

'Sustainable Seas Expedition.' to rekindle our nation's interest in the oceans, and especially the national marine sanctuaries. This effort has sparked the kind of enthusiasm about the oceans that Jacques Cousteau created when I first came to the Senate.

While the Federal Government frequently recognized Dr. Foster's contributions through numerous important awards, she was also a person whom the rank and file employees at NOAA—the marine biologists, researchers, and managers—trusted and admired. She was a strong and enthusiastic mentor to young people and a staunch ally to her colleagues. She has, and always will, serve as a role model for professional women everywhere, especially those who work in the sciences. Nancy Foster was that rare official whom we in the Congress looked to for leadership, candor, and sensitivity, and we will all feel her loss deeply for years to come. I would like to offer my deepest appreciation for Dr. Foster's outstanding contribution to the Nation and send my sincerest condolences to her family and friends.●

NATIONAL DAY OF PRAYER

● Mr. ALLARD. Mr. President, on May 4, 2000 those attending the National Day of Prayer luncheon in Denver, Colorado got to hear an electrifying talk by Dr. Condoleezza Rice. I found the speech so moving, so inspiring that I wanted to share it with those who could not be in attendance that day to her remarks. "Condi," as she likes to be called, grew up in Denver, graduated Magna Cum Laude from Denver University and has served our country in many ways including service to former President George Bush as a chief expert on Russia. I ask that her speech be printed in the RECORD.

NATIONAL DAY OF PRAYER, DENVER,
COLORADO, MAY 4, 2000

(By Dr. Condoleezza Rice)

Thank you very much. It is indeed a delight to be with you here in Denver for the Colorado Prayer Lunch. I do know quite a few people in the room, and there are good friends here from very far back in my history. I'm not going to tell you who they are because I don't want you to go up to them and ask them how I really was at fifteen or sixteen years old. But it's awfully nice to back here—home in Denver.

I bring you greetings from my family. My parents and I moved to Denver when I was twelve years old, and this is just a great place to live. I think the reason that it is such a great place to live is events like this. You look around and you see the love in the community, you see the strength in the community. It's nice to be back.

When I thought about what I'd like to talk with you about, I immediately reflected on the fact that this is of course our National Day of Prayer as well as the day for the Colorado Prayer Luncheon. And I thought about spending a few minutes with you talking about the relationship of personal faith, to faith in a community, to strength and for-

ward movement in a community. Because very often we think about where we would like the community to go, we think about where we would like our leaders to take us. We very often forget that strong communities are built person by person, step by step, by the responsibility of each and every one of us. That responsibility and that strength, I believe, can come from many different sources, and certainly it comes from different sources for different people. But for many of us, and perhaps for most of the people in this room, it certainly relates to deep and abiding faith in God, whatever one's religious background. For me it comes from a deep and abiding faith in Jesus Christ.

Now I have to tell you that I was born into the church. I didn't have much choice. In fact, on the day that I was born which was a Sunday, at 11:48 my father was preaching a sermon. He had been told on Friday night that his child probably wasn't going to be born for a couple of days, so go ahead on Sunday and preach the sermon. And my goodness when he came out of the pulpit on Sunday, he had a little girl.

We lived in the back of the church until I was three and then moved into a parsonage. My grandparents were religious people. I studied piano from the age of three. I could read music before I could read. But the first song that I learned was "What a Friend We Have in Jesus." And then I learned to play "Amazing Grace," etc. etc.

My grandfather was a deeply religious person. Indeed I have a lot of heroes in my life, but Granddaddy Rice is perhaps the most remarkable because you see back in about 1920 he was a sharecropper's son in Ewtah, Alabama. One day he decided he wanted to get book learning, heaven knows why. And so he asked people how could a colored man go to college, and they said, "Well, you see if you could get to Stillman College (which is this little Presbyterian college down the road) then you could go to college there." So he saved up his cotton, went to Stillman College, paid for his first year and then the second year they said, "Now how do you plan to pay for your second year?" And he said, "Well, I've used all the money I have." And they said, "Well, you'll have to go home." And he said, "Well, how to those boys go to college?" They said, "Well, you see they have what's called a scholarship, and if you wanted to be a Presbyterian minister, then you could have a scholarship too." My grandfather said, "You know, that's exactly what I had in mind," and he became college educated, and my family has been Presbyterian ever since.

So I was born into the church. My earliest memories are of Sunday school and choir practice and youth fellowship, and indeed if you're a minister's child, you have some kind of strange memories because you see when I heard that story about Christ coming again, I figured when I was about six years old that if he was going to come again anyway, He might as well come to Westminster Presbyterian Church because that would certainly help the flagging attendance in the summer. And so I would pray, "If you're going to come, Christ, come to my father's church. He could use the help." You see you had different ways of thinking about religion when you were a preacher's child.

But because I was born into the church, I never really doubted the existence of God. I can tell you that I accepted from the earliest years the whole mystery of the faith, the birth, the life, the death, and the resurrection as truth. Mine then is not a story of conversion to faith. The existence of God was

a given for me. That Jesus Christ was His son was a given for me. But while mine is not a story of conversion, it is a story of a journey to deepen my personal faith, and I would imagine that for many of you, a story that resonates, a story that has a familiar ring. You see, it's easy when you are born to religious faith to take that faith for granted, and not to deepen and to grow in it, not to question, and to become comfortable with it.

