

some of the words that Monsignor Dziadosz spoke at the time that the parish celebrated his 25th year at St. Bridget's. He said, "We can never say we've done it, we've reached our goal."

In certain respects he's right, because life is an ongoing process, and our goals are constantly changing. But, in the end, I think that anyone who knows Monsignor Dziadosz would say that he's wrong. Monsignor Dziadosz not only reached his goals, he exceeded them.

His retirement is a time of great loss for the parish, but more important, it is a time for celebration. His words and actions have been a source of inspiration and strength for countless individuals through the years, and his guidance will be dearly missed. On behalf of the people of St. Bridget's and the people of Connecticut, I say thank you Monsignor, and may God bless you.●

#### TRIBUTE TO KIRK O'DONNELL

● Mr. KERRY. Mr. President, this morning I joined Senator KENNEDY and hundreds of mourners from Massachusetts and around the country, to pay our last respects to our friend Kirk O'Donnell and to offer our sincere condolences to Kirk's wife, Kathy, and their two children, Holly and Brendan. For all of us who knew and admired Kirk, this was a difficult morning at the Holy Name Church in West Roxbury, difficult to say goodbye to a special friend who left us too soon. But Mr. President, I believe everyone in attendance this morning at the funeral services took some comfort in the way that friends and family alike—and Kirk had both many friends and a tight-knit family—came together to share our personal recollections of Kirk. It was striking to see just how deeply everyone respected Kirk O'Donnell, the many ways in which he touched so many lives.

Kirk O'Donnell made a deep impact on those who knew him, certainly, but he also made a difference for millions of people in this country who never met him, but whose lives are better because of his life of committed service. Three articles in today's newspapers, one by Al Hunt of the Wall Street Journal, another by Tom Oliphant of the Boston Globe and yet another by Susan Estrich of the Boston Herald, stood out in my mind as testimony to the legacy Kirk O'Donnell left behind in this country. Al Hunt, Tom Oliphant, and Susan Estrich knew Kirk O'Donnell as a friend and they performed a great service in capturing Kirk's essence, the depth of a man who never stopped fighting for those causes in which he believed. I know that, as we all say goodbye to Kirk O'Donnell this week, those articles provide both comfort for those who knew Kirk, and inspiration for those who, even in these troubled political times in the United States, still believe in the dignity of public service.

Mr. President, I would ask that these articles be printed in the RECORD.

The articles follow:

[From the Wall Street Journal, Sept. 10, 1998]

#### THE LOSS OF A TALENTED, DECENT AND HONORABLE MAN (By Albert R. Hunt)

Kirk O'Donnell, one of the ablest and most honorable people in American politics, died suddenly last weekend at the altogether too young age of 52. Even in grieving, it's somehow hard not to think how different the Clinton presidency might have been if Kirk O'Donnell had been a top White House adviser starting in 1993.

He combined the best virtues of the old and the new politics. Raised in the rough-and-tumble environs of Boston tribal warfare, he never saw politics as anything but a contact sport. But he always practiced it with decency and civility.

He was a great student of political history, which better enabled him to appreciate contemporary changes. There was a pragmatism to Kirk O'Donnell that never conflicted with his commitment and total integrity.

Success never changed him. He founded the influential Center for National Policy (his successor as its chair was Madeleine Albright) and then became a partner in the high-powered law firm of Vernon Jordan and Bob Strauss. But his values and devotion to family, friends and country were remarkably constant.

"He was a big oak tree of a friend," notes Stanley Brand, a Washington lawyer, of the former Brown University football star, a description which Mr. O'Donnell used to joke, was an "oxymoron."

He cut his political teeth working for Mayor Kevin White in Boston in the mid-70s, running the neighborhood city halls, developing an appreciation of the relationships between common folks and government that would serve him well for the next quarter century. Then there were more than seven years as chief counsel to House Speaker Tip O'Neill.

