

Memorial Comments for
JAMES ROBERT "JIM" JETER
Presented at the Memorial and Recognition Ceremony
Held by the First Judicial District Court
October 30, 2007
Under the Auspices of the Shreveport Bar Association

MAY IT PLEASE THE COURT:

Your Honors, families and friends of those remembered here today, fellow members of the bar:

James Robert Jeter, better known to us as "Jim" - lawyer, student, teacher, lover of life - left us at far too young an age, but certainly for a greater reward, on May 23 of this year, after a long and difficult, but valiant, struggle. Jim is survived by his wife Dale, two sons, Elliot and Atwood, 4 beautiful grandchildren, one of his two sisters, Laura Weems, my wife (Jim's other sister, Ginger, having predeceased him), an aunt, Laura Hodges Dailey, lots of cousins, nieces and nephews, and more friends than I can count. I am honored today to memorialize and remember this special man.

Jim was born March 19, 1940 in Fort Worth. At the age of two weeks, Jim asked his parents, Charlie Jeter and Virginia Hodges Jeter, to move to Shreveport. It was a good move. Jim lived here the rest of his life except when pursuing his education or answering the call of Uncle Sam. After graduating from Byrd High School in 1958, Jim went to Georgia Tech where he was, naturally, president of his class all four years, receiving a B.S. in Chemical Engineering in 1962. Instead of becoming the president of Exxon, Jim went to law school at Tulane (I forgave him for that some years ago), from which he graduated in 1964 (again, naturally, as president of his senior class).

During his junior year in law school, Jim met a beautiful, vivacious airline stewardess named Dale Dunwoody from Coral Gables, Florida. By all accounts that great brain of his immediately turned to mush and he married his partner for life the summer after his law school graduation.

Jim served as a Captain in the Air Defense Artillery, U.S. Army, after which he returned to Shreveport where he embraced the law and was embraced by the other great influence in his life -- the firm of Cook, Yancey, King & Galloway. Jim -- the Jet Man -- trod the halls at Cook Yancey for 34 years as a banking and bankruptcy attorney who loved the practice and the colleagues with whom he shared this noblest profession --

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MINUTES	OCT 30 2007
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many of whom are here today. Jim was a lawyer's lawyer – always prepared, intense, thorough to a fault, brilliant in theory, yet practical in application. He was a man of rare talents appreciated and enjoyed not only by his partners, but also by the judges and other lawyers with whom he worked – although he could drive you crazy if you were on the other side the case – just ask the D.A.'s office when Jim was appointed in a capital case.

But as much as Jim loved and was dedicated to his family and the law, he was just that passionate about two other things -- his faith and learning. Jim always put the Lord first, and lived his faith like few among us. He led a weekly Bible study group at Cook Yancey, and at the time Jim went down – and for some time before – Jim and Dale were working and teaching the Bible and computer skills three days a week in the Caddo correctional system. None of us will forget the touching notes and handwritten cards to Jim from those “inside” whose lives he had touched and tried to make better.

But the temporal Jim Jeter was a man who never tired of, who thirsted for, who reveled in, learning, and sharing what he learned. His incredible curiosity knew no bounds and his appetite for knowledge was virtually insatiable. He audited so many courses at LSUS that after Jim got sick Chancellor Vince Marsala thought his absence alone might necessitate a tuition hike.

And this desire for knowledge was no where more manifest than in the international travel by which Jim stepped out of pages of books and into history itself. He made travel into an art form, and Dale was more than happy to carry his pallet. Traveling with Jim was like having your own personal tour guide – and Jim would usually know more than those paid to perform that function. It must be noted that more than one of them felt his withering cross examination when insufficient preparation or knowledge were exhibited. On his trips Jim's suitcases were not crammed with clothes, but with loose-leaf binders full of notes and articles – so that as we sped across Europe Jim could teach us what we needed to know. Of course, this was a good trade – you never wanted to let Jim drive for fear that you would never get there or that on the way you would have to stop at every MacDonalD's.

Who could forget Senor Jaime – as he was called in Spain – excitedly standing in the room, and at the desk – from which the order to launch the Spanish Armada was

given, explaining arduously and trying, with modest success, to get the rest of us to appreciate the history and the significance of where we stood.

Nor will I forget the pure elation lighting his eyes as he viewed the terra cotta soldiers in China, or climbed the Great Wall, or strode through Tiananmen Square.

Jim Jeter was the most genuine man I've ever known. Despite his great intellect, or perhaps because of it, he was a humble man, quick to give thanks and credit to others, faithful in all things, true to himself, his family and his God.

I can still see his quick smile, feel the grasp of his strong hands, hear the friendly call of his voice – “Charlie, my boy” was the usual greeting. He was a unique and special man – a rare blend of powerful mind and gentle heart. I can't help but feel that Jim embraced this final journey as he did the many during his lifetime – with eagerness and joy -- and that he's waiting to tell us all about it. Those of us who were fortunate enough to know him are grateful for and celebrate the gift of his life, and the comfort of his memory.

I offer this memorial to the memory of **James R. Jeter**, and move that it be duly recorded and made a part of the permanent record of the First Judicial District Court, and that copies be delivered to Jim's family and forwarded to the Louisiana Supreme Court for further registration as appropriate.

Respectfully Submitted,



Charles S. Weems III