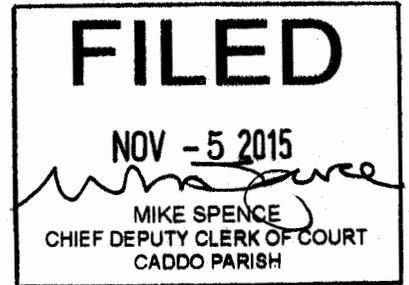


Memorial for

FRANK ZACCARIA, ESQ.

Presented at the Memorial and Recognition Ceremony
Held by the First Judicial District Court
November 5, 2015,
Under the Auspices of the Shreveport
Bar Association



MAY IT PLEASE THE COURT

For those that knew him it was both a privilege and an honor. He was to many of us a good friend, confidant and mentor.

Frank had a style of his own. He always took the light-hearted approach, introducing levity into just about any situation. He could pull off a joke like no one else.

Frank adopted Northwest Louisiana as his home, but he never left New Orleans. New Orleans was quintessential to his identity. This made him stand out up here, in the Northwest. It was not just his New Orleans dialect. Frank had a truly unique personality, more so than most. He did things his own way. Above all he loved people and treated everyone like family. He was generous and kind-hearted. He was good to his employees, always supportive as a colleague and mentored many young attorneys early on, in their careers.

Frank's generosity and compassion was a blessing to many. He was a trustworthy confidant. He was always ready to listen and to share his knowledge and advice. He instilled a sense of hope, confidence and direction in those he mentored. He was a Good Samaritan.

Frank was also defined by his sense of humor and his dry wit that was often self-deprecating, and his charm that was both disarming and perplexing at the same time.

Wherever he was, whoever he was with, no matter the situation, be it a celebration or a gloomy affair, Frank would do his best to spread his sense of optimism through his smile and through his humor. It was a rare occasion for him not to elicit at least a smile.

There truly was no one like him at the courthouse. Those of us, who are in court a lot, know it is easy to get caught up in the grind, and know it can easily turn into a dull routine if not careful. Frank always did his best to ensure that this didn't happen. You could count on Frank to ease the monotony. He was a passionate litigator and often wore his emotions on his sleeve.

Frank knew practically every bailiff, court reporter, minute clerk, by their first name. And he didn't just say hello, he enjoyed engaging almost everyone in conversation. This was borne out of a genuine interest and his love of humanity. He also took time to engage the prosecutors, his lifelong adversaries, with his personal touch and respect, it was reciprocated.

Frank was an old-fashioned trial attorney. He was in his element in the courtroom. He loved to be in front of a jury. He was not a desk lawyer. His father, Frank Zaccaria Sr., was one of the most esteemed district court judges in the New Orleans area. The law ran thick in his blood. Frank graduated from Tulane Law School in 1981.

Most of the better criminal defense attorneys are excellent story-tellers and Frank was no exception. He knew how to get things done, even when an answer was not readily available. He always did his best and never worried about what other people thought.

Frank was a zealous advocate on behalf of his clients and he always championed the rights of the little guy, who he felt were so often crushed by the overbearing hand of government. He knew that not everyone who commits a crime is a bad person. Frank relished his role of giving those people a 2nd chance and of being their voice.

He ruminated a lot about his clients. He would speak of restless pre-trial nights, pacing at 2am about his theory of the case, his opening statement, whatever. Being a criminal defense attorney for nearly 40 years took its toll.

Frank was a gifted builder. He was the contractor on his home, and built the addition to it and dreamed of further additions, and improvements. He liked to do things with his hands.

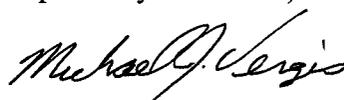
Frank had a passion for the outdoors, especially fishing at the family camp down on Grand Isle. A place he held most dear in his life. He spoke of retiring there. It was his heaven on Earth, his place to unwind and recuperate.

He enjoyed cooking. He cooked gumbo for his 300 classmates in front of the Tulane law school building, all three years he was there.

To relieve stress, Frank enjoyed archery. He even competed in archery tournaments. He was a voracious reader, especially science fiction and he loved animals, especially his dogs.

Frank was a positive influence, over the years he touched many lives, and brightened many a face. We, in North Louisiana were lucky to have him these last two decades. He will be missed.

Respectfully submitted,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Michael J. Vergis". The signature is written in black ink and is positioned above the printed name.

Michael J. Vergis