

As I continued my career in Washington and Bill returned to Richmond to help lead Reynolds Metals Corporation, his family business, the time we spent together decreased, but the admiration and respect I held for him only increased. I watched with pride as Bill earned a reputation as a respected and effective leader of his industry, and as a wise and most generous philanthropist.

As president of the American Red Cross, I was privileged to lead an organization that boasts over a million volunteers and I can't think of a one who took more joy in volunteering—and in fundraising—than Bill. If there is anyone here today Bill didn't recruit to play in the annual Red Cross Golf Classic he founded, then you must have been hiding from him! And just 3 weeks ago, 3 weeks ago, he attended the Golf Classic Dinner. I am told he was given a hero's welcome—though he modestly tried to discourage it,—and that everyone was so proud to tell how he knew Bill, about experiences they had shared. What a testimonial to the love in that room for Bill. What a testimonial to his grit! If Bill Reynolds had an enemy, it might only be someone he had put in prison. Brother Randy tells of a deep-sea fishing trip off the coast of Florida. One of the crew on the boat said, "Mr. Reynolds, you don't remember but you sent me to jail in DC!" Even he felt no resentment, though Bill felt a little nervous the rest of the fishing trip!

The Bible tells us that God loves a cheerful giver—and Bill was truly that—a cheerful giver.

Joe Dippell shared with me something very typical of Bill. When Joe's son, Allen, was 7 years old and the family was visiting Bill here in Richmond, young Allen wanted everything he saw—he wanted this toy, he wanted that toy. Joe kept saying "No, Allen, no, no, no." Later on, as they left to go play golf, Bill said "Joe, follow me in your car." And suddenly Joe noticed son Allen had jumped in with Bill. Soon they pulled up to a store—Bill and Allen went in and came out loaded with boxes. Yes, I bet you have guessed it—Bill, with his heart of gold, had bought Allen every toy he wanted.

As an officer of the Missionary Emergency Fund, just recently Bill instigated efforts to refurbish the Reynolds Lodge in my home state—in Montreat, NC, a part of the religiously based Montreat Conference Center, and there are so many more examples.

What guided Bill to do so much and to give so much to so many others? I believe it was love: The love Bill had for God and for his fellow man. In the Bible we learn that the greatest commandment is to love God with all one's heart, mind, soul and strength—and secondly, to love others as oneself.

1st Corinthians, Chapter 13, ends with the words "Now abideth faith, hope, and love, these three, but the greatest of these is love."

I always thought that faith would be the greatest, but I have come to realize

that faith is just the means to love, because, as the Bible says, God is love and love is the only thing that lasts.

I believe Bill knew this. Whether it was law or business or athletics, he excelled and succeeded in everything he put his mind to. There were many accomplishments Bill never told me about, though I got to know him soon after they occurred. The obituary in the Richmond Times Dispatch mentioned all-State honors in three sports as a high school athlete; captain of the University of Pennsylvania tennis and squash teams; student body president at the University of Pennsylvania; student body president at UVA Law School; recipient of the Red Cross Philos Award—Philanthropist of the Year. Yes, I saw the extent of Bill's humility and modesty only after his death.

But he knew that it is not the honors or the prestige or the accomplishments that really matter. Those don't go with us into eternity; rather, it is the acts of love, kindness, caring, compassion—because God is love, those go with us.

There is a little book I often carry in my briefcase by Henry Drummond, who lived in the 1800's, in Scotland. It is called "The Greatest Thing in the World"—Love.

In it, Drummond writes that "just as you have seen a man of science take a beam of light and pass it through a crystal prism, as you have seen it come out the other side of the prism broken up into its component colors red, blue, yellow, violet, orange, and all the colors of the rainbow," so, too, in First Corinthians does the Apostle Paul pass love through a prism, and it comes out the other side broken up into nine ingredients. As we celebrate Bill's life, think about these components listed in 1st Corinthians: Patience. Kindness. Generosity. Humility. Courtesy. Unselfishness. Good temper. Guilelessness. Sincerity. Those, the Bible tells us, are the nine ingredients of love. And I know we can all agree—those are characteristics Bill Reynolds exhibited each and every day of his life.

Just as Bill provided us with an example of how to live, he also provided us an example of how to die. Throughout his battle with cancer, there were no complaints, no bitterness, no pity parties. Typically, Bill was more concerned about others, and when the course of his illness became clear, Randy tells me Bill apologized to his sister, Louise, that he would not be there to help her on projects and missions they shared.

I especially recall a visit with Bill in Richmond last November, soon after my election to the Senate. Instead of discussing his battle, Bill wanted to talk politics—he loved politics—and he peppered me with questions about my campaign, providing me with his keen insight into the issues of the day. It was a time I will always remember, and the meal we shared just a few months ago in Washington, where he attended the Fentriss wedding. How his family

and friends will miss his wisdom, his smile, and the warmth of his friendship. How this community will miss his leadership. How all of us are better off for having known this good and faithful gentleman.

The Greek poet Sophocles wrote, "One must wait until the evening to see how splendid the day has been."

Although the evening of Bill's life came much too soon, it is my hope that we who loved him will take solace in the fact that in his final days, Bill could look back at a life filled with accomplishment, a life filled with family and friends, a life filled with love, and know without a doubt that the day had indeed been splendid.●

IN HONOR OF THE CITY OF LATHRUP VILLAGE

● Mr. LEVIN. Mr. President, on Saturday July 12, 2003, in my home state of Michigan, residents of the city of Lathrup Village will gather to celebrate the city's 50th anniversary.

The city of Lathrup Village is a small residential community in southern Oakland County, just north of Detroit. Its quiet, tree-line streets which are full of modest brick homes are the result of considerable foresight and vision by the city's founder, Louise Lathrup Kelley who in 1923 acquired 1,000 acres of land in Southfield Township.

This area, originally known as Lathrup Townsite, was incorporated as the City of Lathrup village in 1953. Since then, the residents and the city have carried on Louise Lathrup Kelley's vision for community-oriented small city living.

What Lathrup lacks in square miles, it makes up for in heart and a strong sense of community. This is evident through the success of events such as Lathrup's Summer Concerts in the Park series, which the city hosts for residents throughout the summer months. Residents have also created the Children's Garden in the city park, where children learn a wide range of skills including how to grow vegetables and the delicate art of raising butterflies.

From July 11th to 13th of this year, the Lathrup Village community will be commemorating the city's 50th anniversary with a weekend full of celebration. It is sure to be a wonderful series of events that will further solidify the feeling of community that residents there have enjoyed for over five decades.

I know my Senate colleagues will join me in congratulating the city of Lathrup Village on this important milestone. I am proud to represent this spirited city, and wish them many more years of success and prosperity.●

MESSAGE FROM THE HOUSE

At 12:32 p.m., a message from the House of Representatives, delivered by Ms. Niland, one of its reading clerks,