

Whereas, environmental welfare is of universal concern and deserves the utmost attention; and

Whereas, if started in childhood, proper health, safety and environmental habits can be maintained for a lifetime, producing a valued member of society, and enhancing our community;

Now, therefore, I urge my Senate colleagues to join me in proclaiming the 20th of May, 2000 as "Kids Day America/International."•

#### IN MEMORY OF JO-ANN MOLNAR

• Mr. KERRY. Mr. President, I would like to share just a few words about a good friend we recently lost, someone I have known since I first ran for Lieutenant Governor in Massachusetts in 1982, a good hearted and selfless individual who was always an inspiration, Jo-Ann Molnar. Jo-Ann recently passed away after bravely battling cancer, and I know that I am not alone in saying that as someone whose life was touched by Jo-Ann Molnar's service, activism, and warmth, there is today a deep and profound sense of loss. In Jo-Ann many of us have lost—and today I would like to honor—a committed activist, a person of enormous courage and character and, most simply, a great friend.

I first met Jo-Ann Molnar when I became involved in politics in the 1970s. Jo-Ann approached me at one of our earliest events and offered to help in any way she could. Jo-Ann was one of those individuals who—through her commitment to do what is right, through her belief in politics not as sport but as a fight for principle—could reaffirm precisely why politics matters and why public service is worthwhile.

Jo-Ann and I remained in touch ever since that first involvement, and I looked forward to and always appreciated Jo-Ann's warm cards and greetings. Always a loyal friend, Jo-Ann would share with me her thoughts on issues of importance, keep me abreast of her accomplishments, and offer me words of encouragement as I worked through the challenges of the United States Senate.

It was through her frequent cards and letters—and the occasional happy meeting either in Massachusetts or at political gatherings around the Maryland area—that I learned of the many ways in which Jo-Ann continued to dedicate herself to public service. Her determination to make a difference led her to remarkable achievements. In 1977, Jo-Ann graduated magna cum laude from Fairleigh Dickinson University, with a degree in history and political science. She went on to earn a master's degree in political science from American University. Jo-Ann selflessly offered her leadership to her fellow Democrats, serving admirably as President of the Montgomery County, Maryland Young Democrats, as Vice Chair of the Handicapped Commission in Montgomery County, and on the

Board of Directors of the Montgomery County public libraries. In addition to her help with my campaigns, Jo-Ann served as a legislative intern to U.S. Senator Donald Reigle, U.S. Representative Gene Andrew Maguire, and Montgomery County Council member Michael L. Gudis. She also worked as a Congressional Liaison Assistant for the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services. For almost a decade, Jo-Ann served as a legal researcher for the Human Relations Commission. She gave of herself as a Sunday School teacher and a confirmation teacher at the Foundary United Methodist Church in Washington, D.C, as well as an instructor at Colesville United Methodist Church in Silver Spring, Maryland.

Mr. President, Jo-Ann lived a life true to her ideals of service—service to community, service to faith. I would add, though, that none of these achievements would have been possible if Jo-Ann had not worked so hard to overcome cerebral palsy. Jo-Ann refused to be slowed by her disability—and in fact rejected the notion that she should in any way lower her expectations for herself or expect different expectations from those to whom she so selflessly offered her best efforts. Jo-Ann was a fighter, and I continually marveled at her drive to rise above what some would view as limitations.

For that reason, Jo-Ann served as one of the best possible advocates and activists for the Americans with Disabilities Act. Honored as a teenager for her activism on the Education for All Handicapped Children Act, Jo-Ann kept pushing as an adult to break down barriers in our society that she believed kept disabled Americans from maximizing their contributions to their communities and our nation. Jo-Ann was not just an advocate for legislation to protect and empower disabled Americans—she was the living embodiment of those efforts.

Mr. President, it is difficult to accept that we have all lost a friend in Jo-Ann Molnar, but it is particularly difficult, I know, for Jo-Ann's family—her mother, Helen, and her two sisters, Dorothy and Ilona. They are in our thoughts and prayers.

I was comforted, though, to learn that Jo-Ann was able to enjoy life as she had always done, up until her last days. Jo-Ann's mother, Helen, let me know that she had a wonderful Christmas with her family and was able to attend a New Millennium New Year's Eve celebration, complete with the 60's rock music she loved. Just as she did throughout her life, even in her most difficult days, Jo-Ann kept on doing the things that she loved—and she moved forward in so many remarkable efforts driven by a real sense of social conscience.

Mr. President, today I remember Jo-Ann for her service, her friendship, and her kindness. All of us who knew her

continue to draw strength from her courage and her faith, and Jo-Ann's life continues to inspire.●

#### COMMEMORATING SAMUEL JAMES TOBIAS

• Mr. DOMENICI. Mr. President, I rise today to join the community of Ruidoso, New Mexico in mourning the loss of Samuel James Tobias. Sam, a twenty-four-year veteran of the U.S. Forest Service, lost his life this week battling the Scott Able Fire in southern New Mexico when the spotter plane he was in crashed shortly after takeoff. His loss leaves a tremendous void for his wife, Jackie, the Forest Service, and the entire community of Ruidoso.

