

Life's paradise, great princess, the soul's quiet,

Sinews of Concord, earthly immortality,
Eternity of pleasures; no restoratives
Like to a constant woman.

Mr. President, my strength, my comfort, was born Erma Ora James, the daughter of a West Virginia coal miner. She was my childhood sweetheart. We married in 1937, in a time of great hardship and trial. Together, we have seen great changes in the world—a world war and numerous other conflagrations around the globe, the dawn of the nuclear age, the advent of space exploration, the collapse of communism, breathtaking medical advances, astounding technological growth, rapid social changes, and resurgent terrors. We have known the highs of life and we have known the lows of family life—the delight of two fine daughters growing up, marrying, and having children of their own; the tragedy of the loss of a grandson; the indescribable love of holding newborn great granddaughters in our arms. For two hillbillies—that is what we are, two hillbillies—from West Virginia, it has been an exciting and wild ride, and I am glad I have had Erma to share it.

In my mind's eye, Erma Byrd will always be that sweet, young girl who allowed me to woo her with candy and chewing gum that were given to me by another schoolmate. She is a strong woman, but she is a quiet woman—even somewhat shy. I know she would rather that I were not speaking right now, and that is just the way she is—never seeking the limelight, keeping her focus on her family and her home. Being the wife of a Senator has never impressed her. She never developed any airs of self-importance, and she has never let me develop any airs either—although some people may think otherwise. She keeps me grounded, or, as my old mom used to say, she never lets me “get above my raising.” When I start to get a bit too proud, puffed up with my own accomplishments, she doesn't pop my balloon but, rather, knows how to gently deflate it before it swells too large. But she has always been there for me, helping me to campaign, always making herself available to the people of West Virginia. She is my biggest cheerleader and she is my kindest critic.

Erma has always been an equal partner in our marriage. Her domain is the home, where she rules as a benevolent dictator. There I am not Senator, just ROBERT. I mop the kitchen floor for her each Saturday morning—or I used to up until about a month ago. She will admit that I don't do the windows. When the duties of the Senate filled all my waking hours, and when I was going to school at night to earn my law degree, Erma kept the home fires burning. She took the lead in bringing up our two daughters, teaching them to be the fine women, mothers, and grandmothers they are. Without her help and her support, I could not have put the level of effort into my work that the

people of West Virginia deserve and have come to expect; I would not have a law degree. Erma proves the old adage that “behind every successful man is a successful woman.” Perhaps Alfred Lord Tennyson put it better when he wrote in “The Princess” as follows:

The woman's cause is the man's: they rise or sink together.

Mr. President, together, Erma and I are complete and whole, a total that is more than the sum of its parts.

The 65th wedding anniversary is, by tradition, a diamond anniversary. In my life, Erma Ora Byrd is the diamond. She is my strength in times of fear, my comfort in times of sorrow, my perfect complement. She is a priceless treasure, a multifaceted woman of great insight and wisdom, of quiet humor and common sense. She is the reservoir of serenity at which one can slake the thirst of a stressful day.

I can only thank her and thank the Creator that she has put up with me for 65 years and now 1 week.

Mr. President, I would like to close with the words of Charles Jeffreys in a poem he titled “We Have Lived and Loved Together.” I dedicate it to my wife Erma and to all the lucky, happy couples who have, like us, been fortunate to spend a lifetime together. To the young married people who work for me, to all who are starting on their married lives together, I wish them well, and I hope that someday this poem will speak for them as well.

We have lived and loved together
Through many changing years;
We have shared each other's gladness
And wept each other's tears;
I have known ne'er a sorrow
That was long unsoothed by thee;
For thy smiles can make a summer
Where darkness else would be.

Like the leaves that fall around us
In autumn's fading hours,
Are the traitor's smiles, that darken
When the cloud of sorrow lowers;
And though many such we've known, love,
Too prone, alas, to range,
We both can speak of one love
Which time can never change.

We have lived and loved together
Through many changing years,
We have shared each other's gladness
And wept each other's tears.
And let us hope the future,
As the past has been will be:
I will share with thee my sorrows,
And thou thy joys with me.

Mr. President, I yield the floor.

JUDGE EUGENE SULLIVAN

Mr. THURMOND. Mr. President, I rise today to pay tribute to Judge Eugene R. Sullivan of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Armed Forces.

Since his graduation from West Point, Judge Sullivan has worked diligently to ensure the betterment of our National being. He first proved himself as an Airborne Ranger in Vietnam. His gallantry earned him the Bronze Star and the Air Medal, to name just a few of his decorations.

Upon leaving the Army, Judge Sullivan has led a most amazing life. He first graduated from the Georgetown University Law Center. Following his time at Georgetown, Judge Sullivan went on to work for the law firm of Patton-Boggs. During his tenure there, he had the privilege of serving on the Defense Team for President Richard Nixon.

In the years following, Judge Sullivan returned to public service as an attorney for the Justice Department and as the General Counsel for the United States Air Force. In addition to his duties as General Counsel, the Judge also served as the Chief Legal Advisor to the National Reconnaissance Office and eventually as the Governor of Wake Island. His service was most exemplary.

Since 1986, Judge Sullivan has served as a member of the Federal bench. Many of us had the privilege of presiding over his appointment and his subsequent confirmation as the chief judge of the Court of Appeals for the Armed Forces.

In closing, I want to publicly thank Judge Eugene Sullivan for his service and dedication to our Nation. Moreover, I thank him for being my friend and wish him all the best in his future endeavors.

ENERGY BILL CONFERENCE

Mr. BINGAMAN. Madam President, about 2 weeks ago I urged that the House leadership go ahead and appoint conferees for the energy bill on which we should be in conference at this point.

As Senators will remember, we passed the energy bill in the Senate on April 25. The respective leaders of the two parties appointed conferees on May 1. Since then, we have not seen any action on the House side to appoint conferees so we could begin a conference with the House of Representatives on this very important bill.

The House bill is in excess of 500 pages. The bill we passed in the Senate after 6 weeks of floor debate is nearly 1,000 pages in length. It will take several weeks to come to agreement on a joint proposal we can take back to the two Houses and, hopefully, to the President.

The sooner we can get started, the better for everyone's point of view. It is in the country's interests that we try to resolve the differences between the House and the Senate and try to enact an energy bill this year. As long as we do not have conferees named on the House side, that makes it extremely difficult. I, again, urge the leadership on the House side to appoint their conferees.

When I raised this issue last month, one of my colleagues announced he had heard that the House of Representatives was going to appoint its conferees on the first day back after the recess. Well, that would have been yesterday, and we still don't have any forward