

submitted by Jane H. Wise, instructor of legal writing and editor of the **Clark Memorandum**

snapshots

The first legal-writing assignment for first-year students is a short essay on anything they want to write about. For writing instructors, it's a "heads up" on the students' abilities in grammar, punctuation, and sentence structure. The gift, of course, comes in the snapshot of that former life that knew not law school. Here are some of the best from the fall of 2001.

Illustrations by Jon Flaming

ANDREW CLAWSON

"I'm so glad to be back," she whispers, speaking softly, as though being alone in a bed together in her parents' house is still against the rules. "Me too," I whisper back, as we snuggle before falling asleep after a long day of airplanes, holiday crowds, and layovers. "It feels like we've been away forever." "I love you," she mumbles, half asleep. "I love you too. Good night." "Good night."

"Ooooooh! Ooooooh!" I wearily open my eyes to find Natalie hunkered down by the side of the bed retching into a large cooking pot. I rush to her: "Are you okay?" "Drew," she moans, "pleeease make it stop! I can't dooo it anymore. I've woken up four times now and there's nothing left in my stomach. I *bate* throwing up! Dooo something."

"Why don't I get you some Seven-Up," I suggest. "Maybe that will settle..."

"No!" she wails. "I can't dooo it anymore. Pleeease, just make it stop." I try again: "Well, maybe you could eat some soda crackers so that your stomach isn't empty..."

"No! Just dooo something," she says, cutting me off again. I stand up to think if there's anything else I can do, and impatiently she tells me to get her mom.

"I'm not going to get your mother for you," I reply sharply. We've only been married for seven months, and she'll think that I can't take care of you. "Pleeease!" she whimpers. "I'll pay you to get my mom."

Convinced that I've failed as a husband, I tiptoe up the stairs to my in-laws' bedroom door to get Freda. "Freda! Freda!" I call weakly, half-hoping that she doesn't hear. "Natalie's sick and she wants you."

Defeated, I sit with Natalie as her parents come into the room. "What's going on?" asks Freda. "Natalie's sick," I begin to say as Natalie interrupts: "Mom, Pleeease

do something. I'm sooo sick and I can't take it anymore." Freda kneels down next to Natalie and gently tucks a tangled strand of blonde hair behind Natalie's ear. "Drew," Freda says without looking up, "why don't you go into the kitchen and bring me some Seven-Up and soda crackers. Maybe that will settle her stomach."

The moaning stops. I smile.



CAROLYN E. HOWARD

The main motivation behind my coming to law school is the desire to buy a boat. There is nothing better than waking up at six in the morning, grabbing a swimsuit, and heading for the lake. It seems that every time I water-ski, I get better, but always on a neighbor's or generous friend's boat. Most girls are looking for a tall, dark, handsome man, but I'm just looking for a slim, fast, good-looking boat.

Because practicing law runs in my family, I've spent some time watching courtroom trials. The lawyers are always dressed in sharp suits, brightly colored ties, shiny shoes, and sparkly watches. They move about the courtroom with ease, their heads held high, looking like they have a plan. I'm not too quick with math, but I know how to put two and two together. Those sharp suits weren't bought at Kmart, and the lawyers were most likely planning fantastic boating trips. I had found my destiny. There was, in fact, a boat in my future: a boat through law school. Law school would provide opportunities for me to find work with income that would exceed my food bill. That boat is on its way.

CAMERON REESE

Three weeks ago, following a four-month engagement, I got married. I love being married. I did not love being engaged. To me, engagement was akin to a form of purgatory where the eternities were delayed in deference to important decisions like dish towels and napkin rings. I've since realized that despite engagement's frustrations, it was a necessary and important step in preparing me for marriage.

Law school, I believe, will be much like an engagement. And although I understand

the necessity of law school training, I've been told by enough 2L's and 3L's that the first year "isn't that bad" to believe it must really be "that bad." Fortunately my engagement has equipped me with some of the principles necessary to survive my first year.

I learned quickly my engagement would require sacrifice. But my engagement required much more than the sacrifice of time; it required the sacrifice of ESPN. The male freedom I clung most tightly to prior to my engagement was the right to watch *SportsCenter* at both 11 o'clock and midnight. Engagement signaled the end of this freedom. Instead of watching *SportsCenter*, my time was spent stuffing envelopes and walking through Provo's slums, which the BYU Web page creatively labeled married housing.

My engagement also taught me the importance of having an opinion. My wife and I registered at a couple of local stores, and as a good husband should, I accompanied her on most of these trips. The trips taught me that "I don't know" or "I don't care" are not correct responses when asked an important question like "Which beach towels should we register for?" or, better yet, "Which garbage can do you like?"

However, I quickly learned my opinions were not wanted for actual advice. When shared, they were usually followed by "What do you think about these?" which meant my answer was wrong.

