



IN MEMORY OF

## **J. Paul Lomio**

Director, Robert Crown Law Library

*In memory of the services provided to Stanford Law School and the Stanford Law Review, we dedicate the first issue of Volume 68 to the memory of J. Paul Lomio, an extraordinary director of the Stanford Law School library and an irreplaceable member of the Stanford community.*

J. Paul Lomio was born in 1950 in Schenectady, New York. He earned a bachelor's degree in psychology from St. Bonaventure University in 1972 before serving in the U.S. Army as a platoon leader until 1975 at Nike Hercules batteries in Fort Story, Virginia and Camp Holiday, South Korea. He went on to earn a law degree from Gonzaga University in 1978 and a master's degree in law from the University of Washington School of Law in 1979. He was admitted to the Washington State Bar Association in 1978 and served as a guardian-ad-litem for the King County Juvenile Court. He then clerked for Judge T. Patrick Corbett of the King County Superior Court in Seattle in 1980 and went on to earn a master's degree in library science in 1982 from the School of Library and Information Science at Catholic University of America.

Lomio joined the law school staff as a reference librarian in 1982, and in 2005, then-Dean Larry Kramer named him director of the library. Over the course of a career spanning more than three decades, he became a specialist in legal research and the development of digital reserves—and much more.

The following tributes were given during Paul Lomio's memorial on May 12, 2015.

**M. Elizabeth Magill**

*Richard E. Lang Professor of Law and Dean of Stanford Law School*

Thanks to all of you for being here to help us remember and celebrate a great soul, Paul Lomio. Thank you especially to Erika Wayne who has come back from Florida to be with us, and to Rita Lomio who has come from Washington.

All of us have our stories about Paul; stories that tell us what he meant to us; stories that explain how and why we admired him so much; stories that illustrate what he did to make us better. I have fewer stories than most because I only had the privilege of knowing Paul for a couple of years. Even so, I knew Paul long enough to know that I wanted to be like him in many ways—especially in two ways.

The first is that Paul always thought about the people who were not in the room. I have dozens of examples, but let me give you one issue we talked a lot about last year. Last year, the senior staff and I talked a great deal about the construction in the library building and the effect it was having on people working in the building, what we could do to lessen those effects, and how to improve morale. Paul had great insight into both the way it was affecting people, and what we might do to respond. We would come up with a plan. Paul would point out that we were not thinking about the fact that people worked at 11 pm and on the weekends or that students used this part of the building at this or that time of day or night. We would come up with a plan to build morale, and Paul would point out that our gesture would not be meaningful for this group of people or that group of people.

Now I make him sound like a nitpicker, and he most assuredly was not. He was always constructive and helpful—he was just making us better. I've been thinking in the last couple of weeks about what it took to be able to do that. It took a habit of mind—one that was not afraid to speak when the group was reaching a conclusion that left out the consideration of those people outside the room. And it took knowing and noticing what every person who was part of this place did, and what they cared about. He made us better for that knowing, and that noticing.

That knowing is the other part about Paul that stood out to everyone. If you are here, at this event, Paul probably knew what you cared about, what you worked on, what you studied, and even what you watched and listened to. I bet many of us here have had the experience of starting to work on or think about something new, and Paul somehow noticed that, predicted that, intuited that, and he would start sending you things that you might be interested in. He would send you things you didn't know you would need—until you saw them. Most shockingly, he knew that even when we didn't tell him. It was a magical power—as if there was some Vulcan mind meld between everyone here and Paul.

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**Larry Kramer**

*Former Dean of Stanford Law School*

There are things one is sometimes asked to do that just seem wrong—that we shouldn't have to do. Speaking at a memorial for Paul Lomio is one of those things. There are things one is sometimes asked to do that one feels utterly inadequate for. Speaking at a memorial for Paul is one of those things too, for me at least.

That's not for lack of things to say. There is plenty to talk about: stories to tell, quirks to recall fondly, memories that provide insights into the person we are here to remember and mourn and celebrate. I will offer some of those presently. But none of it feels sufficient. None of it feels remotely adequate to offer real solace to Paul's friends and family, much less to do justice to his memory.

There are things that happen too soon, before we should have to expect them. This is one of those things. Death may be unavoidable, but it shouldn't be this unexpected or unjustifiable. It frustrates me, as well as making me sad, to have to say anything—so prematurely, so many years before it makes sense.

