

## REMEMBRANCE\*

I never had Professor Dupre in class. In fact, I did not meet her until the summer before my third year of law school. I was the new Editor in Chief, and she had just been appointed as the faculty advisor for the *Georgia Law Review*. Having heard about Professor Dupre's classes, I was pretty sure I had walked into the wrong office when I met the funny, cordial, and delightful woman sitting behind the desk. This was the intimidating professor who struck fear in the hearts of innumerable students? Impossible—she was too nice. Professor Dupre and I continued to enjoy the best of working relationships that year. She made clear to the Executive Board that she trusted us to do a good job and gave us a great deal of autonomy, while serving as a mentor and a sounding board as we navigated through the process of publishing a top notch law review. Working with her was a true delight, and I left law school knowing she was a consummate professional and the epitome of a class act. And, I hoped that a little of those characteristics had rubbed off on all of us as we entered the practice of law.

About three years after I graduated from law school, Anne and I ran into one another after I moved back to Athens to work at a local law firm. Our relationship quickly evolved from professor and student to true friends. We met often for lunch, shared a personal trainer, went shopping, talked sports, offered each other book recommendations, and basically supported one another as only true friends do. We, along with a law school classmate of mine, also traveled to Europe together, having discovered a shared love for travel and all things French. While she, deservedly, has been repeatedly lauded for her professional and academic achievements, Anne's compassion for others, inner drive, and love

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\* In the Fall 2011 Issue, the *Georgia Law Review* dedicated Volume 46 to the memory of Professor Anne Proffitt Dupre, a beloved alumna and faculty member who left a lasting imprint on the *Review* by serving as its Editor in Chief and later as its faculty advisor. This Remembrance is the final in a series of four tributes to Professor Dupre set to appear in each of the four issues of Volume 46.

for life taught her friends and family lessons from which we will benefit for the rest of our lives.

Anne genuinely cared for others. Whenever we talked, that compassion shined through in her stories about her friends, family, students, and colleagues. All of whom were genuinely important to her. She had a limitless capacity for delighting in others' day-to-day joys as well as a tremendous empathy for those going through a rough spot. In addition, Anne knew instinctively when to inject humor into the conversation (and she had a wicked sense of fun) as well as when and how to gently offer advice to others. In other words, Anne knew how to be a friend. Finally, she served as a terrific example as a wife and daughter. Anne's love for her husband, Bill, and father, George, was obvious in the way her eyes danced whenever she talked about them. All of us should be so lucky as to love and be loved as Anne loved her family and friends.

Moreover, Anne's inner drive and relentless pursuit of knowledge were inspirational. Anne simply loved to learn for learning's sake. Whether she wanted to play golf, write a blog, knit, or learn all she could about various world religions, Anne jumped in with both feet and embraced the experience. Her boundless curiosity and willingness to try new things continues to serve as an example for those of us who all too often become content with the *status quo*. If something interested Anne, she explored it completely, implicitly encouraging those around her to follow their dreams as well. When I decided to enter academia, Anne shared her experiences with me, gave me a complete list of the pros and cons, and then served as my biggest cheerleader. She offered that same support to other friends as they decided to take cooking lessons or to travel abroad for the first time. To Anne, the important thing was to grasp life with both hands, welcome new knowledge, and constantly expand one's horizons.

Finally, Anne's *joie de vivre* was beyond compare. She simply loved life. She did everything in her power to keep both her body and mind healthy. The fact that Anne developed cancer in spite of her best efforts angered many of us, striking us as grossly unfair. Anne, however, rejected all negativity and continued to exhibit the same optimism she always had. In the face of such overwhelming

adversity, her commitment to remain positive served as a touchstone for the rest of us. Her belief that everything would work out as it should remained constant right up to the very end. Those of us who cared for our friend, Anne, could only marvel at her tenacity and attempt to mirror her indomitable spirit.

There can be no doubt that Anne was a monumental scholar and a teacher of the highest caliber. However, for those of us who knew Anne outside of an academic setting, she will be best remembered as a shining example of how to live life to its fullest. We were lucky enough to have her as a friend, a friend who encouraged us to show compassion to the important people in our lives, to embrace new experiences, and to maintain a positive outlook. Those lessons will no doubt serve us well as we move forward. May we all strive to be the type of friend Anne was.

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