

# EXTENSIONS OF REMARKS

## TRIBUTE TO GEOFFREY SACKETT

HON. LYNN C. WOOLSEY

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, October 19, 1995

Ms. WOOLSEY. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to pay tribute to Mr. Geoffrey Sackett, a man who lived a remarkable life in Marin County, CA before he tragically passed away at the age of 48.

As a young child, Geoffrey Sackett was motivated to reach inside himself, to find and foster a courage that cruel necessities demanded. He spent 2 years of his childhood fighting polio, only to recover and face yet another disease, diabetes. Geoffrey celebrated his entry into adulthood with a quadruple heart bypass operation. Again, he was struck, only this time with an illness he couldn't beat—AIDS. And, again, Geoffrey found the strength to endure a long, long struggle with a terrible disease.

Last summer, Geoffrey's battles with his own body ended as his glorious spirit finally flickered out. Marin County, the State of California, and indeed our entire country, lost a treasure with Geoffrey Sackett's death.

Geoffrey's family and friends marveled at his ability, even as a child, to endure through debilitating diseases with little complaint. Geoffrey was always too busy helping others, and too busy working to make the world more humane.

As part of his commitment to making the world a better place, Geoffrey strove to keep others free from AIDS through the Needle Exchange Program in Marin County. He worked with the Marin County Board of Supervisors to have a state of emergency declared in Marin County, thus allowing for a legal needle exchange program. He spent countless hours, in the cold, in the rain, in the streets and in the parks, exchanging clean needles nonjudgmentally to humans in need. There are many who will never know his name, but who will live because of his efforts.

Mr. Speaker, it is in those people, and in our hearts, that Geoffrey's great giving spirit lives on. The kindness and generosity Geoffrey demonstrated in his community is an example for us all.

THE LEGACIES OF J. GRAHAM BROWN AND THOMAS C. SIMONS

HON. MIKE WARD

OF KENTUCKY

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, October 19, 1995

Mr. WARD. Mr. Speaker, at a public ceremony on October 25, 1995, in my district of Louisville, KY, the memories of two remarkable Louisvillians, J. Graham Brown and Thomas C. Simons, will be honored. This special ceremony will include the unveiling of bronze statues of the two gentlemen.

J. Graham Brown and Thomas Simons, each successful in business in their own right, were both deeply committed to assuring the strength and vibrancy of our community. Their contributions are many and it is most appropriate to recognize them.

The corner of 4th and Broadway in Louisville, home to the grand Brown Hotel, serves as a connection between the lives of J. Graham Brown and Thomas Simons. J. Graham Brown opened his magnificent building for guests in 1923, and over the years the hotel has provided lodging for many, many visitors to our city.

In 1982, Thomas Simons spearheaded a drive to renovate the Brown Hotel. After 2 years of dedicated work, it opened once more in all its glory.

Mr. Speaker, I am proud to join in paying tribute to J. Graham Brown and Thomas C. Simons. The residents of visitors to Louisville will forever be the beneficiaries of their foresight.

DR. CHARLES A. BRADY—THE NAME BURNS BRIGHTLY

HON. JOHN J. LaFALCE

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, October 19, 1995

Mr. LaFALCE. Mr. Speaker,

Gold passes.

Kinsmen die.

Die we, too, in the end.

One thing only dies never—

The bright name one wins for oneself.

Thorvald Erikson, brother of Leif Erikson, sings this verse as he dies following an epic battle in "This Land Fulfilled."

Mr. Speaker, this past spring I included in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD the obituary and a related article on the passing of Dr. Charles Brady, a native western New Yorker and one of this country's brightest intellectual beacons.

Today I submit the following eulogy of Dr. Brady which was delivered by his son Erik. Dr. Brady left us with volumes of his writings, which include novels, short stories, poems, children's stories, critical essays, and reviews. This eulogy, however, helps us better understand why he left too a name that continues to burn so brightly.