I've been blessed in my career and my life to encounter many extraordinary people. Great universities are filled with them, and the foundation world has opened new doors behind which are still more people to admire and learn from. Paul is high on my list of such people. He was someone I grew to admire enormously—for what he did and for how he did it. He was someone from whom one could, and from whom I did, learn a great deal.

I'm not an Ayn Rand fan. I read her, of course. Like so many young men, I read and loved *The Fountainhead* and *Atlas Shrugged*. The stories were great (though, to be honest, and with due respect to anyone who feels otherwise, even in my late teens, I thought it apparent that her so-called "philosophy" was silly). There was one idea that I got from her, though, that always stuck with me: the idea that it's not what you do that matters so much as how you do it, that there can be greatness and artistry in any task. I'll come back to this in a moment, but first let me say a few things about working alongside and being friends with Paul.

I arrived at Stanford almost a year after Lance Dickson had resigned as head of the law library. His successor had not yet been picked, though a committee had been conducting a search. The search presented me with a confounding problem. My predecessor and the head of the search committee had not hidden the fact that they thought we should go outside for our next library director, but many members of the faculty were urging me to promote Paul. Being new, I wasn't confident about my ability to judge who might be right or wrong.

So we made Paul the acting director while the search continued. Fortunately, as it turned out, the search committee was slow—too many members had too many other obligations—which gave Paul an opportunity to

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take control and show what he could do. I think many of you have probably heard me say, as I did on many occasions, that promoting Paul to director of our library was probably the single best decision I made as dean.

Paul was simply a wonder in the position. He just did everything well. When he took over, the library was running an enormous deficit. Paul instantly solved it, and the entire time I was dean, the library ran a surplus even while hitting all its marks and achieving all the goals Paul, the staff, and I set for it. These were important years in the history of the library because these were the years we began the transition from a traditional library based on “books and more books” to a library reliant on digital resources. And with that change, everything else about the library needed to change too: the kind of space it occupied, the kind of services it provided, the skills needed by its staff, and more.

Paul not only oversaw these changes, but he led the way. I think he was reluctant at first, and one of my initial fears was that Paul would resist change. But whether I simply misread him, or he rose to the challenge of being in charge, Paul quickly grasped what needed to be done and eagerly embraced the opportunity to modernize the library. For those of you who were here prior to 2004, it may be hard to remember just how different the place was. Today’s library has been reshaped to suit the needs of its users. The stacks have been replaced by open spaces to study and work together; there is an all-night study room, meeting rooms of all sorts, new technology, and access to anything and everything one might need. In all of this, Paul was the pivotal moving force. Nor is that all. Everything is different: the staff and the way the staff is organized, the materials available to users, the way these materials are obtained, our relationship with other libraries around Stanford and beyond, and much, much more.

These were not small changes. Yet Paul guided the library through them with incredible grace and impeccable judgment. He was an astute advisor on when to move fast and when to slow down. He was a remarkable problem-solver, consistently coming up with smart ideas to circumvent or alleviate potential problems. Change is hard, as we all know. People find it disconcerting and are quick to get angry or be disappointed. Yet Paul managed to oversee the major restructuring of his institution while remaining not only respected, but beloved. And beloved by everyone: faculty, students, peers, and most notably (since they bore the brunt of the changes), by his staff.

Above all, what characterizes the library Paul built—and there is no other way to describe it—is a service ethic: a commitment to meeting the needs of users, whomever the user and whatever the need. And I want to digress here for a moment to underscore how truly extraordinary our library’s service ethic is. Every library says it puts the needs of users first. But, and I am confident this isn’t an exaggeration, no one elsewhere comes close to what our library achieved under Paul. Practically every visitor who uses the Crown Library has commented on it, often with wonder, thanking us in person or in letters to me

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or to Paul and his staff for the myriad and endless ways in which they went above and beyond.

Everyone here who has ever had a research need and turned to our library for help will have stories: stories of books or other materials found as a result of extraordinary efforts; of a steady stream of articles and resources that just kept coming—long after most others would have stopped—in response to any request; stories of people staying late or coming early or working well past business hours to find something and get it to you; stories of thoughtfully going well beyond the usual sources in order to find something; stories of doing all these things quicker than one might ever have imagined possible.

Obviously Paul didn't do all that work himself, though it was surprising how often he pitched in. Even three years after I left the law school, I have continued to get regular packages from Paul with articles and news stories he came across about topics he knew were of interest to me. Paul singlehandedly has kept my lifelong Beatles obsession up to date with the latest articles and books. He was always thoughtful that way, and I'll really miss getting those unlooked-for, but always welcome, envelopes.

