

MEMORIALS

Friday, May 7, 2021

Virtual Session of Ramsey County District Court

Two o'clock

"The song is ended but
the melody lingers on."
- Irving Berlin

RCBA
RAMSEY COUNTY BAR ASSOCIATION

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Honorable Russell A. Anderson

May 28, 1942 — September 15, 2020

The Minnesota justice system lost one of our champions with the passing of Russell Anderson. Russ served in the justice system his entire career, as an attorney, judge, justice, and chief justice. And the system is all the better for it.

Russ's journey began in Bemidji, and he spoke often about his growing-up years, and the life lessons and work ethic he got from his father and mother and his extended family. Russ was a newspaper boy, hired hand on his uncle's farm, and gas-station attendant at his dad's station.

He went on to St. Olaf College, where he majored in history and economics and was student body president. Most importantly, he met the love of his life, Kristin, at St. Olaf and their union on earth lasted more than 53 years. Russ was a devoted husband and proud father of three children.

After St. Olaf, it was on to law school at the University of Minnesota. Then Russ served his country in the U.S. Navy Judge Advocate General's Corps, including working as a JAG officer in Japan, which he termed, "the adventure of my life."

Later, his JAG service took Russ to Washington, D.C., where he received a master's degree in international law. But then in 1976, Russ came home to Bemidji and entered private practice until he became Beltrami County Attorney, a position he held until his appointment to the district court bench.

During his 16 years of service on the district court bench in the Ninth Judicial District, Russ developed a reputation as a fair and compassionate judge. He was a leader in the Ninth District, serving as chief judge and on the statewide conference of chief judges.

In 1998, Governor Arne Carlson appointed Russ to the Minnesota Supreme Court. And then in 2006, Governor Tim Pawlenty appointed Russ to be Minnesota's chief justice, the position he held until his retirement in June 2008. During his time on the Supreme Court, Russ authored 176 opinions on a vast array of topics. He fought fiercely for the independence of the judiciary, cautioning that, "We must not let the heavy hand of politics come to rest on the scales of justice."

From newspaper boy in Bemidji to the chief justice of Minnesota—what a remarkable journey. Throughout his career, Russ garnered the respect of all he encountered. His work ethic was legendary and his story-telling hilarious. Russ Anderson lived a life of humility, and he was, for certain, the least self-important really important person any of us has ever known. It was never about Russ Anderson. It was always and only about the people in the cases he was called to decide, as he would often say, "One human circumstance at a time."

As Governor Pawlenty said about Russ in his letter accepting Russ's retirement, "You exemplify the very best in public servants."

Thank you, Russ, we are eternally in your debt.

Respectfully submitted by Chief Justice Lorie S. Gildea

Peter Holmes Berge

June 17, 1956 — February 25, 2020

Peter Holmes Berge, 63, of St. Paul, passed away on February 25, 2020 at home, ending a three-year battle with brain cancer. After a San Diego upbringing, St. Olaf College, and study at William Mitchell College of Law (J.D., 1983), he was a judicial clerk at the Minnesota Court of Appeals and Minnesota Supreme Court. From 1985-1989, he practiced law at Schwebel, Goetz, and Sieben, leaving Minneapolis to study and teach at Temple University School of Law (LL.M., 1992). Teaching at Georgetown Law Center followed, then visiting professorship at William Mitchell.

In 1994, Peter returned to legal practice at Tewksbury, Kerfeld, Zimmer. As vice president of risk management at Minnesota Lawyers Mutual (1999-2002), he developed training and publications to lessen infractions and liability. After, he was an attorney at Pritzker & Associates (2002-2004) and Altera Law Group (2004-2008), earning “Super Lawyer” designations in 2004 and 2005. But love of teaching led him to become web education director for Minnesota CLE in 2005, building that program from the ground up and leading it until January 2017.

During active practice, Peter primarily represented injured plaintiffs, including numerous appeals, and co-authored *The Practitioner’s Guide to the Minnesota No-Fault Act* (3rd Edition, 1988). In addition, he represented lawyers in cases of ethics and personal responsibility, and expanded in other areas (intellectual property, commercial, corporate, arts/entertainment, copyright/trademark).

With Minnesota, Hennepin County, and Ramsey County Bar Association memberships, he served as member and chair of multiple state-level committees, and on Minnesota Lawyers Professional Responsibility Board—Fourth District Ethics Committee and Mitchell Hamline’s Alumni Board. The Association for Continuing Legal Education (ACLEA) benefited from his many contributions as a member, including frequent speaking and executive Committee service, where he was president-elect before his illness led to stepping down. Too, during and after studies at the University of Minnesota (MBA, 2016), he presented “business school for CLE” conference sessions, parallel to his often-taught technology classes for ACLEA boot camps.

People knew Peter for his intelligence, humor, hard work, and hospitality. His skills and knowledge cut a wide swath: from consulting, writing, and analysis to computer and political savvy to delicious cooking and grilling. Music was a passion for Peter, as a listener, concertgoer, and performer—particularly the guitar, which he owned many of and played expertly, solo and with others. He also took joy in his dogs, sports (e.g., running, soccer, and biking), travel, photography, art, architecture, fine food and wine, friends, family, and his beloved wife, Debbie Sit, who passed in 2015.

Peter is survived by brothers Mark and Eric (Tammy, with children Kevin, Laura, and Katherine), extended family, and a host of friends. Despite his aggressive form of cancer, he lived almost twice as long as his initial prognosis—a testament to his strength, excellent medical professionals, and a significant circle of caring individuals around him. Admired and treasured, Peter was as his Caring-Bridge comments described him: “a positive light in so many people’s lives;” “such an inspiration;” “a wonderful person and well respected;” “beloved by many;” “a truly amazing, brilliant, talented man;” and “one of the real good guys in our industry.”

Respectfully submitted by Mark Berge

Jerome Dominic Ciresi

August 5, 1938 — November 22, 2020

Jerome Dominic Ciresi was born in 1938 during the country's build up for WWII, a time of sacrifice. He was the son of an Italian immigrant with a 7th grade education. Jerry spent his youth splitting time between his schoolwork at St. Andrew's elementary and working at his father's fruit stand in St. Paul. He later graduated from St. Thomas Military Academy, St. Paul Seminary, and William Mitchell Law School. Jerry lost his mother to a painful 4-year journey with breast cancer when he was just 20 years old. Watching his father's struggles and sacrifices raising Jerry's two younger siblings taught him the valuable life lesson that life can be difficult, unfair and uncompromising at times. But he learned to move forward. Jerry was happily married to the love of his life, Barb, for over 54 years and they raised three boys together. He was a self-employed attorney for over 30 years spending most of his time working family law and personal injury. After leaving the law practice, Jerry transitioned to be a full-time deacon in the Catholic Church where he spent another 20 years helping the people of St. Odilia and Assumption parishes. This description of his life provides good insight into a man who dedicated himself to the service of others.

Jerry was a man who lived life for his family and others. Whether it was going to law school at night after working full time during the day, having the courage to start his own practice, or committing his hard-earned money to educating his boys at St. Thomas Academy and Marquette, Jerry freely gave of his time, talent and treasure to provide a good life for his family. He spent countless hours watching his kids' games, practices, and other events. The vacations were not extravagant, but filled to the brim with practicality and fun. Most popular was taking the van with the boat towed behind to go fishing and camping in northern Minnesota or Canada. The memories made provided a lifetime of stories and laughs for all of them.

Jerry loved the concept of the law and helping others. He saw being a lawyer as the perfect balance between the duty to provide for his family and the Christian duty to provide for fellow human beings. As a family man, he of course focused primarily on family law. Divorces. Wills. Personal Injuries. Nobody would sign up for any of those thinking it is easy, but taking the easy course wasn't how he was raised or more importantly how he was wired. His energy to help struggling couples extract themselves from a negative situation in a graceful manner was truly a talent. He was never vindictive, callous or judgmental. Every person who came through his door was not just a client, but a fellow person who was entitled to be treated with the dignity that is so often lost in the world. He spent the time and emotional energy to understand each perspective of a case and sought out solutions, not wins. This approach earned him the reputation as truly down to earth and trustworthy. Other lawyers, as well as judges, arbitrators and former clients became his friends. Not because he tried, but because the person underneath it all was appealing to anyone who met him. Jerry became golfing buddies, lunch partners, Bible study members, and more with many of these colleagues over the next 4 decades.

After his kids graduated and he and Barb became empty nesters, the next calling to serve others overtook him and he migrated from the law business to God's business. The transition was easier than it would be for most people as Jerry viewed them in similar ways. He started at his home parish of St. Odilia and when he had the opportunity to get back downtown St. Paul, he moved to Assumption Church. Jerry spent time visiting the sick, the poor, the imprisoned and anyone who needed it. Just like his law practice, every encounter was with

a fellow person worthy of his full attention and devotion to addressing their needs and providing comfort. He and Barb did marriage preparation work with hundreds of couples and thousands of hours of Bible study work in their shared ministry together.