There was an exceptional triumvirate of top aides to the speaker: Leo Diehl, his longtime colleague who was the link to the past and the gatekeeper who kept away the hangers-on; Ari Weiss, although only in his twenties, unrivaled as a policy expert; and Kirk O'Donnell, in his early thirties, who brought political, legal and foreign policy expertise to the table, always with superb judgment.

Through it may seem strange in today's Congress, he commanded real respect across the aisle. "Kirk was really a tough, bright opponent; he was a great strategist because he didn't let his emotions cloud his judgment," recalls Billy Pitts, who was Mr. O'Donnell's Republican counterpart working with GOP House Leader Bob Michel. "But he always was a delight to be around and his word was gold."

When the Democrats were down, routed by the Reagan revolution in 1981, it was Kirk O'Donnell who put together a strategy memorandum advising the party to lay off esoteric issues and not to reflight the tax issues but to focus on social security and jobs. It was the blueprint for a big Democratic comeback the next year. When then Republican Congressman Dick Cheney criticized the speaker for tough partisanship, Mr. O'Donnell immediately turned it around by citing a book that Rep. Cheney and his wife had written on House leaders that praised the same qualities that he now was criticizing.

For operated as well at that intersection of substance and politics, or understood both as well. He played a major role in orchestrating a powerful contingent of Irish-American politicians, including the speaker, to oppose

pro-Irish groups espousing violence. "Kirk put the whole Irish thing together," the speaker said.

He was staunchly liberal on the responsibility of government to care for those in need or equal rights. But he cringed when Democrats veered off onto fringe issues, and never forgot the lessons learned running neighborhood city halls in his 20's. Family values to Kirk O'Donnell wasn't a political buzzword or cliché, but a reality of life; there never has been a more loving family than Kirk and Kathy O'Donnell and their kids, Holly and Brendan.

The Clinton administration made job overtures to Kirk O'Donnell several times but they were never commensurate with his talents. He should have been either Chief of Staff or legal counsel from the very start of this administration. He would have brought experience, expertise, maturity, judgment, toughness—intimate knowledge of the way Washington works—that nobody else in that White House possessed.

But sadly, that's not what this president sought. For Kirk O'Donnell wouldn't have tolerated dissembling. He never was unfaithful to those he worked for but "spinning"—as in situational truths—was foreign to him. When working for the speaker of Michael Dukakis in 1988, he would dodge, bob, sometimes talk gibberish but never, in hundreds of interviews with me, did he ever dissemble.

The contrast between this and someone like Dick Morris, who Mr. Clinton continuously turned to, is striking. This was brought home anew when Mr. Morris, the former top Clinton aide, wrote a letter seeming to take issue with a column I wrote a few weeks ago.

For starters, he erroneously denied that he suggested Hillary Clinton is a lesbian. More substantively, Mr. Morris says that Mr. Clinton called him when the Lewinsky story broke and had him do a poll to gauge reaction. He did that and told Mr. Clinton the public wouldn't accept the truth. Although Mr. Morris turned over what he says is that poll to Independent Counsel Kenneth Starr, some of us question whether the survey was genuine.

The infamous political consultant swears he sampled 500 people, asked 25 to 30 questions and did it all out of own pocket for \$2,000. If true, it was a slipshod survey upon which the president reportedly decided to stake his word. (Only days later, Mr. Clinton swore at a private White House meeting that he hadn't spoken to Mr. Morris in ages.)

There was no more an astute analyst of polls than Kirk O'Donnell. He would pepper political conversations with survey data. But because he understood history and had such personal honor he always understood a poll was a snapshot, often valuable. But it never could be a substitute for principle or morality or integrity.

There were currencies of his professional and personal life. These no longer are commonplace commodities in politics, which is one of many reasons that the passing of this very good man is such a loss.

[From the Boston Globe, Sept. 10, 1998]

#### HE STOOD FOR POLITICS AT ITS BEST (By Thomas Oliphant)

He was arguably the best mayor Boston never had, among a handful of people who mattered most to the turbulent city of the 1970's.

No one did more for the House of Representatives over the last generation who was never elected to it, no history of national affairs in the 1980s is complete without his large thumbprint.

