

school uniforms. Parents have to sign a contract of mutual responsibility. Teachers are given greater authority to innovate and initiate.

We need to ensure that parents and students are getting what they want and need, and if they're not getting what they want and need that they have the choice—and most importantly that they have the ability—to go somewhere else. A \$1,500 voucher, doesn't give parents that ability, at least not in my State. Public school choice and charter schools do.

We agree on many things. Where we disagree, as on vouchers, I believe we can find common ground. I believe that we can come together, for example, to provide a "safety valve" to children in failing schools, in the way of broader public school choice and greater access to charter schools. I am therefore hopeful, about the prospects for bipartisan agreement and for meaningful reform. To that end, I urge my colleagues to support the Public Education Reinvestment, Reinvention, and Responsibility Act.

#### A TRIBUTE TO SENATOR ALAN CRANSTON

Mr. LEAHY. Mr. President, it is with great sadness that I rise today to pay tribute to our friend and colleague Alan Cranston. His death on December 31 last year was a shock. Alan was such a life force that it is hard for me to imagine his silence and his not being there for great arms control debates.

Senator Cranston was a man of conviction, a true humanitarian in every sense of those words. He began his career in public policy in the 1930s as a journalist warning his readers of the dangerous rise of fascism. He knew even then that the United States was locked in an intricate web of relations with the rest of the world and that our attempts to ignore that web could only lead to calamity for ourselves and those around us. Alan understood the concept of globalization at least 50 years before it gained such notoriety to earn a name.

It was primarily that impulse to engage the world that brought Alan into elective office and eventually to the United States Senate. As State of California Controller from 1958 to 1967, he worked to rationalize the booming state's finances and ensure that all Californians could benefit from that phenomenal rise.

But it was in the Senate where Alan could most effectively work toward his vision of a peaceable world. Before the people of California sent him here in 1968, he learned about the Senate's moderating influence and the consequences of its shirking that role. In his post-World War "Killing of the Peace," Alan explained how the U.S. Senate's defeat of the League of Nations contributed to the outbreak of

that war and the horrible events that followed.

Most of his activities during his impressive 24 years here were an expression of his deep desire for the Senate to avoid similar mistakes. He brought a special seriousness of purpose and attentiveness to arms control issues as diverse as the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks and ongoing production of the B-2 Stealth Bomber. On several occasions, I joined him in opposing the production of new, destabilizing types of nuclear weapons, and I was always struck by Alan's sense of nuance and willful resolve.

Alan was not one to ignore his own personal responsibilities to the Senate. As Democratic Whip, Alan made this body run efficiently. If there is anyone who was never afraid to count the votes, it was Alan. He knew how to smoke us out on our intentions. What made him so effective was his persuasive argumentation and downright persistence. Sometimes he could change my mind faster than he could run a 100-yard dash, which was pretty fast considering he was a lifelong record-setting sprinter.

It was unsurprising that after his Senate career he led the non-profit Global Security Institute where he continued to press from arms control initiatives. The Institute provided a perfect platform from which he could promote his expanded notion of security. After the Cold War, Alan realized before everyone else that security no longer meant merely protection from weapons of mass destruction. He saw that security in the new millennium was also about avoiding environmental degradation, securing our food supply, and educating our children.

Alan was a forward-thinker and an alternative voice at a time when conventional wisdom demanded examination. He worked to make our world safer, and he was a good friend. I will miss him greatly.

THE ALAN CRANSTON I KNEW: INTENSITY,  
INTEGRITY, AND COMMITMENT

Mr. BIDEN. A couple of weeks ago I had the sad duty to travel to California to represent the Senate and the Senate Foreign Relations Committee at a memorial service for Senator Alan MacGregor Cranston. It was a moving ceremony, a chance for all those in attendance to rededicate themselves to the noble goals which shaped Alan Cranston's life.

Alan Cranston will be remembered by those of us who knew and loved him as a man of peace who devoted much of his adult life—four terms in the Senate and a decade as director of the Global Security Institute—to the tasks of promoting nuclear arms control and encouraging world peace. These are not small objectives, but of course Alan Cranston's interests extended beyond them, literally, ". . . from the Redwood Forests to the Gulf stream wa-

ters." Never content to sit on the sidelines, Alan Cranston fought tirelessly for the causes in which he believed: nuclear disarmament, the environment, civil rights, and decent housing. He brought the intensity of a sprinter and the endurance of a marathoner to each of these causes.

During his tenure as a member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee from 1981–1993, Alan Cranston was a devoted supporter of strong U.S. leadership in the world, whether it meant promoting the development of democracy in the Philippines and Cambodia or working to halt the spread of nuclear weapons.

Alan Cranston knew that the United States could not go it alone in the world. In an age when American unilateralism, if not isolationism, has gained a certain currency in Washington, Alan Cranston's life reminds us that the highest aspirations of the American people are those which lead us to care about others and work with others to address common problems.

The intensity, integrity, and commitment Alan Cranston brought to public service stand as an example we all might follow as we begin work in this 107th Congress.

Mr. President, I would ask unanimous consent that a transcript of the remarks made at Senator Cranston's memorial service be printed in the RECORD.

There being no objection, the material was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

ALAN MACGREGOR CRANSTON MEMORIAL SERVICE, GRACE CATHEDRAL IN SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 16TH, 2001

The following friends and family took part in the extraordinary memorial service of Alan MacGregor Cranston:

The Very Reverend Alan Jones, Dean, Grace Cathedral.

Colette Penne Cranston, daughter-in-law of Alan Cranston.

Kim Cranston, son of Alan Cranston.

Gray Davis, Governor of California.

Joseph Biden, U.S. Senator from Delaware.

