

SEC. 505. FRAUDULENT DOCUMENT WAIVER FOR BATTERED ALIENS.

Section 212(i)(1) (8 U.S.C. 1182(i)(1)) is amended by inserting before the period at the end the following: “, or if the alien is eligible to file a petition under subparagraph (A) (ii) and (iv) or (B) (ii) and (iii) of section 204(a)(1) or under paragraph (2) of section 240A(b) based on the requirements of paragraph (2) of that section”.

THE VERY BAD DEBT BOXSCORE

Mr. HELMS. Mr. President, at the close of business yesterday, Monday, January 27, the federal debt stood at \$5,222,049,625,819.53.

Five years ago, January 27, 1992, the Federal debt stood at \$3,793,601,000,000.

Ten years ago, January 27, 1987, the Federal debt stood at \$2,223,227,000,000.

Fifteen years ago, January 27, 1982, the Federal debt stood at \$1,034,824,000,000.

Twenty-five years ago, January 27, 1972, the federal debt stood at \$426,004,000,000 which reflects a debt increase of nearly \$5 trillion—\$4,796,045,625,819.53—during the past 25 years.

HONORING SKEETER WEEKS

Mr. LOTT. Mr. President, there are those moments as we navigate through life's journey in which our path crosses with people of genuine character and compassion. When we come about one of these persons, it is as if a window is raised allowing the spring breeze to enter our very soul. On these rare occasions, our spirit is lifted causing us to believe anew in the goodness of God and the magic of his gift to mankind. Mr. Albert Colmer Weeks of Pascagoula, MS, is one of these rare people.

Known as “Skeeter” to his friends—who are many—his life is a testament of service, love, and dedication to his family and community. While Skeeter counts Pascagoula as his home, he was born in Ponchatula, LA, and moved at the age of 3 to Perkinston, MS, where his father served as a coach, athletic director, and later vice president and dean of men at Perkinston Junior College. After completing high school in Perkinston in 1944, Skeeter was appointed a page in the U.S. House of Representatives by his uncle and former Congressman, Hon. Bill Colmer.

As many of my colleagues know, I also worked for Representative Colmer as his administrative assistant for 4 years. The fateful year in which I crossed paths with Skeeter in a large and substantive way was 1968. By that time, Skeeter had been working for Ingalls Shipbuilding for 9 years as director of public relations.

As director of public relations at Ingalls Shipbuilding, Skeeter was the one individual most responsible for planning, directing, and coordinating the launching, christening, and commissioning of hundreds of ships for the United States Navy. Skeeter is a big part of the reason Ingalls is today

known as America's Shipyard. His professionalism, attention to detail, and customer oriented service ethic has endeared him to many of our nation's political leaders—from President's to Cabinet Secretaries to Secretaries of the Navy—over the span of almost 40 years.

On January 31, 1997, Skeeter will be retiring from Ingalls Shipbuilding. Behind he will leave a legacy of 38 years in service to Ingalls, the city of Pascagoula, Jackson County, the State of Mississippi, and indeed, the country as a whole. Skeeter is a veteran of the United States Navy, a 1951 graduate of Mississippi State University, and a man of honor.

To his wife, Janet, and his children Leah and Alice, I say thank you. We have all borrowed Skeeter's time and talent for years, a gift he has freely given us. Beginning Saturday, February 1, 1997, you have him all to yourself. It is your gain, and with this gain we give you our gratitude and envy.

As Skeeter turns the page and begins this new chapter in his life, I am reminded of a verse penned by Robert Louis Stevenson:

So long as we love we serve; so long as we are loved by others, I would almost say we are indispensable; and no man is useless while he has a friend.

In celebration of this special event, I am proud to declare to the U.S. Senate, Albert Colmer Weeks is my friend. Enjoy your retirement, Skeeter. You have richly earned it.

TRIBUTES TO SENATOR PAUL E. TSONGAS

Mr. KENNEDY. Mr. President, last Thursday, January 23, many of us in the Senate and House of Representatives attended the funeral service in Lowell, MA, for our outstanding former colleague in the Senate, Paul E. Tsongas, who died on January 18. The service was extremely moving, and the eloquent eulogies by his friends and his three daughters were powerful tributes to Paul's extraordinary life and career. I believe that these tributes will be of interest to all of us in Congress, and I ask unanimous consent that they may be printed in the RECORD.

