

room, just for listening to them. Word will get around, she said.

She knew the ways of the world, and how they could be made to work for you, even when you didn't fully understand what was going on. She told me once, years later, that she didn't even understand everything about the man she married—nor did she want to, she said, as long as he needed her.

Oh, he needed her, alright. You know the famous incident. Once, trying to locate her in a crowded room, he growled aloud: "Where's Lady Bird?" And she replied: "Right behind you, darling, where I've always been."

"Whoever loves, believes the impossible," Elizabeth Browning wrote. Lady Bird truly loved this man she often found impossible. "I'm no more bewildered by Lyndon than he is bewildered by himself," she once told me.

Like everyone he loved, she often found herself in the path of his Vesuvian eruptions. During the campaign of 1960 I slept in the bed in their basement when we returned from the road for sessions of the Senate. She knew I was lonesome for Judith and our six-month-old son who were back in Texas. She would often come down the two flights of stairs to ask if I was doing alright. One night the Senator and I got home even later than usual. And he brought with him an unresolved dispute from the Senate cloakroom. At midnight I could still hear him upstairs, carrying on as if he were about to purge the Democratic caucus. Pretty soon I heard her footsteps on the stairs and I called out: "Mrs. Johnson, you don't need to check up on me. I'm alright." And she called back, "Well, I was coming down to tell you I'm alright, too."

She seemed to grow calmer as the world around her became more furious.

Thunderstorms struck in her life so often, you had to wonder why the Gods on Olympus kept testing her.

She lost her mother in an accident when she was five. She was two cars behind JFK in Dallas. She was in the White House when Martin Luther King was shot and Washington burned. She grieved for the family of Robert Kennedy, and for the lives lost in Vietnam.

Early in the White House, a well-meaning editor up from Texas said, "You poor thing, having to follow Jackie Kennedy." Mrs. Johnson's mouth dropped open, in amazed disbelief. And she said, "Oh, no, don't pity for me. Weep for Mrs. Kennedy. She lost her husband. I still have my Lyndon."

She aimed for the consolation and comfort of others. It was not only her talent at negotiating the civil war waged in his nature. It was not just the way she remained unscripted by the factions into which family, friends, and advisers inevitably divide around a powerful figure. She kept open all the roads to reconciliation.

Like her beloved flowers in the field, she was a woman of many hues. A strong manager, a canny investor, a shrewd judge of people, friend and foe—and she never confused the two. Deliberate in coming to judgment, she was sure in conclusion.

But let me speak especially of the one quality that most captured my admiration and affection, her courage.

It is the fall of 1960. We're in Dallas, where neither Kennedy nor Johnson are local heroes. We start across the street from the Adolphus to the Baker Hotel. The reactionary congressman from Dallas has organized a demonstration of women—pretty women, in costumes of red, white, and blue, waving little American flags above their cowboy hats. At first I take them to be cheerleaders having a good time. But suddenly they are an angry mob, snarling, salivating, spitting.

A roar—a primal terrifying roar swells around us—my first experience with collective hate roused to a fever pitch. I'm right behind the Johnsons. She's taken his arm and as she turns left and right, nodding to the mob, I can see she is smiling. And I see in the eyes of some of those women a confusion—what I take to be the realization that this is them at their most uncivil, confronting a woman who is the triumph of civility. So help me, her very demeanor creates a small zone of grace in the midst of that tumultuous throng. And they move back a little, and again a little, Mrs. Johnson continuing to nod and smile, until we're inside the Baker and upstairs in the suite.

Now LBJ is smiling—he knows that Texas was up for grabs until this moment, and the backlash will decide it for us. But Mrs. Johnson has pulled back the curtains and is looking down that street as the mob disperses. She has seen a dark and disturbing omen. Still holding the curtain back, as if she were peering into the future, she says, "Things will never be the same again."

Now it is 1964. The disinherited descendants of slavery, still denied their rights as citizens after a century of segregation, have resolved to claim for themselves the American promise of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. President Johnson has thrown the full power of his office to their side, and he has just signed the Civil Rights Act of 1964—the greatest single sword of justice raised for equality since the Emancipation Proclamation. A few weeks later, both Johnsons plunge into his campaign for election in his own right. He has more or less given up on the South, after that legislation, but she will not. These were her people, here were her roots. And she is not ready to sever them. So she sets out on a whistle stop journey of nearly seventeen hundred miles through the heart of her past. She is on her own now—campaigning independently—across the Mason-Dixon line down the buckle of the Bible Belt all the way down to New Orleans. I cannot all these years later do justice to what she faced: The boos, the jeers, the hecklers, the crude signs and cruder gestures, the insults and the threats. This is the land still ruled by Jim Crow and John Birch, who controls the law with the cross and club to enforce it. 1964, and bathroom signs still read: "White Ladies" and Colored Women."