Similarly, the opinion-sharing exercise should be helpful during my first year in law school. When I'm asked to share my opinion in class, I'll know two things: First, that "I don't know" is not an appropriate response when asked what I think about a case. Second, my opinion is important to the extent it proves I'm not as smart as I thought I was. When my opinion is destroyed by a professor, I can thank my engagement for teaching me not to be offended.

But the most important thing my engagement taught me is that the wait is worth it. Seeing my wife when I get home is much more exciting than seeing my five roommates and their girlfriends. I'm confident the law school wait will also prove worth it. And, if I'm lucky, it won't be "that bad."



DONLU THAYER

"I can't go to law school," I said, collapsing after our daughter's fairy-tale reception-in-the-park two weeks ago. "Look at this house! Look at this yard!" To an onlooker my husband explained my *modus operandi* as wife/mother/friend/teacher/editor/gardener/musician in a word: "volcanic." My brain insists that everything I can conceive must be done. I work in a frenzy until I drop. The cells of my body confer: "She's dying! Hold onto everything you've got!" For six months before the wedding I tried desperately (again) to lose something of the 75 pounds I had gained between 1975 and 1984 over the course of six pregnancies. My son-in-law's mother is a thin South African blonde. I had already suffered the humiliation of being the fattest person in my son's wedding pictures two years ago in Calgary, and that summer I had managed to lose 35 pounds. This summer, with more and better effort, I lost a mere 15. At the wedding luncheon I surrendered. After months of no sugar, no wheat, no dairy, I defiantly consumed three desserts.

"Go to law school, dear," my husband said. "You need focus. Otherwise you tend to get all used up." A psychotherapist friend once said I possessed rescue energy sufficient to save the known universe. It wasn't a compliment. "It's not your job," he said.

So, my children are grown and my husband needs to retire. I need a better job, and I need a new focus. Besides, in law school, I won't have time to eat.

Three alumni of the J. Reuben Clark Law School have been called by the First Presidency of the Church to serve as mission presidents. Their wives and some of their children have joined them for the three-year service.

The new presidents are Wilford Wayne Andersen, '76, Mexico Guadalajara Mission; D. Gary Beck, '82, Philippines Manila Mission; and Lawrence E. Corbridge, '76, Chile Santiago North Mission.

Wilford Wayne Andersen, '76, was managing partner of Andersen Investments in his hometown of Mesa, Arizona, when called to preside over the Mexico Guadalajara Mission. His previous Church callings include stake president, bishop, and ward Young Men president.

President Andersen and his wife, Kathleen (Bennion), the parents of nine children, are joined by their five youngest sons in Guadalajara. Their other children include a son currently in his third year at the Law School, two daughters, and a son serving a mission.

Having served in the Argentina South Mission, Wilford completed his bachelor of science degree at BYU before receiving his law degree with the first graduating class of the J. Reuben Clark Law School in 1976. He worked in the legal department of the Bank of America in Los Angeles prior to his return to Mesa, where he started up Andersen Investments.

Reflecting on his blessings, President Andersen says, "I've learned that we need the Lord's help and that when we do our best, He will make up the difference and help us to accomplish His purposes."

New Mission Presidents Include Law School Alumni

D. Gary Beck, '82, retired this past June as a U.S. Coast Guard captain and deputy commander, Maintenance and Logistics Command Pacific. The former bishop and stake mission president resided with his wife, Marsha (Garside), and family in San Rafael, California, prior to his call as president of the Philippines Manila Mission. The Becks have four children, including a son currently serving in the Chile Santiago North Mission.

Born and raised in Magna, Utah, President Beck earned a bachelor of science degree at the U.S. Coast Guard Academy in 1972. He has served in the Coast Guard throughout his career, primarily in legal capacities, and earned his law degree at BYU through the Coast Guard post-graduate education program. A Coast Guard law specialist and past military judge, he taught law at the U.S. Coast Guard Academy in New London, Connecticut.

"My priorities are God, country, and family—which are all connected. My career



Clockwise from left: President and Sister Wilford Wayne Andersen; President and Sister D. Gary Beck; and President and Sister Lawrence E. Corbridge.

has allowed me time to serve as a husband and father and in the Church. All of these avenues of service have grounded me in those priorities."

Lawrence E. Corbridge, '76, a senior attorney at Corbridge Baird & Christensen in Salt Lake City, is joined by his wife, Jacquelyn (Shamo), and the two youngest of their five sons as he serves as president of the Chile Santiago North Mission. The Corbridge's other three sons are all returned missionaries like their father, who served in the Argentina North Mission from 1968 to 1970.

After earning a bachelor's of science degree from BYU, Larry graduated with the first class of the Law School.

Within a few years he had teamed up with John Baird, '78, and Jim Christensen, '79, to form Corbridge Baird and Christensen. (John Baird is currently serving as mission president of the Puerto Rico San Juan Mission.)

A past stake president, bishop, and Gospel Doctrine teacher, President Corbridge acknowledges: "I have always been in over my head since the first day of law school and throughout the intervening years of practice and Church service. I have learned that my capacities are never sufficient and that success depends essentially on a power infinitely greater than my own. I especially feel it now."