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Tribute to Andrew Walkover

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Andrew M. Walkover

1949-1988

HIS TEACHERS REMEMBER . . .

I knew Andy Walkover best as a student. I met him first in my evidence class at the University of Michigan. He was the "sixties type" in the left rear corner who, especially at first, was too often absent but had the most interesting things to say when he came to class. I did not realize it at the time, but Andy was just beginning to discover his vocation.

Andy was a rare law student. He was interested in many things, but he would not let others set the agenda for his interests; in particular, he would not let an institution like a law school or impersonal forces like peer norms tell him what was or was not worthy of his attention. Nor was he driven by grades or by the fear that if he didn't learn certain things well he would be unable to succeed in practice. Instead he was driven by ideas; he loved to pursue them in reading and conversation.

In Andy's first year either the ideas or, more likely, the large classes in which he encountered them, did little to excite his interest. He began his second year wondering if law school was worth finishing. He ended that year with a sense of law as a potentially rich intellectual endeavor. By his third year, when he was outshining sociology graduate students as one of the stars of my Sociology of Law seminar, Andy was in full bloom. He had more ideas than he could pursue, and could envision a career pursuing them. By that time there was also an Andy Walkover fan club among the faculty, for several of us had identified Andy as one of the few students whom we could envision as a colleague. But Andy was still himself; there were still classes he did not wish to pursue deeply, and if a class wasn't worth pursuing deeply, it was, for Andy, hardly worth pursuing at all. Thus he graduated with an undistinguished gradepoint average but as one of the best and most interesting students to have come from this school.

I didn't hear often from Andy after he left Michigan, and I only saw him once, but I knew he had been right when he

decided to become a teacher. He was genuinely happy at Puget Sound, for he spoke warmly of both life in Tacoma and life at the law school. I thought that as Andy's career developed we would have many more occasions to chat. Now that he is gone, I regret that neither of us had special reason to search out the other. Legal scholarship will never see the full flowering of the potential that was there. I am grieved because a special person—and a student who became a friend—is gone.

Richard Lempert
Professor of Law and Sociology
The University of Michigan Law School

* * * *

Andy Walkover was my student, research assistant, colleague in legal academia, and friend. I like to think of Andy as a protégé, but I probably learned more from him than he did from me. He was tall and forceful, while gentle and humane; he was ebullient, with a hearty, outgoing laugh, but he had a quiet, intense, introspective side as well. His unbounded intellectual curiosity and his unfailing sense of the humorous and tragic in life made him a totally compelling person.

Andy was committed to life, to people, to preparing himself to teach—these commitments never seemed to diminish even when he fretted most about the ultimate meaning of it all. In his own daily life and thought, with Barb and with Lily, and among his many friends, there was always more than enough meaning. If at the macro-level there was a touch of nihilism, at the micro-level, Andy was deeply involved, caring, and giving.

Andy was one of my very best students, and of all my students, he was the one I most enjoyed spending time with. I shall miss Andy; I had looked forward to seeing more and more of him as our teaching years went by.

Thomas A. Green
Professor of Law and History
The University of Michigan

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One of the pleasures of teaching, less frequently experienced than most of us care to admit, is the sense that one has made a contribution to a student's intellectual development. Another, even rarer, is the experience of encountering a student who contributes to one's own intellectual development. Andy was, for me, a source of both kinds of pleasure, though I am more confident that I am justified in the latter than in the former.

Although Andy had previously been enrolled in two of my large classes, our friendship did not begin until his last term in law school, when he participated in a seminar I was offering that was devoted to examining the idea of equality in post-Enlightenment Western culture. The reading list, too lengthy to reproduce here, included such books as Rousseau's *Second Discourse*, Burke's *Reflections on the Revolution in France*, Engels' *Anti-Dühring*, Zamiatin's *We*, and Rawls' *A Theory of Justice*. Andy and I disagreed about many of the issues raised by these books, disagreements that we explored at length with other participants in the seminar, often until well past midnight even though our sessions were scheduled to end at 10:00 p.m. We also spent a good many hours alone in further discussion. The fundamental differences between us were probably not much narrowed by all this talk, but the ways in which each of us thought about the problem of equality—and, I suspect, much else besides—were, I think, significantly altered. I do not mean merely that we acquired a better understanding of the issues, though surely we did, but that in a way that I have difficulty articulating, each of us ended with a stance toward the problem different from that with which he began.