In Richmond, she is greeted with signs that read: "Fly away, Lady Bird." In Charleston, "Blackbird Go Home." Children planted in front rows hold up signs: "Johnson is a Nigger Lover." In Savannah they curse her daughter. The air has become so menacing we run a separate engine fifteen minutes ahead of her in case of a bomb; she later said, "People were concerned for me, but the engineer in the train ahead of us was in far greater danger." Rumors spread of snipers, and in the Panhandle of Florida the threats are so ominous the FBI orders a yard-by-yard sweep of a seven-mile bridge that her train would cross.

She never flinches. Up to forty times a day from the platform of the caboose she will speak, sometimes raising a single white-gloved hand to punctuate her words—always the lady. When the insults grew so raucous in South Carolina, she tells the crowd the ugly words were coming "not from the good people of South Carolina but from the state of confusion." In Columbia she answers hecklers with what one observer called "a maternal bark." And she says, "This is a country of many viewpoints. I respect your right to express your own. Now is my turn to express mine."

An advance man called me back at the White House from the pay phone at a local train depot. He was choking back the tears. "As long as I live," he said, in a voice break-

ing with emotion, "I will thank God I was here today, so that I can tell my children the difference courage makes."

Yes, she planted flowers, and wanted and worked for highways and parks and vistas that opened us to the technicolor splendors of our world. Walk this weekend among the paths and trails and flowers and see the beauty she loved. But as you do, remember—she also loved democracy, and saw a beauty in it—rough though the ground may be, hard and stony, as tangled and as threatened with blight as nature itself. And remember that this shy little girl from Karnack, Texas—with eyes as wistful as cypress and manners as soft as the whispering pine—grew up to show us how to cultivate the beauty in democracy: The voice raised against the mob. . . the courage to overcome fear with convictions as true as steel.

Claudia Alta Taylor—Lady Bird Johnson—served the beauty in nature and the beauty in us—and right down to the end of her long and bountiful life, she inspired us to serve them, too.

Mr. DURBIN. Mr. President, those of us who were fortunate enough to know Mr. Moyers understand what an extraordinary person he is. I hope those who read the remarks he made about Lady Bird Johnson will come to appreciate so much more the contributions she made in her life. She was a gracious and caring person. Bill Moyers' eulogy reminds us she was also a person of exceptional courage.

I join America in extending condolences to Lady Bird Johnson's family, to the family of our former colleague, Senator Charles and Lynda Robb, and to all those who mourn her passing, and I yield the floor.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from Rhode Island.

Mr. REED. Mr. President, first let me associate myself with the comments of Senator DURBIN about Lady Bird Johnson. I had the privilege and pleasure for many years of knowing a dear friend of their family, my dear friend, Warrie

Price and her family. She was there in Austin for the services.

Also, I had the privilege of serving with Senator Chuck Robb and knowing Lynda. I thank the Senator for recognizing those comments by Bill Moyers. When I spoke to my friend, Warrie Price, she said she had never heard anything as moving and as evocative and as fitting as the tribute by Bill Moyers.

I thank the Senator for including that in the RECORD for the American people to consider.

INDEPENDENCE DAY IN CAPE VERDE

Mr. REED. Mr. President, today with my colleagues in the Senate, I celebrate the anniversary of Cape Verde's independence on behalf of all America. This small African country of 400,000 deserves our recognition, particularly as it one of democracy's few success stories in the African continent.

The existence of Cape Verde's islands was first acknowledged by the Romans. But it was not until 1456 that the uninhabited islands were rediscovered by the Portuguese under the command

of Henry the Navigator. Six years later, Cape Verde was inhabited and incorporated as a colony of the Portuguese Empire. Its prosperity during the height of European colonialism was so great as to be the object of looting pirates, such as the infamous Sir Francis Drake. However, because of recurring droughts and the decline of the slave trade near the end of the 18th century, many Cape Verdeans emigrated from the islands to New England, many becoming productive members of America's whaling commerce.

In the 20th century, Cape Verde was affected by growing nationalism, fomented by disastrous economic circumstances during the Second World War. The tiny nation was subsequently suppressed by the authoritarian Portuguese regime. But in 1974 the Carnation Revolution in Portugal not only brought about the world's third wave of democracy but also meant independence for Cape Verde. On July 5, 1975, Cape Verde received its independence from Portugal.

Cape Verde's road to full democracy has been gradual, but nevertheless Cape Verde can now boast a prolific and fair government that received a perfect score in the Freedom House ratings for both political rights and civil liberties, the only African country with such an honor. I urge my colleagues in the Senate to join me in wishing the 350,000 Cape Verdean-Americans a happy Independence Day this Fifth of July.

VISIT OF POLISH PRESIDENT LECH KACZYNSKI

Mr. OBAMA. Mr. President, I rise to welcome Polish President Lech Kaczynski to Washington. Recognizing the rich history of cooperation between our two countries, I am happy to say, *Witam Serdecznie w Washingtonie*, Welcome to Washington.

The Polish President's visit reminds us that for the last 200 years America and Poland have been linked in the struggle for freedom. Today there is a strong legacy of sacrifice between the two nations—sacrifice for the cause of American and Polish freedom alike.

