisters—Jean Kennedy Smith, Patricia Kennedy Lawford and Eunice Kennedy Shriver—as well as Senator Kennedy, who is the only survivor of the four Kennedy brothers.

Also at the grave were Nancy Tuckerman, who worked for Jacqueline Kennedy in the White House and remained a friend and sometime spokeswoman; Providencia Paredes, who was her personal maid in the White House; Ms. Paredes's son, Gustavo, who grew up with John Jr. and remains a good friend, and Ms. Hannah, the actress. No relatives of the late Mr. Onassis were there.

Rose Kennedy, the family matriarch, who will be 104 years old in July, was unable to attend.

Some members of the group dabbed at their eyes as the 11-minute service progressed. Archbishop Hannan gently reminded them that a funeral is as much "for the consolation of the living as it is for the comfort of the deceased."

Mr. Clinton recalled his conversations with Mrs. Onassis and the time that he spent sailing with her when he and his family vacationed on Martha's Vineyard last summer.

"In the end she cared most about being a good mother to her children," he said, "and the lives of Caroline and John leave no doubt that she was that, and more."

The President concluded: "We say goodbye to Jackie. May the flame she lit so long ago burn ever here and always brighter in our hearts."

John Jr. read from Thessalonians 4:13–18, and Caroline read Psalm 121. Thirteen white-clad Navy Sea Chanters, the same group that sang at President Richard M. Nixon's funeral last month, sang "Eternal Father, Strong to Save," which is also known as the Navy Hymn.

Only the second First Lady to be buried at Arlington National Cemetery—Mrs. William Howard Taft, also interred next to her husband, is the other—Mrs. Onassis now rests in a cluster of Kennedys on the slope below the creamy Doric columns of the Custis-Lee Mansion. In addition to President Kennedy, there are his brother, Robert F. Kennedy, assassinated during the 1968 Presidential campaign; her unnamed daughter, still-born in 1956, and her infant son, Patrick, who died in 1963.

Afterward, Caroline and John Jr. kneeled at the grave, selected flowers from a bouquet and kissed their mother's coffin. Caroline went to join her husband then, but John walked on, leaning down to touch the graves of his father and Patrick, before he joined the family for a brief walk to Robert's grave.

[From the Boston Globe, May 24, 1994]

JACQUELINE BOUVIER KENNEDY ONASSIS, 1929–1994

ONASSIS TO BE BURIED MONDAY; RESTING PLACE NEXT TO JFK AT ARLINGTON SET

(By Steve Fainaru and Michael Kranish)

Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis will be laid to rest Monday at Arlington National Cemetery in a plot next to her husband, President John F. Kennedy. Burial will follow a private funeral at a church two blocks from the Manhattan apartment where she died Thursday night, a spokeswoman said yesterday.

Mrs. Onassis' grave will be near the eternal flame that burns for her late husband, and next to the graves of two of her children—a son, Patrick, who died in infancy, and an unnamed daughter, who died at birth.

Helen Taft, wife of President William Howard Taft, is the only other First Lady to be buried at Arlington.

Asked if Mrs. Onassis specifically requested to be buried next to the former President, family spokeswoman Nancy Tuckerman said: "It was a decision that was made by many different people. She had many ideas and many thoughts on the subject."

The body of Mrs. Onassis will be flown to Arlington after a 10 a.m. funeral Mass at the Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, Tuckerman said.

Over the weekend, Mrs. Onassis' body is expected to remain in a casket at her apartment, where there will be a private viewing and a wake.

Mrs. Onassis, who was 64, died of complications from lymphatic cancer at 10:15 p.m. Thursday. Outside her apartment yesterday, a crowd of about 800 mourners, tourists, curiosity seekers, and reporters watched as funeral home workers carried in an ornate casket, and family members shuttled in and out as they put together the funeral arrangements.

Throughout the day, mourners placed bouquets of flowers in front of the stately building. "Now she's in God's hands," said her son, John Kennedy, Jr., in a brief statement outside the building.

In Washington yesterday morning, as President Clinton prepared to leave for California, he and his wife gathered reporters in the White House Garden created by Mrs. Onassis—the "First Lady's Garden" just across from the Rose Garden—and paid an emotional tribute to her. Mrs. Clinton seemed near tears. "Jackie Kennedy Onassis was a model of courage and dignity for all Americans and all the world," Clinton said. "More than any other woman of her time, she captivated our Nation and the world with her intelligence, her elegance and her grace. Even in the face of impossible tragedy, she carried the grief of her family and our entire Nation with a calm power that somehow reassured all the rest of us."

The President, who said his meeting with President Kennedy in the Rose Garden inspired him to run for public office, said that Mrs. Onassis continued to inspire him after his election.

"When I became President, I was fortunate enough to get to know Mrs. Onassis better, and to see her and her children as friends as well as important American history models and good citizens," Clinton said. "I can say that, as much as anything else today, I am grateful for her incredible generosity to Hillary and to Chelsea."

White House officials said that Clinton had informed the Kennedy family that he would do whatever they requested regarding funeral plans. The Clintons are expected to attend the burial service at Arlington. A military plane reportedly would be made available to carry Mrs. Onassis' remains to Washington.

Said Mrs. Clinton: "I just wanted to say personally that, every day, this Nation owes a great debt to Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis. And the Nation has lost a treasure, and our family has lost a dear friend."

Referring to the First Lady's Garden, Mrs. Clinton continued: "We stand here in one of the many legacies that she has given to this house and to our country, in this garden, which is named for her, which she helped to realize. If she taught us anything, it was to know the meaning of responsibility—to one's family and to one's community. Her great gift of grace and style and dignity and heroism is an example that will live through the ages."

Later, after the President arrived in California, Clinton recalled the time that he had spent with Mrs. Onassis on Martha's Vineyard last summer. "She was an astonishing woman who I think did a remarkable thing in raising two very fine children in what could have been a destructive public glare and spotlight."

In New York yesterday at an 8 a.m. Mass, Monsignor George Bardes, who administered Holy Communion and the sacrament of the sick to Mrs. Onassis just before she died, read a statement in which he said in part: "For all the world, she became a symbol of courage and strength."

