

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from South Carolina is recognized. Mr. THURMOND. I thank the Chair.

(The remarks of Mr. THURMOND pertaining to the introduction of S. 431, S. 432, and S. 433 are located in today's RECORD under "Statements on Introduced Bills and Joint Resolutions.")

Mr. THURMOND. Mr. President, I yield the floor.

#### MORNING BUSINESS

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Under the previous order, there will now be a period for the transaction of morning business not to extend beyond the hour of 3 p.m., with the time being divided between the majority leader and the Senator from Illinois, Mr. DURBIN, or their designee.

In my capacity as a Senator from Montana, I suggest the absence of a quorum. The clerk will call the roll.

The legislative clerk proceeded to call the roll.

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 President, I ask unanimous consent that the order for the quorum call be rescinded.

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

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, is the Senate now in morning business?

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator is correct.

Mr. BYRD. What is the length of time Senators are permitted to speak?

The PRESIDING OFFICER. There is no time limit.

Mr. BYRD. I thank the Chair.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. KYL). The Chair advises the Senator from West Virginia that the Senator from Illinois controls the time for 1 hour.

Mr. BYRD. Very well. I thank the Chair.

#### RAYMOND SCOTT BATES

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, today I speak in memory of Raymond Scott Bates, one of the dear members of our own Senate family who recently departed this life.

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,  
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot  
destroy;

Which come, in the night-time of sorrow and  
care,

And bring back the features that joy used to  
wear.

Long, long be my heart with such memories  
filled,

Like the vase in which roses have once been  
distilled,

You may break, you may shatter the vase, if  
you will,

But the scent of the roses will hang round it  
still.

These words, written by Thomas Moore, are so fitting this afternoon, as I, in my limited and feeble way, attempt to pay honor and tribute to the life of Scott Bates, a man whom we all admired and respected, and who was taken from our midst, virtually in the twinkle of an eye, and without warn-

ing. It was on the evening of February 5 that the pallid messenger beckoned Scott to depart this life. We can believe that he awakened to see a more glorious sunrise with unimaginable splendor above a celestial horizon, and that he yet remembers us as we remember him, for we have the consolation that has come down to us from the lips of that ancient man of Uz, whose name was Job, "Oh that my words were written in a book and engraved with an iron pen, and lead in the rock forever, for I know that my Redeemer liveth and that in the latter day He shall stand upon the earth."

When Erma and I lost our dear grandson, Michael, now almost 17 years ago, I felt that Michael was resting and at peace in the arms of God, and deep within my soul I was aware that Michael knew of my grief. He, too, was taken from us suddenly and without warning, and he left us without a wave of a hand or without saying goodbye, and so Erma and I know what this family is going through. We, too, have walked through the valley of the shadow of death. And Erma and I join in saying to Scott's family today, Scott knows of your grief.

I have known Scott Bates since the very first day that he became a member of the Senate family. I watched him grow. I watched him as he increased in knowledge and in his love for the Senate. Often, when I was the Democratic Leader in the Senate, and many times since, I had the occasion to call upon Scott for help. He was always ready, always courteous, always accommodating. From time to time, we talked about the Senate and how it was different from what it used to be. He was a Senate employee whose time in the Senate extended beyond the tenure of many of the Members of this body, and, like many of the men and women who have toiled here in the Senate over the years, Scott appreciated the Senate, loved it, and understood it, better even than many of its own Members loved and understood it. His contributions to the Senate have been many and notable.

Although public service in general and careers in Washington have, in some quarters, fallen out of favor, I believe that Scott Bates' life and work experience present a compelling case against the current cynicism about the many fine people who serve in the Senate in various capacities. Their names are never in the newspapers, they experience few public kudos, and yet they work as long hours, probably longer, than we do. They are dedicated, they are capable, they are patriotic individuals who represent the best that America has to offer from all over this Nation.

Scott was one of those rare individuals about whom no unkind and ungenerous word was ever spoken by anyone who knew him.

He personified what we politicians like to refer to as "family values." He lived them. He was active in his

church, and he loved his wife, Ricki, and their three lovely children—Lisa, Lori, and Paul.

As all of us know, one of Scott's official duties as legislative clerk was to call the roll of the Senate during votes and during quorum calls. Thousands of times—thousands of times, I have heard him call my name: "Mr. Byrd". Now the thread of life is cut; the immortal is separated from the mortal; and that rich voice which was wont to fill the walls of the Senate Chamber, is hushed in eternal silence. But while the portals of the tomb have closed upon the remains of a gifted member of the Senate family, the grave is powerless to hold in its bosom the spirit of man.

In the words of William Jennings Bryan, "if the Father stoops to give to the rose bush, whose withered blossoms float upon the autumn breeze, the sweet assurance of another springtime, will he refuse the words of hope to the sons of men when the frosts of winter come? If matter, mute and inanimate, though changed into a multitude of forms can never be destroyed, will the imperial spirit of man suffer annihilation when it has paid a brief visit like a royal guest to this tenement of clay? No, I am sure that He who, notwithstanding His apparent prodigality, created nothing without a purpose, and wasted not a single atom in all His creation, has made provision for a future life in which man's universal longing for immortality will find its realization. I am sure that we shall live again," as sure as I am that we live today, and I am also sure that someday I shall hear the voice of a new angel, calling my name again, this time on the heavenly rolls: "Mr. Byrd."

To Lisa, to Lori and to Paul, I think your father would have wanted me to say, live as he taught you to live and strive always to make him proud, because he knows.

On Saturday afternoon, we gathered in a church in Vienna. It was a large church, a Presbyterian Church. Our Senate Chaplain was there. He had arranged the program, and he did a marvelous job. The Vice President came, the President of the Senate, the head of our Senate family. Senator BYRON DORGAN was there. Senator CHUCK ROBB was there. Senator GREGG was there. Former Senator Robert Dole was there. And there was a host of friends. The church was filled. The balcony was filled. It was a great outpouring of generous tribute and love for Scott Bates.

Although I had known Scott for 30 years, I had never known him as I came to know him last Saturday afternoon when I heard Lisa and Lori and Paul speak of their father. Then and only then did I realize what a truly great family this was. Only then did I realize what a father's love could be for his two daughters and his son. And only then did I realize what a deep and abiding and living love Scott's children had for him. His wife Ricki was there. She had been brought in, and she lay there