

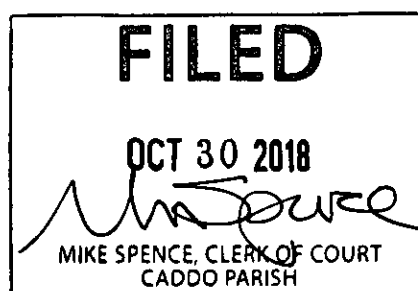
**MEMORIAL FOR
MICHAEL ALLYN STROUD
PRESENTED AT THE MEMORIAL AND RECOGNITION CEREMONY
HELD IN THE FIRST JUDICIAL DISTRICT COURT
OCTOBER 30, 2018
UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE
SHREVEPORT BAR ASSOCIATION**

It is my privilege to come before you to deliver a eulogy in memory of my youngest brother, Michael Allyn Stroud. Allyn was born on September 2, 1959, and died on May 9, 2018, at a much too young age of 58. Allyn is survived by his loving wife, Lea McGee Beaty Stroud, who was truly his inspiration. For 3 ½ years, they fought the cancer that befell Allyn with every ounce of their strength and faith in God.

Allyn was a true renaissance man, he had many talents and areas of knowledge. Let me tell you a few things about my youngest brother. His favorite movies were Pulp Fiction and the Sound of Music; an owl was his favorite animal; he loved the Minnesota Twins and his hero was Harmon Killebrew.

In the first week of September 2017, Allyn, Lea, and my wife, Joan, and I, traveled to Minneapolis and Target Field to watch the Twins. The last game he attended was a 17-0 win over the Kansas City Royals, it couldn't have been a better night. A picture of Allyn, wearing both a broad smile and his Twins cap sits in our living room.

Allyn had a pig as a pet. His step son, Travis, brought it home and Allyn took the small piglet under his arm. His name – “Piggie”. It grew to about 600 pounds. Piggie lived in a pen, with an igloo for him when there was inclement weather. They communicated with each other, reminding me of “Arnold” in the sitcom, Greenacres that aired back in the 60's.



But aside from the amusing part, his relationship with his animal revealed an inner kindness that was a part of Allyn. You can tell a lot about the character of a person in observing their treatment of animals.

Allyn was a first-class lawyer. He was always thoroughly prepared, professional in dealing with the Court, opposing counsel, witnesses and staff. His ethics were exemplary, beyond reproach.

Allyn clerked for former Chief Justice of the Louisiana Supreme Court, Pascal Calogero, Jr. During his tenure with the Chief Justice, they developed a very close relationship. Allyn's excellence in his work product soon became known to all the members of the Court.

Chief Justice Calogero was unable to attend Allyn's funeral, due to health reasons, but he wrote a letter to Lea expressing his deep condolences and that he was sorry upon hearing the news of Allyn's death. He also wanted Lea and our family to know that Allyn was one of the best clerks he had the privilege to work with, there were none better.

I was also recently advised that Allyn was remembered and honored at the Red Mass in New Orleans, which is held annually at the commencement of the Supreme Court sessions for the year. I would like to thank Associate Justice Scott Crichton for the remarks and kind thoughts that he had about Allyn. It was certainly uplifting for our family that the memory of my youngest brother lives on in our highest court.

Allyn had occasion to work with one of the premier criminal defense lawyers in Louisiana, J. Michael Small, who offices in Alexandria. Mike told me on several occasions that Allyn was one of the best, if not the best, writers he had ever seen. His briefs required no additions or corrections. Allyn's talents were not limited to writing. He was an able trial lawyer. In his cross-examination of an F.B.I. Agent in

a case Mike and Allyn defended, the Judge told Mike that Allyn's examination was one of the best he had ever witnessed.

Allyn and I tried several cases together and his demeanor and presentation were always excellent. Working with Allyn was a great experience for me. As he told me on more than one occasion during a tense part of the trial, "don't worry", he always said with a smile, "I've got your back."

Allyn was the Pastor of the Doyline United Methodist Church for almost seven years until he was physically unable to continue. His congregation received him warmly and a deep bond developed between Allyn and the members. His sermons focused upon the Grace of God and the concept of forgiveness and compassion for others. His message was upbeat, if you were down in the proverbial dumps when you entered the church, you left with an uplifted spirit. Though not a member, I attended his church on occasion. I observed the profound effect he had on church members.

