## COURT OF COMMON PLEAS OF NORTHAMPTON COUNTY COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA CIVIL DIVISION

## **MEMORIAL SERVICE**



WILLIAM P. EXAROS, ESQUIRE SAMUEL A. LITZENBERGER, ESQUIRE THOMAS J. MALONEY, ESQUIRE FRANK M. SKRAPITS, ESQUIRE HON. FRANKLIN S. VAN ANTWERPEN

## **NOTES OF PROCEEDINGS**

BEFORE:

## THE HONORABLE JENNIFER R. SLETVOLD,

Judge, Northampton County, Third Judicial District, Easton, Pennsylvania, Courtroom No. 1, on Tuesday, September 20, 2016.

PRESENTERS:

MARK S. SIGMON, ESQUIRE ALYSSA LOPIANO-REILLY, ESQUIRE DANIEL M. O'DONNELL, ESQUIRE DEAN C. BERG, ESQUIRE ZACHARY J. COHEN, ESQUIRE

Karen A. Mengel, RPR, Official Court Reporter

THE COURT: Good morning. I would like to welcome all of you to today's memorial service during which we will commemorate and celebrate the lives of William P. Exaros, Samuel Litzenberger, Thomas J. Maloney, Frank Skrapits, and Judge Franklin Van Antwerpen, all of whom were members of the Northampton County Bar and undoubtedly spent countless hours in this very courthouse performing work for the public good.

Although their passing causes us sadness, today we gather to celebrate their lives and legacies. It is proper that we gather here in this room so full of history where each of the men being honored today once stood to take an oath to represent a client or to serve on the bench.

I would especially like to welcome the family and friends of each of our colleagues who are being honored here today.

I speak on behalf of all members of the Northampton County Bar Association when I tell you that we have deep respect for their service. We grieve with you. And I hope that we can learn from the examples set forth from Attorney Exaros, Attorney Litzenberger, Attorney

Maloney, Attorney Skrapits, and Judge Van Antwerpen.

They have in common a commitment to community and a sense that the practice of law was an honorable profession, not simply a job.

In remembering and celebrating the lives of our colleagues, we will hear from several individuals who will speak on behalf of our honorees.

As they do so, I am certain that these speakers will confirm what these gentlemen lived as reflected in the words of the often quoted Winston Churchill who stated, We make a living by what we get, but we make a life by what we give.

At this time the Court recognizes

Mark Sigmon to speak on behalf of William

Exaros.

MR. SIGMON: May it please the Court, ladies and gentlemen, the Exaros family. I see that Mike is here so now we can start, his son. Fellow members of the bar, members of the federal judiciary members who are here.

I knew Bill for a long, long, long time. I met him when I was in 7th grade. And

Э

the funniest part about that is Bill had -- for some reason they put him in 713 and generally they would assign people based upon their grade school records. Bill is a smart guy. For some reason he ended up in 713.

All of you who knew him, we had a way somewhat in making fun of him and in Bill's way other than laughing, he was the best. One of the best people I've ever known. One of my best friends.

high. We wrestled again in high school. And then he went to Albright. I used to make fun of him because he even wrestled there. At the time part of it was when he was in Albright as an undergraduate, they didn't have much in a wrestling team. He wrestled one year and then it was time to do some studying. The one time he wrestled he didn't get to the match. He was telling me was when the middle Atlantic Conference had about 47 schools. It was a tough conference. It included West Chester, which was a power; Moravian had a good team and including schools, he came down here and wrestled someone from Moravian.

I remember him calling me after the match. He ended up wrestling someone who was also from District 11. He said, Mark, you know what? I got my butt kicked but I didn't get pinned. I said, yeah, well, that was great. What was the score? Back then they didn't have technical faults. Today if you get beat by 15 points, the match is over. Bill said he didn't get pinned, that was great. What was the score? 30 to 2. What are you -- we didn't talk about it after that.

In any event, Bill went to Seton Hall Law School and he graduated in 1976. By the way, Bill was born on October 30, 1950, in the wonderful state of New Hampshire; live free or die, they say. Bill was free.

Bill, he practiced law in New
Jersey for 11 years until 1987. And after 1987,
we were in touch all the time. And he said,
Mark, I want to come back. What do you think
about us getting together? It took me about
three seconds and that was it. Because at that
time our former partnership had split up. It
was just my dad and myself and my dad was
getting along in years.

