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MONTGOMERY COUNTY :
BAR ASSOCIATION :
2011 MEMORIAL SERVICE :

- - -
Friday, March 25, 2011
Commencing 9:30 a.m.

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Courtroom A
Montgomery County Courthouse
Norristown Pennsylvania
- - -

BEFORE: THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS,
MONTGOMERY COUNTY
Thirty-Eighth Judicial District

- - -
PRESIDENT JUDGE RICHARD J. HODGSON

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SUPERIOR COURT JUDGE: SUSAN PEIKES GANTMAN

- - -
ASSOCIATE JUDGES:

JOSEPH A. SMYTH
STANLEY R. OTT
BERNARD A. MOORE
WILLIAM J. FURBER, JR.
WILLIAM R. CARPENTER
RHONDA LEE DANIELE
KENT H. ALBRIGHT
EMANUEL A. BERTIN
THOMAS M. DEL RICCI
R. STEPHEN BARRETT
ARTHUR R. TILSON
THOMAS C. BRANCA
STEVEN T. O'NEILL
THOMAS P. ROGERS

ASSOCIATE JUDGES (Continued):

GARRET D. PAGE
KELLY C. WALL
CAROLYN T. CARLUCCIO
WENDY DEMCHICK-ALLOY
PATRICIA E. COONAHAN
LOIS E. MURPHY
GARY S. SILOW

SENIOR JUDGES:

WILLIAM W. VOGEL
WILLIAM T. NICHOLAS
S. GERALD CORSO
CALVIN S. DRAYER, JR.

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I N D E X

MINUTE PRESENTATIONS

- Walton Coates -
 Memorial Minute by The Honorable Carolyn T. Carluccio
- Daniel T. Deane, Jr. -
 Memorial Minute by George C. Corson, Jr., Esquire
- James D. Deasy -
 Memorial Minute by The Honorable Carolyn T. Carluccio
- Herbert S. Denenberg -
 Memorial Minute by Steven H. Lupin, Esquire
- John D. Dunmore -
 Memorial Minute by Michael R. Kehs, Esquire,
- Edward J. Hardiman -
 Memorial Minute by The Honorable Therese Hardiman
- William L. Huganir -
 Memorial Minute by Frederick Huganir, Esquire
- Joseph Keener -
 Memorial Minute by John P. Yatsko, Esquire
- Harold H. Prince -
 Memorial Minute by Warren H. Prince, Esquire
- Thomas J. Timoney -
 Memorial Minute by Patrick C. Timoney, Esquire
- Wentworth D. Vedder -
 Memorial Minute by Clyde W. Vedder, Esquire
- Stephen L. Volpicelli -
 Memorial Minute by Mrs. Marly Volpicelli

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PRESIDENT JUDGE HODGSON: Good morning, everyone.

The Court again welcomes this opportunity to participate in the Montgomery Bar Association in pausing to remember in a personal

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and special way those members of our association who have died during the past year.

At this point, I'd like to welcome back Superior Court Judge Sue Gantman. And I welcome back Judge Vogel to our fold. And I also want to extend a warm welcome to Commissioner Castor; Recorder of Deeds Becker; Register of Wills Hanes; Clerk of Courts Weiss; and Prothonotary Levy.

As well, we extend greetings to the members of the bar association and family and friends of those we gather to honor.

There are 11 deceased members of the bar association to remember today: Walton Coates; Daniel T. Deane, Jr.; James D. Deasy; Herbert S. Denenberg; John D. Dunmire; Edward J. Hardiman; William L. Huganir; Harold H. Prince; Thomas J. Timoney; Wentworth D. Vedder; and Stephen L. Volpicelli.

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It is likely that you will know some but not all of the deceased members who are honored here today. Each had unique professional, personal, and family qualities which are to be shared with us through their memorial tributes.

We build our future on the accomplishments and reputations of those who have

gone before us. And it is important to recall those who are no longer with us in order to give us a better perspective of who we are, what we do, and the depth of our responsibilities as members of the bar.

I now call upon Judge Carluccio, President of the Montgomery Bar Association.

JUDGE CARLUCCIO: Thank you, President Judge Hodgson, Judges Gantman and Vogel, my esteemed colleagues on the bench, my dear friends of the bar, honored guests, and family.

My name is Carolyn Carluccio. I'm a Judge on this Court of Common Pleas. But it is in my role as president of this bar association that I welcome you to our annual memorial service

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for those members who passed away last year.

As we do every year, we gather here in this grand courtroom before this beautiful and unique mural not for the purpose of grieving but for the purpose of celebrating the careers of those departed and to honor, applaud, and give thanks to them and their families for the sacrifices made by them on behalf of our bar. It is in the remembrance of their good deeds and lives well lived that we find guidance for our own. Today we remember great lawyers and great

citizens, whose talent, time, and energy contributed to our profession and our communities.

This service is one of Montgomery Bar's oldest and most revered annual traditions dating back to the mid 1920s. Although I am sure that there are other bar associations in our nation who share in this tradition, I know of very few.

As I was thinking about my remarks for today, it occurred to me that it's fitting that this memorial service should occur in this courtroom -- for it is in this courtroom on Law Day that new members of our bar begin their

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professional journey as Montgomery County lawyers. It is on Law Day that our young law graduates solemnly take their oath from the President Judge and promise to administer justice in a fair and impartial manner. The lawyers we honor today are now ending their careers precisely where they began it so many years ago -- here in this courtroom.

We are all witnesses to their legacy of public service and devotion to our profession. From the short stories you are about to hear today, I hope that you will remember the lives of those recently departed and be inspired by their careers. I hope that you will be moved

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to rededicate yourself to the principles of professionalism that these men so well exemplified. Indeed, I can think of no better tribute to our deceased colleagues than for us to try our very best to emulate with dedication and commitment, their tenacious pursuit of equal justice under law.

A quote by Hanna Senesch, read by President Lupin last year, highlights our purpose today:

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"There are stars that shine in the heavens that are long extinct. Their light reaches us only after they themselves have grown cold. So it is with humanity. There are some whose light truly shines and illuminates the way, only when we can reflect and remember them and meditate on their legacy."

Let us leave here today not with a sense of loss but with a sense of gratitude for the service to society which these members rendered. They all upheld the highest standards of our profession -- honor, dignity, integrity, and sacrifice -- and have inspired us to do the same.

I will read the first Memorial Minute. It is of Walton Coates.

