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FIRST JUDICIAL DISTRICT

CADDO PARISH, LOUISIANA

NOVEMBER 2, 1993

MEMORIAL RESOLUTION FOR ARTHUR E. ROLLO

Shreveport lawyer Arthur E. Rollo died on January 23, 1993. Art was riding his beloved Harley Davidson on E. Kings Highway when a vehicle travelling west on Reily Lane entered E. Kings, in Art's lane of travel. Art died instantly. At the time of his death, he was running an errand for his mother and was on the way to pick up a package of light bulbs.

Art was a member of the Shreveport Bar Association and had practiced in Shreveport since his graduation from Southern Law School and admission to the Bar in 1976. For many of those 17 years, Art was a fixture in Shreveport City Court where he worked part-time for the Caddo Parish Indigent Defender's Office.

I first met Arthur just after he graduated from law school. I can remember the first time I saw him, on the corner of Milam and Marshall Streets. I thought he looked outrageous.

A younger member of the Shreveport Bar told Wayne that when he was attending Centenary College in the early '80s, Art was a legend among the fraternities and was known as that long-haired lawyer that you called when you received a D.W.I.

Another Shreveport Bar member told Wayne that, although he did not know Art very well, and thought Art's appearance was "frightening" the first time he met him, he was impressed over the years by Art's friendliness, pleasant demeanor, and willingness to lend a helping hand. The only way you could not be friends with Art was if you were either too narrow-minded to look past the long hair or simply did not have the type of practice that brought you into contact with him.

Art was comfortable in the "straight" world of lawyers, the oil and gas industry, bankers, and the business people with whom he regularly worked and was educated at St. Joseph Elementary School

and Jesuit High School, and grew up within Shreveport, as well as with the "bikers" with whom he shared his love of motorcycles. His funeral brought an overflow crowd to Rose-Neath's Marshall Street Chapel and was heavily attended by people from both groups. Art wore his Hart-Shafner and Marx suits as comfortably as he wore his camouflage and leather. He would have loved the fact that his funeral brought those two groups together.

Approximately 50 Harleys were in the long line of vehicles that escorted the hearse to St. Joseph Catholic Cemetery on Texas Avenue where Art was buried. Many were members of the Harley-Owners Group (Hogs).

At the funeral, and at Mrs. Rollo's home, countless stories of Arthur's help were recounted to his mother, Catherine, brother, Ned and sister, Mary Catherine. It was as if Arthur had a secret life of helping other people, that he never broadcasted or bragged about. Surely, giving as directed by the Bible, "But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth" (Matthew 6:3).

Art was our good friend. We looked at Art as sort of the Shreveport bar Association's character in residence. We are going to miss our friend, Art. We miss seeing him in Shreveport City Court and District Court. We are going to miss seeing him riding that Harley around. We miss hearing from him at odd hours when he would telephone to pick our brains on a legal issue he was working on. We know that a lot of other people are also going to miss Art. Art was only 43, but we are willing to bet that if Art had to choose a way to go, it would be while he was riding that Harley that he loved so much; on a beautiful day, in Shreveport--a city that he loved and loved to shock.

How is Art's life a lesson to us all?

Being yourself is rewarding. I know Arthur got lots of advice to cut his hair and shave his beard, but that just wasn't his style. He was himself and his clients related to him because of

that reason. If a client had a problem beyond Arthur's areas of expertise, he would not hesitate to refer them to the best counsellor on the subject. Arthur's law practice was very successful financially.

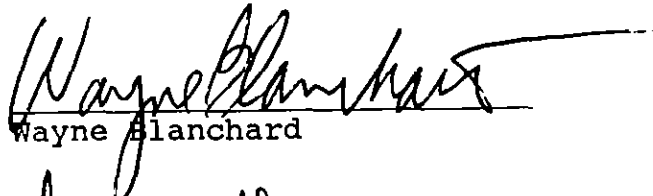
Don't judge someone's heart by their appearance.

Arthur didn't prejudge others whose appearance differed from his, and those who prejudged Art by his appearance and never got to know him missed out.

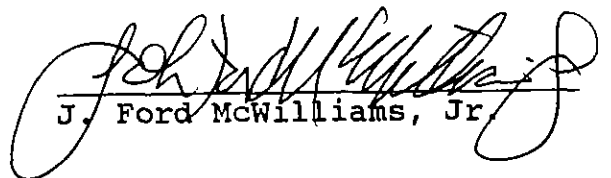
Enjoy life.

The attached codicil to Arthur's will sums up Arthur's heart.

Respectfully submitted this 2nd day of November, 1993.


Wayne Blanchard


Tom N. Thompson


J. Ford McWilliams, Jr.

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To My Beloved Family:

Thank You!

Rough times have not destroyed
our family.

We ARE a hearty breed.

Now is the time for you to pull
together and love one another.

I have not left you — not really.

Look at my passing as if I have
gone home — to wait for you.

With Profound Love & Respect
I remain yours and with
you always...
Until the end of Time.

Yours in Christ
Arthur
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Arthur Eugene Pella
December 8, 1991