CHARLES A. BRADY—APRIL 15, 1912—MAY 5, 1995

Charles A. Brady died May 5, 1995, at 12:58 p.m. at Sisters Hospital in Buffalo. He was 83. This eulogy was delivered by his son Erik on May 8 at a Mass of Christian Burial at Christ the King Chapel on the campus of Canisius College.

Mark Twain said biographies are the clothes and buttons of a man—they tell you something about him, but not nearly enough. Charles Brady felt much the same about eulogies. He said they too often told too much about what a man did and not often enough about who he was.

I'll try not to make that mistake today. We all know the wonderful things Dad did—

the books he wrote, the students he taught, the literary criticism he crafted. So let's talk instead about who he was.

He was a man who loved books, to be sure. But he also loved family, friends, tennis and cats—if not always in that order.

He loved Christmas, too. Not the Christmas of colored lights and shopping malls, but the real thing. The World Made Flesh. Take his homemade Christmas cards from a lifetime and his Christmas poems from America, the Jesuit magazine which has run them since 1948, and you have a wide-ranging look not at the Ghost of Christmas Past but at the essence of the Christmas story—its mystery, its beauty, its strangeness.

That he was attracted to stories of the Incarnation more than of the Resurrection tells you something about him. I think. Maybe it is as simple as the difference between birth and death.

He did not dwell on death, though it often seemed not far off. He'd been in precarious health for more than 35 years. The temptation is to say he was living on borrowed time, except that would not be correct. Here is a man who hated to borrow anything maybe money most of all. If you picked up a quart of milk for him he wanted you to have back the \$1.67 before you sat down. So, no, there was nothing borrowed about these last decades and years. The time was all his, for which we are all most grateful.

His last first cousin on the Brady side died in 1990, leaving him as an unlikely patriarch, the last of his generation of 60-some Brady first cousins. The last of his five beloved brothers, Joe, died in 1988. We all grieve in different ways. Dad added some lines to a poem he had written about Joe and himself some 40 years earlier. Among the appended lines were these:

Remember how we used to clip our scores  
Out of the sporting pages the next day?  
Today I clip your ultimate score, my brother,

From the page they call the Irish sporting page

In Buffalo bars—we're Irish enough for that.  
They grouse, those drinkers, if their friends' obituaries

Run too short; the same if they run too long.  
Yours is exactly right, I think, my brother.  
It's all down here: the things that really counted. . . .

Only one thing wrong about all this, O my brother.

On the day they post new pairings, you'll not be around

To clip my final score as I clip yours.

Well, we are all around to clip Dad's final score, and his is exactly right, too, for which we can thank Karen: It's all there, the things that really counted, the tennis victories and poetry awards, the books and book reviews.

Take all he wrote and read across a lifetime of writing and reading then consider this preposterous fact: He was allergic to printer's ink! Michaelangelo may as well have been allergic to paint.

Because he wrote like an angel. And his ability to dissect the writing of other literary angels was so widely known some scholars consider his criticism of C.S. Lewis and Sigrid Undset the definitive studies in this country. He corresponded with both. Letters he received from Lewis are in Oxford's Bodleian Library. And just last fall, an

• This "bullet" symbol identifies statements or insertions which are not spoken by a Member of the Senate on the floor.

Matter set in this typeface indicates words inserted or appended, rather than spoken, by a Member of the House on the floor.

Undset scholar from the University of Massachusetts came to visit with him—a pilgrimage, she called it, as he later recalled with a pleased grin.

In his 80s, when most folks have long since put away their professional tools, scholars came calling; his name turned up in the footnotes of books he was sent for review; and his literary caricatures were sometimes requested by their subjects. One was from author Louis Auchinchloss, half-brother of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, who wrote offering to pay for a caricature of him that accompanied Dad's review of his book last May. Dad was delighted and sent back the original as a gift. Not bad for a self-taught artist who, so far as is known, was the only book critic in the country who illustrated his own reviews.

