

S. RES. 283

Whereas on May 26, 2002, the Republic of Colombia successfully completed democratic multiparty elections for President and Vice President;

Whereas these elections were deemed by international and domestic observers, including the United Nations and the Organization of American States, to be free, fair, and a legitimate nonviolent expression of the will of the people of the Republic of Colombia;

Whereas the United States has consistently supported the efforts of the people of the Republic of Colombia to strengthen and continue their democracy;

Whereas the Senate notes the courage of the millions of citizens of the Republic of Colombia that turned out to vote in order to freely and directly express their opinion; and

Whereas these open, fair, and democratic elections of the new President and Vice President of the Republic of Colombia, and the speedy posting of election results, should be broadly commended: Now, therefore, be it

Resolved, That the Senate—

(1) congratulates the government and the people of the Republic of Colombia for the successful completion of democratic elections held on May 26, 2002, for President and Vice President;

(2) congratulates President-elect Alvaro Uribe Velez and Vice President-elect Francisco Santos Calderon on their recent victory and encourages their strong commitment to democracy, national reconciliation, and reconstruction;

(3) congratulates Colombian President Andres Pastrana, who has been a strong ally of the United States, a long-standing supporter of peace process negotiations, and a builder of national unity in the Republic of Colombia, for his personal commitment to democracy;

(4) commends all Colombian citizens and political parties for their efforts to work together to take risks for democracy and to willfully pursue national reconciliation in order to cement a lasting peace and to strengthen democratic traditions in the Republic of Colombia;

(5) supports Colombian attempts to—

(A) ensure democracy, national reconciliation, and economic prosperity;

(B) support human rights and rule of law; and

(C) abide by all the essential elements of representative democracy as enshrined in the Inter-American Democratic Charter, Organization of American States, and United Nations principles;

(6) encourages the government and people of the Republic of Colombia to continue their struggle against the evils of narcotics and all forms of terrorism;

(7) encourages the government of the Republic of Colombia to promote—

(A) the professionalism of the Colombian Armed Forces and Colombian National Police; and

(B) judicial and legal reforms; and

(8) reaffirms that the United States is unequivocally committed to encouraging and supporting democracy, human rights, rule of law, and peaceful development in the Republic of Colombia and throughout the Americas.

ORDER FOR RECORD TO REMAIN OPEN UNTIL 1:30 P.M.

Mr. REID. Madam President, I ask unanimous consent that the RECORD remain open today until 1:30 p.m., notwithstanding the adjournment of the Senate, for the submission of state-

ments and the introduction of legislation.

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

ORDERS FOR MONDAY, JUNE 17, AND TUESDAY, JUNE 18, 2002

Mr. REID. Madam President, I ask unanimous consent that when the Senate completes its business today, it adjourn until the hour of 2 p.m. on Monday, June 17; that following the prayer and the pledge, the Journal of proceedings be approved to date, the morning hour be deemed expired, the time for the two leaders be reserved for their use later in the day, and the Senate resume consideration of the terrorism insurance bill; that when the Senate completes its business on Monday, it stand in adjournment until Tuesday, June 18, at 9:30 a.m.; that following the prayer and pledge, the Journal of proceedings be approved to date, the morning hour be deemed expired, the time for the two leaders be reserved for their use later in the day, and the Senate resume consideration of the terrorism insurance bill, with the time until 9:45 a.m. equally divided between the two managers of the bill for debate only, prior to the cloture vote on the terrorism insurance bill; further, that the live quorum with respect to the cloture motion be waived; that Senators have until 3 p.m. on Monday to file first-degree amendments and until 9:40 a.m. on Tuesday to file second-degree amendments; and that the Senate stand in recess on Tuesday, June 18, from 12:30 p.m. to 2:15 p.m. for the weekly party conferences.

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

ORDER FOR ADJOURNMENT

Mr. REID. Madam President, if there is no further business to come before the Senate, I ask unanimous consent that the Senate stand in adjournment under the previous order following the statements of Senator BYRD of West Virginia.

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

The Senator from West Virginia.

