David Leonard: Teacher, Scholar, Friend

Richard L. Hasen

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surrounded by these piles of papers, this unorganized nest is what makes Ellen feel at home, if that is good for her, then that is fine.” Sometimes the thought makes me sad—I look at the pictures of my grown stepsons and their children and reflect that he will not have the joy of seeing his own sons become fathers themselves or of being a grandfather. But mostly thoughts of David inspire me. I think of him especially when I meet with students, remembering how devoted he was to his own students, how invested he was in the success of every student at Loyola, how proud he was to be part of our community and our common endeavor.

The faculty office I occupied before I became an associate dean was an interior office without any windows to the outside. David’s and my office has a window that looks out across Olympic Boulevard to the Tenth Street School, a school made up almost entirely of children of recent immigrants. In one of his law review articles, David wrote about how he often watched parents walk their children to school, hand in hand, and urged all of us, in a nation built by immigrants, to see differences between us as not something to be feared but as something that enriches. David, without underestimating difficulties, always saw everything in the best light possible. Memories of David add light to my life, as this office has a window that brings in the light of the world. Memories of David are like the window in our office, an ever present opportunity to identify ways to reach out with compassion to make the world a better place, in ways large and small.

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Professor Richard L. Hasen

David Leonard: Teacher, Scholar, Friend

David was a unique and wonderful individual. He was beloved by his students for his ability to combine rigorous teaching with good

humor and self-effacement. He was also a thoughtful scholar: precise, inquisitive, and clear in his thinking and writing. He loved Loyola Law School as much as anyone I know. Everything he did professionally was to further the interests of the institution in its pursuit of social justice and excellence in legal education. I personally owe him a great debt as he was one of my strongest supporters as I tried to get a job on the Loyola faculty.

Most of all, David was a quality human being, a mensch. Even in his illness, he always cared about the experiences of others—even offering words of support and wisdom, and usually accompanied by his offbeat sense of humor. Everyone who knew him knew of his love for “The Simpsons,” but he was also a huge fan of the satirical newspaper, The Onion. In recent years, world events sometimes made it hard to tell the difference between The Onion’s satire and reality. David laughed at some of those stories, but he felt passionately about world events and about bettering conditions for all people.

David approached everything he did with an earnestness and fullness of purpose. He did not act strategically even as he held the important position of associate dean. He believed every issue should be decided on the merits, letting the chips fall where they may. Even in his illness, as he struggled with a variety of ailments, he gave his all for the school he loved so much.

David loved life and loved helping others. He spoke with great pride of his children, and had a great love for his wife, Susan. I miss seeing him each day at Loyola, and fondly remember his friendship and wise counsel.

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Professor Yxta Maya Murray7

One tends to romanticize the dead when writing their eulogies, but it is not possible for me to be too enthusiastic in my description

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