Andy brought to our discussions an unusually broad intellectual background—he was widely read in American and English history, in political theory, and in psychology—and an abundant store of the intellectual qualities at which liberal education aims. Among his intellectual virtues, none was more impressive than his tough-minded insistence upon identifying and seriously attending to empirical and ethical propositions that might require rethinking his own positions. Gently and with humor, but with no less insistence, he called upon us to do likewise. Andy would not yield to the common temptation, to which lawyers seem especially subject, of trivializing or otherwise deforming positions potentially incompatible with his own. Nor would he willingly let others fall victim to it.

Although those rhetorical techniques might help to win an argument, the object of discussion for him was not to win an argument, but to achieve understanding. Troublesome arguments were, therefore, not to be overcome, but to be understood in their most persuasive form, even when that might require recasting an author's or speaker's claim to make it even more troublesome.

The better I came to know Andy, the more fully persuaded I became that he should enter academic life. My conviction rested in part upon the evidence of the seminar that he was likely to be a gifted teacher and scholar, and in part upon the depth of his commitment to "the life of the mind," a commitment that was most likely to be realized in an academic setting. Andy's attraction to the idea was evident as soon as I suggested it to him, but he was not wholly unambivalent. As "a man of the left," he was also powerfully attracted to a career that would permit him to work more directly for the social reforms he believed to be ethically necessary. In the end, of course, he chose academic life, a decision that led him to the University of Puget Sound and the many satisfactions that he found as a member of its law faculty. Andy's promise as a scholar and teacher was of necessity only incompletely fulfilled in the relatively few years that he served on the faculty, but even those few years were sufficient to demonstrate the contributions of which humane intelligence is capable. We shall all miss him.

Terrance Sandalow

*Edson R. Sunderland Professor of Law
The University of Michigan Law School*

HIS COLLEAGUES REMEMBER . . .

I had the pleasure of interviewing Andy Walkover as a candidate some ten years ago for a teaching position in the School of Law. I hearken back to that occasion because I still recall vividly my reasons for feeling, very strongly, that we needed Andy more than he needed us.

Every law student knows the tendency of law schools to believe they have long since developed the perfect curriculum. The courts of the land may abandon established precedents for sound policy reasons, but heaven help the law school that changes its curriculum. If this attitude is less prevalent today than it was ten years ago, the reason is Andy Walkover and others like him.

Andy surprised me, caught me off guard, by his candid, thoughtful responses to my usual probing questions about the nature of a legal education. I found him utterly open to change and possibility. He did not reject the past thoughtlessly or carelessly, but neither did he accept it uncritically. He offered ideas and alternatives, *reasoned* alternatives, *useful* ideas. Consequently, his influence over the years as a faculty member was substantial, though you had to know where to look for it. Andy sought change quietly, without fanfare. You had to study him closely and listen closely when he talked. The effort, however, was always worthwhile.

This past summer, when I was meeting regularly with faculty to discuss the law school's future and long-range plans, I had occasion again to observe the quiet effectiveness of Andy's style. I recognized then, if I had not before, that the distinguishing mark of his life and thought was his rare ability to place the interests of the whole above self-interest or the special interests of the few. It seems appropriate, as I think Andy would appreciate, to commend this special quality to those who knew him—his students especially—so that we ourselves may be a living tribute to his memory.

Philip M. Phibbs
President
University of Puget Sound

* * * *

This is about Andy. His parents named him Andrew

Michael Walkover, but he was and will always be Andy. The name quickly calls to memory a surprisingly powerful personality lurking behind a laid-back attitude shaped by the ambitions, emotions, and values of the 1960's, values that Andy was able to carry with assurance and enthusiasm into the crasser decade of the eighties. He was exceptionally bright by traditional measures and even more so because of his willingness to go against his own grain, or as he would have said, to act counter-intuitively. He was compassionate, tolerant, and understanding, but never soft-headed or weak-willed. He set for himself the highest standards of intellect and character, believing that when it came to judging others, standards were a matter for individual discovery rather than external imposition. He identified with the eccentric and the outsider and because of that was able to inspire confidence and achievement from students who didn't quite fit traditional patterns. He genuinely enjoyed the company of colleagues whose values and views of life were markedly different from his own, a quality he certainly needed in order to prosper and thrive on the UPS law faculty. He never took himself or his colleagues too seriously. On more than one occasion he disrupted our weekly dean's meeting by announcing, "I have to leave now, Fred has entered his corporate mode."