Ted Turner.

Sally Lillienthal, President, Ploughshares Fund.

William Turnage, former President, Wilderness Society.

James Hormel, former U.S. Ambassador to Luxembourg.

Harris Wofford, former U.S. Senator from Pennsylvania.

Jane Goodall, Primatologist.

Cruz Reynoso, former Justice, California Supreme Court.

Jonathan Granoff, CEO, Global Security Institute.

The Very Reverend Alan Jones, Dean, Grace Cathedral.

ALAN JONES. Good afternoon. I am Alan Jones, the Dean of the Cathedral, and it is my privilege to welcome you to Grace Cathedral for this celebration of the life of Alan MacGregor Cranston.

It is fitting that such a large-hearted man be honored and remembered in a soaring and splendid space.

There was a comment in the London Times about the public reaction to the death of

Diana, Princess of Wales. First, it showed that our instinct for devotion is still deep within us. Second, that huge emotions require huge spaces, like cathedrals. And third, that the things we do in them are always up for change.

And so I invite you first to allow the instinct for devotion, the call of something and someone larger than ourselves to well up in you this afternoon, and I think the Senator would have applauded anything that called us out of our cynicism and challenged us not to accept futility as normal.

I invite you also to acknowledge that huge emotions require huge spaces. We need great spaces and ways of celebration in order to locate ourselves in a larger vision of the human enterprise.

And finally I invite you to be open to that fact, the fact that things we do in places like this are always up for change. Life is never business as usual, and nothing would have pleased Alan more than for us to leave this place resolved to make a difference.

So, we welcome you to the Cathedral for this celebration of the life of a man who held a large and generous vision of what it is to be human.

Our best way to honor him is to share and maintain that vision of a just and humane society on a planet fit for all living beings.

So as you remain seated, I invite you to pray.

Dear God, we thank you for the life and the work of Alan MacGregor Cranston. His generous spirit opened doors and touched many lives for good. His faith in the human enterprise inspired us to accept the great joy and responsibility of being human. His political skills ensured an enduring legacy.

He was friend to those who had no voice, and a lover of the great spaces of the wilderness. His long life touched and was touched by the great events of our time. He was a man for all seasons.

In public life, he fought for what he believed with passion and hard work. His caring, open-heartedness and his respect for people touched the lives of many. His generous spirit wanted everybody to do well, and this generosity was infectious.

And so we thank you for his capacity for friendship, his probing intelligence, and his refusal to be enticed into meanness and pettiness.

Finally, we thank you for his life and example, and we commend him into your gracious care. May we honor him by rededicating ourselves to peace on Earth, and goodwill to all people, and to building a more just and inclusive America. Amen.

COLETTE PENNE CRANSTON. Hello! I am Alan's daughter-in-law, Colette. I am the first speaker because I need to be. Our daughter has commented that I seem to have an endless supply of tears. Since I was honored to have such a close, personal relationship with Alan, I wanted to give you some insights into his gentle, unwavering spirit. He was much more than my father-in-law, he was my friend, my advisor and now and I know he will love this he has become my Jiminy Cricket, that little voice in my conscience that says, "think before you leap!"

Kim, Evan our seven-year-old daughter and I live right next to Alan's on the same property. Alan's big sister, who we call RE, lived up the hill from us until recently. This arrangement was such a gift for everyone! Alan and Evan had great sunset walks together, evenings of art work and stories around the fire at his place, and dinner dates out just the two of them. They would dress up and go to a restaurant, often one with a piano play-

er, and make an evening of it. Evan called him "Gran." One night when the two of them were returning from a walk, Kim called me out to the balcony and said, "Listen!" We could hear their voices but couldn't see them yet. Alan was saying, "Well, you know, Evan, I don't know why that's true, but it is true dogs love to ride in cars and cats don't." Just then they rounded the corner to come up the driveway and they were holding hands.

A couple of years ago, the four of us spent three weeks in the UK. Our first week in London, Alan was occupied with meetings and a quick turn-around to Geneva, but the final two weeks we toured the countryside with no particular itinerary except to visit some relatives in Scotland and the grave of Rob Roy MacGregor, an ancestor who Alan's middle name is from. We also visited the graves of Alan and RE's great-grandparents six generations back, whose tombstones were leaning together and touching. Each evening before dinner, Alan would tell Evan a story, some lasting forty-five minutes. In the parlor of one bed and breakfast where we stayed for three nights, other guests would join in to listen and ask if they could come the next night to hear the stories, they were that good.

One of the most important, and I believe, reassuring lessons that we can take from Alan's life is that we do not have to be limited in our later years. When we tell people that Alan never retired, he never stopped working, they do not really hear that. The truth is that he was the most disciplined, diligent, and determined person I have ever met. He was also still making friends with and inspiring young people. Two such friends, a man in his thirties and a woman in her forties, touched us with their expressions of personal grief following Alan's death. The young men in their twenties who work with Alan's Global Security Institute, Patrick Neal, Zack Allen, and Tyler Stevenson, are bright and motivated and will do great things in their own lives with memories of Alan staying with them. Don't we all wish for a life of impact and meaning and a quick, painless end surrounded by those we love? He did most everything right!

I can, of course, remember a difficult time in Alan's career. At the time I was in an elected position also, so I was very interested in how he was handling it. As I watched what was happening to him, I asked him, "Alan, how can you bear this?" He answered, "Colette, there are politics in the locker room, the boardroom and the United States Senate. Since you have to put up with them wherever you are, I want to be in the Senate, where the politics are intense, but I can get the most done."

Over Thanksgiving, Alan and his sister took a week's vacation together. He was working to finish his book on sovereignty rather than just relaxing by the pool and she said, "you work too hard". He replied, "I want to stagger across the finish line knowing I've done all I possibly can!" He did not stagger, he was still sprinting!