The last four presidents have known all about his special gifts and felt their impact;

the two Democrats (the completely different Jimmy Carter and Bill Clinton) had more than one occasion to depend on their big time.

On an average day he could get your brother a fair shot at the police force, help repair Social Security, broker the biggest tax bill of modern times, keep the Big Dig's cash coming, and still make it home for supper.

All across the intersections where politics and government meet in the interests of real people, the shock and pain at Kirk O'Donnell's death over the Labor Day weekend is the only recent event to unite Republicans, congressional Democrats, and Clintonities in this season of shame and ugliness.

You'd think all this emotion concerned a senior statesman passing on after a long lifetime of service, the occasion for a proud-sad moment to celebrate a life lived magnificently.

But the shock and pain arrived like a rusty blade in the gut because O'Donnell was only 52; he did things in his 30s and 40s that big shots in their 60s never accomplished. But the best was still ahead of him, and the sky was the limit; if the Democrats ever elect another president, a Cabinet post or chief of the White House staff would have been lateral movements for him.

This is the kind of death that shakes your faith, making it all the more important to reaffirm it. And the fact is this blend of Dorchester and D.C., of Boston Latin and Brown was a walking reaffirmation of faith in the potential of public service, a shining example of the silent majority who don't broker votes for cash, check their principles at the front desk, ignore their families, wretch on their commitments, indulge their whims and their urges, lie, and shirk. His life demonstrates that at the end only two things matter—whether your word's any good and how you treat others.

Two stories: Kevin Hagen White gets the credit for discovering him in the early years of decentralized innovation and leadership and hope for the racially polarized town. By 1975, the young political junkie who could explain Boston by precinct or by parish was entrusted with White's third-term reelection campaign.

It was the roughest, ugliest, closest fight in modern Boston times. The people involved, despite all they've done since, still get together to tell the old stories and refight the old shouting matches. The one reputation that was enhanced by the bruising experience was O'Donnell's, for focusing like a laser beam on organizing the White vote and focusing on Joe Timilty's lack of a clear alternative.

After it was over and he was down in Washington with Tip O'Neill, it was increasingly clear that his former boss had lost his fastball. Again and again, from the shadows of the speaker's rooms in the Capitol, O'Donnell saw to Boston's interests. He would happily recount to me the stories of program formulas rejiggered to benefit the cities, of special items in appropriations bills (worth billions of dollars over time) as long as I understood that if I used his name in public he would rip my lungs out.

Just for the record, O'Donnell was more than enough of a city lover and urban scholar to know about subway analogies in politics. But he was the guy, in 1981, who called Social Security the third rail of American politics; few lines have been ripped off more. But he did it to make a point—that Ronald Reagan had touched it by reaching beyond his mandate to try to slash future benefits in a partisan initiative. With the help of the worst recession in 50 years, he and Speaker O'Neill pounced on that goof to effectively end the Reagan Revolution.

But that same skill was then put to use on the speaker's behalf to help broker a bipartisan repair job that has lasted 15 years and made the next stage of generational commonsense possible. He was to Congress in the 1980s what Jim Baker was to the Reagan White House.

He was a big guy, with a big voice he rarely used except to laugh. Everyone trusted him. There are tears being shed today in saloons and salons, in boardrooms and in back rooms. Kirk O'Donnell's life demonstrates the power of the haunting challenge made famous by the Kennedys, that all of us can make a difference and that each of us should try.

[From the Boston Herald, Sept. 10, 1998]

O'DONNELL, BEST OF THE BREED

(By Susan Estrich)

A good man died on Saturday. He had a big smile, a big laugh and a great deal of power over the years. He used it well.

Ask people what they think of politics today, and the answer is generally not suitable for children to hear. The only things worse than politicians are the handlers and hacks who try to tell them what to do and us what to think, and then turn around and make money trashing their boss and the business they were in.

Kirk O'Donnell wasn't like that. He gave politics a good name.

