

FESTSCHRIFT IN HONOR OF PETER HENNING

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Peter Henning was a wonderful friend and mentor. I miss him tremendously. Writing this remembrance brings simultaneous feelings of gratitude and wistfulness. There is gratitude because of the experiences we shared and the influence he had on my life, both personally and professionally. There is wistfulness because the last page in the book of those experiences has been written. I am fortunate that it was as long and rich a set of stories as it was.

One of my first memories of Peter was slightly intimidating at the time, but demonstrated some of his best qualities. I was in Detroit to interview for an entry-level position at Wayne State University Law School (WSU). Peter was a leader not just on WSU's faculty but among researchers and teachers of white-collar crime nationally. During an office interview, the first question Peter asked was my opinion of a textbook that a WSU colleague had written on a subject I hoped to teach. I nervously shared some thoughts about the book and then carefully explained why I thought a different text was better suited to my approach. Peter was satisfied; he wanted to make sure I had done my homework, both about pedagogy and potential future colleagues, and he possessed the intellectual honesty to respect differences of opinion. Those characteristics—a quick mind, intellectual firepower, integrity, and a deeply felt commitment to his friends—were at Peter's core.

Peter also managed to balance a sardonic, clever sense of humor with a deep vein of kindness and support. A group of us joined the WSU faculty at the same time. After our first semester of teaching, we awaited the results of the student evaluations of our courses (including comparisons with our peers) with roughly the same equanimity that a defendant feels when awaiting the jury's verdict. As soon as they were released, Peter stopped by to visit each of us to see how we were handling the news. When he came into my office, he said, "Your numbers are good! Which is great—now, people will just assume you know what you're doing, and you never have to worry again." I laughed. He had not only broken the tension but also reassured me at a time when I felt quite uncertain. Peter looked out for those of us who were junior faculty professionally. He was also a wonderful friend personally. When I went through difficult times, both during my Detroit years and later, Peter always reached out in support. He had a deft way of ensuring you knew he was there when you needed him, while also giving space when it was necessary. Peter was

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empathetic. He had wisdom to share and the patience to wait until the time for it had arrived. And he was steadfastly loyal; whatever the circumstances, Peter was on your side. He had your back.

As a friend, Peter also made you a priority. He gave you the gift of his time and attention. When I would send him an e-mail, I would inevitably hear back from him within a day with a roundup of life at the law school, the shortcomings of various Los Angeles sports teams, and news of his beloved family. When he visited New York City, we would have dinner or see a Mets game. When I came to Michigan, Peter would go out of his way to get together to catch up. We visited Las Vegas once, where Peter attempted (unsuccessfully) to teach me to play craps and where he, with great good humor, rode the local monorail system with me so I could see what it was like (Disney World, as it turns out, had nothing to fear from the competition). Peter was fun to be around.

There were two other aspects of Peter's life that are important to mention, although I learned about them mostly secondhand. The first was how expert Peter was in his areas of research and scholarship and how greatly his peers respected him. He wrote for the *New York Times: DealBook*, usually on white collar crime, and his columns introduced those of us who were outsiders to the subject to its nuances while simultaneously explicating the subtleties of the latest scandal for more sophisticated observers. He earned a Fulbright Scholarship and traveled internationally to teach a wide array of lawyers and judges. He wrote rigorous articles and gave talks and explained the law to journalists. He was the best sort of law professor, one with a distinguished record of practice and public service, with an inquisitive mind, and with a deft touch in the classroom. He is a role model, for me and many others.

The second—and most important—is Peter's devotion to and abiding love for his family. While he could always be counted on for an amusing quip about parenthood, he loved his daughters deeply and felt such pride in them. And his relationship with Karen was at the center of his life. Peter's commitment to and enjoyment of his family is the best possible evidence for what an extraordinary, kind, insightful, and dedicated person he was. I cannot imagine their loss. It is my small hope that this volume, along with all of the other tributes, letters, e-mails, and expressions of friendship that accompany it, provide some comfort by showing how widely he was loved.

I miss Peter. I miss asking him for advice, or complaining about sports, or comparing notes on the inevitable bureaucratic challenges of life at a university. I am deeply grateful to him. And I am grateful to his colleagues and friends who have contributed to this volume, so I can learn new stories

about my friend and recognize the common threads in the bonds we shared with him.