I want to close with a message from our seven-year-old daughter, Evan. Her Brownie troop leader read a story about loss that she said helped her. It was about a badger who was the oldest and wisest member of a community of animals. He knew that because of his age, he might die soon. Dying meant only that he would leave his body behind, and as his body didn't work as well as when he was young, he wasn't too concerned about that. His only worry was how his family and friends would feel. He died before the start of

a winter and the animals were very sad. But as they thought about him they realized he had given them each something to treasure: a parting gift of a skill or piece of knowledge. Evan said, "Didn't Gran help lots of people and do lots of things to make the world better?" I said, "Yes, he left behind countless parting gifts for all of us to never forget!"

KIM CRANSTON. Thank you all for being here today to celebrate Alan's life—yes, I too called him Alan.

In the program for this ceremony is the observation of the Chinese philosopher Lao-Tzu that Alan carried in his pocket most of his life as a guide to the style of leadership he practiced. It begins by observing that leaders are best when people barely know that they exist, and concludes by observing that of the best leader, when his work is done and his aim fulfilled, the people will all say, "we did this ourselves."

In the world of modern politics in which name recognition is so important, this approach to leadership presented an interesting paradox for Alan, which is also present today as we celebrate the accomplishments of his life.

I understand, however, that there is a little known addendum to Lao-Tzu's observation that states that "after such a leader has passed on, people will join together to mourn their loss, celebrate their accomplishments, and recommit to the causes they shared." I welcome you here today in that spirit.

Alan touched many people's lives in many different ways. We all have stories we can tell about times we spent and things we did with Alan to make the world a better place. This afternoon we have time for just a few of Alan's friends and collaborators to share some of their stories with us. I want to invite each of you to join us after this ceremony at the reception at the Fairmont Hotel where, in addition to having the opportunity to catch up, laugh, and cry, there will be video cameras so each of you can take a moment if you'd like to tell your story.

My own story is simple. I was incredibly blessed to have had Alan as a wonderful father, my dearest and oldest friend, a treasured teacher and mentor, and an invaluable collaborator and leader in addressing the great challenges of our time.

It is almost unbearable for me to think we will never again in this life share another meal, or football game, or joke or prank, or afternoon discussing strategy.

I learned many, many things from Alan. Five stand out today.

First, I learned about the subtle, profound power of the style of leadership he practiced. In the past few days it's been very enriching for me to reflect on Lao-Tzu's observation of leadership and everything that Alan helped us accomplish in his lifetime.

Second, I learned that the greatest meaning in life is found in making the world a better place. As one of Alan's heroes, Martin Luther King, Jr., observed "Life's most persistent and urgent question is "What are you doing for others?"

Third, I learned something Alan understood early on: We live in one of the most extraordinary moments in human history. In our lifetimes, for the first time since humans have inhabited the earth, we have developed the capacity to destroy human and perhaps all known life in the universe forever, either through a sudden nuclear holocaust or the more gradual destruction of the environment. Simultaneously, we are developing the capacity to create sustainable and economically just societies.

What those of us alive now do together may well determine which of these two paths we take, and could help decide the fate of the human race. There exists a small window of opportunity for us to act. A window of opportunity that may well not exist for the generations of our children or their children. If humanity is to continue, if we are to prosper rather than perish, we must transform our society and develop effective approaches to resolve those challenges that we share and can only address at the global level. This is the task before our generation and it was to that end that Alan devoted most of his working life.

The fourth lesson is that in view of all this it is important to keep a sense of humor. Colette told me she'd recently spoken with Alan about something someone had done that affected them both, which she found very disturbing. Colette asked Alan why it didn't seem to bother him as much and he replied: "I find that in situations like this I can choose to be either terrified or amused."

And the fifth lesson is to be compassionate to our fellow living beings.

Of course, I learned a great deal more from Alan, but these are the lessons foremost in my mind today.

While to many people Alan seemed a whirlwind of activity, he was also a voracious reader and a prolific writer.

In 1945, he published "The Killing of the Peace," which detailed how a small group of people defeated Woodrow Wilson's campaign to create the League of Nations to address the global challenges we face, and which the New York Times called one of the ten most important books of the year.

And just a few days before he passed on, Alan completed a book—"The Sovereignty Revolution" that begins with the following passage:

It is worshiped like a god, and as little understood.

It is the cause of untold strife and bloodshed. Genocide is perpetrated in its sacred name.

It is at once a source of power and of power's abuse, of order and of anarchy. It can be noble and it can be shameful.

It is sovereignty.

I commend this book to you all and I'm happy to announce today it will soon be available through, among other places, the web site of the Global Security Institute ([www.gsinsitute.org](http://www.gsinsitute.org)), the nonprofit organization Alan recently founded to advance his work to abolish nuclear weapons and advance global security.

While we all miss Alan, we can take solace in knowing that he fulfilled the purpose of making a difference with his life and leaving the world a better place.

In closing, I want to thank you again for being here to mourn the loss we all share, celebrate what we've accomplished, and recommit to the causes that brought us together. As Alan would say at the end of nearly all of his speeches, I thank you for all you are doing and urge you onward.

Thank you.

GRAY DAVIS, At first I want to express the deep condolences of my wife Sharon and I to Eleanor Cameron, Alan's sister, to Kim, Colette, and to the extended Cranston family.

My friends, we come here today not just to mourn Alan Cranston, but to honor him. We're greatly saddened by his passing, but we're grateful for his extraordinary life and the rich legacy he left behind.

