

In Memory of Professor James E. Bond

*John Eshelman**

Jim Bond was a friend, a colleague, a fellow member of a faculty seminar devoted to good conversation and the study of single-malt scotch, and as dean, he was a highly effective diplomat. We were in Sullivan Hall and Father William Sullivan was a great admirer of Jim. Fr. Bill liked people who were very, very smart and articulate—Jim was both those things—and Fr. Bill liked people who were interested in big questions—Jim was also that. Fr. Bill had great respect for Jim. He said many times how lucky Seattle University was to have Jim as dean during the transition of the law school into the university. Jim made a permanent difference.

The marriage of the school of law and the university was an arranged marriage and things could have gone horribly wrong. There was a lot of skepticism in both parties, but it worked in no small part because of Jim.

Jim was not around when Seattle University and University of Puget Sound announced the transfer of the law school, but I heard about him: a mythical figure who, like St. George, had jousting with the dragon. It was not clear whether he or the dragon had won, but he had earned the respect and gratitude of the law faculty and staff on whose behalf he had raised, then fallen on, his sword.

There were great sighs of relief when Jim agreed to return to the deanship. These were uncertain times as the university and the law school figured out how to make this arranged marriage work. Jim was the ideal marriage counselor with an unerring instinct for what was really important to the people of the law school and what was important to the university. He gently steered us around many rocks and shoals and needless tensions. How did he do it? Simply by being himself. Open, honest, thoughtful, wise, with deep sympathy for the sometimes-diverging interests and values of each of the partners in this marriage dance. He always assumed the best and we all tried to measure up. He led by thoughtful example.

But one of my favorite memories of Jim was not in his capacity as a dean but as a teacher. He was a popular teacher of the law. Arthur Fisher, dean of the undergraduate Matteo Ricci College, recognized a gifted teacher and invited Jim to teach at his college. Jim approached the challenge with eager trepidation. To Jim's relief, but no one's surprise, the class was a resounding success; Jim was, of course, a conservative and a Libertarian, and it is a mark of his excellence as a teacher and as a person

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that he and the most assertively liberal student in the class really connected. Jim and the student sometimes had lunch, and both grew through the intellectual sparring. He was not trying to convince the student radical of the error of his ways. Rather, he was teaching by engaging the student in the conversation. As he did with the university and law school, he did with the student. He made a permanent difference. What more can you ask? Dean, scholar, teacher, colleague—Jim was a gift.