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this tissue. It is unconscionable. I can't support that, I never will support that, I will do anything I can possibly do to stop it, and I think this is our opportunity to do that right now. I think we have to take that opportunity to make an effort to stop this damn foolishness, and the arrogance that goes with it. Thank you.

PRESIDENT MAURSTAD: Thank you, Senator Dierks. Senator Landis.

SENATOR LANDIS: Twenty-some years ago I was in a play called "The Marriage of Figaro", and the leading character was played by a fellow named George Carpenter, about a six foot three, very broad-shouldered fellow with a shock of black hair, with a beautiful, rich baritone. George recently died and wrote one of our colleagues and "cced" a number of others of us, and his widow had this to say: I wanted to share with you some of my outrage after George died, and I've reviewed in my mind the years of the terrible prison that he lived in for the 23 years that he had Parkinson's Disease. It is a devastating disease in many ways, and some of those ways were particularly nasty tricks on somebody like George, a person who was a voracious reader of all kinds of literature, from the classics forward, and a singer of a big voice and a rich base register who loved opera and came alive in the voicing of it, a physically fit man who ran and did weights work daily for many years. As the disease progressed, his eyes became unable to focus and he had to give up reading. And his voice, both in speech and in song, became sometimes a whisper at best when his throat muscles refused to coordinate, such that he might produce even a little audible voice. And long before those effects of the disease, he was unsteady on his feet, even with the aid of someone on each side of him, until he reached the point where his legs simply could not manage to step, his legs had forgotten how to walk. Up until the end, however, there were bits of his old interests that would be expressed in a smile and occasionally the taking of a deep breath and opening his mouth to sing and managing to make a split second of sound from his vocal chords. During the last five years especially, I went to feed him at lunch times so that we could tune his radio to the opera on NPR and he could hear the sounds of the music he knew and loved most during the afternoon. And I worked with the aides at the nursing home to make sure to leave the radio on when he was put down to nap.