1	NORTHAMPTON COUNTY BAR ASSOCIATION
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3	MEMORIAL SERVICE
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5	HONOREES
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7	JOHN J. BARTOS, ESQUIRE
8	DAVID H. MILLER, ESQUIRE
9	JOHN W. RYBAK, ESQUIRE
10	NORMAN SEIDEL, ESQUIRE
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12	BEFORE:
13	The Honorable STEPHEN G. BARATTA,
14	President Judge, F.P. KIMBERLY McFADDEN, EMIL
15	GIORDANO, PAULA A. ROSCIOLI, ANTHONY S.
16	BELTRAMI, MICHAEL J. KOURY, CRAIG A. DALLY, and
17	JENNIFER R. SLETVOLD, Judges of the Court of
18	Common Pleas, Third Judicial District, Easton,
19	Northampton County, Pennsylvania on Tuesday,
20	September 22, 2015, commencing at 9:00 a.m. in
21	Courtroom Number 1.
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23	SENIOR JUDGE LEONARD N. ZITO Presiding.
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25	JEAN E. GENOVA: OFFICIAL COURT REPORTER

1 SENIOR JUDGE ZITO: Good morning. 2 President Judge Baratta, may I 3 begin the ceremony? PRESIDENT JUDGE BARATTA: Please 4 5 do. SENIOR JUDGE ZITO: Welcome to the 6 Northampton County Bar Association Memorial 7 8 Service, and especially to the family and friends of Jack Bartos, Dave Miller, John Rybak 10 and Norm Seidel. 11 Judge Hogan expresses his sincere 12 regrets in not being able to attend today. 13 At this time, we will recognize 14 Attorney Abraham Kassis. 15 Mr. Kassis? 16 MR. KASSIS: May it please the 17 Court, members of the Bar, and family and friends in attendance here today. 18 I would like to begin by first of 19 20 all thanking you for coming here today for this 21 ceremony as we do every year to remember those members of our profession, of our Bar 22 Association, who passed. 23 24 We are more than just an 25 Association. And for all of us who practice

here in Northampton County, we consider ourselves a community, friends, colleagues. And whenever we have a member of our Bar Association pass away, it's not just having someone who is an attorney died, it's having a member of our family pass.

And when we come here today, we want to celebrate and remember all of those people who have contributed to us, the young lawyers, who helped us grow and become better attorneys from knowing those who came before them.

So today, we honor four members of our Bar Association. We have speakers today who are going to say some words about them. And we hope it will be a fair homage to their memory and to all that they contributed to us.

And with that, Your Honor, I'll return to the Court.

Thank you.

SENIOR JUDGE ZITO: Thank you, Mr.

Kassis.

At this time the Court will recognize Attorney Charles Bruno.

Mr. Bruno?

MR. BRUNO: May it please the Court, members of the Bar, friends and family of Jack Bartos.

It's a real honor to be here today on behalf of Jack. And I want to thank Sallie for asking me to be here. I want to say to all of you, that I'm going to give this speech from my perspective of knowing Jack.

Jack was a friend of mine. And I hope I can get through this without much emotion, but it's true that I miss him very much. And I hope I can do him justice by this speech.

Jack went to college in Mount Saint Mary's, got his Bachelor of Science degree in 1971. He went to Duquesne Law, got his law degree in 1974. He was admitted to the Bar in 1974.

Now it's funny that we're here in Courtroom Number 1 speaking about Jack Bartos because, quite honestly, this is probably the last place that Jack would want to be; in Courtroom Number 1.

Jack was not a litigator. Jack would openly admit that he was not a courtroom

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lawyer. As a matter of fact, I brought a picture of him for all the litigators today so that you know who Jack Bartos is because you probably never saw him in the courtroom. And he was proud to say that.

He was comfortable in the Recorder of Deeds Office, he was comfortable in the Register of Wills Office, but he wasn't comfortable in court.

