

*Matthew B. George**

Thank you for coming here to celebrate the extraordinary life of Professor Juenger. Please pardon me if I am unable to speak clearly; I am less seasoned than the other speakers today. All of us gathered here have reason to be thankful that Fritz touched and enriched our lives. I honestly believe that every encounter with him left me a better person, or at least a more amused one. I'm sure everyone in this room—and many others who could not be here—can conjure up countless fond memories of his sparkling wit. Although I did not have the pleasure of knowing him for as long as many of you, I am extremely grateful for the time we spent together.

It is appropriate that I first met Fritz on Thanksgiving Day my first year of law school. I thought it especially kind of Barbara, Tom, John, and him to open up their home to a recent transplant from the east coast. Fritz's reputation preceded him, but I was just another lost soul trying to find himself in law school, of all places. I don't remember what I expected, but I certainly remember the indelible impression he made. His generous hospitality paled in comparison to his immense personal charm.

He and his family regaled me with tales of adventurous travel, anecdotes about the challenges of rearing children, and served up the most sumptuous feast I'd eaten all year. Fritz was so entertaining I don't know how he found the time to eat. I was astounded by his incredible wit, his lust for life, and omnivorous intellectual curiosity. After dinner, he retired to another room to play the fiercest friendly game of backgammon I've seen in years. Fritz had a bold strategy that favored total domination over mere victory. If I had any doubts that Fritz was a force of nature, they ended when I saw him shaking his dice and exhorting his pieces to "Kill! Kill!" I knew then I would have to take as many of his classes as possible.

In the meantime, I took advantage of free Westlaw to read a few of his articles. I will leave praise of his academic output to the other

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distinguished speakers, but I would like to mention this: after months of searching for evidence that law is in fact a learned profession, I was delighted to finally read prose that rivaled literature or history. In stark contrast to the dismal legal opinions and law review articles that seemed an exercise in punctilious bluebooking, Fritz's style was lucid, insightful, and humorous. It may be an impossible task to make sense of jurisdictional arcana, but Fritz had a real gift for making light of it. His criticisms were always thorough and thoroughly enjoyable without ever being mean-spirited. No matter what his other professional accomplishments may include, none could compare with his mesmerizing presence in the classroom. Barbara told me that as a ski instructor, Fritz was slightly deficient. He equipped her with racing skis, took her to an expert slope, and said "Follow me." As a former law student of his, I am glad to report that he never asked us to follow him down a slippery slope.

Fritz's lectures were absolute gems. His enthusiasm for his subjects was infectious. I cannot think of a single class when he didn't make me laugh out loud at least once; a passenger on the *Lusitania* named Jones who meets his cousin Davy, or a politically correct Doberperson taking its one free bite. But I do not mean to suggest that his classes were just entertaining; Fritz took his work very seriously. The weekend before classes started this semester, we worked well into the evening on his last book. When I was too tired to continue, he turned his attention to preparing his lecture notes and confided that after 30 some odd years, he still got nervous before classes started. You could tell that he was thoroughly prepared, but there was never a hint of anxiety. Quite the contrary, he came across as a professorial *uebermensch*.

As an employer, he was a joy to work for. He was demanding but reasonable enough not hold others to the high standards he had for himself. He was always willing to field questions even though he had many other pressing projects. In his selfless way, he never stopped teaching.

I remember a student in the class ahead of mine telling me to take his classes because Fritz would not only teach me a lot about the law, but also how to be a lawyer. To that I would add that he taught me a great deal about how to savor life. He always found a humorous aspect to whatever subject occupied his incredible mind, and elegant wording to express it. Work was obviously very important to him, but he was most passionate about people. He took a genuine and profound interest in his students. No matter how busy he was—and he was always busy—he never failed to offer sage advice and unwavering support to us. Perhaps

its because he had so much support from his greatest source of joy, his family. As a newlywed, I aspire to the kind of loving partnership he and Barbara shared and hope that I will someday know the great paternal pride that Fritz took in Tom and John.

The lessons Fritz taught will serve me for the rest of my professional and personal life. Thank you Fritz for being such a generous scholar, teacher, mentor, employer, and friend. Thank you Barbara for sharing your wonderful husband with the world, a much richer place for his contributions. Thank you also to the other speakers; a five-minute encomium could never do justice to the best of men. Lastly, thanks to everyone here today for your patience with me and for helping to numb the loss we all feel.