As early as the Revolutionary War, Polish patriots like Casimir Pulaski and Tadeusz Kosciuszko fought alongside American patriots—from Germantown to Saratoga—to help win our country's independence.

During World War I, Ignacy Paderewski, an unparalleled musician, helped lead the fight for a free and independent Poland. He became Prime Minister after the war, only to be forced into exile by the Nazi Occupation. After he died in exile in the United States, America gave this great friend of freedom a place alongside our honored dead in Arlington National Cemetery. There he would rest, in the words of President Franklin Roosevelt, "until Poland would be free."

It was a moving sight when, in 1992, President George H. W. Bush escorted

Paderewski's ashes home to Poland. No one will forget seeing thousands of Poles lining the streets over the miles from the airport to the city center, waiting to see the horse drawn carriage.

It was the world's good fortune that a Pole infused with this same dedication to freedom and the dignity of all people was elected Pope at such a critical time. Polish Americans were thrilled at the election of Karol Wojtyla as Pope, a man who kept the faith when faith was forbidden.

At the same time, American Polonia's dedication to freedom in their native Poland was vital in ensuring that Soviet totalitarianism would not succeed. Millions of personal packages were sent to friends and family back home, and each package was a message of hope in dark days like—the imposition of martial law in 1981—of the Soviet Union.

The razing of the Iron Curtain provided opportunities to renew the linkage between Poland and America. Two centuries after the deaths of Pulaski and Kosciuszko, Poland and America became formal allies in NATO, institutionalizing the faith in freedom our countries have shared for centuries.

Since joining NATO in 1997, Poland has become one of America's most important strategic partners, dedicating troops and resources to our operations in Afghanistan and Iraq.

We now have an opportunity to build on this long and deep relationship. Here is how we can:

Renew the unity of purpose of the Transatlantic Relationship. The Bush administration's policy of splitting Europe into "old" and "new" was not just wrong, it was counterproductive. Poland should not have to choose between its vital interest in closer integration with Europe and its alliance with the United States. America must repair its relationship with Europe as a whole, so that Poland and our other Central European allies are never put in that position again.

Finish building a Europe whole and free. Poland has been a steadfast champion of liberty in the countries to its east. America and Poland should stand together to help Ukraine build a strong and stable democracy, and to help the people of Belarus regain their human rights. We also share an interest in working with Russia to meet common security threats and to encourage Russia's integration into Western institutions. But we should also embrace, not abandon, those in Russia working to preserve their hard won liberty, and draw clear lines against Russia's intimidation of its neighbors. Mr. President, 21st century Europe cannot be divided into 19th century spheres of influence.

Meet global challenges together. Not long ago, we looked to Poland as a country that needed American help in its own efforts to be free and secure; now we look to Poland as a critical partner in building a safer, freer world.

We should work with Poland to secure more European troops, with stronger rules of engagement, to stabilize Afghanistan. And we should work together to send an unmistakable signal to Iran that its insistence in pursuing a nuclear weapons program is a profound mistake.

Energize the alliance to confront new challenges. From Poland to the United States, we are facing a new kind of threat in the form of energy insecurity and climate change. The North Atlantic community has always joined forces to confront and defeat new challenges, and we should be doing the same now by, among other things, sharing best practices on energy conservation, inviting India and China to join the International Energy Agency, and dedicating our significant resources to establishing a global cap and trade on greenhouse gas pollution.

Prudently but decisively prepare for emerging threats. The Bush administration has been developing plans to deploy interceptors and radar systems in Poland and the Czech Republic as part of a missile defense system designed to protect against the potential threat of Iranian nuclear armed missiles. If we can responsibly deploy missile defenses that would protect us and our allies we should—but only when the system works. We need to make sure any missile defense system would be effective before deployment. The Bush administration has in the past exaggerated missile defense capabilities and rushed deployments for political purposes. The Bush administration has also done a poor job of consulting its NATO allies about the deployment of a missile defense system that has major implications for all of them. We must not allow this issue to divide "new Europe" and "old Europe," as the Bush administration tried to do over Iraq.

Invite Poland to join the Visa Waiver Program. We should work to include countries like Poland that are members of both the EU and NATO into the Visa Waiver Program. Today's visa regime reflects neither the current strategic relationship nor the close historic bonds between our peoples, and is out of date.

These are important steps and I look forward to working with my colleagues to implement them.

It is wonderful to welcome the Polish President at a time in which America and Poland share the same freedom. Our two nations share a common legacy and destiny, and I am honored to welcome President Kaczynski to Washington.

MESSAGES FROM THE HOUSE

At 2:02 p.m., a message from the House of Representatives, delivered by Ms. Niland, one of its clerks, announced that the House has passed the following bills, in which it requests the concurrence of the Senate:

H.R. 2608. An act to amend section 402 of the Personal Responsibility and Work Opportunity Reconciliation Act of 1996 to provide,