Jerry was a survivor. He was diagnosed with stage 3B lung cancer at 70. His doctors told him his life expectancy was 4 to 6 months. What were his treatment options? Who is going to take care of his family when he was gone? Tough decisions to make. In the end, he placed his faith and life into the hands of God. He vowed to live the best as he could and not squander any of the remaining good times to the side effects of treatment. He did nothing but pray, ask for others to pray and utilized his extraordinary “work” ethic into taking it on. A lifetime of friends’ and family’s prayers came pouring on top of him and for the next 12 years, Jerry never lost a step. His cancer never grew and every 3 months on their way home from the Mayo Clinic, Barb would call the boys and tell them “the miracle continues.”

2020 was a difficult year for everyone, but it was especially a difficult year for the Ciresi family as they lost a dad, a brother, an uncle and their mentor. Exactly as if he would have scripted it himself, he left this world surrounded by his 3 children, listening to their stories being told about past times, hearing the love in their voices. His spirit and commitment to helping others live a better life lives on, because we are all survivors.

Respectfully submitted by Todd Ciresi and Mike Ciresi

Charles “Chuck” Cochrane

January 26, 1956 — December 20, 2020

When I was first asked to participate in this memorial I was a bit concerned. Chuck often read the obituaries. He frequently lamented on those obituaries that seemed to sum up the life as if building a resume or touting legal acolytes. That wasn't Chuck. He was active in the Bar, but he was also active in his community and lived a well-rounded life.

Chuck was born and raised in Superior, Wisconsin. He graduated with honors from the University of Wisconsin in Superior with a Bachelor's degree in economics, history and political science. He attended the University of Illinois in Champaign-Urbana law school. After passing the Bar, he was admitted to practice in Minnesota in 1992, in Wisconsin in 1993 and the U.S. Federal District court in 1996. After a few years working for an insurance company, he went into private practice in 1985 and eventually opened a solo practice in 1995. His private practice focused solely on representing injured people in workers compensation matters. This, however, doesn't really describe Chuck. So let me explain what it has been like to close his law office.

Thinking it would be the easiest place to start, I take down wall hangings. I quickly learn that these do not represent a staid attorney that would conform to what was expected. A large photograph of the City of St. Paul and the river are on the wall. It represents his previous office with Mansur, O'Leary and Gabriel and his gratitude to them. For this was the start of his workers' compensation practice. There is a Hmong tapestry he proudly displayed as an expression of just some of the diversity within his client base. I find photos and prints of his favorite haunts; the Minnesota State Fair, the Winter Carnival ice palace, a popular hiking trail on the north shore and of course, his Green Bay Packer stock certificate. Alongside of a pen & ink satirical cartoon drawing about lawyers, I discover his diplomas, certificate, licenses, and awards. There are plaques of a favorable decisions obtained on behalf of clients from the Minnesota Supreme Court and the Minnesota Worker's Compensation Appeals Court. And nearby is embroidery that outlines the key tenants on the Minnesota Rules of Professional Responsibility and framed quote by Justin Cronin, that says, “Courage is doing the right thing when nobody's looking.”

Chuck loved people. He seldom met a stranger that he didn't like. Whether you were a judge, a grocery clerk, a plumber or a fellow attorney he could chat with anyone. But lest you think he wasn't listening. I can personally attest that he knew your name, your children's names, your hobbies and as much of your story as you were willing to share.

As I clean out his desk, I discover more on the journey to understand this person, this attorney. It is filled with folders that represent his work with committees and legal pro-bono organizations. A few included, the Ramsey County Fee Arbitration Committee, the Solo and Small Firm Committee, the Second District Ethics Committee, the Department of Labor & Industry Workers' Compensation modernization committee, the Southern Minnesota Regional Legal Services volunteer attorney program, the MSBA Mock Trial volunteer judge program and its rules subcommittee, and the Washington County volunteer mediation program. But, that is not all. I also find a variety of folders showing service to his community. Those folders include notes on work to raise money for Second Harvest Heartland, Feed my Starving Children, Every Meal (previously the Sheridan Story), Bridging. Adopt a road

clean-up with Hill Murray High School, Pancake breakfasts and fish fry dinners at St. John The Evangelist Church, and Coaching and Equipment Director for Roseville Youth Basketball.

Chuck was a voracious reader. I know this from the many bookshelves in our home; economics, politics, music, mysteries, fiction and nonfiction of all types. Before the books can be removed, I must attend to the photos of so many family members and friends, as well as the bobble-heads and toy dinosaurs that he has available—just in case a client needs to bring their child with them during a consult. Finally getting to the books, I discover not just statutes and regulatory books, but medical texts on anatomy and physiology; Chuck was adamant about understanding medical records and preparing for trial. There are also books on the working poor, psychology, sociology and chronic pain; because he was determined to better understand his clients.

So, how do I sum up the life of Chuck Cochrane? A fierce advocate, who believed in being prepared for hearings, trials and depositions. An ethical person that lived his values. A warm, funny, social, non-conforming individual who enjoyed music, hiking, sports, the theater, and his community. A man who loved and was loved by family and friends. Chuck is survived by his wife, Laura Cochrane and his son, Michael Cochrane, as well as a number of siblings and in-laws, and friends that were grateful to know him.

Respectfully submitted by Laura J. Cochrane

Willard L. Converse

April 13, 1926 — August 7, 2020

I am honored to deliver a eulogy on behalf of Willard Converse, my former boss, mentor, partner and most importantly, my good friend.

Willard was a third generation Minnesota lawyer. His grandfather, also named Willard L. Converse, came up from Iowa with lawyer friend, Vance Grannis, to South St. Paul, where they set up their law practice. He was appointed to the Dakota County District Court bench in 1914, where he sat for many years. Willard's father, Richard, practiced with the Robbins, Davis and Lyons firm, where Willard also practiced. Daughter Pam and son Mitch became fourth generation lawyers, a distinction very few families can claim.

He grew up in the White Bear Lake area. In high school he was known as "speed Converse" for his running prowess on the football field. It was there that he met his future wife, Shirley.

Before college, he served in the Navy at the end of World War II in the Pacific Theatre as a Signalman aboard the USS Garrard. He described his experiences when the war ended with Japan's surrender and being one of the first Naval crews granted shore leave in Japan and how the Japanese people, as instructed by the Emperor, treated them with respect and honor. He also laughingly described how one of his fellow crewmen drained the alcohol from the ship's compass, disabling it while becoming intoxicated and ending up in the brig.

After the service, he enrolled in the University of Minnesota and then its Law School. In law school he was on the Law Review and graduated Magna Cum Laude. In his years of practice, I believe his greatest skill was as a legal writer and appellate advocate. It is reported that he ghost-wrote Solly Robbins' briefs while at the Robbins' firm where he became a partner. He proudly displayed his many brief "paper books" as he called them, in our firm library.

In 1949 Willard married his White Bear Lake sweetheart, Shirley. He and Shirley raised their five children in a large, beautiful, old home, just south of Lake Phalen in St. Paul. Those children are Pam, Diane, Nancy, Elizabeth and the caboose, Mitch. Their children have produced 14 grandchildren and two great grandchildren. Sadly, they lost their first grandchild, Max Anderson, a few years ago. Shirley and Willard had 71 wonderful years of marriage.

In the mid -1960s, Willard, along with his Robbins partners Erwin Peterson and Bob Bell, formed the St. Paul firm Peterson, Bell and Converse. The firm had a unique collection of clients, including insurance companies American Family and Milwaukee Mutual, labor organizations such as the Transit Workers, the MEA and Machinists and Flight Attendants at Northwest Airlines, and the Cities of Roseville, Vadnais Heights, and White Bear Lake. At its peak, the firm grew to 14 lawyers with offices in downtown St. Paul and Roseville, and for a time, Minneapolis.

Willard's interests were wide and varied: what we now call progressive politics; a good joke, well told; bird hunting with his lab Bear; fishing with Mitch and grandkids at their summer home on East Twin Lake near Nisswa; and bridge with his Country Club pals. He played handball at the old St. Paul Athletic Club several times a week with his friend, Jerry Finn. He was a long-time member of Southview Country Club.

Willard didn't hit the ball very far as he grew older, but he continued to have an outstanding short game which won him many Nassau bets, usually partnered with his old friend Bob Munson. At home he daily read three newspapers, and in the evening had his favorite: a dry Beefeater martini on the rocks, with two olives and a twist.

Willard Converse taught me and every one of the lawyers of our law firm, how to practice law well and honorably, and how to be a good parent, spouse and friend. We miss him dearly. Willard died at age 94 on August 7, 2020.

Respectfully submitted by Roger Jensen

Michael Fiske Driscoll

January 30 — January 23, 2020

My name is Joanne Smith and I am honored and privileged to present the memorial for Michael Fiske Driscoll. Michael was the second son born to Sarah (Sally) and Albert (Al) Driscoll of St. Paul. Michael was predeceased by his parents, and his older brother Andy. He is survived by his wife, Leah Driscoll and his daughter Jessica-Paske Driscoll. He is also survived by his siblings, Susan, Sara, and Kevin.