5

And for the next 29 years we were partners. The name of the firm was Sigmon and Sigmon but we were partners. We didn't have a partnership agreement or stockholders agreement because we were friends. We trusted each other. And we were the best of friends.

Now, Bill the lawyer. Everybody who knows Bill, at least who knows him well, knew that his word was his bond. Didn't need letters, didn't need confirming e-mails, didn't need messages. Bill told you something, that was it.

And that was one of the best things the same way with how we practiced law. Bill was great to write briefs. And myself not so much. And he was really good at spinning stuff and he did a great job.

Most importantly, Bill was a great family man. His wife is here. Two outstanding children, boys Michael and Scott. And he was as proud of them as he was in his practice of law. I can tell you that anybody who knew Bill, whether it was as a lawyer or as a friend or even as a mere acquaintance, never forgot after meeting him one time whether it was his

infectious laugh, his strong handshake, or when he was an umpire saying, you're out! in only the way he can do it.

As Judge Murray can tell you, he's familiar with Bill. He was that way. He was the best of the best. An outstanding lawyer. Fantastic person. A wonderful family man. An incredible partner. I was blessed to be his partner for 29 years.

I remember when my dad was getting older and getting sick, I remember my dad said, you know, how long is this Exaros going to be around? Because when he was young, Bill would come over to my house and play ping pong. He was a ping pong player. My dad was a good player. Bill would kick his butt. Those of who knew my dad, he would go crazy.

My dad was getting older. He said, do you think Exaros is going to be your partner forever? I said dad, until one of us dies, that's how it's going to be.

And that's how it was. No agreements. No letters. Just friends. A man of his word. He was a wonderful person. A great lawyer. Great with his clients. His

clients loved him. His friends loved him. His family loved him. And I loved him. Thank you very much.

THE COURT: Thank you, Attorney Sigmon. I would like to take a moment to welcome our special guests, Judges Leeson, Hogan, Simpson, Freedberg, and Smith. Welcome.

And Judge Giordano wished me to express his regrets. He is assigned to motions court this morning and he's there conducting that business for the public.

At this time we next recognize the president of our bar association, Attorney
Alyssa Lopiano-Reilly, who will say a few words about Samuel Litzenberger, Esquire.

MS. LOPIANO-REILLY: Thank you, Your Honor. I'm sorry to say that I never had an opportunity to know Sam Litzenberger. I've heard stories about him. I've heard from many members of our association that he was a fine man. I'm going to give you what I know about him and hopefully that will do some honor to his memory.

Sam is survived by his wife Jane. His was a 47-year marriage. He was father to

Sarah of Bethlehem and Greg Litzenberger of Florida. He had two grandchildren, Emily and Kimberly. His brother Ralph is known to many of us, was also an attorney and a district magisterial district judge from our county. Ralph now resides in Florida.

Sam was 79 years old when he died.

He had practiced law since 1962, well over 50

years. He didn't join the Northampton County

Bar Association until 1999. And with the help

of Mary Beth Leeson -- I looked up that record

-- Marty Cohen and Phil Lauer were his sponsors.

Sam was in solo practice for the general practice of law in both Quakertown and Riegelsville. He graduated from Palisades High School and then the University of Notre Dame.

Member of the Law Review. In our bar association, Sam served on several committees over varying years, including the bench/bar committee, the legal ethics and professional response committee, solo practitioners committee, workers' compensation committee, and the ARIS Program.

As I said, I didn't personally know

Sam and I wish I had. I'm told that he was known to love the simple things in life and he was not afraid to just be himself.

I'm told that he had an inner child that was admirable to those who knew him. One of the stories that I was told, which I find admirable myself, is when Sam wanted desert he was seen dunking cookies in a glass of milk when everyone else was having coffee and cake. I find that admirable.

And so I see that as a reflection of the inner child that people were telling me about. And the fact that he was simply not afraid to be who he was no matter where he was.

Thank you.

THE COURT: Thank you, Attorney
Lopiano-Reilly. The Court now calls upon
Attorney Dan O'Donnell to speak on behalf of Tom
Maloney, Esquire.