That ethic of hard work and extraordinary service came straight from the top. It was a tone Paul created, expectations he laid down, and an example he set.

Nor did Paul's sense of service end with the usual work of a library. Paul saw his library as a sustaining center for the life of the students and faculty and the culture of the school. So Paul's library has board games and bikes to borrow; it has talks from faculty and fellows about their work; it has displays of things students might find interesting; it has laptops and iPads and Kindles and Nooks to borrow, as well as umbrellas and phone chargers and power cords and flash drives. It has cheesy novels to read if you just want to kill some time. It's a human place, a place students remember after they leave. Seriously: most of the people in this room went to law school. How many of you count your school's librarians among the people you remember or who made the experience special? I can't even remember the name of the librarian at the University of Chicago from when I was a student. Stanford was greatly blessed to have someone like Paul to care for us.

I am conscious that I've focused these remarks on the library Paul shaped and haven't yet said much in the way of personal remarks about what Paul was like. That's not because there's nothing to say. I could relate a great many stories that I think capture Paul's personality. Anyone who ever went to Arrillaga gym on the weekend could do the same because you'd find Paul riding the stationary bike hard for what seemed like hours. I once went in the morning and again in the afternoon, and Paul was still there pedaling furiously (though I have to believe he took a break at some point). I'd stop and talk to him—he managing to do something I can't, namely, keep working out while holding a conversation. He'd talk about all sorts of things in that context. About work sometimes, but also about his daughter (whom he was immensely

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proud of and whom he forgave—in a way I could not—for not coming to Stanford), about what was happening with people we knew, about the latest news, and so on.

I've focused on the library, however, because I think that's what Paul would like us to remember him for. We're holding this ceremony here in Crocker Garden because there were too many people to hold it in the library. But I wish we could have held it there, because that would have been most fitting. Paul loved the library. He cared about it. Cared about running it in a way that was uniquely his own, that kept current with fads and fashions elsewhere but reflected his very personal style, attitude, and values. And he was, deservedly, proud of it.

Paul cared most about its people. And by that, again, I mean everyone. I cannot tell you the number of times Paul came to me to help someone else: a student, a member of his staff, someone trying to use the library, a member of the faculty. He never wanted credit for helping out—he just wanted to see that something got done. Nor was this just about helping with troubles. Paul was thoughtful, and he thought about people. Those Beatles articles I still get are an example. He knew what we liked or were interested in, and we were always in his mind. So when he came across something that someone—anyone—might find interesting, he would take the time to send it to them. Just for fun. Just to be nice. It was the spirit that infused, and I hope continues to infuse, our library and our law school.

Which brings me back to that Ayn Rand point—that there can be greatness and artistry in any task. Because watching Paul work was the opportunity to watch someone great in action. Talk about leadership is all the rage these days. It's what we're supposed to teach, what we're all supposed to be. It's gotten to the point where, along with other tired clichés, like disruption and innovation, the word has become all but meaningless. Until one encounters a real leader: someone who knows instinctively and unerringly how to get things done. Someone who has just the right combination of intelligence, integrity, empathy, and toughness. That was Paul.

I'm not sure that leadership can be taught. But it can be learned. It can be learned by watching someone demonstrate how it's done. It was an honor and a privilege to work with Paul. It was an object lesson in how really to lead. We were lucky to have Paul in our lives, and I wish he could know how much we'll miss him.

**Barbara Babcock**

*Judge John Crown Professor of Law, Emerita*

I am touched and pleased to be among the speakers today—to reflect on and celebrate Paul’s life. It’s not a talk I would have expected ever to make—given that Paul was twelve years younger and thirty years fitter. And like so many of you gathered here, I grew very accustomed to Paul’s unfailing assistance and to his attitudes of enthusiasm for the new and respect for the traditional. It is hard to imagine our school without his beneficent, loving presence.

Paul came to Stanford in 1982, his first librarian job. I came ten years earlier, as Stanford’s first female professor. I was on leave for a few years in the Carter Administration, and after I returned met the new reference librarian, who very quickly became for me, “information central” for life. In the outpouring online, many people have observed that Paul had a gift for knowing what you needed before you knew yourself. Citations to articles, or the articles themselves if they were really good, would crop up regularly in my inbox. Occasionally, an interest was short lived, and I would move on. Paul would pick up the shift immediately, indeed sometimes before it happened.