There being no objection, the tributes were ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

FUNERAL SERVICE FOR PAUL E. TSONGAS, TRANSFIGURATION GREEK ORTHODOX CHURCH, LOWELL, MA, JANUARY 23, 1997

EULOGY BY FORMER SENATOR WARREN B. RUDMAN

Niki, Ashley, Katina, and Molly, family of Paul Tsongas, former colleagues from the Congress, distinguished guests, Gov. Wald, friends: I appreciate this opportunity to be with you today, to tell you all how proud I am to have called Paul Tsongas my friend. How fortunate I am to have called him a friend, a colleague, and a man who became a very large part of my life. To celebrate his life and to recognize the tremendous purpose and courage with which he lived is why we gather here today. Paul as we all know was a soft-spoken man, of tremendous charm,

and wonderful wit. He was one of the most decent, compassionate human beings you would ever want to meet. So when people talk about him, the words “tenacious” or “determined” have not often been the first that I used to describe him. But I am here to attest that I have never—not in the foxholes of Korea, not in the halls of Congress—never met a more determined, or more courageous man than Paul Tsongas. Another son of this Commonwealth, President John F. Kennedy, concluded his Pulitzer Prize-winning book, “Profiles in Courage,” with this marvelous statement, which applies to our friend, Paul, and I want to share it with you this morning: “Without belittling the courage with which men have died, we should not forget those acts of courage, with which men have lived. The courage of life is often a less dramatic spectacle than the courage of the final moment, but it is no less a magnificent mixture of triumph and tragedy. A man does what he must, in spite of personal consequences; in spite of obstacles, and dangers, and pressures.” And that is the basis of Paul—human morality. In whatever arena of life one may mast the challenges of courage, whatever may be the sacrifices he faces, each man must decide for himself the course he will follow. The stories of past courage can define that ingredient, they can teach, they can offer hope, they can provide inspiration, but they cannot supply courage itself. For this, each man—and I would add parenthetically—each woman, must look into his own soul. Paul Tsongas met the challenges of courage, solidly, and squarely. And he asked us to do the same. He asked that we each look into our soul, and find the best within ourselves. To find our courage, and to help us do so, he led us by example. Time and time again fate threw enormous obstacles and road blocks in his path, but each time, Paul looked within his soul and responded with courage, determination, and driving purpose. I often marveled at Paul's resolution and strength as we traveled this country for the last four years. I wondered what made him persevere. After all, having faced the condition that would've caused most men to lead a more guarded existence, Paul ran for president. But after I came to know him better, I have realized what motivated him. In short, Paul has an intense, profound, and enduring love for his family. Ashley, Katina, and Molly, I'm here today not only to mourn your loss and to celebrate your dad's life, but to affirm that which you already know, you were his inspiration and his motivation. It was out of love for you that your father found the courage to persevere, and to succeed. He wanted the best for you; for your generation. And he was willing to fight and to overcome great hurdles so you too might have the chance to achieve your dreams. Paul looked for the best in people. He asked us to put aside petty differences, and shun the path of least resistance. He asked that we, as a generation, pay our own bills. He implored our government's fiscal irresponsibility, because Paul Tsongas—like Thomas Jefferson—felt it was immoral, and I heard him use that word so often, immoral, for one generation to bind another, because it refused to live within its means. We will leave here today, saddened by his passing, inspired by his life, enriched by his friendship. We truly give thanks to the Almighty for this marvelous life.

EULOGY BY BRIAN J. MARTIN

My family. My city.

Those were the two things that Paul Tsongas cared about most in the world.

That's probably not news to anyone here, but it is important to remind ourselves of that fact, because it is the essence of the man we are remembering here this morning.

It is not a complicated concept. In fact, it is beautiful in its simplicity. Many of us

share this philosophy, but few of us live it as well as he did.

His family. His city.