And that's why early in my practice guys like Leo DeVito and myself would be asked to cover the litigation matters on Jack's behalf. And even in the later days, forty years into practice, Jack would refer litigation cases to me and he would say, Chuck, this case might go to Court, so I told the client you were the right guy. I appreciated his confidence in me.

In return, I often times referred any complicated business, real estate, or estate planning matters to Jack. Because Jack was the man when it came to that.

I would sit in meetings with Jack when he would meet with clients that I would ask him to come in and consult with, and Jack was friendly, courteous, thorough, patient, and he

always exhibited the highest level of competence.

He always impressed me with his ability to grasp difficult issues and make it easy for the clients to understand. He truly had a gift.

In his last several years of practice, Jack became dedicated to becoming one of the Lehigh Valley's most prominent estate planning lawyers, with a specialty in asset protection. Over the years, Jack saved a lot of money for a lot of people and the families they left behind.

Jack had a solid effect on me as an attorney. He was one of the first people to have faith and confidence in me in my abilities to practice law. Jack, along with Jim Broughal, gave me my first job in the practice of law back at Bartos, Broughal and Wasylik in 1988. I learned a lot from Jack and Jim, and I'm forever grateful.

Jack was involved in many businesses besides the law; hotels, restaurants, medical device companies, investments, insurance. Oh, yeah, long-distance phone

service, vitamins. But the one thing Jack always came back to as his best business was the practice of law. He realized that was his forte, he realized that was his talent, and he always valued that.

Behind every good lawyer is a good support staff. I would be remiss if I did not mention Lisa Morano. She was his right arm, she was his best paralegal, she was his office manager, and good friend.

Lisa, you helped him grow as a lawyer and as a person.

Now, let's talk about Jack the family man.

Sallie, you were his loving wife for the last nineteen years. Whenever I spoke to Jack, I could tell that he realized that you were his biggest inspiration in his life. You changed his life. And he knew that he would be lost without you.

And then I think about fifteen or sixteen years ago you brought him a surprise package. And your twins were born, and Alexa and Drew came into this world. And I remember how joyous he was telling me about that. And he

couldn't believe that he was being a father again. Because Jack had been a father before, he had been a father before four times before. He had six children, Peter, Jennifer, Annie, Kristen, Alexa, and Drew.

Jack was extremely proud of his children. His face would light up when he spoke about them. I knew that he was always there for them when they needed him.

Jack was also blessed with eight grandchildren. He treasured every moment that he had with his grandchildren.

Jack was also the oldest of nine brothers and sisters growing up. Nine children were born to Doctor Joe and Ethel Bartos. And I have heard that Jack was a great big brother to all of them.

Now I have to talk about Jack the golfer.

Jack's greatest passion was the game of golf. Everyone knew it. All conversations with Jack that I ever had usually ended up with talking about golf. Whether it was playing golf, watching golf, traveling to go golf, it was always the main topic.

Jack grew up at Saucon Valley
Country Club; the most beautiful piece of real
estate in the Lehigh Valley. And he always
valued the fact that he had the opportunity to
be in Saucon Valley.

He developed into an outstanding golfer. He was smooth as silk on the golf course. His reputation as a golfer, was as big as his reputation as a lawyer.

I was impressed and also envious with his ability to effortlessly swing a golf club and always have great scores. A bad day on the golf course with Jack was a good day on the golf course for most of us. He was always trying to improve. He was never satisfied. And his golf cursed, the better you get the more you want to get better. We would always talk about how he was working on his game.

Me, on the other hand, I am a former baseball player trying to learn how to play golf.

And I'll never forget my first golf experience with Jack back in 1988, when I was a young lawyer. He invited me to come to Saucon Valley Country Club and play golf with him and

one of his best clients and good friends. I didn't even own golf clubs. I didn't even own golf clothes. Jack said, I'll give you a set of clubs to use. He brought out an old set for me to use.

I knew Saucon had some kind of dress policy, but I wasn't sure what it was. And I ended up there with long pants, because I knew you had to wear long pants, but I had a golf shirt, and I had sneakers and a Yankee baseball hat. It definitely wasn't proper golf attire. Jack looked at me when I showed up and he didn't say a word, he just said, let's play golf.

well I tried, but what I played that day wasn't golf. But Jack was very patient, but it was probably the longest round of my life.