But although I'm sure he never owned a three-piece suit, Andy had his own corporate mode. Among the less obvious aspects of Andy Walkover's personality were his astonishing capacity for detail, his unparalleled administrative abilities, including meticulous follow-through, and his impressive political skills, developed seriously and with great determination and applied with considerable success. Indeed, he had all the necessary qualities of that modern day rarity—the successful law school dean. Had Andy lived and regained his health, I have no doubt he would have become a law school dean somewhere at some point in his life and would have made an astonishingly good one.

It is the common observation of legal educators that many law school professors look down their noses at the practicing bar and unwittingly convey that disdain to their students. That kind of attitude was completely foreign to Andy. For someone who had never practiced law, he had a remarkable grasp of what it is that lawyers do and an obvious respect for those who do it well. Perhaps that was one of the reasons he

was able to inspire so many students. He even went so far as to conclude that his professional development would be incomplete until he had spent some time engaged in the practice of law, something he intended to do on a future sabbatical or leave of absence after he had published several articles on juvenile law and American legal history. His plans were ambitious and far-reaching; those who knew him have little doubt he would have accomplished them all and more.

I have saved for last the mention of Andy Walkover's enormous contribution to the institution that is the University of Puget Sound School of Law and to the individuals and groups that comprise that institution—colleagues on the faculty, students, members of the administrative staff, alumni, and friends and supporters in the community and in the legal profession. Had he not agreed to accept the newly created position of academic chair (a position he often referred to as "the job with the silliest title in academia"), he no doubt would have written several scholarly articles and contributed to the body of legal knowledge. Instead, his contributions to the development of the law and the enhancement of the legal profession and our society will be measured by the lives and careers of the hundreds (at least hundreds) of persons whom he influenced through his teaching, through his administrative work, and most of all through being Andy.

In my final dean's report to the school and the Board of Visitors, I expressed the hope that the University of Puget Sound School of Law had become and would remain the law school of opportunity in the Pacific Northwest and that, as such, it would set an example for law schools throughout the land. Andy Walkover epitomized the concept of UPS Law School as the school of opportunity. The law school provided a constant opportunity for Andy to grow as a teacher, a scholar, an innovator, and a leader. Andy, in turn, opened up opportunities for others through counseling, encouraging, and befriending the newer members of the faculty; by cajoling and making more established members of the faculty and the dean just a little bit uncomfortable; and by guiding and stimulating students, from the most successful to those having academic and personal difficulties. He believed deeply in opening up possibilities for persons who needed a little bit of extra help, guidance, direction, or even a second chance. Since his judgment was as great as his compassion, his efforts, more often

than not, paid off. When he took over the primary responsibility for decisions or petitions for *de novo* readmission to the law school, the success rate of *de novo* students went up considerably. Many of Andy's second-chance successes have now become valuable members of our legal community. During the next several decades, there will be in the community and throughout our land practicing lawyers, judges, legislators, businesspersons, law school deans, and members of law faculties who were shaped in significant ways by the Walkover influence and who, because of that influence, will carry in their lives and in their careers a touch of Andy.

Everyone connected with the University of Puget Sound School of Law—even those who do not share his vision of the School or his goals for it—can be grateful for the decade that Andy was able to give UPS. If those who do share his vision of legal education and of the kind of law school UPS could and should be can now renew their commitment to the goals they and Andy shared, then perhaps a portion of what he could have achieved, had he lived longer, will in fact be achieved even without him.

Fredric C. Tausend
Adjunct Professor
University of Puget Sound School of Law

* * * *

Hanging around the law school, either as a trustee or as a member of the Board of Visitors, one could not help but be conscious of Andy Walkover. He seemed to me to be one of those energizing presences without which no great enterprise can be successful. While I did not see him often, he was someone I did not forget—nor will I forget him. When we talked of those things affecting the welfare of the law school about which he and I were both concerned, I would always come away with the feeling that he not only cared but would do something about my concern. And he always did. He struck me as a person with both a detached and engaged view of life. He was in the middle of things but could always maintain the perspective of an observer. I recall a wry wit, an easy manner, a love of the law, and of the University of Puget Sound School

of Law. He wore his learning lightly but profoundly. To know him as I did, however briefly, is one of my life's treasures.