Crowds were larger during Masses throughout the day at St. Thomas More Roman Catholic Church on Madison Avenue, where Mrs. Onassis often attended services.

No reason was given for holding the funeral services at St. Ignatius Loyola rather than St. Thomas More. However, it was believed that size was a consideration: St. Thomas holds about 350 people, while St. Ignatius, a city landmark that was dedicated in 1898, holds upwards of 2,500. Rev. Walter F. Modrys is the head pastor at St. Ignatius, but it had not been decided who would preside at the services Monday.

As the family huddled to make final arrangements, a parade of mourners filed by Mrs. Onassis' apartment to pay their respects. Some even arrived before dawn.

Among them was Connie Fraizer of Brooklyn, 9 months pregnant, who stood in a steady rain with her husband Ben, and 2-year-old daughter Ashley.

"This is a major event, I believe, in American history; I just know I wanted to be here now," Ben Fraizer said, adding that he and his wife intend to name their new baby Jacqueline if the baby is a girl.

"I don't know why I'm standing here, to be honest with you," said Joseph Rokacz, a lawyer who lives on the other side of Central Park.

"I feel like an idiot. But I saw it on television and I couldn't sleep. She's a woman that I grew up with my whole life . . . there's nobody to replace her," he said. "There's nobody out there that has her kind of magic."

[From the Washington Post, May 29, 1994]

JACKIE'S WASHINGTON: HOW SHE RESCUED THE CITY'S HISTORY

(by Richard Moe, Leonard A. Zax)

On June 8, 1962, Jacqueline Kennedy penned a passionate, 12-page letter to a close family friend, the painter William Walton. The specific purpose was to urge him to take an active role in the Commission of Fine Arts, the Federal agency authorized to review architectural and design plans for buildings and landscapes at locations of special interest to the U.S. Government. Today, however, the letter testifies to something of enduring significance: Mrs. Kennedy's deep personal commitment to preserving the beauty and history of Washington, DC.

"I don't blame you for not wanting to be head—but if you aren't head—you are useless—as people only listen to the head—and it is all going to be involved with all the things we care about—when Jack is gone—so he won't be able to help you—and lovely buildings will be torn down—and cheesy skyscrapers go up. Perhaps sav-

ing old buildings and having the new ones be right isn't the most important thing in the world—if you are waiting for the bomb—but I think we are always going to be waiting for the bomb and it won't ever come and so to save the old—and to make the new beautiful is terribly important."

Saving the old and making the new beautiful: This legacy of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis has received little mention since her death. But the proof of it is to be seen here in Washington. Hers was among the strongest voices urging her husband to initiate the Pennsylvania Avenue redevelopment, creating the magnificent thoroughfare from the Capitol to the White House that L'Enfant had intended it to be. And then there was the White House itself. "She did far more than redecorate the White House, she restored and preserved it," says J. Carter Brown, Chairman of the Fine Arts Commission. She was instrumental in having Daniel Patrick Moynihan, then an Assistant to Labor Secretary Arthur Goldberg, draft a Presidential declaration ordaining that Federal buildings, "particularly those located in the Nation's Capital" must "provide visual harmony to the dignity, enterprise, vigor and stability of the American government" and should "embody the finest contemporary American architectural thought." Perhaps most important, however, was Mrs. Kennedy's very first design project in this city: The preservation of the buildings surrounding Lafayette Square, the Old Executive Office Building, and the court building that is now the Renwick Gallery.

In a very real sense, Jackie Kennedy had a greater effect on the shape and spirit of the historic heart of the Nation's Capital than any architect or developer. A number of her handwritten notes show how fervently she led the cause.

Near the end of the Eisenhower administration, and over the objections of the National Trust for Historic Preservation, whose Decatur House had anchored the northwest corner of the square since 1819, the Congress authorized plans to demolish virtually all of the buildings on the east and west sides of Lafayette Square, including the building that is now the Renwick Gallery. Plans were already well underway to tear down the Old Executive Office Building. In their place, the Government planned several modern high-rise office towers. Millions of dollars in architectural fees had already been invested in the plans; scrapping them would not be easy.

In the summer of 1961, President Kennedy formally approved some of the plans. His young wife, however, was deeply troubled by the implications. In the following months she energetically sought to revisit the designs.

Early in February 1962, Mrs. Kennedy asked David Finley, then Chairman of both the National Trust for Historic Preservation and the Commission of Fine Arts, to take a stroll with her around Lafayette Square. She told Finley that both she and the President were concerned about the proposed designs, worrying that they would be incongruous with other buildings on the square. In France, where she had studied at the Sorbonne, there was a law providing that certain buildings of historical or architectural importance could not be destroyed. It would be nice, she ventured to Finley, for Congress to have such a law.

Finley, noting that the Commission's recommendations were only advisory, said the final decision about the Lafayette Square designs would be made by the General Services Administrator. That official turned out to be an old friend, Bernard Boutin.

The following month, she wrote him a spirited letter. "All architects are innovators, and would rather do something totally new than in the spirit of old buildings," she observed critically of the architectural trend of the time. "I think they are totally wrong in this case, as the important thing is to preserve the 19th-century feeling of Lafayette Square." She asked Boutin "to write to the architects and tell them to submit a design which is more in keeping with the 19th-century bank on the corner. It should be the same color, same size, etc."

The GSA administrator adopted her position, and an April 18, 1962, letter to Finley shows Mrs. Kennedy barely able to contain her excitement: Hold your breath because this is what is going to happen—all our wildest dreams come true. . . . (1) The new court building will be 19th century in feeling—similar to bank. (2) The Dolley Madison and Taylor houses will be saved!!! (3) The Court of Claims will be saved—it will be I think turned into a Museum of Modern Art which people are trying to get started here and which I said I would sponsor—as I think it is wrong to identify oneself solely with art of the past—and never encourage what is happening now. So it will be used as it used to be. (4) The whole Decatur House side facades will be saved except for the 2 tall modern buildings!!! . . . Some will be used as extension of guest facilities at Blair House—the rest as offices—so Theodore Roosevelt's old house—and place where National Gallery was born will be preserved. This is what delights me the most—everyone wants to raze things and build efficient new buildings—Bernard Boutin is a preservationist and also he says it will be cheaper! Who else would ever have said that! None of those naughty show-off architects! The gaps that are left will be filled with some 19th century D.C. houses that he will have moved there. So if you know any special ones you want saved—tell him. (5) On 17th Street a big building will go up to provide space for Bureau of Budget or whoever it is who wants all this space.