Sam joined the Forest Service in 1977 and worked in Recreation Management his whole career because of his love for the National Forest and the public. Preserving the land was his passion, and although fire fighting was the most dangerous aspect of his job, it was the part he especially enjoyed. Sam joined many local and regional fire teams and became trained as an Air Attack Coordinator. His skills in coordinating air tankers, helicopters and fire crews became well known and he gained the respect of all throughout the fire fighting community.

Sam was also deeply respected as a person. A big man with a soft voice, he was known as always having a smile on his face. One of his coworkers remembered him as "the peacemaker with that big smile, always helping and giving good advice." Others have talked about the "twinkle in his eyes" and his big "bear hugs." His lifelong friend, Dale Mance, recalled how Sam helped him find his way out of the steel mills of Pennsylvania and into a career with the Forest Service. There are so many examples of Sam's goodness; obviously, he had a heart that matched the size of his physical stature.

The many testimonials about Sam that his friends and family have offered carry a common theme: his willingness to help others, his selflessness, his concern for others. Often, such character is uncommon in men. For Sam Tobias it was natural, because he held genuine love for his family, his neighbors, and the land. Mr. President, I share the grief of the community of Ruidoso and my heartfelt condolences go out to the Tobias family.●

#### TRIBUTE TO ALICE FULLER

• Mr. MOYNIHAN. Mr. President, I rise today to pay tribute to a remarkable woman, Alice Fuller. At the age of 81, she has two adult daughters, six grandchildren, and nine great grandchildren. She manages a thirteen-acre farm and garden, and still spoils her family with homemade rolls and baked goods at every family dinner. Her stamina and good-nature should be an inspiration to

all Americans. A native of Missouri, she moved with her family to California in 1936, and in 1941, she married and moved to Oregon. Irrespective of her southern and western roots, she is an enthusiastic and loyal fan of the New York Yankees. On Mother's Day, The Register-Guard of Eugene, Oregon included the following story on this, "One Tough Mom."

Mr. President, I ask that this statement and the following article be printed in the RECORD.

#### A FARMER'S INSTINCT

(By Kimber Williams, The Register-Guard)

VENETA.—Seated on a stack of newspapers astride her John Deere tractor, dragging a brush cutter around her 13-acre farm, she looks no bigger than a child.

At 81, Alice Fuller is small—her slim, delicate limbs whittled by the inevitable bending and shrinkage that come with the years.

Steadied by a wooden cane, she stands at 4 feet 6 inches and weighs maybe 91 pounds.

Don't be fooled. She's still got plenty of horsepower.

Fuller has lived alone since her husband's death, tending her beloved garden and fruit trees, hauling in wood to heat her home—she prefers wood heat—cooking and baking her famous from-scratch dinner rolls. As always, keeping her place up.

Hard work is the essential rhythm to her life—as sure and steady as her own heart-beat.

As the daughter of Missouri sharecroppers, Fuller grew up working the land.

Corn and wheat and oats, watermelon and cantaloupe. She quit school early to help her brothers, the baby of the family intent on carrying her own weight.

It was a good life, an honest life. But she would never tell you that it's been hard.

Like many children of the Depression—like mothers everywhere—she simply did what had to be done.

As a wife and mother in rural Oregon, Fuller learned to run a chicken ranch—raising up to 75,000 chickens five times a year. She could clean and dress 100 chickens, dissect a chicken and tell you what killed it, then turn around and fry up a batch for dinner.

Once, when Fuller left to visit her own ailing mother, she returned to find that someone had left a chicken house door unlatched.

Cows had wandered in among the 15,000 maturing broilers, sending terrified chickens scrambling. Smothered chickens were stacked in every corner of the chicken house.

Without complaint, she went to work slaughtering and dressing a couple of hundred chickens.

Fuller's Poultry Farm is behind her now, but the will to work remains, a siren song even in her waning years.

Work is the call that propels her out of bed each morning. It gives her purpose and keeps her moving. Call it a farmer's instinct. It is the only life she has known.

She is blessed with both extraordinary drive and internal blinders that allow her to ignore many barriers of age—much to the consternation of her grown daughters, Evelyn McIntyre and Judy Bicknell, who view their tiny, determined mother with love, gratitude and amazement.

If there is a problem, Fuller tackles it. That simple.

"When a water pipe broke earlier this year, Mom went out in the rain, muck and mud, and dug the hole for the plumber to be able

to fix the pipe," McIntyre recalled. "She falls often, and in fact, fell into the hole, but climbed back out and went right back to digging.