James M. Dolliver
Justice, The Supreme Court
State of Washington

* * * *

While sometimes foolish, I'm not a fool. I recognized Andy as a fellow spirit, and a fascinating one at that, as we each suffered through law school in the mid-1970's. Although he was a man private about his emotions, Andy was a social being. I wisely accepted his friendship, and retained it.

Andy was a powerful person. He was intelligent, disciplined, and politically savvy. He had an agile tongue and a superb sense of humor. These traits do not account for his enormous impact on those who knew him. That stemmed from the consistent, everyday application of his refined value system. He took responsibility for each of his actions; he did not use his considerable intelligence or sophistication to avoid that responsibility.

I miss new expressions of Andy's often-scathing perception of events, his frankness, his bad posture, his loyalty, his slow greeting—"What's going on?", his generosity of spirit, his keenly insightful analysis of people, and his lack of naïveté. Most of all, I miss calling on Andy as an absolutely trustworthy touchstone of the honorable *and* sensible thing to do.

Jennifer Schramm

* * * *

FROM ANDY

As a colleague . . .

Our delight. Demanding exceptional, intelligent work.

Giving us enormous praise.

Using words we had to research.

Hinting that our judgment

Should be tempered with compassion,

And humor, and self-criticism.

Expecting commitment, intensity, loyalty
And acceptance.

As a friend . . .

Our treasure. Genuine,
Joyful, smug, wondrous,
Silly, warm, conciliatory.
Gentle with our faults.
And of our strengths,
accepting, challenging, inquiring.

As a person . . .

Grateful . . . for Lily,
For the encouraging love of friends, family, Barb.
For the support of colleagues, deans, doctors.
He told me, "Even if I die,
I am grateful to you all.
Your love gave me a year and a half
Of life."

Andy . . .

Your life gave us love.
We are grateful
For you.

Eva Mitchell
Registrar

University of Puget Sound School of Law

* * * *

Andy Walkover had a knack for giving his colleagues what they most needed without ever having to be asked for it. At the end of our first hour together, a grueling job interview with him and three or four other UPS professors, he grinned at me and said, "Now you are going over to the main campus to meet President Phibbs. He'll ask you what you've been reading. (Another grin) Better think about it." I said, "How about Nabokov's *Speak, Memory*?" Andy actually laughed out loud: "Perfect."

Once I got the job, he was the first of my new colleagues to visit my office. And from then on, he was usually the first person through the door to congratulate, sympathize,

strategize, or laugh at the cosmic irony of our particular version of *Upstairs/Downstairs* in legal academia.

Any novice professor needs guidance from his more experienced colleagues. All of my fellow professors have been generous in their willingness to tell me how I could improve myself, but Andy was the master at setting things up so that I would discover for myself what it was I needed to be doing.

For instance, I had been told that my early attempts at Socratic dialogue in the classroom lacked a certain "probing looseness." But it was Andy who gave me the loving kick in the pants that I needed to translate this criticism into action. We were probably talking about something like why I had never been to a live Grateful Dead concert (a favorite of Andy's) when, out of nowhere, he began asking about some esoteric tort doctrine. Andy was teaching Torts for the first time that year, and initially, I thought he just wanted to tap into my somewhat longer experience in teaching the subject.

"But Tom," he said, "What effect would that doctrinal gambit have on compensation?"

"Andy, you know that compensation is a uni-directional function of tort law, not a goal all by itself."

"O.K., but isn't there a fairness argument here?"

And so it went, back and forth for at least twenty minutes. Just about when I realized that he could not have cared less about the legal issue we were debating, he grinned and said, "Now go and talk with your students the same way. Show them how a smart lawyer thinks through a problem he's never quite dealt with before." It occurs to me now that Andy would be greatly amused by the irony that he turned out to be the most Socratic of all my mentors on the faculty.

How did Andy know what we all needed? He could parse people—their emotions, motivations, defenses, arguments, and ideas—the way the best law professors can dissect appellate opinions. At faculty meetings, it was Andy who would restate the arguments of everyone better than the proponents on either side had done it, turn the debate on its head, flash with righteous anger, or more often, calm with a perfect quip ("I may seem deeply superficial for saying this, but . . ."). He held us together as a faculty by seeing the best in each of us, and by calling on us with uncanny persuasion to act on it. He knew every one of us through endless talking; sometimes intellectual, sometimes banal, always witty. There was nothing about

us that did not interest Andy: our writing and teaching, of course, but also our music, movies, restaurants, books, parents, children, clothes, style, and dreams. And through all this knowing of us, Andy was able to infuse a spirit of post-1960's community into a disparate assortment of fiercely independent law professors.

