

with a creativity and determination to go where no affordable housing provider has gone before. If a project utilizes an innovative approach to ownership, or an organization forms to address affordable housing in new and exciting ways, more likely than not, Amy was there. She established and directed the first congregate housing project in Vermont, was a founding member of the Burlington Community Land Trust, the first non-profit in the state to actively promote long term affordability and community control of housing, and is a member of the Board of Directors of Richmond Housing Inc. which recently sponsored the first project in Vermont to provide home office space to support resident economic development. And these examples only scratch the surface of her work.

During one event to celebrate the opening of yet another affordable housing project she had shepherded to completion, Amy gave me a wand for, she said, the magic I had done in bringing some federal financing to the project. For all that Amy has done to bring quality affordable housing within reach for countless Vermont families, she deserves a super hero cape.●

TRIBUTE TO MADELEINE ANNE THOMAS

● Mr. ABRAHAM. Mr. President, I rise today in memory of a dear friend, Madeleine Anne Thomas, who tragically drowned during a rafting trip on June 22. I also want to pay tribute today to her husband and children who were with her on that day. I feel extremely fortunate to have known Madeleine as a friend. I know that she will be missed by many.

Madeleine Thomas had a propensity for helping people. This desire led her to specialize as a lawyer in the areas of domestic relations, small business law, and civil and criminal litigation. Her top priorities were cases involving children—she served as the court referee for the Wexford and Missaukee County Circuit Courts. In this capacity, she heard and ruled on all issues concerning child support, child custody, visitation, paternity, and alimony for the Circuit Court.

Ms. Thomas was also influential in the advancement of women in her field. She was the first woman president of her local county bar association and she led the way in promoting equality by showing others that she could accomplish that which no other woman had.

Mr. President, I cannot put into words the importance this genuine person had on the people she touched. Her son Christopher's beautiful and touching eulogy truly captures the spirit of her loving and compassionate life. I ask to have printed in the RECORD Christopher's heart-felt eulogy, which was printed in the Traverse City Record Eagle.

Mr. President, I yield the floor.

The eulogy follows:

MADELEINE ANNE THOMAS

DIED JUNE 22, 1999

TRAVERSE CITY.—The world's greatest mother, most loving wife, kindest daughter and most compassionate lawyer died Wednesday, June 22. Madeleine Anne Thomas drowned in a tragic river rafting accident in Montana during a family trip.

Madeleine lived a spirited, sincerely happy life, which started with her birth in Brooklyn, N.Y. on Nov. 2, 1957. After a childhood in which her parents, Jacqueline and Ben Thomas, taught her the essential values of gentle kindness, she graduated from Michigan State University and received her law degree from the University of Detroit. While in college, Madeleine met her soul mate and man of her dreams, Bob Eichenlaub.

Throughout their marriage, Bob and Madeleine maintained a constant, fulfilling love. They truly saw each other through sickness and health; in richer and in poorer their was always love.

She crafted into being two gentle children to whom she taught the skills of love. Christopher T. Eichenlaub, 17, and Caroline T. Eichenlaub, 12, remember with joy all of the moments of guidance that their mother provided. Whether it was through a heart-to-heart, a philosophical debate, or even an argument, Madeleine always had her children, and their future as individual souls, as her first interest.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow once wrote, "Give what you have. To someone, it may be better than you dare to think." These words sat on Madeleine's desk and this is how she lived her life. She gave all that she could, to any whom she could.

During her 15 years in Traverse City, she took in two teens, one as a foster child, and just last year, took a Russian exchange student into her heart. She raised Glen and Stahsy as confidently and as warmly as she did her own, showing them how a family works and how true motherly love feels.

While Madeleine consistently showed that her family, friends and spiritual life were her top priorities, she also set up her own law firm with partner Thomas Gilbert and became quite a renowned lawyer. Madeleine served a short period as a rotarian and also spent much time as a Wexford County referee. On her ten year reunion questionnaire form for University of Detroit, Madeleine said that the thing she liked most about her practice was her community involvement.

