

Jacobsen, Uncle Barney, who will be celebrating his 90th birthday on March 25th. He is the first born of Gina Brathen Fyhrrie Jacobsen and Peder Jacobsen.

Although Mr. Jacobsen was born in Racine, Wisconsin, due to the death of his grandmother, he and his family moved to Norway. While a young boy in Norway, Ingvald learned the value system he has maintained for the past 90 years through a strong belief in the Bible by which his mother and grandfather lived. He became a Christian at his mother's knee before starting school and has been a walking example of what it is to be Christian all his life: never the preacher, always the doer of kind deeds for others, expecting nothing in return for those kind acts.

Mr. Jacobsen's early years were lean on material things and long on the hard work of a farm and a life on the seas helping to earn the family living. He attended school three days a week and completed his education by age 14. He was confirmed in the small Lutheran church on a Norwegian island, and still uses the New Testament he was presented with that day in 1924.

After returning to the United States in 1928, Mr. Jacobsen's first job was landscaping the new golf course in Forest Hills, New Jersey, where he worked with his father. When that job was completed, he moved to Chicago. Thereafter, he had many jobs that led to a position at Northwestern University lasting 25 years.

In 1935, Mr. Jacobsen joined a fraternal order called Sons of Norway, a group of Norwegian immigrants that got together for fellowship. This fellowship grew by leaps and bounds all around the world and has become a vehicle for keeping the old traditions of Norway alive, as well as the language. He has held every office possible in his local lodge and district and served as an international director for eight years, a great honor for him. Because of his faithfulness and hard work throughout the Norwegian community in the Midwest, King Olav V awarded him the King Olav medal in 1973.

Throughout his years in the Chicago area, Mr. Jacobsen gave of himself above and beyond the call of duty. At Trinity Lutheran Church, he sang in the choir, greeted people at the door with a warm welcome, and was in charge of the coffee hour and Easter breakfast for years. He picked up countless children for Sunday School and led the Boy Scout troop in the church. Every year near Christmas time, he saw to it that the residents of the Norwegian home for the elderly in Chicago had a traditional cod-fish dinner. He chose the fish, picked it up, peeled the potatoes, and then poached the fish and saw that it was served to every person. His reward came in the form of tins of fresh, Norwegian homemade cookies baked by the ladies auxiliaries of these homes.

Mr. Jacobsen was asked to serve on the Tall Ship committee when in 1976

the Norwegian Tall Ship *Christian Radich* came to Chicago to celebrate the 200-year anniversary of our country's birth. He was also a member of the select few who greeted King Olav V in Chicago in 1975, when the 150th anniversary of a sailing vessel finally made it to Chicago from Norway. He was honored by traveling the city with King Olav V, spending many days and hours in his company including a large dinner attended by dignitaries from around the world.

After the death of his wife, Bernie Lars, Mr. Jacobsen sold his home and built a beautiful addition to his daughter's home. Since 1997, following a successful battle with cancer, he has resided with his granddaughter, Solveig, in Illinois part of the year and with his oldest daughter, Carolyn, and her husband in the mountains of North Carolina during the remainder of the year.

Mr. Jacobsen will be celebrating his 90th birthday with countless friends and relatives, including five who will come from Norway. Grateful people filled with joy and happy memories of this gentle giant—he still stands tall at 6 feet 3 inches—will gather to honor and thank him. I join those many friends and relatives in wishing him a joyous and rich celebration.●

#### RECOGNITION OF IRISH-AMERICAN HERITAGE MONTH

● Mr. GRAMS. Mr. President, I rise today in recognition of Irish-American Heritage Month and take this occasion to salute the generations of Irish descendants who have helped my home state of Minnesota grow and prosper.

When millions of Irish men, women, and children fled their homeland and the great potato famine that gripped Ireland beginning in the 1840s, they looked to America as a place of abundant food, freedom, and opportunity.

Most came here with little, yet the riches they have given back to this country and our state cannot be measured.

At the urging of Archbishop John Ireland, early leader of the Minnesota Catholic Church, many of those first immigrants became employees of the Great Northern Railroad and settled in Minnesota, along the railroad lines heading toward Montana. Since then, our Irish-American population has flourished; surveyed for the 1990 census, 574,183 Minnesotans claimed at least some Irish ancestry.

During Irish-American Heritage Month, and on the occasion of Saint Patrick's Day, I salute Minnesota's "sons and daughters of Ireland" and offer to our large and enthusiastic Irish community the heartfelt words of the familiar Irish blessing:

May the road rise up to meet you,  
May the wind be always at your back,  
May the sun shine warm upon your face,  
And the rains fall soft upon your fields,  
And until we meet again, may God hold you  
in the palm of His hand.●

#### JOHN J. LESSNER'S 100TH BIRTHDAY

● Mr. ABRAHAM. Mr. President, I rise today to recognize Mr. John J. Lessner, resident of Lapeer, MI, who on March 10th of this year celebrated his 100th birthday. It is my pleasure to honor him not only for having reached this landmark birthday, which is quite an accomplishment in itself, but also, and I think more importantly, for having lived his life in a manner truly worthy of commendation.

One of Mr. Lessner's favorite sayings is "Work-a-Million," and he has certainly lived by this virtue. For thirty-nine years he worked as a high-school teacher and coach, for thirty-seven years a football and basketball official, he sold world-book encyclopedias for twenty-four years, worked at the H.C. Frick Coal Mine and Monogahela Railroad for fifteen summers, spent nine years working towards his M.A. in Education, which he received from West Virginia University in 1953, spent six years constructing a home for his family and himself, spent three years playing fullback for the Brownsville (PA) Independence Football Team, and all this after he began his adult life by serving his country for a year in the U.S. Army.

On top of all this, Mr. Lessner, somehow found the time to be not only an active community member, but a community leader. He helped organize and develop two Parent Teacher Associations, in Greene County, PA, and Washington County, PA. He served as the first, twelfth and twenty-fifth president of the Greensboro Lions Club in Greensboro, PA. During World War II, he served as the Air Raid Warden for Brownsville, PA. And every Sunday, for eighteen years, he volunteered his time as a Sunday School Superintendent at Christian Church in Brownsville, PA, and then later at Mapletown Methodist Church in Mapleton, PA.

Most important to Mr. Lessner, though, has always been his family. He now resides in Lapeer, MI, with his son Jack, the eldest of his two children. He moved to Lapeer from Monroeville, PA, where he lived near his daughter, Maryjane. And undoubtedly one of his greatest days came on December 27, 1979, when he and his wife, Doris Steeves, celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary.

This may be selfish on my part, but as I read the biography of Mr. Lessner, my only wish was that he had spent more of his one-hundred years in Michigan. His is a brand of remarkable that, unfortunately, you do not run into everyday. Regardless, John J. Lessner is a true role model, and we are glad to have him now. So, on behalf not only of myself but also of all my Michigan constituents, I would like to wish Mr. Lessner a happy 100th birthday, and I hope that there are many more to celebrate in the future.●