His family grieves today, but they also know they have been blessed to have had a husband, a father, a brother, an uncle and son-in-law like Paul.

I would like to say to Nikki: You are one of the strongest women I've ever known. You have my utmost admiration and respect.

You and Paul lived the greatest love story I could imagine. No book, no movie could tell a better one.

I would like to say to Ashley, Katina and Molly: You probably think the pain you feel today will never go away, but trust me, it will. In its place you will have wonderful memories of all the happy times you spent with your father. They will bring you great comfort, and inspire you every day of your life.

His family, his city.

Lowell is my city, too, and I have to admit I was worried for it when I heard Paul had died.

What are we going to do without Paul?

Then it hit me.

Paul's greatest gift to Lowell was not the National Park, the Lowell Plan, the Boott Mills, the arena or the Spinners.

It wasn't bricks or mortar, an organization or even a baseball or a hockey team.

It wasn't his influence or his ability to bring people together to make things happen.

Nor was it the great credit and recognition he brought to the city of Lowell through his public service in Washington.

Although I must say, he did make us proud to be from Lowell.

At one time, when people asked me where I was from, I'd say, "Boston," or "Massachusetts."

Now I proudly say, without hesitation, "I'm from Lowell." And when they ask me, "Where's that?", I tell them, "Next to Dracut."

Paul's greatest gift to his family, to his city, and to all of us was himself.

He inspired us.

He gave us a shining example of how to live our lives to the fullest, and to make a difference.

He taught us what was truly important in life . . . what our priorities should be. Nobody knew how to stop and smell the roses better than Paul Tsongas.

He also showed us how to be brave.

His ability to deal with adversity was truly amazing. He taught us never, ever to give up.

Paul has motivated me, he has inspired me, and most importantly, prepared me to carry on his vision for Lowell. I can't wait to get started.

And I'm not the only one who feels this way. Because of Paul Tsongas, there are many others in this city who want to continue his work, to make Lowell one of the best cities in the country.

Some people say we'll never see his like again. But people probably said the same thing when Franklin Roosevelt or John Kennedy died.

It is true that there will never be another Paul Tsongas, but there's always someone to pick up the torch and carry on.

"We all will die someday," Paul wrote.

"And on the next day, the sun will still be shining somewhere, the rain will still be falling somewhere, and the moon and stars will still be in their place. The earth is timeless, not those who inhabit it. . . ."

"And eventually, the next generation will have its term at the helm."

Perhaps someone right here in this church will someday become a city councilor, a congressman, a senator, or even president, because he or she was inspired by Paul Tsongas.

Today, when I look around the city, I don't despair or worry. I think of Paul fondly when I see things he has done to make Lowell better . . . and then I look to see what I can do to make it better still.

So Paul, don't worry about a thing. We'll pick up the ball . . . we'll finish the game.

We'll fight hard, and we'll win. Just like you.

And you know, I've got a funny feeling that you knew all along that we would.

I'll miss you, old friend.

I love you . . . and I thank you.

EULOGY BY DR. TAK TAKVORIAN

There are moments . . . there are moments when the future is open. There are moments when all the preparations in life: the education, the retirement plans, the hopes and the dreams are laid aside, and something happens that is fundamentally unplanned; something happens that we cannot control, and we are left with no notion of what comes next.

A frightening moment. And yet this moment represents something that is a fundamental gift, an amazing thing, a positive moment, a creative moment, a moment when we have no choice, but a moment when the future is open to us.

It is a moment when not our plans, but maybe some far deeper sense of who we are can take control, sustain us and make the future happen.

At such a moment, success is measured not by health, but by the depth of our very own soul and conviction, by how deeply we laugh and how deeply we hurt and by confronting the crux of who we are.

That moment has come and gone for Paul Tsongas, and in it we have witnessed his success and we see our own vulnerability. It seems as though he would always be here, and yet how more precious is the fleeting gift. None of us wants it to happen this way—not cancer and not in our youth. Maybe a heart attack, if it has to be, but not the big C. It is unnerving how much we presume it cannot happen to us.

