

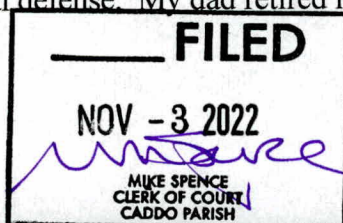
MEMORIAL FOR
LAWRENCE M. "LARRY" JOHNSON
PRESENTED AT THE MEMORIAL AND RECOGNITION CEREMONY
HELD IN THE FIRST JUDICIAL DISTRICT COURT
NOVEMBER 3, 2022
UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE
SHREVEPORT BAR ASSOCIATION

GOOD AFTERNOON YOUR HONORS, MAY IT PLEASE THE COURT:

Family, friends, and fellow members of the Bar,

Parents leave impressions on children in unique ways. Sometimes something that seems so small when you are young, makes so much sense later on, when you are able to see it through adult eyes. One day when I was young, maybe 10 years old, I rode my bike to the Pizza Hut that was in my neighborhood. I played video games and ate a pizza for lunch. When I went outside to get on my bike and ride home, I noticed a man sleeping on folded boxes next to the dumpster, behind the restaurant. I had never seen that before - I didn't know what it was to be homeless, much less understand what could lead someone to that place in life. Honestly, it scared me a little bit, largely because I didn't know what to make of it. Not knowing what else to do, I went home and told my dad. He listened to my story and said come with me, son. We went and got in his car and went up to Pizza Hut. My dad got out of the car and went over to the man, kneeled down and talked with him for several minutes. When my dad got back in the car, I asked him what he was doing and he said he gave the man \$20 and just talked to him. I didn't really understand it at the time, but that typified who my dad was, as a person and as a lawyer.

Larry Johnson was born in 1937 in Jacksonville, Texas. He grew up in San Marcos, Texas. He completed his senior year in high school in Birmingham, Alabama and then he and his parents moved to Shreveport – the place he would call home for the rest of his life. He graduated from Centenary College in 1959 and went on the LSU law school, graduating in 1962. My father served several years of active duty in the United States Coast Guard and several years in the active duty reserves, being honorably discharged from the service with the rank of Lieutenant Commander. As an attorney, he entered private practice for a short period of time before he went to work at the Caddo Parish District Attorney's Office, where through the years he rose to become first assistant. In 1978, he ran for District Attorney against Paul Carmouche, who ultimately won that seat and served honorably for the next thirty years. After that, my dad became a solo practitioner, ultimately focusing his practice on criminal defense. My dad retired in 2015 from the practice of law that he



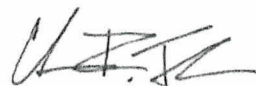
enjoyed so much and that brought him such purpose. He was lucky enough to be a member of the 50-year club with the Louisiana State Bar.

It was through his practice of criminal defense that I saw him live out over decades what I saw him do at Pizza Hut that day as a child: empathy for the less fortunate, that everyone mattered to him, and that if the system did not work for the least of us, it didn't work for any of us. From representing people in small DWI cases to trying the many capital murder cases he did, he brought a genuine compassion to his trade and that came through to everyone from opposing counsel to jurors in the untold number of jury trials he participated in. When no one else would, I saw him represent friends who had fallen on extremely hard times - and do it for free - because my dad understood what it meant to make mistakes, and to have personal demons, and recognized that was part of the human condition.

My dad had a charisma and charm that made it easy for people to like him. He had a wonderful sense of humor and a sharp wit that served him well in the courtroom and in life in general. My dad suffered deeply from problems he did not talk about, yet he always had a smile and a sincere greeting for everyone he saw - whether he knew them or not. As a criminal defense lawyer, he truly enjoyed and valued the relationships he had with the prosecutors and staff in the DA's office and the judges he was fortunate enough to practice in front of for all his years. He recognized that everyone had a job to do and he didn't let zealous advocacy get in the way of having warm and cordial relationships with opposing counsel. This is an example I try to follow every day of my career.

My brother and I were fortunate to call him dad, so many people over time were fortunate enough to call him their friend, and hundreds of people across north Louisiana were fortunate enough to call him their lawyer.

Respectfully submitted,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'C.R. Johnson', with a stylized flourish at the end.

Christopher R. Johnson