

# Eulogy in Memory of

## **Henry Dansereau McNamara, Jr.**

April 23, 1934 – November 14, 2011



Delivered on November 18, 2011

Greenwood Funeral Home

Reverend Father and Relatives and Friends of Henry McNamara:

My name is Ned Papale and I've been a long time friend of Henry and Janet and a former law partner of Henry.

I'm truly humbled by this opportunity to speak to you about Henry.

Henry D. McNamara, Jr. was a very multi-faceted and highly accomplished individual, about whom very much could be said!

However, as most of us know, Henry was a great fan of brevity and I've tried to keep that in mind.

Henry died on November 14, 2011, after a difficult and courageous battle with lung cancer and it's complications.

Henry is survived by his beloved wife, Janet. They had been married for over 53 years.

Henry is, also, survived by their four children, whom he loved so much and of whom he was so proud – Brian, Kerry, Lynn and Kelly.

And, by a grandson, Justin, and a second grandchild – who is due in December.

Henry is, also, survived by his two brothers, Buddy and Pat, as well as by his sister-in-law, Puddin, his daughter-in-law, Tish, his son-in-law, Charlie, and numerous nieces, nephews and other relatives.

Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to all of you at this time of loss.

Henry was greatly consoled throughout the course of his difficult illness by the devoted care and assistance of Janet and their children.

One could see in his eyes how much they meant to him as they moved about his room and attended to him.

Now, I believe, at this time, it is appropriate for us to reflect a bit upon Henry's life, his many accomplishments and his legacy.

Henry was born in New Orleans, in 1934.

I've known Henry since 1963 when we were both in law school at Loyola.

Henry was attending law school at night, so that he could work during the day.

Henry graduated from law school and was admitted to the bar in 1967. Henry had previously earned B.S. and M.B.A. degrees from LSU and had served in the United States Navy.

After graduation from law school, Henry was chosen by U. S. District Judge Alvin B. Rubin to be his law clerk.

Judge Rubin had a brilliant legal mind and serving as his law clerk was very valuable additional legal education. Henry excelled in that position and he and Judge Rubin developed a great relationship and shared some interesting experiences.

For example – at that time, Henry was driving a small white station wagon, which he was proud to proclaim that he had purchased for \$90.00. You see, even back then, Henry was a fiscal conservative!

Henry would often fondly recall that he would sometimes drive Judge Rubin home or to prestigious addresses and events in his \$90.00 car and, that upon arrival at their destination, Judge Rubin would exit the vehicle with no less dignity than if it had been a Rolls-Royce.

If the late Judge Rubin were addressing you here today, I'm confident he would tell you that his relationship with Henry was a mutually beneficial one.

After completing his clerkship, Henry was recruited by James W. "Red" Hailey to come practice law with him. Sometime later, the Law Firm of Hailey, McNamara, McNamara and Hall was formed.

Henry's brother, Buddy, was a partner in that firm until his appointment by President Reagan as a Federal Judge, in 1982.

Thereafter, the firm became known as Hailey, McNamara, Hall, Larmann & Papale.

Other than his family, nothing meant more to Henry than the law firm he co-founded and in which he always played a major leadership role as a Managing Partner.

The firm's growth, competence, success, continuity, and, most of all, it's reputation for integrity, were his passions. And these passions were contagious as he led by example.

As a lawyer, Henry was the perfect combination of a sage counselor and an accomplished litigator.

As a counselor, he was the source of sound legal advice to his clients.

As a litigator, he achieved remarkable results for them in the courtroom.

Henry was dedicated to providing the best possible legal representation at the least possible cost to the client.

He had a great knack for analyzing complex legal problems and reducing them to their simplest terms and, then, developing the best approach to address them.

Henry was never selfish with his keen analytical skills. His door was always open and he was always available to assist others in sorting through legal issues or ethical quandaries.

Words or phrases which describe Henry, include – straightforward; fair-minded; foresighted; focused; loyal; confident, but not boastful; and, most notably, quintessentially, ethical and honest.

There were no deviations in Henry's moral compass. To put it another way – he knew what was right; he did what was right and he motivated others to do likewise. Henry's word was his bond!

He was the ideal law partner and friend.

And, as most of us know, he had little patience with pretentiousness or equivocation.

During my 45 years as a lawyer, I never met another lawyer, who knew Henry, who didn't hold him in the highest professional and personal regard.

Now, Henry was not all work and no play. He enjoyed, among many other pursuits, hunting; fishing; raising cattle (which he eventually gave up); raising and racing horses; following political developments; and, of course, watching LSU and the Saints.

Henry, also, enjoyed good food and often bragged about Janet's cooking.

Henry retired from the practice of law in 1999 and, thereafter, he had more time to enjoy his home and acreage in Folsom, which he loved so much.

Now, no chronicle of Henry's life would be complete without mention of his sense of humor and propensity for practical jokes.

Many of us have been victims of Henry's good-natured pranks and probably no family member has been immune, including his brothers – as I believe they would attest.

I, myself, was victimized many years ago, shortly after I moved into a new house. Overnight, a large flock of pink, plastic flamingos, mysteriously, landed on my front lawn – much to chagrin of my new neighbors when they awoke the next morning!

While Henry never admitted that he was the source of the flamingos, the look on his face betrayed him when I brought the subject up.

And, Henry was a consummate joke teller – his favorite characters being that legendary couple – Boudreaux and Clotille (Clothilde). These jokes were hilariously funny even long before he reached the punch lines.

And, the suffering Henry was enduring did not quell his sense of humor. Even when he could not speak, he would write hilarious comments, on various subjects, on a note pad and would smile as his notes were being read.

Now, on a more serious note:

Henry never talked much about religion, because his actions spoke for him!

His religious roots dated back to his childhood.

Henry was a faithful altar boy at Holy Name of Jesus Church on St. Charles Avenue.

And, Henry never forgot the Latin Mass prayers that he learned back then and could recite them, fluently, at the drop of a hat.

He, also, could recite the Latin Benediction Hymns he had learned – O Salutaris and Tantum Ergo.

During one of the very few conversations I had with Henry concerning religion, I learned that we shared a deep reverence for the Blessed Mother and a great confidence that she would intercede for us at our time of need.

In conclusion, we realize that Henry is no longer visibly in our midst and that we won't be seeing him, again, for a while.

But, don't think he's not still among us, because he is.

All of us will still hear his voice, still feel his encouragement, and still experience his love and concern for us!

So, Henry – thanks for all you have done for us and for the wonderful legacy you have left to us!

May you rest in peace!