And yet Paul met that moment—his moment—his defining moment—with courage, with determination, with good humor and a smile—always that self-effacing, Mona Lisa grin, infectious in its breadth and optimism, contagious in its enthusiasm and conviction.

I remember the first time we met; my job was to describe radical new treatment for a failing situation. I found him hiding in the waiting area under a pile of newspapers—which was to become his familiar insignia.

In my nervousness in the presence of such a great man, I was wordy in my speech. He listened intently, but it was Nicki who asked the questions. With an intensity rooted in conviction he simply said, "Let's do it." No debate. No challenge. No discussion. Just a commitment and resolve to battle on.

He did set down the rules, though. In exchange for being the model patient, he wanted an equal partnership, an honest relationship, the best that medicine could offer, and nothing less than a total commitment from me, including a promise to laugh at his witty jokes!

I knew then and there that I was in the presence of a one-of-a-kind, special guy, and I dug in my heels and braced myself for the ride of a lifetime, only now ended. We bonded then and there, and I joined the community of friends who benefited from his aura.

I want to tell you a story about one of my heroes of all times. He happens to be Jeremiah, but he could have been Paul Tsongas. One day he carried a clay pottery flask into a courtyard, explaining to all who had gathered that they were doing wrong in the sight of God. He then smashed the pottery to the ground to demonstrate what God was going

to do to them. The priests had him arrested, beaten and put into the stocks overnight.

And in the morning they took him out of the pillory, and he should have gone home, and he should have licked his wounds, and he should have been quiet. But not my Jeremiah. He turned on them, hurling further insults, and when questioned why he was inviting more punishment, Jeremiah cried out: There is a fire shut up in my bones, that is so powerful that I am weary from trying to hold it in. There is a fire shut up in my bones, that is so powerful that I am weary from trying to hold it in.

A fire shut up in his bones. Something to live for that was more important than anything else in the world. An authentic center. A core. A fire in the bones that will make you fully alive in a way that you have never been and you will never be any other way.

Paul Tsongas was my Jeremiah. Paul Tsongas had an authentic core and knew that fire in his bones. He had a passion and courage for life that was more powerful, more important than anything else in the world and we were all witness to that. Although I knew him personally but 14 brief years, I am the richer for it because I came to know the essence of the man. I came to know the courage of the man combating his cancer and confronting his own mortality.

I came to know the courage of the man who signed onto experimental and dangerous therapy when the bounds of conventional medicine had failed. The courage of the man whose initial hopes for cure were dashed, repeatedly, only to fight the battle again and again and again. The courage of the man who often said he would re-choose a life with cancer rather than forego the lessons of these last fourteen years.

In the last years of his life, rather than dying day by day, predictably he chose to live day by day. In his proximity to death for many a year, he never lost sight of his own priorities, and they encompassed a far more expansive view of life than most of us could ever have, in which even the trivial took on importance. In his proximity to death, he remained selfless and he never stopped giving.

And rather than retreat behind the mask of self-pity and involution he reached out with that extended warm handshake, always volunteered, which was empowering, creating a mutual healing bond, charged and energized in its commonality.

His illness gave him an entitlement to speak out freely on all issues, without political encumbrance. It was the obligation of his survival, and he defended it with a moral imperative. His was a "return to a journey of purpose". But to cancer patients everywhere it had an even more universal message.

In fact, in a life rich with accomplishments, his most unique contribution, which humbly even he did not fully realize, may have been his role as consummate messenger to countless others living with cancer. He was their model for cancer survivorship.

He was a model of courage, empowering them to fight their own malignancies and to find that strength to do so within themselves; a model even to me, his doctor, when I broke my neck in the surf and needed guidance and encouragement to move on. He showed them how far one could go and that they too, even in the shadow of cancer, could go for their dreams and never abandon their beliefs. Win or lose, no dream is too large not to be pursued at any risk, compared to the risk of life itself.

He did not compose his life or construct his life or carefully plan or reason it out or discipline it or calculate how to advance within it—he just tried to live it. He just tried to find that authentic center, that core of who he was and to live it for all it was worth, no matter what the consequences.