Walton, a long-time resident

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of Glenside, was born in Philadelphia on November 9, 1916, and died on August 24 of 2010.

Walton fondly remembered

looking out the window of his first-grade classroom in Glenside-Weldon Elementary School to view the beautiful lowland forest with its fern and frogs that would later be the site of the

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Keswick Theater.

In his adolescence, he became an Eagle Scout as a member of what was then Boy Scout Troop 1 at Carmel Presbyterian Church.

After attending Abington High School, he went on to graduate from the University of Pennsylvania Wharton School and earned a law degree from the University of Pennsylvania Law School.

He deeply appreciated symphonic music and as an undergraduate was a member of the university's choir that toured with the Philadelphia Orchestra under the direction of Leopold Stokowski.

Walton promoted the establishment of Briarbrush Wildlife Sanctuary in Abington Township and was active in other efforts to protect and preserve open space, including the J. Boyd Coates Memorial Foundation, which is a bird and wildlife sanctuary also in Abington

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Township.

Walton was secretary of the Montgomery Bar Association from 1950 until 1970.

He helped spearhead the effort

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to amend the Pennsylvania Constitution to eliminate the necessity for Grand Jury,

He was a prolific essayist, whose works include scholarly articles on ways to reform county government and on revisions needed to the Pennsylvania Constitution to modernize the judicial system.

He loved theology and was a member of the Abington Presbyterian Church.

He served as a law clerk to the Honorable David Groshens of this Court of Common Pleas.

He served as solicitor to the Treasurer of Montgomery County, Philip Pendelton

In the 1950s, he practiced law with Smillie Bean and Scirica.

And then from 1964 until 1974, he went to the firm of High Swartz and thereafter becoming a solo practitioner

He was 93 years old at his death.

The next Memorial Minute for Daniel T. Deane, Jr., will be read by George C.

Corson, Jr.

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MR. CORSON: May it please the Court, President Judge Hodgson, Superior Court Judge Gantman, Senior Judge Vogel, other distinguished members of our bench, not to mention distinguished Row Officers whose numbers have now grown since last year -- I'm delighted to see you all -- and fellow members of the bar, members of the families of our departed members, and other all guests.

I rise this morning to say a not-so-few words about Dan Deane, a very interesting man, a good lawyer, and a fine friend, although not necessarily in that exact order. I'd like to think of him as a modern version of a Renaissance man whose interests and talents were varied and many. In addition to the law and his wife and family, these included without limitation, of course: History, especially the Civil War; the U.S. Army, in which he served twice; religion, Episcopalianism mostly; music in all its forms; community involvement; and sailing.

But before I go further, some background is in order. Dan was born in the Borough of Jenkintown on November 23, 1928, and

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died at age 81 on March 16, 2010, a resident of the Village of Wyncote, just a few stone throws across the SEPTA R-5 line from his birth place.

His father, Daniel T. Deane, Sr., was an insurance company executive. His mother, Katherine Gilmer Deane, was an artist and a teacher of art at Oak Lane Country Day School and Abington Friends School.

Dan was a lifer, K through 12, in the Jenkintown school system, from which he was graduated in June of 1946.

Two days after his commencement, he enlisted in the U.S. Army and served two years in the Far East assisting General MacArthur and others. He was honorably discharged as a Private First Class and was counted for reasons that I can't account for as a World War II veteran.

Upon returning to his native heath, he entered the University of Pennsylvania, joined the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity, and was nonetheless graduated in three years with a major in industrial psychology, whatever in the world that may be -- perhaps the perfect preparation for

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a career in the law.

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He also took up fencing while an undergraduate although it is unclear whether his weapon of choice was the epee, the foil, or the saber. And knowing his nature, my guess would be the saber, for there was a good deal about Dan -- a big, handsome man -- that suggested a swashbuckling Errol Flynn.

Almost at once after graduation, Dan was drafted back into the Army and spent his next two years as a stevedore officer driving heavy trucks in Korea. Honorably discharged in September of 1953, this time as a Second Lieutenant, he was awarded the Korean Service Medal with three Bronze Stars, the National Defense Service Medal, the United Nations Service Medal, and a Presidential Unit Citation. Simply put, Dan loved the Army, and it dearly reciprocated.

While awaiting his eventual admission to the Law School at Penn, Dan worked at Bethlehem Steel at Sparrows Point, Maryland -- no doubt making good use of his undergraduate major -- and later for the Home Insurance Company

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in Philadelphia, a job that might have resulted from a tad of nepotism on the part of his father, who also worked for The Home. Dan entered the Law School in September of 1954, joined the Sharswood

Law Club, and was graduated with the Class of 1957.

Back in those halcyon, antediluvian days of yore, law school graduates were all required to have a preceptor or a mentor in more current terminology as part of the admission of the bar process. Dan's preceptor was a senior partner in the insurance industry firm of Swartz, Campbell & Henry in Philadelphia, a firm that continues to this day.

But Dan wanted to return to the county of his birth. I had met him in my first year and his last year, at Penn Law School and had liked him from the start. My summer job of 1957 was clerking at the Norristown firm then known as Wright, Mauck, Hawes & Spencer, where Harold W. Spencer was my preceptor. I suggested to Dan he might apply for a job there. He did so, got the job, and began his career right here in town at 412 DeKalb Street.

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He was admitted to the practice of law at our bar on April 21, 1958. I was admitted in 1960 and had the pleasure of Dan's company at the same firm until he decided that he wanted to be his own boss and went pretty much solo.

His path took him back to good
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old Jenkintown and Abington, where he was associated in turn with his good friends, the late Therman Britt, the still alive and well Danny Beren, and the late Hubert D. Yollin. Finally, Dan went totally solo out of his home on Woodland Avenue and out of an occasional office on Greenwood Avenue both in Wyncote. He was able to practice until just a few years ago when his Parkinson's disease finally began to take its toll.

Perhaps the most significant day in Dan's long life was that day in January of 1957 when at a party given by some Center City friends he was introduced to a remarkable woman of rare intelligence and beauty, Mary McMurray, originally from Mount Lebanon, Pennsylvania, and later on California. They fell in love and were

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married on January 10, 1959, at St. Patrick's Church, 20th and Locust Streets. Mary thought it was the 19th, but it was the 20th. Two very happy results from this union were a daughter Ann Preston Deane, a senior accountant living in Lansdale, and a daughter Susan Reed Deane Hunter, a member of the Pennsylvania Bar since 1993, presently practicing law in Wayne, Chester County, with Dennis C. Reardon & Associates, and living in Blue Bell with her husband, Robert, and her two

children, Sarah Katherine, age nine, and Colin McCallister, age six.