Michael was born in 1942 in St. Paul, Minnesota. and maintained an ardent love of St. Paul throughout his life. He attended St. Luke's grade school and later graduated from St. Paul Academy. He attended college at UCLA as his family lived in California for a brief period of time. Upon moving back to Minnesota, Michael attended the University of Minnesota graduating with a degree in Political Science. Following graduation, Michael joined the United States Peace Corp and spent two years in Ethiopia. After Michael finished serving two years in the Peace Corp, he traveled to Beirut, Istanbul, Athens, Rome, Florence, and Venice. He then furthered his travels to Switzerland, Austria, Germany, Denmark and finally England.

When Michael returned home he was 25 years old and was drafted into the United State Army. He was a conscientious objector and refused to carry a gun. He was then trained as an Army Medic and was sent to Vietnam. Fortunately, Michael was not sent to the frontlines and he was honorably discharged from the Army after spending nine months in Vietnam.

In 1976, and with the encouragement of Supreme Court Justice, Rosalie Wahl, Michael attended William Mitchell College of Law. He was employed by the Honorable William J. Fleming as a law clerk for four years while attending law school. Shortly after graduating from law school, Michael worked in the Senate Counsel's office in the Minnesota Legislature. Michael was then hired by the St. Paul Attorney's Office. Michael worked for a time as Chief Prosecutor and finally ended his legal career as the attorney for the Public Housing Agency of St. Paul, a position he held for twenty-five years.

In 1975 and while working at the Ramsey County Courthouse, Michael met his beloved wife, Leah. They married in 1983 and their daughter, Jessica was born in 1984. Michael was a devoted and wonderful husband, partner, and an amazing father. When Michael spoke of Leah and Jessica, that characteristic twinkle in his eye shone even brighter. Michael was so proud to be Jessica's father and Leah's husband.

Michael was a lover of Jazz and he and Leah enjoyed many evenings at the Dakota and introduced Jessica to music and dance at a young age. They shared a deep love of the theater, especially musicals and had season tickets to the Guthrie, and frequented the Hennepin Theatre Trust and the Ordway.

Michael was also a great mentor to younger lawyers and to many in his family including his many nieces and nephews. Michael's colleagues have great memories of his straightforward approach to the law and his life. He was a tremendous champion for the underdogs in our society. He fiercely believed and advocated for equal rights, human rights and was a strong supporter of women. Michael enjoyed engaging in passionate debates about social justice, politics, law, and really just about any other topic. I am sure those who knew Michael can harken back to so many of those

debates and conversations that were sometimes challenging but also respectful and enriching. Later in life, Michael was well known for posting his many opinions on Facebook. He just couldn't let an injustice pass without comment. He believed it was part of his civic duty to be a voice for those who could not successfully advocate for themselves without the support of others who were in better positions to make change and support their fellow human beings.

Throughout his life, Michael financially supported and served on several non-profit boards that fought to eliminate violence against women and children. He was a charter member of the boards of Women's Advocates and the St. Paul Intervention Project. He also supported the arts and other organizations that worked towards equality for all.

When reflecting on his life, Michael would often comment that he was so fortunate and appreciative of all he had experienced. His family continues to live in that same mind set of gratitude in his memory and lovingly remember their husband, father, brother-in-law, uncle, and the man who gave the best hugs. When Michael hugged you, there was no doubt he loved you.

Rest in peace, my dear friend. You enriched all the lives you touched, and the world is a better place for all of your contributions. You are greatly missed.

Respectfully submitted by Joanne M. Smith

Arden J. Fritz

May 22, 1956 — January 29, 2020

May it please the court: My name is Dave Orren, and it is my privilege to present this memorial honoring my friend and colleague Arden Fritz.

Arden was my colleague at the Minnesota Department of Health in our Legal Unit from May of 2010 until his passing. He was a truly remarkable person and lawyer. Arden lost a courageous battle to cancer in January 2020 and is survived by his wife and best friend Judy, along with many family and friends.

Arden was raised in Beaver Dam, Wisconsin. As a young man, Arden served for six years in the United States Coast Guard and reserves. He was then an exceptional student at the University of Texas at Arlington and at Hamline University School of Law.

Arden began his legal career as a Public Defender. Retired Judge James Dehn recalled Arden appearing before him for several years as Chief Public Defender for the Isanti branch of the 10th Judicial District Public Defenders office. “Arden’s knowledge of the law was excellent and he passionately represented his clients.”

Arden then became an Assistant County Attorney in the Sherburne County Attorney’s Office. He spent his first years in the Criminal Division doing felony prosecution and then moved into the Civil Division where he did a variety of advising and representing the County.

One of Arden’s fellow Assistant County Attorneys at the time was Todd Schoffelman, now Judge Todd Schoffelman from the 10th Judicial District in Anoka. One of his memorable times working with Arden was on the Franken Coleman election recount after the 2008 U.S. Senate election. It was several very tense days dealing with partisans for Franken and for Coleman. It included long hours and late nights. Arden’s calm and competent demeanor was essential in keeping the tension to a minimum. Judge Schoffelman said how much he appreciated that Arden took the late nights so he could be home in the evenings with his young children. With Arden’s legal skills and personal qualities, Judge Schoffelman couldn’t think of anyone he’d rather have at his side than Arden as they worked through challenging issues.

When we hired Arden at the Minnesota Department of Health, he was among a pool of 170 applicants. For interviews, we narrowed it down to 11 candidates, all outstanding. Arden stood out from the other candidates not only in his legal acumen and experience, but also in his demeanor and how well he related to all the people he encountered, whether fellow attorneys, other legal staff, the Commissioner, program managers, or line staff.

When Arden first started at the Department, he advised in the areas of contracts, emergency preparedness, and emergency response. He expanded into reviewing and making decisions regarding background studies. Arden also handled most of the one-off legal issues that came through the door at the Commissioner’s Office. His versatility was greatly appreciated.

And finally, the culmination of Arden’s career came in 2019 when he was appointed as the Department’s Chief Legal Counsel. Unfortunately, this was cut short by his health problems.

One of my most indelible memories of working with Arden involved the Minnesota Attorney General's lawsuit against 3M regarding perfluorochemicals in the environment in the East Metro. While the Department was not a party to the lawsuit, it did have a lot of scientific expertise and private health data related to the crux of the lawsuit. And our scientific experts and private health data did not line up in a way that made either side completely happy, and so the Department was caught in the middle.

In the end, our best way to protect public health was to ensure our scientists were protected in speaking the truth as they saw it. Arden was instrumental in preventing private health data and the Department's good reputation from being misused in a tug of war between behemoths fighting over billions of dollars.

From the pen of Judy (and affirmed by me):

Arden was God's faithful servant, dedicated to his profession and the people in his life. He held traditional values, was a man of great integrity, and a powerful communicator. He was enthusiastic, optimistic, intelligent, kind, loyal, patient, empathetic, and had a wicked sense of humor. He was held in high regard by all who knew him and loved dearly by many.

Respectfully submitted by Dave Orren, Judy Fritz, and Todd Schoffelman

Honorable Daniel Gallagher

February 23, 1929 — August 31, 2020

Daniel Barry Gallagher was born on February 23, 1929. Raised in Waseca, Minnesota, Dan was younger brother to Kathleen and Patricia and older brother to Michael. Dan's father, Frank T. Gallagher, served on the Minnesota Supreme Court as an Associate Justice from 1947 to 1963 and his uncle, Henry M. Gallagher, served as Chief Justice from 1937 to 1944—the only siblings to have served on the Minnesota Supreme Court. Dan's brother and dearest friend, Mike, was also a lawyer with a long career specializing in local government law for the Attorney General's office of Minnesota. Mike died in 2017.

Dan graduated from Sacred Heart High School in Waseca. He started college but entered the service midway through, serving as a supply officer during the Korean War. He completed his undergraduate degree at the University of Minnesota and went on to work as an insurance adjuster while attending law school at William Mitchell College of Law, which he fondly referred to as Billy Mitchell. His father officiated when Dan was admitted to the Bar in 1957. He began his law career in private practice in Waseca, later moving to the Twin Cities and ultimately serving as a worker's compensation judge for the State of Minnesota.

Dan was a devoted family man. He and Grace celebrated 52 years of marriage and raised two daughters, Mary and Ann, in Shoreview. While late to fatherhood—becoming a dad at 41—he was a natural. Dan treated his family with tenderness and generosity. He was later a doting grandpa to grandchildren Soren and Solvej, loving nothing more than to find Gold Bug with them as together they read Richard Scarry books. His family—which includes his son-in-law Jon, nephews, and nieces—treasure many joyful memories.