Not everyone in Washington was as pleased as Mrs. Kennedy with the preservation plan. Ralph Walker, a Fine Arts Commission member who was a former president of the American Institute of Architects and a pillar of the architectural establishment at the time, was one who objected strenuously. "To keep on using bad architecture and trying to preserve it because there is practically nothing except Decatur House on that side of the Square that is worth preserving—the rest is junk, architecturally—it is junk. . . . I hope Jacqueline wakes up to the fact that she lives in the 20th century."

Of course, the First Lady did recognize her own century, and also understood the special problems of historic preservation in downtown Washington, problems that continue. The need to accommodate new construction in a way that is compatible with older structures isn't easy; this city has failures and successes of design. But as Dorn McGrath, George Washington University's influential professor of urban planning, says, Mrs. Kennedy's Lafayette Square concepts became an important model for future development in Washington. "It began the process of making a creative use of space in critical Washington locations, increasing the density in parts while maintaining the historical context. Her basic ideas, implemented by architects, demonstrated that one need not throw away 19th- and 18th-century architecture in order to live in the 20th century."

The First Lady was not content to reshape the urban landscape around the White House. She played an active role in beginning the revitalization of Pennsylvania Avenue. Although she had concerns about the location of the National Cultural Center, which ultimately was named the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, it was too late for her to move the new building to locations she preferred downtown.

She was keenly interested in the renovation of older buildings for theater and arts uses along and near Pennsylvania Avenue. William Walton (who later did become Chairman of the Fine Arts Commission) said Mrs. Kennedy wanted to use one Pennsylvania Avenue building as "an opera house like she had seen in a trip to Panama City." She worked to make certain that theater and arts uses were a part of the first plans for Pennsylvania Avenue—goals that eventually were realized with the restoration of the National Theater and the Warner, and the creative blend of preservation and new construction of the Lansburgh.

Her letters and notes recognize that older buildings embody precious features of our heritage and that they serve as examples of quality for architecture today. Mem-

bers of Congress, in urging the passage of the National Historic Preservation Act in 1966, called Mrs. Kennedy's preservation efforts a model, not only for preservation in this city, but for large and small communities throughout America.

Of course, many, many others played a role in saving old buildings and providing for the beautiful Lafayette Square that L'Enfant referred to in his plan as the "President's Park." But the record is clear that Jackie Kennedy played the crucial role when many others said it was too late. As historian Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. recalls her telling her husband, "The wreckers haven't started yet, and until they do, it can be saved."

It was a credo she took with her after her husband's death, when she moved to New York. There she protested against the demolition of New York's Penn Station and worked tirelessly in the successful effort to preserve Grand Central Terminal. But Lafayette Square, her first effort, may be her greatest triumph. John Kennedy once remarked that the sensitive combination of old and new buildings on the square "may be the only monument we'll leave."

Assuming anyone remembers. One evening last year, historian David McCullough, seated next to Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis at dinner, thanked the former First Lady for her important role in saving Lafayette Square, adding that he was sure she had been thanked many times before. "Mr. McCullough," she responded, "I have never been thanked." Self-effacing as always and satisfied with the result of her efforts, she simply did not seek public recognition. But all of us who care about the preservation of the Capital's—and the Nation's—heritage should be sorry that she did not receive that recognition during her life. For more than any resident of the White House since Thomas Jefferson, she had a vision of what architecture and the arts can mean. In the end, she may be one of the more important preservationists in Washington's history.

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[From Time Magazine, May 30, 1994]

PORTRAIT OF A FRIENDSHIP

(By John Russell)

When it came to human quality, Jacqueline Onassis had perfect pitch. After her son John had read aloud at the 1979 dedication of the Kennedy Library in Boston the poem by Stephen Spender that begins with the words "I think continually of those who were truly great," she brought out one of her most delicate exhalations and said, "I'd really like to meet Mr. Spender, and I'd like Caroline to meet him too."

During the dinner my wife and I set up for that purpose, she made one of the quiet but definitive remarks at which she excelled. Spender had asked her what she regarded as her biggest achievement. "Well," she said without hesitation, "I think that my biggest achievement is that after going through a rather difficult time, I consider myself comparatively sane. I'm proud of that."

At her home, with its views over Central Park, she was the very antithesis of the manipulative New York hostess. When she invited a lot of people, which did not happen often, a vast and equable good humor made its way throughout the company. She could make everyone among them feel that the evening was crowned by their arrival, and she also had a great flair for the unexpected guest.

Jacqueline Onassis never in any way compared herself with any of her successors in the White House, though she did once refer to one of them—in sympathy, not in mischief—as "a frightened little bunny who calls me almost every day." She was a willing but never gullible supporter of many a good cause. There was nothing she wouldn't do to move them along. (She drew the line at charity balls, though.)

Above all, she brought a minute attention to the affectionate reassurances that keep friendship alive. Though capable of a holy rage when it was called for—for instance, when a famous figure of the day weaseled out of a book he had promised her for Doubleday—it gave her enormous pleasure to keep friendships in repair.

She never pretended to be a great scholar, but on almost every topic of mutual interest that came up, she just happened to know the right thing to read. When my wife and I were leaving for India for the first time, she made no promises. But within a couple of hours a shopping bag was brought round to our door. In it were more than 200 photocopied passages from rare 19th century books on India, each marked in her own hand.

It was a fantasy of hers that everybody else's life was much more interesting than her own. "Think of the plots that are being hatched down there!" she would say, looking down from the balcony of the Four Seasons Restaurant, with her Schlumberger bracelets dangling over the edge. At lunchtime at Les Pleiades, the much missed art-world restaurant, she would say, "What do you suppose they're buying and selling over there, cold sea-bass?"

