I have known Katharine for all but 3 years of my life. She married Phil in 1946, after what might be called a whirlwind courtship. After the honeymoon she came and, for the first time, visited her new in-laws. I was 3 years old at the time.

Mr. President, I was not a good boy at the age of 3. Some would suggest that there has not been much improvement in the intervening years. But my first encounter with Kay, as recorded in her memoirs, was as she sat at the desk writing her thank-you notes for her wedding. I toddled up and, I regret to say, spat upon Kay. She went to my mother and asked what was the significance of this behavior. My mother said, “Don’t worry, he does that to lots of people.” Despite that inauspicious beginning, this became a wonderful relationship that added much to my knowledge, to my values, to my appreciation and joy of life.

I was one of many thousands who had the opportunity to know Katharine Graham and be influenced by her exceptional personality. There have been many statements made about Kay in the last week, describing her range of accomplishments. I want to talk about Kay as a journalist and teacher. She understood the role of journalism in American life—to provide the people the knowledge they would require to be empowered to be effective citizens in a democracy.

It is not the purpose of journalism to tell people how to think, or to select what information should be available to them. Rather, it is the purpose of journalism to provide the readers the full range of information from which they can make their own judgments. Kay also led by example. The standards she set and lived by were themselves an important part of her role as journalist and teacher.

She was a political person. Those who attended or observed yesterday’s funeral service saw the number of people from this institution, current and past, and from other political segments of our society, who were there to honor her and to represent the friendships they had established.

She understood, in a way that my brother Phil probably did not, that politicians and journalists have different responsibilities in our democracy. Much they do not have to be adversaries, each side must be careful not to compromise their particular responsibility in an effort to be excessively deferential or even excessively friendly with the other side of that delicate occasion.

I think if Kay were here, she might agree that there are some particular aspects of her life which she has shared with people in our profession of politics. She might even admit that those aspects provide lessons from which we can and should learn.

The first is the lesson of compromise. Midway through her remarkable career as publisher of the Washington Post, Kay wrote about the importance of compromise in our democracy. This was not a new idea, saying that compromise was a sign of weakness, and that to give in to the other side, to not demand absolute concurrence with your stated beliefs, was a sign of weakness. As Kay so properly observed, that is a distortion of democracy. Democracy is a government of the people. By necessity, it requires all of the people, representing all of their different backgrounds, values, perspectives and aspirations, to find a common ground upon which we can then move forward. Compromise is not a sign of weakness, it is a sign of the strength of our unique form of government.

Kay believed in this in her personal behavior. If you had been fortunate to have lived with Kay and been a part of her household, you know there were a number of rules her guests were expected to follow. One of those rules was that you did not engage in a series of one-on-one conversations with the person who might be seated to your left or to your right, but rather the whole room was encouraged to bring the conversation to the center so that everyone would share what was being said, and by that sharing, the level of the conversation would be elevated and the value would be enhanced. Kay was a strong believer in encouraging effective participatory discussions, which would lead to those compromises and, in turn, lead to policies that would enhance our society.

Kay also was a person of great self-confidence. I believe one of the great attributes of a human being, particularly a human being who lives in the public arena, is non-arrogant self-confidence, which I would define as meaning that you have a set of core values, that you are a person who acts for the next wind to come and fill your sail, but that you also understand your own limitations and are open to new information, to new perspectives on the information you already have. If such a person can be convinced over time that a previous position deserves to be modified based on new information, that person is prepared to do so.

Kay had many times in her life when she was challenged to exercise that period of her life when she had received great recognition. Probably the most stressful period in her life, and the period of her life that has received great recognition now in her passing, was the time that surrounded the Vietnam war through the Watergate era.

At one point, when things were particularly tense and it appeared as if the Washington Post alone—and she alone as the leader of the Washington Post—were under unusual duress, she asked and received the permission to leave the Post. If we’re so sure we’re right, where is everybody else? Why aren’t there some other people, some other newspapers that are prepared to pick up this same cause?

That question could have led to a decision to abandon the cause because of its loneliness. Instead, she saw it as a challenge to the nation to take an even greater necessity to proceed.