As a judge, Dan brought careful and thoughtful analysis to his decisions—often working into the night and on weekends. He cared deeply about being fair, informed, and thorough. His daughters remember mornings with the occasional phone call announcing a settlement or, incurring the opposite response, a back-up. The whole family knew how to sing the tune he coined called “The Back-up Blues.”

After a long and fulfilling career, Dan retired in 1992 and went on to enjoy a long and fulfilling retirement. Dan had many interests. He loved history, Sinclair Lewis and Sherlock Holmes, PBS mysteries, lively conversation, and Bruckner's symphonies. He enjoyed salted slices of pepperoni, onion, and black olive pizza with a cold mug of beer. He was a member of the Blockheads, a group of Laurel and Hardy devotees, and a longtime parishioner at St. Odilia Catholic church.

A traveler, Dan took one last trip when he was 80, visiting England and France. While family members worried about how it would go, he emerged from customs with a big smile holding an enormous pink doll for his granddaughter. Although his memory and physical strength declined in the last years of his life, his personality remained intact. While claiming he needed a new writer, Dan managed to land zingers until the very end. His kids kept a running collection of his one-liners and now enjoy quoting him with the likes of, “I'm frightened of life” and “I'd like to do some tasteful heavy drinking” and “I don't care what your mother says, I still like you.”

Dan was sentimental, principled, compassionate, and kind. In his final years living at Cherrywood Pointe assisted living facility he greeted any who entered his room as “friend.” He died on August 31, 2020 of complications due to Alzheimer's disease. His final words were, “I love you.”

His family extends gratitude to the Ramsey County Bar Association for recognizing his life and career along with so many others who died in 2020.

Respectfully submitted by the Gallagher family

Lory Hartenberger

June 6, 1957 — December 12, 2020

When Lory Hartenberger died, we lost a true friend with immense talent and a heart of gold. Lory had a steadfast commitment to family and service to others. Lory's path to the law was not a straight one. Born in Sheboygan, Wisconsin, she received an applied arts degree from Madison Area Technical College and began a career in Minnesota as a graphics artist. Called to work in the law, she returned to school with some trepidation at the age of 37, attended North Hennepin Community College's ABA approved paralegal program, then transferred to Hamline University, where she earned her B.A. and paralegal certificate. Buoyed by her studies and supported by Hamline's faculty, she attended Hamline University School of Law (now Mitchell/Hamline School of Law) and was admitted to the Minnesota Bar in 2003. Lory used her legal skills and her passions as a guardian ad litem and child advocate, represented children in foster care, and practiced family law. When her health limited her ability to practice, she used her skills to assist other lawyers in serving their clients.

Lory was a dedicated volunteer and freely shared her time and her talent—both her design skills and legal skills—to help others. Lory volunteered with the Volunteer Lawyers Network, Lawyers Concerned for Lawyers (LCL), and the MSBA Life & the Law Committee, and served on various boards over the years. She was recognized for her excellence as Legal Studies Student of the Year and awarded the Legal Studies Department Service Award by Hamline University, and received the Board Member of the Year award from the Minnesota Paralegal Association.

Lory fused her design, writing, and advocacy skills, her experience with depression, and desire to help others with action. Very early in her career, she facilitated an art therapy group and developed a brochure for the program. Later, newly armed with her law degree, she presented a CLE program on mental and chemical health for new lawyers. She brought valuable perspective as a new lawyer to a brochure she developed for the MSBA Life & the Law Committee entitled "Are You Fit to Practice" which advises prospective law students on character and fitness issues and encourages them to seek help early. Her brochure has been shared and adapted nationwide. Lory also helped create LCL's brochure that still carries much of her design today, and Lory quickly volunteered to share her story in one of LCL's first "stories" brochure of examples of people who had been helped by LCL. These brochures were mailed statewide and her courage, no doubt, inspired others to ask for help. Lory's advocacy for lawyers who might need help and support guided LCL as it focused and refined its message. She was recognized for her contributions to the 2011 William Mitchell Law Review article, "Disbarment of Impaired Lawyers: Making the Sanction Fit the Crime."

Though Lory was firmly planted in Minnesota, her heart ever remained with her family. Preceded in death by her parents, Lois and Henry, she is survived by brother Scott (Debra), nephews Adam (Leah) and Eric (Jess), and grandnephews and nieces. Even as her health deteriorated, Lory found joy in keeping up with her nephews and their families. Lory supported her mother as her health failed, and she brought joy to family and friends by painting pictures for them. Through illness and pandemic, she even made new friends who were more like family. She is greatly missed.

Respectfully submitted by Julie Tessier

Honorable Doris Ohlsen Huspeni

February 19, 1929 — September 11, 2020

Judge Doris Ohlsen Huspeni, age 91, of Lindstrom, formerly of Minneapolis, died peacefully at home on September 11, 2020 surrounded by her beloved and loving family. A member of the Greatest Generation, a child of the Great Depression, devoted wife of over 64 years to navy veteran, Joseph, Doris blazed a trail for women attorneys, graduating as the sole female and near the top of her 1970 William Mitchell law school class. Her career spanned a remarkable 44 years, commencing as she served from 1970 to 1973 as an Assistant State Public Defender, then inspired young minds from 1973 to 1974 as a University of Minnesota Associate Law Professor.

Her profound compassion and insight were called upon as she served as a Hennepin County Family Court Referee from 1974 to 1980. She prioritized safeguarding the best interests of children amidst the often-acrimonious atmosphere of parental battlegrounds. Her next judicial appointments broadened the scope of legal issues brought before her as she served as a Hennepin County Municipal Court Judge from 1980 to 1982, then as a Hennepin County District Court Judge from 1982 to 1984. She enjoyed the variety of litigation each new day brought.

In 1984, another call came for her to become one of the founding 12 members of the newly created Minnesota State Court of Appeals. Although she missed the face-to-face courtroom interaction with litigants and their legal counsel, she liked the routine travel throughout the state and collaborating with numerous colleagues on three-judge panels. Following mandatory retirement in late 1998, Doris immediately returned to the Court of Appeals as a retired judge, serving in that capacity until late 2014.

Doris further enriched the legal community through her numerous years of serving on the law school faculty of William Mitchell and Hamline law schools. She excelled as a mentor, both professionally and in her personal life. Her careful listening skills and open mind made her approachable to and trusted by so many who sought her guidance.

During the early years of their relationship, she and her future husband, Joe, taught ballroom dance at the Arthur Murray Dance Studio in Minneapolis. Membership in a bridge club that met faithfully for more than 50 years provided an opportunity for socializing and engaged their masterful playing skills. Doris and Joe travelled extensively throughout the world during the course of their marriage and embraced the ongoing enrichment of those experiences. Doris shared her gift of singing throughout her lifetime, both in her churches' choirs as well as with the Sweet Adelines chorus based out of the Forest Lake area. Doris loved the outdoors and her rose gardening (although, often it was unintentional deer feeding!). Perennially, she shared the bumper crops of delicious home-grown tomatoes with family and friends. The world of birds and squirrels visited her birdfeeders and brought her much joy. Above all other talents, she was the wise and patient counsellor of and role model for her family.

Doris leaves behind a considerable legacy to the thousands of lives she touched, be it through professional contact, personal relationship, citation of opinions she authored, or through the incredible lifelong example of generosity, conscientiousness, and kindness she embodied. In the last few years of her life, she received heartfelt letters from individuals who had been plaintiffs or defendants in cases over which she presided decades earlier. In these communications, the writers expressed gratitude for the way she treated them with dignity, impartiality, and wisdom

in delivering decisions which ultimately supported their life journeys—even when the ruling was not in their favor.

Doris received another honor few will ever know: in 2015, an attorney-turned-author patterned a central character upon her in his novel 2358 (*Cryogenics*). In order to craft the figure, the author reflected on his experiences in appearing before Doris at the county court level some 30 to 40 years earlier. His science fiction work deftly presents 22nd century technological legal issues, culminating in the incisive, eloquent judicial “unscrambling of the egg” by one Judge Eleanor Huspen—a thinly disguised alteration of Doris’ name by the author’s own admission. In the book, two characters converse about Judge Huspen, one of them noting,

“...she is able to cut through the B.S. and resolve cases quickly. Lawyers constantly gossip about judges, but I’ve never heard a single lawyer say a bad thing about Eleanor Huspen. Even those who have lost cases in front of her concede that she’s smart, courteous, fair in conducting trials, and appropriately flexible in applying the law.”
(Sabio, 250-251)

Indeed, a fitting tribute in a fictional work to a larger-than-life, real-world woman. Doris had the priceless gift of instilling strong values in her children and grandchildren by living those values each day of her life. She remained gracious and grateful through the completion of her life. She is greatly missed in all of her roles, but most especially in that of devoted and loving mother and grandmother. To the woman who spent decades of her life hearing the words, “Your Honor” directed toward her, we humbly submit that on the contrary—indeed, it was entirely our honor to have known her.