MR. O'DONNELL: Thank you, Your Honor. May it please the Court, ladies and gentlemen. I'm really proud to be here today to talk on behalf of my long time friend and partner, Tom Maloney. Known to his friends as Bones for his exceptional height; known also as

Big Blue for his affinity for the New York Giants.

He left us a little over nine months ago. He was a towering and unforgettable figure in our legal community and his loss has been the true definition of leaving behind very big shoes to fill.

His dear friend and partner, Frank Danyi, wanted to be here today to speak but Frank's health is not good. Frank, who always has a way with words, shared with me his thoughts about Tom.

He referred to Tom as being a superhero in Frank's heart. And that stuck with me. Frank fondly remembered their decades together as friends and partners and how generous and kind Tom always was through thick and thin. As they both would proudly tell you, they never had had a cross word between themselves in all those years.

Now I wish I could say that I never had a cross word with Tom Maloney but I reiterate, he was a New York Giants fan. There was only so much I could take in the office. That was his one true personality flaw.

But I note, always the politician, when pressed on the matter, Tom would say he preferred the Giants but was really a fan of the whole NFC East. Very diplomatic.

I have Judge Freedberg to thank for introducing me to Tom, and I really appreciate that. The first time I met Tom was sort of like stepping back in time.

There sat this giant, dressed to the nines, smoking cigarettes in his office, beautiful wood-lined office, with all of this old west and cowboy themed artwork. It was kind of intimidating scene; that is, until he took out what I distinctly recognize to be bright pink pair of Dollar Store reading glasses to look at my resume. I always wondered about these glasses.

I figured out years later it's because in the 13 or so years I was there he probably lost over about 600 pairs to the point where he was buying them in bulk and I think even today we still find them sitting around.

There's other images that stick with me over time. Shortly after I started to work with him, he and his wife Lois invited me

down to Florida. We had a great time fishing, golf. The one figure that stuck with me years later was seeing Tom dancing with Lois next to the pool drinking his lemonade and singing as loud as he could Jimmy Buffet, his favorite musician.

and another image that I can't get out of my head when I think about Tom when my wife and I were coming back from our honeymoon and we landed in Philadelphia. Tom volunteered to come and pick us up. After trudging through customs and got our luggage and we come down the escalators and there's Tom. And again, what I remember being a bright red running suit with beautify polished wingtips, the kind of thing you can't get out of your head, with a sign standing there with all the limousine drivers. Mr. and Mrs. O'Donnell.

I saw him lean over to one of the other drivers saying, my passengers are here. He went over and grabbed the bags and that's just the kind of friend that he was.

Frank was right, I think. Tom really was a superhero. And obviously one with many colorful disguises.

٠,

Tom was born and raised in Fountain Hill and considered Lehigh Valley the only place he would ever call home. In 1957 he graduated from Bethlehem Catholic High School, went on to St. Joseph's. In 1964 got his law degree from Temple University Law School.

Served our community and the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in various political positions over the years, most notably delegate for Lehigh and Northampton Counties for the Republican National Convention in 1972.

He was very active in our bar association, long time editor of the Bar Journal.

But more importantly throughout that career, he made so many lasting friendships and bonds. He left the practice of law and he said, you don't practice law, you practice people. And he showed that every day the type of relationship he built. There's not a day that goes by nearly ten months later that someone doesn't contact me and say, boy, I really miss Tom and love Tom.

I remember he would always go out of his way. We had a client that was going out

to San Francisco to talk to another lawyer out there. I said Tom, by any chance do you happen to know someone in San Francisco? Of course I do. I know three different lawyers. And when they're out there, they should go to this restaurant and stay in this hotel and better go to the Buena Vista, that's where they invented the Irish coffee. He had this wealth of knowledge. Even though they hadn't talked to each other in years, he had great memory of Tom. The client when he came back he said not only was that attorney great, he told us great stories about Tom. But the bartender at the Buena Vista recollected Tom, too.

That's the kind of guy that Tom Maloney was. He always went out of his way to do whatever he could. He lived life to the fullest and loved to travel. He loved to fish, although I always called him the most humane fisherman I'd ever met because I never actually saw him catch a single fish.

