

Enjoying graybeard status in legal services here in Virginia, still avoiding evictions, attacking errant collectors, and these days especially, fighting foreclosures.

After graduation I opted for a 2-year stint as Peace Corps Volunteer in Kosrae and Pohnpei, two high islands in the Eastern Carolines, where I learned vastly more than I taught.

From my Pacific paradise I applied for a Reginald Heber Smith Fellowship in poverty law, imagining myself transported from tropical splendor to urban sophistication in New York or Boston. Yep, I got the fellowship, and assignment to the city of Newark, still scarred from 1968 riots. Turned out to be an exciting time, and after my first case turned into a NJ Supreme Court precedent on consumer class actions, I was hooked on poverty law.

Got married and moved to the Roanoke Valley of Virginia, where I have lived ever since, to become general counsel of the Legal Aid Society of Roanoke Valley, where I have practiced ever since.