Respectfully submitted by the family of Doris Ohlsen Huspeni

Chief Justice A.M. “Sandy” Keith

November 22, 1928 — October 3, 2020

Alexander MacDonald “Sandy” Keith led a remarkable life of public service in both the government and private spheres. He served in all three branches of Minnesota government over his long career—as a State senator, Minnesota’s Lieutenant Governor, and as an Associate Justice and then Chief Justice of the Minnesota Supreme Court.

Born and raised in his beloved hometown of Rochester, Minnesota, Sandy Keith excelled as a student and three-sport athlete in football, wrestling, and baseball at Rochester High School. He went on to Amherst College, where he played football and wrestled for four years, graduating with honors in 1950. He earned his law degree from Yale Law School in 1953. Intent on serving his country, he enlisted after law school in the U.S. Marine Corps during the Korean War, serving as a First Lieutenant. Following his military service, he married Marion Sanford in 1955 in Washington D.C. The couple settled in Rochester where they raised two sons, Ian and Douglas. He worked in the legal department of the Mayo Clinic, alongside future Supreme Court Justice Harry Blackmun.

While in Rochester, Sandy Keith began a fascinating political career. He was viewed by many people as Minnesota’s version of JFK—young, fair-haired and handsome, a veteran with an Ivy League education, and one of the most engaging and dynamic politicians Minnesotans had ever seen. He was elected to the Minnesota State Senate representing Olmsted County in 1959 and was a delegate to the 1960 Democratic National Convention. He was elected Lieutenant Governor in 1963. Many in his party viewed Sandy Keith as the heir apparent to the governorship and supported his nomination at the 1966 DFL party convention. He won the party’s nomination for governor on the convention’s 21st ballot. However, his nomination later was challenged when the incumbent, Karl Rolvaag, entered and ultimately prevailed in the primary election. Sandy Keith never ran for public office again.

Following his political career, he returned to Rochester in 1966, and later joined forces with one of his former senate Republican opponents, Bob Dunlap, to form the law firm that is known today as Dunlap Seeger. Despite their political differences, the two men were great friends. Both were of high integrity and had a shared a passion for the law and for providing exceptional representation to clients. Focusing on family law, Sandy Keith was an outspoken promoter of alternative dispute resolution methods, rather than litigation, as the best way to resolve custody issues and other thorny family disputes in a manner that best protected the interests of the parties and their children. He was an adept mediator, gaining trust and bringing people together to put acrimony aside and focus on constructive resolution of their disputes.

In 1989 he was appointed by Governor Rudy Perpich as an Associate Justice of the Minnesota Supreme Court. In 1990, he was elevated to Chief Justice, a position he held until mandatory retirement in 1998 at age 70. He brought to the Court the same passion he showed in private practice for bringing people together to constructively resolve disputes. During his tenure as Chief Justice, he completed the unification of the trial bench, integrated new technology into courtrooms, and promoted greater diversity on the bench. He spearheaded the Court’s community outreach and engagement efforts, including creating the Court’s traveling oral argument program, which, since its inception, has conducted oral arguments before more than 60,000 students in school venues across Minnesota.

After his judicial career ended, he refocused efforts to serve his hometown community of Rochester. He helped form the Rochester Downtown Alliance and served as its Executive Director for five years, working to revitalize downtown Rochester and advocating to bring a branch of the University of Minnesota to Rochester.

Sandy Keith was a leader and a tremendous mentor to many in his community and across the state, including elected officials and his former law clerks. He is remembered for the genuine interest he showed in the lives of everyone he met. One of the keys to his success was the way in which he connected with everyone he encountered, from all walks of life. He loved to talk with people to find out about their lives, their challenges, and how they solved them.

Over his memorable life and career, Sandy Keith brought determination, passion, and a buoyant spirit to his efforts to improve the lives of his clients, his neighbors in Rochester, and the people of Minnesota.

Respectfully submitted by Rick Snyder

John R. Kenefick

May 27, 1940 — September 26, 2020

John Kenefick (“Jack”) grew up in Saint Paul, eventually becoming a lawyer, a counselor to his clients, a farmer, and the keeper of the stories of his large Irish/Welsh family. When people called Jack, they knew they were calling a man of integrity, ability, and compassion.

Jack graduated from St. Thomas College in 1962 and, in 1965, from the University of Minnesota Law School. That summer, he and Julie married and began a partnership that would continue for 55 years. Jack had planned to begin business school at Wharton in the fall of 1965, but the government had other plans for him. He wound up spending over 3 years in the Marines, first in training, then at the Rhode Island Naval Justice School and, finally, in the Marine JAG Corps at the Quantico VA base.

The Keneficks returned to St. Paul in 1969 where Jack worked first for the Minnesota Attorney General’s office and then, starting in 1972, at Briggs and Morgan (now Taft Stettinius & Hollister). Jack and Julie happily raised three daughters, Bridget (also a lawyer), Kiki, and Nicole, and have 7 grandchildren.

Much of Jack’s 40+ year practice at Briggs focused on health care, where he represented medical professionals, hospitals, and other health care entities. He had a remarkable grasp of complex healthcare regulations and the institutional histories of his clients. He had a wonderful ability to help clients navigate complicated medical issues, including the many situations where the law was not well settled. He was involved in several important cases, including an early Minnesota Supreme Court case that dealt with difficult issues regarding withdrawal of life support and the courts’ role in those decisions. Jack also used his skills in pro bono and community work. He was a long term and valued member of the Biomedical Ethics committee of the Children’s Hospitals and Clinics. To colleagues, clients, friends, and family, Jack always stood ready to help, and did so in a thoughtful, careful, and respectful way. As one former colleague said: “Did you ever hear him curse or utter a harsh word about anything or anyone? How many guys have ‘great husband, dad, lawyer, US Marine, farmer and perfect friend’ after their name?”

In 1994, lawyer Jack became lawyer/farmer Jack, when he and Julie moved to a farm outside River Falls. There, they became active in the movement to protect and raise endangered Navajo Churro sheep whose wool is used by the Navajo to weave traditional rugs. In addition to the sheep (which they initially brought to the farm via a “ewe” haul), their farm eventually included a goat, a llama, dogs, and Jack’s beloved horse, Cody. Jack was an accomplished rider—perhaps a skill inherited from one of his great grandfathers who had operated a livery stable. In the River Falls area, Jack continued his pro bono work, including with the Kinnickinnic River Land Trust, Spring Valley Seniors Staying Put, the Friends of the Old Martell Schoolhouse, and the Navajo Churro Sheep Association. He also served on the Martell Township Planning Board. He and Julie were instrumental in preserving the historic Martell school building—one of the last remaining one-room schools in the region. Jack’s colleagues, friends, family, and so many in the community are grateful for Jack’s service and for his unflinching decency and kindness.

Respectfully submitted by Sally A. Scoggin

Craig Lindeke

June 13, 1946 — August 5, 2020

Craig Lindeke was born on June 13, 1946 in St. Paul, Minnesota. A loving husband, father, and grandfather, he passed away from heart failure on August 5, 2020 in St. Paul at the age of 74. He explored the world and pursued his far-reaching interests with curiosity and a gregarious personality.

Craig spent his childhood in Minnesota, Kentucky, North Carolina, and Germany. This early exposure to a variety of cultures and lifestyles inspired a lifelong love of travel. After graduating from Wayland Academy in Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, Craig attended Williams College in the Berkshire Mountains of Western Massachusetts. His college studies were interrupted by four years of Army service during the Vietnam War. After his tour of duty, he was shipped directly back to Williams with only his uniforms for clothing. He was known as “Sarge” by his college friends ever after.

After graduating from Williams, Craig pursued a law degree at Vanderbilt University in Nashville and joined Spear and Hill in New York City when he graduated. He enjoyed telling of his adventures on Wall Street, especially his role in the firm’s representation of the Sultan of Oman. When the firm dissolved Craig returned to St. Paul and began working in the Minnesota Office of the Revisor of Statutes.

Accomplished and outgoing, Craig was well known at the Capitol. He formed close connections with the many legislators and staff with whom he worked drafting and reviewing legislation and rules. Craig’s easy way of communicating, listening skills and command of language helped him excel in his role of translating ideas into law. He particularly enjoyed serving as the legislative attorney for the Ways and Means Committee. Craig enjoyed mentoring newer attorneys and connecting personally with all the support staff in the office until his retirement in 2011.

Craig was dedicated to community service and the betterment of others. Through the years, he sponsored refugees resettling in Minnesota, served on the boards of Neighborhood House and the Lex-Ham Community Council, and delivered countless meals with Meals on Wheels. While mindful of his need to remain politically neutral during his career as a bipartisan public servant, he proudly displayed the United Nations flag as a symbol of world peace.

Craig connected easily with people who crossed his path, especially his neighbors and their dogs, for whom he always had a spare treat. Generous with his time, Craig hosted dozens of international students and staff from France and Japan in his home. He loved taking his family and visitors on road trips visiting baseball stadiums, national parks, historical sites, and friends and family across the country. He also loved international travel. Craig was an avid collector of everything from books, records, stamps, presidential campaign buttons, and car brochures to the Star Wars figurines displayed prominently in his office.