Some of the originals are held by the Burchfield Art Center at Buffalo State College. Most were given to the library at Canisius College, as were the manuscripts for his novels, hundreds of books from his personal collection and dozens of his scrapbooks containing, among many other things, 50 years of his book reviews in *The Buffalo News*. All of which makes him one of the most generous benefactors in the history of the library at the college named for Peter Canisius, the saint who said better a college without a chapel than a college without a library.

Charles Brady loved Canisius. But if you had looked at his Bene Morenti plaque—the one he got for 40 years of distinguished service that hung for many years in his panelled study on Deerhurst Park—you would have seen a curious thing. He taped a small scrap of paper over the part that said: "Well done, oh good and faithful servant." He complained the tone was patronizing. "That is a judgment best left to Jehovah," he said. And so, on that scotch-taped scrap he wrote these words, in French: "I am not good, I am not faithful, I am no man's servant."

And yet there are few who served Canisius better or more faithfully in its history than Charles Brady. He graduated from Canisius High School with highest honors in 1929 and from Canisius College with highest honors in 1933. He returned from graduate work at Harvard to teach for 42 years at the college, retiring from the classroom at the same time Kevin, his youngest, graduated in 1977. He relished that symmetry, though he retired in name only. For Dad never actually gave up that vital connection with the school whose history was so intertwined with his. Even from his deathbed he could see the college's Golden Dome, as well as the rooftop of the Humboldt Avenue home where he grew up and the Mediterranean-blue Delaware Avenue apartment building which was his last address.

So why the scotch-taped dissent on that plaque? Well, here was a good man who saw himself as not completely good—a man of high morals who fancied himself a rogue. And here was a faithful man who was also fiercely independent—unflinchingly loyal and yet always his own man.

His relationship with the church was little like that, too. He dissented respectfully in certain matters. I can remember as a child, when we were required to stand and repeat an oath from the Legion of Decency about attending movies, he stooped and whispered that we should repeat nothing. More recently, when he made out his church envelope each Year's Day, he crossed out the designation 'Feast of the Solemnity of Mary' and filled in the former name, 'Feast of the Circumcision.' Then in his familiar, compact handwriting it would say: "There is no point in substituting a redundant piece of Mariolatry for a meaningful feast attesting Christ's Jewishness, his maleness and the

beginning of His Passion." No one ever called to wonder about the altered envelopes.

You could say all this made him a man of contradictions, but you would not be right. These things may sound like contradictions, but they're not. They're who he was. Like the mythic griffin, who is eagle and lion in the same beast, Dad was rebel and loyalist in the same man.

He was an early critic of the Vietnam war, long before it became fashionable, yet when asked years later to shut down his class on a day of war protest, he refused. Some who asked were students, some were colleagues. He was in sympathy with their cause and held it against no one who stayed away, but he was paid to teach and so, for those who wanted to come, teach he did.

And he was a most marvelous teacher. As his children, none of us ever tire of hearing, as we often do, what a great teacher he was. We run across his former students so often it is sometimes hard to believe. But their testimony is not: always we hear of his greatness in the classroom. Everyone thinks his or her father is the greatest man who ever lived. The six of us have had the distinct pleasure of frequently running into strangers who agree with us about ours.

It was Dad's distinct pleasure that Kristin has taken up that greatness in her own classroom and in her own books. He took great pleasure in all of us. Karen. Moira. Sheila. Kristin. Myself. Kevin. His beloved wife of nearly 58 years, Eileen. And their 17 grandchildren. It's odd, but children nearby always made him both joyful and nervous—that apparent contradictory nature again. He took his post as patriarch joyfully, too. "Who would have bet on that?" he would ask, shaking his head with a bemused look.

Then again, who would have bet the lad whose first published poem came at the age of 16 would still be publishing 68 years later? And save for his time at Harvard, all of his writing years were spent in his native Buffalo. He said he had for Buffalo—and the Niagara Frontier, including the Canadian shore—what the Romans called *genius loci*: That is, love for a locality and true sense for a region's spirit of place. When he won the Poetry Society of America's first prize in 1968, it was for "Keeper of the Western Gate", a poem that was a paean to this region's Seneca past.