NATIONAL FLAG DAY

Mr. BYRD. Madam President, the first national observance of Flag Day occurred on June 14, 1877, when Congress ordered that the flag be flown over public buildings every June 14. June 14 officially became National Flag Day when President Truman signed an act of Congress on August 3, 1949. This year marks the 225th anniversary of the signing of the Flag Act resolution on June 14, 1777. What a historic day this is, June 14. The resolution was a model of simplicity in just 32 words:

Resolved that the flag of the United States be made of 13 stripes, alternative red and

white; that the Union be 13 stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation.

Thus, was our national flag established. The last phrase "representing a new constellation" carries tremendous weight in just four words. The new United States of America was truly a new constellation in the firmament of nation states, and it blazes just as brightly today, 225 years later.

The poet, Joseph Rodman Drake, said it best, in the "American Flag."

When freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies.
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

So our flag, our standard, is known throughout the world and beyond. No other flag flies on the face of the Moon. Our flag is instantly recognizable in every capital and in the emptiest quarters of the world. Even those who revile that flag, even those who would attack that flag in our Nation, recognize America's dominant, even preeminent, role in world affairs, symbolized by that flag.

There it stands. For over 200 years, the American flag has led the way. It took us west to California, a great State—one of whose Senators at this moment presides over the Senate with a degree of decorum, aplomb and dignity that is so rare as a day in June.

Yes, it took us west to California, north to Alaska. It led brave men to the North and South Poles. It has flown atop Mount Everest. It has been emblazoned in the sides of deep-diving submarines. It has led charges. It has held fast against terrible odds, and it has risen from the ashes to soar over Iwo Jima and the World Trade Towers. In every bleak hour, the snap and the crack of that mighty banner has rallied our courage and given us hope.

Without words, the American flag instantly sums up all that is best about our Nation: Our courage, our leadership, our generosity, our determination, our freedom.

That first Flag Act forever shaped our flag, but in the early years of the Nation, several variations existed for the Flag Act was not precise about the exact arrangement of the stars. As new States joined the Union, additional stripes, as well as additional stars, were added to the flag.

An act passed in 1794, for example, provided for 15 stripes and 15 stars after May 1795. By 1818, the flag was growing unwieldy, and a subsequent act of April 4, 1818, signed by President Monroe, provided for 13 stripes for the original 13 colonies and one star for each State to be added to the flag on the 4th of July following admission of each new State to the Union.

Almost a century later on June 24, 1912, which is the year the great Titanic went down—1,570 people lost their lives that year on April 15, 1912—

an Executive Order of President Taft established the proportion of the flag and set the arrangement of the stars in six horizontal rows of eight each, a single point of each star to be upward.

The continued expansion of the United States required further modification to the flag, and an Executive Order of President Eisenhower, dated January 3, 1959—I was here at that time—provided for the arrangement of the stars in seven rows of seven stars each staggered horizontally and vertically.

A quick schoolchild who knows his or her multiplication table, sometimes referred to as the times table, knows that 7 times 7 is 49.

With the addition of Hawaii to the Union in 1959, a further Executive Order on August 21, 1959, was required to establish the flag as we know it today with the stars in nine rows staggered horizontally, and 11 rows staggered vertically.

Will the flag change again as it has in the past? I do not know. But some things will never change. The love and respect that patriotic Americans have for this chosen symbol of our native land will never die, so long as the Government remains true to the spirit and the words of this Constitution, which I hold in my hand.

Equally immutable is the power of our flag to lift our hopes and our morale. The blossoming of flags across the Nation on and after September 11 has proved that Old Glory, Old Glory, Old Glory, the Stars and Stripes, by any name, is our own beloved flag. And there it stands in all its glory, beside the Presiding Officer of the Senate.

Madam President, hats off to the flag! That is the appropriate response to the sight of an American flag passing by. To my mind, no one has ever said it better than Henry Holcomb Bennett, in his stirring poem "The Flag Goes By." Let it be my salute and birthday salutation to the American flag. Long may she wave!

THE FLAG GOES BY

Hats off!

Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:

Hats off!

The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.

Hats off!

The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and save the State:
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right, and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong:
Pride and glory and honor,—all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!

Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;

And loyal hearts are beating high:

Hats off!

The flag is passing by!