Music played a large part in Dan's life. He started with the piano and violin and was graduated to the slide trombone in the Jenkintown High School Band. In later life, he took up the guitar. There was a time when he started composing folk and folksy songs for that instrument.

But what he was most addicted to musically was singing. Right after law school, he auditioned for The Savoy Company, the oldest amateur theater company in the world dedicated solely to the production of the works of Gilbert

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and Sullivan. He was granted membership and joyfully participated for a number of years.

Because he was active and avid in his Episcopalian faith, he naturally joined choirs of both his home church, All Hallows, in Wyncote, and his away-from-home-while-sailing church in Fairlee near Chestertown, St. Paul's, the earliest existing Episcopal Church building on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, in the churchyard at which Dan insisted upon showing me the simple gravestone of Tallulah Bankhead, of all people. Before he shuffled off this mortal coil, Dan planned his own funeral service at All Hallows

right down to the very last note of music.

In 1961 Dan helped found Jenkintown Youth Activities, a 100 percent volunteer non-profit organization, which offered gymnastics, golf, wrestling, and chess, and now offers camps for tennis and soccer.

He was a long-time member of the Rotary Club of Jenkintown and a short-term member, citizen-at-large member, of the Cheltenham Township Board of Architectural Review for the Wyncote Historic District. He fell out with that

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board when he discovered that a resident had to file an application for review and a full hearing in order to put a new screen door on one's house within that district.

Dan was a mechanic at heart. He could fix almost anything. It's not surprising that he was very early on into computers. From time to time, he spoke informally and even formally on the weighty topic, "Technology and Its Impact on Civilization."

He could drive almost any vehicle, from a motorbike or a VW to a big, old, clunky Mercedes Benz or a heavy-duty Army truck. As an undergraduate of Penn, he drove a small cycle every day back and forth from Jenkintown to West Philly. Later on he acquired a make of

motorcycle of which I, for one, had never heard tell -- a Laverda, made in Italy, with a deserved reputation for being innovative, low-maintenance, classy, and quiet, a nice combination of traits.

Somewhere along the line, Dan became a proud member of the Blue Knights International Motor Club for active and retired law-enforcement men and women who enjoy riding

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motorcycles. How Dan managed to qualify for membership as a Blue Knight is far from clear since he never served as a police officer, let alone as a sheriff. I suspect he may have done some legal work for a local chapter, the members of which took an immediate liking to him and initiated him on the spot. He was a likeable man.

For most of his life, Dan's primary out-of-doors passion was sailing. His paternal Uncle Fred, a Boston banker who lived on Beacon Hill and had a summer place in Marion near Cape Cod, introduced Dan to the delights of sailing at an early age. Before his last adventures on the water just a few years ago, Dan had pretty well covered the entire Atlantic seaboard from Maine to Norfolk, as well as a charter foray to the Bahamas during college days.

Most of his sailing, however, took place on the Chesapeake Bay and its many

tributaries, waters that Dan came to know and love right well. He named his last sailboat after his Aunt Nell, who had helped finance part of his law school education. She, that is, the vessel, not the auntie, was a 30-foot Nonsuch, a catboat built

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in St. Catherines, Ontario, Canada. A very unusual rig, she had a windsurfer-type wishbone boom and a very broad beam. This class was named after the very first trading vessel in 1668 of the Hudson's Bay Company, which, in turn, was named after the Baroness Nonsuch, a favorite mistress of King Charles II of England, with whom he sired five sons, none of which is a reflection on either Dan Deane or his beloved Aunt Nell.

Dan's ashes were split between land and sea -- some in the Memorial Garden at All Hallows Episcopal Church in Wyncote and some in Langford Bay on Davis Creek off the Chester River in Maryland.

Addition to his wife of 51 years, their daughters, and their families, Dan is survived by his younger sister, Diane Deane Myers; her husband, John, of Ocean City and Hilton Head, South Carolina; their three sons; and two other nephews.

As an old Wyncote boy myself and a bit of an old salt, to boot, I ask that you

join with me in wishing Dan smooth sailing and
Godspeed. May his winds always be steady but

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Respectfully submitted.

May it please the Court, I
move this Memorial Minute be made a part of the
record of this Honorable Court and of the
Montgomery Bar Association and that a copy hereof
be transmitted to his widow and family.

Thank you.

JUDGE CARLUCCI O: The next
Memorial Minute is for James Deasy.

Jim was born May 7, 1941, in
the East Falls section of Philadelphia, where he
spent the majority of his life.

He obtained a Bachelor of
Science in industrial management in 1963 from
LaSalle College, his J.D. from Villanova
University in 1967, and a Master of Law in
Taxation from Temple University in 1978.

He spent time in the Army as a
Reservist, being honorably discharged as a
Sergeant.

Jim married Connie Alstetter
Deasy in 1981. Although they never had children,
they were surrounded by his wife's loving cats,

despite the fact that Jim himself really would have preferred dogs.

As a new attorney, he had the privilege of working with the Honorable Vincent A. Cirillo before he went on the bench. Jim worked for Fidelity Mutual Insurance Company and Philadelphia Life Insurance Company before going into practice with Beitch and Block in 1972.

He left Beitch and Block to start his own non-law-related business but always kept a small legal practice on the side. Law was and remained Jim's first love until his death.

Although he eventually closed his business, he never stopped practicing law. Until the very end, he kept many of his long-time clients, who at this point had become his friends. He believed he was a lawyer first and never wanted to fully let go of the practice.

At the age of 70 years old, on Sunday, March 14, 2010, Jim passed away as a result of complications from lung cancer surgery.

He had his wife and his cats by his side.

I move that this Memorial

Minute be adopted by the Court and a transcript be made and a copy sent to his wife.

The next Memorial Minute will be read by Steven H. Lupin for Herbert S. Denenberg.

MR. LUPIN: May it please the Court, President Judge Hodgson, members of the bench, Superior Court Judge Gantman, Senior Judge Vogel, Commissioner Castor, Row Officers, members of the bar, honored guests and friends, I am honored to present this Memorial Minute on behalf of the late Herb Denenberg.

