NORTHAMPTON COUNTY BAR ASSOCIATION

MEMORIAL SERVICE



George M. Baurkot, Esquire

Paul A. Florenz, Esquire

Harold J. Funt, Esquire

Robert H. Littner, Esquire

Walter E. Morrissey, Esquire

Eric R. Shimer, Esquire

Charles A. Wilkinson, Esquire

Tuesday, September 17, 2019
9:00 a.m. Courtroom #1

Northampton County Courthouse
669 Washington Street
Easton, Pennsylvania 18042

JUDGE BARATTA: Good morning. Welcome to the Northampton County Bar Association's annual memorial service. This is an event that we hold obviously every year in which the Bar Association honors and celebrates the lives of our recently departed members.

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For those of you who are not lawyers, family members, and friends who might not be here, the lawyers we celebrate today were lawyers who first began practicing when this was still a small county. These lawyers knew each other intimately and knew the judges very well. They socialized together. They shared a professional camaraderie and respect and they also enforced their own code of conduct and expectations.

Now, although this Bar Association is a professional society and we're trained to pursue justice through the legal system, we are also members of a professional family. A family that's bound together in public and community service. We help others in need. We help to keep our community safe and strong. And in doing so, we create lifelong friendships which we share success. And today, as part of that camaraderie, we celebrate our deceased members and mourn our loss.

Shortly, we will be reminded about members whom we have known very well and some who we may not know as well. Some of the lawyers you'll hear about today have led quiet, humble, professional lives. Others may have had remarkable professional achievements and success. Some of our members have lived amazingly rich and private lives. And others have sired diverse and successful families.

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about intimate details about their lives that were instrumental in forming their character, and to give you a better perspective and insight as to who they were.

Today, one of the honorees is George
Baurkot. And I just want to take a moment just to
speak a little bit about Mr. Baurkot. I had the
privilege of knowing Mr. Baurkot my entire life. He
was one of my father's best friends, and they went
to law school together at Georgetown. And my first
memory of Mr. Baurkot was that he and my father were
talking about wiffle ball at the complex in
Washington, D.C.

Over the years, I knew George's family. We socialized together as families. And when I

became a lawyer, my father used to drag me along with him to lunch. And oftentimes we would go to lunch with Mr. Baurkot. He was always a part of my life.

However, when my father died 25 years ago, I became even closer to George. He took me into his inner circle. George had a very big inner circle, family and friends who he cared about and watched over him. And he was constantly asking me how I'm doing and what's going on and how was the family and things of that nature.

I just enjoyed the idea that George stayed connected with lawyers, besides me, many lawyers -- Judge Panella was one of them. Judge Koury, Judge Murray -- who frequently interacted with Mr. Baurkot. Not because of our professional duties and responsibilities, but just because he cared and he wanted to have a personal connection with all of us.

But George was a really interesting guy. I don't want to say crazy, but in some ways George was a bit crazy. He had the best sense of humor, very sarcastic but not in a condescending way.

Now, let me just tell you a couple

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quick stories that will better describe George. And I know I'm not going to step on Danny's stories because these are my stories. But as a lawyer, I frequently went to George's office, sometimes two or three times in a week if we were working, either helping one or the other with a legal matter.

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And when I would go into his office it was just a mess. He had OCD and you couldn't be in there. There were piles of papers against every wall and every room. Just loose papers. The TV would be on, and it would be on with no sound. I think it's the off-track betting channel. That would be running constantly. And that TV was trained on George's desk. And you walk in there, and there were just diverse people coming in and out, everybody talking. Usually demanding things. And George trying to deal with all kinds of people.

And I also remember that a lot of times there would be this guy in a white sleeveless t-shirt, old man, sitting on George's couch. Just sitting there, like a cigar store ending. Except he was alive. So his name was Ivan. And Ivan had no place to go, so he just used to hang out at George's office. And sometimes he'd run errands and do things for George. But he just liked hanging out in

George's office.

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So these people would be coming in and out of George's office. He did a lot of transactional work, real estate, liquor licenses and things like that. And his clients never had appointments, they would just run in and George — they would scream at him about some problem or they wanted some advice. And sometimes it would be about a real estate transaction and he would turn to Theresa, his secretary, and say, Theresa can't you find that for me? And Theresa would throw her hands up in the air and say, George, how the hell do I know where it is. Look at these papers. You had it last. You find it. And then George would like turn to me and say, I can't fire her, she's the only one who knows the combination to the safe.

That was George. George also, at one point, in this life had a scare with regard to lung cancer. He has spots on his lungs, and his doctor was sending him to New York to see a specialist. So a bunch of George's friends were driving him in. George had his x-rays with him and he took his x-rays out and was holding them up. And there were apparently little spots on the x-rays. And George reached into his pocket and he handed one of his

friends white out and said, see what you can do with these spots.

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He was just a great guy, and we're all going to miss him. I especially will miss him because he filled a big void for me when my father dies. So that concludes my story.

All right. Now, we're going to begin with the presentation in honor of our deceased members. We will start first with Danny Baurkot, George's son.

MR. BAURKOT: Esteemed members and everybody else here today. I just want to thank you all for coming. Judge Baratta, thank you for those kind remarks about my father. I can't tell you how much I appreciate that.

George Baurkot was born in 1934 here in Easton, the son of Lebanese immigrant parents, Raymond and Margaret Baurkot. He grew up on 4th Street, which at that time was the heart of the Lebanese community in Easton. His father, Raymond, with no more than a grade school education, began selling beer shortly after he came to America in 1929 and eventually purchased an Anheuser Busch Distributorship. In addition to becoming a successful businessman, Raymond Baurkot was known

for his benevolence and philanthropy. He was looked upon as the patriarch of the Lebanese Community in Easton having helped many other Lebanese find a home in this country. Dad looked up to him very much and he greatly influenced the man that Dad would become.