FATHER'S DAY

Mr. BYRD. Madam President, the Bible commands us to "honor thy father and thy mother." Last month, we honored mothers. It was mother's day. This month, this Sunday, it is the fathers' turn. On that day, we honor men in their role as fathers, not as any of the many other titles they may wear: not for their accomplishments at work, though that is how many men define themselves; not for their accomplishments at home that are not family related, such as in their role as gardeners or home builders or mechanics; but as fathers.

Fatherhood requires no special training, no advanced degree, but it does require a long commitment and a considerable level of effort. It is not always easy. It requires a certain warmth. It is not for the faint-hearted or the self-centered. Though it has its hero moments, it is not a popularity contest. As a father, a man will hunt buggers, as they used to say; buggers or monsters in closets on dark nights, investigate all strange sounds, and kill a lot of bugs and spiders. Just ask any father. He will be expected to know how to make volcanoes out of plaster of Paris and 2-liter soda bottles. He will become the instant authority in all manner of arcane subjects like sports rules. He will become the ultimate authority in all matters of discipline. Father will set, and enforce, limits and intimidate all prospective suitors of his daughters. He becomes the man by whom all other men are judged. It is difficult to over-estimate the importance of a father figure.

If you ask a child what he or she likes best about their father, they likely will not mention the father's job. They won't comment on how nicely he mows the lawn, or how the car gleams, the chromium shines, those fenders which mirror themselves. It is more likely to be that dad makes funny faces—yes, that is what they will comment on, dad makes funny faces—plays catch, makes waffles on Saturday mornings, or gives pony rides on his shoulders. Maybe dad does a great cannonball jump into the pool, maybe he cooks the best hamburgers on the grill, or maybe he takes his kids fishing. It is those times that a father is most engaged with his children that makes a moment special to a child. As we grow older, we can appreciate the effort that fathers put into their jobs, so that they might provide for their families, but that appreciation only sweetens the treasured times when dad plays with his kids.

I have spoken many times about my dad. He was not my biological father. But he was my biological father's sister's husband. He and my aunt raised me as my mother died when I was a year old, a little less than a year old, in the great influenza epidemic of 1918.

I was just reading last night a Senate hearing by the Appropriations Committee on a resolution appropriating \$1 million to fight influenza in 1918. That hearing was conducted in September of 1918. Less than 2 months later, my mother died of that influenza.

So she asked, per her wish, that my father's sister—he had eight or nine sisters, two or three brothers; there were large families in those days—my mother's wish was that one of my father's sisters who had married Titus Dalton Byrd take me, the baby. I had three older brothers and a sister, but take me, the baby, and rear that baby. And so because of a mother's wish, my uncle, Titus Dalton Byrd, and his wife, my aunt, Vlurma Byrd, took me to West Virginia from North Carolina, and there in the coal fields of West Virginia they reared me. They took care of me. They loved me. My memories are of that tall man, with a red mustache and the black hair, who went to the mines every day and worked hard for me and for his wife, my aunt—the only mother I ever knew. And he was the only father I ever knew.

As a matter of fact, I didn't know that he wasn't my father until I was a high school senior. In that year, 1934, this man whom I called my dad took me and sat me down and told me the story of how the influenza had taken away my angel mother and how he and his wife, whom I knew as my mom, had taken me as an infant, just a few days under 1 year old, and raised me.

And I can remember him, that old coal miner, honest as the day is long. He had no enemies. When he died, he didn't owe any man a penny. He was honest, as I say, as the day is long. He worked hard in the bowels of the Earth.

I never heard him use God's name in vain in all the years that I was with him—never. I never heard him talk about his neighbor. I never saw him sit down at the table and grumble at whatever was on the table, whatever it was—never, ever a grumble.

As I say, I didn't know for a long time that Titus Dalton Byrd was not my father. I called him Pap. He was my dad.

He was a quiet, hard-working man, worn down by the strenuous life of a coal miner in the days before the mechanized and much safer practices of modern mining. He would come home—I see the coal dust sometimes in his eyes. I see him coming down the railroad tracks. I see him coming home from a hard day's work in the mines.

Many times in those mines the roof was so low that the miners had to walk on their knees. They had knee pads and they would walk on their knees, sometimes working in waterholes, lifting that slate and lifting the shovels of coal and heaving them into the coal car. They worked hard.

There was little hope for them, not much to look forward to in that coal miner's life. Day after day, day after day, the same old grind, lifting that