Because he knew us, Andy could give us what we needed, often before we even realized what we were missing. "It isn't pretty," Andy would say; and indeed it is not, now that we all are missing Andy.

*J. Thomas Richardson
Assistant Professor of Law
University of Puget Sound School of Law*

* * * *

Andy Walkover was prematurely wise. That made him unique and quite unforgettable.

His perception of people and events operated well below the obvious surface. He probably viewed people and events as synonymous. Events of interest to Andy were those created by the actions of people, whether the actors knew what they were doing or not—preferably when they did not; analysis was thus the more interesting. This excluded from his interest such events as meteor showers, unless Andy was having one of his more cosmic days. It also gave his friends the eerie delight of having Andy explain to them what they'd been doing or would do, and why, whenever their events trended towards the inscrutable. That was a free bonus of Andy's friendship—as Wolf Man Jack would have said, "No charge, Baby."

In his view, the marvelously bizarre or beneficial actions of an individual or group or society were always informed by a broader context. Andy's view was acute and critical, but always laced with wit, humor, and compassion. He skewered, savored, and forgave the foibles of people and their events, including his own. He would deadpan his way through his devastatingly trenchant and funny commentaries while waiting to see what effect his remarks would have on his hearers, and then laugh or wince along with them.

Andy's classes were notable events. Either he or the students might embark on serious foibles at any random moment.

Beyond the intellectual enterprise at hand, there were innumerable contingencies in the proceedings to be relished and pursued to unknown horizons.

Faculty governance was also an ongoing sequence of notable events for Andy. The flaws of the players and the borderline surrealism of the processes were perennial marvels. Even when Andy was in the depths of his illness, faculty meetings were his favorite spectator events. Maybe like watching an intense, privately staged football game where the applicable rules would be announced *after* each play and Andy would provide color commentary.

It's hard to admit Andy's not here. I think actually he was prematurely recruited for the Bigs, wherever they are being played—sort of a cosmic high draft pick. It won't be easy to understand events without Andy to explain them, but then we'll all catch up with him later and find out what he's been thinking about things. He'll be some ready for us.

Donald M. Carmichael
Professor of Law
University of Puget Sound School of Law

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The law school was an unfamiliar place for me, an English professor, on the first day that I taught there. The second day did little to dispel its peculiarity. On the third day, I met Andy in the hallway. He was tall and, in his navy-blue suit, imposing. Another lawyer turned law professor, I thought from a distance. How wrong I was. Andy ignored my shyness and immediately began talking about Herman Melville. Within a few weeks, he had me reading Raymond Chandler's detective novels. I had him reading Stanley Fish on literary theory. I was at home.

Andy knew how to reach everyone. He reached me deeply, and I could only marvel that he was able to do the same for so many other friends, colleagues, and students. Little was sacred with Andy, which meant we shared almost everything—from philosophical arguments to the joys of fatherhood. The last time I saw him, he still said something—both flattering and ironic—that let me know he was with me,

in the old way. I do not think that people can be so strong, so understanding, and so wise. Andy was. He was like that.

J. Christopher Rideout
Associate Director of Legal Writing
University of Puget Sound School of Law

* * * *

Andy was the first faculty member I met during the dean search, and his first question to me was knowledgeable, incisive, and direct. We had just sat down to breakfast when he asked: "How can a libertarian want to be a dean?" Having been an academic chair, Andy knew that deans must occasionally use compulsion rather than persuasion, and he understood that libertarians professed to abhor coercion. Andy believed that one's values inevitably dictated one's choices. Thus, he wanted to know if I was committed to libertarian values and whether I perceived how those values might affect my ability to administer the school. In a single question he had touched my ambivalence and self-doubt, and exposed a critical potential weakness.

Whether my answer satisfied him, I don't know. I do know that in the six months we worked together, he proved to be far more than knowledgeable, incisive, and direct. We discovered that, despite wide differences of opinion, we shared a common view of life and ourselves. Andy had a marvelous sense of humor, a shrewd insight into other people's motivations, and a detached sense of compassion. He delighted in personalities and politics. And I, like so many others, delighted in him.