Herb Denenberg -- the feisty consumer advocate, the maverick television consumer advocate, newspaper columnist, former Pennsylvania Insurance Commissioner, and lawyer -- died last March at age 80 in his home in Wayne of a heart attack.

Many of us did not know Herb Denenberg personally. We all knew Herb Denenberg as the consumer and investigative reporter in Philadelphia on WCAU-TV Channel 10 for over 25 years and more recently as a columnist for several different newspapers in Pennsylvania and New

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Jersey.

While on Philadelphia

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television, he became famous for his "Denenberg's Dump," where he would deposit products deemed unsafe. As you recall, claims that were too good to be true -- or products that were hazardous to your health -- got heaved into "Denenberg's Dump."

Herb did not have the look, the hair, or the booming voice of most men on the air in the mid-'70s television, but his expertise and passion as an advocate for the people made him one of the effective and attention-getting consumer reporters not just in Philadelphia but in the country.

Herb was self-deprecating and was quoted as saying, "I don't use make-up. I discovered I look worse wearing it."

Mr. Denenberg did not make news because he was quirky, or had a high-pitched voice, or wore funny costumes. He made the news because he made a difference. Many consumers have better, safer choices because of Herb's activities.

Herb Denenberg, the television

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consumer advocate, flayed thousands of products over the years from sedatives to sugarless gum. "Horrible Herb," as he was known among his victims, spiced his vitriol with humor.

In one broadcast, he said the

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following: "I make sure I get my exercise, get enough rest, and eat healthy food. So I don't need Geritol."

Herb was not merely a reporter. He sometimes added action to excoriation. When he noticed that the antidote on the labels of all wood-alcohol products was medically unsound and possibly fatal, he filed a successful petition with the Consumer Product Safety Commission for new labeling regulations. He petitioned the Commission to order all U.S. poison labels -- some 50,000 -- rewritten.

He stated, "My greatest satisfaction is keeping some kid from drinking poison or making some government agency do what it's supposed to do. For relaxation, I go out and read food labels."

Herb Denenberg was literally a child of the Great Depression. He was born three

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weeks after the stock market crashed in 1929.

He was a graduate of Johns Hopkins University; Creighton University Law School; Harvard University School of Law, LL.M.; University of Pennsylvania, Ph.D. He also received two honorary degrees: A degree of Humane Letters from Spring Garden College and a Doctor of Laws from Allentown College. He was a CPCU,

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Chartered Property and Casualty Underwriter, and a
CLU, Chartered Life Underwriter.

For three years, he served in
the Advocate General's Corps of the U.S. Army as
First Lieutenant and was a Captain in the
Reserves.

In the 1960s, he began his
relationship with insurance companies, when, as
the University of Pennsylvania's first Wharton
School professor of property and liability
insurance, he began appearing on and before
Federal panels. In the late '60s, he became the
State Insurance Commissioner and received national
attention for the first major initiative to end
sex discrimination in insurance. He also
published consumer guides that attacked insurance

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companies for selling what he called overpriced,
confusing, and sometimes deceptive policies. His
motto as the Insurance Commissioner was, "Populus
iamdudam defutatus est," which translated from the
Latin is, "The consumer has been screwed long
enough."

Herb was an adjunct professor
of information, science, and technology at Cabrini
College. He also served as assistant professor of
insurance at the University of Iowa and as a
professor of law at Temple University.

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Herb won hundreds of awards for his media work, including 40 Emmys, the Consumer Service Award of the Consumer Federation of America, the Award of Achievement from the American Board of Trial Advocates, an award for the best in consumer journalism from the National Press Club, and a Lambert Award for contributions to the healthcare delivery system.

He served on the Board of Consumers Union, the publisher of Consumer Reports, and served as the President of the American Risk and Insurance Association.

He was author of seven books

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and hundreds of articles on insurance, law, and consumer affairs. There is even a biography about Herb authored by Howard Shapiro and published by Rodale Press which was entitled "How to Keep Them Honest."

Despite all of his accomplishments, academic and otherwise, in the end, Herb was best known as an investigative reporter. Some of Herb's investigative reports and tactics to get action were legendary, like the time he told angry viewers to call the White House directly.

Time Magazine wrote about it in a 1976 article called "The Horrible Herb Show":

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"The White House telephone operator was frantic. 'Some guy on TV in Philadelphia,' she said, had just told angry consumers to phone complaints directly to the President, and a switchboard was jammed. The guy was Herbert S. Denenberg, lawyer, author, former college professor, hell-raising former Pennsylvania Insurance Commissioner, and one of the funniest, roughest consumer-affairs reporters ever to read fine print on a label."

I move that this Memorial

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Minute be transcribed and made part of the record of this Honorable Court and a copy provided to his wife, Naomi.

Thank you.

JUDGE CARLUCCIO: Our Court Administrator, Michael Kehs, will present the Memorial Minute for John D. Dunmire.

MR. KEHS: May it please the Court, President Judge Hodgson, Judge Gantman, Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of Montgomery County, County officials, members of the Montgomery Bar Association, members of the Dunmire family, guests and friends, I am honored to present this Memorial Minute on behalf of my friend, John Dunmire, who passed on to eternal life on February 10, 2010, at the age of 78.

Many of you knew John from his

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days here in the Courthouse as our Court Administrator. John and I worked together in Court administration for nearly 12 years. And during each of those years, we would sit together here in Courtroom A for this annual Memorial Service and comment to each other afterward on how nice it was to get to know members of the bar

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through these Memorial Minutes -- members we had either never met or simply didn't know as well as we thought. This year I will try to do that memory justice and give you a glimpse into the life of the John Dunmire that I came to know and admire.

John David Dunmire was born on July 8, 1931, in Sanatoga, Montgomery County. He was the only son of Kathryn and Carl Dunmire.

John attended Pottstown High School. He earned a Bachelor's degree in economics from Princeton University in 1953. And while at Princeton, John was inducted into the Academic Honor Society, Phi Beta Kappa.

John then served two years in the United States Army's Counter Intelligence Corps.

Upon completion of his military service, John entered Harvard Law School and graduated with an LL.B. in 1959.

John, who was also known as Jack, worked his entire legal career in Montgomery County. He worked in private practice primarily practicing in the Orphans' Court from 1959 through

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1987. The majority of that time was spent with the firm, Waters, Fleeer, Cooper and Gallagher. John was also a solo practitioner from 1980 through 1987 and then again after 2003. John served as a law clerk and examiner for the State Board of Law Examiners concurrently with his private practice for nearly seven years.