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Dad was a member of Our Lady of Lebanon Maronite Catholic Church and both his faith and his Lebanese heritage were very important to him.

Growing up in Easton, Dad was very close to his siblings, Unis, Sanna, Sammy and Raymond.

Dad graduated from Seton Hall
University in 1956 and was all set to attend Seton
Hall Law School that September. He was working one
day that summer on one of his Father's beer trucks
and was spotted by Attorney Charlie Hogan from the
second floor of the old Drake Building, where
Charlie's office was located. Charlie Hogan was
Jimmy and Billy Hogan's father and Theresa's
grandfather.

about his plans for law school. When Dad told
Charlie that he was going to be attending Seton Hall
Law School in a few weeks, Charlie told him in no
uncertain terms, "No you're not. You're going to
Georgetown Law School with Jimmy down in D.C." And

that's what happened. It turned out to be a great decision for Dad as he and his great friend, Jimmy, roomed together at Georgetown and then graduated together in 1959.

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Dad married Patrice Mahon Baurkot in 1958. It has been a difficult few months for our family with Dad's passing in April and Mom, sadly leaving us just one month ago. She was truly a great woman in her own right and we were lucky as a family to have shared with Mom and Dad a celebration of their 60th wedding anniversary last August.

Dad loved Mom very much, but she still could not escape his penchant for teasing as anyone who happened to stop by our house while we were having one of mom's cooked meals for dinner was always implored by Dad to join us because, as he would explain to them, "why should we be the only ones to suffer?"

Mom and Dad had five children in six years: George, myself, Bobby, Mary Sue and David.

And we were not very well behaved. In fact, we were pretty bad. Judge Roscioli and Attorney John Lushis were neighbors of ours growing up and can attest to our less-than-stellar reputation in the neighborhood and the fact that at one point or another in our

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     respective childhoods, all five Baurkot kids spent
     time on the FBI Watch List -- or at least we should
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     have.
     But as bad as we were, Dad still spoiled us as kids.
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                   Mom and Dad had 15 grandchildren:
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     Elizabeth, Patrick, Mary Catherine, Sophia, Elena,
     Juliana, Christopher, Christina, Nicholas, Matthew,
     Anthony, Ava, Adam, Ryan and Shannon.
 8
     And one great grandchild, Addison.
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                   If you think Dad spoiled us, you should
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     have seen the way he spoiled every single one of his
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     grandchildren. They affectionately knew him as
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     Gidho, the Arabic term for grandfather.
                   His love for his grandkids was
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     unconditional. They could do no wrong in his eyes.
     Needless to say, he dealt with his own children
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     quite differently for our behavioral transgressions
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     when we were growing up. But we deserved it. Trust
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     me.
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                   Shortly after graduating from
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     Georgetown, Dad formed the law firm of Malos,
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     Baurkot & Baratta with his good friend, Renald
     Baratta, Judge Baratta's father. Dad always spoke
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fondly about Renald and raved about his remarkable

courtroom presence. "Renald could charm the birds

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out of the trees." He would often say. He practiced there for a few years before starting his own practice just across the street from this courthouse.

After graduating from Law School myself, I worked for a firm in New York City for five years. I left that practice in 1992 to join Dad, and we proudly hung the "Baurkot & Baurkot" sign across the street from here. It was the best decision I ever made. I learned more from Dad over the past 25 years than I could have ever learned at the New York firm.

As chaotic as things could get in our office on a daily basis, Dad's cousin, Teresa, and my sister-in-law, Becki, kept things in order over the years. We were incredibly lucky to have them.

His open-door policy brought many people into the office. The flow of traffic in the office boggled my mind at times. So many facets of Dad's personality were on display on any given day in our office with the different people that came in with such a wide array of legal problems and issues. He truly amazed me with the way that he was able to handle the chaos and even embrace it at times.

Dad loved his daily routine and never

wanted to stray from it. No greater evidence of this could be seen than his Cal-Ripken-like streak of eating lunch at Oscar's every day for almost 30 years straight. Oscar's was owned and run by Oscar Canone, his wife, Chris, and his children, Joe, Sam, Jimmy and Rosie.

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Dad and Rosie had a great relationship and were constantly teasing one another over the years. Dad represented Rosie at an unemployment compensation hearing on one occasion, years ago after Rosie was let go from her job at the old Orr's Department Store on Northampton Street.

I wish Dad could be here with Rosie to tell the story because their respective versions of the story were drastically different. Rosie's version has her as a free-spirited, young woman who was let go because she brought too much joy to the office. She recounts how Dad showed up late for the hearing and asked opposing counsel for a pen and piece of paper to write on. Rosie thought she was a sure fire winner, though, when Dad walked into the courtroom and the Judge said, "Hey, George, how you doin'?"

On the other hand, Dad's version of the story has him showing up well prepared for the

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hearing, and after Orr's laid out its case of Rosie
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     playing music too loudly on her transistor radio and
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     being late for work a little too often, Dad put
 3
     Rosie on the witness stand.
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                   Dad began by asking; "Ms. Canone, You
 5
     weren't late 30 out of the last 90 days at work,
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 7
     were you?"
                   Rosie shot back: "Yes, I was."
 8
                   Dad was taken aback by her response,
 9
     but forged ahead: "Well you weren't playing music
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11
     loudly on your radio at work, were you?"
                   Rosie shot back again: "Yes, I was."
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                   At which point Dad asked the Judge for
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     a brief recess to speak with his client to which the
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     Judge said, "I think you need one, George."
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     Dad got Rosie out in the hall and said: "Rosie,
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     what the hell are you doing to me up there, you're
     killing me."
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                   And Rosie said: "George, what do you
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     want from me, I'm under oath, I can't lie."
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     I don't think I have to tell you that Dad's
     relationship with the Judge did not help Rosie in
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     this particular instance.
                   On another occasion, Dad represented
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     his friend, Joe Marchi, at a Social Security
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Disability hearing. Dad may have been laying it on a little thick when recounting to the Judge the many ailments Joe had, including congestive heart failure, diabetes, lung issues and so on. Dad looked over at the table and was surprised to see Joe crying and immediately asked the Judge for a recess. When they got out into the hall, Dad asked, "Joe, what's the matter? Why are you crying?" And in between sobs, Joe said, "George, I didn't know I was that sick, am I dying?"