He took down a celebrity or two golfing. He loved to talk about a tournament that he played in years ago, and he made it to the finals of the long-drive competition with

none other than Dallas Cowboys quarterback Troy Aikman. Tom said he was nervous as he and Aikman took turns hitting three drives each. It came down to the final ball with Aikman in the lead. And with the match on the line, Tom took a big final hack. With the ball still in the air, knowing he'd just hit the winning shot, Tom being Tom, couldn't help himself, but look over to Aikman and say, Go Giants! That's the kind of competitor he was.

Somebody like that disappears initially you start to feel like it's left a huge void in the office. But then you start to think about stories like this and start to think the time that Tom had and find yourself saying, well, I'm in a particularly tough spot. How would Tom handle this? Then you hear things like Judge Sletvold, I don't know if it was intentional, Tom was always quoting Winston Churchill. When I heard that today, it was like he was here with us today.

That's really what helped us get by. Our good friend Tom will always be here with us. Thank you very much.

THE COURT: Thank you, Attorney

O'Donnell. If I can deviate from my script for a moment. I worked for Tom early in my career, which Judge Freedberg also help facilitate. And I see his family and my former beloved colleagues are all here. He was a gentleman and a friend and a really wonderful mentor, and I know he was loved and adored by his family and friends and by his staff and by me.

I share in your loss and we will honor Tom by forever maintaining the friendship and relationship that we created by working together with him. And dogs and babies were always welcome in his office and on any different day there were any number of those crawling across the floor. And Dan gave Tom his own Twitter account to honor Tom. We all enjoyed that, too. Thank you again.

We will recognize Dean Berg who will speak on behalf of Frank Skrapits, Esquire.

MR. BERG: May it please the Court, honorable judges of the Court, other honorable guests, ladies and gentlemen. I feel honored to be asked to speak on behalf of my friend and colleague, Frank Skrapits.

Attorney Charles Stopp would have

liked to speak for Frank. They shared office space together. Unfortunately, Charles Stopp isn't here. He's on vacation in Europe.

I am Dean Berg, a country lawyer from Northampton, same as Frank, and he and I never practiced together. Over my 39 years of practice, we had perhaps three cases together. But he was a monumental figure in Northampton as I will tell you about later.

Frank Skrapits was born of immigrant parents from Hungary. Frank never expected to attend college. He made other plans. So to be practical, he took the commercial courses in high school. He studied shorthand and typing. He graduated high school in 1945.

From high school, he went to the Marines. You don't just go to the Marines to become a Marine. Marines are special. Marines makes all the difference. He was a constant Marine. He served the Marines for four years. It taught him discipline, neatness, less small talk, being professional, not to complain about little things. He was not a quetcher. Marines opened doors for him.

He received the GI bill. He went to undergraduate at Dickinson. He went to Georgetown Law School, and some of you may know Bob Littner from Bethlehem. They would sometimes carpool to Georgetown. What could be better? Always prepared, always resourceful.

As a lawyer, Frank Skrapits was proud to be Hungarian. He spoke Hungarian but he also conversed in Pennsylvania Dutch. He connected very well with those in Northampton. I did not start practice until 1977, and I heard a lot of things about Attorney Skrapits, always positive, and I was intimidated to meet him for the first time. From all the good things I heard about him, I thought maybe he was 6'6".

So he was sort of a legend.

Finally I met him and he was approachable. He was down to earth. He was patient. He was a good listener. Good story teller. He was the kind of guy who was never too busy to talk to you. He never gave you the bum's rush.

He was respectful. He was humble.

Not self-promoting. But he was competent, sure
footed, unwavering, and rock solid. I practiced
in the same town as Frank. I always wondered

wow, I hear Frank's name so much. What is this about Frank? He was very much loved and respected in that town. He treated people well. He had time for people.

Charles Stopp always said he was a consummate Marine. He dressed impeccably. His family said they never saw him in jeans. Always professional. He was a good, faithful Catholic. He belonged to Our Lady of Hungary Church.

He knew and recollected what it was like to be poor. He knew many of the local people could not afford lawyers. He gave discounts and did pro bono work. He wanted to remain part of the community and wanted to make it better. My former secretary Roma had once worked for Frank Skrapits, that was in the early '70s. She said she was taking dictation one time and he had a phone call. She was busy jotting down her grocery list in shorthand as he was on the phone.