Craig will be remembered by his colleagues and friends for his legal acumen, his charisma, sense of humor, and kindness. He is survived by his wife, Elizabeth, children Ben, Bill, Anne, Glen, and Lisa and their families. He is greatly missed.

Respectfully submitted by Benjamin Thompson, Ginny Ann Glasgow, Emily Parks, and Seth Daniels

Mary Brigid McDonough

October 7, 1951 — January 21, 2020

I am honored to present to the Ramsey County Bar Association this remembrance of my dear friend Brigid McDonough. Many years ago, she agreed to be the treasurer of my Senate campaign and stayed in that volunteer job for over a decade. That's a courageous thing to do in this political climate! But that's the kind of friend Brigid was—loyal and always there. She wanted to serve the people.

She loved her family. She loved her husband, Reid. I know how hard it was for Reid and Brigid at the end, and the last few years the two of them had together were so precious. Brigid loved her extended family of course. I'll always remember being at the Lumberjack Days Parade in Stillwater, and Brigid would run up and give me a big hug—and her sister would run up and give me a big hug. And then some other McDonough would. Her affection was contagious.

Since her admission to the Minnesota bar in 1984, her life and career were rooted in how she could best lift others up. She believed that government and the law can be used to help people achieve equity and social justice in a world where playing fields are not often level. She used her impressive legal acumen to achieve good things on behalf of many people in our state.

Brigid recognized the power of political and community organizing, of getting involved. She was inspired by the DFL tradition and the honest conviction to fight for what is just. If you asked me what politician she was most inspired by, I would have to say Senator Paul Wellstone. He was her hero. Campaigning for Paul is how I first met Brigid: she was a true believer, happily working at a law firm by day, and spending her free time out there holding up those green signs for Paul.

Providing affordable housing to underserved communities was a major goal for Brigid, and she approached her volunteer work with the same focus she had at the law firm. Whether she was representing immigrant and refugee families through her pro bono work, supporting her alma mater and community by serving on the Macalester College alumni board and the Hmong Partnership board, or chairing the St. Paul DFL (that alone is a career unto itself!), Brigid always brought this earnest conviction to fight for what was good, often on behalf of people who couldn't always do it for themselves.

Brigid did so much through the valuable guidance she offered to dozens of local, state, and national political campaigns. She was especially dedicated to electing women and people of color to public office—and she was really good at it.

Brigid was kind and generous, loyal to friends and colleagues, and compassionate, smart, and really funny. She and Reid loved traveling, and both were voracious readers. I always admired her adventurous spirit and valued hearing her opinions on everything from Minnesota politics to Bruce Springsteen. Friends considered her a font of wisdom and ideas, and she always shared recommendations on books, movies, and music with warmth and affection.

There are certain people who have a way of seeing and bringing out the very best in others. Brigid was one of those people.

Let's remember Brigid's fierce love of life. That's what made the time we spent with her so special. Her friendship and her commitment to making a difference in the world are true gifts that will continue to benefit all of us who were lucky enough to know her.

Respectfully submitted by Senator Amy Klobuchar

Honorable John C. McNulty

December 24, 1924 — December 18, 2020

John C. McNulty died at home on December 18, 2020, six days before his 96th birthday, as the result of injuries suffered in an accident on December 9. John never looked nor acted his biological age. John loved the Toby Keith song on aging well, Don't Let the Old Man In, and especially loved the video in which Clint Eastwood, who inspired the song, acts out the lyrics.

John was a herald of civility in the legal profession, advocating for more civil relationships between lawyers, particularly in the litigation arena. He engaged in such activities from a number of platforms, including, president of the Hennepin County Bar Association; president of the American Judicature Society; chair of the American Bar Association Committee on Professional Discipline; fellow of the American Bar Foundation; and, for a time, as a municipal court judge in St. Louis Park.

John practiced law with the same civility for which he advocated. He was “that guy” who invited opposing counsel out for a drink while the jury deliberated. Many of his former colleagues have recalled him as a “gentleman” and a “mentor” and have referred to the dignity and grace with which he always conducted himself.

John loved attending bar conventions, although he often skipped the CLEs. He was there to network and socialize with colleagues. He was a longtime member of the VE-VJ Day Club, a group of lawyers and judges who meet once a year for a dinner featuring prognostications and (sometimes risqué) humor.

A graduate of the University of Minnesota Law School, John practiced law in the Twin Cities for more than 40 years in a variety of settings. The most notable was his more than 20 years as a named partner in the firm that was then known as Maslon Kaplan Edelman Borman Brand & McNulty. John was the last surviving of those named partners. John joined Maslon in the late 1950s as the first lawyer who was not Jewish. As a Catholic, he had suffered from employment discrimination by larger law firms similar to that which had been experienced by Jewish lawyers.

Outside of the law, John was always active, enjoying many physical activities. Until his mid-80s, he kept a 30-foot sailboat on Lake Superior and organized many trips through the Great Lakes with friends and family. These often featured challenging storms. He earned a Coast Guard Master Mariner's License. He also had a private pilot's license. He was an accomplished downhill and cross-country skier who skied the Birkebeiner 34-mile cross country race in his 70s. He loved to golf, having managed a 27-hole golf course before and during law school. He kept golfing until almost 90.

John is survived and sorely missed by his wife of almost 40 years, Marcy Wallace, his sister, his four children, six grandchildren, 10 great-grandchildren and many nieces and nephews.

Rest in Peace, John, and well done. You never did let the old man in.

Respectfully submitted by Marcy Wallace on behalf of the family

Robert W. Murnane

September 16, 1935 — December 11, 2020

Bob Murnane died at age 85 on December 11, 2020 in his home in St. Paul. He was born September 16, 1935 in St. Paul to E.W. (Bill) and Violet Murnane. He and his wife Margaret Mary (Muggs) were married for 62 years. He is survived by his sister Patricia Postlewaite, 4 children, 13 grandchildren and 4 great grandchildren. Bob was a devoted husband, father, grandfather, and great grandfather, and his family always came first. He was a devout Catholic and his strong faith was instilled in his whole family.

Bob and I had some great discussions on the Catholic and Jewish religions. I was the first non-Catholic partner in the firm. I threatened Bob with lawsuits all the time. He would banter back. Bob was well known for his bantering. I would think everyone misses that.

Bob's love of spending time with his family at the cabin is legendary. His grandfather first visited the Whitefish chain in the late 1920s and Bob grew up enjoying the year-round beauty of Rush Lake and the City of Crosslake. His great grandchildren represent the sixth generation of Murnane family members to enjoy the beauty of this area. I asked Bob if *Godfather II* was filmed at the Murnane compound. This line of jokes continued for a few decades.

Sometime in the early 1990s my kids and I took a boat ride on Crosslake with Bob. Bob was in complete control of the throttle. My kids and I went to chiropractors for years after that. Then there was the time Larry King and I rode with Bob from the Twin Cities to his Crosslake cabin for a law firm retreat. Normally this would be a 3-4 hour drive. It was the scariest 2 hours of my life. Bob really enjoyed driving fast. Even my wife rode with him. ONE TIME. He even raced drag cars at the Brainerd track. He would be a semi-regular at the track. I suspect his family would agree, all of them, that I am not exaggerating his driving prowess.

Bob graduated from Nativity of Our Lord grade school, and St. Thomas Academy in 1953. He completed his undergraduate studies at the University of St. Thomas and received his law degree from the University of Minnesota in 1959. Bob enjoyed an impressive 50-year career as a successful and admired trial lawyer in the law firm started by his father (E.W. Murnane) and his uncle (Charles Murnane) in 1940. The Murnane law firm was one of the premier firms in the Twin Cities and well respected for 75 years with a statewide reputation for excellence. Bob played a crucial role in the firm's success and growth. In later years, he mentored new attorneys in the firm. It was well known that Bob had a "notebook" that carried his summary of Minnesota Appellate Court decisions for decades, which he worked on for 50 years to keep up to date. When one of the lawyers was in trial, and needed a case to cite for the judge, you just called Bob for the answer. A terrific Plan B for any firm.

Bob was a busy trial lawyer and probably enjoyed preparing for trials more than actually trying them. He was proud of his membership in the American Board of Trial Advocates (ABOTA). He also served decades on the Ramsey County Ethics Committee. Bob knew ethical standards and followed them to the letter. He taught the lawyers in the law firm that there were no shortcuts regarding ethics ever to be taken at the Murnane firm.

