

funding, and it is included in this legislation.

So I am hopeful and I am confident that the Senate is going to recognize the legitimacy and the importance of adopting this conference report. It reflects a lot of hard work by members of our appropriations subcommittee that developed the legislation, working in a bipartisan fashion, and working with our colleagues in the other body after our bill was passed and we negotiated this conference report with them, to come up with the best possible work product under the circumstances that we find ourselves today.

But no matter how much money we appropriate for research, for disaster assistance, for export assistance, trying to help stimulate our sales in overseas markets, we cannot solve all the problems of agriculture by the passage of this one bill. Everybody knows that. But it is a major and important step, and it will benefit a lot of American agricultural producers.

There is also more in this bill than just production agriculture assistance, but it is an important aspect of this legislation. This is a \$78 billion bill. Nearly \$40 billion of the funds relates to agriculture, landowner assistance, research to try to help do the things you have to do to maintain efficiency, understand the new technologies, translate the research from the laboratory to the farm through extension programs so that we have the finest, the most efficient, the most dependable agricultural sector in the world. This bill achieves those goals.

We also, at the same time, provide food safety programs, an inspection service that is fully funded, a food safety initiative that is fully funded at the request of the administration, to make sure that we have a wholesome supply of food, and it is fit for consumption by Americans, and it is reasonably priced.

We achieve that goal in this legislation. There are many in our country who do not have the benefit of high incomes. We have low-income people who live in poverty areas who need food assistance. This legislation includes school lunch program and school breakfast program funding. It includes Women, Infants, and Children Program funding, Food Stamp Program funding, assistance to soup kitchens, to those who use surplus commodities to provide lunches and meals for people who cannot afford food, so that we do not have people who are out of work and out of food. This legislation provides that important benefit as well.

So, on balance, this is a good bill. It deserves the support of the Senate. I hope all Senators will support it.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from Wisconsin.

Mr. KOHL. Mr. President, I yield our time.

Mr. COCHRAN. Mr. President, I ask for the yeas and nays on the conference report.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Is there a sufficient second?

There appears to be.

The question is on agreeing to the conference report. The clerk will call the roll.

The legislative clerk called the roll.

Mr. NICKLES. I announce that the Senator from North Carolina (Mr. HELMS) and the Senator from Minnesota (Mr. GRAMS) are necessarily absent.

Mr. REID. I announce that the Senator from Delaware (Mr. BIDEN), the Senator from California (Mrs. FEINSTEIN), the Senator from Massachusetts (Mr. KENNEDY), and the Senator from Connecticut (Mr. LIEBERMAN) are necessarily absent.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Are there any other Senators in the Chamber desiring to vote?

The result was announced—yeas 86, nays 8, as follows:

[Rollcall Vote No. 277 Leg.]

YEAS—86

Abraham	Edwards	McConnell
Akaka	Enzi	Mikulski
Ashcroft	Fitzgerald	Miller
Baucus	Frist	Moynihan
Bayh	Gorton	Murkowski
Bennett	Graham	Murray
Bingaman	Grassley	Reed
Bond	Gregg	Reid
Boxer	Hagel	Robb
Breaux	Harkin	Roberts
Brownback	Hatch	Rockefeller
Bryan	Hollings	Roth
Bunning	Hutchinson	Santorum
Burns	Hutchison	Sarbanes
Byrd	Inhofe	Schumer
Campbell	Inouye	Sessions
Chafee, L.	Jeffords	Shelby
Cleland	Johnson	Smith (OR)
Cochran	Kerrey	Snowe
Collins	Kerry	Specter
Conrad	Kohl	Stevens
Craig	Landrieu	Thomas
Crapo	Lautenberg	Thompson
Daschle	Leahy	Thurmond
DeWine	Levin	Torricelli
Dodd	Lincoln	Warner
Domenici	Lott	Wellstone
Dorgan	Lugar	Wyden
Durbin	Mack	

NAYS—8

Allard	Kyl	Smith (NH)
Feingold	McCain	Voinovich
Gramm	Nickles	

NOT VOTING—6

Biden	Grams	Kennedy
Feinstein	Helms	Lieberman

The conference report was agreed to.

Mr. COCHRAN. Mr. President, I move to reconsider the vote.

Mr. BYRD. I move to lay that motion on the table.

The motion to lay on the table was agreed to.

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

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

MORNING BUSINESS

Mr. COCHRAN. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that there be a pe-

riod for morning business with Senators permitted to speak therein for up to 10 minutes each.