Alan was a native Californian who grew up to be an extraordinary public servant. He

had a sharp intellect, a humility of spirit, and a quality of compassion that is rare in life and rarer still in public life. He was an extraordinary person. Yes, he was a pragmatist who understood that progress was a long struggle for common ground. But he was also an idealist who believed that violence anywhere was a threat to freedom everywhere.

He reminded us that there is a moral force in this world more powerful than the mightiest of nations or the force of arms. And one by one, he tackled the great issues of our time: World peace; arms control; veterans' health; environment. One by one, he made a difference.

For those of you fortunate enough to spend some time in the Golden Gate National Recreational Area or the Santa Monica Mountains or the desert lands that he protected, you know what a difference he made. Future generations will acknowledge their debt of gratitude to Alan Cranston, and it is most appropriate that we thank him today.

Alan was also a very good politician. He ran every race with the same focus and intensity that he learned running the hundred-yard dash back at Stanford. He was almost always the underdog. Critics dismissed his chances, saying he lacked the charisma to win. But Alan proved time and again that in this state character, not charisma, is what people want most.

He became only the second Californian to be elected four times to the United States Senate—Hiram Johnson being the first. He became the patron saint of every candidate for office inflicted with a charisma deficit, myself included. He is my personal hero.

Alan may have lacked charisma, but he was enormously resourceful. Eleanor tells in her book the story of Alan's first race for Controller in 1958. Alan knew someone who had a television show in Los Angeles. But the host of the show reminded Alan he was contractually obligated to talk about contact lenses. He couldn't mention he was a candidate for office and under no circumstances could he say he was a Democrat. But as I said before, Alan was very resourceful. So he went on the show just a few days before his election and he said, "My name is Alan Cranston. I'm running up and down the state making contacts and jumping in front of lenses. I am Alan Cranston." The viewing audience didn't have a clue what he was talking about. But he mentioned the name Alan Cranston eight times. And even though he'd never been elected to public office before, he was elected Controller of the State of California. So Alan knew what he was talking about.

Finally my friends, Alan Cranston was part of the World War II generation. A generation that Tom Brokaw has aptly described as our "Greatest Generation." A generation from which much was asked and a great deal was given. A generation that went to Europe and stood down Adolf Hitler's Nazi regime, rescued the survivors of the Holocaust, and literally saved democracy as we know it today.

It was a generation that came home with no expectation of recognition and went about rebuilding a new America. A generation that built roads, hospitals and businesses, and paved the way for the digital economy, although most did not live to enjoy it. A generation that did their duty, and then came home.

God has called Alan Cranston home. I know God has blessed his soul. I know God will give Alan enduring peace for which he struggled his entire life to try and obtain for

all the peoples of the world. I ask you to say a prayer tonight for Alan, his family and his loved ones.

It was my honor to lower the flag today in recognition of his remarkable career, and it's my honor now to present it to Kim and Colette. Thank you.

JOSEPH BIDEN. My name is Joe Biden. I served with Alan for twenty of his twenty-four years in the Senate, but I consider myself more a student of Alan's. Kim, Colette, Evan, I never fully understood your father's tenacity, by the way, until I heard the repeated emphasis on the middle name MacGregor. Now I understand it better. Eleanor, my sister Valerie says it's very difficult raising a brother; you obviously did well at your chore.

I'm very grateful, and indeed privileged, for having the honor of being here today to represent the US Senate and the Senate Foreign Relations committee. It's a task that's well beyond my capabilities, because the life we commemorate was so extraordinary. To you, his family, to us, his colleagues and friends, and to the people of this state and nation, we're not likely to see anyone like Alan, anytime soon.

I can't help but think of American architect Daniel Burnham's credo when I think of Alan. He said—

"Make no little plans, they have no magic to stir men's blood. Make big plans, aim high in hope and work, remembering that a noble, logical diagram once recorded will never die, but long after we are gone will be a living thing, asserting itself with ever-growing intensity."

Intensity, big plans, no little plans, that was the Alan Cranston that I knew. Most of us would consider it a successful career if we did nothing other than be sued by Adolf Hitler. But here's a fellow, a young man who came back from Europe as a correspondent, who felt obliged to translate accurately Mien Kampf, who felt obliged to begin a crusade to expose Adolf Hitler. This is a fellow who didn't just decide to help a little bit. I remember the lecture I got on redwood forests. I had not seen one and did not know they had to be preserved. This is a fellow who had no lesser aim than to eliminate nuclear weapons in his time, to guarantee racial equality, to provide durable, affordable housing. I know of no man that I've served with in the Senate, and I've been there twenty-eight years, who had as many intense interests and contributed so much to so many different endeavors.

What accounted for that intensity that dominated Alan's character? It used to baffle me until one day I figured it out—it was Alan's integrity, his honesty, his inability to rationalize to himself that he didn't have any responsibility for this or that problem that he observed in this country.

Alan had an inner compass that would have plagued most of us. He could spot injustice a mile away. He smelled hypocrisy almost before he walked in the room. He knew what had to be done, and he unflinchingly did it, or at least attempted to do it, usually before anyone else, and almost always at some risk to himself. I think integrity, political integrity, personal integrity, is doing what you know to be right even when you know it's likely not to benefit you. Alan was one of the few people I served with who never, never wondered whether he should act based on whether what he was about to do was popular.

Alan MacGregor Cranston, born in 1914. He was almost thirty years my senior, yet he was one of the youngest people I have ever known and have ever served with.

It was not just that his policy priorities would fit under the heading of progressive, although they would, but with Senator Cranston, the senator from California, it was more than that. There was what Robert Kennedy described as—

“The qualities of youth: not a time of life but a state of mind, a temper of the will, a quality of imagination, a predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite for adventure over the love of ease.”