James E. Bond
Dean, School of Law
University of Puget Sound

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One wants to say something about who Andy was and why the sense of loss is so great. But beside Andy, the words wither. And the loss cannot be named because it cannot be compartmentalized.

Andy traveled across the established boundaries that usually define a life. And for Andy, those categories that tend to circumscribe possibility—the categories of law teacher, academic chair, friend, intellectual, and so on—were instead just that: mere categories, mere words.

Andy understood so well the ironic brittleness of the received maps that we allow to govern our lives. The irony is that despite their brittleness, the maps remain pervasive. The irony is that we cling to the maps for fear we shall lose ourselves, and yet it is precisely those maps that guarantee the loss.

For those who believe that maps must be followed, Andy must have seemed something of a trespasser. Andy refused to let any rules, any body of knowledge, any moral code do his thinking for him. He was an extremely moral person, but never moralizing. On the contrary, he distrusted the desiccated moral systems that reduce the human animal to a rational thinking machine. And he held in abeyance the miserly knowledges (empirical and otherwise) that constantly reduce understanding to a rigid code of ideas. Andy was greater (personally and intellectually) than any of these systems. He had the power of will and the sensitivity of personality (as well as the acid wit) to live beyond these social and intellectual systems.

And so Andy could see a great many things that the rest of us did not see. Andy was very wise and very good.

Pierre Schlag
Associate Professor of Law
University of Puget Sound School of Law

* * * *

He was a teacher.

He taught that we should be honest with ourselves and kind to others.

He taught that one must plunge headlong into life, into the full joy of risk taking.

He taught that there is a rich world outside, filled with music, literature, good bad movies, and that the very absurdity of life was a constant entertainment.

He looked into our beings and taught us about the person we could be, the person we thought could never exist.

He taught us about courage, devotion to friends and family, and how much we all need each other.

And all the while we assumed he'd be there forever, adding deep intellectual insight into every subject he ever touched.

When in our lifetimes will we know his like again?

Goodbye my dear, dear friend.

John B. Mitchell
Scholar in Residence
University of Puget Sound School of Law

HIS STUDENTS REMEMBER . . .

As a student at the UPS Law School from the Fall of 1981 through the Spring of 1984, I had the memorable opportunity to know and observe Professor Andrew Walkover in several different capacities.

In his position as academic chair, Andy always seemed ready and willing to take that extra step necessary to help a student work through a problem or concern. His sensitivity to the issues facing students left me with the lasting impression that the law school administration was responsive to the needs of its students.

As my Family Law and Juvenile Law professor, and as my advisor in an independent study course, Andy would constantly challenge me. He created an academic environment that helped his students to face challenges, and he would not accept unpreparedness or superficial answers from any of us.

I also had the opportunity to work for Andy as his research assistant during my second and third years of law school. As always, he challenged me. At the same time, he truly valued my effort and input, helping me to see the importance of my contribution to the work he was doing. Andy's ever-present quick wit and dry sense of humor gave a boost to me and to many others at the law school. He had a way of cutting through issues with his distinct touch of sarcasm. His attitude helped those around him to take themselves less seriously and to keep a sense of humor during difficult times.

After law school, the friendship I had developed with Andy continued. I had the opportunity to observe him as a caring husband toward his wife, Barbara, and as a loving, affectionate father to their daughter, Lily. He was a very special friend to me. He remained interested in the development of my career, and helped me to explore the options open to me.

I am forever grateful for the guidance, encouragement, assistance, and friendship that Andy Walkover gave to me over the years. His passing is a great loss to me and to many others. However, I feel very fortunate to have known him, and I will cherish my memories of him always.

Lynn P. Barker
University of Puget Sound School of Law
Class of 1984

* * * *

Dear Andy,

People like you do not come around often in a person's lifetime. Your gentle, clear, and direct glow has touched all who have known you. As a teacher, academic chair, advisor, and friend, you have given us many valuable gifts: the gift of commitment; the gift of honesty and directness; the gift of genuine caring; the gift of insight and vision; the gift of humor; the gift of clarity; in short, the gift of you.

Never have I met another who equals your ability to remain true to your highest self while you are surrounded by pressures to conform to a different reality or to give up the fight. By your very presence, you demonstrated that one can make the "system" and the world better by being part of it instead of by condemning it. Although you could see the world with brutal honesty and cynicism, you could also see the beauty and value in all things. No matter what, through all of life's turmoil and many disappointments, you never gave up; you never lost your vision.