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

MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO FREDERICK HART BY REVEREND STEPHEN HAPPEL

Mr. THURMOND. Mr. President, it was only a little over a year ago when this nation lost one of the most inspiring, talented sculptors of the 20th century. Frederick Hart's passionate spirituality and his extraordinary ability to transform human emotions into physical elements were reflected throughout his works of art, and his tragic death has left a tremendous void. I know that I convey the thoughts of all who had the privilege of knowing Rick as I again extend my condolences to his wife, Lindy, and their two sons, Lain and Alexander.

On October 6, 2000, Reverend Doctor Stephen Happel, Dean of the School of Religious Studies at Catholic University, paid tribute to Frederick Hart at a memorial service held in his honor at the Washington National Cathedral. Dr. Happel's poignant remarks are a testimony to a man who embraced the complexity of God and art, and I ask unanimous consent that his remarks be printed in the RECORD.

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

THE CATHEDRAL YEARS

(Remarks of Stephen Happel, Memorial for Frederick Hart, National Cathedral, 6 October 2000)

"We have seen that without the involution of matter upon itself, that is to say, without the closed chemistry of molecules, cells and phyletic branches, there would never have been either biosphere or noosphere. In their advent and their development, life and thought are not only accidentally, but also structurally, bound up with the contours and destiny of the terrestrial mass." (P. Teilhard de Chardin, *The Phenomenon of Man* [New York: Harper Torchbook, 1961], 273). "The term of creation is not to be sought in the temporal zones of our visible world, but . . . the effort required of our fidelity must be consummated beyond a total metamorphosis of ourselves and of everything surrounding us." (P. Teilhard de Chardin, *The Divine Milieu* [New York: Harper & Row, 1960], 78). The evolution of everything cannot fulfill itself on earth except through reaching for something, someone outside itself. In doing so, literally everything is transformed.

These quotations from the Teilhard de Chardin's *Phenomenon of Man* and *The Divine Milieu* were the human milieu that I found when I walked into Frederick Hart's life in 1973-74. He had joined an Inquiry Class at St. Matthew's Cathedral during a particularly difficult time in his life. Inquiry classes are traditional Catholic ways for people investigating new knowledge and spiritual meaning. Rick was living in his studio, a garage on P St with a bedroom attached, his first plan for the facade of the Cathedral rejected (along with all the other sculptors). He was looking for a comprehensive vision in which his own work could struggle to be born. Or better, his artistic work struggled to evolve and create a world, an environment

that could grow like a green space in a desert, expanding to nourish the beautiful on the planet. And he was looking for some words to mirror the sculptural world he was inventing.

Frederick Hart arrived at the National Episcopal Cathedral in the 1960's as a mail clerk. He had decided, after trying his hand at painting, that sculpture was his vocation, but he needed a place to learn. The learning took place here on this spot, under the guidance of Roger Morigi, one of the last classic master stonemasons, whose techniques went back to Michelangelo and Leonardo da Vinci. Rick graduated from mail clerk to apprentice, when Roger, an often difficult, sometimes volcanic, professional father, found the fellow "promising." After Rick completed a bust of Philip Frohman, the architect of the Cathedral, as a gift for the Cathedral (1969), the clerk of the works, Richard Feller, recognized that this young (now 26) sculptor should be included in the competition for the facade sculpture. Rick continued to produce bosses, gargoyles, and the classic Erasmus, a Catholic reformer with an ironic tone (not unlike Rick's own) until April, 1975 when his second set of motifs for the central tympanum and the trumeau sculpture were approved.

I met Rick at that Inquiry Class at St. Matthew's Cathedral on Rhode Island Avenue. I gave a talk on the sacraments in which I spoke about how symbols are neither subjective nor secondary in our religious lives. I paralleled the power and effectiveness of artwork and the Sacraments. Each of them transform us if we let them, they invite us into the world they project in front of us. They announce a better world that has not quite arrived, but will if faith prevails. Artistic and sacramental symbols are not substitutes for what is not there, but an incipient presence of the whole, pushing its way into our sometimes dull and quotidian conscious life. Even though the routine of work and domestic life can screen out what is truly beautiful and holy, symbols can break through and insist on being seen, heard, and touched.

Rick, like the symbols themselves, had a way of fidgeting into a conversation. Although he was respectful of the fact that we had never met, he could not quite resist asking lots of questions early on at the meeting. It did not take long for the two of us to discover that we were cultural and religious siblings, we were both committed to the ways in which religious symbols could change public life. After the "official" conversation was over, Rick, Darrell Acree, Father James Meyers and I went to the Dupont Village Pizza, regrettably no longer there, ordered pizza and (I have to say) more than one pitcher of beer while discussing art, the sacraments, and his plans for the Cathedral's facade. Somehow I'm quite sure that the Lord would not have understood our discussing the sacraments over the pizza and beer!

