

Dad Memorial Address

Thank you all for coming today. I know many of you have made a significant effort to attend – it means a great deal to us to see so many familiar faces, and I know Dad would be pleased that the Chapel is so well attended. Thank you also to the Master and Fellows of Trinity and to Revd Banner for holding this Memorial in Chapel today. It is wonderful to be able to celebrate Dad's life with so many of his friends and colleagues here in Trinity, an institution that was such an integral part of his life for well over 70 years.

Dad's association with College actually stretches back to 1937 when his father was appointed to the Whewell Chair of International Law. But it was in 1945, aged 17, that he first arrived as an undergraduate. Following his graduation in 1950 his relationship with College continued, first as a part time supervisor, and then, from 1953, as a law fellow, a fellowship that he only reluctantly relinquished in February. From 1953 on he was involved in College to a greater or lesser extent for the rest of his life, including tackling issues dear to his heart as Secretary of the High Table Meals Committee and more significant matters as a member of the College Council. In his later years, as the pace of his professional life began to slow, he relished the sense of community provided by the College and continued to indulge his great love of College feasts and crème brule. College also contributed a huge amount to our family as a whole: walks through the Fellows' gardens; 12th Night Feasts; trips to the wine cellar; and for my older siblings, toasting marshmallows in his room under the Clock Tower in Great Court or attending May Balls at a very young age. Dad was also the last of the close-knit and distinguished group of Trinity lawyers comprising Tony Jolowicz, Gareth Jones and Tony Weir, who beyond building Trinity's reputation for law, established lifelong family friendships.

Thanks to Steve and Chris' thoughtful words, I do not need to attempt to do justice to Dad's many professional and academic achievements, which is fortunate, because, for my siblings and I, Dad was first and foremost a kind, generous and loving father; always with our best interests at heart and ever on hand with valuable advice and guidance, even if it was not always heeded.

Of course, with age, I began to appreciate more of Dad's achievements. But sadly it was only with his death that the full breadth and magnitude of these became apparent to me through the various obituaries, articles and hundreds of condolence letters received by my mother: barrister, lecturer, arbitrator, judge, publisher, mentor and founder of the Research Centre, in addition to father and husband.

Beyond a penchant for food and fine wine, Dad was in large part a man of simple tastes. He enjoyed a good meal with family and friends, a Charlie Chaplin film, a rollmop herring from Schravening or an illicit Chelsea bun from Fitzbillies, smuggled in under my mother's watchful eye by an unwary student.

My strongest childhood memories of him revolve around long talks during our nightly dog walks, heated family debates over the dinner table, games of chess and failed attempts by him to recite the entire Passover Seder in Hebrew, one of the many ways in which he attempted to honour the traditions of his parents. Then there were the trips. Normally associated with his work in one form or another, but always unique. Not many 12 year olds get to fly in a helicopter to a caribineri camp on the edge of Lago O'Higgins in the South of Chile and then ride on horseback along a disputed border. Equally memorable for different reasons was our

trip most of the way to Machu Pichu. Now, I say most, because we didn't actually make it to Machu Pichu, despite travelling as far as the train station in Ollantaytambo, a mere couple of hours away. Unfortunately, by then Dad's appetite had got the better of him and we had to go in search of a sandwich, a search which coincided with the arrival and departure of the only train towards Machu Pichu that day. This did at least allow us to visit the much under-appreciated Inca ruins at Ollantaytambo.

Perhaps unsurprisingly he did not have time for many hobbies or outside interests beyond the professional. And as he used to say, his work was his hobby. However, he enjoyed classical music, ballet and the opera. He did not have much time for the watching or playing of sport, though he would watch the occasional rugby international on TV, if only to humour us. In his younger years he skied a little and played tennis, but my mother tells me that he coincidentally developed tennis elbow as soon as she began to beat him.

In truth, I suspect that Dad's participation in sport was driven by a desire to be sociable, more than anything else. For his ability to build strong personal relationships was one of a number of characteristics, which set him apart and transcended his personal and professional lives. He uniquely combined a great intellect with a fearsome work ethic, boundless energy, a good dose of practicality and a wicked sense of humour.

As we have heard, this combination made him a superb advocate, but also great fun to be around and very difficult to win an argument against. However, from a personal perspective, what stands out for me above all, was Dad's interest in people. Despite the numerous demands on him, he always made time for people, irrespective of background, position or influence. This interest presented itself in a number of ways. One, was his ability to engage

and get on with almost anyone. In the photographic biography that Dad started, and my sister Gabriel is now editing, Robin Pirrie recounts a wonderful encounter at the American Society annual meeting in Washington, in which the lift attendant at the hotel had to hold the lift at a floor to enable Dad and a well-known statesman to finish their conversation on the way up, and then had to hold it again on the way down to enable Dad and the lift attendant to finish their own conversation. His great warmth and charm enabled Dad to establish and maintain long lasting relationships with people from all walks of life.

For many, this interest in people manifested itself most significantly in the time he devoted to helping others, particularly when it came to progressing their careers. Before he died I was aware that he had often helped past and present pupils. But, it was only upon beginning to read the condolences letter sent to my mother that I realised the sheer number of people Dad helped over more than six decades. And for all those that knew of his help, there will have been many others who Dad supported without them ever being aware. For he did not do it for the thanks or appreciation, but rather a desire to help those that he felt deserved to be given a chance.

That is why it is wonderful to see the success and growth of the Research Centre for International Law. An institution that Dad founded and one which I hope will continue to help and support those with an interest in the subject for many years to come.

Whilst we are here to celebrate Dad's life today, I know he would want me to take a moment to thank and remember all those that helped and looked after him during the last decade and more of his life, when illness was an ever present shadow. First and foremost, Mum, who was ever present by his side; but also with special thanks to my sister Deborah; his carer, George dos Santos; Dr David Jayne and his team; the many doctors and nurses at Addenbrooke's

Hospital; the staff and doctors at the Newnham Walk surgery; Dr Christian Hasford; and the carers and district nurses, who were so supportive in the last year of his life; as well as all the family and friends too numerous to mention. Were it not for all your efforts, I would not have had the opportunity to introduce my children, Max and Rory, to their grandfather, and for that I am truly grateful.

However, all stories must come to an end, and ever the practical man, Dad knew when his time was up. Thus it was that 36 hours before his death, he called us around him, told us the end was near and suggested that we open a final bottle of champagne for him so that we could say farewell. Therefore, I know that Dad would not want us to mourn him, but rather celebrate his life and remember the many moments of happiness we shared with him in what was such a full, happy and productive life. And so, remembering his love of a good joke, it feels only appropriate to end with the story about..

the priest, the rabbi and the vicar who decide to see which one is best at their job. The test is to go into the woods, find a bear and try to convert it.

After they are done the priest says, "I read to the bear from the Catechism, sprinkled him with holy water and next week is his First Communion."

The vicar said, "I found a bear by the stream, preached God's holy word and he let me baptize him."

The rabbi was bandaged from head to foot and said. "Looking back, maybe I shouldn't have started with the circumcision."

Conan Lauterpacht
14 October 2017