John was appointed Deputy Court Administrator in Montgomery County in 1987 and then Court Administrator in 1989. After 16 years of distinguished service to this Court, John retired on July 25, 2003.

Had he survived a few more months, John would have been honored as a 50-year member of the Montgomery Bar Association just last fall.

John also left a lasting impression on the public library system in Montgomery County. He began his service to public libraries in 1968 when he became a board member at Wolfsohn Memorial Library in Upper Merion Township. He served as president of the board from 1970 to 1975. John was a charter member of

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Library Center, drafting their bylaws, and serving as the Friends president from 1976 through 1978. He went on to serve as a member of the Board of Directors at the Montgomery County Norristown Public Library, including serving two terms as board president in 1983 and '84. He also served many years as volunteer solicitor for the Norristown Public Library. John's service was such that the board awarded him the Library Award Service Award in 1987 for "Twenty years of devotion to the cause of public libraries in Montgomery County."

In addition to reading, one of John's favorite hobbies was antiquing. Whether attending auctions at Alderfer's or exploring the antique malls in Adamstown, Zionsville, or the Old Mill in Harleysville, where his wife, Anne, had a stand, John had an eye for antiques. Even if he wasn't buying -- which Anne tells me he usually left to her -- he just enjoyed looking. Like the experts on Antiques Road Show, he knew what he was doing and what to look for.

John was also what you would call deliberative. He taught me to slow down --

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or at least he tried. I remember one trip to a local car dealership where my car was being repaired. John volunteered to drop me off on the way home after work. He was driving his jeep up Airy Street doing about ten miles an hour. And everyone was literally whizzing past us, but John was totally unfazed. When my 16-year-old son drives now, I find myself hitting that imaginary brake on the passenger's side. Well, with John that day, I found out there's also an imaginary gas pedal. My right foot was literally pushing on the floor the entire trip. I told him about it. We had a good laugh.

And that's the thing about John that I cherish the most -- his ability to laugh at the world and especially at himself. John had a tremendous sense of humor. He used to laugh so hard his shoulders would shake. To quote Poet E. E. Cummings, "The most wasted of all days is one without laughter." And I can honestly say that John and I laughed every single day that we worked together. I miss our laughs most of all.

John is survived by his wife, Anne; his three children -- John David, Jr.,

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Sarah, and Peter; two stepchildren, Anne and Joan;
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and six grandchildren that he was absolutely crazy about -- JD, Jimmy, Bella, Gigi, Noah, and Carolyn.

In closing, I will leave you with the one word that I think best described John, and that word is "kind." It's been said that unremembered acts of kindness are the best portion of a good man's life.

Thank you for joining me in remembering the kind, good man that was my friend, John Dunmi re.

I respectfully ask that these remarks be recorded in the permanent Minutes of this Court and that a copy be delivered to the Dunmi re fami ly.

Thank you.

JUDGE CARLUCCI O: The Honorable Therese Hardiman will present the Memorial Minute for Edward J. Hardiman.

JUDGE HARDI MAN: Thank you.

May it please the Court, President Judge, and members of the Court of Common Pleas, and the officials from Montgomery

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County, as well as the bar association, I thank you for allowing me to honor my father today.

My father had essentially three passions once you get beyond his family.

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They were his church, the law, and ice-skating.

He was born on May 26, 1920, in Philadelphia. He was proud to say that he was a Philadelphian.

He graduated from Holy Child Parish School and Roman Catholic High.

He rowed for Fairmount Boathouse. And he played football for the Pop Warner League as well as later at Ursinus College while he was participating in Officer's Candidate School.

He also obtained his commission in the Navy at that time.

He was a graduate of the Wharton School of Economics from the University of Pennsylvania with a degree in economics and accounting. I seriously question that education, because later I would learn about his fudge factor and also learned that accounting is an art and not a science.

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His education was abruptly interrupted because after college he would go on to serve as a Lieutenant in the Navy. He was a communications officer on the USS Columbus during World War II.

He would come back, attend Temple University, and receive his law degree.

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Again, his practice of law was interrupted at that point because he was called back to active service and was a Naval Intelligence Officer In Korea. By the way, he was stationed in Japan. And the exploits of what he did in Japan are not publishable.

After he returned, he started practicing in Philadelphia with Caldwell but was soon lured out to the County by the brother of one of his classmates, Raymond Pearlstine. He practiced with Wisler, Pearlstine for a while. And then he and Jules and Phil Salkin formed their own practice in Lansdale that would subsequently become Pearlstine, Salkin, and Hardiman and then later Pearlstine, Salkin, Hardiman and Robinson.

I entered the practice of law in 1986. And my father promptly decided he was

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going to retire to a small country practice. He opened a practice at that point in Pocono Pines.

Within a year, I get a call, "Do you want to come up? This is a little more than I thought it was going to be".

And I was proud to say that I had the opportunity to practice as my father's partner until his subsequent retirement -- he keeps retiring.

He specialized in civil
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litigation, municipal law, and school law, but he was also noted for his keen skills in negotiation.

He spent Service time, Reserve time, in the Navy through 1965.

He was a devout Catholic. I grew up knowing that he would go to Mass as many mornings as he could. And by the time we were practicing together, he never missed morning Mass.

He was a member of the Knights of Columbus, the Lion's Club, the Monroe and Montgomery County Bar Associations. He was also a member of what was then called the Association of Trial Lawyers of America and the Northeastern Pennsylvania Trial Lawyers.

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He loved playing tennis, but he in later life adored his grandchildren. He spent time with both Grace and my daughter Christine. And before he died, he was able to know that he was also a great-grandfather.

My father died with my mother at his side. And he is survived by her, my sister, and my brother, as well as his grandchildren, and great-grandchild.

Thank you very much.

I move that this be made a part of the Minutes and a copy be sent to my mother.

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Thank you.

JUDGE CARLUCCI O: The Memorial Minute for William Huganir will be presented by Frederick Huganir.

MR. HUGANIR: May it please the Court, Judge Hodgson, Judge Gantman, Judge Ott, whom I know, and the Row Officers of Montgomery County, the members of the Montgomery County Bar, I bring greetings from Cumberland County.

I left Montgomery County when

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I was 19 years old, went to Dickinson, and never came back.

My father knew Ed Hardiman, Bernie McLafferty just told me.