Rick was at the beginning of his new proposal. Basically, he just wanted to know whether his view of the world was theologically crazy. It was not; it was genial. Through the help of his friends, he had not only made his way from Childe Harold and the Benbow, local pubs, but he had also read Teilhard de Chardin and classic philosophies of art. In between these books and his wanderings, he would take his meager paychecks from the National Cathedral to build a garden with a fountain in the backyard of the garage and draperies to remake his interior world. The next winter the drapes were useful; they kept him warm when he wasn't sleeping with the two dogs that sufficed as a heater in the unheated studio.

Rick lived physically on the margins during those years. Deliberately, energetically;

he found the "in-between" a creative locus in which he could explore the ways in which the body could evoke mind and heart, in which the material embodied the spiritual and eternal, in which the physical could struggle, emerge, and become other than it is. This was a man for whom ideas were a passion; and passions could become ideas. I had no trouble finding a life-long friend— or better, a friend for all of his life.

Later that evening I saw the gouache designs he had already completed for the project of Creation, Adam and Sts. Peter and Paul. But as in all cases with my experience of Rick's work as it evolved, the idea was somewhere within, grasping for life and open air, to live in the public world. Rick had to produce a "statement," as you know, for the competition. That night he and I spoke about how creation evolved, the role of human beings in this evolution, and the primary, initiating power of God's love. If you will, it was a course in Christian anthropology, a human nature aiming beyond itself, a human being unable to make sense of itself without reference to the Other—to God. I took the pieces he had produced, added some theological jargon and sent them back to him. He re-worked them again and sent them in along with the drawings. He won. We are living in the results of his labor.

Medieval Cathedrals emerged from a vastly different anticipated future. They were painted, very colorful places of worship, filled with multiple altars, incense, and song. An entry through the main doors at the Cathedral at Autun shows an either/or world—either heaven or hell. Christ the Judge seated on a throne presides in the midst of a heavenly court. On Christ's right, angels push souls into the mansions of heaven where Mary and the apostles reside; on the left, demons weigh souls and send them off to torment.

Rick's vision for the facade of the National Cathedral coincided with the courageous commitment of the building committee. The theme was creation, a new image for a National Cathedral in a new country. The vision was both/and—the material and the spiritual. How to imagine both a primordial past and a transformed future—at the same time? How to make the stone fly from earth into the infinite horizon of the Universe? How to unite the individual and the communal in a contemporary world where the radically autonomous, isolated subject is the ideal? Can what is new be rooted in history and tradition? For Rick, it was both/and in his sculpture, not either/or.

Creation in the stone embodiment of Frederick Hart is an ongoing event—what theologians call a *creatio continua*—simultaneously "conservation" and "preservation" by God. This is not an image of a distant past event, astronomical or human, but the constantly emerging present life of the human community. Ex Nihilo symbolizes the choral dance, the human perichoresis in which we are all even now part of one another, linked body, soul, mind, and heart. The figures emerge from the ground, but are not yet completely defined. As Rick used to say, the Ground from which they come is as primordial as the figures that emerge. Without the involution of matter, sinew and bone folding and revitalizing themselves (as Teilhard said), the unique figures that are human beings would not appear.

Adam is the test case. The central trumeau figure is at once grasping for the air and being grasped. With closed eyes, he is the old Adam yearning with his right arm to push from the ground from which he comes; with the left, he is being pulled, however tentatively, from the swirling ooze, tugged by an invisible hand. The torso leans ever so slightly upward.

This Adam is both the old Adam—and on a longitudinal axis with the new Adam sitting in glory over the high altar on the reredos. He is also an Adam for an American context, both striving to enter the world and helped by One he cannot yet see. This is not a solo, antagonistic, power-hungry figure in the style of Nietzsche; this sculpture has its humanity in and with an Other, a partner who cooperates to bring it into existence.

Perhaps it is this theme that is subversive in Hart's sculptural theology; the sculpture invites, seduces, even provokes the viewer into participation in the world it is announcing. St. Paul, caught at the moment of transformation, the mystic transported to the seventh heaven, sinks below the emergence of the night sky from the swirling chaos. St. Peter, the only facade sculpture with his eyes open, draws his net to build the church under the creation of the day. Thus Hart presents time and space in a single sensuous continuum in which the history of the early Church unfolds from the call of Adam and all humanity pulled out of the visible chaotic ground.