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Over the years, I think Dad represented half the Lebanese community and the rest of the population in Easton at one time or another for a speeding ticket or some other motor vehicle infraction. And in 99 percent of those cases, was able to work out a plea to 3111(a), a violation that carries zero points on your driver's license.

In fact, on one occasion Dad was appearing before Magistrate Judge Gay Elwell on a speeding ticket. And before Dad arrived, Judge Elwell was told by the younger police officer that was prosecuting the case that he wasn't sure if he had ever met Dad. Judge Elwell said to the officer, "Just look up 3111(a) in the Pennsylvania Vehicle Code and you'll see his picture right there."

On those rare occasions when a plea deal to 3111(a) could not be struck, the testifying officer was usually in uncharted waters with Dad.

While attempting to present his or her case, Dad would continually interrupt the Officer's testimony, asking, "Are you finished, are you finished?"

Flustered and thrown off by Dad's intrusive and incessant tactics, the officer would invariably forget to testify to one or more of the required elements of the offense, the case would get dismissed, and out the door we would go.

He had it down to a science, and while his technique was a bit unorthodox, it was always with the best intentions. To zealously represent and advocate for his client. Although the reality is that he was simply in a rush to get out of there so we could get back in time for lunch at Oscar's.

While time doesn't permit me to recount to you all the stories, I can assure you there are many more. Inevitably, Dad's health and memory began to fade on him in recent years. He was a proud man and fought hard, coming into the office every day, both when he battled cancer years ago and, more recently, when time began to take its toll on Dad's body and memory. He did not want to accept

the fate that had befallen him at the end.

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About a year or so ago, Dad and I went to see his physician, Dr. Manja, to attempt to assess the extent of his memory loss and to see if we could somehow stave it off. At the beginning of the office visit, Dr. Manja gave Dad three words to remember to see if he could recall them at the end of the visit. Something along the lines of house, cat, and tree. Dr. Manja left in the middle of the appointment to take an urgent phone call. The second he left our examination room, Dad immediately turned to me and said, "Quick, Danny, what were those three words I was supposed to remember?"

So you see, even unwittingly at times, Dad kept his sense of humor until the very end.

In finishing up, it's important for me to convey how important this Bar and you people were to Dad. The members of this Bar, this Bench, and the people in this Courthouse, whether it was tip staff, the sheriff's office, recorder of deeds, prothonotary or the register of wills, you all treated him so well over the years and he appreciated it very much. He not only knew the names of most of the people in this court house, he knew your stories because it was important to him to

know them. You mattered to him and he wanted you to know that.

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A little over one year ago in this
Courtroom, during his induction ceremony as
President Judge, Judge Koury kindly spoke about how
Dad mentored him and many Lebanese and other
attorneys in this area over the years. I was moved
to tears as many of you here today so graciously
honored him with a standing ovation. He was
somewhat uncomfortable though, as he was a very
humble man and never one to seek the spotlight.

I grew up wanting to be just like him.

It's the reason I became an attorney in the first place. He was an inspiration to me personally, and he always made me want to be a better attorney and a better person.

Over the years, George, Bobby, Mary
Sue, David and I saw firsthand many acts of
kindness, generosity and charity from Dad in the
office and at home, but he never did them for show
or adulation. He was a great example to each one of
us and we are so thankful and so proud that we were
able to call him our Dad.

Thank you.

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JUDGE BARATTA: We now recognize Attorney Constantine Vasiliadis.

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I'm sorry. Judge Koury has some brief remarks as well.

PRESIDENT JUDGE KOURY: We have gathered here today to recognize and pay tribute to the members of our Bar Association who recently passed away.

On behalf of the Court of Common Pleas,

I would like to offer my condolences to the families
and friends of our departed members.

Judge Baratta is the presiding judge here today and has spoken on behalf of the Court of Common Pleas. However, I would like to say just a few words regarding the late George Baurkot, a man who I admired and respected since I was a child.

George Baurkot was one of my mentors.

He was an inspiration for several generations of

Easton's Lebanese community, as he was the first

parishioner to attend and graduate from law school.

He was a man of unparallel character.

George was a very special man. To understand what made George such a special person, you need look at who were his parents and how he was raised. George's father, the late Raymond Baurkot,

immigrated to the United States in July of 1929, just three months before the start of the Great Depression and four years before the end of prohibition.

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Like many immigrants, Raymond came to the United States with very little. He came in search of a better life, and he believed that in the United States, one could better himself through hard work and perseverance. In 1933, in the middle of the Great Depression and just as prohibition was coming to an end, Raymond believed that there would be a void in the beer industry.

At the age of 20, Raymond opened a closet-size beer wholesaler next to his mother's butcher shop on North 3rd Street in downtown Easton. He was the only employee. And as they say, the rest in history.

Raymond transformed this one-man business into a thriving company. But Raymond and his wife, Maggie Baurkot, never forgot their humble beginnings and they never let their children forget it either.

It was these parents, Raymond and Maggie Baurkot, who's kindness, humility, and generosity touched entire generations of Easton's

Lebanese Americans in Easton. It was those parents, Raymond and Maggie Baurkot, who taught George to be respectful and polite. They taught him to serve God by serving his church and his fellow human beings. They taught him not to be concerned with the riches of this world. And they taught him that the only thing that one takes with them from this life is the strength of his character and his good deeds.