I played a lot of golf with Jack over the years. And although I made progress, I got better. I still have the old set of clubs. And this year I brought out one of the putters that was in that set. It was a classic Ping putter, for those of you who know golf. And I played it, played with it in every round that I

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played this year. And when I make a good putt, I say, Jack would be proud of that. I say, thanks, Jack, for letting me use the putter. When I make a bad putt I say, I'm sorry I let you down.

The last day Jack and I had time together was last fall. It was last September, early October, sometime around there. I was once again his guest at Saucon Valley Country Club on a Friday afternoon. It was a great day. The course was beautiful. We played the Old Course. The weather was beautiful. We both played well. He seemed proud to see me hit good shots, and I was excited to have him see me hit good shots.

we sat down afterwards, we had a beer together at the 18th green. We spoke about family, we spoke about business, and, of course, we spoke about golf. It was a perfect day.

At golf he was the master. I was fortunate to be able to occasionally escape the pressures of reality with Jack and play on any golf course with him and have a great time.

I was fortunate to call Jack my friend. And I will adopt the wishes of his

family by saying to my old friend today, we will 1 2 not say goodbye, rather until we meet again on the first tee in heaven. 3 Thank you very much. 4 SENIOR JUDGE ZITO: Thank you, Mr. 5 6 Bruno. At this time the Court will re-recognize Attorney Abraham Kassis. 8 9 Mr. Kassis? 10 MR. KASSIS: May it please the Court, Honorable Judges of the Northampton 11 County Court of Common Pleas, Judge Simpson, 12 13 Judge Smith. Thank you. It is my solemn honor to stand here 14 15 today to speak on the life of David H. Miller, 16 who passed away on November 19, 2014. Mr. Miller's family could not be 17 here today and I wanted, on behalf of the 18 Northampton County Bar Association, to remind us 19 all of the exceptional attorney and wonderful 20 21 person that he was. David Miller was born on 22 February 15, 1919 in Easton. A graduate of 23 Easton High School in 1936. He went on to serve 24 25 his Country in World War II in the Navy on the

USS Warrington.

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When he returned from the war he continued his education, and in 1951 he graduated from Lafayette College with his Bachelor degree. He went on to UPenn, graduated in 1954 with his law degree.

David Miller stayed loyal to the Lehigh Valley, he stayed loyal to this area, this is where his home was.

Several months before his death, he celebrated his sixty-third wedding anniversary with his beloved wife, Nettie. He had one son, David Miller, who had a wife, Robin, and two grandsons, Jerry and Jordan, who I'm told he loved very, very much.

Those are the set facts for Mr. Miller.

And when we talk about his life, we are going to talk about the person that he was. And in trying to do so, I reached out to those who were close to him. And one of the people who spoke to me was his Pastor, Paul Brady. And Paul has sent me a note that he wanted to say to me, to tell me the things that he remembered about David. And with his permission, I'm just

going to read it, as he sent it to me.

David was a hard worker. As a young man, he served in the Navy in World War II. And he attended Lafayette College and then the University of PA Law. But for Dave, being a lawyer was more than just a career, it was a way of life.

He was always so concerned for the welfare of this clients. I can remember him giving my dad and I good advice on many occasions. And in his later years, he was only too eager to help elderly folks at places like Country Meadows.

Dave had a variety of interests outside the law. He was crazy about animals of all sorts. Dave served for ten years as the president of the Northampton County SPCA. His wife, Nettie, told me how Dave wouldn't even let her squish a spider. You were to place it gently in a tissue and carry it outside.

He was, of course, an avid pilot. He loved his Cessna 170. And he was a proud member of the Quiet Birdmen for decades.