In this sense, Rick's work here (and elsewhere) offends people. Not simply because it does not 'fit into' the current or recent art establishment—though the 70's were not a time for well-modeled, fine art. His work demands of the viewer a participation that insists on re-making the world. Again I quote Teilhard de Chardin: "To create, or organize material energy, or truth, or beauty, brings with it an inner torment which prevents those who face its hazards from sinking into the quiet and closed-in-life wherein grow the vice of egoism and attachment. An honest workman not only surrenders his tranquility and peace once and for all, but must learn to abandon over and over again the form which his labor or art or thought first took, and go in search of new forms." (P. Teilhard de Chardin, *The Divine Milieu*, 41) Frederick Hart knew this intimately, even painfully. The facade sculptures reach out from the center to the edges of day and night and extend themselves into the city and our world. They proselytize; they preach; they evangelize about how the world could be if values of beauty and truth were embraced. For Rick these were moral values.

Just as Enlightenment values of autonomy, individual history, and emotional independence were moral imperatives, so Rick Hart's work pushes beholders into their inner lives, asking for cooperation to build a world. Rick's sculptures embody the very boundaries he lived between; they provoke viewers into asking about the aura of the Other that envelops them in the material stuff of their day to day lives. But sensing the material as a symbol of the immaterial is not a current ideal. Cooperation is not a current norm. Newspapers are sold on conflict and disagreement; debates are structured on differences; business is won or lost on the basis of unique combative marketing; computer systems are structured on either-or options.

The theology of cooperation Rick espoused in his art, despite his love of playing the antagonist in conversation, was absolutely Trinitarian. The chorus of human activity was a symbol of the internal life of God. The God who creates us; the God whose Beloved Incarnate One we follow and worship; the Spirit that animates human history—all are One terrifying and vivifying, swirling fire. We live in the midst of the divine milieu, as Teilhard says; we cannot escape our God. "Is the Kingdom of God a big family? Yes, in a sense it is. But in another sense it is a prodigious biological operation—that of the Redeeming Incarnation." For Rick, God lives in the heart of matter, calling us, prodding us to share in the divine life of love, justice, and truth.

Rick's best work, his masterpiece on the facade of this building, invites the city to admire the house of prayer, but more to enter it. The sculptures set up the conditions under which a community, a city might transform itself. Enter the choric dance; establish a cooperative rhythm; be drawn like Adam to what you cannot see; drop the sword of contention and enter the mystical night—and maybe, just maybe, you will be able to build the day. You might find God.

Rick Hart was a friend. But I make no apologies for my praise of his work; I believe I have been privileged to know a great, passionate artist whose values emerged within his creative processes and embodied themselves there. As a result, I know that long after I am dead, the ideas and values he, I and others shared in friendship will awaken others. The symbols will remain—continuing to make parts into wholes, building a community of living stones from the stones he shaped, drawing us beyond ourselves into God.

TRIBUTE TO GOV. MEL CARNAHAN

Mr. HARKIN. Mr. President, it is with a heavy heart that I stand here today to pay tribute to a good friend, Mel Carnahan, Governor of Missouri, and express my sorrow at the loss of his son Randy and his longtime aide, Chris Sifford.

I had known Mel for a long time. I have followed his career with pride and admiration as his neighbor to the North. Mel's service to the State of Missouri spans four decades and even more elected offices. He started out as a municipal judge in his hometown of Rolla at the age of 26. He served in the Missouri State Legislature. He was State treasurer and Lieutenant Governor, and in 1992 became the 51st Governor of Missouri.

Like many of my colleagues, I had the privilege of campaigning with Mel this past year. As I watched Mel Carnahan on the trail and watched him talk with the people of Missouri and listen to their concerns and their hopes to gain their confidence and trust, I was reminded of something Adlai Stevenson once said:

Every age needs men who will redeem the time by living with a vision of things that are to be.

Mel Carnahan was one of those men, and as Governor of Missouri, he had a vision for his State and for our country. We saw it in his work on education. We saw it in his work on Missouri's economy. He created thousands of jobs and moved some 100,000 people from welfare to work. We saw it in his work on crime and children's health insurance and so many other issues, how he stood up to the gun industry and stood strong for those who have the deck stacked against them.

He had a vision for this Nation which he took into his Senate race. He believed, as Hubert Humphrey stated, that the measure of government is in how it treats those who are in the dawn of life, the children, those who are in the twilight of life, the elderly, and those who are in the shadows of life, the sick and the needy. That is why he

wanted to come to Washington. This was his vision.