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many people with legal issues, often asking nothing in return. It has been said that the true measure of a man's character is how he treats someone who can do him absolutely no good. If we measure George's character by that standard, it certainly must have been one of the strongest around.

George Baurkot crammed a lot of living and a lot of work into his 84 years. He rose from very modest beginnings to become a pillar of this community. He was a respected member of the Northampton County legal community. He was a devoted husband, father, and grandfather. He was a loyal friend to many. He was an inspiration for several generations of Easton's Lebanese community, as he was the first parishioner to attend and graduate law school.

William Penn once said, "He who does good for good's sake seeks neither paradise nor reward, but he is sure of both in the end."

Throughout his life, George Baurkot did good for good's sake. He sought neither paradise nor reward, but I am confident that in the end he received both.

George was a polite, respectful, kind, humble, generous, and gentle man who loved to help others, and we can learn from George Baurkot. So what can we learn from George Baurkot? We learn that we should always be respectful and polite. We learn that we should never forget our humble beginnings. We learn that the only thing one takes with them from this life is the strength of his character and his good deeds. And we learn that every so often nice guys finish first.

May George rest in peace.

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JUDGE BARATTA: The Court now recognizes Constantine Vasiliadis.

MR. VASILIADIS: Thank you, Your Honor.

May it please The Court, members of the Bar, family and friends of the attorneys that we are memorializing today. I have the honor, though

sadly, to tell you something of Paul Andrew Florenz.

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Although The Court and older members of the Bar knew Paul, many of the younger lawyers may not have had that opportunity to know or interact with him. That is unfortunate because Paul was a gentleman, an outstanding lawyer, and one who was a joy to practice with.

He had an office practice that centered on wills, trusts, estate administration and business law. Paul was a member of this Bar nearly 40 years. His journey to Northampton County from his native Maine began at Dickinson College, where he met and later married Jane Kolb, the daughter of the late Jacob Kolb, an esteemed and respected member -- 50 year member -- of our Bar.

At Dickinson, Paul had a double major in English and Geology. Upon graduation, Paul and Jane went to Hawaii for a year where he pursued his interest in marine geology. Fortunately for the law, he changed direction. And after a year went to New England School of Law.

Paul, after graduation, began his practice with the firm of Kolb, Holland, Antonelli & Heffner. And thereafter, he and Jake practiced together until 1991 when Paul and Jake merged our

practices.

To his clients, Paul was not only a trusted advisor and counselor, but also a warm, caring friend. If there was any description of Paul's character, it was that. Warm and caring.

Paul represented a wide variety of clients that included Lehigh University, Moravian College, car dealerships, Lutheran Manor, as well as inumerable estate planning clients.

Paul was a fixture in adoption court, where his expertise helped create many new families. At the heart of all of his client relationships was a genuine regard for the welfare of his clients. And they loved him.

Paul, although was he not aggressive, his toughness was shown at the very end of his life when he was in court representing the interest of his clients almost into the last week before he left us.

Practicing law with Paul was an unrivaled pleasure. His dry sense of humor shared at the end of the day -- of a long day -- helped put into a proper perspective why we were lawyers.

Who can forget Paul in his vintage
Santa Claus hat handing out presents at the office

Christmas party. And of course, the office always rang in the new year with a glass of Paul's bourbon egg nog, painstakingly prepared the night before and he assured us, taste tested to ensure that it was perfect.

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No birthday party for the office staff was complete unless there was cake and a rousing birthday song led by Paul in his melodious voice.

Paul gave generously of his time and talents to many civic groups. He held leadership positions with the Bach Choir, the Lutheran Home, and the Bethlehem Rotary.

Paul was a loving family man. He and his wife, Jane, raised three wonderful children, Andrew, Katie and Martha. Who are a credit to their parents and their community. Paul spoke often about how proud he was of them and their accomplishments.

Andrew, a career army officer.

 $\hbox{\tt Katie, a former marine and State}$ $\hbox{\tt Department Officer.}$

And Martha, a nurse and personal trainer.

Paul had a profound effect on all who came in contact with him. Jane and his children miss him.

I miss him. The Northampton County Bar is a better

organization for his participation and his contributions to it and the legal profession.

Thank you.

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THE COURT: The Court now recognizes Kristie Beitler.

MS. BEITLER: May is please The Court, Judge Panella, members of the bench, members of the Northampton County Bar Association, family and friends. Thank you for the honor to speak today about Harold J. Funt.

I had the honor and privilege of working for and with Harold Funt for the last 15 years. Harold passed away June 27th at the age of 72. Harold, or Hal as we called him at the office, attended the University of Pittsburgh, where he earned both his undergraduate and juris doctor degrees.

After graduation, he began working on the staff at PA Legal Services and later served as the Executive Director of Lehigh Valley Legal Services.

After Hal's passing, several attorneys approached me and remarked to me, I remember when Hal hired me at legal services. It was so nice to

hear that, besides me, Hal had given so many other attorneys the opportunity to start their legal careers.

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Hal was very proud of his work through Legal Services and being known as Legal Services' pioneer.

Hal began in private practice with his best friend Lee Rothman, after his time at Legal Services. Unfortunately, Lee Rothman also left us in 2017.

In 1991 Hal became a sole practitioner and also served as a Juvenile Master in the Lehigh County Court of Common Pleas. He remained a sole practitioner for a few years before forming Margolis, Duckworth & Funt; and in 2000, Mosebach, Funt, Dayton & Duckworth.

Also in 2000, Hal served as the president of the Bar Association in Lehigh County.

Over the years, Hal was very involved in many community service activities. Recently, he was very active in the Bethlehem Rotary, serving as the treasurer last year.

Although around the beginning of 2019, Hal started commenting he was semi-retired whenever he took on a new case, he was really working full

time. No matter how many times he would say he was semi-retired, he remained dedicated to his practice until the time he was hospitalized in late April.