We’ve all heard that quote a thousand times, but I can think of none other that describes the Alan Cranston that I worked with, although some of you knew him much more intimately.

Alan’s commitment to arms control, his passion for environmental protection, his leadership in public housing and transportation, women’s rights, civil rights, civil liberties, his concern for justice in immigration laws; those efforts, those views had nothing to do with fashion, and everything to do with conviction.

The Senator was not one for looking at a situation and deciding what he believed, he knew exactly what he believed. His public positions were not just what he said and what he did, they were who Alan Cranston was.

The senator was armed with conviction, but he always knew that wasn’t enough. He was an athlete, after all, and understood that it’s not enough to have talent; that if you want it to matter, you have to do something with it, and work like hell at it.

Alan Cranston did work, and he worked at leadership. He understood power, not as a reflection of status, but a tool for a purpose, and he used it as well as any man or woman I’ve ever known.

In his 24 years in the Senate and the years since, Alan Cranston pushed our consciousness and our conscience on every issue of consequence, particularly nuclear weapons. He was not just a powerful senator from California, not just an influential member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, not just a democratic whip; he was truly a world leader on nuclear policy. In China, in North Korea, in the Middle East, they had to factor in Alan Cranston when they made their decisions.

He was an internationalist in the great American tradition, with an idealist’s love of peace and a passion for freedom, and he had a realist’s understanding of the global balance of power and simple human nature.

He had learned from history, he taught from history, but kept his eye and his aim always on the future: the future of the Philippines, the future of our relationship with Russia, and what that would mean to the world, the future of our natural resources, and the generation of Americans that we’ll never know.

Alan Cranston ran the hundred-yard dash in under ten seconds when he was at Stanford, and I might add under twelve and a half seconds when he was almost sixty years old. He was consistent, and he was fast, in a hurry. I would suggest not to reach the finish line, but to get to the next race, the next test, the next opportunity, the next possibility, always possibilities. The certainty of a redwood, the spirit of a wild river, “a predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite for adventure over the love of ease.”

The playwright Sam Shepherd wrote, “character is an essential tendency. It can be covered up, it can be messed with, it can be screwed around with, but it can’t ultimately be changed. It is the structure of our blood that runs through our veins.” Evan,

you’ve got good blood, kid. It runs through your veins.

TED TURNER (via video). I could not begin to say enough about my dear friend Senator Cranston, so sorry he’s passed away. He has been an inspiration to me for a number of years, no more so than in the area of weapons of mass destruction. And even though he did not live to get to see the end and the abolition of nuclear weapons from this world, there are a lot of us that are going to continue his work, and I am one of them. We’re going to miss you very much, Senator. Thank you very much.

SALLY LILIENTHAL. Jonathan Schell wrote recently that Alan Cranston has quietly done more than any other American to marshal public will to abolish nuclear weapons. He brought the issue of nuclear arms reductions and abolition to the attention of business leaders, policy makers and cultural figures—and most difficult of all, to retired generals and admirals. And never by email—he didn’t have it.

Our last endeavor together was a national campaign to mobilize places of worship, which is gathering steam today in Christian churches, Jewish synagogues and Muslim mosques, and which was originally housed and organized at the Washington Cathedral in the nation’s capital—the other cathedral.

Early last summer, two years of work came to fruition at an ecumenical service where religious figures together with former generals and admirals called for the reduction and abolition of nuclear weapons. That started the ongoing campaign, the nub of which was the statement Alan wrote and rewrote to get it finally signed by eighteen retired admirals and generals joining in with twenty-one religious figures around the country. Alan was a marvelous writer and consensus builder. It wasn’t easy to sign up the top military figures to reduce and finally abolish nuclear weapons, for abolition is not part of Pentagon thinking. And besides less than four years before he had traveled widely to recruit sixty-three different internationally based generals and admirals to sign another affirmation on the same subject. Let me read you two short sentences from the statement signed by military and church which is at the nub, one might say, of our ecumenical campaign.

“We say that a peace based on terror, a peace based upon threats of inflicting annihilation and genocide upon whole populations, is a peace that is corrupting—a peace that is unworthy of civilization.”

And he went on to write: “We say that it defies all logic to believe that nuclear weapons could exist forever and never be used. This nuclear predicament is untenable in the face of a faith in the divine and unacceptable in terms of sound military doctrine.”

Alan was always positive. I never saw him downhearted during this laborious struggle to rid the world of nuclear weapons. He was tireless in working toward our goal and he never ever thought of failure. So he leaves us with an active legacy—the most important legacy of all—that of hope, good solid hope.

WILLIAM TURNAGE. My name is Bill Turnage. I came to know—and to love—Alan Cranston during my seven years in Washington as President of the Wilderness Society. Kim has asked me to talk about Alan’s great work as an environmentalist.

California—our golden state—has been twice-blessed by the mountain gods.

We have been granted a land among earth’s most sublime yet diverse.

And we’ve been granted a few splendid champions to protect that heritage.

In early days, farsighted San Franciscans like Thomas Starr King and Frederick Billings came forward to protect the Yosemite.

The idea of a national park was born at the time—perhaps the best new idea our American democracy has ever had.

And these early champions enlisted a great Californian photographer—Carleton Watkins—to make pictures that would help persuade the Congress.

And their dream of a Yosemite park was first given shape and form by America’s greatest landscape architect, Frederick Law Olmsted.

And when the Yosemite Sierra was threatened by hooved locusts—and loggers—and miners—John Muir came forward and founded the Sierra Club—and he protected the heart of the High Sierra, the range of light.

And great Muir bequeathed the protection of the Yosemite to his inheritor, San Francisco’s native son, Ansel Adams.