Its very urgency makes it harder to accept the fact that he was taken from us before he could help make it a reality. His death is a loss for all of us in Congress who would have had the honor of working with him. It is a loss for the people of Missouri who would have had the privilege of being represented by him. It is a loss for the people of this Nation who would have had the good fortune of being served by him.

We cannot let our sorrow overwhelm us. We cannot let our sadness become bitterness, despair, or regret. That would not be a fitting tribute to Mel Carnahan. Rather, we owe it to him, to his country, and to his family to take up the torch of his life's work and to carry it on. We owe it to ourselves to let his memory be our solace, his record our guide, and his legacy our inspiration, to let the life of this good and decent man continue to light our way. That is the best and enduring memorial for our friend Mel Carnahan.

Earlier this year, I was flying in that very plane with Mel and his son Randy at the controls. Being a pilot myself, we talked a lot about flying. It was a night flight. We talked about the aircraft. I talked to Randy about the different instrumentation he had on his aircraft. Randy was a very qualified pilot. He knew what he was doing. Mel was, too. Mel had been taking flying lessons and had hoped to complete them at some time but had to interrupt them for his campaign.

For me, it makes the loss even so much more poignant and tragic since just a couple of months ago I was on that very plane with them. We do not know exactly what happened. Right now what went wrong is really of no consequence. What is of consequence is that we have lost three good lives in that tragic accident in Missouri.

My heart and my prayers are with Jean, his very lovely and very dedicated wife, their children Russ, Robin, and Tom, and with the family and friends of Chris Sifford who also lost his life in that tragic accident.

Mr. DODD. Mr. President, I rise to add my voice to those who have come to the Senate floor to pay tribute to Missouri Gov. Mel Carnahan.

Those of us who knew and admired Governor Carnahan share a profound sense of loss at the news of his untimely death and the deaths of his son Randy and longtime aide Chris Sifford in a plane crash on Monday night.

I had the pleasure to meet Mel Carnahan on several occasions in recent years. I knew him as a good man, as someone who spoke passionately and cared deeply about the people of his State, especially its children. He was a dedicated and talented public servant who never wavered in his belief that public service is a noble calling.

Few if any would question that Mel Carnahan's heart was with the working people of his State. In his first year as

Governor, he called for a tax increase to fund the State's public schools. Allies and opponents alike said he was sealing his fate as a one-term Governor. The voters saw his decision for what it was: an act of political courage. They reelected him in a landslide.

In addition to work on behalf of the children of Missouri, he fought for better health and safety standards for seniors in nursing homes. He championed tough measures to fight crime. He brought about sensible welfare reform. And he successfully streamlined his State's government, redirecting hundreds of millions of dollars for job creation, education, and law enforcement.

The Democratic leader said earlier this week that Governor Carnahan was a man of such talent and insight that he would have succeeded in any field which he chose. Anyone who knew this man would, I believe, have to agree with that view; that he chose the field of public service and brought credit and esteem to a profession that is all too often criticized. It brought a better life for millions of Americans who reaped the harvest of his tireless efforts on their behalf.

I extend my deepest sympathies to the Governor's wife Jean, their family, the family of Chris Sifford, and the people of the State of Missouri.

VICTIMS OF GUN VIOLENCE

Mr. WELLSTONE. Mr. President, it has been more than a year since the Columbine tragedy, but still this Republican Congress refuses to act on sensible gun legislation.

Since Columbine, thousands of Americans have been killed by gunfire. Until we act, Democrats in the Senate will read the names of some of those who have lost their lives to gun violence in the past year, and we will continue to do so every day that the Senate is in session.

In the name of those who died, we will continue this fight. Following are the names of some of the people who were killed by gunfire one year ago today.

October 18, 1999: Michelle Alexander, 21, Charlotte, NC; Earl Baker, 22, St. Louis, MO; Karlton Cannon, 30, Chicago, IL; Michael Jones, 49, Knoxville, TN; Kenneth Pastuszak, 28, Detroit, MI; Brian Webster, 26, Detroit, MI; and Unidentified Male, 45, Honolulu, HI.

We cannot sit back and allow such senseless gun violence to continue. The deaths of these people are a reminder to all of us that we need to enact sensible gun legislation now.

FEDERAL REGULATIONS

Mr. INHOFE. Mr. President, in fiscal year, FY, 2000, some 54 federal departments and agencies and over 130,000 federal employees spent over \$18.7 billion writing and enforcing federal regulations.

The number of full-time positions in regulatory agencies reached an all-