For young lawyers starting out at the firm, I think it would be fair to say that Bob's bark was worse than his bite. Deep down inside, once you got to know him, he was as compassionate and heartfelt as anyone you could ever meet. He had a razor-sharp wit and a very sarcastic sense of humor. He did not suffer fools, and though he enjoyed telling jokes, I think he had more enjoyment in criticizing the joke teller. Bob was an avid duck hunter and downhill skier. He pursued those passions for decades and passed these rich traditions down to his children and grandchildren. He was well known for his integrity, intellect, and humility. He was very proud to be a lawyer and he was proud of his profession. Because Bob was such a family man, he treated the entire law firm—from bookkeeper to receptionist to associate to partner—as family. His passing is truly an end of an era. He not only had excellent traits to be a trial lawyer, but these excellent traits exemplified what a terrific human being he was. His family and his former law partners and his friends will truly miss him. God speed, old friend.

Respectfully submitted by Stephen J. Kirsch

David Anthony O'Connor

October 27, 1930 — August 2, 2020

David O'Connor was born in Buffalo, New York on October 27, 1930. Soon thereafter, his family moved to St. Paul, Minnesota where he was raised and where he later practiced law. As Dave O'Connor progressed through his school years, his teachers soon learned that he was an exceptional student. In fact, he skipped grades one through two and later, graduated from Cretin High School at the young age of 16. From Cretin, he went on to attend two years of college in Minnesota, and then went on to four years of Podiatry College in Chicago. After graduation, Dave moved back to the Twin Cities where he began his podiatry practice in Minneapolis.

In 1949, Dave went on a blind date and met the love of his life, Patsy. He was 18 and she was 19. They married in 1954 and Dave immediately entered the Army where he served for two years during the Korean War. Except for his time in the Army, from that first date 72 years ago, until his death on August 2, 2020, Dave and Patsy were virtually inseparable.

Upon his return from his military duty, Dave and Patsy had seven children. While working as a podiatrist, he spent 4 years attending William Mitchell College of Law at night, finally earning his law degree in 1960, the year of his 30th birthday.

With a wife and seven children to care for, Dave's practice grew and he quickly became a master in the courtroom. With his focus on personal injury, premises liability and medical malpractice, Dave's photographic memory allowed him to become an expert in many areas of medicine, including traumatic brain injuries, spinal cord injuries, and post-traumatic stress disorder, to name a few. In fact, Dave became so skilled in the courtroom that one of the judges in Washington County said to other lawyers in the courtroom, "if you ever want to know how to conduct a perfect trial, watch this guy right here, Dave O'Connor."

As he began winning trial after trial, he soon gained a reputation in the legal community, and more specifically, the legal defense community, as one of the top five litigators in the Twin Cities. A major Twin Cities law firm was known to advise its attorneys that, if Dave O'Connor was on the other side, they'd better settle, or they would surely lose. Although Dave was a champion for his clients with countless wins, there were some hard losses as well, but he never lost his fierce passion for the law or his passion as a litigator for his clients.

Dave's 46 years of sobriety were spent helping others recover from alcoholism, serving as a sponsor to many, and running successful interventions for people with addictions. He served on countless boards, including Hazelden and Twin Town. He was also one of the five founders of Lawyers Concerned for Lawyers, an organization that helps lawyers with chemical dependency, mental illness, depression and anxiety. As we all know, this organization is still going strong today.

Dave lived a full and wonderful life with his family, sticking together through joy and tragedy. The death of their 36-year-old son, Michael Francis in 2000, was particularly hard on Dave and Patsy and they struggled through that pain side-by-side. The pain of losing their son was something that never truly healed.

After Dave's retirement from the practice of law, he developed an interest in real estate, and as he and Patsy headed to Florida, he worked to obtain his real estate license. Never one to let grass grow under his feet, he started this new career at the ripe old age of 70 and worked happily for 14 more years in his new chosen field.

Dave lived a life of love. He loved his wife, Patsy, his seven children, and all of his many grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Some of his greatest passions were spent with his family: camping, hunting, fishing, and ice-skating. He spent many fond weekends with his family enjoying lake life and teaching his kids how to fish and waterski. But it was those days with his buddies up north, hunting and cooking their game, and enjoying the camaraderie under the brilliant stars, that he truly cherished.

Dave's intelligence was boundless. For most of us, he was the smartest man we've ever known—or ever will know. His photographic memory meant he could take in information and there it remained. You could ask him anything and he knew the answer. His vocabulary was endless, his knowledge and love of American history was passionate, and he could answer any question you asked no matter how obscure the topic.

Most of us remember Dave for his enviable sense of humor and his charming sarcasm. We all knew when he hooked his eyebrow or gave us the “the stare”, that there was a twinkle behind that look and that he has just being playful. He was a complicated guy and we will miss all aspects of who he was.

Respectfully submitted by Kathleen O'Connor and Mary Madden

Alberto Quintela

August 29, 1951 — October 18, 2020

Alberto Quintela was a man of faith—and a man of the law. We worked together in the Minnesota Attorney General's office when I came to St. Paul. He was with me at the very beginning of my political career, during my “test run” for Mayor in 1989—when the size of my team was less than the number of one's fingers or toes. And then he was right by my side when I was elected Mayor in 1993.

My wife Laurie and I remember him being by Laurie's side during some very contentious political gatherings in those early days. He was her protector. Being a conservative Democrat and then a Republican didn't earn you many friends in St. Paul politics in the '90s. And then add Latino to the mix. But Alberto Quintela never once wavered from being at my side. I admired his courage, appreciated his service and greatly valued his friendship.

I was proud to have him as part of my administration during my time as Mayor and I admired his work for the State of Minnesota, in the Human Rights Department, the Commerce Department and as Chief Deputy Secretary of State. I often called upon him during my time as United States Senator for counsel on issues that impacted the Chicano Latino community, which was so close to his heart.

Alberto was a magnificent public servant, with a brilliant legal mind and a heart of gold. He was steadfast and loyal—a remarkable man, who despite his lofty educational achievements and high profile public service positions, never forgot where he came from. He loved the West Side. He loved St. Paul. He loved the State of Minnesota. And the folks of the West Side, the Immigrant community, the people of Saint Paul and the North Star State all lost a champion when he passed.

Alberto was a man of deep faith and spirituality. It informed his humanity and I am certain sustained him as the path forward in his life became more difficult and uncertain. Those who knew Alberto, who loved him, cared for him and lifted him up, never forget, nor will ever forget, that the light of the man who passed into the night was brightest when the world was the darkest.

Alberto was generous in his compassion for others and that generosity was repaid to him, in his own life, in the final days he had on this Earth.

My life has been enriched by having known Alberto Quintela. His friendship was a gift that I treasured. I valued his counsel and I am deeply saddened that he's gone. But I am thankful to have called him a dear, dear friend. I mourn his passing. Adios, amigo.

Respectfully submitted by U.S. Senator Norm Coleman

Lawrence Michael Rocheford

April 29, 1958 — November 27, 2020

Larry Rocheford was the embodiment of the phrase, “Hale fellow well met.” He was a big man, with a big frame, big appetite, a big personality, from a big family, expressing big emotions, with big accomplishments, and a big heart.

Larry was born into a family of five siblings and grew up as a Catholic boy in Edina. He attended Benilde-St. Margaret’s High School and St. John’s University, graduating in 1980. After college, he attended law school at Hamline University, graduating in 1983. His first job out of school was at West Publishing until he landed his dream job as an associate at Jardine Logan & O’Brien in 1985. Larry aspired to be and became a great trial lawyer—and JLO was the perfect place for him to pursue that ambition. He was a partner at JLO for greater than 25 years, and in the year prior to his death, he was with the Lommen Abdo firm.

Larry was an aggressive advocate on behalf of his clients and approached his work with a happy warrior attitude that won over his friends and foes. His most important honor, of course, was the admiration and respect of his professional colleagues. On Larry’s Facebook page, another attorney noted that Larry was, “A good man and a good lawyer, a rare combination.”

While his career was important, nothing was more important than spending time with his family. He married Beth at age 41 and immediately embraced family life with the full gusto that he is known for. His two children, Lauren and David, soon followed, and they became the object of Larry’s love, affection, and support. He was their biggest fan. He supported them in school and taught them the value of hard work. He attended every sporting event without fail. His children never doubted whether they had the approval and support of their father. He spread his affection and support to all the children in his extended family.

He loved all the many family vacations, but his all-time favorite was a trip to Hawaii. He enjoyed fishing almost anywhere: casting a reel with David, deep-sea fishing in Costa Rica, salmon fishing in Alaska, and annual fishing trips to Canada. He even had one mounted, a 42-inch Northern Pike.

Larry was hospitalized with COVID-19 in mid-November, but he improved and was sent home the evening before Thanksgiving. Larry loved good food, and his last supper was a home-cooked Thanksgiving dinner with all the trimmings. Larry and his family then sat down, as was tradition, and watched the 2020 National Dog Show. He died later that evening.

Larry was taken from us far too soon and I will miss my friend. As Larry’s cousin wrote, we sadly say goodbye to, “A big, gentle giant, a man who carried a smile on his face, a joke in his pocket, and lots of love for everyone in his heart.” Larry, your big heart will live forever in our hearts.