When it came to a book project, she was one of the all-time great bubble-blowers. Never did those bubbles burst, either. Scheme after scheme was launched and christened. My ideas, no matter how fatuous, were buoyed up by her goodwill. It was, and is, one of my ambitions to write something that would last—forever, no less—as a thank-you letter to the U.S., where I have been so well treated. Months passed in this way, until the idea began to collapse under its own weight. She did not scold. But, she said, in her best down-feathered voice, "Don't let's talk anymore about that book you're never going to write."

[From Time Magazine, May 30, 1994]

ONCE, IN CAMELOT

(By Hugh Sidey)

She was a butterfly caught in the political torrents of Washington, detesting many of its coarse rituals but fascinated by its drama.

Jackie Kennedy went to Milwaukee when Senator John Kennedy announced for the crucial Wisconsin primary in the winter of 1960, and the temperature was near zero. She sat in a jammed and tacky hotel hall, stiff-backed in a short-sleeved designer sheath with delicate leather gloves up to her elbows, eyes wide and smile frozen. A New York and Washington thoroughbred in the land of parkas and beer. She never yielded.

The night before Jack flew to Los Angeles for the Democratic Convention, where he would be nominated for President, the two retreated into a stark hotel suite. After months of delegate hunting, the real game was afoot, and she knew that ahead lay surging crowds and screaming groupies. The moment was almost desolate, the beginning of something strange and maybe not nice. It was in Jackie's circled eyes. She could not raise room service. She found Cokes, remade the bed while her husband talked Vice Presidents with a friend.

She was tortured in those first days in the White House. Just when the idea of making the White House a living stage of American history and beauty seized her

is hard to say, but within days she had called friends to try out her idea, to hustle funds to restore the old mansion as it had been in the days of Jefferson and Madison. There was Jackie prowling government warehouses for old furniture and diving into the White House basement, smudging herself with dust but scrounging up desks, tables, and chairs.

The White House began to take on its historic designs; the place shone with new paint and gardens. She was ecstatic to find the original woodcuts for wallpaper ordered in the early days. New panels were printed. She relished the great view down toward the Mall from the Truman balcony. "This is what it is all about," she told a visitor, sweeping her arm from the Washington Monument to the Jefferson Memorial. "This is what these men fight so hard for."

Let the skeptics snort about Camelot, but there was something during the Kennedy years that was magic. Jackie was more of that than anyone admitted for a long while. She smoothed the rough Kennedy edges. As much as anyone in those heady days, she grasped the epic dimensions of the adventure. No small portion of the glamour of the Kennedy stewardship that lives on today came from her standards of public propriety and majesty.

She could be naughty, perhaps acting out of knowledge of her husband's indiscretions. Before the brutal end of the New Frontier came, there was the feeling that the two had grown closer together because of the inexorable public pressure that surrounded the White House. But in the summer of 1963, she went off with her sister Lee Radziwill for a European cruise, stayed twice as long as scheduled as stories of nocturnal sightings filtered back. Jack was sore. That was one of the reasons she went to Dallas in November on that doomed political junket, a gesture of contrition for the summer sins.

She came out of Parkland Memorial Hospital after the most terrifying public tragedy in history, pink suit splattered with her husband's blood, her hand resting on the garish coffin where his shattered body lay. She walked that way down an ugly loading ramp with her back straight and her chin up, carrying immeasurable grief. She never yielded.

[From Time Magazine, May 30, 1994]

AMERICA'S FIRST LADY

FEW PEOPLE GET TO SYMBOLIZE A WORLD, BUT JACQUELINE BOUVIER KENNEDY ONASSIS DID, AND THAT WORLD IS RECEDING, AND WE KNOW IT AND MOURN THAT TOO

(By Peggy Noonan)

She was a last link to a certain kind of past, and that is part, but only part, of why we mourn so. Jackie Kennedy symbolized—she was a connection to a time, to an old America that was more dignified, more private, an America in which standards were higher and clearer and elegance meant something, a time when elegance was a kind of statement, a way of dressing up the world, and so a generous act. She had manners, the kind that remind us that manners spring from a certain moral view—that you do tribute to the world and the people in it by being kind and showing respect, by sending the note and the flowers, by being loyal, and cheering a friend. She was a living reminder in the age of Oprah that personal dignity is always, still, an option, a choice that is open to you. She was, really, the last aristocrat. Few people get to symbolize a world, but she did, and that world is receding, and we know it and mourn that too.

Those who knew her or watched her from afar groped for the words that could explain their feeling of loss. A friend of hers said, with a soft, sad voice, that what we're losing is what we long for: The old idea of being cultivated. "She had this complex, colorful mind, she loved a turn of phrase. She didn't grow up in front of the TV set, but reading the classics and thinking about them and having thoughts about history. Oh," he said, "we're losing her kind."

I echoed the sentiment to another of her friends, who cut me off. "She wasn't a kind, she was *sui generis*." And so she was.

America continues in its generational shift; the great ones of the 1950s and 1960s, big people of a big era, are going, and too often these days we're saying goodbye. But Jackie Kennedy's death is different. No ambivalence clouds her departure, and that leaves us feeling lonely. America this week is a lonelier place.

She was too young, deserved more time, and the fact that she didn't get it seems like a new level of unfairness. She never saw her husband grow old, and now she won't see her grandchildren grow up.

But just writing those words makes me want to break out of sadness and reach back in time and speak 1960s—speak, or at least how the 1960s spoke before they turned dark. So I guess I mean I want to speak Kennedyese. I want to say, "Aw listen, kid, don't be glum." What a life she had.

She herself said something like this to a friend, in a conversation just months ago, when she first knew she was sick. She told him she was optimistic and hoped to live 20 more years. "But even if I have only 5 years, so what, I've had a great run."

They said it was a life of glamour, but it was really a life of splendor. I want to say, "Listen, kid, buck up, don't be blue"—the thing about this woman and her life is that she was a patriot, who all by herself one terrible weekend lifted and braced the heart of a nation.