The tributes online and others quoted in the fine obituary in the *Stanford Lawyer* are striking in the integrity of the picture they present. I mean ‘integrity’ in the full sense of the word—not only honest and fair, but complete and whole.

Paul was not a man some saw one way while others had quite a different view. Everyone who has spoken agrees that Paul was uncommonly gifted intellectually, a great and innovative administrator, a kind and caring person. He was unusual in his affect and maybe one should say, quirky. But in our law school world, where our chief besetting fault is hierarchy and a focus on achievement and reputation, Paul Lomio did not discriminate along such lines. Not only for the famous faculty, but for all of us, even from the beginning and those who were just passing through, he was there, interested, helpful.

Now Paul did not just serve the faculty. One of his most endearing qualities was his concern for the students—not just the brilliant ones either—all the students. Over the years, many former students have written of his help and attention. The other day I had a letter from one of these, now a distinguished law professor, Naomi Mezey. When I asked her for Paul-memories, Naomi wrote:

My only distinct memory was of fooling around on the LexisNexis computers in the library (I was at SLS at the very beginning of mass Internet usage 1992-95) being amazed that you could look up the sale prices of law professors’ homes and catching sight of Paul Lomio’s serious, scholarly face and being ashamed of how I was spending my time. He always reminded me of the substantive pleasures of research, which in his hands were academic treasure hunts.

She was not able to tell me anything about the story I was trying to track down—when Paul was portrayed as the lead figure in the law school musical. I

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was there in the audience, but I cannot remember when it was or all the particulars. There was a plaintive refrain—Paul Lomio, Paul Lomio, the Last Reasonable Man.

Paul was a problem solver—he actually welcomed problems, because they made things more interesting. I came to him with a problem in the mid-nineties, I think. Erika Wayne and I were teaching a seminar in Women’s Legal History, where each student wrote a chapter in the life of a pioneering woman lawyer. I told Paul that we were getting these great papers, but that the students, mostly 3Ls, did not have time to publish them, and I was concerned about all the work and archival research going to waste. Really, within hours he came up with the idea for a website where we would put the student papers and other research and information. Such websites on various topics are now common, but we were among the first, and I know the website has contributed to the field of women’s legal history.

Returning briefly to the subject of Paul’s integrity: Shortly after his death, Erika gathered from the stunned staff one or two word descriptions of his contributions. Like the longer tributes, these are striking for their consistency and depth. Here are a few of the words: dedicated; gentle civilizer of the workplace; sharing; supportive; inclusive; encouraging; responsive; irreplaceable; unforgettable; curious; interested in people and events; observant; plugged-in; unconventional; down to earth.

A whole lot could be written on the subject of Paul and the library staff—how he built it, and nurtured it, and set standards that will live in his memory. The last communication I have from Paul in my archives speaks of a staff member who has received an increase in status and pay: He wrote thanking me for my role in recommending her and shared the story of someone “who grew from a 1/2 time teenager who we hired in 1993 to check IDs, to a savvy tech professional.”

It was so Paul—to share the credit and the pleasure in this recognition and sign of progress.

I looked for some appropriate, even comforting words, to say here, and hit upon a poem I heard a long time ago—by the Anthropologist Margaret Mead. It is one I think Paul would like.

*So as you stand upon a shore, gazing at a beautiful sea—remember me.  
As you look in awe at a mighty forest and its grand majesty—remember me.  
As you look upon a flower and admire its simplicity—remember me.  
Remember me in your heart, your thoughts, and your memories of the times we loved.  
The times we cried, the times we fought, the times we laughed.  
For if you always think of me, I will never be gone.*



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**Erika Wayne**

*Former Deputy Library Director*

The last few weeks, I have been thinking a lot about Paul and how I want to remember him—what I want to come to mind when I hear his name.

If it helps, close your eyes and think of the Paul you want to remember, too.

I like to think of the same Paul I knew for nearly 20 years.

Everyday when I came to work, I would find Paul in his office, sitting at his desk, with a big stack of newspapers piled upon it. The *New York Times*, *Wall Street Journal*, *Chron*, *Merc*, *USA Today*. Green Coffee mug on one side, yellow post-it notes on the other, and his signature green felt tip pen in hand.

I remember him sitting there with something between a half-smile and smirk on his face, as if he really couldn't believe he had such a great job that allowed him to read all the news every day. He would have done it anyway.

I love this image of Paul—he was so happy with the papers—but I really like this image because to me it captures/embodies what I think was one of Paul's finest characteristics—Paul was a fantastic listener. An active engaged listener.