We in politics from time to time may find ourselves as the only one or a member of a very small minority on a particular point of view. We must have enough self-confidence in our judgment and values that we are prepared to persist, and frequently, by so persisting, we will alter the opinion of others. At the very least, in the examination of history, we may have the experience of having our positions validated.

A third quality that Kay represented and which I suggest is a valuable quality for those in the profession of politics is a commitment to lifelong growth. There is a tendency in any area in the background, to say THEY think it is a particularly persistent one in politics, for people to reach a certain level of achievement and accomplishment, then say “this is the position I will hold for the rest of my life.” Often, as people become more powerful in political positions, they also become narrower in terms of their own sense of the challenge of constant growth.

The Greeks recognized this over 2,000 years ago. One of the ways they tried to overcome this tendency was to require that all of the citizens of Greece periodically leave behind their trappings of power, prestige, and wealth and take on all of the tasks the Greek Republic required. It might be a menial task of working in the sewer plant of Athens, or it might be as commander of the Athenian Navy. The belief was that any well, liberally educated Greek citizen was capable of performing any task that would be assigned to them.

In her own ways, Kay lived a life that had that Athenian sense of what a liberated, educated Athenian could do and how they might live their life in order to constantly challenge the perimeters that others would like to put around them.

She lived, in essence, over her 84 years of lives. Her first life for approximately 40 years was as a young woman born to privilege, a wife, a mother, a person content to live in comfort, to eat, to be well-off, and by that sharing, the level of the conversation to the center so that everybody would share what was being said, and by that sharing, the level of the conversation would be elevated and the value would be enhanced. Kay was a strong believer in encouraging effective participatory discussions, which would lead to those compromises and, in turn, lead to policies that would enhance our society.

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and future generations an insight on her, her family, her husband, her mother and father, those things that had influenced her life. She decided to do this without the assistance of a ghostwriter or someone who would put her words on paper. Rather, she took up pen and yellow paper and for 7 years wrote her memoirs.

At the conclusion, she had accomplished her objective of having placed for all time her life on paper. She also saw some results which were probably unexpected. She changed the way that many women looked at themselves and looked at their possibilities.

Yesterday, at the funeral, a woman in a wheelchair told me about how much Kay Graham’s life had meant to her when she was unexpectedly handicapped. She thought she had lost the opportunity to reach, whose untimely passing saddens those of us who had the pleasure, indeed the privilege, of knowing her. Her courage, determination and style are an inspiration to all of us in public service.

There are far too many cynics in this town, and unfortunately, there is far too much to be cynical about. But, at the end of the day, it is people like Kay Graham who have inspired and mentored a new generation of idealism, of American youths who strive to be the very best in all their chosen fields of endeavor. And that is the true story behind her unflagging support of two young, obscure, city-desk reporters who broke a story that changed our Nation forever.

There are a few things I will miss about Kay Graham. I could talk for hours about her many outstanding accomplishments, as a wife, a mother, and a publisher. But she was also a true and loyal friend to many, an incredible force for good. Kay was one of the most powerful women in our world, but what I remember most about her is that she was genuinely a nice person.

And so, today, let us pay tribute to Kay Graham’s greatness and goodness, in public and in private. I hope the world will also learn a little more about her kindness, her humility, and the sense of charity that never left her.

Mr. President, one of the most touching tributes I can recall vividly describes the cycle of life and our profound transition. It likens our passage to the journey of a magnificent sailing ship, gliding through deep blue water, growing smaller and smaller as the sea meets the sky. And when the ship fades silently from sight, just as we think she is gone, we are reassured to know that on the opposite shore . . . she awaits.

EXTENSION OF MORNING BUSINESS

Mr. REID. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the morning hour be extended for 45 minutes, with Senators permitted to speak therein for up to 10 minutes each.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. NEAL). Without objection, it is so ordered.

Mr. REID. I suggest the absence of a quorum.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The clerk will call the roll.

The assistant legislative clerk proceeded to call the roll.

Mr. DASCHLE. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the clerk call the roll.

The legislative clerk proceeded to call the roll.

Mrs. MURRAY. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent the order for the quorum call be dispensed with.