Dave was an upbeat person. He loved to talk, and he was especially good at

telling stories. Even through the last year of 1 his life, he was still regaling the residents of 2 Country Meadows with his World War II stories. 3 Dave Miller was remembered by his 4 friends and family as a person who cared, as a 5 person who was considerate of them, and as a 6 person who loved to take care of other people. 7 8 It's a reason why we are proud to say that he was a member of the Northampton County Bar 9 10 Association. It's a reason that we are proud to say that we knew him. 11 He will be missed. And we send our 12 13 condolences to his family and we wish them the 14 best. Thank you. 15 SENIOR JUDGE ZITO: Thank you, Mr. 16 17 Kassis. 18 Ladies and gentlemen, at this time 19 we will recognize Attorney Samuel Murray. 20 Mr. Murray? MR. MURRAY: Thank you, Your Honor. 21 May it please the Court, Your 22 Honors, Judges of the Northampton County Court 23 of Common Pleas, Judge Simpson, Judge Smith, 24 25 members of the Bar.

My acknowledgements and sympathy to the Bartos, Miller, Rybak, and Seidel families.

when Tony Rybak first suggested and when John's wife, Pat Broscius, asked me to make these remarks, I was reminded of John's passing, and it seemed surreal. My generation of lawyers is not used to losing one of its own.

At John's funeral mass, many beautiful and wonderful things were said about John as a husband, father, brother, and son. Today John's family and his colleagues, especially from Juvenile Court, wanted me to speak about his service to this Court, his church, his community, his clients, and especially the children at risk in Juvenile Dependency Court.

John graduated from Liberty High School in 1975, from Penn State University in 1979, and the University of Mississippi Law School in 1982.

I just learned, and it should be no surprise to many of us, that while establishing his residency in Mississippi for law school, John worked full time in a poultry plant while also managing a mobile home park in exchange for

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free housing. For anybody who knew John, that was John.

After law school, John came back to Northampton County to practice with his late father, the late State Representative William C. Rybak. From his first year in practice, until his untimely death thirty-three years later, John never shied away from tough cases.

Early on, he served as the Solicitor for the Domestic Relations Section, while also establishing a successful general practice in the fields of criminal law, divorce, custody, juvenile, and estate practice.

In addition to all the time John put into his office, his clients, and his family, he also devoted a significant amount of time to his church, the Lion's Club, and other organizations.

At Saint Josephat's Ukrainian
Catholic Church, he served as the church
attorney and lector. With the Bethlehem Lion's
Club he was not only an officer, but the cook
for the annual chicken dinner and pork-dinner
fundraisers. He was the guy then who also
cleaned up after those dinners.

defined in his role as Guardian Ad Litem in Juvenile Dependency Court. John was appointed to this position in the late 1990's, and served dependent children until his passing.

I personally know that the current

As a lawyer, John would become

I personally know that the current Guardians agree that John was the paradigm for this position. He established office hours at Children and Youth to review files, to meet with caseworkers regarding the status of dependent children, and to work on his case files in preparation for Court. He never relied only on the Juvenile Court Summaries prepared for court, but read each and every professional's report and/or attachments, and we had to be ready, because he would let us know if we didn't read a particular document.

when children at risk had to be removed from their parents or caretakers and placed in foster or residential care; or the opposite, when determining if children should be returned to their homes after successful Court involvement, he made his recommendations without hesitation.

Also, John did not see his role

limited to Dependency Court and trials involving termination of parental rights. If one of his cases involved a custody conference or delinquency hearing, he would also attend those matters. Even if one of his dependent children was charged with a summary offense before a Magistrate or Judge in another county, John would travel to represent that child pro bono.

John was a good, loyal friend to many of us. He never said no, when any of us asked for a favor. And John didn't tell you what you wanted to hear, he would always tell you what you need to hear. There was no sugarcoating with John Rybak. As a friend, there was never an agenda. What you saw, is what you got with John.

With the exception of those times when John was hospitalized or seeing his oncologist in Philadelphia, he would make it to Court every week, even during the last few months before his passing.