That weekend in November 1963, the weekend of the muffled drums, was the worst time for America in the last half of this century. We forget now the shame we felt as a nation at what had happened in Dallas. A President had been murdered, quite savagely, quite brutally, and the whole appalled world was looking and judging. And she redeemed it. She took away the shame by how she acted. She was young, only 34, and only a few days before she'd been covered in her husband's blood—but she came home to Washington and walked down those broad avenues dressed in black, her pale face cleansed and washed clean by trauma. She walked head up, back straight and proud, in a flowing black veil. There was the moment in the Capitol Rotunda, when she knelt with her daughter Caroline. It was the last moment of public farewell, and to say it she bent and kissed the flag that draped the coffin that contained her husband—and a whole nation, a whole world, was made silent at the sight of patriotism made tender. Her Irish husband had admired class. That weekend she showed it in abundance. What a parting gift.

A nation watched, and would never forget. The world watched, and found its final judgment summed up by a young woman, a British journalist who had come to witness the funeral, and filed home: "Jacqueline Kennedy has today given her country the one thing it has always lacked, and that is majesty."

To have done that for her country—to have lived through that weekend and done what she did from that Friday to that Monday—to have shown the world that the killing of the President was not America, the loving dignity of our saying goodbye was America—to have done that was an act of supreme patriotism.

And a lot of us thought that anything good or bad she did for the rest of her life, from that day on, didn't matter, for she'd earned her way, she deserved a free pass, she'd earned our thanks forever.

In a remarkable interview she gave Theodore White the following December, she revealed what a tough little romantic she was. "Once, the more I read of history the more bitter I got. For a while I thought history was something that bitter old

men wrote. But then I realized history made Jack what he was. You must think of him as this little boy, sick so much of the time, reading in bed, reading history, reading the "Knights of the Round Table," reading "Marlborough." For Jack, history was full of heroes. And if it made him this way—if it made him see the heroes—maybe other little boys will see. Men are such a combination of good and bad. Jack had this hero idea of history, this idealistic view." And she spoke of Camelot and gave the world an image of her husband that is still, for all the revelations of the past three decades, alive. She provided an image of herself too, perhaps more than she knew. The day before she died, a young schoolteacher in New York City who hadn't even been born when she spoke to Teddy White, told me of his shock that she was leaving us. "I thought she would be like Guinevere," he said. "I thought she would ride off on a horse, in her beautiful silence, and never die."

Her friends saw a great poignance in her, and a great yearning. Behind her shyness there was an enormous receptivity to the sweetness of life and its grace. A few years ago, friends, a couple, gave a small dinner party for two friends who had just married, and Mrs. Onassis was among the guests. It was an elegant New York gathering, a handful of the renowned of show business and media and society, all gathered to dine on the top floor of a skyscraper. The evening was full of laughter and warm toasts, and the next day her hosts received from Mrs. Onassis a handwritten, hand-delivered letter. "How could there be an evening more magical than last night? Everyone is enhanced and touched by being with two people just discovering how much they love each other. I have known and adored [him] for so long, always wishing he would find happiness . . . Seeing him with [her] and getting to know her, I see he has at last—and she so exceptional, whom you describe so movingly, has too. I am so full of joy for both—I just kept thinking about it all day today. What wonderful soothing hosts you are—what a dazzling gathering of their friends—in that beautiful tower, with New York glittering below . . ."

With New York glittering below, The world, I am told, is full of those notes, always handwritten and lucid and spontaneous—and always correct. "The notes were the way she was intimate" with outsiders, said a friend. The only insiders, really, were her family.

There was always in her a sense of history and the sense that children are watching—children are watching and history will judge us, and the things that define our times are the great actions we take, all against the odds and with a private valor of which the world will little note nor long remember. But that's the big thing—the personal struggle, and the sense that our history day by day is forged from it. That was her intuition, and that intuition was a gift to us, for it helped produce the walk down the broad avenues of Washington that day when her heart was broken.

She was one sweet and austere tune. Her family arranged a private funeral, and that of course is what she'd want and that is what is fitting. But I know how I wish she would be buried.

I wish we could take her, in the city she loved, or the capital she graced, and put a flag on her coffin and the coffin on a catafalque, and march it down a great avenue, with an honor guard and a horse that kicks, as "Black Jack" did, and muffled drums. I wish we could go and honor her, those of us who were children when she was in the White House, and our parents who wept that weekend long ago, and our children who have only a child's sense of who and what she was. I wish we could stand on the sidewalk as the caisson passes, and take off our hat, and explain to our sons and daughters and say, "That is a patriot passing by." I wish I could see someone's little boy, in a knee-length coat, lift his arm and salute.

[From Town & Country Magazine, July 1994]

THE ESSENCE OF STYLE

(By Letitia Baldrige)

I knew Jackie from the time we were both teenagers living in the Washington area. I was just ahead of her at Miss Porter's School in Farmington, CT, and then at Vassar. When I started my first job at the American embassy in Paris, she arrived on the scene as a student at the Sorbonne. There was no way then to predict that within a decade she would be following the yellow brick road to the White House.

To meet here, even during her adolescent years, was never to forget her. She was a natural beauty—wearing none of the trappings of the teenage cosmetic fashions of the day. There were no globs of neon purple lipstick, no thick eyebrows blackened with strokes of a dark pencil. Nor did her skin suffocate under a thick layer of Pan-Cake makeup. Even more important to me in my earliest impression of this young girl was her voice—unforgettable in its soft, breathy tones. It was a sound that forced one to draw close and listen well.

I could tell she was also a natural athlete by the firmness of her body, the hint of muscularity in her bare upper arms and that graceful gait. In the White House, where I was the social secretary and Jackie's chief of staff, we were going over the mail one day when I told her that many Americans had written to ask how she had developed such superb posture. "Write them to learn how to sit straight on a horse," was her quick reply, "because once you can do that, you'll walk straight ever after." She paused, then corrected herself. "Of course you *can't* write that. Not everyone has a horse. Just say—oh, just say whatever you like, but leave the horse out of it."

She was born with a built-in fashion flair. So was her sister Lee Radziwill (it must have been in the Bouvier genes). That sense of style governed not only what she bought but the way she wore it. She frequently received letters from women who complained that they had purchased "exact copies" of the First Lady's outfits (usually mass-produced and in the marketplace 6 weeks after Jackie appeared in them), but "When I put on the dress, the effect isn't as dazzling." They simply could not understand why, if they were the same size, roughly the same age, and clad in the same outfit, they did not look just like Jackie.