Do you remember my first-year orientation? You followed a speaker who exposed all that was wrong with law school and the legal profession. When you began to speak, you turned the negative into a positive. With humor, you acknowledged that law school and the legal profession needed a complete overhaul. But you did not stop there. You went on to share your conviction that we can make the entire "system" better and more humane. You helped us see that we can be part of the change, that we could influence, shape, and create a new reality. You challenged and inspired us to do something other than complain. In that minute, I knew that you would be a powerful force in my life.

Imagine my delight when I discovered that you were our first-year Torts professor. With your kindness and your ability to place our various emotional waves into perspective, you created a safe environment. You cajoled, teased, prompted, and guided us through the maze of legal reasoning and the trauma of our first year in law school. By remaining human, you gave us permission to remain human also. When the stress began to build up, you allowed us to vent it, and you often provided us with a reminder to be kind to one another. You even quoted

Bob Dylan, "Don't underestimate me, and I won't underestimate you."

You brought the outside world into our sterile, narrowly focused law school environment. Your eclectic interests provided continual amusement and learning experiences for us all. In commenting on the outside world, you helped us keep our perspective.

But even more important than remaining human and helping us keep perspective, you treated us with respect. You acknowledged that we all had something of value to contribute. You related to us as individuals. You knew which student would be interested in the latest movie you had seen and which student would enjoy hearing and arguing about the latest political editorial you had read.

Do you remember teaching us Family Law? Dealing with emotionally charged and sensitive issues such as values, religion, and morality, with a class of over one hundred students was quite a feat. You played the students elegantly, like an orchestra. You brought out the spectrum of values without judging the students for possessing values that were different from your own.

But of the three courses that I took from you, my favorite was your Family Law seminar. In that seminar, you created a forum where we could take our ideas and truly expand and develop them. You helped us develop our thoughts by offering suggestions, by disagreeing with us, and by nurturing us. When you challenged our ideas or when you disagreed with our position, you did so without damaging our fragile self-esteem. For many, you gave us the courage to speak in our own voices for the first time. You helped us empower ourselves.

Remember the day that you asked me to share my thoughts with the class and I could not bring myself to talk about my ideas because they were too close to my heart? Instead of talking, I began to cry and left the classroom in tears. You found me, thanked me for my honesty, and said that my tears said more than any words. And remember the following semester when I ran to your office to tell you that I had just come from another class where I had found the strength and the words to articulate those same ideas? You just smiled a smile that said, "I knew that you would find your voice."

Your office became a sanctuary. You provided a breathing-space where we could decompress. Even with your hectic schedule and many commitments, you made time for your students. You always greeted me with a smile and with interest in what I was doing and thinking. You placed no limits on our relationship; with you, there was no student/professor barrier. We could talk about anything, including politics, personal aspirations, emotions, and fears.

As we became friends, I grew to appreciate your directness and clear vision even more than I had before. You always knew which question to ask. Although your insights were unsettling at times, they were, without a doubt, right on. With your friendship, you offered a shelter from the storm. You were always willing to listen, to offer suggestions, to tell the truth, and you were able to put anything into perspective.

Andy, in your too-short time, you have given so much of yourself without asking for anything in return. I guess the best way we can show our appreciation for you, and for the gifts that you bestowed upon us, is to pass these gifts on to others. We can share your vision and spirit with those who were unfortunate enough not to have known you.

Now that I am teaching, I find myself wondering how I can create breathing-space, how I can build community and bridges, how I can encourage others to find themselves and to be confident. The answer comes when I ask myself, "What would Andy do?" Andy would listen. Andy would be direct. Andy would find the humor and irony in the situation. Andy would tell the truth. Andy would take risks for what he believed in. Andy would be Andy, and Andy would not lose his identity. Andy would not lose his vision.

When I feel the deep sorrow and loss because you have left this physical plane, I try to think of what you would do. But Andy, as hard as I try, I have not been able to find humor or irony in this loss. I can be direct and honest by acknowledging the terrible void that you have left, and I can attempt to find the positive in your leaving.

Andy, a good teacher does not merely give his students the answer; rather, a good teacher shows his students a method for finding the answer in his absence. In your absence, we can pay tribute to you by doing whatever we can, in however large or small a way, to create a more humane environment and to make this world a better place.

Thank you for being an excellent teacher and cherished friend. We are all better for having known you. Have a peaceful journey. Much love and good thoughts—

Always,
Paula

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