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WASHINGTON, D.C., Jan 20--Here is the text of Vice President Walter F. Mondale's eulogy for Senator Hubert Humphrey delivered at the funeral service in St. Paul, Minnesota on Monday, January 16, 1978.

Yesterday, our nation honored Hubert Humphrey in a wonderful outpouring of affection. Hubert would have liked it. But today is an even more special day -- the day Hubert comes home to Minnesota for the last time, to rest in the place he loved best and the place which gave him spiritual and political sustenance. While he was an international figure and a national figure, as we in Minnesota well knew, he was always a Minnesotan and always a son of the prairie. There was something in this land and its lakes and especially its people that fed the springs of love, the streams of ideas, the torrents of enthusiasm and which nurtured the special genius and the immense humanity of Hubert Humphrey.

There was a kind of unity, of integrity in this love affair with the people of Minnesota that permitted Hubert's idealism to flower. He was a special man in a special place and I know he would want me to say today, 'Thank you, Minnesota.'

That mutual affection was important, for in a democracy, a leader can only pursue greatness if the people will let him. The people of Minnesota not only let him, they encouraged him, and are in a true sense a part of his greatness. I loved what a deputy sheriff was reported as saying yesterday in the paper. He said, "The people of this county thought he was an A-1, OK cat." And that's what Minnesotans think.

Carl Sandburg once said of another American hero, "You can't quite tell where the people leave off and where Abe Lincoln begins." What was true of Lincoln was surely as true of Hubert. He could not be separated from his people.

Muriel, you've heard words of praise for Hubert from many people and places. They are genuine and they reflect the deep affection for your husband and our friend. But beyond words, I think last night when we went to the State Capitol and saw masses of people, who stood for hours in severe cold and burst into spontaneous song of celebration when you arrived, that this confirmed if there was any doubt, and there's none, that this state loved Hubert in a very special way.

Yesterday I spoke to you about Hubert. Today I would like to say: Hubert your memory lifts our spirits, just as your presence did. And though these days have been especially long and emotionally draining, you would have been very proud of Muriel, who has received in your absence, the gifts of love with dignity and courage and strength. With her here, your spirit, your joy, your good heart remains with us.

Muriel, you have been an immense part of the life we celebrate today. For 41 years of marriage and before that, you were the force and the infinite resource which sustained this wonderful man. You have shared his triumphs and his disappointments. And you have been equal to his overwhelming love and returned it to him in a way that made possible for him to be the buoyant creature he was.

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As usual, Hubert said it best, when he dedicated the story -- his basic book on his life -- to Muriel. He said this: "To Muriel: my partner and sweetheart, who has made my way easier, my life fuller, and without whom I could not have reached out to be what I wanted to be."

What the people of Minnesota have been to him in a general way, you have been in a personal and specific way. Without you, Hubert would have had to struggle far harder to reach the esteem he did. Ultimately, the nation has learned what we who were privileged to know him longest and best, knew first. That Hubert was an incomparable creator of great plans and grand designs, but that the big picture, the master program never, never replaced what was the essence of Hubert Humphrey. The ability to touch an individual's life, often a life of a stranger -- if there were any strangers in his life -- and make those lives better and more joyous.

Hubert loved people in the mass, but he also loved each human being in an almost saintly way. He had time for everybody, which is why he was always late. There was an article in the Washington Post yesterday that said it nicely. He instructed his staff not to schedule him so tightly. When he walked through the halls of Congress, he wanted to be able to spend as much time as possible with ordinary people. He said, "I can rush by people or I can go by and be good and gentle. Maybe say a little word to somebody and take a little time. Don't be worried if I am a little late or something like that, I going to take some time to say hello to some kids."

The Mayor of Waverly said this weekend, "If he met someone, the next time he saw him he'd remember his name. He had a fantastic memory. My children met him at his home and when he went to visit the school he remembered them by name." It was really more than a fantastic memory. It was a will to reach out and to say I know you, you are an individual. And people knew he felt that way. A politician may fake it for an hour, or maybe a day, but you can't fake it for a lifetime.

To Hubert it didn't make any difference who you were or where you came from. Hubert was the ultimate, ecumenical spirit. He was the Pope John of American Politics. He accepted no distinctions which denied humanity in each individual. Race, age, religion, ethnic origin, color, economic class, sex, made no difference to Hubert Humphrey. He never found a person who was not worthy of his time, concern and love. Where others wearied, he took strength. Where others turned aside, he embraced. Where others snarled, he smiled. Where others spoke in bitterness, he spoke in love.

He was a universal man and that is why he struggled with problems of world hunger and poverty, education and medical care, of basic human conditions. That's why he worried, as few others did, about the issues of arms and nuclear holocaust. Hubert may have been wrong sometimes, he never claimed to be perfect. But when he was wrong, it was never a matter of the heart, because Hubert was a man of great and good heart.

I have tried since yesterday, to find a conclusion that was different, to say in another way what I felt about Humphrey. But I couldn't, so I would like to repeat it again. Hubert taught us all how to hope and how to love, how to win and how to lose, he taught us how to live and, finally, he taught us how to die.



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