She received thousands of letters every week brimming with other questions. Nothing, it seemed, was too personal to ask: What is your diet? What do the children (and their animals!) eat? What brand of toothbrush do you use ("those wonderful teeth," they would exclaim in their letters)? And even, "What laxative do you and the President take," because, as one correspondent concluded, "You look like regular people."

The letter I most liked to read were those that simply showed the writer's admiration for the First Lady and asked for nothing in return: "The happy, beautiful look on your children's faces shows what a good mother you are" and "I tried putting some lilies of the valley in an antique porcelain mug in an unexpected corner of our living room, like I say you had done in a photograph, and my husband and I look at it all the time. It's so beautiful—how wonderful you are to have things around you like that!"

Of course, they're gone now—the John F. Kennedys and their White House magic. The American public did not wish it to end, that allure and romance. But now there's a closure, and complaints are being heard throughout the land that people didn't know Jackie well enough during those White House years and after; even members of the younger generation who weren't around in the 1960s can't get enough of her today.

During the Kennedy administration, Pam Turner stood guarding her boss' privacy as Jackie's efficient press secretary; toward the end Nancy Tuckerman took over as White House social secretary, becoming the First Lady's lifelong and most trusted aide-de-camp. Whatever the world was able to learn about Jackie through her official duties and obvious devotion to her children, I don't think the public ever realized just how much she helped her husband behind the scenes.

Jackie would leave cartoons and limericks for Jack in unexpected places to cheer him up when the Nation's affairs were going badly. She would arrange for special treats (like Joe's Stone Crabs from Miami and his favorite ice cream) to be served when he was under unusually great pressure in the Oval Office. With deft timing, old friends would pay morale-boosting calls at Jackie's prompting. But her most effective weapon in raising Jack's spirits was a surprise visit to his office with the children. And she labored more over his birthday celebrations than over any state dinner.

Many days she would be waiting by the elevator to the family apartment to help him when he emerged from it, dragging himself on crutches and in excruciating back pain. It was a sight the President would not have wanted outsiders to witness.

It's hard work being "First Lady," a title Jackie hated. Initially, she instructed her staff to refer to her as "Mrs. Kennedy," but that didn't last long. Tradition is a tough wrestling partner. Whether she was hosting an evening for 2,000 people in 90 degree heat in the backyard, as she once sarcastically described the South Lawn, or watching a cobra fight a mongoose to death (as Indian protocol dictated she do in Prime Minister's Nehru's garden), she was ever the trooper.

People have never stopped talking about her manners. Jackie learned those as every young women does—from her mother, as a little girl (and as every young woman and man should be learning them from a parent today). Her handwritten notes were beautiful—not only in their warm, affectionate style but in their frequency and timing. The morning after a dinner, the day after a bouquet was received, out a note would go, with its simply engraved "The White House" heading the stationery.

Sometimes in those notes—and virtually everywhere else—there would be glimpse of her humor. She sought the fun in any situation and seemed to have a continually amused sparkle in her eye—even if always holding others at a distance. Washington saw much mimicking and limerick spouting at parties during the Kennedy years. The popular French Ambassador, Hervé Alphand, for example, was famous for performing his imitations of world leaders as after-dinner entertainment at the French Embassy. Jackie is the only person I have known who could imitate Ambassador Alphand imitating President Charles de Gualle. (Even Robin Williams would have a hard time doing that.)

Witty, bright, generous of spirit: Those enduring qualities form a mental scrapbook of endless pages. But as the future begins to slip by even more quickly than the past, what will my overriding memory of Jackie be? As the regal charelaine of the No. 1 House of the land (make that the *world*)? When somebody dies, one tends to remember a definite image of that person. Mine will certainly *not* be the one television gave us of her coffin about to be lowered into the earth at Arlington Cemetery—a casket shining so cleanly and peacefully in the sun, decorated so tastefully with greenery on the top, centered with a simple white cross of flowers.

No, my image through the years ahead will be of her in the white silk Givenchy ball gown she wore during a 1961 state visit to France for the farewell dinner President and Madame de Gualle hosted in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles. The top of her white dress was a veritable painting of pastel flowers, all hand-embroidered in paillettes. The President was unbelievably handsome that night in his white tie and tails. Jackie and Jack looked at one another with open admiration as they left Paris arm-in-arm for Versailles. They were, after all, a team, and this balmy June

evening was a far cry from the campaign trail back home. The air around them was literally charged with electricity from the synergy of their presence, physical appearance, talent and youth. The de Gaulles and every other guest at that large formal dinner were transfixed by the two of them all evening long.

After dinner, liveried footmen bearing massive silver-gilt candelabra with burning candles lit the way for the procession of guests, the two heads of state and their wives. (Except for the illuminated frescoed ceiling in the Hall of Mirrors, there were no electric lights in the public rooms of the palace at that time.) Through the many darkened rooms the candlelight parade progressed, the women's dresses and jewels sparkling as they moved. On we went to our destination at the very end of the palace, the newly restored Royal Opera built by Louis XV expressly for occasions such as these. We walked to the cadences of music provided by strolling court musicians—clad in period costumes and playing 18th-century instruments.

The President and Mrs. Kennedy were the first to be seated—lowering themselves gingerly onto the blue chairs of the tiny royal box (the 18th-century Louis must have been one-half the size of the Kennedys). The theater, with its crystal chandeliers of burning candles, was a jewel box of ivory, gold and powder blue. The stage was illuminated by torchlight, leaving the Secret Service understandably nervous. But they did not know President de Gaulle: He simply would not have permitted a fire on his night to honor the Kennedys.

We watched a ballet commissioned by Louis XV himself. It was more than magical. It was a dream sequence for every member of the White House party fortunate enough to be present. No one enjoyed or appreciated it more than John and Jacqueline Kennedy.

When the evening was over and the single file of limousines wound its way back to Paris through the beautifully lit gardens and *allées* of trees in the Parc de Versailles, we suddenly heard the American and then the French national anthems over loudspeakers. The Kennedys stopped the procession and got out of their car. No one would have dared follow them. They walked alone to a giant, illuminated fountain as the music continued playing through the trees. They stood hand-in-hand in silence, savoring this moment in history for at least 5 minutes, their figures silhouetted against the fountain's dancing, flickering waters. I was not the only one to hold my breath.