His love of place was exceeded only by his love of family; the poem was also a tribute to the Seneca blood of the family of John Roberts, Moira's late husband. In Dad's final days, he thought of John—and of many of our family's other Absent Friends. His voice cut off by a tracheotomy, he penned his thoughts in a kind of poetic shorthand. Of beloved brother Fran: "Unique." Of Joe: "War hero." Of Jack: "Our best." Of his parents: "I can see them." His images of long-gone loved ones grew clearer as his own end drew nearer.

Seven years ago, my wife Carol's grandmother died while we were on a visit to Buffalo. My son Steven was three at the time. Carol tried to explain to Steve what death was. She told him it's when you go to live with God. Steve thought about that a bit and announced somberly: "Well, I don't want to go to live with God."

"A very sensible reaction," Dad said. "I don't want to go to live with God either. Who does?" He said all this with that mischievous grin most of you remember so well, the one that flashed across his face when he was saying something mildly naughty, which was often.

Though he didn't talk much about death until these recent weeks, the theme figured prominently in his writing. As Thorvald Erikson, brother of Leif Erikson, dies after an epic battle in "This Land Fulfilled," he

sings this verse (for Thorvald was a skaid, the name for a viking poet):

Gold passes.  
Kinsmen die.  
Die we, too, in the end.  
One thing only dies never—  
The bright name one wins for oneself.

The name Charles Andrew Brady burns bright. Karen often called him *The Great Man*; when she wrote a Buffalo News Sunday magazine piece last summer on soul searching, the internal world of belief, she asked *The Great Man* about his beliefs.

"Belief is a gift," he said. "It comes from the Anglo Saxon *gefefan*. A cognate word from the same root, *lief*, means dear or beloved. Another cognate is *love*—and the simplest thought about God is 'God is love.'"

And what of the Afterlife. "A mystery," he said. What did he think it will be? His answer. "I don't think about it."

But he did write about it. In "Viking Summer," he cast himself as Professor John C. Desmond. And in one passage, inspired by the death of his mother, he wrote about his own doubts about eternal life:

"Death, thought Professor Desmond, wasn't a very progressive idea. It was the most stubbornly reactionary fact man ever came up against. He often wondered if, in the end, one didn't just go down into a great darkness. To gain salvation, they said, one had to believe as a child. The trouble was that, even as a child, he had not been able to believe as a child. The difference between him and most who disbelieved was that, as a Catholic, he was committed to belief. As a result, he simultaneously believed and disbelieved. He believed with the top of his mind. He doubted with his blood. . . .

"The idea of God was by no means dead in the 20th century. In some ways, it was actually more alive than it had been in the preceding 100 years. But the idea of personal immortality, of survival of the individual human personality after death, was definitely less vivid. It has never actually been as strong as the idea of God. Intimations of deity pressed one about on every side. One did not have the same imaginative conviction about the resurrection of the body. One believed, perhaps. If one was lucky. One never felt sure in one's bones. Not even the ancient Hebrews. Not even the old Egyptians, really. Not even the people of the high Christian ages. Only that strange people, the Irish, the people of the dead. The people to whom his mother had belonged. Even in Druidic days, the Irish had been confident that they should live again."

Charles Brady was Irish, and in the end he put all doubt aside. He was utterly sure he would live again. He underwent a terrible ordeal in his final weeks at Sisters Hospital. At one point early in this last hospitalization he came back from a painful bronchoscopy and nurses told us he was muttering gibberish. Jeanne d'Arc, Jeanne d'Arc, he said over and over. A nurse asked if it meant anything. Sheila explained it meant everything: He was saying Joan of Arc. And the rest of it was not gibberish. He was praying—in French.

Moments later he said goodbye, without ever using the word, in a most remarkable death bed scene. He expressed his love for each of us in a moving soliloquy that was equal parts instruction, benediction and farewell. Most moving was his salute to our Mom, his Norwegian wife. He called her his soulmate. Most of what he said is private. But this much I can add. He said he felt no fear.

