

As an Assistant District Attorney in Philadelphia in the early 1960s and as District Attorney through the mid-1970s, I worked with Dr. Sullivan on a wide variety of projects to combat juvenile delinquency, reform prison abuses and provide for realistic rehabilitation for many convicted in Philadelphia's courts. For two decades in the U.S. Senate, I continued to work with Dr. Sullivan. As a member of the Senate Foreign Operations Appropriations Subcommittee, I worked with the Subcommittee to secure a total of \$38 million in funding since 1984 to support the work of Opportunities Industrialization Centers, OIC, International. Since its founding in 1970, OIC International has trained and provided jobs for thousands of poverty stricken people in Africa, Europe, and Asia. Also, I have worked with the Department of Housing and Urban Development to assist Reverend Sullivan build Opportunities Towers, which provides affordable housing for seniors and retirees in Philadelphia and other major cities.

When Dr. Sullivan passed away on Tuesday, April 24, 2001, the United States and the world had lost a great humanitarian, an acclaimed theologian, an extraordinary social activist and a great world leader.●

DEATH OF JUSTICE STANLEY MOSK

● Mrs. FEINSTEIN. Mr. President, on Tuesday, California lost one of its greatest jurists, Justice Stanley Mosk.

For more than a half century, and for 37 years on the bench of the State Supreme Court, Stanley Mosk served California with thoughtfulness, with honor, and indeed, with wisdom.

He was the longest-serving member in the court's 151-year history, issuing a total of 1,688 opinions over his career, including 727 majority rulings, 570 dissents, and 391 concurrences.

I knew Stanley Mosk well, and I respected him greatly. He's been a giant on the Supreme Court, and he will be missed deeply.

Justice Mosk began his political career as executive secretary to Governor Culbert L. Olson in 1938.

Following that, he was appointed to the Los Angeles Superior Court, where he served for 15 years.

And beginning in 1958, Mosk was elected California attorney-general, becoming the first Jewish man or woman to be elected to statewide office in the State.

Finally in 1964, weary of politics, Justice Mosk was appointed to the supreme court by Governor Pat Brown.

In this career which spanned more than 53 years, Justice Mosk broke new ground in the areas of the environment, the right to sue, and, perhaps most notably, in race discrimination, where he protected the right of all individuals, regardless of race, to be equally protected by the law.

As early as 1947, while on the superior court, Mosk issued his first ruling

dealing with race, holding that whites-only restrictions on property were unenforceable.

Then in 1961, when serving as attorney-general, he persuaded the Professional Golfers Association to admit black golfers.

Later, on the supreme court, Mosk wrote perhaps his most famous decision of his career on the case of Allan Bakke, a white student who challenged racial quotas in the University of California admissions program.

Writing for the majority, Mosk held that the University's quota-based admissions program, that favored minorities over whites, was unconstitutional.

In each of these decisions, Mosk favored the right of the individual to be treated as an equal, with complete disregard to his or her race. It is a formulation which has stood the test of time.

In addition, Mosk wrote hundreds of decisions that have deeply impacted the State. Some of those include: An opinion written in 1980 allowing victims of the drug DES to sue all makers of the drug, on the basis of their market share, when the specific manufacturer was unknown to the victims; A 1972 decision that extended the restrictions of the California Environmental Quality Act to private developers; and A 1979 decision that held that a disabled parent could not be denied custody of a child solely because of a physical handicap.

Moreover, many of Mosk's opinions reflected his belief in the doctrine of "independent state grounds," which holds that the Federal Constitution provides a minimum standard of individual rights upon which States can build.

Stanley Mosk's life was devoted to the law and to the State of California. His prolific careers illustrated his deep commitment to equality, and he leaves a legacy that will last for years to come.

He is survived by his wife, Kaygey Kash Mosk, and son Richard M. Mosk.●

CONGRATULATIONS TO BOB AND ORLENE THOMAS

● Mr. BROWNBACK. Mr. President, I rise today to offer congratulations to two great Kansans, Bob and Orlene Thomas. On May 18, 1961 Bob and Orlene met in a chapel in Kansas and joined each other in Holy matrimony. In the 40 years that have followed, their little family has grown to include three children, who have grown to bless Bob and Orlene with five beautiful grandchildren. It is my understanding that the happy couple will be joined this weekend by their family to celebrate their 40th anniversary.

It is no secret to my colleagues that I believe marriage is the most sacred and important institution in society today. Bob and Orlene's marriage marks an example for all of how to preserve that institution. They have lived through richer and poorer. They have had good times and bad. They have wit-

nessed both sickness and health. Through all of it, armed with their love for one another and the support of their family, Bob and Orlene have persisted.

I congratulate this great Kansas couple on their 40th wedding anniversary and wish them continued happiness for many years to come.●

TRIBUTE TO JACK MCCONNELL, M.D.

● Mr. HOLLINGS. Mr. President, people who fuss about doctors should read this article from the June 18, 2001 issue of Newsweek magazine. I know of no other profession that has banded together as well as the doctors mentioned in order to continue to serve. South Carolina is proud of Jack McConnell. For launching this effort and inspiring others to do likewise, he deserves the Congressional Gold Medal.