The man seemed bigger than life due to the enormity of his ideas and accomplishments, but what remains are the memories of the essence of the man. Cancer did not kill his spirit, his humor, his shy warmth, and these are the gifts that we will have forever. It was his quiet, unforced, completely natural, sincere love and joy of humankind that attracted us all to him, and he never let us down. He loved people. He loved children. He loved his family and friends. He loved this town. He loved this country and what it might become. We all felt safe in his intellect, loved in his heart and ample in his company.

An authentic core. A fire in the bones that could not be extinguished by cancer.

He never came to age and walk on safer ground and treasure the memory of what he had accomplished, but therefore time will never dim for him what others lose or never find or never even seek. He possessed life with so much more, when ill-health, and not the vision, deceived him.

In closing, let me quote from the poem *Ulysses* by Alfred Lord Tennyson:

. . . Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world,
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Though much is taken, much abides; and
though

We are not now that strength which in old
days

Moved earth and heaven; that which we are,
we are;

One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in
will

To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

My belief is that our only hope is to have a lot more heroes. A lot more heroes of mythic proportion, a whole lot more men like Jeremiah, Ulysses and Paul Tsongas, who are willing to live life fully and authentically. His life challenges us to live life from the very depths of who we are, with a love that grips at our guts, tugs at our hearts and with a . . . was my patient, my friend, and my hero, Paul Tsongas.

May God in His wisdom give us the strength in our similar journeys and keep ever illuminated the inspiration that he was for us.

EULOGY BY F. MICHAEL KAIL

The very things that made Paul Tsongas different—unique—as a politician made him special as a person. And that is what I would like to share with you today. This is not meant to be sad, Niki asked that it not be sad. And I don't think Paul would mind if this made you secretly smile a little.

To begin with, there is what the press is fond of calling the "self-deprecating," or as one paper put it "self-depreciating" humor. I remember a birthday party for Niki in the mid-1980s. Paul looked great, but his hair was definitely not all the way back from the chemotherapy. Niki was beautiful, but had misplaced her contacts and was forced to wear some old, very non-designer glasses. Towards the end of the evening Paul rose, to propose a toast to Niki, whom he asked to rise as well. He looked at her and then turned to the guests, all of whom were waiting expectantly for some memorable words. Paul did not disappoint. Gazing into Niki's glasses and then rolling his eyes up to his bald head he said, "I am sure, seeing us standing before you tonight, you can understand the true meaning of "Love at first sight."

Of course, there's the legendary directness and the competitiveness. It showed up not only in the uphill campaigns and the senior swimming meets, but everywhere. One night we were at a particularly boring show and Paul buttonholed me to talk in private. At the time we each had two children. Without any preliminaries he asked, "Are you and Wendy going for three." I said, "We've got the Jeep and the Chevy and our oldest child is only nine, why do we need . . ." He cut me off, with a really withering look and said, "No, are you going for another kid." Without thinking, or asking what business it was of his, I said "Yeah, are you?" He shot back, without a moment's reflection, "Sure." But for that conversation there might never have been a Molly Tsongas or a Katie Kail.

And then there is the extraordinary sense of timing, the daring and the luck. I don't only mean in deciding to run as a Democrat for a House seat in a district that had been Republican for nearly a century or risking that same seat, after it had become safe, to challenge the only African American in the Senate, or seeing an opening when a sitting President's poll numbers were in the stratosphere. I mean even in board games. There was this Trivial Pursuit grudge match between the families on New Year's Eve, 1984. Both teams were on the verge of the winner's circle, but we were up first, and victory was clearly in our grasp. Our question: "How many colored squares make up a Rubik's cube?" Our son, Tommy, who was 6 whispered 54; I ignored him, did some quick calculations, and said 128. Tommy was right. Paul pulled the card with the Tsongas question. I was hoping for "Name Alex Haley's third novel" or "Where was Sky King's ranch" or "What emblem is in the center of the Pakistani flag?" But, no. I could not—and still cannot—believe the question he had drawn: "What is the address of the White House?"