When we moved here to Denver, I was at Montview Boulevard Presbyterian Church. I was in the choir. I met some members of Montview Boulevard here today with whom I sang in the choir. It was a wonderful church, a large church. And then I moved to California, and for awhile I continued to go to church as I had done every Sunday since I could remember. But you know pretty soon things got busy. And so before you knew it, Sundays were for something else. Maybe I had to work. Maybe I had to do something about that lecture that I had to give on Monday. I was always traveling because I'm a specialist in international politics, so maybe I was in some other time zone, and when I got home I was just too tired to go to church. And slowly but surely my faith which I'd always taken for granted was there, but it was rather in the deeper recesses of my mind, not front and center in the way that I lived my life daily.

A funny thing happened in that period to me. One Sunday morning when I knew I should have been in church, I was in the Lucky Supermarket instead. And I was walking among the spices buying food, and I'll never forget running into a black man there. And if you know Palo Alto, that's a rare occurrence anyway. And he told me he was buying some food for his church picnic, and we talked a little, and then he looked right at me and he said, "Do you play the piano?" And I said "Yes, I play the piano." And he said, "You know my church, Jerusalem Baptist Church down the road here just a little bit, needs somebody to play the piano. Would you come and play the piano for us?" And so I did for several months go and play the piano for Jerusalem Baptist Church. And I thought, "If that's not the long reach of the Lord into the Lucky Supermarket on a Sunday morning, what is?" But as a result of going there and playing and getting involved again with the church community, I began to see how much my faith, which I'd taken for granted, was becoming unpracticed, that it was no longer really becoming a part of the way that I lived my daily life.

And so I started seeking out a church home, and I found Menlo Park Presbyterian in Menlo Park right next to Palo Alto. And one of the first sermons that I heard at Menlo Park Presbyterian Church just reached out and grabbed me because it said where I was in my own faith. And it was the story of the prodigal son. But it was the story of the prodigal son told from the perspective of the older son, not from the son who had to come home, but the son who had always been there. And the minister talked about how the older son was really appalled, angry, and couldn't quite understand why while he had been there toiling in the fields and had been a good son and had supported his family, why there was all this excitement when the prodigal son came home.

And I thought about it, and maybe what Christ was saying here, what God was saying, was that the prodigal son who had to be born again to this faith was being brought powerfully back to his faith. While the older son who had always been there doing what he

was supposed to do but maybe just doing it in the most routine fashion was losing what's most important about faith, and that's the deepening and the fire that comes from having it tested, from having to worry about it, from having to think about it, from having to bat it around in your mind from time to time so that it doesn't become stale. And I suddenly saw myself as the elder son. And I thought at that time, it's time to renew my faith and not to take it for granted. And you know, it's a good thing that I did because I was soon to learn why faith is so important in your daily life.

It was about a year and a half after coming back to my faith that I lost my mother, and I can tell you that I could not have gotten through that without a strong and robust faith. You see the preparation for struggle that faith accords you is not something that you can call on the day that it happens. You have to have honed it, you have to have worked at it, it has to have become a part of you. I began to understand during that period of time when I really was experiencing the peace that passeth all understanding, that faith is honed in struggle, that Paul was absolutely right when he wrote in Romans that we are justified in faith and that struggle brings patience, and patience hope, and hope is not disappointed. Because it is in that time of struggle that we learn that we are resilient human beings, that we have at our core the ability to rebound and to go on.

Over the years, I have become more and more interested in the stories of struggle—whether it is the death of a loved one, whether it is what Colorado went through in Columbine, whether it is the struggle that interestingly built Stanford University. Do you know that Stanford University was built by Governor and Mrs. Stanford to honor their only child who died of typhoid at sixteen years old? And Mrs. Stanford writes in her letters that she wanted to die too when her son and then her husband died shortly thereafter, but she understood that her faith was telling her to go on, to pick up the pieces, to do something for other people's children. And so Stanford University was from the Stanfords a living monument to other people's children, born of the test of faith, the test that is struggle. And I began to understand too the words of an old Negro spiritual that had always been somewhat confusing—"Nobody knows the trouble I've seen. Glory Hallelujah!" What does that mean? It means that out of struggle, faith is honed.

Now why is faith honed out of struggle? First of all, because you are at that time forced to confront the relationship between faith and doubt. When my mother died, I didn't have any good answers. Did I on the one hand pray to God for understanding and on the other hand doubt why this had happened? Of course when Columbine happened, did you on the one hand pray for understanding and doubt why had it happened? But faith, and indeed the lessons of Christ teach us that faith can be strengthened by doubt. It doesn't have to be weakened by it.

