

Storytelling for Lawyers A Bibliography of Materials

Journals:

Philip N. Meyer, *How to Shape Your Legal Storytelling*, ABA J. (Oct. 10, 2014, 7:00 AM)
http://www.abajournal.com/magazine/article/shaping_your_legal_storytelling/.

Philip N. Meyer, *Behavior Economist's Work Offer Lessons for legal Storytellers About Judgment and Decision-Making*, ABA J. (Jan. 1, 2016, 2:20 AM),
http://www.abajournal.com/magazine/article/behavioral_economists_work_offers_lessons_for_legal_storytellers.

Other Articles:

Max Kennerly, *Trial Lawyers as Storytellers, The Narratives Versus the Numbers*, LITIG. & TRIAL BLOG (Dec. 7, 2011) <http://www.litigationandtrial.com/2011/12/articles/the-business-of-law/trial-lawyers-as-storytellers-the-narratives-versus-the-numbers/>.

Ken Lopez, *20 Great Courtroom Storytelling Articles from Trial Experts*, THE LITIG. CONSULTING REP. (2013) <http://www.a2lc.com/blog/bid/63423/20-Great-Courtroom-Storytelling-Articles-from-Trial-Experts>.

Paul Luvera, *Trial Lawyers and Storytelling*, PLAINTIFF TRIAL LAW. TIPS (April 6, 2014), <http://plaintifftriallawyertips.com/trial-lawyers-and-storytelling>.

Morgan Smith, *Storytelling for Attorneys: How to Build a Great Narrative for Your Case*, CONTENT LEGAL (May. 10, 2011), <http://cogentlegal.com/blog/2011/05/storytelling-for-attorneys-how-to-build-a-great-narrative-for-your-case/>.

I first became aware of myself as self, as Pascal's reed ("Man is only a reed, the feeblest reed in nature; but he is a thinking reed"), when I was seven or eight years old. We lived in an apartment on East 82nd Street in New York. My bedroom window looked out on the court, and I could see into the apartments across the way. One evening when I was looking out I saw a woman undressing by her open window. She took off her dress, stretched, stood there in her slip, not moving, not doing anything, just standing there, being.

And that was my moment of awareness (of ontology?): that woman across the court who did not know me, and whom I did not know, was a person. She had thoughts of her own. She *was*. Our lives would never touch. I would never know her name. And yet it was she who revealed to me my first glimpse of personhood.

When I woke up in the morning the wonder of that revelation was still with me. There was a woman across the court, and she had dreams and inner conversations which were just as real as mine and which did not include me. But she was there, she was real, and so, therefore, was everybody else in the world. And so, therefore, was I.

I got out of bed and stood in front of the mirror and for the first time looked at myself consciously. I, too, was real, standing there thin and gawky in a white nightgown. I did more than exist. I was.

That afternoon when I went to the park I looked at everybody I passed on the street, full of the wonder of their realness.

- Madeleine L'Engle, *A Circle of Quiet* 33-34 (Farrar, Straus & Giroux 1972).