He gets off the phone and he reads back her grocery list. He not only understood shorthand but he could read it upside down.

But truly Frank was very special --he was always a gentleman, always fair. But

Frank, if he had to deliver bad news, he had the knowledge, sensitively, and strength to deliver it well. He helped the practice of law less intimidating.

They were married 54 years. They have three children: A daughter who's with us here, and she is a writer, an award-winning journalist. I enjoy speaking with her almost as much as her father. His sons Matthew and Frank both live in Northampton. He loved history. He was an avid Civil War historian.

He collected clocks and antiques.

He was really a good and exceptionally good man.

He was strong. He was competent, friendly, and approachable. All of us who knew and worked with him are better off for it. Thank you.

THE COURT: Thank you, Attorney
Berg. The Court now calls upon Zachary Cohen to
say a few words on behalf of Judge Franklin Van
Antwerpen.

MR. COHEN: May it please the Court, Judge Sletvold, President Judge Baratta, other members of the bench, family, friends, and colleagues. It's really an honor for me to

memorialize my father-in-law, Judge Van
Antwerpen, in the very same courtroom where I
began my legal career 13 years ago as a judicial
clerk and also in the same courtroom where Judge
Van Antwerpen moved for my admission to the bar
as a newly minted lawyer fresh off the high of
passing the bar exam that he helped me study for
while his daughter and I lived at their house in
Easton the summer we first moved back.

Even though the bulk of my practice is in Lehigh County, fortunately my caseload brings me back regularly, and I am comforted every time I step into motions court because I feel I get to spend time with the judge in Courtroom 4 where his portrait hangs in this courthouse.

Judge Van Antwerpen is not an
Easton native. He came here by way of New
Jersey and New York in 1971, just after he and
my mother-in-law wed. He took a job as chief
counsel for Northampton County Legal Aid
Society. He loved his job because he loved
helping people.

He also really loved Easton and was proud of it. For those of you who knew Frank,

he was quite a history buff and story teller, too. In hearing the way he talked about Easton and its people, you would think he'd been living here continually since the local reading of the Declaration of Independence in the 1700s.

He became a judge on this court in 1979 at the age of 37, where he and our former president judge, Bob Freedberg, became great friends. Some of Judge Van Antwerpen's more notable achievements in this court included rewriting the Domestic Relations Code, and while having his lunch with the other judges here at the courthouse and noticing the soup tasted a little off, he put an end to the long time practice of having the prisoners prepare the judges' food.

His talents as a judge quickly catapulted him higher in the legal ranks, and in 1987, President Ronald Reagan appointed him to the federal bench, bringing Easton its own federal judge. On the federal bench, Judge Van Antwerpen presided over many high profile cases, which varied from putting the entire Philadelphia mob behind bars, to the titillating trademark litigation over Victoria's Secret's

5

Miracle Bra.

In 2004 he was nominated by President Bush and confirmed to the Third Circuit Court of Appeals, just one rung below the United States Supreme Court and the last stop for 99 percent of the nation's cases. While the ceremonies surely had a serious tone with all the accompanying pomp and circumstance one would imagine for such an occasion, Judge Van Antwerpen kept it fun, too, by making sure that every governmental official and dignitary knew who the real guest of honor was that day, insisting that all of them shake hands with his two-month old first grandchild, Brendan Franklin Cohen.

My introduction to the judge's family came when I was a young teenager in high school. I, a bit of a wild child, by chance had befriended his daughter Ginny in 10th grade. Having never been around a judge before and not knowing some of the rituals and formalities that went along with that, I frequently went to visit Ginny at their house and simply called the judge by his first name, Frank. And once in a while, I may have even managed a Mr. V if I was feeling

particularly formal. He never corrected me or displayed disapproval. He was never pretentious; Simply knowing his daughter considered me a friend was enough to meet his approval.

As a high-schooler and being curious by nature, I asked him about what he did for a living. Instead of lecturing me in some lofty way about legal mumbo jumbo, he said, well, I'll show you. He took me to his courtroom down in the Larry Holmes building where we toured his chambers. I met Tony T, his long-time personal protector and friend, as well as Sarah, his secretary, who faithfully kept the judge looking polished and out of trouble for nearly 40 years.

