

**RESOLUTION IN MEMORY
OF
MAX MAURICE MORELOCK**

Presented at the Memorial and Recognition Ceremony
Held in the First Judicial District Court, Caddo Parish, Louisiana
Sponsored by the Shreveport Bar Association
October 26, 2000

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Dannie Doughty
DEPUTY CLERK

MAY IT PLEASE THE COURT, family and friends of Max M. Morelock, distinguished guests, and fellow members of the Shreveport Bar Association, I am so very pleased to present these remarks in recognition of the exemplary life, and recent passing, of Max M. Morelock. I have met no better representative of our chosen profession than was Max Morelock, nor have I known a kinder gentleman than was Max.

Max Morelock was born on Armistice Day, November 11, 1918 in Haynesville, Louisiana, to Maurice and Lalia Fambro Morelock and into a prominent North Louisiana family. Max's father was an attorney and also held office in the Louisiana legislature. Max was raised and schooled in the Haynesville area, where one of his proudest accomplishments was representing the State of Louisiana in the national Latin contest. From that time forward Max nurtured a keen interest in language and was attentive to the correct usage of the English language. He attended Tulane University, was an honor graduate of Tulane Law School, and did graduate work at Harvard Law School, specializing in taxation and studying under Dean Erwin Griswold, a legend in the formulation and development of American tax law and policy. He was admitted to the Louisiana State Bar Association in 1941 and soon thereafter served as a Captain with the 41st Rainbow Infantry Division in the Pacific arena and in the army of occupation of Japan. Upon returning home, he practiced law both with his father in Haynesville and for many years with the firm of Johnson, Morelock, Gatti, Egan & Cook. He also taught taxation at Centenary College. Max decided to devote his working time to issues pertaining to the acquisition, development and operation of oil and gas properties, and in 1976 he became an officer and director of Seagull Operating Company, Inc., where he served in that capacity until 1997. In his last few years with Seagull, Max worked as its legal counsel while the company operated oil and gas properties in Louisiana, Arkansas, Texas, Kansas and Oklahoma.

While practicing law in Shreveport Max also found the time to participate in professional and civic activities. He was a charter member, and served as President, of the Ark-La-Tex Tax Institute, and Max also was elected President of the Sertoma Civic Club of Shreveport. Max was a member

of the First Presbyterian Church of Shreveport, where he was an Elder, and he was very involved in the Sunday School program, where he taught for more than twenty years and also served as Superintendent for many years.

Everyone who knew Max treasured his friendship and kind demeanor. While Max was the epitome of the southern gentleman, at the same time he enjoyed fun, humor and having a good time. An avid New Orleans Saints fan, Max needed to appreciate humor in his office crowded with Dallas Cowboy fans, who eagerly awaited Monday mornings at the office and his astute analysis of why the front office, rather than the players, lost the game. During a particularly poor season, when even ardent Saints fans became known as the "Aints" and wore brown paper bags over their heads in shame, one morning Max found just such a brown paper bag on his desk at the office and wore it with pride the remainder of the day. Max also enjoyed celebrating holidays, such as St. Patrick's day, when he would wear green slacks, coat and even a green feather in his hat.

Max loved being outdoors, particularly around the water. Even as he turned 70 years of age he and friends would take his ski boat out for a spin; Max continued skiing even until then, he so enjoyed the activity. When gassing up for an outing, Max and his contemporaries inevitably would be asked by the attendant, "Who's the skier in this group?" to which they collectively would reply, "We all are!" When Max worked, he did so with diligence and great aptitude; when he played, he played with gusto.

I was blessed to know Max both as a client and as a friend, and I must share with you two remembrances which I treasure. About two years after my graduation from law school in 1978 I found myself charged with one of those very necessary, but difficult, assignments. I was serving on the Shreveport Bar Association Law Day Committee, and each member of the committee was assigned a portion of the Shreveport Bar Association membership list to call and remind of the Law Day luncheon, and to solicit their attendance. Most of the persons on my list were strangers to me, but with youthful vigor I began the task in earnest. One of the names on my list was Max Morelock. When I explained to him my purpose in calling, he expressed genuine thanks that I had called and had personally included him in the festivities, especially since he was not a regular participant in Shreveport Bar Association activities. As in-house counsel not involved in "the loop," so to speak, apparently Max had not previously been invited to attend such functions. His sincere appreciation made those next calls all the easier, and I genuinely believe that I since have been more

understanding of, and certainly more sympathetic to, those persons assigned such "cold call" duties. When I received a telephone call from Max about 15 years later, I remembered his name but not that particular event now many years past. However, I soon remembered why his name rang a bell. He was the attorney who had treated me with such kindness those many years ago. What pleasure I took in telling him that story when I first met him face to face. He had trouble believing that I would remember such an obscure event, I suspect because Max assumed that everyone treated people with the same dignity and respect that he did.

