

**MEMORIAL FOR PAUL WILKINSON CARY  
PRESENTED AT THE MEMORIAL AND RECOGNITION CEREMONY  
HELD IN THE FIRST JUDICIAL DISTRICT COURT  
OCTOBER 21, 2005  
UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE  
SHREVEPORT BAR ASSOCIATION**

MAY IT PLEASE THE COURT:

Paul Wilkinson Cary was born on March 7, 1949 and departed this life on January 10, 2005.

Paul is survived by his brother, Curtis Wilkinson Cary. Paul's father, Tully Wilkinson Cary, predeceased Paul having died in 1967 and Paul's mother, Marie Brown Cary, departed this life on August 11, 2005.

Paul Wilkinson Cary was a native of Shreveport, Louisiana, and was a 1967 graduate of C. E. Byrd High School. Thereafter, Paul Wilkinson Cary attended LSU-Shreveport and LSU in Baton Rouge in 1971 and then enrolled in the LSU Law Center and graduated in 1973 with a Juris Doctor degree. Upon graduation, Paul returned to Shreveport and entered the practice of law.

To say that Paul was a character would be an understatement. Paul liked to thumb his nose at the establishment. Paul had a unique way of looking at life and lived life with zest and zeal. Paul was unconventional.

Paul and I met many years ago as young attorneys. I was always uptight, nervous and straight laced. Paul used to look at me and say, "chill man, don't let this get to you" - this is not what is important - enjoying living your passions - that is what is important.

Paul had an infectious sense of humor and a keen dry wit to him. You had to listen close to Paul, because often he spoke in a low tone of voice, for he always had wry comments or quip to make.

Paul had many interests in life.

Paul had a keen interest in photography. Paul had the biggest most complicated camera I have ever seen. Paul loved to take pictures. Paul loved taking pictures of nature, his pets and motorcycles.

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*Mike Spence*

Paul loved sports cars. Paul enjoyed fast sports cars. He thrilled in scaring me in his Mazda RX-7 by darting in and out of traffic at a high rate of speed. While I hollered at him to slow down, he would just laugh. I used to tell Paul that I would never ride with him again, but, I always did.

Paul had two real passions in life. Paul loved Harley Davidsons and animals. Paul owned several different Harleys and these motorcycles were his pride and joy. Paul loved the thrill of riding - without a helmet - with the wind blowing through his hair.

Many a day, Paul would tell me of his rides the previous weekend, relishing the joy that his motorcycles brought to him.

Paul loved all living things. Paul's home truly resembled a menagerie. You never knew what animal, or other living thing might be about.

Once, I went to Paul's house when he was living on Cross Lake. At that time, Paul had dogs, cats, a goat, a snake and a very large Savannah Monitor Lizard, which was eyeing the goat. Now, Paul knew that I didn't care much for reptiles, so he handed me the snake, so that he could let the lizard out of its cage. Needless to say, this visit was short and brief. Thereafter, I made Paul promise that all lizards and snakes would be kept in their cages whenever I was at his house.

After Paul moved to Youree Drive, I stopped by one day and Paul assured me that all of the reptiles were properly caged. So the next thing I know is that Paul has this big hairy spider on his shoulder. A big tarantula. When I protested, Paul said, "what's the problem, the snakes and lizards are caged", and he just laughed at me.

After that I made Paul promise that all snakes, lizards and spiders would be caged in the future.

Paul's heart was generous to a fault. Paul would do anything for anyone and would try to help any living thing. Many of Paul's animals were rescued from the pound or adopted by Paul off the streets where they had been abandoned.

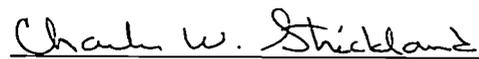
Once, Paul and I had been to lunch and I was in a suit, Paul was in jeans and a Harley t-shirt. He was taking me back to the office. It had been raining and was wet and nasty. We were in Paul's Mazda and he was driving. Paul saw a dog on the edge of Youree Drive trying to cross that busy street. The dog was obviously scared by the traffic. Paul slammed on the brakes, pulled off on the

shoulder of the road, jumped out, ran back and picked up the dog.

The next thing I know Paul opens my car door and dumps the wet dirty dog into my lap and said, "here, hold him, he's obviously lost and there's an address on the collar". So Paul took the dog home to a very grateful elderly lady, who was ecstatic to have her dog returned to her. Then Paul took me back to work. You see it didn't matter that I was late getting back to work and my suit had to go to the cleaners. For Paul, all that mattered was that we had helped the dog.

Paul was a good son, a good brother, a good attorney and a good friend. The legal profession is diminished by the loss of Paul Wilkinson Cary.

Respectfully submitted this 21st day of October, 2005, in Shreveport, Caddo Parish, Louisiana.

  
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CHARLES W. STRICKLAND