Some of my favorite stories in the Bible actually come from the time when Christ is preparing to die. And when the disciples—men who had walked with Him for the entire time of His ministry, men who knew Him better than anyone else—found themselves doubting and fearful of what was to come. He said, "I'll go to prepare a place for you." They said, "Take us with you because we don't actually know where you're going." This isn't very reassuring. And of course the story of Thomas which we had always been

taught in a kind of pejorative sense "the doubting Thomas," but in fact what did Christ say? "Here, feel my side. Touch the wounds." He didn't say just "Leave." Doubt and faith have gone together from the beginning of our religious experiences. And in times of struggle, we are forced to work through our doubts in order to re-energize our faith.

Times of struggle also challenge us on the relationship between faith and reason because most of us live most of our lives in our heads. We try and understand why. And if you are like me and you live in an intellectual community, if you can't prove it, if you can't see it, then you can't possibly believe it. And yet there are those times when reason just will not do the job. I noticed the little quote by Abraham Lincoln in the bulletin this morning. "I've been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom and that of all about me seemed insufficient for the day." How many times has your reason, your intellect failed you and you've had to fall back on faith? In times of struggle, we learn to trust, we learn to fall back on faith, we learn to fall back on that which cannot be seen and cannot be understood, and it makes us stronger.

Finally, in times of struggle, perhaps more than at other times, we are reminded also of the responsibilities of faith, particularly if we've been through struggles ourselves and we are called on to participate in, to be a part of someone else's struggle. And it is that relationship between personal faith and taking one's faith into the community to make it better that I want to explore for a moment now—to take the lessons and the power of faith outside of our own personal experiences and into the community at large.

Now in order to do that, you have to draw on other parts of your faith. You have to draw on what has been honed and toughened inside you when you yourself have struggled. But you also have to draw on the power that is there for you to first and foremost be optimistic. When I am very often asked what has faith done for me that is most important, I say that yes it's been there for me in tough times and struggle, but I think it's also made me an optimistic person. It's made me a person who believes that there can be a better tomorrow.

If you don't believe that faith plays its role in making you an optimistic person, think of the people who built this country and the optimism that must have come from their faith. Have you ever wondered what it must have been like to come across the Continental Divide without roads? They must have had faith that they were going to make it. They must have had optimism about what was possible on the other side. They must have gone together and indeed from that they built a great country. Have you ever wondered about the faith and optimism of my ancestors, slaves who were three-fifths of a man who endured the most awful hardships of day-to-day life and yet somehow looked optimistically to a future? They must have done it out of the strength of their faith. They must have done it out of the optimism that only faith can give.

But imparting that optimism to people who are in need, imparting the mysteries and the lessons of faith to people who are in struggle is sometimes, oddly enough, easier than imparting and using the lessons of faith in everyday life. Sometimes we mobilize to use our faith when things are tough. This city mobilized around Columbine. People are

able to bring themselves to love one another—Greeks and Turks after the earthquake in Turkey, because you're mobilized in your faith to help. But what about day to day in your interactions with people in the community? Can you mobilize your faith in the same way?

I think sometimes the biggest impediment to mobilizing our faith in our day to day interactions in trying to make our communities better is really in our lack of humility about what we as mere human beings can bring to the table. You know sometimes people of faith are wonderful at dealing with people in need. But in more normal times we're our own worst enemy because sometimes the shouting, the desire to lecture, overwhelms the desire to listen and to understand. I think sometimes that the greatest impediment to people of faith in really making a difference in their communities to people on a daily basis—not just when we need to be mobilized—is that we sometimes have trouble, as people of faith, meeting people where they are, not where we would like them to be.

And hereto, I draw on a lesson from Christ. Have you ever noticed that when Christ was interacting with people, He found a way to meet them where they were? With the rich young leader, it was confrontational—to give up everything and to give it to the poor was pretty confrontational. With Lazarus and the sisters, it was dramatic—a miracle. With the woman at the well, it was kind and understanding and quiet. How many of us as people of faith have that entire repertoire at our disposal? When we deal with people, do we ever stop shouting so loud that they can hear through us the still, small voice of calm, remembering after all that we will not personally work miracles in people's lives? That is the work of God. But if we are to be a conduit, we have to be a conduit that is willing to listen, a conduit that is willing to help with humility, and a conduit that is willing to meet people where they are.

Those I think are the lessons of faith—to hone our personal faith, to practice it every day, to pray for our leaders and for those who must carry the heavy burdens, and to try to use our faith and its lessons, not just when we need to be mobilized, but in our everyday interactions. Because only then can people of faith really make a difference in communities at home and communities abroad.

Thank you very much, and God bless you. ●

MR. LLOYD A. SEMPLE RECEIVES 2000 JUDGE LEARNED HAND AWARD

● Mr. ABRAHAM. Mr. President, each year, the American Jewish Committee's Metropolitan Detroit Chapter presents one individual with its Judge Learned Hand Human Relations Award. Recipients of this award are honored for their outstanding leadership within the legal profession, and for exemplifying the high principles for which Judge Learned Hand was renowned. I rise today to recognize Mr. Lloyd A. Semple, who will receive the 2000 Judge Learned Hand Award on June 29, 2000, in Detroit, Michigan.

Mr. Semple is the Chairman of one of Detroit's oldest and most prestigious law firms, Dykema Gossett, PLLC.