My father was born in 1920, the same year as his wife, Marjorie. And I don't know whether he was attracted to her because Marjorie's father, who was Irv Campbell, was a lawyer here, and his brother-in-law, Malcolm Campbell, was a lawyer here.

But his father and his family was in the lumber business. And his father was quite successful until the Depression came and wiped out the family business. He was the middle child of nine children. And the nine children were orphaned in the mid '30s when his mother died

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after childbirth of twins. And then his father died shortly after that. The family was split up.

But he persevered. He finished at Norristown High with Marjorie, whom he knew since he was 13.

And he was offered a full scholarship at Swarthmore College, which changed his life. And from then until his death of 91

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Last September, he always supported Swarthmore College on a major scale.

But after Swarthmore and a stint in the Navy, serving in the Pacific during the Second World War, he came back and finished at Penn Law School and came back home here in Montgomery County and practiced. And he practiced almost until his death -- at least he thought he did. And I did my best towards the end to convince him that he was even though he wasn't. He loved the practice of law.

I was the youngest child. So, I really wasn't aware of everything that was going on. And Bernie McLafferty brought me up to speed on a lot of what was going on back before I was aware of it. But my father, he was really a sole practitioner at heart. And he would spend time with other attorneys in Montgomery County until -- apparently, he was so good at getting business, he

was the solicitor for far more townships than could be humanly possible to attend all the hearings and provide legal services. And the end result led to the creation of Huganir, Butera, Detwiler and Butera. And the solicitorships were

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passed around among the partners.

But my father, again, he was a sole practitioner at heart. And that split off to Huganir, Heffernan and Butera and then later just William Huganir again -- until my eldest brother Dave joined him as he graduated from Villanova Law School. And they had offices on Swede Street until Dave's death in 1994. My father continued on at the same building until he moved back into his beloved house that he built on Schuykill Avenue in Jeffersonville.

My memories of my father practicing law were mostly that he would commute every Monday evening to Pennsburg to serve the upper County because there weren't many attorneys up there, and I think that's why he had so many solicitorships of townships up there. And to this day, I do the same thing that he did; that is, I guess I'm more of a country doctor. I serve a lot of my clients in the country of Cumberland County by going to their houses instead of making them come to my offices. And it's worked quite well.

And I thank my father for that.

I don't have a long list of

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awards and things he did because he just didn't share that kind of information with his children. I just want to say my father was very generous. He was a guy who marched to a different drummer, there's no doubt.

He was a member of a crew that met at the Valley Forge Hotel for lunch every day. All these Republicans would sit around my father. He was a Republican, but he was a left-wing Republican. I remember him arguing about Richard Nixon: "I was right. I was right." And I loved those times. And I remember them so well.

I want to thank you for inviting me here to make these comments about my Dad.

I move that these comments be transcribed and a copy sent to his widow.

Thank you.

JUDGE CARLUCCI O: The Memorial Minute for Joseph Keener will be presented by John Yatsko, Esquire.

MR. YATSKO: May it please the Court, I'm here to speak in the memory of Joe Keener, who died in October 28, 2010. Joe was my

brother-in-law and a very dear friend.

He grew up at the Jersey Shore.

He graduated from Phillips Academy at Andover, received an undergraduate degree from Dartmouth, and an LL. B. from the University of Pennsylvania.

He was an Army veteran of the Korean War with the rank of Staff Sergeant and saw service in Germany.

Following his admission to the bar, he joined the firm of Haws & Burke and later Henderson, Wetherill & O'Hey. From there he was hired by SEPTA as general counsel.

Upon retirement from SEPTA, he became an associate of LaBrum & Doak in Philadelphia as a litigator.

Subsequently, he wound up his legal career as a sole practitioner.

He was a Public Defender, performed service as an arbitrator, and was an editor of the Law Reporter.

Joe liked sports. He was an excellent athlete. He was a member of the

Philadelphia Country Club. He played tennis at a high level and participated in national and international tournaments. He also coached soccer teams in Gladwyne and was a standout ballplayer with the bar association's softball team.

Joe was a gregarious person, seemingly knew everyone in Suburban Philadelphia. He loved to gossip and banter. And he was a world-class needler. He was upbeat and affable, caring and genuinely interested in others, and above all committed to the well-being of his family.

He is survived by his sons -- Joseph, II; Stewart; James; two grandchildren; and my dear wife, Katherine.

JUDGE CARLUCCI O: The Memorial Minute of Harold H. Prince will be presented by Warren H. Prince.

MR. PRINCE: If it please the Court, prior to attending college, but after marrying my mother, the love of his life for 69 years -- who I'm happy to say is here with us today -- my father reported to the military, where they handed this man who hated guns a rifle, told

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him to shoot, and appointed him a sharp-shooter certificate, and told him to report to Tinian,

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where he served as a Tech Sergeant and serviced the Enola Gay, played poker, and shot craps.

After the war, he went to Harrisburg, where he started selling pots and pans for an uncle of his to restaurants.

One day while servicing a restaurant and demonstrating a brand-new unbreakable glass -- that, of course, my father proceeded to break -- a voice from the corner of the restaurant boomed out from the late Lou Sager, "Harold, why in the hell don't you go work for your father? What are you doing here?"

So, my father took that comment from Lou to heart -- probably the only one. And having never attended college, then about 33 years of age, the task was kind of daunting for him. But he entered college nonetheless. And that term, he soon took the Carnegie Graduate Record Exam, which he passed. Based on that, he immediately left college having never graduated and went into Dickinson School of Law, where he eventually did secure his law

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degree.

He did that in, approximately, 1954, and did join his father in the practice of law, as his two sons -- my brother, Paul, and I -- joined him and as now my son, Joshua, has joined

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me.

Thank you.

I request that these comments be made part of this permanent record. Thank you.

JUDGE CARLUCCI O: The Memorial Minute for Thomas J. Timoney will be presented by Patrick C. Timoney.

MR. TIMONEY: May it please the Court, President Judge Hodgson, Judge Gantman, members of the Court, Court staff, the bar association, on behalf of my mother, Miriam Timoney, who is here today, and my eight siblings, I would like to thank the Montgomery Bar Association community for your prayers, your expressions of sympathy, and remembrances that you have shared with us in person, in cards, and in letters. These things have helped to really carry us through this difficult time.

For so many of us, my dad, Tom

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Timoney, was truly a larger-than-life figure. He had big shoulders, a big voice, a big laugh, a big strong handshake that could take your arm off. His presence could fill any room. I think that's part of the reason why for so many of us who knew him his absence now is difficult to get used to and why your notes and e-mails have really made a difference for us.