The next stop was a holding cell where for kicks the judge locked me up and abruptly walked away. I wasn't totally sure he was joking, but after he sprung me out, he then let me watch him do a real live sentencing. The person being sentenced that day was guilty of some potpourri of serious crimes that included racketeering and the trafficking of massive amounts of drugs and weapons.

Here stood one of the toughest looking gangsters and yet to my surprise, at this moment, the man was crying like a baby. I expected Judge Van Antwerpen to sternly throw the book at him, not fall for the questionable display of last minute remorse he put on, and lecture this felon about how he'd destroyed people's lives and was a menace to society.

Judge Van Antwerpen took a different tack. Sure, this gangster still got sentenced to real time but he patiently listened to what this man had to say and listened with compassion and empathy, understanding that the man before him, despite doing all the illegal and harmful things, still had a family and wife, and had children that will miss their father while he was in jail. And that this criminal had done what he did, at least in some part, as a product of his own rough upbringing and unfortunate circumstances that someone in our shoes could hardly ever imagine.

It was clear to me that Judge Van
Antwerpen recognized that this man standing
before him had more than one dimension;
dimensions that weren't necessarily products of

his choosing, and that more than likely they were products of his circumstances just as much as his volition.

That this defendant wasn't just a thug. And while surely deserving of some punishment, he was also someone who needed help and rehabilitation, if such was possible.

I can honestly say that that day, that experience, seeing Judge Van Antwerpen in action and the enormity of what he did each and every day and the impact of the tough decisions he had to make, changed the trajectory of my life. It was a huge influence in landing me where I am today in practicing law.

I also learned that day after seeing no one else is court calling him by his first name Frank that maybe I should ease up on calling him that, too. But I settled on judge, which for me, still carried enough informality and yet I felt the moniker showed respect, too.

when Ginny and I got married and he and Kathy took me in as a true member of their family, that nickname of judge quickly turned into dad. When we started having children, dad faded into what the grandchildren affectionately

knew him as, and that was judgie, which of all the names I've called him, I liked the best, as to me it meant family, informality, love, and respect all wrapped up into one.

when his illness stole many of his best physical gifts, in large part, his ability to talk and tell stories — and man could he tell stories — or his ability to enjoy his daily steak and mashed baked potatoes, which he never got bored of, he never lost his mental gifts, nor his fervent desire to use them for promoting justice.

when bedridden for months, when most would have called it quits or at least just taken a break, he still had his clerks transmit memos to him that his staff dutifully delivered to the hospital and his home, and he still performed his duties as an appellate judge admirably up until weeks before his passing, even participating in a panel argument when he no longer even had the strength to stand. That's how much he loved and cared about what he did. Being a judge and using his mind to serve the people make everything to him.

\_\_\_

The only thing he loved more than his job as a judge and his corny jokes, of which he had an endless supply, was his family. His wife, Kathy, of 45 years was the love of his life, his closest confidant, and someone he simply could not get through a day without.

He also fiercely loved his three children and their spouses and his four grandchildren, always seeing to it that they all had every opportunity he and Kathy could provide.

One of my favorite memories is from about six years ago when Judge Van Antwerpen and Kathy were invited by President Obama to a reception at the White House. Kathy, being the selfless person she is, convinced Judgie to attempt to get special permission to bring our then five-year-old son, Brendan, as his date in Kathy's place.

Judgie pulled some strings and permission was granted. While they waited in the security line to get in the White House, Brendan started getting squirmy and Judgie asked him what the matter was, to which Brendan replied that he had to go, like right now.

•

Judgie quickly flagged down the secret service and when he explained the nature of the emergency, the secret service, acknowledging this crisis of enormous proportions, immediately rushed them both to the front of the security line and then right into the White House to the nearest lavatory, which just happened to be the First Lady's private bathroom.

when they got back from Washington and we asked them what the best parts were, Judgie, a lifelong republican, laughed and said he was so proud of his grandson, Brendan, for not only did he make it to the bathroom in time, but he also left Michelle Obama's private toilet seat up for good measure.

I could go on and on about personal stories involving the judge and vacations we took, all the time we shared together as family his brilliant encyclopedic mind, et cetera.