Despite our protests, he came to Court in obvious pain and in a state of weakness. He only compromised by allowing someone to drive him to and from court, carry

his files, and bring his cases into the courtroom without having to get up from his chair. Somehow his strength of mind or willpower overcame his physical weakness. Not once did we ever hear him complain or say, why me? Instead, he focused his energy on representing dependent children and serving this Court.

I truly believe that at the end,

John could state the words of Saint Paul: I

have fought the good fight, I have finished the

race, I have kept the faith.

Thank you, Your Honor.

SENIOR JUDGE ZITO: Thank you, Mr.

Murray.

Ladies and gentlemen, at this time the Court will recognize Attorney Philip Hof.

Mr. Hof?

MR. HOF: Your Honor.

May it please the Court, visiting members of the Commonwealth and the United States District Court, my colleagues, friends, and family of Norm, and our other friended colleagues who we've spoken of today.

On December 29th, 2014, Attorney

Norman Seidel left this earth at ninety-six. He was still practicing law, actively advising a group of clients in their business affairs.

Let's go back ninety-six years. In 1918, almost nine months to the day that President Woodrow Wilson declared our country's involvement in World War I, Norman Seidel was born in Philadelphia.

His dad passed away, he grew up in Easton, being raised by his mom. He attended Lafayette, and he went on to attend Penn Law School, graduating number one in his class, being awarded the Order of the Coif. He was invited to join Law Review. Of course, Norm declined. Instead he worked in a Philadelphia shoe store in order to support his law school tuition and send money to his mom every month.

World War II Sergeant, United
States Air Force, Norm served for four years.
To quote our partner Danny Cohen, Norm marveled at how he always had parts left over when he took his rifle apart. Still, we won the war, no thanks to him.

Actually, Norm's first case was during the war. It was a pro bono, and he was

defending an AWOL case. And afterwards, he won. And he said, I won because I was the only one who actually read the Statute.

He returned to Easton in 1945, opening solo practice under mentors like Johnnie O'Brien and Charles Hogan.

And in 1968 he was joined by Danny Cohen, in what would be a long and equally satisfying partnership that lasted just shy of forty-seven years. Norm had actually been Danny's guardian after Danny's parents passed away at an early time.

When I was coming out of this clerkship in 1980 and looking for permanent employment, we'd refer to Seidel and Cohen as the gold standard by which we would vendor other law firms where we were applying for a job.

And it's not despite, but it's because of this solid bond between Danny and Norm, and because they were so close, that Danny, concerned about his own emotion, asked me to substitute and proxy his deserved spot at this podium.

At our Bar Association last week,
Danny did deliver an eloquent tribute to some of

Norm's lessons. One of them, he said, Norm taught us, he never forgot where he came from. He grew up in a poor family, and a significant part of his practice involved work for the needy and the downtrodden, representing the NAACP, the American Civil Liberties Union Association, many churches and synagogues, Community Action Committee of Lehigh Valley, ProJeCt, and other works. In other words, he remembered where he came from and he gave back to the community in large measure.

Upon my joining the firm thirty-five years ago, I was struck by Mr. Seidel's trance-like focus on his work. You could walk into his office, talk to him, grab a book, drop two books, trip over your own feet, and he wouldn't look up from his legal pad and his number two pencil, where he focused on a legal issue.

He'd read every word on every contract. If a Notice to Plead arrived and it had been photocopied and recopied thousands of times and it'd have a little defect in it, Norm would find it.

He'd be reading one of the last

paragraphs of a contract, perhaps with an integration clause or venue selection, and he'd seize up a phrase. He'd write it down on his legal pad in pencil, he'd read it, he'd read it again, he'd research it, he'd spill coffee on it, he'd sleep on it, and the he'd hurry to work the next morning to read it again and think about it again.

And then he'd call us in. I know lawyers are too busy for the law anymore, can you just give me a minute? We would go in and listen to what he had read, we'd listen to his interpretation. Sometimes we'd disagree, he would yell at us. He'd get so excited once he decided on his position with his interpretation. and then he'd excitedly tell the client, and then he'd litigate.

