

Memorial Comment Re Judge Shapiro

Looking back, it's hard to overstate Judge Shapiro's influence. I arrived at Chambers in the Fall of 1981 and promptly headed to the old Graduate Hospital – food poisoning from a street vendor's hot dog! From that point on, and *for decades* after, the Judge's care and concern for me and my family were revelatory, real time reminders about work/life balancing, about managing and collaborating with others, about warmth and being a positive force. My now adult kids still remember careening down the Judge's hilly driveway at her home gatherings for clerks and their families.

Professionally, the Judge's relentless work ethic, well into evenings but always making time for Bernie, her vetting of my logic, writing style and grammar (I lost a war of attrition over semi-colons), and her persistence in getting cases right, shaped me.

Last summer, amidst a lengthy trial, during the afternoon break, a young man in suit and tie approached me in the corridor. He was Judge Shapiro's grandson, an aspiring lawyer interning at the courthouse. He said "my grandmother told me you were trying a case and I should come and watch and introduce myself." Ill and just weeks before her death, the Judge still cared.

Ron Levine
Law Clerk to Judge Shapiro
1981-1982