

and 40 black homes and 15 black-owned businesses were destroyed.

Whether the race riot is her worst memory from more than a century of living, Sister Agnes Clare won't say. Her voice is steady, but she moves quickly to other events, often telling stories about her childhood in the leafy confines of what once was called "Aristocracy Hill."

Born in 1987 in a handsome, Lincoln-era house that still stands at 413 S. Seventh St., Agnes Graham was the youngest of seven children—three girls and four boys. She grew up in an adoring, achieving family headed by James M. Graham, an Irish immigrant who co-founded the family law firm of Graham & Graham. James M. Graham served in the Illinois General Assembly and as Sangamon County state's attorney before being elected to Congress, where he served from 1908 to 1914.

Sister Agnes Clare's earliest memories are of life in the Victorian-style, painted-brick house, where water came from a backyard pump and transportation meant hitching up a horse and buggy. She frames them from the perspective of a much loved child who appears to have been the favorite of her older siblings.

She recalls the Christmas she was 5 years old ("about the age when I started doubting Santa Clause") and too sick with the flu to walk downstairs to open gifts. Her brother Hugh, a law student at the University of Illinois, wrapped her in a blanket and carried her in his arms down the long, curved staircase with its polished walnut banister.

"My father had given me a big dollar bill to buy eight presents, she says, "I spent 30 cents for three bottles of perfume for my mother and sisters, and the place smelled to high heaven. I bought my father two bow ties for 10 cents. I think they were made of paper, and they fastened with safety pins. When I got downstairs, I saw a cup of tea for Santa Claus.

"When I was very young, my father went on a ship to Ireland to visit. I asked him to bring me back a leprechaun, but he said he didn't want me to be disappointed if the leprechauns were too fast for him to catch. What he did bring back was a leprechaun doll in a box, with gray socks and a pipe and bat. He told me it was a dead leprechaun, and that the salt water had killed him. I think I half-believed him, and I went around the neighborhood showing my dead leprechaun to my friends. One of their mother told my mother, 'Agnes' imagination is growing up faster than she is."

"The leprechaun went back into a box," she says, "but he'd get to come out on my birthdays and special occasions."

Now a family heirloom, the doll resides with her great-niece, Sallie Graham.

Sister Agnes Clare says he Springfield she grew up in wasn't a small town. There were 50,000 people living here at the beginning of the 20th century. Downtown was populated with family-owned businesses, and people tended to stay at the same job all of their lives.

The streets were paved with bricks that popped up without warning. People waited all year for the biggest event on the calendar: the Illinois State Fair.

"My mother baked hams and fried chickens so we had safe food to take to the fair. Lots of people got sick from eating at the fairgrounds because there was no refrigeration. At night, the area around the Old Capitol would be filled with fair performers who put on shows. Acrobats, singers and actors would perform on one side of the square. Then we would rush to the other side to get a front row seat on the ground. Everyone in town seemed to come out, and all the stores stayed open late so people could ship."

A rare treat was a little cash for ice cream, usually provided by big brother Hugh because there was an ice cream shop across from the Graham law office.

A change meeting with Supreme Court Justice Louis Brandeis was a highlight of the years Sister Agnes Clare spent in Washington as the young daughter of an Illinois congressman. She tells how Brandeis and her father worked together to investigate and remove corrupt agents who were swindling the residents of Indian reservations.

"Justice Brandeis came to our home because he was leaving Washington and he wanted to tell my father goodbye. I happened to be hanging on the fence in the front yard, so he gave me his business card and told me to give it to my father. He said my father was a great man."

"Indians would show up at my father's office in full native dress. My father spent a lot of time away from Washington inspecting the reservations. He told me stories of Indians so badly cared for (that) their feet left bloody footprints in the snow. One agent my father got removed gave an Indian a broken sewing machine for land that had oil and timber on it. The Indians were so grateful, a tribe in South Dakota made my father an honorary member with the title Chief Stand Up Straight."

Years later, when the Graham family home in Springfield was sold, she says, relatives donated her father's papers from that period to Brandeis University in Waltham, Mass.

In adulthood, Sister Agnes Clare attended college and was a librarian and a founding teacher at a mission and school in Duluth, Minn. However, her long lifetime often has been attached to a small geographic area bounded by the neighborhood where she was born and extending a few blocks west to the places where she attended school, spent much of her working career and retired to the Sacred Heart Convent in 1983.

Within those confines, she has lived most of a full, rich life that shows few signs of diminishing.

"Sister Agnes' bones don't support her, so she moves around in a wheel chair," says Sister Beth Murphy, communication coordinator for the Springfield Dominican order.

"Other than that, she has no illnesses, and her mind is sharp and clear."

The order has had other nuns who lived to be 100, but Sister Agnes Clare holds the longevity record.