They were two of the greatest environmental philosophers in our nation’s history.

And to turn their dreams into reality, California was blessed with two of our nation’s greatest environmental legislators, Phil Burton and Alan Cranston.

And Alan and Ansel formed a very special friendship—a friendship dedicated to saving wild California. Ansel wrote, in his autobiography, “I have known many great people in California’s history, spanning my 60 active years. But I have never been in contact with a public official of such integrity, imagination, concern and effectiveness as Alan Cranston...I have found him to be a great leader, one who transcends party politics for causes of essential human importance.”

The honor roll of California’s wild places Alan helped save is too long to recite here; it encompassed our state from the Oregon border redwoods to the Mojave desert in the south.

Perhaps Alan’s most lasting contribution to our country’s future was his characteristically quiet, determined and effective leadership of the long, arduous but ultimately successful campaign to save the best of wild Alaska.

One hundred million acres—the size of the state of California—preserved for all time. We simply could not have done it without Alan’s undaunted leadership.

And it could be said that Alan’s most lasting contribution to our golden state was his characteristically patient yet visionary leadership of the long, arduous but ultimately successful campaign to save the best of the great Californian desert. We simply could not have done it without Alan’s undaunted leadership.

In 1994, when the Desert Protection Act was finally coming to fruition in a Democratic presidency—and Alan had retired from the Senate—I proposed, with Alan’s consent, naming the vast wilderness areas of Death Valley National Park—95% of the largest park in the lower 48—“the Alan Cranston Wilderness.”

Regrettably, the proposal was declined. Today—at this time of remembrance and in this hallowed place—I would like to again propose that we join together to ask the congress to name this wilderness—now known simply as “The Death Valley Wilderness”—for our great friend and Senator. The honor, like the wilderness he made possible, will last for all time.

JAMES HORMEL. My admiration for Alan Cranston began over a half century ago, although he was not aware of it at the time. The United Nations was four years old. The Iron Curtain had fallen. Isolationists were

urging the United States to avoid international commitments. And President Truman was moving—against that tide—to facilitate the economic revival of western Europe.

In that climate, at the age of sixteen, I became a member of a student chapter of the United World Federalists, which was hailed by some as a major movement toward peaceful co-existence and was excoriated by others—a very vocal opposition—as a gathering of Communist sympathizers. Alan had just become president of the organization. It was typical of the many challenges which he so willingly took on during the course of his long and productive life.

Alan already had taken on Adolph Hitler by publishing an unexpurgated version of *Mien Kampf*. He already had served during the Second World War both in the Office of War Information and in the army. He would augment that service during a long political career, including the resuscitation of the Democratic party in California and the outstanding twenty-four years during which he was a United States Senator.

It was during his Senate years that we met and developed a friendship which meant so much to me. I admired Alan's courageous stands on conservation and social justice, and his unswerving dedication to the peaceful resolution of conflicts around the world. I discovered coincidentally that his grandfather had built the house next door to mine, a fact which underscored his California roots and his deep concerns for the well-being of his California constituents. Independently I met and became a friend of his son Kim, which gave me a window into another dimension of Alan—Alan as father.

One of Alan's last acts as a Senator was to write the letters which started the long and arduous process of my Ambassadorial appointment. Alan was instrumental not only in beginning the process, but also in guiding me through many of the minefields which lay in my path.

My memory of Alan is as a gentle giant. His goodness radiated to all around him. He was a great leader—the very embodiment of the highest level of leadership as described by Lao-Tzu, whose words he carried with him as his life's philosophy, as he sought quietly and selflessly to make this planet a better place for all of us.

May we have the wisdom and courage to follow his example.

HARRIS WOFFORD. You may not know that in her last years while still painting, Georgia O'Keefe wrote some still not published short stories that she showed me. The one that rises in my memory was about a man she met in her first days in New Mexico. He invited her to see his ranch, three hundred miles away, and one day she drove down (hiding her suitcase in case she decided not to spend the night). She stayed overnight and from time to time they would visit, doing very prosaic things, sometimes just watching the horses he trained, or walking over the land, or looking at the hills.

Five decades later she drove down to his ranch, maybe for the last time, she thought. They sat a long time looking at the hills and she found herself saying to herself with great satisfaction: "Fifty years of friendship with Richard."

That's all the story said. Well, for me it's fifty-five years of friendship with Alan. There was little—too little—time just sitting and watching the hills. He was always on the go, running sprints or long distance.

When we met just after World War II we were setting out on no little prosaic mis-

sion—it was a crusade to make one world a reality in a United Nations with the power to keep the peace and prevent nuclear war. When we last met at his home in Los Altos a year ago, his smile was still infectious and he was still hard at work, in his irrepresible way, on the same mission, persuading generals and admirals and people of power to join in a new declaration for the abolition of all nuclear weapons.

When I reread Eleanor's wonderful, perceptive, loving biography of her brother, I realized how much our lives intersected over the years and how much his life intersected with the great issues of our time.

In 1948, Alan gave my wife Clare her first job directing United World Federalists of Northern California. He caused one of the greatest tensions in our half century of marriage when he ran for President on the great central issue of nuclear peace and asked me to be one of the three co-chairs of his campaign with Marjorie Benton and Willie Brown. Clare did not want me to do that. She loved, Alan but did not think he could win, and thought it was the one time in our life when I should stick to working as a lawyer and make some money.

Like many who would rally to his quiet calls over the years, I could not say "no." In his sixty years of public service Alan brought many people of different persuasions to say "yes" and to work together for good things. One of those times he played a key part in my appointment to the U.S. Senate—which I like to think was a good thing.