And Norm would litigate with exasperating passion. And when on occasion the learned Judge declined to accept a novel, well-reasoned, but perhaps strained interpretation that could create a completely unintended consequence, Norm listened patiently to the adverse decision and Norm moved on.

He'd forgive the Judge, he never

held a grudge, he'd forget about it the next day. Forgive and forget, that was Norm Seidel.

Oops! Wrong eulogy.

In reality, Norm had no problem letting the jurist know that alas, His or Her Honor had not properly read the Statute, had not properly read Norm's brief, had not heard Norm's argument, or perhaps that Judge just never really went to law school.

And if the critique to the Judge was delivered in person, Norm's comments would continue, and so would the decibel level of this assault. And somewhere along the line Norm honestly came to believe in his heart that this verbal attack was not an ex parte communication, as long as there were other people in the restaurant.

And to its credit, our Court here locally had measured patience for Norm, especially around the time of his last court appearance at age ninety. I inferred that our Court understood that Norm was showing more passion and impatience, less than anger. And his motivation was not simply to win and make a buck, but to know that his interpretation of the

law had been vindicated.

But the Pennsylvania Supreme Court was not familiar with Norm Seidel. And when he and Steve Kreglow squared off on a Lafayette College case, Norm had became agitated, suggesting that one of the Justices would not have asked such a question, had the Justice simply read his brief. The Chief Justice leaned forward toward the microphone and admonished Norm. Mr. Seidel, calm down, we don't want you to have a heart attack. And not realizing that his stage whisper would carry through the courtroom, Steve Kreglow was heard to say, where we live, he doesn't get heart attacks, he gives them.

Joining our firm after her clerkship for now President Judge Baratta, Jill Kelly McComsey headed into Norm's office to re-introduce herself, because it had been a few months since the interview. He was not in the mood for any chitchat. He knew she had been a law clerk, he asked her to sit down, and he gave her a scenario of facts. He then asked her if the contract failed for inadequacy of consideration or for lack of consideration. And

having gone through the same hazing myself, I knew that there was no right answer, and she'd be in there an hour. And it was her indoctrination to the reasoning of Norman Seidel.

But his intellectual love for the law was matched by his genuine love for the profession. He took a special interest in young lawyers. As Mike Shay was heard to say in his remarks about Norm last week, Norm didn't talk down to any young lawyers, he really treated them with respect. He liked hearing about their families, he like hearing about their practice, he liked hearing about where they thought things were going, and he liked baiting them into a legal discussion. And as they would be looking for a way to get out the door, he would spin his web.

I was a decade behind Danny, and Chris Reid two behind me. And with all the changes in the profession, Norm would occasionally bristle at partnership meetings as we would discuss the unfortunate necessity of advertising, and computers, and copy machines that make double holes when they also copy.

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But, you know, he listened with interest and he always helped keep us grounded at these meetings and stay close to our core values of service to the client, service to the community, as much as the practice of law can permit.

He became especially fond of our partner Chris Reid, who genuinely enjoyed spending time with Norm. The conversation usually beginning with a tough legal issue that Chris was facing, Norm yelling a little, then moving on to national politics, and always ending up with the latest line on the Eagles game.

And Norm had a real love for our staff, for our legal secretaries and paraprofessionals. He always treated them with genuine respect and with affection. And because Norm hugged and occasionally kissed each of us, we never had too many problems with his well-known showing of physical affection for everyone.

we're still fortunate enough to have three members of our staff who take shorthand. And although he knew how to use the Dictaphone, Norm preferred sharing his thoughts

with his very loyal legal secretary, Joanie Barlieb, and having her prepare a typewritten memo for him. Please, by first thing in the morning.

Norm was generous. He was generous with his time, he was generous with his compliments, he was generous with his financial contributions to others. We would only argue about money as a partnership when he would insist on lowering his partnership share, so that younger partners could pay their bills. And Norm never saw a restaurant check that he did not grab and pay.

In the weeks before he died, I'd visit Norm at the home and sit next to his bed. He told me was ready. He said at that point in ninety-six years of age his only real joys were when his children and grandchildren walked through the door. But he was running out of time. Not to live, but to finish his CLE credits.