Did you know that Paul took on the Herculean task of looking at every single newspaper, book and magazine that came into the library every day?

He looked at all the magazines, books, and periodicals because of something one of you did, or said—he looked for that something that one of you might need.

So, when Paul would go to the kitchen to get his favorite green can of talking rain fizzy water, if he ran into one of you talking about an upcoming trip to Paris or a passion for cooking, Paul would take that in.

When Paul would go to directors' meetings, he would hear of new courses or conferences or programs and he would take lots of notes and he would take it all in.

When Paul would listen to reference librarians talk about thorny reference questions from faculty or students, he would again take it all in to that amazing rolodex of a mind he had.

And as new books and newspapers and journals and magazines would arrive in the library, he would scan the contents and he would remember all these tidbits and find items to share.

Paul always said that being such a great listener in this regard meant that library materials got more usage and that made him a happy director.

And, as director, Paul was also a great listener in his role as supervisor and problem-solver-in-chief. Paul was unfailingly kind and caring, and his door was always open. He would invite you in to sit down and chat—he never rushed you and was exceedingly calm.

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And, he'd listen to staff concerns, no matter how big or how small—sometimes he would wisely suggest that we sleep on the issue for a day or a week and return again to the discussion. And, sometimes he would turn to the most concerned party and ask her what she thinks we should do and he always added that he trusted us all.

Perhaps this is the sign of a really good listener: he managed to always keep a straight face while listening—he showed concern but he didn't show surprise or scorn or disdain no matter what was being said.

I share this because Paul had a silly sense of humor and coupled with his quiet ways, well, it led to some pretty amusing meetings.

Paul would listen attentively, always taking notes. But sometimes he would pass me these really cutting or funny notes. He kept a poker face, but I would read these notes and snort or chuckle.

I remember we were once subjected to a vendor demonstration on some new and overpriced and unnecessary research tool. Paul was skeptical of the products value before the meeting, and the vendor even sent in their 'best' trainer to show us the product. After about 30 minutes of the torture, Paul passed me a note that read: "Let it end. Please Let it End."

Or, and this story is a bit dated, we were listening to a demonstration of a new internal wiki-like research tool you could build for research instruction at your school. Paul listened attentively and took some notes, and then he passed me the following note: "So if Yale gets this wiki tool, will they call it a yiki? If Harvard gets it . . ."

Librarian humor.

Being a good listener also means hearing things that aren't said. Listening for silence and nervous fingernail biting or the sound you make when you shift in your seat.

When a new reference librarian joined us a few years ago in the early fall, we told her she would jump right into teaching legal research to 1Ls. That was in fact a key part of the job description.

Maybe it was her first or second week at the school, she joined the other reference librarians and the LRW instructors for a big meeting. A meeting where they laid out the very impressive and elaborate plans for teaching the 1Ls all about legal research and writing and how the librarians fit into this plan.

Paul heard all of this (and he heard it all before) and noticed that this new librarian didn't say very much. After the meeting—Paul being Paul—Paul pulled her aside and told her, "Remember they are 1Ls, and they don't know anything, about research. You will be great." And she was. And what he said meant a lot to her.

And, I think what we all remember so fondly about Paul was that he also listened to each of us as we were, as people, and not just as librarians, or coworkers or students or faculty.

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I have two little boys, Evan 9 and Jake 7. And, sometime late last summer, the boys happened to be in the library. Paul being his wonderful friendly self, popped over and started chatting with them. And, then Paul said to them that he was in of a bit of a TV-watching rut and was really in need of a new show to watch and that he would really like to find a good cartoon, actually.

Well, given that they are my children, they summoned their inner librarian and conducted a very brief reference interview with Paul trying to assess what would be the best show-fit for him.

And, after a very lively few minutes of chatter, a show had been selected, and Paul walked over to his high table and grabbed a post-it note and his trademark green felt tip pen and began to write down the name of the show, the channel information, and when to catch first-run episodes. If they had chatted longer, I am sure they would have talked about how to program the DVR.

Well, the whole ride home, the boys were busy talking about how neat that was; how cool Paul was to ask; how much cooler Paul was than me; etc.

A few months later, Evan happened to be in the library (perhaps due to parental changing of the guard), and Paul stops by and he said to Evan how much he loved watching *CAMP Lakebottom*. And, how much he liked the zombie counselor. And how much he liked the time when. . . AND AND AND.

