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May it please the Court. I represent fifty lawyers who were honored to serve as judicial clerks to Chief Justice Shepard, or “the Judge” as we call him. A clerkship is the last vestige of a legal apprenticeship, where a newly-minted lawyer learns directly from an expert. The quality of this education depends on the caliber of the teacher, and we had the very best. In addition to researching and wordsmithing, our clerkships involved reason and policy and doing what’s right. What started as respectful deference for our teacher’s great wisdom, ended in genuine love for the teacher himself. So yes, clerking was an honor. But honor doesn’t begin to cover it.

First, the clerks thank the Judge’s family. Once, when I delivered briefs to his home, 3-year-old Mattie met me at the door and said, “You’re in Daddy’s book club.” Exactly! She was a spunky girl who has grown into a lovely young lady.

And Amy is the grounding influence in the Judge’s life. At yet another ceremony when he received an award, I heard her say to the Judge, “Just remember this: I’m still taller than you.”

While Amy and Mattie are the heart of the Judge’s biological family, no remarks would be complete without a word about the head of his professional family – Debbie, his loyal assistant. Debbie managed the work of the office and the personalities of fifty opinionated clerks with the same grace that she greeted heads of state. We are blessed to call her friend.

When we clerks graduated from law school, each of us quite alright academically. For example, when the Judge saw one impeccable resume in application for a clerkship, he said, “I hate her already.” He hired her (and loved her), of course. But clerking was our first job out of school, and our raw academic skills needed maturing. The Judge’s integrity, kindness, and character set the bar for us in our careers and in our personal lives. He did not merely show us what to do. He showed us who to be. The Judge listened to our green ideas, treating us as if we worked with him instead of for him. Once he said of his clerks, “These are the people who make me look smarter than I really am.” Impossible. During my clerkship, a homeless man visited the Judge’s chambers every day. Mr. Morrison was famous for his long hair, long fingernails, and long letters. He was such a part of our daily lives that when we went on vacation, we sent postcards to the Judge, Debbie, and . . . Mr. Morrison. What this man needed, more than a home, was respect. The Judge greeted him with kindness and treated him with dignity.

The Judge’s stellar legal mind inspired some of his clerks to practice at the highest levels of the profession around Indiana and across the country. His creativity motivated some clerks to start law practices of their own, while his passion for public service moved still others to careers in government and public interest. But no matter where we’ve landed, our apprenticeships with the Judge improved us beyond measure.

Chief Justice Shepard has done the same for Indiana. He has taken a State that was already something good and transformed it into a State that is truly quite something. From articles and opinions enhancing the profession to programs advancing minorities in the law to projects improving individual Hoosiers’ lives, the Judge has left a legacy of goodness. As Thoreau said, “Goodness is the only

investment that never fails.” The Judge invested in each of his clerks, in the work of the Court, and in Indiana itself.

I now invite my colleagues who clerked for the Honorable Randall T. Shepard to rise and remain standing. On behalf of all these, the clerks who have had the privilege of serving you, I say directly to you, Judge . . . We wish you warm memories of your yesterdays, of clerks well taught, and a job well done. We pledge to honor you by living your legacy. Standing together, we wish you all the goodness you have given, our esteemed, our beloved Chief.