Respectfully submitted by Mike Black and Gregg Johnson

Michael J. Sheahan

January 27, 1934 — May 17, 2020

Esteemed trial attorney, revered family man, and longtime St. Paul resident Mike Sheahan passed away on May 17, 2020.

My name is Zack Sheahan, the grandson of Mike Sheahan and an attorney at Stinson LLP. Although no amount of words can do it justice, I am humbled to give this memorial of Mike's wonderful and accomplished life.

Those of us who were closest to Mike remember him for his infectious smile and bottomless wisdom, which filled our lives with joy and insight. Though he is now gone, the spirit of Mike's legacy continues to impart feelings of comfort and understanding in an otherwise incomprehensible world—serving as our compass when we are lost and our inspiration when motivation wanes.

Mike was born and raised in St. Paul by his parents, Louis and Evelyn Sheahan. Louis was the St. Paul City Attorney and Director of Laws for St. Paul. Mike graduated from St. Thomas Military Academy in 1951 and received his undergraduate degree from the University of Minnesota. Mike then went on to serve in the U.S. Army 1st Cavalry division (where he also played as an outfielder on the Army's baseball team) from 1955-57 before returning home and graduating with a law degree from the University of Minnesota in 1961.

Mike's legal career started with a bang. He tried and won 21 cases in his first month as a practicing lawyer—an unintelligible proposition for recently licensed lawyers like myself. Mike then went on to spend the next 40 years running a successful law practice where his fierce competitiveness and devotion to his clients resulted in countless victories. Having practiced law for coming up on two years, I now realize just how rare Mike's passion for his profession was. I have met hundreds, if not thousands of lawyers, yet none of them is as proud or devoted to the law as my grandfather was. His passion inspired me to seek a career in law, become the fourth generation lawyer in my family, and pursue the lofty goal of continuing Mike's legacy.

Apparently, others noticed Mike's passion, too, for his career was marked by many accolades such as being named to the "super lawyer" list by his peers, being recognized as a civil trial specialist and being selected as one of the first Deans of the Academy of Certified Trial Lawyers.

Mike's mountainous passion for the law was exceeded only by his love and passion for his wife of more than 59 years, Charlene and their three sons: John, Mark and Steve. Those that grow up in Minnesota's capitol city rarely leave by choice, so when the time came for Mike and Charlene to start a family of their own, they chose St. Paul as the place to plant their roots. While by that point, Mike was by all accounts an established attorney, Mike's family was always his priority. In fact, Mike's impressive trial record was second only to that of his sons' little league baseball teams, which he coached and led to several league championships.

Mike was a lifelong sports fan. Char learned this early on when Mike snuck out of their wedding reception on several occasions to check the score of the 1960 NCAA football championship, which his beloved Golden Gophers won on the night of his nuptials (a story he gleefully told with a smirk on his face for years to come). Right up until his passing, he and Char could

be seen at the 50-yard line cheering on the Golden Gopher football team at every home game. Ralph Waldo Emerson once said: “For every minute you are angry you lose sixty seconds of happiness.” Mike, who served as President of the St. Paul Optimist Club and Lieutenant Governor of Optimist International, embodied this sentiment and embraced life’s many challenges with a smile on his face. From the courtroom to his family’s kitchen, Mike’s contagious positive energy radiated and uplifted every room he entered.

There are many ways to define success; however, to me the purest definition of “succeed” is to have left the world a little bit better than you found it; to know that just one life was made easier by your presence. In this regard and many others, Mike’s life was extraordinarily successful. He touched and impacted the lives of all those fortunate enough to be associated with him.

We are all better people for having known him. His legacy will live on in our family, in his community and in the halls of each institution he dedicated his life to. He will be greatly missed.

Respectfully submitted by Zachary M. Sheahan

Robert T. 'Bob' White

July 20, 1930 — December 8, 2020

Bob was born on July 20, 1930 in Lakeville, Minnesota to Bud and Louise White. He is survived by his 9 children, 22 grandchildren, 16 great grandchildren and 5 siblings. He is preceded in death by his infant son, Robert and his beloved wife, Jo (Alice Joan Suel of Prior Lake). Bob and Jo were married in 1952 and raised their family in St. Paul. It was quite a family. How they both remembered names and dates (most of the time), with all of the moving parts, was amazing.

Bob graduated from Lakeville High School in 1949 and from the College of St. Thomas in 1957. After serving as a medic in the Air Force stationed in Lockborne, Ohio, it was on to William Mitchell College of Law in 1961. Bob practiced at the Murnane Law Firm in St. Paul where he remained until his retirement in 1997. Throughout his career he evinced a unique style of competitive collegiality that attracted a nationally prized client base as well as admission into the American College of Trial Lawyers.

This competitive collegiality ultimately became his character, reputation and legacy. He was revered and respected as much by his adversaries as by his partners and clients. Bob was a true trial lawyer. For those who had the honor of trying jury trials with him, as I did on several occasions, it was an education that would make any law school envious. As serious and professional as Bob was, he went out of his way to treat the younger lawyers with kindness.

Bob's honesty and sincerity had an impact on juries. In one of the first cases I second chaired with Bob, he cried in his closing argument. Two young plaintiffs, husband and wife, had tragically died in an accident and it was our client's fault. His tears were real. Bob's honesty and sincerity were true. He suggested an amount to the jury and they awarded that amount, to the penny.

I traveled for business trips with Bob more than any other lawyer in the office. Going on marketing trips with him was a true education. He knew how to work a crowd. And on these trips, he loved reading hardback books. He was a voracious reader and a very educated individual. Bob was not a great joke teller, but he enjoyed hearing jokes as well as anyone. I can recall on a few occasions that smiling Irish face turning red after a few of my punchlines.

He was so proud of his wife, Jo, when she undertook the incredibly difficult task of working on a calligraphy project for the St. Johns Bible. He was proud of his children, his family and his law partners and, like my other mentors at the firm, he was proud to be a lawyer, taking ethics and the law profession seriously.

As a young lawyer, I was very fortunate that Bob allowed me to get actively involved in large cases to not only gather the experience, but eventually handle the cases myself. The training and the confidence he showed me, and other younger lawyers at the Murnane firm, helped accelerate our careers by giving us more responsibility. I observed him doing the same thing with his own family. For all of the people that loved Bob, in the law firm, in the church, in his family, in the legal community and his friends, he will be forever missed. He was a wonderful man and a terrific lawyer, and we all wish him God speed.

Respectfully submitted by Steven J. Kirsch

Gary Robert Wolf

April 2, 1953 — June 20, 2020

Gary Robert Wolf passed away on June 20, 2020, after a six-year battle with kidney cancer. He is survived by the women he loved the most: his daughter, Madeleine; his wife, Jennifer; former spouse, Cissy; and stepdaughter, Emily.

Born in West Point, New York, on April 2, 1953, Gary grew up in Golden Valley. He put himself through college at the University of Minnesota and then attended Hamline Law School, where he graduated first in his class in 1981.

After law school, Gary enlisted in the U.S. Navy. He was lead counsel for nineteen nuclear submarines at Pearl Harbor while serving as a Navy JAG Officer. After leaving Hawaii, he continued to serve in the Navy Reserve. His friend and commanding officer in the reserves, the late Judge Thomas Poch of Dakota County District Court, described Gary as, “The finest navy and marine lawyer who ever served under my command.”

Over the span of 39 years, he built his own successful criminal defense practice here in Minnesota. Gary chose the legal profession because he wanted to fight injustice and believed that everyone deserved fairness in our legal system. Gary also worked with the Criminal Justice Act (CJA) Panel for 25 years, representing approximately 160 people who could not afford counsel. Gary’s dedication earned him numerous accolades and the respect of those he worked with. He felt privileged to work with so many talented lawyers throughout his career. He was known for his thorough preparation, knowledge of the law, and his deference toward those he shared the courtroom with.

Outside of the courtroom, Gary was known for his quick wit, his generosity, and his love of animals. His impressive Hawaiian tattoos testified to his love of Hawaii. Gary was a passionate legal advocate, but as he would say often, his proudest achievement was being a father to his daughter, Madeleine. He thoroughly enjoyed his job as “Dad.” He cherished their adventures and travels they were able to share together in Egypt, Ireland, Germany, and France. He was immensely proud of Maddy’s academic career, most recently as a PhD student at Harvard.

Gary and Jen were married in 2015 after many years together. Jen had two children of her own, with her youngest, Emily, finishing up middle school. We have such fond memories we were able to share as a family. Gary and Emily became very close throughout Emily’s high school years. These two enjoyed spending time together and having fun, often at Jen’s expense. We are so grateful Gary was able to share in the pride and joy of seeing Emily’s virtual high school graduation in early June and learning of her acceptance to the University of Minnesota-Duluth.

A paragon of dedication to the legal profession and to his loved ones, Gary was one of a kind, and he is greatly missed.

Respectfully submitted by Madeleine Wolf and Jennifer Wolf

