

MAY IT PLEASE THE COURT:

The Honorable Paul Lynch.

Few men have been more worthy of the title. A child of Shreveport, of Louisiana and of the South in that pre-Brown v. Board of Education era, he began his days here poor and black, but fortunately for him, one of nine children in a close family with strong religious ties.

Paul earned his education in Spring Arbor, Michigan, and went on to Roberts Wesleyan College in North Chile, New York, completing his under-graduate education at the University of Cincinnati, and from there he returned to enter law school at Southern University in Baton Rouge, where he graduated magna cum laude. He returned to Shreveport for a year, then entered the United States Army as a first lieutenant in 1963. Four years later he was a major. In 1969 he returned to practice law in Shreveport. In 1971 he became an Assistant U.S. Attorney where he served with distinction, being appointed by the Justice Department to handle some high publicity murder cases in the Virgin Islands. He won the case and the respect of the defense attorney, the judge and the Department of Justice.

He ran for public office and was defeated. He ran again. On January 2, 1979, Paul Lynch was sworn in as a District Judge for Caddo Parish. Here he served, all too short a time, with distinction, fairness, compassion and dedication.

There, even in its bare fashion, is the outline of a career in law that any of us could be proud of. And if that was all there was to say about Paul Lynch, his family and friends would still point to his career with great pride. But this does not begin to tell of Paul Lynch. The hours that he spent in service to his country, his state, his community, his church, his friends and the all too few hours he spent on himself and his family are well-known -- and the debt we owe to him and his family can never be paid in full.

Paul never gave in to baser motives; he expected all with whom he came in contact to be better than we were and sometime we rose to those expectations. In spite of all the easily available excuses that, God knows, Paul had for failure, for cynicism, for hatred, he never once gave in or gave up. He plunged ahead in life without ever knocking his fellow man down. Every person whose life touched Paul's came away from the encounter the better for it.

We echo the comment of one of the clergy at Paul's funeral. Looking across the packed church he noted the presence of whites and blacks, rich and poor, educated and not, powerful and not, high public profile and low, and observed: "Paul, you have done it again; you have brought us together."

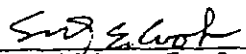
Contrary to the bard, the good that Paul Lynch did lives on-- and will continue long after even his memory fades.

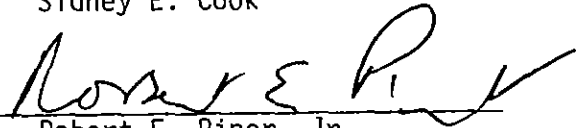
The hand of God didn't shake when he made Paul Lynch.
We fear we shall not soon see his like again.

Respectfully submitted,

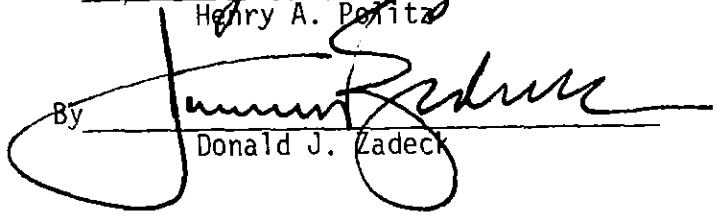
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October 25, 1982