At this moment, I stopped hearing the words, but I looked at my Evan and he was positively levitating with happiness.

So here is this very important adult, my boss, who not only took the time to ask Evan and Jake for advice, but he listened. He followed through and watched the show and then followed up and told Evan how much he really appreciated his advice. Paul really listened to him. And, Evan knew it.

Paul listened to Evan, but in doing so, he was listening to me. All those years, between discussions of Westlaw and Lexis and budget cuts and new hires, we would talk about our families—Paul would talk about his Rita and I would talk about my boys.

On that very sad Friday in March when we learned that Paul died, I tried very hard to remain strong for my library family. My incredible library family.

When I got home, my kids knew something was wrong and I told them—they gave me a big hug, but then something lovely happened—something “Paul” happened.

Evan took my hand and walked me over to the couch and flipped on the TV and started going through recordings. He pulled up that episode that Paul had talked to him about in the Fall. Evan looked at me and said that we should watch that particular show for Paul that night. That Paul would really like that.

I looked at Evan and said that he was absolutely right, and I began to really cry.

Paul, I know you are listening.

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You were the greatest boss, librarian, teacher, mentor, and friend. Thank you for everything you did for us and with us.

Know that we all love you and miss you very much.

**John Casey**

*Stanford Law School, 2015*

Good afternoon. Sal and Wes, thank you for organizing the student portion and allowing me to speak—I am very honored. Sharon and Rita, thank you for allowing us to have this celebration of Paul. He meant a great deal to this school and to all of us.

I'm speaking today as a student, as a representative of the law school's student veterans organization, and as someone who was fortunate enough to get to know Paul a little bit.

Paul meant a great deal to the students here. I reached out to as many people as I could to get thoughts and memories of Paul, and the clear theme that came across was how much Paul really took an interest in the people that make up the SLS community.

He made an effort to get to know students personally—learning more than just our names, but also about our interests and passions. Paul would leave personalized news stories and notes in student mailboxes whenever he came across an article that he thought would be particularly interesting to a student or student organization.

If he knew you had an interest in animal rights and came across an interesting article related to animal rights, he would print it up and put it in your mailbox. It's such a small thing, but it speaks volumes about Paul—he listened, and he was interested. He actually cared about who we were. What more could you possibly ask for from someone who works with students everyday?

For anyone that was lucky enough to be in Paul's class *and* had a birthday during that quarter, Paul would surprise them with a cupcake on their birthday. And instead of giving a birthday card, he would include a copy of the front page of the *New York Times* from the day of their birth. So fitting of a gift from Paul.

I mentioned earlier that I am also speaking on behalf of the veterans in the law school. Paul was really important to the veteran community around here for many reasons

First, Paul was a veteran, himself. He served in the Army as a platoon leader from 1972 to 1975, stationed at Nike Hercules batteries in Fort Story, Virginia and Camp Holiday, South Korea. I think a lot of people around here might not know that about Paul, since he didn't seem to talk about it much, but we veterans definitely knew.

And the reason we knew is that he really took a personal stake in us. To quote Jake Klonoski, the cofounder of the Stanford Law Veterans Organization and SLS class of 2013, "Paul Lomio was [the veterans group's] first and continuous adviser."

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He cared about us, and we noticed. Recently, I asked the veterans group for anecdotes and stories about Paul, and almost every single one of them mentioned those articles that Paul would leave in our mailboxes relating to the military. When you make the transition from the military to law school, it can be pretty jarring—something as personal and thoughtful as those little notes makes you feel like you're part of a community, and it really helped.

And Paul knew that. The articles he gave to the vets had a theme, and that theme, and I'm quoting Jake again here, was "you do not struggle alone."

Last year, the student veterans group worked with the Levin Center to establish a new pro bono program that serves veterans' legal interests.

That program now hosts biweekly clinics at the local VA where students and pro bono attorneys assist veterans with claims for disability compensation and other disputes with the VA. Paul Lomio was a force behind the programs establishment.

After he caught wind of the pro bono efforts, Paul began to encourage the students involved in the program to tackle the problems that needed earnest attention and could benefit from student efforts.

As tribute to Paul, for his service to the law school, its students, and the veteran community, we have decided to name the pro bono clinic, "The Paul Lomio Veterans Legal Assistance Program." We hope this will serve as a fitting tribute to Paul's ethic of service and his commitment towards helping veterans.

He was a tremendous asset to this community and a good man. He will be dearly missed.