Two days after Senator John Heinz died in an air crash, Governor Casey asked me if I knew a particular major donor to the Democratic Party and I said no. "Then why did he write me this extraordinary letter asking me to appoint you to the Senate?" Casey asked. I had no idea. That was the beginning of a flood of different, well-done letters in the same vein, from a range of significant people around the country. A few days later Alan telephoned to tell me that as soon as he heard the news of John Heinz's death he had gone to work on the phone, producing those letters—which I'm sure influenced Casey in my selection.

But the intersection of our lives began way back. From Eleanor's book I realized that Alan's first journalistic break was covering Mussolini in 1938, and that the speech he heard in the Piazza de Venezia when Mussolini took Stalin out of the League of Nations was the same one I heard in that same square as a twelve-year-old boy. Alan's greatest adventure in journalism was getting into Ethiopia for some months after the Italian invasion. One of my greatest adventures was going to Ethiopia with my family, in the Peace Corps.

Before we met, each of us had written a book, in 1945, calling for a world union to keep the peace. Alan's was the powerful story of how isolationism in the Senate had killed the peace after World War I. It was a sign of his determination to go to the Senate to see that this did not happen again.

Despite all the help that Alan gave me in my election campaigns—and Joe Biden and John Kerry who are here—my tenure in the Senate was very short. His was very long—and great.

By my count only Ted Kennedy, in this century, rivals Alan in legislative accomplishments. Alan's mark was on a thousand bills and countless votes, large and small, where his coalition-building skill was the key to success.

Like Lincoln, Alan Cranston truly believed that the better angels of our nature can be

brought forth in this land. He did not discount the demons and distractions in the way, but he demonstrated that politics is not only the art of the possible—it is the only way to make reason rule.

It was our good luck—the good luck so many of us here and around the country—to have had these many years of friendship with Alan Cranston.

JANE GOODALL (via video). I'm tremendously honored to have been asked to take part in the memorial to someone I admired so much as Alan Cranston. My body is far away in Africa but I want you to know that my thoughts are with you now.

I never got a chance to know Alan really well in life because our paths didn't cross that often. But what I saw I loved, and like everyone, I admired Alan so much for his integrity and his sincerity and his determination to try and rid the world of the most evil weapons of mass destruction that we ever created, and Alan did so much to alert people to the hidden dangers of these weapons stockpiled around the world.

And we shall miss his leadership most terribly, but his spirit is still around, still with us, guiding us, encouraging us, and above all, joining us together so that we can move confidently towards the goal that he was setting, and make this world a safer place for his grandchildren and ours and the children yet unborn. Thank you, Alan, for being who you were. Thank you.

CRUZ REYNOSO. I once read that 'The most powerful weapon on earth is the human soul on fire.'

Alan's soul was always on fire for the welfare of those in need, for the strength of our democracy, for human dignity, and for a world at peace.

It must have been 1959 or 1960 when my wife and I, with others from the El Centro Democratic Club from Imperial Valley (the center of the world) traveled to Fresno for the annual convention of the CDC, Council of Democratic Clubs. A featured speaker was Alan Cranston. To this day, I remember being inspired—he spoke of the role of government in helping the disadvantaged, of the need for economic democracy, of the right we all have in equal protection and fairness, and government's responsibility in protecting those rights, and of our responsibility to be active participants. That a person with his soul on fire for those ideals I held dear could actually be elected to state wide office was, to me, a marvel and inspiration. I never forgot.

A decade later I found myself as director of California Rural Legal Assistance. CRLA was the leading legal services for the poor. Many entrenched interests, including the state government, found themselves on the losing side of many lawsuits CRLA brought on behalf of its clients—farmworkers, medical recipients, working poor. Those interests fought back. Alan worked closely with CRLA to protect our professional independence and assure our continued existence. As I saw it, there was little political gain for Alan—it was his devotion to fairness and to the concept of human dignity that brought us together. Eventually, it was President Nixon who overrode the state veto of CRLA, thereby saving legal services.

And years later Alan's son, Kim, I and countless others joined Alan in our mutual efforts to register thousands of new voters, an effort to include all in our democratic society.

Not all efforts were on a grand scale. My last, and still ongoing task, has been to represent a prisoner who is in Soledad for a life

term. Alan was convinced that the prisoner was fully rehabilitated. He called to see if I could help. My associate, Tom Gray, and I worked with Alan. We will continue.

Not all was work. I remember those wonderful conversations as we dined in the Senate restaurant. Once, Alan invited me to a marvelous San Francisco eatery. At the end of the evening Alan invited me to join his Washington, D.C. office in a position of considerable responsibility. Unfortunately, I could not accept the offer, but the food had been great.

Alan's interest went beyond prison walls or the fifty United States. His efforts have sought peace for this globe. John Amos Gomenius, the Czech Religious and Educational leader wrote about 350 years ago:

"We are all citizens of one world, we are all of one blood. To hate a man because he was born in another country, he speaks a different language, or because he takes a different view on this subject or that, is a great folly . . . Let us have one end in view, the welfare of humanity."

Alan's soul was always on fire—for the welfare of an individual human being—or the welfare of all humanity.

JONATHAN GRANOFF. My name is Jonathan Granoff. I've had the privilege of working with Senator Cranston on the abolition of nuclear weapons with Lawyer's Alliance for World Security, with the State of the World Forum, with the Middle Powers Initiative, and most recently, with the Global Security Institute.

Recently, some journalists from Japan were here in the beginning of December interviewing Senator Cranston, and I was there, and they asked me what I did as the CEO of the Global Security Institute. So I said, and I meant this, when a tree is ripe with fruit, an intelligent person will sit beneath the tree and gather the sweet fruit. Alan is still giving us fruit. And Alan's example of being a true human being is the sweetest fruit that we could be given, because Alan taught by seamlessly integrating the highest human values with his daily life.