When I think of these stories and others I have heard they do make me think of Paul Tsongas and the lessons of his life: Follow your instincts; Ask the tough questions; Listen to your children; Take what you do seriously, but not yourself; and And never give up.

Paul Tsongas was a one of a kind. And we will miss him more than words can say.

EULOGY BY DENNIS KANIN

I first met Paul a quarter of a century ago at the Middlesex County Reform Caucus. I was a delegate from Cambridge and he was one of three candidates vying for two slots on the reform ticket for County Commissioner. That was the first time that I had the chance to vote for the man whose campaigns I would manage, whose House and Senate offices I would run, who would become my law partner and dearest friend. I voted for the other guys. They were friends of mine and I didn't know Paul. But I redeemed myself when the race went to a second ballot. That was after I asked the three of them who they were supporting for President that year. My two friends hemmed and hawed and told me—correctly—that one's personal choice for President had no relationship to running a county. When I asked the stranger from Lowell, he didn't bat an eye and answered matter-of-factly "John Lindsay". Although I was no Lindsay fan (and I suspect Paul was his only supporter in Massachusetts that year), with those two words, Paul won my vote—and more.

It was a defining incident—a window into the personality of Paul Tsongas. I was soon to discover that this was the most centered and secure person I have even known—at peace with who he was. Perhaps that's why he was so honest, sometimes so painfully honest as we on his young staff used to

grumble. We failed to grasp that it was that politically reckless candor—that refusal to evade when faced with tough questions—that was Paul's hallmark and his greatest political strength. Voters felt instinctively that even if they didn't totally agree with him they could trust him—and they were right.

Two years later, I had signed on to run Paul's longshot—and I mean longshot—candidacy for Congress. I came up to Lowell for a first strategy meeting the week Ashley was born and she was all Paul wanted to talk about. A democratic state committeeman from Lawrence was meeting with us and when Paul said he had been in the birthing room with Niki as Ashley was born, the committeeman said "That must have been disgusting". I still remember Paul's reply "Actually Jake, it was the most beautiful experience of my life." Even then, his family was his focus.

Although I had worked in many campaigns up till then—I was in my late 20's—I had never met a politician quite like Paul. When he made a decision, he did it quickly—some would say impulsively—and was willing to take big risks. When he ran for the Senate in 1978 he first considered the idea on April 30th of that year and announced his candidacy 18 days later. He was simply undaunted by the most formidable of odds. So when he sat down on the couch in my office at Foley, Hoag at the end of 1990 and said "I have a crazy idea . . ." I knew I was in trouble. Those five words were the starting signal for one of the most underfinanced and improbable presidential campaigns in history. It seemed like a crazy idea then. It doesn't now.

We all have our fears but Paul seemed to have so few. I will never forget that terrifying night in 1983 when we crossed the Allenby Bridge between Jordan and Israel, on foot, alone, in pitch blackness—something no civilian had ever done and lived to tell—because Paul didn't want to miss a critical meeting with Prime Minister Begin in Jerusalem the next morning. I still remember King Hussein waving us good luck as we left his palace for the bridge and Rich Arenberg and I trembling as we walked across in single file behind Paul using him as a shield to protect us—his aides—against sniper fire while he just chuckled at our timidity.

Paul was tough but he was also remarkably gentle and caring. In our 25 year history together, I can't remember when he truly lost his temper. I'm not counting when he played softball or charades. And even in the hours of his greatest adversity, he wanted to know how you were doing. A few months ago I was suffering from a couple of ruptured disks—not one of your major ailments—and Paul kept asking how I was doing when he couldn't even get off the bed. But that's how he was.

Paul saw the value in every situation, no matter how bad it might seem on the surface. Two weeks ago yesterday when we talked to him about the lack of success with the first shunt procedure, he smiled and said "What do you mean it wasn't successful? I'm here aren't I?" When an interviewer asked him about his cancer back in 1984 Paul said that if hadn't had it, he would never have come to fully appreciate so much of what was staring him in the face—the beauty all around us that we take for granted. In reading his book *Heading Home* the other night, I found this passage describing the most poignant lesson he drew from his adversity. He wrote: "After the children were in bed, Niki and I would talk about the pleasure of being together like this. We had experienced the power and the glory, the excitement and glamour of national politics . . . But in the next room asleep were what gave us true joy. And we had each other . . . the cancer had

caused me to understand what truly made me happy and what counted."

