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

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

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

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

Mr. President, today I remember Jo-Ann for her service, her friendship, and her kindness. All of us who knew her continue to draw strength from her courage and her faith, and Jo-Ann's life continues to inspire.●

COMMEMORATING SAMUEL JAMES TOBIAS

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

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

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

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

TRIBUTE TO ALICE FULLER

● Mr. MOYNIHAN. Mr. President, I rise today to pay tribute to a remarkable woman, Alice Fuller. At the age of 81, she has two adult daughters, six grandchildren, and nine great grandchildren. She manages a thirteen-acre farm and garden, and still spoils her family with homemade rolls and baked goods at every family dinner. Her stamina and good-nature should be an inspiration to all Americans. A native of Missouri, she moved with her family to California in 1936, and in 1941, she married and moved to Oregon. Irrespective of her southern and western roots, she is an enthusiastic and loyal fan of the New York Yankees. On Mother's Day, The Register-Guard of Eugene, Oregon included the following story on this, ''One Tough Mom.''

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

A FARMER'S INSTINCT

(By Kimber Williams, The Register-Guard)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

''When a water pipe broke earlier this year, Mom went out in the rain, muck and mud, and dug the hole for the plumber to be able to fix the pipe,'' McIntyre recalled. ''She falls often, and in fact, fell into the hole, but climbed back out and went right back to digging.

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

At this, Fuller can't keep quiet.

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

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

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

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

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

Once, while climbing a metal ladder to check a feed bin on a rainy day, she discovered a short in the electric auger that moved chicken feed into the bin. Her hand froze to