

January 4, 1989

Governor, Kay A. Orr, Governor of the State of Nebraska.  
(Applause.)

GOVERNOR KAY A. ORR: Thank you. Thank you. Please be seated. Thank you very much. Thank you. Ladies and gentlemen, thank you. Thank you. Well, it's a pleasure to once again be able to say hello and welcome you back. It's the beginning of another session. It's an exciting time for us who have been occupying the Statehouse waiting for your return. The halls are indeed alive in the Capitol and it is a time that we are looking forward to working with you. First of all, let me say welcome, welcome to those that are joining their colleagues for the first time, Senators Beck, Byars, Crosby, Kristensen, Lindsay, Morrissey, Robak and Schimek, the newest members of this esteemed body. And also let me add my congratulations to those of you who have been elected today to positions of leadership. The citizens of this state are indeed very fortunate to have...to be served by such able individuals in those capacities and, of course, as an entire body, and I look forward to working with each and every one of you on those vital issues that are facing our state. Now, next week I will return again to present to you my State of the State message, which will include, of course, budget proposals designed to build on what I believe to be tremendous successes that Nebraskans are now enjoying. In the past two years, we have worked together, we have accomplished much, but there is much more to be done. And those tasks do remind me of a poem of one of my favorite authors, by Shel Silverstein, and it's called The Little Blue Engine, and I would like to share it with you. "The little blue engine looked up at the hill, his light was weak and his whistle was shrill. He was tired and small and the hill was tall and his face blushed red as he softly said, I think I can, I think I can, I think I can. So he started up with a chug and a strain and he puffed and pulled with might and main, and slowly he climbed a foot at a time and his engine coughed as he whispered soft, I think I can, I think I can, I think I can. With a squeak and a creak and a toot and sigh, with an extra hope and an extra try, he would not stop and now he neared the top and strong and proud he cried out loud, I think I can, I think I can, I think I can. He was almost there when crash, smash, bash he slid down and mashed into engine hash on the rocks below, which just goes to show if the track is tough and the hill is rough, thinking you can just ain't enough." For the past 24 months we have done a great deal more than just thinking. We have been the doers. We have climbed over some very rough terrain and now we know that