But to wrap things up and be brief, two of my favorite things he did for me in his capacity as a judge involved his being the officiate at our wedding 15 years ago, where he walked Ginny down the aisle, then stood up front

and put on his robe and then with his booming voice that needed no microphone married us in front of all our friends and family.

ago, he helped orchestrate a swearing in ceremony for a sizable group of Northampton County lawyers who wanted to be admitted to the Supreme Court of the United States, and where — after the ceremony, as if standing in the Supreme Court in front of the justices wasn't enough of a treat, he arranged for us all to have a private audience with Chief Justice Roberts and a couple of other justices where we got to chat with them just person to person. It's an experience that most lawyers can only dream of.

So I close by saying, fare thee well, Judgie, till I see you next time in Courtroom 4, that is. You were a hero to me and many others and a legal giant that left a lasting impression on our community. Thank you.

THE COURT: Thank you, Attorney Cohen. We will now have some remarks from the president of the bar association, Attorney Lopiano-Reilly.

MS. LOPIANO-REILLY: Before I start, I'm going to go off script for a moment and say that I have to compose myself. Mark and Dean and Dan and Zach, all four of you did a phenomenal job and great honor to the people you have honored here today.

Now for the formal remarks. May it please the Court, honored judges, our appellate judges, our federal judges, and our Northampton County bench, family members and friends of the deceased, colleagues and members of the Northampton County Bar Association.

The annual memorial service is a time honored tradition of our association. We gather here today in a spirit of unity as colleagues in a shared profession with shared experiences.

While we mourn the loss of Bill Exaros, Sam Litzenberger, Tom Maloney, Frank Skrapits, and Judge Van Antwerpen, we are here to honor their memory and remember their contributions.

we've just heard very moving and sometimes very funny statements about each of these men, which gave us insight into their

individuality.

But I think we'd all agree that memorial services make us uncomfortable. They make us consider our own mortality. They may us think about what we accomplished and what we've have not yet accomplished.

They may make us think about the loved ones that we will all leave behind when we pass away, our own personal legacy.

Hopefully they make us think about what is truly important. The five men we honor this year leave behind them wives, children, grandchildren, family, and friends all of whom have their own special memories, funny stories, and warm feelings about them.

I'm here to talk about these five men and how they have each in their own way been important parts of the Northampton County Bar Association.

I think of our association as a patchwork quilt with an indefinite pattern. Each one of our members are important patches on that quilt and they add to its size, its structure, and its strength.

Some lawyers have public law

practices and bold personalities. They might be considered the brighter colors and the bigger shapes on the quilt.

Some lawyers have more discrete, transactional practices and more introverted personalities. They might be considered the background patches on the quilt, which are valuable in lending distinction to the various patterns.

Most of us fall somewhere in between. Some parts of the quilt that is the Northampton County Bar Association have been there for many years. Our association is nearly 143 years old having been formed in 1874. Over time, some of the individual patches on the quilt may feel tattered in this very stressful profession that we all share. Those patches, though tattered, are still needed to bind our quilt together.

when we lose a member of our association, this patch is not taken from our quilt. It remains an important part of the history of the NCBA. It may over time become faded, but it helps to form who we are.

The thread that binds all of us as

lawyers and as an association is our desire to see justice done, our love of the law, and our service to our clients and to the public.
Belonging to our association means bringing our individual gifts to something bigger than ourselves; to our quilt.

These five men that we honor today:
Bill Exaros, Sam Litzenberger, Tom Maloney,
Frank Skrapits, and Judge Franklin Van Antwerpen
were and still are important parts of our
multicolored, multi-patterned, fresh and new,
old and torn, proud and strong patchwork quilt
that is the Northampton County Bar Association.

I am honored to be a very small part of it. The memories of these five men, like a big quilt, bring us warmth and comfort. We are all better for having known them. May God bless them, their family, and each us.

THE COURT: Thank you to all of our speakers to honor the memories of William Exaros, Sam Litzenberger, Thomas Maloney, Frank Skrapits, and Judge Franklin Van Antwerpen. Let us move forward in the same spirit of integrity, friendliness, kindness, and goodwill that they embody.

We leave here today not with a sense of loss but a sense of gratitude for who they are.

A reception will be held in the jury lounge immediately following today's memorial service and then reconvene for the call of the argument list.

\* \* \*