That ought to be a consolation for those of us here—to know he had no fear to know of his final confidence in the Afterlife. It ought to be, but of course it's not. Because we will

all miss him here so terribly much—his knowledge, his wit, his writing, his counsel, his love.

We will have him always, in our hearts, and on our shelves, as he ambles the catlines byways of heaven with his brothers—holding aloft the black-thorn cane their father brought from Ireland much more than a century ago.

It that really what heaven will be like? Remember, Dad called it a mystery. It is a concept beyond our mortal grasp. But I know how I'd like to think of it. I imagine that as Charles Andrew Brady entered the Light, he heard the sweet baritone of Jehovah say, "Well done, oh good and faithful servant."

#### CROW CREEK SIOUX TRIBE INFRASTRUCTURE TRUST FUND ACT OF 1995

HON. TIM JOHNSON

OF SOUTH DAKOTA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, October 19, 1995

Mr. JOHNSON of South Dakota. Mr. Speaker, today, I am introducing legislation to establish a trust fund within the Department of Treasury for the development of certain tribal infrastructure projects for the Crow Creek Tribe. These projects were outlined in previous legislation but were never completed due to limited funding sources. The Crow Creek Development trust fund would be capitalized from a percentage of hydropower revenues and would be capped at \$27.5 million. The tribe would then receive the interest from the fund to be used according to a development plan based on legislation previously passed by Congress, and prepared in conjunction with the Bureau of Indian Affairs and the Indian Health Service.

The Flood Control Act of 1944 created five massive earthen dams along the Missouri River. This public works project, known as the Pick-Sloan Plan, has since provided flood control, irrigation, and hydropower for communities along the Missouri. Four of the Pick-Sloan dams are located in South Dakota.

The Impact of the Pick-Sloan plan on the Crow Creek Sioux Tribe has been devastating. Construction of the Big Bend and Fort Randall dams was severely detrimental to economic and agricultural development for the Crow Creek Tribe. Over 15,000 acres of the tribe's most fertile and productive land, the Missouri River wooded bottom lands, were inundated as a direct result of the Fort Randall and Big Ben dam construction. The tribal community has still not yet been adequately compensated for the economic deprivation brought about with Pick-Sloan.

Through the Big Bend Act of 1962, Congress directed the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers and the Department of the Interior to take certain actions to alleviate the problems caused by the destruction of tribal resources and displacement of entire communities. These directives were either carried out inadequately or not at all. The legislation I am introducing is the first step toward keeping the promises Congress made to the Crow Creek Sioux Tribe.

Congress established precedent for this legislation with the Three Affiliated Tribes and Standing Rock Sioux Tribe Equitable Compensation Act of 1992. At that time, Congress determined that the U.S. Army Corps of Engi-

neers failed to provide adequate compensation to the tribes when their lands were acquired for the Pick-Sloan projects. There is little controversy on finding that the tribes bore an inordinate share of the cost of implementing the Pick-Sloan program. The Secretary of the Interior established the Joint Tribal Advisory Committee to resolve the inequities and find ways to finance the compensation of tribal claims. As a result, the Three Affiliated Tribes and Standing Rock Sioux Tribe Equitable Compensation Act set up a recovery fund financed entirely from a percentage of Pick-Sloan power revenues.

The Crow Creek Sioux Tribe Infrastructure Development Fund Act of 1995 will enable the Crow Creek Tribe to address and improve their infrastructure and will provide the needed resources for further economic development at the Crow Creek Indian reservation.

This legislation has broad support in South Dakota. South Dakota Governor Bill Janklow strongly endorses this funding mechanism to develop infrastructure at the Crow Creek Sioux reservation. I am including a letter of support from Governor Janklow to be printed in the RECORD.

I urge my colleagues to strongly support this important legislation and correct this historic injustice against the Crow Creek Sioux Tribe.