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Among the personal papers that my dad kept in his desk in his office was a letter from the University of Pennsylvania Law School offering him a full scholarship. Throughout his legal career, my dad was always extremely grateful for the scholarship that allowed him to go to Penn undergrad and for that law school scholarship and for the chance that it provided him to have what he thought was an ideal career -- one that allowed him to challenge his mind, to help other people, and to earn enough money to raise nine children with my mom and send us all to college.

My father, having graduated from law school, went on and served in the Air Force. And his first legal job was in the Air Force in Japan.

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After he came home from Japan, he came right back to here to Montgomery County, where he was born and raised. For my dad the chance to be a lawyer and to practice law among his friends, the members of this bar association, was a gift.

And, so, having to go out to school board meetings at night, or Sewer Authority meetings after a full day of work, going into work on weekends to catch up, all of that was not a job for him. It was a dream come true.

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That's why he continued to work through years of chemotherapy and radiation treatments right up until the week before he died at age of 83.

He loved being a lawyer. He loved being a dad. He loved being a husband. These are the things he wanted to do when he got up every morning of his life.

My father was more than happy to share his passion for the practice of law with everyone around him. I am told that he treated everyone at the Timoney Knox firm like his family. And I saw evidence of this myself when I was

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little. I went to the office once for some reason when my parents were away. And there was a note next to the thermostat, "Mr. Timoney is away. We can turn the heat up" -- just like home.

To my dad, it really didn't matter what your job was -- partner, associate, paralegal, secretary. He was really enthusiastic about mentoring everyone who expressed even the slightest interest in law. And he wanted to help you develop your career.

At the Montgomery Bar Association, my father was active in the probate and tax section. He loved being able to engage in discussions about the latest development in the

law and their impact on the world of trusts and estates.

Several attorneys who did not work at the Timoney Knox firm sent notes to me to express how grateful they were that my father was also willing to spend so much of his time mentoring them and freely sharing his information and guidance with them.

My father also used his education and experience to help his community in

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both large and small ways. He was a founding member of the Springfield Rotary Club, which sponsors so many projects to make Springfield Township a better place to live and work.

He provided free legal service to community organizations and in particular the Flourtown Fire Company.

He also provided ongoing advice, counsel, and support to his clients: Families who lost loved ones; who had special needs; elderly persons who needed not just legal advice but also to have a friend come by and visit. My father was a lawyer and a counselor and a friend to many people.

As one person commented in a letter to me, "Whenever I wasn't sure about what the right thing was to do, I would call Tom

Ti money. "

My father had a passion for nature and in particular rocks, birds, and flowers. In his office, he was literally surrounded by rocks and pictures of nature.

Through the Wissahickon Valley Watershed Association, my dad had the opportunity

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to use his law degree, his persuasiveness, his energy, and his determination, and his love of the environment to help set aside hundreds of acres of land along the Wissahickon Creek as a permanent preserve. Through this work, my father and his Watershed friends have made Eastern Montgomery County a better and healthier place to live for many generations to come.

Let the memory of my father stand as a reminder to the rest of us that the practice of law is not just a job. It's not just a way to make money. It's a gift that can be cherished -- that allows you to enrich your own life, and to continually grow, to help your clients, your co-workers, and to make the world a better place.

My mother, my brothers, and sisters, and I are thankful for this opportunity you have given us to offer this Memorial.

I move that this Memorial be

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made a part of the Minutes.

Thank you.

JUDGE CARLUCCI O: The Memorial
Minute for Wentworth Vedder will be presented by

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Clyde Vedder.

MR. VEDDER: Good morning.

May it please the Court,
distinguished Jurists and Officers, fellow members
of the bar, guests, family and friends, it is,
indeed, a great honor but tempered with deep
regret that I rise this morning to present this
Memorial Minute in honor of my brother, Wentworth
Darcy Vedder, who died suddenly of a heart attack
on October 13, 2010, at his home in Bala Cynwyd.
He was just 56 years old.

Everyone throughout the
Courthouse knows my brother as "Wentworth." To
his family and childhood friends, he was
"Wenty" -- W-E-N-T-Y. So, please, forgive me if I
use those names interchangeably.

Wentworth was born on
October 1, 1954, in York, Pennsylvania. He was
the first-born son of his namesake, Wentworth
Darcy Vedder, and his mother, Kathryn Williamson,
who is here with us today. His father preceded
him in death in 2009, just a year earlier than
Wenty.

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legal tradition in the Vedder family. Wenty's father practiced law in York for over 50 years. His grandfather, Clyde Williamson, practiced law for 50 years as well both in Williamsport and in York, later with our father's firm, Morris & Vedder. My brother Christopher, seated here today, and I continue to practice law under the same masthead since our admission to the bar in the early '80s.

Wenty graduated from Schuylers Prep School in 1973. He attended Alfred University and graduated from Hartwick College in 1978.

After college, he worked in various businesses, including his own baked goods company with varying degrees of success.

One day he simply announced he was studying for the LSATs and intended to go to law school. As you can imagine, we were very proud of his decision to, quote, join the ranks.

The Prosecutors in the audience, and the Public Defenders, and other litigation attorneys who dealt with Wentworth know his determination and tenacity in negotiating

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pleas and resolving cases. But for the others, let me relate a story that highlights these character traits.

Wentworth's admission to law school was not assured. Widener wait-listed him, but he simply would not be denied. He went to Widener the week before classes checking on his status without success. He kept calling Admissions to no avail. Finally, on the first day of class, he presented himself again at the Admissions Office. The secretary looked up at him and then down to a list of names of the incoming class. She huddled with fellow staff, turned and reported to him, quote, Well, Mr. Jones has not arrived. So, you may go down the hall to Contracts class in Room 101. And with that, he was in law school.

Wentworth rewarded their confidence in him by graduating from Widener School of Law in 1988. He passed the bar on his first try and was admitted to practice law on November 4 of that year. Shortly thereafter, he began working as a Public Defender here in this Courthouse and did so until his death last year.

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Elayne Bryn, a fellow Public Defender. And the two of them opened a boutique law firm, Bryn & Vedder, specializing in unemployment discrimination cases. They practiced together for over ten years, but Wenty never stopped representing the criminal defendants, as he always felt criminal defense was his true calling.