I think it is important to remember that Paul had always tried, even before he learned he had cancer, to balance family and career. As it was, he rarely went on the usual circuit of Washington cocktail parties and trade association receptions because he wanted to be home with Niki, Ashley, Katina, and Molly. We on his staff who had no kids or failed to share his priorities found this maddening—and Paul knew it and didn't care. But the cancer did crystallize his feelings further and he found, as he put it, that "the family was where I fulfilled my human aspirations. The Senate had become an obstacle to that."

Paul found his happiness—real happiness—planting flowers in Kittredge Park or being out on the boat at the Cape with Niki and the kids or sitting around a Thanksgiving dinner with his family and close friends or watching Ashley play rugby or Katina at hockey or Molly dancing.

His values seemed old-fashioned to some but I don't think Paul Tsongas ever felt emptiness from the day he married Niki. A few weeks ago, someone at the hospital asked Paul how he was doing and he replied "fine . . . as long as Niki's only three feet away". While he was strong for others she was his strength, whether it was campaigning for him around the country or caring for him through their long and courageous struggle together.

Paul told Carol Beattie, his nurse at Dana Faber that he had accomplished what he wanted most his remarkable 13½ years since he learned he had cancer—to see his daughters grow up. I would add that they didn't just grow up; they grew up to be people with the same kind of values and decency and caring as Niki and Paul. That is quite a testament.

Senator Kennedy called Paul a profile in courage and he surely was—a profile in both personal and political courage. His presidential campaign epitomized both those qualities. Paul had won 10 primaries and caucuses to Bill Clinton's 13 when he decided to drop out. He knew that if stayed in, he could deny Clinton the nomination and assure himself the role of a kingmaker at the convention. But that was not the purpose of his candidacy. Paul had run because he believed in something. While he lost the Presidency, he had won something that was for him far more profound. He had changed the debate about the future of his country and about its ability to confront the federal deficit. That, too, grew out of his experience with cancer and his determination not just to know his children but to secure their future and that of their generation—what he called "the obligation of my survival". It took courage to run in the first place, risking ridicule—and it was there in the early days. It took courage and integrity to insist that a candidacy of principle could not compromise on principles. Now the issues he raised in 1992 are at the center of America's public discourse. He lit the way.

I have often thought that I didn't have living heroes but I realize now that I was wrong. Paul was my hero. I wish I could have told him that before he died. What I did tell him was that I loved him and what a good friend he was but I know that in that I am not alone. For so many others across this city that he helped to rebuild, across this state that he loved and served so well, across this land that he awakened to a new reality, and across the generations to come whose freedom from unsustainable debt will be his legacy; they have lost a good friend as well.

EULOGY BY ASHLEY TSONGAS

Our father's love for us was fundamental to our lives. You don't question the existence of

the ground you walk on or the air you breathe, and we never doubted the existence of our father's love. Even in the middle of a four-hour car ride, when the incessant sound of snapping gum and the muffled screams of smaller, weaker children emanating from the back seat had begun to wear on his nerves, and it became abundantly clear that he didn't like us too much at the moment, it would never occur to us that we had been ejected from our position at the center of his universe.

And then further down the road, when we'd exhausted ourselves and drifted into sleepy silence as a Red Sox game crackled on the radio, he'd reach back and touch each one of us and we'd be reminded how much we loved him too.

I'm having trouble realizing he's gone. During the events of the last couple of days I keep wondering at the absence of a keynote speaker, expecting my dad to walk in at any moment. It's hard to believe the man who offered to fax me a copy of his less-than-impressive college transcript when I was stressing about my grades is no longer going to offer me academic solace. And at rugby, it won't be the same without my dad in the sidelines armed with apple cider and blind admiration.

And with the absence of my father, who treated me as a person with legitimate ideas from as far back as I can remember, I know that I will now have to push myself to come up with real answers instead of easy ones. But these things and countless more were merely expressions of his love for me. And though my dad's no longer here, his acts of love over the last 22 years have created a kind of momentum that will carry me through the rest of my life.