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As many of you know, Hal focused primarily on family law during his 47-year career in civil litigation. And he represented countless numbers of clients during their most trying and emotional times. Hal never took that responsibility lightly and served them all with integrity and empathy.

The evidence of Hal's impact on his clients became clear when I started the daunting task of cleaning out his office a few weeks ago.

Tucked inside his bottom desk drawer were several thank you notes he accumulated throughout the years. Anyone in this room who practices family law knows that sometimes it is difficult to have happy clients. While we frequently receive emails and letters from clients complaining about the court process, the other party or opposing counsel, letters and thank you cards are the affirmation that you're doing right by your client.

I'd like to share just a few of the kind words written to Hal. One client wrote: "Just wanted to let you know how truly thankful I am for

you for taking on my case. I was so scared, but after meeting with you and then today in court, I feel safe again. I know it's your job, but it's my life and I appreciate your sensitivity."

Another client wrote: "I respect and admire you as an attorney, but more importantly as a person and a friend."

And I believe this thank you note most embodies Hal's demeanor towards his clients: "Thank you so much for your expert counsel, your encouragement, your support, your honestly, and your listening ear, especially when I went on and on. I also appreciate all the hand-holding you did. As well as all of those pep talks. I suddenly feel why at the age of 46. In case you have had a bad day and wondered why you ever entered law, please re-read this letter."

I will always remember the talks I had with Hal. In the beginning of my career when I was shadowing Hal in court, I can recall the very first day I started with him. He brought me here to this courtroom and we had a family law case.

When I would shadow Hal in court, we would discuss the case, and Hal would always make sure I understood what transpired. Usually when one

of us would return from court, from a particularly interesting client meeting, we would debrief. We would talk about the meeting, about a particular moment, or maybe even gossip about the other side.

Hal also loved to catch up and talk to his colleagues outside the courthouse. If Hal got on the phone with a friend or a colleague, it was shoes off, feet up on his desk, and continuous laughter from his office.

Hal was truly a gentleman, a devoted husband to his wife, Carol, of 33 years. A proud father to Jessica, Thomas, and Michael. And a doting grandfather to his four grandchildren, and to his four-legged best friend, Leo.

He was proud of the accomplishments of his children. And would often be seen at a lacrosse game that one of his grandkids was playing in. Hal and his family were also so very kind to my children as well.

I will miss Hal not only for his kindness, his mentorship, his love of silly things like the General Hospital soap opera, Broadway show tunes, the Pittsburgh Panthers and Rays Pizza. But most importantly, his guidance and sage advise.

Hal always told me to maintain my

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integrity with the court, always be prepared, and most importantly never send an email or a letter when you're mad.

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In recent years, Hal sometimes questioned the lack of manners among lawyers. And I know that if there was one thing he would like members of the legal profession to remember about him is that he treated his colleagues with respect.

Consistent with his family wishes, I ask that each one of you pass on a random act of kindness, whether it be in your professional or personal life.

I will remember all the lessons he taught me and continue to employ them in my practice of law. And I hope that each of the young members of the Bar also take his thoughts to heart.

I speak for all the attorneys and staff at my firm when I say that Hal will be so very missed. His presence was always known whether he was yelling from his office to his long-standing paralegal to bring him the file or to get somebody on the phone. If he laughed, his hearty belly laughed, everyone in the office heard it. It's very quiet in our office now, but we're trying to move on from that. His son, Michael, has just started with

us and we're very happy to have him. Hal was a great attorney and an even better man. And it had been an honor to learn from him and work alongside him.

Thank you.

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THE COURT: We next recognize Attorney Hank Barnette.

MR. BARNETTE: Good morning, Your
Honor. May it please The Court, members of the Bar,
the families of the deceased members of the Bar we
recognize this morning, and the ladies and
gentlemen. It truly is a very great honor to be
present in this courtroom on this occasion to speak
in memory of the deceased members of our Bar.

While I'm privileged to comment on one Robert H. Littner, may I also pay my very deep respects to the others who have died and are being recognized and their families. And in particular, Charles Wilkinson and Walter Morrissey, with whom I had the pleasure or working with at Bethlehem Steel.

Bob Littner passed away just over a year ago at the age of 86. He was the son of a doctor and a nurse. He was the husband of Jean Littner and father of Wendy Littner Thompson and

Robert V. Littner, who is a member of our Bar.

Bob had four grandchildren.

Jenine, his wife; Rob, his son, and his wife, Jenine, and his two children, Maxine and Grace are present with us this morning.

The Barnette family has known the

Littner family for more than 50 years. One of the

first families we met when we came here from

Connecticut. And over this time, we have known the

family in very different ways. And I expect many of

you have known at least some of those ways. So

share with me, for just a minute, about whether you

have known Bob and the family, as a husband, as a

father, a grandfather, and a distinguished lawyer.

A senior law firm partner, leader of our Bar. Some believe the dean of the trust and estates practice. A long-serving officer and board member of Saucon Valley Country Club. The most loyal of the alumni of Lehigh University.

Lehigh recognized Bob with many prestigious awards.

But his best recognition from Lehigh was that he attended more than 50 Lehigh/Lafayette football games. After those games, whatever happened on the field, Lehigh won that evening.

He had been part of the legal and

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voluntary service to many nonprofit's, especially with his work ethic. And he was a very good athlete. Particularly tennis.

Bob was a graduate of Liberty High School, Lehigh University, Georgetown University Law Center. He was a member of this Bar since 1957, and he had also been a member of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania and the Supreme Court of the United States.

He was, in fact, a family and lifetime long residence of Bethlehem. I just -- I'd just like to make some brief comments on two different subjects sort of -- about Bob as the person, and Bob as the lawyer.