The article follows:

"AND WHAT DID YOU DO FOR SOMEONE TODAY?"

(By Jack McConnell, M.D.)

When I was a child, we observed Father's Day by walking to the local Methodist church and listening to my father preach. We didn't have a car—my dad believed he could not "support Mr. Ford" on a minister's salary and still see that all of his seven children went to college. While we understood it was a special day—my mother would have something exceptional like a roast or a turkey cooking in the oven—in many ways it was not all that different from any other day. As soon as my brothers and sisters and I got home, we'd all gather around the dining-room table, where we took turns answering our father's daily question: "And what did you do for someone today?"

While that voice and those words always stuck in my mind, they often got pushed aside by more immediate concerns: long hours in medical school, building a career in medical research, getting married, raising children and acquiring the material accouterments every father wants for his family. All the hallmarks of a "successful" life, according to today's standards. When these goals were met and that busy time of life was over, retirement followed on Hilton Head Island, S.C.

My wife and I built our home in a gated community surrounded by yacht clubs and golf courses. But when I left the compound and its luxurious buffer zone for the other side of the island, I was traveling on unpaved roads lined with leaky bungalows. The "lifestyle" of many of the native islanders stood in jarring contrast to my cozy existence. I was stunned by the disparity.

By means of a lifelong habit of mine of giving rides to hitchhikers—remember, I grew up without a car—I got to talking to some of these local folks. And I discovered that the vast majority of the maids, gardeners, waitresses and construction workers who make this island work had little or no access to medical care. It seemed outrageous to me. I wondered why someone didn't do something about that. Then my father's words, which had at times receded to a whisper, rang in my head again: "What did you do for someone today?"

Even though my father had died several years before, I guess I still didn't want to disappoint him. So I started working on a solution. The island was full of retired doctors. If I could persuade them to spend a few hours a week volunteering their services, we could

provide free primary health care to those so desperately in need of it. Most of the doctors I approached liked the idea, so long as their life savings wouldn't be put at risk by malpractice suits. They also wanted to be relicensed without a long, bureaucratic hassle. It took one year and plenty of persistence, but I was able to persuade the state legislature to create a special license for doctors volunteering in not-for-profit clinics, and got full malpractice coverage for everyone from South Carolina's Joint Underwriting Association for only \$5,000 a year.

The town donated land, local residents contributed office and medical equipment and some of the potential patients volunteered their weekends stuccoing the building that would become the clinic. We named it Volunteers in Medicine and we opened its doors in 1994, fully staffed by retired physicians, nurses, dentists and chiropractors as well as nearly 150 lay volunteers. That year we had 5,000 patient visits; last year we had 16,000.

Somehow word of what we were doing got around. Soon we were fielding phone calls from retired physicians all over the country, asking for help in starting VIM clinics in their communities. We did the best we could—there are now 15 other clinics operating—but we couldn't keep up with the need. Yet last month I think my father's words found their way up north, to McNeil Consumer Healthcare, the maker of Tylenol. A major grant from McNeil will allow us to respond to these requests and help establish other free clinics in communities around the country.

According to statistics, there are 150,000 retired doctors and 400,000 retired nurses somewhere out there, many of them itching to practice medicine again. Since I heeded my dad's words, my golf handicap has risen from a 16 to a 26 and my leisure time has evaporated into 60-hour weeks of unpaid work, but my energy level has increased and there is a satisfaction in my life that wasn't there before. In one of those paradoxes of life, I have benefited more from Volunteers in Medicine than my patients have.

This Father's Day, of course, my dad is not around. And my children are all grown and out on their own. But now I remind them the best way to celebrate this holiday is by listening and responding to their grandfather's question: "What did you do for someone today?" That's my father's most valuable legacy—to me and my children.●

IN RECOGNITION OF JACOB MELLINGER

● Mr. TORRICELLI. Mr. President, I rise today to recognize Jacob Mellinger of New Jersey, who will soon be celebrating his 100th birthday. Mr. Mellinger will reach this momentous milestone on July 5th of this year, and I would like to acknowledge this special moment.

Jacob Mellinger emigrated to the United States at the tender age of six, from Remenyia, Austria-Hungary. Since then, Mr. Mellinger has lived a life full of accomplishment, compassion and service. Upon graduating from the New Jersey Law School in 1927, he went on to build a successful law practice that lasted for 60 years. During that time, he established himself as an outstanding practitioner of the law and he also earned the right to argue cases before the U.S. Supreme Court. However, he has also used his success to

serve his community. He has demonstrated his generous nature by distinguishing himself as a strong supporter of several prominent charities, including the United Jewish Appeal and Hadassah.

I wish Mr. Mellinger the best on his 100th birthday. As he and his family reflect on this joyous occasion it is my sincere hope that he will continue to share his wisdom from the last century with his family and friends for many more years to come.●

THE REVEREND PHILIP BRANON

● Mr. LEAHY. Mr. President, Vermont is a very small State with special people. For those of us who live there we have the opportunity to get to know many within our State. One who has given his life to the people of his community and parish is Father Philip Branon and I would like my colleagues to have the opportunity to read this recent article about him that was in the *Burlington Free Press* on April 8, 2001.

The article follows:

VT. PRIEST CELEBRATES 50 YEARS ON THE JOB
(By Sally Pollak)

SOUTH HERO—Philip Branon was a teenager when the priest at his local church, St. Patrick in Fairfield, called him into the rectory and suggested he consider the priesthood.

"It must be because I was a pious child," the Rev. Branon said, laughing at the thought. "Or maybe my mother told him to. I don't know."

If it were his mother's idea it was a sound one, the right choice for the sixth of 10 Branon children—a Fairfield farmboy who still associates Sunday Mass with morning chores.

Branon, 74, will mark the 50th anniversary of his ordination into the priesthood Wednesday. He has spent more than half that time—30 years—serving the Catholic community of Grand Isle County, celebrating Mass, comforting the dying, baptizing babies. He joins one other Vermont priest, the Rev. George Dupuis of Arlington, who is still active after half a century.

If Branon anticipated 50 years of anything, it was nothing more than living.

"I'm just very grateful that I have lived for the 50 years, and that I have good health," Branon said. "I also have the wonderful privilege of being brought up in a good family with a lot of help and warmth from my brothers and sisters."

Branon celebrated his first Mass on April 15, 1951, reciting the service in Latin in St. Patrick Church, his childhood parish. The Rev. William Tennien, the pastor who suggested Branon's priesthood, shepherded Burlington drivers who couldn't get through the muddy Franklin County roads to the event.

OVER THE YEARS

Since that first service, Branon has celebrated more than 17,000 Masses, an average of seven a week. He will say once again this morning, at St. Joseph Church in Grand Isle, one of three churches in his parish. The service will be followed by a celebration of his priesthood.

Alice Toth, a South Hero teacher, plans to attend. She has been a parishioner at St. Rose in South Hero, Branon's home church, for 33 years. Toth appreciates his "special gift" for reaching the elderly and ill.

"He's a very caring pastor," she said. "And he's a true Vermonter in the sense that he's

really close to nature in his sermon and his message."

Branon's first church was St. Paul in Barton. Then Mass was in Latin and his sermons were delivered in French and English.

He had no choice: He was informed by the Bishop that he would not be ordained if he didn't learn French.

He picked up sufficient French in conversation with other students at St. John's Seminary in Boston, "I got along well in Barton," he said. "Even though I didn't always know what I was saying."

Branon became the pastor at the University of Vermont's Newman Center in 1957, and served there for 14 years. He called it "the best place a priest could be" when the changes of Vatican II were introduced.

At UVM, bringing together his two loves—family and the Church—he asked a woodworker from the Fairfield hills, Frank Moran, to carve a crucifix from a piece of black cherry that belonged to Branon's father. It remains at the chapel today.

GOOD VERMONT STOCK

Thirty years ago, Branon moved to the Champlain Islands, where he lives in South Hero and serves three island churches. He has chosen to stay because he loves where he lives, has firm roots in the community, and is not far from family and his childhood home.

"His contributions to the islands cannot be overestimated," said Max Reader, the retired pastor of the Congregational Church in South Hero.

"He's down to earth." Reader said, "He's quite honest and he's very understanding. He's of good old Vermont stock and he's just got all these good qualities that make him a very, very fine priest."

Branon feels that perhaps his most important contributions are made at funerals. He estimates that he has presided over 15 to 20 during each of the last 30 years.

"I'd rather do funerals than weddings anytime," he said Thursday morning after Mass. "At a funeral, it's all honest. It's really and truly a teachable moment, the best chance for a priest to talk to a number of people who don't go to church."

He considers the most important part of his job bringing Communion and comfort to the elderly and ill who can't get to church. Thursday after Mass, Branon—a slow walker and deliberate talker—placed a bible and some bread in his Chevy Corsica and prepared for a dozen Communion house calls.

"It comes down to the purpose of our ministry," he said. "The purpose of the priesthood is to help people go to heaven. When you're dealing with sick people and old people, you're pretty apt to be dealing with people who are close to it."

"Over the years, you find out that sick people know they're sick. You try to help people understand it, help them face death."

The deaths are not only a time for comfort and compassion, but a chance to learn about the families who live on the islands. "If I had written down two or three lines about every person I buried," Branon said, "I'd have a wonderful history of the islands."

FARMING FAMILY

The history of the Church and his family are of great importance to Branon. His family has been farming in Fairfield for about 130 years, working a farm that was started by his great-grandmother, Mary O'Neill Branon.

She was widowed in the 1860s when her blacksmith husband, Irish immigrant Anthony Branon, was killed by the kick of a horse. Mary Branon took her two children and walked 17 miles from Swanton to Fairfield, driving cattle as she went.

Branon and his nine siblings—seven brothers and two sisters—grew up on the nearby