He became obsessed with not wanting to get that letter if you're behind in your CLE. So we played CLE CD tapes from the PBI on a laptop on his bed on the computer. But it was

tough to get through because I'd have to stop the computer and he'd tell me in a loud voice why the lecturer was wrong, how could PBI let someone who obviously doesn't understand the restatement of torts tell us how it's changed.

Norm was grounded on what was really important. Law was everything to him, but it was nothing to him compared to his family.

For sixty years, he was a devoted husband to his wife, Myriel. In his final days, he was surrounded by his daughters, Jan and Judy, and his sons-in-law, Joe and Bruce, and his granddaughters, Samantha, Casey, and Buckley Waldman. And Norm knew, he told me how grateful he was that he could celebrate the wedding of his grandson, Jack, who had recently passed the bar, as Jack married his new bride, Christina, just months before Norm passed away. And Norm made it to the Penthouse at the SoHo Hotel to be there. I should only be half as blessed as Norm was with such an attendant family in my final days.

These remarks have not been entirely brief, but it's tough when someone

lives a life like Norm does and lives it for ninety-six years. And Danny Cohen said, although Norman Seidel ceased appearing in court at approximately age ninety, yes ninety, he was truly a legend. A term that is all too loosely used. To the attorneys who saw him in court, whether in trial or in Argument Court, just like today, his intellect was gigantic, his tenacity legendary, his memory prodigious, his preparation total, and his influence on dozens of young lawyers incalculable.

So let me end these remarks not with my words, but with those of Norm himself in 2011 in response to an interview question somebody asked him.

Ego, Norman said, is probably the most important thing in a human being's life. I mean, here I am telling you about all these things and I'm starting to like myself better. Usually, I walk around wondering what I have accomplished in life. Now I'm thinking maybe I did accomplish some good things. I know it sounds funny, but it's true.

Norm's accomplishments were felt.

They were felt at home, they were felt in our

community, they were felt in this courtroom, and his presence will be missed.

Thank you.

SENIOR JUDGE ZITO: Thank you, Mr. Hof.

MR. HOF: Your Honor.

SENIOR JUDGE ZITO: Members of the Bar, ladies and gentlemen, at this time we especially recognize our distinguished former colleagues, Judge Robert Simpson of the Commonwealth Court, and Judge Edward Smith of the United States District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania. We thank them for attending.

Two thousand years ago, the Old Testament Psalmist wrote, that the days of our lives were like those of grass. As flowers in the field we grow and we bloom, and then a wind sweeps over us and we are gone, and our place does not remember us.

Today, in a small measure, we defy the observations of the psalmist by remembering our colleagues, who were swept by the wind and are now gone. Today we fondly remember our special and unique Attorneys John Bartos, Dave

Miller, John Rybak, and the incomparable Norm 1 2 Seidel. I close today with the admonition 3 of one of my current judicial colleagues who 4 says often, we are all in the book. We know not 5 the day or the hour that the wind will sweep 6 over us. However, we expect in some small 7 measure that others will do as we did today, to 8 defy the Psalmist in our place where we 9 10 remember. Mr. Fusachio, call the Court to 11 order please in remembrance and out of respect 12 13 for our colleagues, Jack Bartos, Dave Miller, 14 John Rybak and Norm Seidel. MR. FUSACHIO: All rise please. 15 This Honorable Court is now adjourned. 16 17 SENIOR JUDGE ZITO: The Bar Association welcomes you to a reception in the 18 19 jury lounge. Thank you. 20 21 (Proceedings concluded.) 22 23 24 25

CERTIFICATION I. I HEREBY CERTIFY that the proceedings are contained fully and accurately in the notes taken by me in the above cause, and that this is a correct transcript of the same. Date: October 8, 2015 JEAN E. GENOVA Official Court Reporter II. The foregoing record of the proceedings in the within matter is directed to be filed. October 21, 2015 LEONARD N. ZITO, SENIOR JUDGE