

finding a position in the private sector, Sandra Day O'Connor accepted a position working as Deputy County Attorney for San Mateo County, California.

When her husband John was drafted into the JAG Corps in 1953, she moved to Frankfurt, Germany with him and served as a civilian attorney for the Quartermaster Market Center from 1954–1957.

After leaving Germany, O'Connor returned to Arizona and again faced difficulty in finding employment with a private law firm. As a result, she began a small practice of her own where she practiced from 1958–1960.

In 1965, after returning to work following a brief hiatus to care for her children, O'Connor accepted a position as an Assistant Attorney General for the State of Arizona.

In 1968, she was appointed to the Arizona State Senate by the governor to fill a vacancy. O'Connor successfully defended her Senate seat in the next election, and was subsequently re-elected to two more terms. During this time, O'Connor was elected to be majority leader of the Arizona Senate.

O'Connor was elected Judge of Maricopa County Superior Court in 1975 and she served until 1979 when she was appointed to the Arizona Court of Appeals. In 1981, President Reagan appointed her as the first woman to sit on the Supreme Court and she was confirmed unanimously by the Senate.

During her time on the Court, Justice O'Connor has proven herself to be a brilliant jurist and a strong defender of the Constitution. She is known for her fairness and her desire to seek practical solutions for even the most difficult decisions the Court has ruled on.

Justice O'Connor has proven to be an independent thinker and a vigorous questioner, narrowing in on precise legal issues with laser-like precision from the bench.

She has lived up to her promise to respect the Constitution and to interpret the law judiciously, seeking the narrowest reach possible for the Court's rulings. Justice O'Connor is known for approaching each case individually, seeking to arrive at practical conclusions.

Justice O'Connor has been a great advocate for the Court. She has traveled the globe, speaking to thousands of students, lawyers, foreign dignitaries and others on the judiciary, the Constitution, and the law.

Justice O'Connor's love of this Nation, its judicial process, and the law is widely known. In her most recent book, "Majesty of the Law: Reflections of a Supreme Court Justice" she insightfully describes the institution of the court, its history, customs and some of its notable members.

Justice O'Connor, is "one of the most significant historical figures of the 21st century" and "an inspiration to all future generations." Chief Judge Stephen McNamee, U.S. District Court, District of Arizona.

"[Justice O'Connor] likes to hear people's points of view. I never felt I had to agree with her to conform to her view." Professor Stuart Banner, professor of law at UCLA who clerked for O'Connor.

I yield the floor.

The ACTING PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Senator from West Virginia is recognized.

COMPLIMENTING SENATOR TED STEVENS

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, I always enjoy listening to my friend TED STEVENS. Ours is a long friendship, and it will be as long as the days we both live. He is going to go fishing. He loves to fish. He loves to go back to his State, which he so ably represents, and which has accorded him the great title of "Alaska's Son of the 20th Century." Indeed, he is one who is entitled to that kind of recognition and respect.

THE FOURTH OF JULY

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, many Americans will soon enjoy a long 3-day weekend, courtesy of the Fourth of July, which this year falls on a Monday.

The Fourth of July is a wonderful time. Summer's heat has not yet worn us down. School has not been out so long that the days have begun to drag for the younger set—or for their parents. We are not tired of the season or of each other. The growth of the grass has slowed, so that weekends are not spent on mowing and yard work, but leaves some time for picnics and pools. Gardens are beginning to pour forth their bounty, but not yet in such abundance that we have become desperate to unload mounds of zucchini and tomatoes. Wild blackberries. I remember when I was a boy, reaching around the shed and picking off a few wild blackberries and having the color of the blackberries stain my lips. Wild blackberries are ripening along the edges of fields and the heavy perfume of honeysuckle vines makes rural walks a feast—a feast—for the senses. The Fourth of July is a perfect time to glory in the gentle bounty of our Nation and of our Nation's families. Independence Day, together with Thanksgiving and Christmas, remains a uniquely family-oriented celebration. When Americans reflect on our freedom, our security, our liberties, our many blessings, we like to do it among our closest friends and family.

Fourth of July parades—oh man, man, man, they will bring out the crowds along community main streets, big towns, little towns, middle-size towns. Small hands—I can just see them, can't you?—small hands, little hands will clutch miniature flags as firetrucks roll past in all of their shining glory. Floats made by church groups, scout troops, and 4-H clubs will compete, each hoping to demonstrate the greatest patriotism.

After the parades, there will be family picnics and barbecues that host their own friendly competition as family cooks show off their talents at the grill or on tables laden with traditional favorites such as creamy macaroni and potato salad, slow-cooked baked beans—oh, how good they taste—deviled eggs, and chocolate cake.

The menu is not as important, however, as the feeling of family solidarity as everyone settles in after a splendid meal to watch the cascading displays of fireworks set off in the growing dusk. With the exception of some small children and family pets, such as my little dog, Trouble, that howl at the thunderous booms and high-pitched squeals of some fireworks, the general response to the evening's finale is usually a unanimous "oooh" after each bloom of sparks.

Even the earliest Independence Day celebrations were marked by similar displays of patriotism, often including the discharge of cannons, one for each State in the Union, and toasts, also one for each State in the Union.

On July 3, 1776, John Adams wrote to his wife Abigail and said:

Yesterday the greatest question was decided which ever was debated in America; and a greater perhaps never was, nor will be, decided among men. A resolution was passed without one dissenting colony, that those United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States.

That resolution was on separation from England. It was not until July 4 that the Declaration of Independence—the Declaration of Independence, there it is with my wife Erma's name on the front of the leather cover. It contains the Constitution, the Articles of Confederation, yes, and the Declaration of Independence, and some other historic documents.

The Declaration of Independence was voted upon by the Continental Congress. Adams felt that the July 2 date was the one that would be marked by celebration, but the physical presence of the declaration document, along with its stirring rhetoric, allowed it to easily usurp the separation vote tally as the turning point in history.

Eighty copies of the original declaration were printed that same night, July 4, for distribution among the rebellious colonies.

At the very first Independence Day celebrations, those spontaneous ones that followed in the days and weeks after the Declaration of Independence was adopted and distributed, the Declaration of Independence was itself a central part of the festivity, read aloud to the crowds gathered at capitols, courthouses, and public places around the newly declared nation. In New York, the Declaration of Independence was read at the head of each brigade of the Continental Army posted around the city, to loud hurrahs—loud hurrahs.

Today, as proud inhabitants of a powerful and wealthy nation, it can be difficult to recall that in 1776, the celebrations of independence must be seen as