Because of this community involvement, and her work, motivation and persistent work in many fields, Madeleine was recognized and thanked by organizations including: The Michigan Association for Emotionally Disturbed Children, United Way, Women's Resource Center, American Cancer Society, Third Level Crisis Center, State Theatre Group, Traverse City Chamber of Commerce and Crooked Tree Girl Scouts. She wrote articles for both the Business News and the Prime Time News, teaching her readers to be able to negotiate for themselves.

Among the many things that she was known for, she will be most missed for her exploding, infectious laughter which brightened any situation, softened any reality and livened any chance encounter. Her laughter brought people in. It was one of her best ways of showing love. Caroline, shortly before her mother's death, said "Your laughter makes me feel important." And that it did.

Although a devout Catholic, Madeleine believed in the basics dignities inherent to all religions, races and cultures. She had faith in Christ the Savior, yet acknowledged that many beliefs may be the right belief, while very few could be wrong if the human consciousness was in the right place.

Friends may call from 2 to 4 p.m. and 6 to 8 p.m. Sunday at Immaculate Conception

Church in Traverse City. A rosary will be recited at 8 p.m. A funeral Mass will be celebrated at 2 p.m. Monday at the church. Madeleine was planning to travel to Haiti to set up a medical mission this August. She would be pleased to have donations sent to Mission of Love, 931 Crestwood Drive, East, Evansville, IN 47715 or Women's Resource Center, 720 S. Elmwood, Traverse City, MI 49684.

Written by Madeleine's beloved son, Christopher.

IN MEMORY OF PAUL SCOTT HOWELL

● Mr. INHOFE. Mr. President, on Wednesday, July 28, Paul Scott Howell of Edmond, Oklahoma was shot and killed as he pulled into the driveway of his parents' home. The apparent motive is carjacking. At the time of his death, Mr. Howell was returning from a shopping trip for school supplies with his daughters and his sister. Fortunately, his daughters and sister were not harmed.

On Monday, August 2, the City of Edmond mourned this senseless death. It was clear from the tone of the service and from those who attended that Paul was loved and admired by many. Although I never had the pleasure of knowing Paul, I suspect that not only have his family and friends suffered a great loss but the entire country has as well because Paul was one of those people that we all wish we could be like. I think Carol Hartzog, the Managing Editor of the Edmond Sun newspaper says it best in a recent column, "You would have liked Paul Howell." Mr. President, I ask to have printed in the RECORD Ms. Hartzog's tribute to Paul Scott Howell.

The tribute follows:

[From The Edmond Sun, Aug. 3, 1999]

YOU WOULD HAVE LIKED PAUL HOWELL

(By Carol Hartzog)

Paul Howell's life went full circle.

Four-year-old "Paulie" was blessed by a security that only a 1950s-era Edmond could provide. It was an idyllic time. Forty years later, Paul was gunned down dead in his boyhood neighborhood last Wednesday. He was a blessed youngster, and through life's trials, has been gifted as an adult. He would in turn bless all who knew him.

Despite his death, his testament will live on.

Often, the media will make a victim of random violence into a larger-than-life character.

But in this case, Paul Howell ministered to so many, young and old. On one hand, he would light up a room with his bounding presence, his boisterous, fun-loving way. On the other hand, in an unassuming way, this 45-year-old man would mentor to those who had fallen victim of the bottle and sought help from Alcoholics Anonymous.

Not only was he a recovering alcoholic, but he had such a passion for it that his story will live—and benefit—so many long after his death. He carried the message to other alcoholics, and mentored them through their steps of recovery.

"Paul didn't just use AA," his brother Bill told me. "AA used him to continue to reach out to others. . . . He grabbed hold of it. He was available all the time, and pushed other people into it, and I was so proud of him doing it."