My first is Bob the landlord. Leaving Bethlehem Steel and beginning my practice with an international law firm, it was really helpful to have an office in Bethlehem. And Bob suggested that I consider 512 North New Street. And it worked out very well, and I'm still there.

And Bob, as the landlord, had three very specific instructions. One, pay your rent on time. Two, replace the paper in the copy machine if it runs out. And three, if you're the last one out, turn the lights out and lock the door. That's

pretty good landlord advice.

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Bob was a good tennis player. And so was Jean. And he was often called from the courts, EBB Littner. EBB Littner. Every ball back. And when the serve was on, look out.

Even the food enthusiast -- some of you know that he loved good food, and we would have regular lunches weekly over the years at some very nice places. One particular place, Bob would look at that menu, everything on it, carefully, and then he would order pizza.

Not just any pizza. He would say, put some hamburger on it. And at this present time, the Littner Hamburger Pizza is one popular dish.

He had a wonderful sense of humor.

Even in his last days as I was visiting with him in his home, I kid with him on a couple of subjects. I said, Bob, there's a vacancy on the Court of Common Pleas in Northampton County, are you considering it? He said, no, you know I'm qualified, but I might be a little too old.

When I asked him about a trip abroad was being planned, he very seriously said, "No.

It's too long. I'll just stand by the phone in case you need anything.

Bob the lawyer -- Bob was, of course, the senior partner of Littner, Deschler & Littner Law Firm. He founded this firm in 1976. He's worked with Mike Deschler for over 40 years. And they're joined now by their two sons, Rob and Matt.

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As the years have passed, my personal legal experience, in private and corporate practice, non-profit public service, it's become increasingly clear to me that we can always identify good lawyers, great lawyers as several characteristics.

And in four -- just that stand out in my mind -- and the first, of course, is integrity.

The second is you follow the law. But the third all important -- whatever your knowledge of the law is, your experience and your ability to solve problems. It's often said there really is only two kinds of lawyers. There are complicators and problem solvers. Bob was a problem solver. Extraordinarily complex issues, and you have to clarify any decision with which he recommends.

And the other service Bob was answering emails and telephone calls. And Bob was absolutely unlimited in his capacity to render service.

Weekend meetings, midnight calls, 3 a.m. trips to the emergency room.

answering phone calls, while she did not know the names of the clients, or the legal issues involved. Bob would sometimes come out for different events. And we often kidded him that if anyone ever had a place reserved in heaven, Bob did because of the service that he had rendered. Bob was truly a very distinguished lawyer and a great lawyer.

So may I just close this by -- because you can continue to discuss -- I could continue to discuss these great lawyers we're recognizing this morning with great honor to have these brief comments. We've lost on exemplary husband and father and grandfather, a very distinguished lawyer, a great lawyer who cared about his family and his friends and his law firm and his clients, this community, and those that he served.

His law firm -- and I'm associated with the firm -- was of a high quality of work at the firm, and it's reputation and Bob's founding of the firm and his leadership of that firm, is a wonderful legacy. For Bob and the firm, thank you, Your Honor.

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THE COURT: The Court now recognizes

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Ned Morrissey.

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MR. MORRISSEY: If it pleases The Court, members of the Bar Association.

Ladies and gentlemen, I want to thank you today for the honor to speak about my father,
Walter Edward Morrissey. I wanted to do two things
-- share two things with you today.

One was a little bit of background about my father. And then, like Mr. Barnette shared some of the characteristics that make a good lawyer, as a non-lawyer, I wanted to share three characteristics about my father -- three little stories that I think really exemplify some unique characteristics that lawyers as a fraternity, if you will, I think, share in common.

My father was born on January 19th,
1948 in Bennington, Vermont to Gerald and Phillis
Morrissey. He was one of seven children, almost
nine two miscarriages. Grew up in town. Went to
the catholic high school. Was an all-state
linebacker and then went to Harvard University,
where he graduated in 1970. Started working for the
Bethlehem Steel corporation. And then in 1974,
graduated from Georgetown Law School.

That's when he moved here to the Lehigh

Valley and the Northampton County area. And served as an immigration lawyer for Bethlehem Steel for over 30 years. After that, he worked for a few years with Thomas, Thomas & Hafer. And then finally for the last ten-plus years, he was in his own private practice in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. He was the president of the Saucon Valley Community Center for over ten years. And he raised three boys, myself and my brothers, Andrew and Robert. And two wives -- two marriages, my mother, Kim, and my stepmother, Theresa Morrissey.

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So that gives you a little bit of background on my father, but I want to give you, from a non-lawyers perspective, some of the things that throughout my life I noticed about my father that I think really exemplified a lawyer. One was — and Judge, you shared a somewhat similar story earlier — was a tendency towards an incredibly brilliant mind but perhaps a bit disorganized. The story you gave about the pile of papers really hit home immediately for me because as my dad was struggling — he suffered a major stroke in November of 2018 — I'm sorry. November, 2017.

You know, towards the end, one of my brothers and I went to his office in Bethlehem and

started cleaning things out. And he had a main desk, a table very similar to the table in front of me here, and there was a pile that was large enough that if my dad had been sitting across from a client, they would have had to look around to speak to each other. And as we sorted through it, I said to my brother, this is -- this is like a timeline almost. We start at the top and we're at 2017. By the time we got to the bottom, I think it was 2008 or something like that.

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So one of the things that I think my dad exemplified, and what I think a lot of lawyers share, is that brilliant mind but disorganized at times. But that was the really great thing about him, and I know in his years at Bethlehem Steel, there was no one more that he appreciated than his secretary, Jan. And as a family member, I know we appreciated it more — his secretary Jan because she helped organize dad.

The second example would be a -- an almost desire to argue. My dad would find that little difference and all of a sudden he and I would be arguing. He and I saw eye-to-eye on most things, but I remember particularly a debate -- or to put it more apply, a shouting match -- we had back in the

-- in 2012, when the election was going on.

