

There are now over one million American women who have epilepsy. Lisa has brought national attention to the inequities that exist in the field of research regarding men and women with epilepsy. She launched the National Epilepsy Foundation's Women's Health Campaign and chaired the Women and Epilepsy Task Force. Today, the Women's Health Campaign is a major program for the Epilepsy Foundation in cities and states across the nation.

Lisa's efforts have played a significant role on the local level as well. She is a long-standing board member of the Epilepsy Foundation of Vermont and the Epilepsy Foundation of America, where she has served as Chair of the Public Relations Committee, the Resource Development Committee, and as Executive Vice President.

Vermont has much to be grateful for when it comes to Lisa's steadfast commitment to improving the quality of life for people living with epilepsy, not only in Vermont, but throughout the country. For that, we owe her our deepest gratitude. Thank you, Lisa.●

THE PASSING OF PAULINE ISRAELITE

● Mr. DODD. Mr. President, I rise today with profound sadness to discuss the passing from this life of a remarkable and beloved woman, Pauline Israelite of Norwich, Connecticut.

On the day of Pauline's funeral at the Beth Jacob Synagogue in Norwich, some 1000 people arrived to pay their respects. Hundreds of them were required to stand throughout the service because there was not enough seating to accommodate all those in attendance. Rabbis, clergy, and other attendees all agreed that they could not recall a funeral service held in that particular house of worship that was ever attended by more individuals.

Those of us privileged to know Pauline can well understand the outpouring of affection shown for her on that day. She was an extraordinary individual in so many ways: a devoted wife, a loving mother, a successful business owner, and not least, an extraordinarily generous and energetic community servant.

For many years, Pauline owned and operated the Norwichtown Mall Bookstore. The true business of her life, however, was not running a business, but serving others. She was an active member of Beth Jacob Synagogue. She served as President of Beth Jacob Sisterhood, and as an active member of Hadassah and a Hands of Healing honoree. She was a volunteer for Hospice; a member of and volunteer for the William W. Backus Hospital Auxiliary; a volunteer for the Adult Probation Department; and an ombudsman for the Area Agency on Aging. She served as a member of the board of the Jewish Fed-

eration of Eastern Connecticut, and of the Norwich Chamber of Commerce. In addition, she volunteered for We Care in Delray Beach, Florida, and for the Literacy Volunteers of America.

I first met Pauline more than a quarter of a century ago. Her husband, Stanley, had just left a successful business career to become a member of my congressional staff. At Pauline's funeral, I was introduced as someone for whom Stanley worked. I hastened to correct that mis-impression. It is I who work for Stanley, I said. And it was Stanley, I added, who worked for Pauline. Therefore, in a very real sense, I worked for Pauline.

Indeed, so many of us worked, in a manner of speaking, for Pauline. I recall numerous times over the years when Stanley and I would wrestle with a tough problem about how to best help someone in need, or how to bring about some positive result for our community or our state. On those occasions, we would invariably arrive at the same conclusion: "Ask Pauline." Countless others no doubt uttered those same words over the years. And just as invariably, Pauline knew how to help. And those of us who worked with her—or, I should say again, for her—came to rely on her sound judgment, her instincts for doing the right thing, and her understanding of how to help others—concretely, discreetly, and in a spirit of generosity and understanding.

Over the course of her rich and vibrant life, Pauline developed a deep love of books. She didn't just sell them. She read them, and read them with the same passion she brought to the other facets of her life. It is appropriate, therefore, that I close these remarks by referencing two passages that I believe capture much about Pauline, her family, and all those who mourn her unexpected passing, and who wish to celebrate the blessed achievement of her life.

The first passage comes from Seamus Heaney's "Clearances", a poem about the death of a mother that evokes how her spirit survives in those left behind:

In the last minutes he said more to her
Almost than in all their life together.
'You'll be in New Row on Monday night
And I'll come up for you and you'll be glad
When I walk in the door . . . Isn't that
right?

His head was bent down to her propped-up head.

She could not hear but we were overjoyed.
He called her good and girl. Then she was dead,

The searching for a pulsebeat was abandoned

And we all knew one thing by being there.
The space we stood around had been emptied

Into us to keep, it penetrated
Clearances that suddenly stood open.

High cries were felled and a pure change happened.

The second passage is from "Tuesdays with Morrie," a touching account of a beloved teacher's last months. It

serves as a reminder that our death, like our lives, is part of a larger scheme composed by the hand of a Creator whose purposes may not always be apparent to us, especially in times of sorrow:

"I heard a nice little story the other day," Morrie says. He closes his eyes for a moment and I wait.

"Okay. The story is about a little wave, bobbing along in the ocean, having a grand old time. He's enjoying the wind and the fresh air—until he notices the other waves in front of him, crashing against the shore.

"'My God, this is terrible,' the wave says. 'Look what's going to happen to me!'

"Then along comes another wave. It sees the first wave, looking grim, and it says to him, 'Why do you look so sad?'

"The first wave says, 'You don't understand! We're all going to crash! All of us waves are going to be nothing! Isn't it terrible?'

"The second wave says, 'No, you don't understand. You're not a wave, you're part of the ocean.'"

I smile. Morrie closes his eyes again.

"Part of the ocean," he says, "part of the ocean." I watch him breathe, in and out, in and out.

Mr. President, Pauline Israelite is survived by a large and loving family: Stanley, her husband of 53 years; her son Michael and his wife Donna; her son Jon; her daughter Abby and her husband Bill Dolliver; her daughter Mindy and her husband Bill Wilkie; several siblings; and six wonderful grandchildren. I extend to them all my deepest sympathies, and my profound gratitude for granting me and so many others the opportunity to know and love Pauline Israelite.●

CONGRATULATIONS TO DR. DEBORAH C. BALL

● Mr. COVERDELL. Mr. President, I rise today to acknowledge one of Georgia's outstanding citizens. On November 16, 1999, the Senate announced the appointment of Dr. Deborah C. Ball of Columbus, Georgia, to the Parents Advisory Council on Youth Drug Abuse. This group of 16 individuals serve as advisors to the Director of National Drug Control Policy on issues including drug prevention, education and treatment.

Not only does Dr. Ball bring to the group her knowledge as a parent of three sons, but also over 27 years experience as an educator and coach. In addition, she is very active in her community through her local church and anti-drug organizations. Dr. Ball has been nominated for, and won, numerous awards for her work as a coach in the sports of basketball, softball, tennis and cheerleading. This year, she has been nominated for the Channel One National Coach of the Year.

The youth drug problem in our nation has been an issue of major concern to me for quite some time, and it is my hope that Dr. Ball and the other members of the Parents Advisory Council