"It takes a special person to let go of that anonymity," Bill said. Paul really didn't care. He was so happy that AA had changed his life, he wanted to reach out and change as many people as he could.

"That's the real wonder of Paul."

Paul took AA's philosophy to the ultimate degree—one day at a time. A funeral for an alcoholic often gathers a handful of people. Often, there has been no road to recovery, only to death, either by your own hand or another's.

In contrast, Paul Howell's funeral Monday was a celebration—a celebration of one who had triumphed. And with Paul's gifts of an award-winning smile, his sense of humor and his good looks, he helped so many because of his Maker.

Because of his hardships, he connected with the youth of his church, relating his failures and his message, "Don't do to your parents what I did."

Howell's funeral Monday brought people from all the "walks" of his life—his boyhood chums, his AA friends and the community of faith that had been there, literally, from the beginning.

I never had the pleasure of meeting Paul. But it was evident from the many I visited with that what I have said is true. He and his family touched many lives. His family roots extend to the Land Run here.

Sitting next to me was the 80-something year-old retired church organist, who accompanied Paul's mother, Dorothy, and the rest of the choir. The musician watched little Paul and his older brothers grow up.

On the other side of me was Larry, a business associate in the insurance industry. Paul would visit Larry's office at least monthly. He has a gregarious nature.

"I expect by now, he's met everyone in heaven and they all like him," he said. "He never met a stranger. Although, last week, he did."

And then there's the teen-ager who was in Paul's ninth- and 10th-grade Sunday School class.

"He was really cool," Matt said. Paul would occasionally give him tickets to University of Oklahoma ball games.

Leroy spoke at Howell's funeral Monday. Leroy is "A friend of Bill W.," as the funeral bulletin would state. That reference is to the founder of AA.

Through powerful, audible terms, all those who attended the funeral knew Paul's influence through AA. When Leroy spoke from the pulpit and said, "Hello, my name is Leroy and I'm a recovering alcoholic. . . ." I would surmise a third of those in attendance said, "Hello, Leroy," the standard response spoken in unison at AA meetings. You knew Paul was a testament to the power of AA.

The diversity of Paul's scope of influence was apparent. The sanctuary was overflowing. There were hundreds lining its walls, in the foyer, the crying rooms and other anterooms—1,200 people in all, it's estimated. The altar area was covered with 25 flower arrangements—the huge kind that would only look small in the setting of a British cathedral. Dozens more lesser arrangements filled in what space was left.

Paul's memorial service was also a testament to Edmond—a community coming together to pay its respects to the victim of such a random, senseless act.

In the 1950's this then-small town would give Paulie a Rockwell-esque setting in which to grow up. The town's population was 9,000. First Christian Church provided the security that came with that.

He and his two older brothers would bound over fences to the neighbors' houses where the Gibsons and the Rices lived. He grew up in a tight-knit neighborhood where many of his playmates remained to adulthood and to

adult responsibilities. That's unique in Edmond today, where a third of our population didn't live here five years ago.

His youthful years became troubled with normal teen-age problems, drinking being a part of that.

Twelve years ago, his life took another turn when he admitted his alcoholism and sought help with AA. That road would take him to a new high, a pinnacle that few reach when struggling with alcoholism.

His community of faith at First Christian Church would walk with him. And along that long stretch, he touched so many. He had been given a gift of new life through AA, and he has been giving back over the years.

This community has pulled together before—the 1986 tornado that struck our town but miraculously took no lives. The post office massacre that same year that took 15 citizens. And the Murrah Building bombing that took 19 Edmond residents.

We don't get any better at coping.

But we know, as the Rev. Kyle Maxwell so eloquently stated Monday, that "suffering got us here (through the crucifixion of Christ on the Cross)."

Let's not "try to make sense out of the senseless crime," Maxwell said.

"The 'why?' of it is that God created us to be free. Sometimes that's too heavy a burden for some people." He has given us the freedom to be compassionate and the freedom to take another's life, Maxwell said.