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And my dad and I saw eye-to-eye about 99 percent when it came to politics. But on this particular occasion, we were talking about some of the candidates and we had a disagreement, and I mean a shouting match. And boy could he argue. Because we agreed on about 99 percent of everything about this particular candidate, that one percent he found and we argued for about a good half an hour.

Literally, yelling at each other. But at the end, I remember that the really neat part of my father -- and I think about lawyers, too -- is at the end, finally there was silence and we both turned to each other and said, what's for dinner? So that was the second thing I remember about my father that I think is distinctly characteristic of a lawyer.

The third one, and I want to apologize to the officers and the Court right off the bat here, but my father had -- to put it lightly -- a reputation to have a lead foot. I have never known any person who even comes close to the level of aggressive driving that my father was known for. We would always make camping trips way earlier than we were supposed to. But he was a great guy, he was just not patient.

And I remember one very distinct time where he did get pulled over for speeding, and without question he was speeding. And he had some very unique choice words for the officer who pulled him over. I will not repeat them, but needless to say, the officer kind of stopped, paused and was really processing what he had just heard. And said back to my father, what did you call me? And it -you could tell in the officer's face that it wasn't just that it was probably not something particularly common or respectful, but he was even more amazed by the words that my dad used. He was creative in that And I think that's one of the unique characteristics that my father had, an incredible way with words that I think he shared with many members that are here today from the Bar Association.

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So in closing, I again want to thank everyone for allowing me to speak today. My father was an incredibly passionate lawyer. You know, I'm still finding yellow legal pads all over the place. All over the place. They are completely illegible, but they are completely filled out, pads and pads and pads. He was very proud to be a member -- a lawyer at Bethlehem Steel and he was very proud to

be a part of this Northampton County Bar Association and the community as a whole. So today, I want to thank you in honor of my father, Walter Morrissey.

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THE COURT: The Court now recognizes Michael Santanasto.

MR. SANTANASTO: May it please The Court, Judge Panella, Judge Leeson, fellow attorneys, family of Eric Shimer, his wife Barbara, son Willie, daughter Susie, and fellow friends of Eric's who are with us here today.

My name is Mike Santanasto, and I offer the following in honor of a friend and mentor, Eric Shimer.

It is a precious time to remember Eric, his personality and professionalism. Personally, I have known Eric nearly my entire life as my brother and his son William were the same age. Generally, everyone who wrote about him here from his experiences in the Vietnam War as well as his deep devotion and specific endeavors.

Aside from his legal career, Eric spent time filling in as a substitute teacher, performing unique in-class presentations, especially during the Veteran's or Memorial Day activities.

He served on communities and boards such as Northampton County Home-Rule Charter Commission, the Honor Guard, Jaycees, and the Korean/Vietnam Veteran's Memorial. Eric possessed a keen sense of citizenship and duty, serving honorably in the Vietnam War, where he saw combat, became known in his squad for his uncanny accuracy with an M79 grenade launcher.

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Eric was drafted while in law school, and returned to law school after recovering from the near-deadly wounds he suffered on August 20th, 1969, in the Battle of Death valley. That day, he was shot through the upper arm and through his chest laterally. Shattering his sternum into his lungs. That day he was not expected to live, but he defied the battlefield prediction, eventually returning home to begin his career and life which brings us here today.

Although his stay in Vietnam ended in that battle, he continued to battle the physical, mental and emotional toll that combat takes on its participants. Eric spent a significant amount of time assisting other veterans with difficulty navigating their continuing care in the VA system, especially regarding disabled veterans.

He also openly acknowledged and discussed the difficulties associated with coming back from a war-time environment. In his own words, "Worse than the physical pain is the emotional pain, the normal reaction to the violent death of a buddy is the first feel of shock, then numbness and then grief. The worst reaction comes last and continues for a very long time, guilt. For what? For being alive, when others who are just like you are taken by a violent death."

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He wrote those words for a two-part special for the Morning Call from 2005. It's a wonderful and insightful read. It also displays his excellent writing skills, and I encourage everyone to read it.

As an attorney, Eric practiced primarily in the trust and estate realm. And took the helm of Raymond Haggerty Jr.'s firm after the late Ray's premature passing in 1984. Emblematic of Eric's morality, he assisted Ray's widow yearly until the day he died, helping in any capacity he could, investments, taxes and general counsel. And kept a strong relationship with Ray's family.

My professional relationship with Eric took off like many professional relationships

involving attorneys do; an inquirement by a professional liability underwriter. The underwriter inquired that Eric needed a capable attorney to take over his practice as he eventually became disabled before he passed. He clearly ignored the capable part and asked me whether I was willing to serve in that role, which I gratefully accepted. From that point on, I became familiar with the practice, following his intake analysis and approach with clients.

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He kept a prestigious file, color-coded in a single stack, based upon the subject matter. Eric retired from the practice of law in 2012, and gave me the honor of closing up any of the files or taking over all of his clients. This was the fertilizer that the seed of my young law firm needed to grow and grew from. I will be eternally grateful.

Eric's humor and intelligence were on full display during one such client meeting during the transition period, where I was becoming acquainted with his clients in preparation for his retirement. The client asked, "Do I need some of that elder care planning where I keep all my money and the government pays for me when I need to go in

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the nursing home?" 1 Eric calmly said, "I don't practice 2 that kind of law, it's a conflict of interest." 3 The client thought about it for a 4 moment and said, "Conflict of interest, how, what do 5 you mean?" 6 He goes, "I'm a tax payer." 7 The client thought about it for a while 8 and after an explanation from Eric and in more 9 layman's term about what it means to do such 10 planning, the client offered unappreciative 11 12 laughter. This dry human was the highlight of 13 knowing Eric. He had a fantastic sense of dry humor 14 that most people would not expect from a decorated 15 combat veteran, a trust and estate attorney. But he 16 would routinely deliver belly laughs. 17 For those of you who were acquainted 18 with Eric's humor, you will certainly agree with me 19 that after one of Eric's jokes, you'd be rolling on 20 2.1 the floor.

he often used -- and was conversing in foreign

languages, French, Spanish, Latin, some Italian.

would describe his intelligence as classical --

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Eric's jokes were very complicated and

classically educated individual. Eric liked conversing in critical thought analysis and had a nearly photographic memory.