That is the image I will always take with me: Of the two of them, the Presidential team, hand-in-hand, giving a premier performance on a state visit to a foreign land, doing us proud.

Utter perfection. Taste and grace.

IN SEARCH OF PRIVACY

Gloria Emerson, "The most ordinary day required Jackie to be braver than most Americans will ever understand. Sixteen years ago, meeting for lunch at The Plaza, I made sure she sat with her back to the room so people could not gawk. But by then she knew how to transcend such intrusive scrutiny and somehow had lifted herself into a zone where strangers could not harm her. After lunch we walked together to the silvershop S.J. Shrubsole, only a few blocks away, but it seemed a dreadful distance. As we went down Fifth Avenue people broke their stride to stare at her. How peculiar that I, the war correspondent, was so fearful that someone might approach her or even hurt her, while she walked as if on a country lane. When I left her at the shop a small knot of people stood on the sidewalk, waiting for her to emerge, and I said how nice it would be if they moved on, out of respect, so they did."

André Previn, "Jackie edited a book of mine 'No Minor Chords,' and I had occasion to see her often. I remember how unprepared I was for her wicked sense of humor and her appreciation of the absurd. Once, over lunch, I asked her whether it ever

bothered her that every pair of eyes was trained upon her. 'That's why I always wear my dark glasses,' she said. 'It may be that they're looking at me, but none of them can ever tell which ones I'm looking back at. That way I can have fun with it!' A smile of almost pure glee illuminated her face."

Thomas Moving, "She was an electric presence; she had huge magnetism. I used to walk 10 feet behind her when we were in Moscow to watch people do a double take when they saw her. They'd drop the things they were carrying."

Alice Thuermer, Middleburg, Virginia, "I was in the shop alone one day and I had the classical-music station on, and Jackie walked around for about 10 minutes. I left her alone, and then she said in a very peaceful kind of way, 'It's so, wonderful in here: The flowers, the fragrance, the music, the books—just like being in church.'"

TIES THAT BIND

C.Z. Guest, "I knew she was very ill, and I knew she wasn't going to live long. I left her one of my garden books, and I ended my note by saying, 'Let's go hunting together next year.' She sent me a handwritten note back that said, 'Wouldn't it be fun. Let's do it.'"

Pierre Salinger, "Just 4 days after JFK's killing, she gave me a leather cigar case—one that could hold two cigars—with 'JFK' printed on it. Her handwritten note said, 'For dear Pierre. I know you carry more cigars than this, but I thought you might like to have this cigar case that belonged to Jack. It comes with all my love and appreciation for all you did to make his days here so unforgettable. Jackie.'"

Cordelia Frances Biddle, "When Janet Auchincloss Rutherford [Jackie's half sister] died after her own extraordinarily courageous battle with cancer, Jackie spoke at the service. It was a drizzly day, and the mourners were a pallid, unhappy bunch. 'Mrs. Onassis is here,' someone whispered. And there she was: Her presence radiated through the church. It was something tangible, like heat. I have never forgotten what she said. In the midst of a long and moving memorial, she paused and then said simply: 'Knowing Janet was like having a cardinal in your garden. She was bright and lovely and incredibly alive.' Whenever I see a cardinal, I remember those words."

Bunny (Mrs. Paul) Mellon, "Friends for 30 years, we shared life with selfless trust, whatever came along—hard knocks or success—but with truth and laughter never far away."

Marc Riboud, photographer, "Once I was visiting Jackie in her New York apartment, after Ari Onassis died, when all the papers were full of stories about a fight between Jackie and Christina Onassis. Christina unexpectedly dropped in, and I tried to excuse myself. But Jackie said, 'Oh, no, stay and we'll all have a good time.' She and Christina sat there, telling stories about Ari and laughing together. They certainly were not fighting."

Ruth Carpenter, The Brearley School, "Mrs. Onassis was that wonderful kind of parent who takes an interest without giving an answer. She read every story in Caroline's short-story book, and went on to Malory's "Le Morte d'Arthur." . . . I remember Caroline's class put on a program of musical skits in assembly that were such a hit that they'd perform them over and over for any group they could find. And Mrs. Onassis would show up every time."

Helen Bartlett, "I was born in 1959, when Kennedy was still a Senator. Jack Kennedy was my godfather—my mother is John Jr.'s godmother—so I was not Jackie's godchild, but she took over when the President died. She was my connection to Jack, and she kept up this guardianship. There was a letter for every birthday, every Christmas, every event of importance in my life. She was one of the most empathetic people ever. She could take in what you were saying and get it."

Hugh Newell Jacobsen, architect, "The Martha's Vineyard house was a place that was not part of the Kennedy compound—it was home. The whole concept was how she could have a real base for her children and herself. I got a call from her when she was up at the Kennedy compound in Hyannis Port, saying that she had laid the house out from my floor plans in sand on the beach, so that she could walk from room to room. To visualize the spaces, she put stones down where the windows were. More than any other client I've ever had, she wanted to participate in that way, rather than just trust in blind faith."

Eleanor Lambert, "I was with her and Ari down at Loel and Gloria Guinness' in Acapulco the winter after Alexander Onassis was killed in the air crash. When it was midnight and the fireworks began, Ari started to sob. Jackie put her arms around him, just like the *Pietá*, and held him. She let him cling to her for what seemed like 10 minutes. It was so touching because he was not kind to her. But she stuck by him in this awful time when he was mourning so terribly."

THAT SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE

Charles Sheldon Whitehouse, former Ambassador to Laos and Thailand, "I remember fox hunting with her in a downpour. 'Don't you think we should go in?' I said hopefully. 'Oh, not yet,' she replied. 'We're already wet and, who knows, something wonderful might happen.'"

Charles A. Dana III, "In September of 1989, she joined myself and a group of friends aboard the J/Boat *Evdeavor*, off Edgartown. She was so proud of herself taking the helm that she asked if I had a camera. It was obvious she wanted to look the part, so she affected as related a pose as anyone could the first time steering a very large sailboat. Later she joked, 'If the photograph looks salty enough, send it to Ethel.' You read a lot about certain people and then when you meet them, they don't measure up. But she shattered the hourglass."

