

All parents are teachers, by deed as well as by example. When a mother and child bake cookies together, that mother effortlessly includes lessons in mathematics, chemistry, and reading, in addition to teaching order and discipline. And what sweeter way to take those lessons than by reading and following a spotted and time-worn family recipe, measuring out a half of a teaspoon of salt or a tablespoon and a half of vanilla, adding ingredients in the proper order and mixing long enough but not too long, then dropping even rows of dough on a baking sheet and waiting for the edges to crisp and turn brown. Taken separately, flour and egg, spices and chocolate, do not look especially mouth-watering, perhaps. But is there anything more sublime than warm chocolate chip cookies still tender from the oven, washed down with a glass of icy cold milk? "Ah, how sweet it is," and Jackie Gleason used to say. Not when you are 10 years old, I suspect. Perhaps not ever. Those are the lessons, and the memories, that mothers give us every day.

We learn life's essential lessons at our mother's side. They may not be life's greatest lessons, yet they may be. They may not be earth shattering new inventions may result, no cosmos-clarity theorem be inspired—but they are essential nonetheless. When mothers read stories at night, and when they wash grimy hands and smeared faces, when they nag children to pick up their toys and put away the clean laundry, when they scold children for not sharing with a playmate or for perhaps hitting a playmate, they teach more than reading, more than cleanliness, more than tidiness, more than manners: they teach love. They teach respect for themselves, for oneself, and for others. These are lessons that last a lifetime. They are ingrained. They are what we teach our children. They are how we live our lives. Mothers—they are what make society work. Even as adults, in times of trouble, we may seek solace in a prayer learned in the dim bedrooms of an earlier time, when our mother's voice led us in "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

For all that mothers have to do each day, for all the lessons they teach, setting aside one day each year to honor them is but a small down payment on the debt of love and gratitude that we owe. My own angel mother, having died when I was just a year old, left no memories for me.

But to her, that angel mother whose prayers have followed me in all the days of my years, and to the kind woman, my aunt, who took me to raise as her own, I say on this day: Thank you. Thank you. I know—I know that they hear. They are in heaven today. And to my wife Erma, to whom I shall be married 64 years, 3 weeks from this past Tuesday, she has mothered me,

too, my wife Erma, and she has continued my raising since I met her in the schoolyard long ago. To my wife Erma, who raised my two precious daughters to be the strong and resourceful women and mothers that they are, I say a heartfelt, "Thank you!" I have been in good hands, and I am grateful on this Mother's Day and every day. And to all the mothers in America who work so hard each day to keep our lives orderly and well fed, and who remind and nag and scold and coach and encourage and hug and mold their children into happy, loving, responsible people, I say on behalf of all mothers, "Thank you!" "Thank you", mothers.

Mr. President, I would like to close with a poem that I learned a long time ago, and which illustrates nicely that combination of education that mothers provide, both practical and spiritual.

I want to dedicate it to our pages today, these fine young people. They are all juniors in high school. They will be calling their mothers, I will bet.

It is called "A Pinch of This, A Pinch of That."

Have you ever heard that said, "a pinch of this, a pinch of that"?

When Mother used to mix the dough,
Or make a batter long ago;
When I was only table high,
I used to like just standing by
And watching her, for all the while,
She'd sing a little, maybe smile,
And talk to me and tell me—What?
Well, things I never have forgot.
I'd ask her how to make a cake.
"Well, first," she'd say, "Some sugar take
Some butter and an egg or two,
Some flour and milk, you always do,
And then put in, to make it good—"
This part I never understood
And often use to wonder at—
"A pinch of this, a pinch of that."
And then, she'd say, "my little son,
When you grow up, when childhood's done,
And mother may be far away,
Then just remember what I say,
For life's a whole lot like a cake;
Yes, life's a thing you have to make—
Much like a cake, or pie, or bread;
You'll find it so," my Mother said.

I did not understand her then,
But how her words come back again;
Before my eyes my life appears
A life of laughter and of tears,
For both the bitter and the sweet
Have made this life of mine complete—
The things I have, the things I miss,
A pinch of that, a pinch of this.
And, now I think I know the way
To make a life as she would say:
"Put in the wealth to serve your needs,
But don't leave out the lovely deeds;
Put in great things you mean to do,
And don't leave out the good and true.
Put in, whatever you are at,
A pinch of this, a pinch of that."

Mr. President, I yield the floor.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. I thank the Senator from West Virginia for speaking on behalf of all the Senators and all the people in America.

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, I thank the Chair. I suggest the absence of a quorum.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The clerk will call the roll.

The legislative clerk proceeded to call the roll.

Mr. BENNETT. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the order for the quorum call be rescinded.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

AMERICAN SERVICEMEMBERS' PROTECTION ACT

Mr. HELMS. Mr. President, in rejecting U.S. membership in the U.N. Human Rights Commission, the strongest voice for freedom in the world has been silenced at and by the United Nations.

Clearly, Members of the United Nations are far more comfortable with a definition of human rights which is agreeable to rogue nations like Libya and Sudan. This is precisely the sentiment which created the International Criminal Court. If the signatories to the Rome Treaty proceed to establish a permanent International Criminal Court, we need an insurance policy against politicized prosecution of American soldiers and officials.

This bill is just that protection, and let me be absolutely clear, the Rome Treaty, if sent to the United States Senate for ratification, will be dead on arrival.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Senate will not ratify this treaty, it is, to my knowledge, the first treaty which would be applicable to the U.S. even without the United States consent. This is, to say the least, an appalling breach of American sovereignty and it will not stand.

But, there will be real consequences if the United States remains silent in the face of this outrage. It is easy to imagine the U.S. or Israel becoming a target of a U.N. witch hunt, with officials or soldiers being sent before judges handpicked by undemocratic countries.

I am pleased that the able Senator from Georgia, ZELL MILLER, is joining in the introduction of this bill. It will help President Bush signal that the United Nations will have to go back to the drawing board when dealing with war crimes. If any such treaty creating a war crimes court does not include the opportunity for a U.S. veto, I will make certain that the Senate vetoes the treaty.

GUNS AND SUICIDE

Mr. LEVIN. Mr. President, this week, May 6–12, is National Suicide Prevention Week. Suicide is the eighth leading cause of death in the United States. This devastating tragedy takes the lives of more than 30,000 Americans each year, and brings suffering and loss to the lives of the friends and family who are left behind. Citing suicide as a