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Lastly, I'd like to acknowledge again the love of Eric's life and his family. His wife and sometimes paralegal, Barbara; his son, Willie; daughter, Susie; and his two grandchildren, Jacob an John, who he cherished.

I will conclude with Eric's own words that he inscribed on the night -- on the side of his helmet over 50 years ago, half sarcastically half earnestly, God ovec nous. Or in English, God with us.

Thank you.

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THE COURT: The Court now recognizes Lisa Spitale.

MS. SPITALE: May it please The Court. Charles Wilkinson's family was unable to be here today, however, they did submit a brief statement they asked me to read.

Charles A. Wilkinson was 91 when he passed away peacefully on Tuesday, January 15, 2019. He was the husband of the late Alyce P. Wilkinson. Born in Bethlehem, he was the son of Dr. Charles H.

Wilkinson, D.D.S., and his wife, Annette. Charles liked to be known as Charlie. He was a local in that he lived in downtown Bethlehem, attended Moravian Prep, and later graduated from Lehigh University class of '49, where he received a BS in psychology.

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Charlie used to walk back and forth to class every day across the old New Street Bridge, which was replaced by the Fahy Bridge in the 1970's. Fortunately, one of the toll keepers was also a Lehigh student who sometimes let him cross without paying the pedestrian toll, which was a few pennies.

Temple University in 1969. At the time, Charlie was working full time as a senior patent agent for Bethlehem Steel at the Homer Research Labs site on South Mountain. He commuted after work to Philly to attend Temple Law School at night. In order to keep up with his studies, his wife Alyce would read aloud his law texts and record them on cassettes. Charlie would listen to the texts on the way to and from Temple. In a way, Charlie and Alyce were the precursors of Audiobooks although they never researched to see if this was patentable.

Charlie honorably served his country in

the United States Navy during World War II. He worked for the patent department at Bethlehem Steel beginning in 1955, and retired as a Senior Patent Attorney in 1982. During this time, he worked on many improvements to the steelmaking process, and products such as the wire rope or strand used in suspension bridges throughout the United States. At one point in his career, he was considered one of the leading authorities on steel cable.

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He went on to private practice specializing in patent and trademark law for an additional 30 years, mainly in Bethlehem. During this time, Charlie particularly enjoyed working with individual inventors and small companies and teaching them the basics of how to protect their inventions, designs, logos, and other creative work through the patent, trademark, and copyright process. His son, Clinton Wilkinson, maintains that practice today.

Charlie was admitted to practice before the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Federal Circuit; U.S. District Court, Eastern District of Pennsylvania; U.S. District Court, Eastern and Middle Districts of New York; U.S. Supreme Court; and U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. He was a

member of the Northampton County Bar Association,
Pennsylvania Bar Association, New York Bar
Association, and International Trademark
Association.

He was also a member of the Lehigh

Valley Engineers Club. He enjoyed running, hiking,

and sailing, and particularly liked to spend free

time near the ocean at his summer home in Avalon,

New Jersey, where he was a summer lifeguard in his

teenage years. His love of books and reading was

legendary.

Throughout his life, Charlie loved to read and collect books. He enjoyed technical texts on subjects like chemistry, archeology, engineering and physics. Today, among the vast library he left may be one of the most comprehensive collections of volumes devoted to the life and work of Albert Einstein in the world.

Thank you.

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THE COURT: Ms. Spitale is also the president of the Northampton County Bar Association, and she would like to make final remarks on behalf of the Bar Association.

MS. SPITALE: It is an honor to stand

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on this day and a privilege to be in front of family, friends, and former colleagues as we pay tribute to the remarkable lives and enduring legacies of George Baurkot, Paul Florenz, Harold Funt, Robert Littner, Walter Morrissey, Eric Shimer, and Charles Wilkinson.

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I'd like to thank each speaker for the recollections that they have shared as well as those who helped organize this event. To each attorney in the room, the recollections you heard today remind us of the importance of what is often a hectic and a chaotic career. With family and friends and the community and in pursuit of our passion and lives outside of this profession, I encourage each of you to use the stories that you heard today in an attempt to pursue what you love and in an attempt to improve your community and make your own mark on this world.

Also, understand the importance of building and maintaining relationships with family, with colleagues, with the Bar, and with this Bench. Thank you for being here today, and I ask everyone to join us for refreshments in the jury lounge.

THE COURT: Before we recess, I have the pleasure of introducing the President Judge of

the Superior Court, Judge Jack Panella. 1 2 JUDGE PANELLA: Thank you. Good morning, everyone. As I travel around the state, I 3 quickly realized how special the lawyers and the 4 judges are in Northampton County. Because I was 5 very privileged to be a member of this Bar 6 Association, I wanted to add that the Superior Court thanks them for their service. 8 My great condolences to the members of 9 the families of all of our deceased members. 10 just in closing, I have to tell you how blessed I 11 12 was to have known George Baurkot. Thank you very 13 much. THE COURT: All right. Ladies and 14 There will be a 15 gentleman, we are in recess. reception for everyone in the jury lounge, which is 16 17 right down the hall. When we recess now, it will be in 18 memory of George Baurkot, Paul Florenz, Harold Funt, 19 Robert Littner, Walter Morrissey, Eric Shimer, and 20 21 Charles Wilkinson. 22 Thank you very much.

(The proceedings concluded.)

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