Peggy McDonnell, Far Hills, New Jersey, neighbor, "One year at Halloween, when John was about seven, Jackie wanted to drive. She hadn't driven much in years. I said OK, and we hadn't gone more than 10 minutes when flashing lights and sirens appeared behind us. Right away she started telling John, 'Quick, act like you're sick.' So the poor policeman comes up, shines a flashlight right in her face and just didn't know what to do. All he could say was, 'Oh everything's fine. Everything's just fine.'"

Nina Auchincloss Straight, "I learned how to ride following Jackie. Right up until her fall last Thanksgiving, we were still chasing around just like little girls in the Piedmont hunt country."

John Pierspont, New York and Far Hills, "I used to hunt alongside her for many years, and she was an extraordinary equestrienne, very game—the bigger the fence, the more she liked it. The last time I saw her ride was in a hunter trial in Virginia, and she was outstanding—her team won first place."

STYLE, STYLE, STYLE

Stephen Rubin, president and publisher, Doubleday Books, "I often think that some of the best moments Jackie and I shared as editorial colleagues took place in her very modest office, and she'd be munching on celery and carrots that she brought from home in tin foil. We'd go through eight projects in 20 minutes. She was always reasonable, a real pro, and would never waste anybody's time."

René Verdon, White House chef, "Mrs. Kennedy was very concerned about the menus. Sometimes she would say, 'I had dinner at the French embassy and had something wonderful. Could you try that?' I think the dinner we did at Mount Vernon—*poulet chasseur, couronne de riz Clamart, framboises á la créme Chantilly*—will remain in the history of America.

John Loring, design director, Tiffany & Co., "One young woman in the company was having trouble getting into an apartment building where she desperately wanted to live, because she was of a minority group. She asked if there was a chance that, since Mrs. Onassis had worked with her on the book projects, she could write a nice word to the building. I called Jackie and she said, 'I understand the situation completely, and the letter will be in your office in the next 30 minutes.' Thirty minutes later the letter was in the office and the young woman got into the building. . . . Three weeks before Jackie died, I got a note from her saying, 'Don't worry, everything's fine, and soon we'll be out having festive lunches.' Well, why did she write that? Because instead of writing something sad or dramatic, she wanted you to feel good and didn't want anybody to worry."

Hubert de Givenchy, "She incarnated to perfection an ideal of beauty, American-style, composed of youth, charm, and modernity. It was a privilege to be able to dress her. . . . For the grand reception that Charles de Gaulle gave in honor of the Presidential couple in the gallery of mirrors at Versailles, I made for her a long gown in embroidered silk with a matching coat. The next day, she sent me a small drawing of herself in the dress, with a line that said, 'General de Gaulle complimented me by saying that I looked like a painting by Watteau.'"

Kent L. Barwick, president, Municipal Art Society, "In probably most every town in America there is something still there that wouldn't be, had Jackie not led the [Grand Central] fight. The victory in the Supreme Court in 1978, made it possible for cities and towns all over to have landmarks laws. Jackie understood how places and buildings and parks had an impact on people. One time in a meeting at her apartment to discuss the proposed Columbus Circle building (which was designed to be the tallest in the world), she said, 'They're stealing the sky.' And she crystallized the issue, just like that."

Viviana (ViVi) Crespi, "My son Marcantonio adored her, too. Jackie wrote him beautiful letters when he'd send her his poems. She said, 'You must continue. Poets are the ones who change the world.'"

Aaron Shikler, First Lady's portrait artist, "I did many, many studies of her for what many people would say was a gloomy portrait—it was very intense. And when I started to do it full-size I said to myself, 'It's not right—it's got to be a little lighter, more open.' That's when I started the one that's in the White House, but she preferred the first version. Then, when she made her decision to marry Onassis, it was like something disappeared. She relaxed, became girlish, giggly. It was like another person working with me."

James Roe Ketchum, White House curator, 1963–70, "On Monday morning the day of President Kennedy's funeral, the phone rang at our apartment at 6 o'clock. It was Jackie; I don't think she slept more than an hour or so at a time that whole weekend. She explained that she would like to have the Cézannes moved from the family quarters. She'd decided to receive certain heads of state there—she singled out de Gaulle, Haile Selassie, and Prince Phillip. She knew we had just acquired a collection of aquatint views of American cities of about 1800, and she wanted those to replace the Cézannes. She thought the setting should be American."

Hugh D. (Yusha) Aiuchincloss III, "After the funeral, Nancy (Tuckerman) gave me all the letters I'd sent Jackie from Groton, when she was in Farmington, from 1944 to 1947. I wasn't doing very well in school and wanted to join the Marines. She told me not to feel sorry for myself and to study harder, that the Marines didn't want anybody who wasn't intelligent. Even though she was 2 years younger than me, she was firm with me. And it made me study harder. And I did join the Marines."

Lady Bird Johnson, "I remember distinctly this beautiful woman coming to my very simple house when she was one of the new Senate wives. I thought how *young* she was, and how *different* from all the rest of us."

AN ORIGINAL

Lisa Drew, former editor, Doubleday, "Her life in the last 15 years seemed to me to be the most satisfying. It seems her happiness in that period of time quadrupled. Jackie was warm and generous and excruciatingly funny because she consistently came out with the completely unexpected. But it was right to the point. I think that was the key to her humor. Very apt."

Ambassador Pamela Harriman, "I will miss her and America will miss her."

Sargent Shriver, "In all these years, I never heard Jackie being nasty or bitter or mean or spiteful. And that imagination she had. Beauty, brains, courage, passion, artistic sensibility. One of the most unusual personages of these times. And so many people responded to her in so many ways—and she to them. For most women, or for any man, coming from such a privileged background to be catapulted at 31 years of age into worldwide attention . . . was a colossal challenge. You'd think it impossible for her to avoid becoming self-centered and egotistical. But that never happened to her. She was just as beautiful when she died. Even illness hadn't ruined her beauty. I was lucky to see her. She was peaceful. Is there any better way to leave this life?"

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