Kirk was 52 when he died, jogging near his summer home in Scituate. He lived in Washington for most of his adult life and advised some of its most powerful men, but he was definitely a boy of Boston, and its politics—the way it should be.

He made his name working for Mayor Kevin White, who had promised to bring government to the people, which he did by creating "little city halls" in Boston's neighborhoods. Kirk's was a trailer in Fields Corner, where he helped working people who had no contacts or connections to be treated as if they did. He negotiated the system for them; he was their powerful friend and you didn't need a PAC to get his attention.

Later, working for Speaker of the House Tip O'Neill (a Cambridge resident), he said he had learned what he needed to know about Congress working at Fields Corner. I'm certain that he didn't just mean the business of politics—of phone calls and favors and chits to be spent—although given Congress, that is the most obvious meaning. For Kirk, the more important part of the lesson had to be about what politics is for.

Most people in politics work on either issues or politics, but not both. In this world, issues people tend to be viewed as nerds and wonks, a clear step beneath the gunslingers who do the politics and tell the speechwriters what to write. Kirk played both parts with equal ease; he was as good at one as the other, a rare combination that he used to bring legitimacy to the world of substance and substance to the world of politics. After his stint in the speaker's office, when he could have had any political job in town, he decided to help build a think-tank instead, giving the Center for National Policy a legitimacy that came from the fact that Kirk was heading it.

In 1988, I literally begged him to come to Boston to help me in the presidential campaign of Gov. Michael Dukakis. We were still doing well in the polls, but our communications problems were internal as well as external. He could see it when he came to talk to Dukakis and me. I was honest. To some, at the time, it certainly must have looked like a dream position: join the campaign of the nominee, who is heading for the convention and telling you that you are to be his chief political adviser. But Kirk knew better,

and so did I. We needed him; he didn't need us.

It turned out worse than we anticipated. Kirk could have spent a good deal of time explaining to the press, on background to be sure, how the campaign's biggest gaffes were contrary to his advice, how he had argued for this or that, written the lines himself or never even had the opportunity to—as the president's aides do regularly these days. But he never did. He never would. He grew up in Boston, where loyalty means standing by people when they're wrong and working for someone means being loyal to him.

Kirk leaves two children behind. Losing a father is terrible at any age, but when he is young and you need him, and he is a man like Kirk, it is an especially acute pain. I lost my father when he was 54, and I know all the trite sayings about how some people live a lifetime in a few years, and they inspire others and live on through their friends and family.

It is all true, but it is still not enough. Time does heal; deaths become part of our history. But the sad truth is that a good man died on Saturday, and he will be much missed, as he was much loved and respected. ●

#### PROSTATE CANCER RESEARCH

● Mrs. MURRAY. Mr. President, I stand before the Senate today to fight for the men of our country. I am referring to the cancer that has been most frequently diagnosed, in the last decade, in American men—prostate cancer. This cancer kills 40,000 American men every year and I am shocked we are even hesitating to appropriate the necessary funding to enable the Department of Defense to win this battle and find a cure.

I realize that I often find myself in this same place, fighting for women's health. As a member of the Appropriations Committee, I have consistently fought to provide the necessary funding for breast cancer research. Just this year, I offered an amendment to the DoD authorization bill that appropriated \$175 million for the Breast Cancer Research Program. However, this is a critical time to invest in medical research, all medical research, including prostate cancer.

Mr. President, we need to fight for the lives of our husbands, brothers, sons, fathers, and grandfathers of America, as well as their families. Death from cancer is tragic yet even more so knowing that we are on the verge of finding a cure. I have been very pleased with the results of breast cancer research and I know that if we gave the DoD adequate funding, it would produce equally impressive results saving thousands of men who would have otherwise not survived this ravaging disease. I believe we have the science and technology to put an end to unnecessary prostate cancer fatalities.

I am fully confident that our medical community can step up and find a cure for prostate cancer. However, it is the duty of my colleagues and I to provide medical researchers the resources they need to do so. Now is the time to have faith in our scientific community and stand behind the DoD. President Clinton got the ball rolling when he funded