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IN MEMORY OF WILLIAM J. LANDERS

*Lee B. Ackerman**

My friendship with Bill Landers began during my second year of law school at Loyola in 1974. Bill and I were staff members of the Law Review and both hoped to become the Editor-in-Chief for Volume 9. It wasn't much of a contest. After all, as Bill would so often remind me, I constantly split my infinitives.

The Law Review was well served by having Bill as its Editor-in-Chief. He possessed that certain quality that is essential in getting others to excel in their work. Bill also displayed an intensity that comes only when one truly enjoys what one is doing. Although it was difficult for me to find any joy in correcting galleys during the late hours of the evening, Bill always seemed to maintain his sense of humor and good nature about the tasks confronting him.

I was fortunate to have had the opportunity to experience not only Bill's remarkable intellect, but also his compassion for other people. He had the valued ability to see the similarities in others, rather than the differences. It was often during the quiet moments we shared, that Bill would express his fears and concerns, as well as how much he had to be grateful for. Bill did not take life for granted.

It is not often that a person has the good fortune to have a peer who is also a mentor. Bill was a teacher by action. He was a teacher of academic and intellectual honesty. He was a teacher of love and compassion. He taught that fear and uncertainty can be turned into strength and perseverance. He taught how to love not just life itself, but the very process of living. He taught me that there is nothing stronger than gentleness.

My remembrances of Bill are like snapshots in a scrapbook—long hours spent working on Law Review; Bill's nervousness and awkwardness at the Jessup International Moot Court Competition in San Francisco; sharing a joke about a professor; cramming for the bar exam; and the frenzied dancing at my wedding. Throughout it all, one image stands out: Bill's incredible talents, abilities and energies were matched by his humility and humbleness. These qualities guided Bill through law school and were clearly visible the last time I saw Bill—at breakfast in the

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White House, the day after the 1988 presidential election. How fitting it was for Bill to be in such a high position.

Even though the years brought distance to our relationship—Bill's being in Washington and my being in Los Angeles—I remained close to Bill, closer than even I knew. When I learned that Bill was ill, I became acutely aware of how deep my feelings were for Bill—how much I cherished the friendship and working relationship we had; how much I enjoyed his company, his energy and his wit; how much I miss not having him there for me; and how much better my life is for having known Bill Landers.