"She's amazing," says Sister Murphy. "She continues to live every day with interest and curiosity. She listens to classical music and follows politics and current events on public radio. She reads the large-print edition of The New York Times every day. Recently I dropped by her room to visit and couldn't find her. She had wheeled herself off to art appreciation class."

Sister Agnes Clare's gaze is steady and assured and her face is remarkably unlined. She occupies a sunny room filled with photos and religious keepsakes. Less than a block away is the former Sacred Heart Academy (now Sacred Heart-Griffin High School), where she worked as a librarian for nearly 60 years.

"No, I didn't plan on becoming a nun," she says matter-of-factly. "I always thought I'd have a lot of children and live in a fairy-tale house. No one lives that way, of course."

"I always loved books, so when I graduated I went across the street from my family's home and got a job at Lincoln Library. The librarians were patient and put up with me while I learned how to do the work. One day I was alone when a man with a gruff voice and a face that looked like leather came in and asked to see the books written by Jack London. Of course, we had 'Sea Wolf' and 'Call of the Wild' and all the popular London

books. I showed him, and then I asked who he was.

"He said he was Jack London. I was so astonished, I forgot to ask for his autograph."

Sister Agnes Clare brushes aside any suggestion that she was a writer, despite her essays published in Catholic Digest and other publications. She once sold an article to The Atlantic Monthly. The piece was a rebuttal to one written by a nun critical of convent life. The editors asked for more of Sister Agnes Clare's work but World War II intervened and life became too busy for writing articles.

She has been a prolific letter writer to four generations of Grahams. Carolyn Graham, another grand-niece says each of her four adult children treasures letters from their Aunt Agnes.

"Whenever my kids come home," she says, "they always check in with her. They think she's extraordinary and she is."

After a lifetime that has seen wars and sweeping societal changes and the invention of everything from airplanes to the Internet, Sister Agnes Clare isn't offering any advice on how to live longer than 100 years.

An academically engaged life with good health habits probably has helped, and so has genetics. She comes from a long-lived family. Her father lived to age 93 and her brother Huge died at 95. A nephew, Dr. James Graham, continues to practice medicine at age 91.

There are, she admits, perks attached to being among the rare triple-digit individuals called centenarians.

"People ask you questions when you get to be my age," she says, smiling. "They even listen to my answers." ●

LEGISLATION CONCERNING DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.

● Mr. COVERDELL. Mr. President, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. was an extraordinary man who left a legacy for each of us as Americans and also as Georgians. On a hot summer day, August 28, 1963, Dr. King delivered his now famous and unforgettable "I Have A Dream" speech on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D.C. His words will always stay with us and help remind our Nation that we must look to our own home and family, friends and community, to see what we can do to make a better world for all. As Dr. King himself said, "When we let freedom ring, when we let it ring from every village and every hamlet, from every state and every city, we will be able to speed up that day when all of God's children, Black men and White men, Jews and Gentiles, Protestants and Catholics will be able to join hands and sing in the words of that old Negro spiritual, 'Free at last, Free at last, Thank God Almighty, We are free at last.'"

Thousands of visitors come to our Nation's capital to see where Martin Luther King delivered the "I Have A Dream" speech. Unfortunately, there is not a marker or words to show where he helped change the course of our country's history. To commemorate this historic event and truly honor Dr. King, today I am introducing legislation which directs the Secretary of the Interior to insert a plaque at the exact site of the speech on the steps of the

LINCOLN Memorial. It is my hope that this marker will preserve Dr. King's legacy for generations to come. The Secretary of the Interior may accept contributions to help defray the costs of preparing and inserting the plaque on the steps. This legislation is non-controversial and is consistent with what has been done previously at the Memorial to commemorate similar events. The bill is a Senate companion to legislation introduced by Representative ANN NORTHUP of Kentucky. I look forward to working with her on securing its enactment.●

RETIREMENT OF KEITH McCARTY

● Mr. BAUCUS. Mr. President, 2½ years ago, when the Balanced Budget Act (BBA) was enacted, few Members of Congress paid much attention to a small section in the BBA that created a new program for hospitals in frontier and rural communities.

This program, called the Critical Access Hospital, was buried among hundreds of provisions affecting Medicare. Yet, in many ways, it may well be one of the most lasting achievements of that session of Congress.

The Critical Access Hospital idea is based on a very successful demonstration project in Montana. This project, called the Medical Assistance Facility Demonstration Project, was coordinated by the Montana Health Research and Education Foundation (MHREF). This foundation is affiliated with MHA, an Association of Montana Health Care Providers, formerly the Montana Hospital Association.

As is usually the case, many people can claim at least some of the credit for the huge success of the MAF demonstration project. But the person who should claim the lion's share of the credit has never chosen to do so. It is that person—Keith McCarty—who I would like to recognize today.