"I don't think Mom ever, ever thought there was anything she couldn't do."

At this, Fuller can't keep quiet.

"Well there's one thing that I can't do, much to my daughters' delight," she said with a good-natured grumble. "There are four chain saws out in the shop, and I can't start one of them. It's been so frustrating to me, and I don't think anything could make them happier."

It might be hard to imagine a 91-pound woman with arms as slight as a 10-year-old's waving around a roaring chain saw. But you don't know Fuller.

There's still a touch of flame in her once-auburn hair, and a bit of fire in her belly.

"Oh, I'm pretty reckless," she jokes with a wave of her hand. "I stalled the John Deere yesterday—tried to put it between two trees. The tractor would make it, but the brush cutter wouldn't. Had to get out the Oliver, the big tractor, to get her out."

It's like her. Over the years, she has developed a habit of depending on herself.

Once, while climbing a metal ladder to check a feed bin on a rainy day, she discovered a short in the electric auger that moved chicken feed into the bin. Her hand froze to the ladder, fixed with an electrical current. It wouldn't budge.

"Well, the girls had gone to school, my husband had gone to work and there I stood. I could not let loose of this ladder," she chuckled. "It was about 9 in the morning, and I decided I couldn't possibly stand there all day."

With her left hand, Fuller grabbed the fingers of her right hand, carefully prying each one off the metal.

"They just stayed stiff until they were all off," she smiled. "I was kind of lucky that time."

Other times, she wasn't so lucky. A cow kick that led to knee surgery. A broken ankle. A torn rib cartilage from a fall off a ladder. The rigors of farm life.

"Once she rode her riding mower under a sign, but was looking behind her and forgot to duck," McIntyre recalled. "She hurt her neck quite a bit, but at the hospital the doctors couldn't read the X-rays of the bones in her neck to tell if anything had been broken because of so many arthritic changes in her bones.

Fuller wasn't one to complain.

"Mom always gave us the feeling that we could and should accomplish the next challenge before us," McIntyre added. "She demanded absolute honesty—always counted her change and checked the clerk's math, but would just as readily return an error in her favor as point out when she was short-changed.

"One tough mom," she added. "She's ours and we love her."

Ask Fuller where she finds strength, and she shrugs.

She doesn't give advice to others. She knows what she knows. And what she knows is work.

She'll tell you that she's slowed down. "Not nearly as active as I once was," Fuller insisted, a wistful note in her voice. But in the same breath, she talks about the tasks before her.

It's spring out at her place, with calla lilies unfurling and bleeding hearts and sword ferns awakening in the shade of towering fir trees. Tall grass stretches upward beneath gentle spring rain, a yard demanding to be mown.

There is a garden to plant, nearly an acre of raspberry bushes to tend, fruit trees in flower and a grape arbor that promises 40 to 50 quarts of grape juice this summer.

There are jobs to be done. And that's enough.●

#### TRIBUTE TO MR. JOHN C. GARDNER

● Mr. GRASSLEY. Mr. President, it is my distinct pleasure to pay tribute to John C. Gardner, an exceptionally dedicated public servant. Mr. Gardner is retiring after ten years of service as the President of the Quad City Development Group, a public/private not-for-profit corporation. This organization promotes economic growth in and around the cities of Davenport and Bettendorf, Iowa, and Moline and Rock Island, Illinois. The Development Group markets these communities as locations for companies seeking to expand or relocate. It also works with Quad City communities to improve their climate for job creation.

Under his leadership, the Quad City Development Group has been the driving force behind the retention and addition of more than 14,000 jobs and the investment of over \$1 billion in the Quad Cities area. John's leadership style, which was developed and honed in the private sector, was ideal for his position as the President of this vital community and business-based group.

I would like to take a moment to highlight John's career. Immediately before joining the Quad City Development Group, John was the director of economic development for Lee Enterprises, Inc., the owner of the Quad City Times and the Southern Illinoisan newspapers. Before that assignment, John was publisher of the Quad City Times for five years. He learned the newspaper business in a 23-year career as a reporter, editor and eventually publisher of The Southern Illinoisan newspaper in Carbondale, Illinois. He is active in a number of professional and community organizations, and has been involved in various statewide projects in both Iowa and Illinois. He is a member of the Iowa Group for Economic Development and was chairman of the Iowa Future project, a statewide strategic planning effort.

It gives me great pleasure to present the credentials of John C. Gardner to the Senate today. It is clear that the Iowa and Illinois communities he has served so well are losing a great talent. They will miss his leadership, his winning smile, and his personal and professional dedication. I would like to wish both John and his wife, Ann, the best in their retirement and continued success in all their future endeavors.●

#### CONGRATULATIONS TO MR. THOMAS PILKINGTON

● Mr. ASHCROFT. Mr. President, I rise today to pay tribute to Thomas