EULOGY BY KATINA TSONGAS

When confronted with the possibility that he might not live to see us grow up, my father became concerned about our future and valued the time which he was able to spend with us. His realization of his own mortality shaped the way in which he lived his life with us, but he did not allow it to dictate how he lived. He was able to live in the present while always providing for our future.

Each time he defeated his illness he made the best of the time he earned. We lived the last 13 years in a way which was normal, and that normality is what made them so great and what gave me so many great memories. But these memories were not forced; they were not created by my father as a way to ensure that he would not be forgotten. The memories I have of the last 13 years are memories of a father who loved me and made the best of the time he had. He never let anything get in the way.

In thinking about my father in the last few days, I have realized what an extraordinary man he was. I have never been able to understand what it was exactly that inspired those New Hampshire campaigners to work day and night for a cause which was less than promising. I know now what it is they saw, and it remains with how many lives he touched and how many people grew to love him. I only wish that I could have realized how great he was when I was still able to tell him.

My dad's ability to live a normal life at home is what now makes it possible for me to see him as the amazing man that he was, but remember him as my father. Dad, we just wanted to tell you that we are going to be okay. You've made our city, state, country, world and home better and more importantly you married an incredible woman who is the best mother we could hope for. We miss you so much, and we're going to miss you every day for the rest of our lives. We love you, Dad.

EULOGY BY MOLLY TSONGAS

One day in fifth grade, my principal announced over the intercom that all the fifth-graders should report to the playground. We followed orders and made our way outside, where I was stopped dead in my tracks by the most humiliating sight my 11-year-old eyes had ever beheld. There was my dad handing out trash bags to my skeptical classmates and encouraging them to participate in picking up all the trash scattered around the playground.

If I wasn't mortified enough, he had packages of Oreos and Fig Newtons as our reward—two per person. As if any respectful fifth-grader ever ate Fig Newtons. I scurried to pick up every piece of trash and shove every Fig Newton down my throat to end this fiasco as soon as possible and send my dad on his way.

Looking back, I realize that I was not surprised to see him do this. I did not even question him. But I know that he was just trying to get me involved in keeping my school and city clean, that I had a place to be proud of and I would not allow others to do the job for me. Through bringing me around to the developments on the arena, the ball park or even the making of a new Market Basket, he made me realize someone as normal as my dad could make a difference if they just get up and do it. This spirit of his is something I will always remember and hopefully lead my life by.

However, in the long run, the politician or the man of Lowell is not who I am going to miss. I'm going to miss my dad and the way he always ate his English muffins with butter and jam, or how he'd wake up at 8 o'clock and swim across Schoolhouse Pond, or water Kittredge Park, or seeing him excitedly jump out of his chair during charades, or how he'd take us to some random field to play baseball, or how he'd tell me that I was a good kid. I'm even going to miss him helping me make my bed or trying to pick up my clothes from the bathroom floor.

No matter how many times I reassure myself that he had a wonderful life, he did a lot of amazing things, some of which I've just realized, nothing can make me stop wishing that my dad was here right now.

TRIBUTE TO SENATOR PAUL TSONGAS

Mr. FEINGOLD. Mr. President, when then-Representative Paul Tsongas of Lowell, MA, was running for the U.S. Senate in 1978, a newspaper columnist referred to him rather dismissively as "an obscure first-term Congressman." Candidate Tsongas responded quickly to correct the error, saying, "I'm an obscure second-term Congressman."

That was Paul Tsongas, meticulous with the facts, parrying an attack with laughter, and always keeping on course to his goal.

Mr. President, Paul Tsongas embodied the best qualities of a public servant. Uppermost in his mind was the responsibility to make his community, his district, his State, his Nation, his world a better place than he found it. Part of that responsibility was to speak plainly the truth as he saw it, even when speaking the truth might undermine his own ambitions.

During the 1992 Presidential campaign, for example, Senator Tsongas insisted on warning the American people, over and over, about the looming