He was proud to share what he considered high praise from an indigent defendant who told him, quote, Mr. Vedder, you're a lot better than most free lawyers.

Just a week before his death, he sent me an e-mail about the Recidivism Risk Reduction Incentive Act and how he had used it to shave six months off a client's sentence.

While grieving his loss, our family was comforted to learn that just weeks before his death he won an acquittal for his client during his last jury trial.

He was a great advocate for his clients. And I know he misses appearing before Judge Rogers and working with his trial defense team.

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Wenty was a gifted athlete with quick reflexes. Scholastically, he was the catcher of his baseball team and the goalie for his soccer team. He could hit the ball on the

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rise, making him an excellent tennis player, a sport he enjoyed playing most of his life.

He played spirited games of street hockey with his son Williamson on weekends.

He was an outdoorsman. He hunted pheasant and shot sporting clays when he was younger. He enjoyed target shooting at firing ranges with his son Thomas.

He loved going deep-sea fishing and was an amateur astronomer.

He was an adventurer. One summer during college, he announced he was traveling to California to work for the summer. We heard little from him until it was time for him to come home, when he reported he would be hiking and camping through the National Parks working his way east. One day close to summer's end, my parents received a phone call that he had just arrived in Harrisburg after taking the Broadway Limited train from Chicago. When they suggested

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he take a bus home to York, he confided that he had just spent his last dime in making that call and desperately needed a ride home.

He was active in local politics as a Republican committeeman in Ardmore.

He was a member of St. Mary's Episcopal Church in Ardmore, serving as its

solicitor and on its vestry.

Wentworth was kind and generous. He was big-hearted. When he greeted family and friends, it was always with open arms and a big hug. People always felt welcomed and at ease in his company because you knew he felt concern about you as a person.

He was a family man. On May 5, 1990, he married his lovely bride, Carol Kovatch Vedder, at St. Mary's. They were married for 20 years. Carol is with us today seated with family. She and Wentworth have three wonderful teenage children, two sons and a daughter, all of whom are blessed with some of their father's best qualities. Williamson has his father's contemplative and sensitive side. Thomas shares his love of music and spirited zest for life.

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Leah is gentle and kind.

Wentworth was extremely proud of his family. And they came first. He would always share a story or two about them with a special light in his eye.

On a personal note, Wenty and I were bracemates growing up being just a year apart in age. He was my, quote, older brother, my protector, the adventurous one to my caution. Most of all, he was my best friend. And I loved

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him deeply.

When considering Wentworth's life and his career, it should be evident that he leaves a strong legacy of commitment to his family, his friends, his community, his church, and his chosen profession. We will miss him.

Thank you for allowing me to share with you this memorial tribute of respect for my brother.

I move it be made a part of the record and a copy be sent to Wentworth's widow, Carol.

Thank you.

JUDGE CARLUCCI O: The Memorial

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Minute for Stephen Volpicelli will be presented by Mrs. Marly Volpicelli.

MS. VOLPICELLI: Distinguished Jurists, members of the Court, public officials, I bid you a very, very good morning. I bid a good morning to the members of the Montgomery County Bar Association and all guests that are here.

I am both delighted and honored to have this opportunity to speak of my husband, Stephen L. Volpicelli.

Steve was born right here in Norristown and came from a very modest background. He was the grandson of immigrants -- one set of

grandparents coming from Sicily and the other set from the Adriatic Coast of Italy. All his family knew well the need, the value, and the dignity of hard work. His parents stressed and strove for the best possible education for their four sons not only to achieve their own personal growth and satisfaction but also to become productive and worthy members of American society.

Steve went through the Norristown Public School System. And upon graduation from high school, he attended Albright

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College in Reading, where he majored in political science. He then went on to the Dickinson Law School in Carlisle.

The summer breaks from all of these schools were spent working with his father, a highly regarded and expert stonemason. Steve often reflected that his life would have been a lot easier if he had chosen to be a stonemason rather than an attorney. He also thought it might have been more satisfying. Perhaps there is really something quite profound in that overdone expression "set in stone."

That said, Steve loved practicing law -- its challenges, its intricacy. He marveled at my ability to do cryptograms. And I, in turn, marveled at his ability to solve the

thorniest cryptogram of all -- the law.

My husband's career was in real estate law. It spanned over 40 years and started with an insurance company, where I was fortunate enough to meet him. He went on to some of the most prestigious law firms in Philadelphia. In 2003 he started his own practice. Steve was a well-respected and admired member of the legal

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community. He was truly a brilliant attorney. His clients became, much to his credit and theirs, his friends, as did so many of the other attorneys and businessmen and women that he had contact with.

I had read in his high school yearbook that he wished to be a history teacher. In many ways, he was just that. He was passionate about the Civil War era. He read of it voraciously, visited many of its battlefields, and engaged in re-enactments. And here I will confess that he's part owner in two cannons, a Parrott and a Napoleon. Mostly, he loved to talk about the Civil War -- gently teaching and imparting his enthusiasm on the subject.

He was a teacher in other ways. He freely gave his time to patiently explain law, business, and finance to all who came to him for advice. My husband truly enjoyed

acquiring knowledge, but he enjoyed sharing it so much more.

Steve had a keen intellect which certainly was useful in his chosen profession but also in the many political,

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philosophical, and theological conversations he would have. He was warm and generous. He was thoughtful and kind. He was always loving, loyal, and forgiving. He was a man of courage, integrity, and honor, a man of faith and prayer, a truly good and decent man, mourned by so many.

There are many more attributes I could list, but I will finish with this simple summation. He loved God. He loved his family and friends. He loved his home. He loved his country -- all the only important things in this life and the only things that matter in the next.

God bless you all.

And I thank you for this opportunity.

JUDGE CARLUCCI: President Judge Hodgson, I hereby move that all of the above presented Minutes be presented to this Court, be made a part of the record, and be transcribed.

PRESIDENT JUDGE HODGSON: I wish to thank all of the presenters for their wonderful and stirring tributes.

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The Memorial Minutes will be transcribed, received by the Court, and made

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available to the Montgomery Bar Association and to the families.

On behalf of the bench and the bar, I thank you for attending this special tribute to our former colleagues. This memorial service has served to bring back memories for some, while, at the same time, it has helped us to know those colleagues with whom we may not have been familiar with, and, finally, given us unique insight into the foundation upon which this bar association is centered and built.

Before we go, our separate ways, please, rise to recite the 23rd Psalm.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures.
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: For thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

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