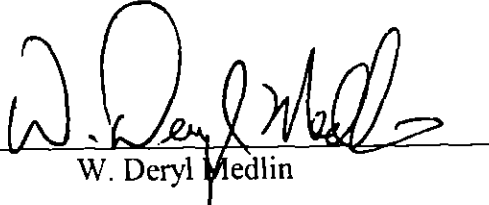
Fast forward to about five or six years later. Max had asked that I revise his then existing will, which was a well-done document but one which just did not sit well with him. He thought it was too complicated, and he wanted it simplified. I was not sure that he was doing the right thing and had been dragging my feet several months when he called me. I had not wanted to tell Max, my most respected of clients, that my own uncertainty was motivating my delay. Nevertheless, I took the call, expecting a reprimand for my failure to send him the requested draft documents. Instead, he simply said, "Can I walk across the street and visit?" A few minutes later the receptionist buzzed my office and announced his arrival. I greeted him in the reception area, and after that long walk down the hall to my office he sat and immediately stated in his most pleasant voice, "Deryl, you must have a lot more confidence in my longevity than I do." Max courageously had been battling cancer the last few years, and this was about the best tongue lashing he could administer. When I confessed to Max why I had not prepared the requested draft, he was understanding and forgiving, and incidentally, the work promptly was completed. Confession, that day, was good for my soul.

When Max was a practicing attorney he had many business clients. One such client, a close personal friend of Max, related an incident when he asked Max to reinscribe a first mortgage. Another creditor held a second mortgage, and it so happened that when Max checked the mortgage date he determined that his client's reinscription date had passed. Max nevertheless ventured to the clerk's office to reinscribe the mortgage, and the clerk erroneously entered information indicating that the reinscription timely had been made. Max corrected the clerk's error and returned to his office to explain to his client what had happened. Initially his client was dismayed, but upon explanation by Max of how inappropriate it would be not to correct the mistake and how "honesty always is the best policy," the client expressed satisfaction at what had happened and contentment that Max had done the right thing. Max wanted everything done right, which surely helped make

him a wonderful family man, friend and attorney. Max also was a joyful man, a peacemaker, one who always gave to others the benefit of the doubt, one who truly loved people and appreciated the happiness and wonders that people bring to our lives. His strong Christian beliefs and unflinching character guided him daily through this world and sustained him during the most difficult times.

Max is survived by his lovely and talented wife Jasmine, who is well-known for her artistic abilities, particularly watercolors. Max and Jasmine met at First Presbyterian Church after he had exchanged business offices with her father and noticed her with him one Sunday morning; Max died just a few months short of their 50th wedding anniversary. Also surviving Max is his son, Dr. Maurice M. Morelock and wife, Ellen Misch Morelock, of Danbury, Connecticut, who themselves have two children, Anna Laura Morelock and Mark Graydon Morelock. Max loved and supported his family very much, both his immediate family and his extended family; he annually was the instigator and organizer of the family reunion in Florida, at which family ties were strengthened. Max and Jasmine have many friends both in Shreveport and throughout the country, particularly Max's loyal secretary of 18 years, Janet Everage, who is with us today, all of whom miss him and the love, friendship, counsel, dignity, humility and gentle demeanor which epitomized his life, which today at this ceremony we celebrate and recognize.

To Jasmine, to Maurice, Ellen, Anna Laura and Mark, to the myriad friends of Max and his family, and to this Honorable Court, we respectfully submit this Memorial Resolution to the memory of Max M. Morelock and request that it be inscribed in the Records of the First Judicial District Court of Caddo Parish, Louisiana, this 26th day of October, 2000.


W. Deryl Medlin