Keith McCarty joined MHREF in 1989. At that time, even the concept of an MAF was vague. Several years earlier, a citizens' task force had dreamed up the idea of a limited service hospital to provide access to primary hospital and health care services in rural and frontier communities. Acting on the recommendations of the task force, the Montana Legislature had created a special licensure category for these hospitals.

MHA, the state department of health and others seized the opportunity created by the Legislature and, working with the regional office of the Department of Health and Human Services, developed a demonstration project aimed at determining whether MAFs would actually work. Keith was hired with the unenviable task of transforming this amorphous concept into reality, a job few gave him much hope of performing successfully.

Keith brought a broad range of skills to his job. Trained as a psychologist, from 1968 to 1975, he worked with the developmentally disabled in a variety

of positions, including serving as the Superintendent of the Boulder, Montana School and Hospital, the state's school for developmentally disabled children. Beginning in 1975, he provided professional contract services for a wide variety of health care and social service organizations.

By the time he joined MHREF, Keith was skilled at managing projects, preparing grant applications, coordinating and supervising grant-funded projects, program development and evaluation, research and data analysis, facilitating community decision-making and inter-agency cooperation. All these were skills he would use in developing the MAF demonstration project.

The MAF demonstration project brought its share of challenges. Among Keith's toughest challenges was convincing communities that the quality of their health care would not decline if they converted to MAF status. Once beyond that hurdle, Keith worked tirelessly with the state's peer review organization, fiscal intermediary, facility licensure and certification bureau and HHS officials to remove other potential roadblocks.

First one facility made the conversion, then another and before long there were more than twice as many as the project thought might convert to MAF status. I pushed for the Medicare waiver in the early 1990s, and the Medical Assistance Facility became a reality.

As the demonstration neared completion, Keith worked closely with my staff to draft the Critical Access Hospital legislation that I introduced in 1997 and saw through to final passage as part of the BBA. His insights about how Critical Access Hospitals might function, in practical terms, proved invaluable. And the model embodied in the Balanced Budget Act of 1997 closely parallels the experience Montana's MAFs enjoyed.

Keith McCarty retired on December 31, 1999. He retired only after ensuring that Montana's MAFs were able to seamlessly transition into the new Critical Access Hospital program.

His departure from MHREF marks a fitting transition for the Critical Access Hospital program. Once only a dream in the minds of a few people in the sparsely-populated areas of central Montana, the Critical Access Hospital has already become an institution in many communities across America.

Keith is far too modest to take credit for his labors. So, what he won't say, we should. Keith's efforts—and the MAF demonstration project—have been recognized in special awards from the National Rural Health Association and the American Hospital Association.

But perhaps the most fitting tribute that can be paid is to note that today, in 15 communities in Montana, routine health care services are provided in Critical Access Hospitals. If there had been no MAF demonstration project, health care services in at least half of these towns would no longer be available.

I want to acknowledge and thank Keith McCarty for the service he has provided to so many Montanans.●

TRIBUTE TO KEN SULLIVAN

● Mr. GRASSLEY. Mr. President, on March 18th there will be a retirement party in Shueyville, IA for one of Iowa's most highly-regarded journalists.

Ken Sullivan left *The Cedar Rapids Gazette* on February 10th, after 36½ years on the job. He started his career as a radio news reporter a few months after high school and reported for the *Oelwein Daily Register* for three years before joining Iowa's second-largest newspaper.

I have known Ken as one of the leading political reporters in a state where political dialogue is healthy and rigorous. Ken's many years of public service have greatly enriched this political landscape, as well as the civic life of metropolitan Cedar Rapids. He brought to his work tremendous dedication and demonstrated through his commentary the common sense and independence that characterizes the people of Iowa.

Mr. President, I salute the contribution that Ken Sullivan has made to our democracy by letting the sun shine in to the processes of government and encouraging public dialogue on the issues through his news reports, editorials and columns. His keen insights and energetic coverage of the issues important to Iowa and the country have well-served his readers and the public good. He will be missed, and I congratulate him on his many years of fine service.●

THE VOLUNTEERS OF AMERICA FOUNDERS' WEEK

● Mr. GRAMS. Mr. President, I rise today to recognize and honor the Volunteers of America on the occasion of its Founders' Week Celebration.

Volunteers of America was founded in 1896 by Christian social reformers Ballington and Maud Booth in New York with the mission of "reaching and uplifting" the American people. Soon afterwards, more than 140 "posts" were established across the nation. One of these posts sprang to life in my home state of Minnesota.

Volunteers of America serves people in many ways, with a special emphasis on human services, housing, and health services. The organization is noted for being the nation's largest nonprofit provider of quality, affordable housing for low-income families and the elderly. Currently, more than 30,000 people reside in Volunteers of America housing. Along with its commitment to providing homes, Volunteers of America also focuses on helping the homeless, through emergency shelters, transitional housing, jobs training, and counseling.

In Minnesota, Volunteers of America is one of the most important providers of social services and workers with