There are many that have stories about Allyn. When he was at Tulane there was an "Allyn Stroud Day" dedicated to the attire that Allyn wore. Allyn, like his older brother, was no slave to fashion. Allyn mixed and matched according to his fancy for the day. And his fellow students loved it. The student body knew Allyn was a special fellow and his dress was but only a part of his unique and lovable character. I must say, though, when Lea came into the picture, Allyn's attire drastically changed. Under her watchful eye Allyn became quite dapper, sporting his new-found stylish dress.

Then there was the incident with cows while on a trip to Northwest Arkansas. We had traveled to White River, in Northwest Arkansas, for the weekend. Joan, Allyn, Lea and I decided to float the river in a raft. We left in the early afternoon. We had been advised that the river gates opened at 3:00 p.m., and that it was

important to finish our float trip before the river began rising. Of course, we paid little attention to the time. Well, the river started rising and we soon decided to go back. A big problem though as paddling back was making no progress. We thought we could hitch ourselves to the fishing boats returning to the docks. No one would help us. When we asked for a tow, we were met with, "We don't have enough gas" or "should have paid closer attention to the rising water." We were left to fend for ourselves, what an endeavor.

Finally, after a lot of struggling we were able to reach the shoreline and climb up a hill, cross a barbed wire fence (which was very tricky), and start walking toward the campsite.

As Allyn and I were walking, a couple of cows walked up behind us; then two others and soon there must have been two dozen following us. We looked around and noticed the gathering herd. We were in a pasture. Joan and Lea were behind us observing these events. I was concerned. We were strangers in someone's pasture.

I voiced my concern to Allyn, "We could encounter an angry and loud owner, you know we were trespassing." Allyn, quickly responded, "Did you ever watch the movie *Deliverance*?" My anxiety spiked. "We need to get out of here.", I exclaimed. As we encouraged our wives to hurry up, Allyn stated, "I wonder if they still hang cattle rustlers." That was it, we made a bee line to the far side of the pasture, and with much effort climbed over the fence and onto a railroad track. We followed it, believing that it would take us to the camp, which luckily it did. But our ordeal was not quite over. On the track we encountered a snake, not a large one, but nevertheless a snake. I can't remember if we killed it or walked around it, but it was a traumatic event.

When we finally got back to the camp, Chris, Lea's son, had basically organized a search party to look for us. What a mess. Lea and Joan have a picture of the cows following us. We laugh every time we talk about that venture.

Allyn loved the outdoors, the cabin he and Lea owned in Arkansas was dear to his heart. Allyn and Lea also made several trips to Jackson Hole. There, they enjoyed the flowers, the wild life, the wind blowing through the trees, the flowing streams, the gorgeous mountains, and most of all, enjoying these experiences with each other.

One of the problems in writing about Allyn is that he was a very humble man. He never bragged about his accomplishments; he needed no accolades to prove his self-worth. Allyn was truly comfortable in his own skin.

Allyn was a man of integrity. He chose the right path to follow, not necessarily, the easiest one. His moral compass never wavered. Like all of us, he had his faults. But with his believe in the strength of God's forgiveness, Allyn fought the battle and finished the race as a true disciple of the Lord.

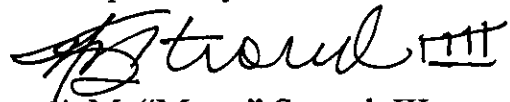
I dearly love my brother, and I will sorely miss him. My memory of him will include his wit, his laugh and his gentle spirit. I will miss our times together reliving the ball games in our yard involving all the brothers; myself, Dan, Bill, and young Allyn. Yelling, arguing, running the bases, boasting over which side was going to win. Those times are the memories stenciled in my mind.

We celebrated what would have been Allyn's 59th birthday at one of his favorite places, Lucky Palace. At the end of the meal, Lea related recently awakening to the wonders of our world. She related that for the past few days a very large blue dragonfly appeared on her front porch. It didn't appear to be scared, it didn't immediately fly off. This happened daily, as if it was there to console her.

She felt Allyn's presence. The hurt and emptiness gave way to an inner peace. She had nothing to fear. The light of Allyn's soul would never leave her.

Allyn's body may be gone, but his spirit, and our memories of him, no doubt will withstand the test of time. Allyn touched the lives of many of us, he was good and decent man. My sorrow is mitigated via the belief that now he is in a better place, with our Mom and Dad.

Respectfully submitted,


A.M. "Marty" Stroud, III