

MEMORIAL FOR
WALTER J. WOODMAN
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:

I am here today to speak of my friend Walter J. Woodman, or as his friends called him, Woody. I first meet Woody in 1979, when my wife and I moved across the street from Woody and his family. As neighbors we became friends, and we remained friends until his death on July 7, 2005. At the time I met Woody he was working for Shreveport Legal Services. That employment reflected his life long passion to help people. There are a number of reasons, we as lawyers decide to become lawyers. From what I observed of Woody, he became a lawyer to help his fellow man, and in particular those less fortunate than himself. Besides being a lawyer who strove to help his fellow man, he was a devoted husband to his wife Ruth, father to his children Justin and Jessica, and grandfather to his granddaughter Emma.

Woody had an interesting background. He was born on January 21, 1941, in Talara, Peru, South America, and spent his youth growing up in Peru and then Canada. His mother still lives in Peru and his brother still lives in Canada. Growing up in Peru and in Canada he mastered both Spanish and English. Woody attended and graduated from the Miami Military Academy. Later he attended the Upper Canada College, the Colorado School of Mines, Texas

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Christian University, and graduated from the University of Miami, with a bachelor's degree in Psychology. Thereafter, he attended Southern Methodist University School of Law where he received his law degree.

After graduating from law school Woody practiced law in the Dallas, Texas area. While practicing law in Dallas he met his future wife Ruth Meyer, who was from Shreveport. Ruth and Woody married on December 19, 1970, in Dallas, Texas and after they married they they had two children, Jessica and Justin. Ruth's mother, who was living in Shreveport, became ill and Woody and Ruth moved to Shreveport in the late 70's, at which time he became employed at the Shreveport Legal Services.

Thereafter, Woody worked for a short time with the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, and then went back into private practice, until shortly before his death, when he became ill. While in private practice, Woody handled mostly cases for people that were less fortunate and who could not otherwise afford a lawyer, but for Woody's big heart. I often saw him handle cases for poor people who were being sued by someone with more money and power than they had, and if it had not of been for Woody's efforts, those people would have been run over by the legal system. Unknown to most of the members of the bar, Woody was kind of a one man pro bono project; always trying to help those less fortunate than himself.

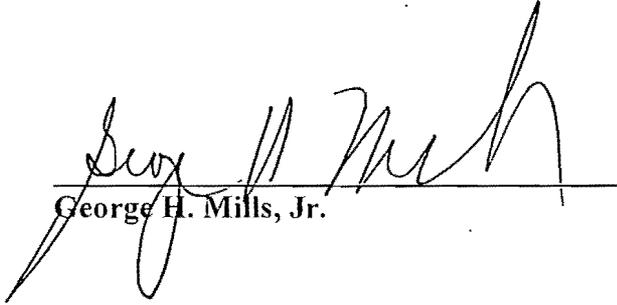
Woody also took great interest in his Peruvian roots. During his lifetime, he collected Peruvian stamps, and at one time probably had the most complete private collection of Peruvian stamps in the Americas. He was also asked by the Governor to serve on the Pan American Commission, which was chaired by Judge Hamilton. Finally, he taught his native language, Spanish, for a term at St. John Berchman's Cathedral School.

Through the years, Woody and I went to lunch every couple of months. Our

conversations oftentimes had to do with the law and how some disadvantaged person or group was being unfairly treated. Although, we often talked about law and the disadvantaged, before we parted company, Woody would always talk about his wife Ruth, his son Justin, his daughter Jessica, and in the later years, his son-in-law Todd, and his granddaughter Emma.

Woody, practiced the old way; no computer, no email, and very few faxes. He often wrote his papers in longhand, and had them transcribed if they were long, or he typed them himself. But before his death he did learn enough about computers to send me three emails. What he sent me was telling of what he considered the most important in life. The only emails I ever received from Woody were three emails in January 2005. He sent me three emails with family Christmas photos attached.

I am proud to have called Woody a friend, and I know he will be missed by those whose lives he touched.



George H. Mills, Jr.