He exemplified decency and elegance in action. He lived without prejudice. People say they live without prejudice; Alan didn't say it, he just lived it. He didn't harbor any doubts or suspicions about others, he never engaged in backbiting or any pettiness, and he was tranquil in the midst of an extraordinary dynamism, like a smooth, powerful river.

He was full of grace. Alan Cranston remains for us a statesman in a state of grace. His grace was exemplified in the ease he had in the midst of conflict, because that ease rested on a real faith in the intrinsic goodness of humanity. Because he had found that goodness in himself, and for those of us who had the privilege of working with him, we know that's how he got us to do things, because we knew that he never asked anybody to do anything he wouldn't do; he's the guy who would be up at two in the morning, and then up again at six-thirty.

Adversaries were only so as to the issue at hand, but never as to the person, because Alan honored everyone. His inner clarity and strength was coupled with this unique ability, and even desire, to hear everyone's point of view, not as a political ruse, but because Alan honored everyone.

Alan understood fully two icons his parents did not have that we inherited from the Twentieth Century. The first is the awesome, horrific mushroom cloud arising from science and the quest for unbridled power, unreined by morality, law and reason, and

the other icon is the picture of the planet from outer space, borderless, majestic, alive and sacred.

Alan honored all life by holding the second icon before him, and that is why he focused most intensely on the nuclear issue, because that and that alone can end all life on the planet, and it becomes the moral standard of our civilization. I had the privilege of traveling with Alan and going all over the world working on this issue, and one of the amazing things is I would forget how old he was, because his body got old, but he didn't. He had found that secret of the joyous heart, he had found that place of tranquility in action.

George Crile is a CNN and 60 Minutes producer, beloved, very beloved of Alan, and he has put together some footage to give us all a sense of what it's like to be on the road with Alan Cranston.

[video insert]

Death is such a mystery, and the only comfort is the love that we bring to our lives, and the faithfulness with which we carry forth the mission that great men have given us. Alan, we will follow in your loving memory. We will stay the course. We will be vigilant until nuclear weapons are abolished.

We are guided by the philosophy that you held with you.

Lao-Tzu:

A leader is best  
When people barely know  
That he exists,  
Less good when  
They obey and acclaim him,  
Worse when  
They fear and despise him.  
Fail to honor people  
And they fail to honor you.  
But of a good leader,  
When his work is done,  
His aim fulfilled,  
They will all say,  
"We did this ourselves."

Senator Cranston sought no honor for himself. He honored life itself through his service. Together and with your help, we will follow in his large footsteps, and on the day when the work is done, the aim fulfilled, we will know that we did not do it alone. Thank you, Alan. May God give you infinite peace, infinite bliss, infinite love, Amen.

ALAN JONES. We've come to the end of a deeply felt tribute to a great soul. And any celebration of a great soul confronts us with choices. And so I offer this final blessing.

There are only two feelings, Love, and fear. There are only two languages, love and fear. There are only two activities, love and fear. There are only two motives, two procedures, two frameworks, two results. Love and fear. Let us choose love.

The eye of the great God be upon you, the eye of the God of glory be upon you, the eye of the son of Mary be on you, the eye of the spirit be on you to aid you and shepherd you, and the kindly eye of the three be on you to aid you and shepherd you and give you peace, now and always, Amen.

#### ADMINISTRATION ACTS TO STALL ENVIRONMENT RULES

Mr. REID. Mr. President, there has been much talk by the President and other members of the Administration about developing a comprehensive energy strategy that will help avert national supply shortages and protect the environment.

I hope we'll all work together on a balanced approach. That is a laudable

goal. However, it seems the Administration may already have begun backpedaling or backsliding away from the bipartisan rhetoric and the environmental gains that we've recently made.

One matter, in particular, bothers me. That is the subject of dirty diesels and the recently issued EPA rules to clean up that source of pollution.

I would like to put in the RECORD a copy of a letter that I have just received from a broad coalition of groups that is concerned about the fate of this rule. They fear that the rule and its benefits to the public's health may be delayed or even withdrawn entirely. It's an impressive group that the Administration should heed.

I understand that the Administrator is considering acting to delay the implementation of the final rule to cut down on emissions from heavy-duty diesel engines and reduce sulfur in diesel fuel. In addition to the fact that this potential action and others already taken by agencies to delay recently issued rules to protect the environment do not appear to comply with the Administrative Procedures Act, it's just plain bad policy.

On December 18, 2000, EPA promulgated a final rule that mandates a 97 percent reduction in the sulfur content of diesel fuel by September 2006, from approximately 300 to 15 parts per million.

The rule also requires that diesel engines emissions get much cleaner. They must reduce particulate matter and nitrogen oxide emissions by 90 and 95 percent, respectively, from today's levels. As a result, diesel vehicles will finally be on par with emissions from gasoline vehicles.

The public health and environmental benefits from this rule will be tremendous. Quantified benefits are expected to total \$70.3 billion by 2030 when the new, cleaner fleet of vehicles is fully phased in. This rule means fewer hospital admissions, probably less lung cancer, and major reductions in other respiratory illnesses and premature deaths.

I don't begrudge the Administration time to review existing laws and regulatory requirements. But, there is a legal and substantive process to be followed, not a political one. This rule has already been through that wringer and should not be further delayed.

Thus far, we have been willing to work with the President on his nominees and have not delayed their confirmations unduly. Now it is time for the Administration to reciprocate. Administration actions to delay rules with major public health and environmental benefits will pollute that atmosphere of good will.

Mr. President, I ask consent that the letter be printed in the RECORD.

There being no objection, the letter was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows: