

never expire. The blue card holder can choose to pursue a green card, legal permanent resident status, by working for more hours in agriculture, but that is not a requirement to stay in the United States.

Page 399 specifically states:

An alien in blue card status shall be provided an employment authorized endorsement or other appropriate work permit, in the same manner as an alien lawfully admitted for permanent residence.

This means that once the illegal alien has a blue card, he or she can live in the United States and work in any job permanently. They can adjust to a green card status and move on the path of citizenship, bringing in their aging parents and have them receive the great benefits of health care in America.

Loophole No. 14, free legal counsel: The AgJOBS amendment goes as far as to provide free legal counsel to illegal aliens who want to receive amnesty, page 421. In a paragraph entitled "eligibility for legal services," the bill lays out that recipients of funds under the Legal Services Corporation Act can "provide legal assistance directly related to an application for adjustment of status under this section." So not only will AgJOBS give amnesty to 1.5 million illegal aliens, it would have the American taxpayer pay the legal bills for filling out the applications of those 1 million illegal aliens.

Finally, I will mention loophole No. 15. There are a lot of other provisions that concern me. I will only mention 15. It deals with the DREAM Act. The bill makes in-State tuition and other higher education benefits available to illegal aliens. Current law, some years ago, was passed to deal with a perceived abuse in the system.

So the current law that is in effect today says:

[A]n alien who is not lawfully present in the United States shall not be eligible on the basis of residence within a State (or a political subdivision) for any posteducation benefit unless a citizen or national of the United States is eligible for such a benefit (in no less an amount, duration, and scope) without regard to whether the citizen or national is such a resident.

The DREAM Act portion of this bill, page 503 through 520, eliminates this provision and will allow a benefit to those who came here illegally even when all United States citizens are not afforded those same privileges. The bill goes further making other types of higher education assistance available through the illegal aliens that receive amnesty under the bill, student loans, Federal work study programs and Federal services to access this assistance.

One of the first things you want to do if you want to reduce illegal immigration is not provide benefits to people who come illegally. How much more commonsensical can it get than that? You don't provide inducements, generous social benefits that we would like to provide to more people in the country but can't, to people who come here illegally. That does not make sense and it is not a principled position.

I will conclude by saying, I urge my colleagues, with the greatest sincerity, to look at this legislation and to think about these loopholes I have mentioned. While they are very real and evidence an intent by whoever drafted the legislation to go far beyond what they are publicly saying the bill does, read it carefully and make sure that you feel comfortable supporting it. When amendments come up, we will fix some of these things, although there will not be sufficient time in the debate or sufficient amendments allowed to fix all the problems. They need to vote for those amendments to make the bill better. More importantly, we have continued to study the legislation. My concerns have deepened that we have an unprincipled, not well thought out policy for future immigration that increases legal immigration to an extraordinary degree, far beyond what those people think is part of this legislation.

It is permanent and it allows those who are outside our Nation to decide when they come. It is similar to an entitlement. If you are a veteran, you walk up and you get your entitled benefit. If 10 times as many people showed up for that benefit as we expected, all of them get that benefit—American citizens, veterans. That is an entitlement.

In this legislation, we basically create an entitlement to let people who are noncitizens of the country decide how many are going to come in, without this Nation making those decisions. Canada has a point system. They limit immigration, and they review it based on what their needs are. The more the immigrant has qualities and education and training that meet what they need, the better chance they have of entering. If you don't have qualifications and abilities that are relevant to Canada's needs, you don't get in. Our bill does none of that. I urge my colleagues to be more focused on the actual wording of the legislation.

I thank the Senator from West Virginia for showing leadership and recognizing that we need to do better in this legislation on immigration.

I suspect that the Senator from West Virginia might talk about Mother's Day. I have had the honor to be in the chair—and I see Senator ISAKSON—when Senator BYRD in previous years has spoken about his mother on Mother's Day. I think we are all in for a treat.

I yield the floor.

MOTHER'S DAY

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, I thank my distinguished and able friend from Alabama. I thank him for his reference to Mother's Day. I do indeed have some remarks that I want to make in reference to Mother's Day.

Mr. President, the irises are blooming, their beauty as refined as a Japanese print. Roses are spilling their sweet perfume into the air. A bountiful

harvest of sweet, red strawberries is making its way into pies and shortcakes. The phones are busy at the florists around the country. The signs are clear that this coming Sunday the Nation will again observe the annual celebration of that great day, Mother's Day. Mother's Day is beloved by florists, by candy makers, by greeting card producers, by phone companies, and by restaurants, for it is a busy day indeed for them. But the day is also beloved by mothers, for it is on this one day, more than any other day, that they receive credit for their favorite and most important job. This coming Sunday, mothers will be showered with affection, waited upon, called upon, and honored. They deserve all of it, every bit of it.

It is the little things that count
And give a mother pleasure—
The things her children bring to her
Which they so richly treasure . . .
The picture that is smudged a bit
With tiny fingerprints,
The colored rock, the lightning bugs,
The sticky peppermints;
The ragged, bright bouquet of flowers
A child brings, roots and all—
These things delight a mother's heart
Although they seem quite small.
A mother can see beauty
In the very smallest thing
For there's a little bit of heaven
In a small child's offering.

A mother stays with you throughout your life. Her words and her actions resonate. Yes, we can hear her voice echoing across time when we repeat to our children the lessons that mother taught us: "Sit up straight," "use your napkin," "stop fidgeting and pay attention," "Do you remember? She said those things to us. "Say thank you," and "if everyone else jumped off a cliff, would you jump, too?"

Every mother molds and shapes her children in ways large and small, from lessons as important as treating others with thoughtfulness and courtesy to tasks as small as how to fold laundry. Years later, as we teach our own children to fold laundry, we might smile to recall that it was our mother—your mother—who taught us how to fold a shirt in a particular way. It is also probable that she was teaching you to fold it in the same way her mother had taught her—that is the way it is, you know—just as her mother taught her courtesy and just as she taught you. Those gentle hands carried the ingrained lessons of many generations, lessons honed and reinforced over many generations.

On Mother's Day, when we honor mothers all across the Nation, we also honor grandmothers and great-grandmothers, whether or not we were fortunate enough to have known them in life. "Children and mothers never truly part, bound in the beating of each other's heart." So wrote Charlotte Gray, and her words speak to the heritable nature of a mother's love. A mother's love. It passes through the generations like our own DNA.

Mothers also model efficiency. Mothers were the earliest adopters of

“multitasking,” long before such a phrase had even been coined. Modern appliances make mothers even more efficient, simultaneously washing and drying clothes while cleaning the house, making dinner, keeping up with the news, and monitoring their children’s homework. In today’s busy world, working mothers must master such multitasking, and many do it with amazing dexterity, juggling work and family and all of their children’s outside activities with all of the skill of a circus act. You know how it goes. Mothers are also the lifeblood of many activities important to their children, from scouting to athletics, parent-teacher associations to Sunday school, music lessons to swim teams. The phrase “soccer mom”—have you heard that phrase? It accurately reflects a wide swath of American culture.

And still mothers find time to nurture, to cuddle, to listen, to heal, and to teach. Henry Ward Beecher observed that “the mother’s heart is the child’s schoolroom.” Think about that. This is surely true, for with every action, every look, every word, be they soft and loving or briskly authoritative, mothers teach their children.

Their influence upon the world is incalculable. George Washington, the first President of our great country, that great general who fought at Valley Forge, said:

My mother was the most beautiful woman I ever saw. All I am I owe to my mother. I attribute all my success in life to the moral, intellectual and physical education I received from her.

Abraham Lincoln said:

I remember my mother’s prayers and they have always followed me. They have clung to me all my life.

He also said:

All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother.

Andrew Jackson noted about his mother:

There was never a woman like her. She was gentle as a dove and brave as a lioness. . . . The memory of my mother and her teachings were, after all, the only capital I had to start life with, and on that capital I have made my way.

Booker T. Washington. Let’s hear what he said. He said:

In all my efforts to learn to read, my mother shared fully my ambition and sympathized with me and aided me in every way that she could. If I have done anything in life worth attention, I feel sure that I inherited the disposition from my mother.

The leaders of our future are being molded and shaped right now by their mothers. It is hard to imagine that those small faces being wiped clean by their mother’s hand might someday smile at us from the Oval Office, or that those chubby fingers might someday operate dangerous machinery. But that childish confidence is fostered by their mother’s love, urged on by her unwavering support, and raised up by her tender sympathy. Their mother’s support will give them the wings to fly high and to achieve great success.

I am sure that these future leaders will someday echo the words of Washington, Lincoln, and Jackson in crediting their mothers for their success—their angel mothers.

I have no recollections of my mother. She died on Armistice Day 1918. She told the faithful couple who raised me: Take the baby—I was a baby—and three older brothers and a sister. Take the baby. Keep him as your own. And she went away. I am sure that her prayers have followed me and that today she looks down from Heaven waiting. I don’t remember seeing her in this life, but I shall have the opportunity to see her someday.

Every child deserves a mother worthy of such sentiments. And as a nation, we are fortunate to possess so many wonderful mothers.

There is a poem called “Mother’s Love” that I would like to recite at this moment. “Mother’s Love”:

Her love is like an island
In life’s ocean, vast and wide;
A peaceful, quiet shelter
From the wind, the rain, the tide.
’Tis bound on the north by Hope,
By Patience on the West,
By tender counsel on the South,
And on the East by Rest.
Above it like a beacon light
Shine Faith, and Truth, and Prayer;
And thro’ the changing scenes in life
I find a haven there.

Mr. President, my own dear mother waits for me.

I would like to reflect on this great old poem, “Rock Me To Sleep,” and I dedicate it—it is not my poem, but it is the one I love—I dedicate it to my dear wife Erma, who was a wonderful mother to her children, and to all the mothers throughout this broad land. Let us think of them. They thought of us. They rocked us. They gave us comfort. They nurtured us. Think of them, the mothers of America.

Backward, turn backward, O time, in your flight,

Make me a child again just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;

Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;—
Rock me to sleep, Mother—rock me to sleep!
Backward, flow backward, oh, tide of the years

I am so weary of toil and of tears—
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain—
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay—
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away,
Weary of sowing for others to reap;—
Rock me to sleep, Mother—rock me to sleep!
Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O Mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between:
Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,

Long I to-night for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep;—
Rock me to sleep, Mother—rock me to sleep!

Over my heart in the days that are flown,
No love like mother—love ever has shown;
No other worship abides and endures—
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours:

None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.

Slumber’s soft calms o’er my heavy lids creep;—

Rock me to sleep, Mother—rock me to sleep!
Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,

Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep:—
Rock me to sleep, Mother—rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear Mother, the years have been long

Since I last listened your lullaby song:
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood’s years have been only a dream.
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,

Never hereafter to wake or to weep;
Rock me to sleep, Mother—rock me to sleep!

Mr. President, I yield the floor and suggest the absence of a quorum.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The clerk will call the roll.

The legislative clerk proceeded to call the roll.

Mr. KERRY. 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. KERRY. Mr. President, what is the order now?

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senate is in morning business.

Mr. KERRY. I thank the Chair. I will proceed in morning business.

AFTERMATH OF HURRICANE KATRINA

Mr. KERRY. Mr. President, last Friday, May 5, at the invitation of Senator LANDRIEU, I went down to New Orleans, LA, for a second trip to the State since the hurricane. I wanted to have a chance to be able to get around the city, meet with people, and measure the recovery effort up close and personally now that we are 8½ months since Hurricane Katrina.

Let me, first of all, express my gratitude to Senator LANDRIEU who has been tireless, as I know Senator VITTER has. They both have been pushing hard for their State, as they ought to. But I particularly want to thank Senator LANDRIEU who spent the day with me and who, together with me, sat through a small business roundtable with a great many small businesspeople in New Orleans who were struggling to make things work in the aftermath of the hurricane.

She took me around New Orleans East, and we drove through on the interstate, able to see on both sides of the interstate the still-current state of abandonment of so much of the city. The statistics somehow don’t really convey what is happening there and what is not happening there.

I know Washington is a tough place to make anything mean anything right now. We are caught up in an awful lot