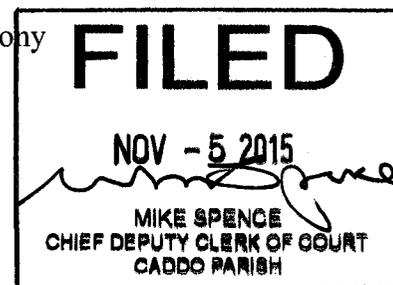


Memorial for

**G. WARREN THORNELL**

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, CAROL, AND FAMILY

I met Warren Thornell, with his beloved Carol, on New Year's Eve, 1992. Our mutual friends Jay and Lisa Murrell invited us to join them at the New Year's Eve party at the Petroleum Club. Carol and Warren and Elizabeth and I were engaged to be married. In fact, just six months later, all of us were married, Warren and Carol on May 8, 1993, and Elizabeth and I on June 1.

Warren and I had some important things in common. We were both lawyers, and our careers were both in transition.

Warren was a little more subdued than I am, not as outwardly demonstrative, but you could see Warren's love for Carol, for his children and grandchildren, in his eyes. He was soft, gentle.

Just a couple of years after that, I struck out on my own, entering a solo practice on the second floor of the Slattery Building. Elizabeth, an interior designer, had a small workroom with fabric and wallpaper samples, and I had a small suite in the front corner of the building, overlooking Huddie Ledbetter and the library on Texas Street.

Warren was practicing with another law firm at that time, and he was looking for a way to make his practice more effective. In other words, he was looking for a smart way to make more money. One night over some wine, I shared with Warren how low my overhead had become, and I told him there was a vacant office just on the other side of my suite. Why didn't he consider coming over and sharing the space and equipment with me, lowering the costs for both of us?

Warren thought about it a bit, and we ran some numbers together. Actually, I probably ran the numbers. In any event, we decided to make a go of it.

We added Warren's name on the glass door, so it had two lawyers and an interior designer. Because we had a small conference room that we seldom used, and we were right across the street from the courthouse, Carol and Lisa Murrell could bop in to visit, grab a cup of

Community Coffee, or work on abstracts. It was a fun, simple time. As we built our practice, we deepened our friendships.

We had a simple one-page outline of our deal, but we never needed to look at it.

Warren's easy-going nature made decision-making simple. We just talked it through and made decisions about the things that needed input from both of us. It worked.

I watched Warren build his practice. He had some good friends and oil and gas clients, but those were not boom years. Warren decided to retool himself. He took on some litigation and volunteered to do criminal work for defendants who could not afford a lawyer. I'm not sure the criminal work came easy for Warren, but he learned to do it well. His criminal clients were fortunate to have him represent them.

One case we handled together really stands out for me. The State took the union hall for the local carpenters' union because it was in the route of I-49, and the state offered to pay a sum too small for the union to replace their historic building, where union members had trained generations of local carpenters. The union asked Warren to represent them, and Warren asked me to help. We made a good team, and the jury recognized the value of the hall. Our client loved the result, and Warren and I had the satisfaction of having achieved a just result.

After a few years, Warren outgrew our small space, and he took on some more space, but it wasn't adjacent to his office, so he ultimately moved to the Lane Building. That was prescient, as the Slattery Building closed on very short notice just a little while later.

When you work beside someone every work day for several years, you learn what kind of person he is. I learned that Warren was a soft-spoken gentleman in the truest sense of that concept. He treated his staff, his clients (regardless their background or status), and his opponents with respect and dignity. He was diligent and meticulous in his preparation. He dressed just as meticulously, but I think Carol had a lot to do with that.

Warren had a dry sense of humor and a bit of an impish smile that curled up slightly to one side. I missed seeing that smile every day after Warren moved from the Slattery Building. We saw each other most Tuesdays at the Rotary Club of Shreveport, and we saw Warren and Carol frequently throughout the years. They sponsored a Frank Sinatra night at the Shreveport Club that we have always enjoyed. Warren and Carol made a gorgeous couple.

I can still see him looking into Carol's eyes when they danced together.

Warren loved his family: his beloved Carol, his cherished daughters Kelly, Ellen, Maureen, and Kathleen, and his son by marriage Jeff Dodson, and his 10 grandchildren. They were his reason to get up every morning to fight whatever battles lay before him.

Sometimes life knocks us down. We can choose to stay down, to have a pity party and wallow in our disappointments, or we can choose to pick ourselves up one step at a time and move forward. Warren was one who picked himself up and took the next step. Tuesday, April 14, 2015, Warren took a step into eternity, where there is no more pain and there are no more tears.

Respectfully submitted,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "M. Thomas Arceneaux". The signature is written in black ink and is positioned above a horizontal line.

M. Thomas Arceneaux, La. State Bar No. 02527

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Movant