I believe that Christians are to be people of grace and of forgiveness. We are as sinful as the people who took Paul's life. In this case, society places consequences on those sins acted out. But, Jesus said that any sin is just as deadly, even if it is, unspoken and remains in the heart.

You are to forgive, for if you don't, anger will literally eat away any energy or beauty that Paul may have placed in your hearts.

That's what it's all about. Grace. And if you are not at that point to forgive in your journey, say so. Make a commitment to try.

The families of those in jail who are on this side of heaven and going through a worldly hell need your prayers.

I believe Paul would have been right there, leading the prayer service for those sinners like himself. He has experienced his own private hell and knew from whence they came. ●

50TH YEAR ANNIVERSARY OF THE MANN GULCH FIRE

● Mr. BURNS. Mr. President, I rise today to remember a significant, but often overlooked historical event in our nation's past—Montana's Mann Gulch Fire which occurred 50 years ago today. This event continues to capture the nation's attention because thirteen brave, young men died fighting this fire. LIFE Magazine ran a big story shortly after this fire. In 1952, Hollywood made a movie about this unfortunate disaster called "Red Skies of Montana." And Norman Maclean, who wrote the famous book "A River Runs Through It", wrote a haunting best-seller entitled "Young Men and Fire" in 1992. But even more remarkable, this single event marked a turning point in the way the federal government fights wildland fires.

It was a hot summer day in August 1949, not unlike what we have recently experienced, when a Forest Service Fire Guard, James Harrison, reported a small fire in a little, funnel-shaped gulch along the Missouri River. The

temperature was 97 degrees with a light wind from the north and east. The fire was located 20 miles north of Helena, Montana in a roadless area called the Gates of the Mountain. Parachuting 15 smokejumpers was decided to be the best approach to reach this remote area quickly to control this relatively ordinary fire.

Once on the ground, the smokejumpers joined the Forest Service Fire Guard to fight the fire. As they moved down the gulch toward the Missouri River, the wind quickly shifted from the south, funneling a strong wind up the gulch. As they got near the Missouri River, a wall of fire blocked their access to the river. The fire was getting hotter and swiftly moving up the gulch. Retreating back was their only solution, however, it was a hard hike back up the steep rocky slope of the gulch. As the firefighters retreated, dropping their equipment, a 30 foot wall of fire raced toward them and eventually overcame them.

In the end, only three firefighters survived—Wagner "Wag" Dodge, Walter Rumsey, and Robert Sallee. Thirteen firefighters died as a testament to the power of a fire "blow up" which had raced down and back up the slopes of Mann Gulch faster than men could travel. Mr. President, I would like to take a moment to name those thirteen brave young men who lost their lives that day—Robert Bennett, Eldon Diettert, James Harrison, William Hellman, Philip McVey, David Navon, Leonard Piper, Stanley Reba, Marvin Sherman, Joseph Sylvia, Henry Thol, Jr., Newton Thompson, and Silas Thompson.

This tragic loss 50 years ago, however, should not be remembered only in a somber way. We should remember the many positive changes that have come from this disaster. After investigating the Mann Gulch Fire, the federal government made a stronger investment in fighting wildland fires. For example, in 1954, President Dwight Eisenhower personally opened the Aerial Fire Depot in Missoula, Montana. Understanding how wildland fires behave and how to best fight them also increased with the opening of research laboratories in Missoula, Montana and Macon, Georgia. Development of new techniques, such as "safety zones" and new technologies, such as reflective "fire shelters," were made to increase the protection of fire fighters in the midst of a fire. These changes were made in large measure due to the sacrifice these thirteen brave men made on August 5, 1949.

There is one last step that needs to be taken. Congress needs to address some of the problems in maintaining the high quality of our nation's fire fighting crews. Yesterday I introduced legislation which will do that. I trust my colleagues will join with me in supporting this bill to ensure its passage. What could be a more fitting tribute to all the brave men and women who have lost their lives fighting wildland fires