STATE OF SOUTH DAKOTA,

June 22, 1995.

HON DUANE BIG EAGLE,

Chairman of the Crow Creek Sioux Tribe, Post Office Box 50, Fort Thompson, South Dakota 57501

DEAR CHAIRMAN BIG EAGLE: Thank you for giving me a copy of the proposed federal legislation that requires the federal government to fulfill the commitments made to the Crow Creek Sioux Tribe in the Big Bend Act of 1962.

I wholeheartedly support this legislation and your efforts to develop Fort Thompson with the infrastructure and community facilities that the Crow Creek community should have received long ago. The method for funding in the bill is fair and I hope a majority of both houses of Congress and the President will realize the importance of passing this bill and signing it into law.

In several different ways, all of the various groups of people who live in South Dakota have not received the benefits promised when the great dams were built in the 1950s. The persistence of the members of the Crow Creek Sioux Tribe to right this wrong is worthy of high praise. Congratulations on creating an excellent proposal.

If there is anything I can do to help you, please let me know.

Sincerely,

WILLIAM J. JANKLOW,  
Governor.

#### COALITION MEDICARE PROPOSAL

HON. BILL ORTON

OF UTAH

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, October 19, 1995

Mr. ORTON. Mr. Speaker, I rise today in support of the coalition Medicare reform alternative. In doing so, I will be voting against both the Democratic and Republican Medicare reform proposals considered today. I would like to explain why.

Today, we are considering only the Medicare portion of the Republican budget reconciliation package. This separation of Medi-

care from the rest of the Republican budget proposal is an effort to convince the American people that reduced spending in Medicare is not related to the rest of the budget. It is an effort to convince the American people that a \$270 billion reduction in Medicare spending is necessary to address the impending insolvency of the Medicare HI trust fund in the year 2002. It is nonsense.

The bipartisan Concord Coalition perhaps said it best: It all began with the irreconcilable goals announced in the GOP's Contract With America: Balance the budget while at the same time enacting large tax cuts and pushing many large programs, most notably Social Security, off the table. Inevitably, a disproportionate share of the budget-cutting burden fell on Medicare.

The coalition Medicare reform proposal, of which I am a cosponsor, proves that the solvency of the Medicare HI trust fund can be restored, within the context of a 7-year balanced budget, while cutting \$100 billion less in Medicare spending than the Republican proposal. I am disappointed that the Rules Committee did not make in order consideration of the coalition proposal on the House floor, because I believe it is closer to the priorities of the vast majority of Americans than either of the two proposals that we will be debating today.

The American people deserve a complete debate of the choices we face as a nation as we begin to balance the budget. Today, we will debate two options regarding Medicare: reducing Medicare spending by \$270 billion in the context of a budget that contains a \$245 billion tax cut, and reducing Medicare spending by \$90 billion in order to restore solvency to the Medicare trust fund without balancing the budget.

There is a responsible alternative that sadly will not receive consideration: restoring the solvency of the Medicare program within the context of a balance budget without providing an immediate tax cut. I believe that this option represents the preferences of the majority of Americans.

The coalition alternative includes many of the same proposals contained in the Republican proposal: it allows the formation of provider sponsored networks, it means-tests part B premiums, and it expands the choice of seniors within the Medicare system.

However, there are many distinctions. The Republican plan raises premiums on all senior citizens. The coalition only raises premiums for wealthier seniors who are better able to afford an increase. The coalition plan also protects reimbursement rates in rural areas where hospitals are more likely to close, continues minimal standards for nursing homes, and maintains eligibility for health care at military facilities.

Finally, unlike the Republican plan, we do not include \$35 billion in unspecified cuts, which the Republican Senate Finance Committee chairman labeled "blue smoke and mirrors."

We need to keep in mind two things when considering these proposals today: First, we cannot continue to borrow from future generations in order to have things we are not willing to pay for now, and second, we cannot overlook the needs of current generations as we set national fiscal priorities. I believe that the coalition alternative does the best job of balancing these two concerns.