

About three weeks following Robert's death, he should have been sworn in as President of the Asian Pacific American Bar Association of DC. They asked me to say a few words to the audience during the installation dinner, which had been postponed to October due to the tragic events.

A long time ago, long before I even met Robert, I realized that few things in life ever remained the same and that change was a constant that would always be with us. That realization was never more clear than on the night of Robert's death, when a young doctor at GW Hospital informed us that Robert had passed away from stab wounds to the chest. Indeed, the lives of my family and Robert's family have been changed forever because of this incredible tragedy.

I wish I could promise that Robert's passing will be the last hardship that any of us will ever have to face, but I can't. For some of us, life will have us walk through some dark seasons and long tunnels. It is my sincere hope that we would again pull together, as we did during this time, when life becomes hard for any one of us. We are a family here. All of us in

this room tonight are part of a community that Robert deeply cherished and held very close to his heart.

The hallmark of Robert's life was gentle, unassuming service to others; may we continue to lovingly serve through our current roles not only as judges, attorneys, executives and public servants, but also as parents, spouses, siblings and friends.

There's a story I think about often these days, a story that has brought much comfort in the midst of great sadness.

Once upon a time, there was a powerful king who wanted a painting of peace, so he summoned all the great artists of the land and explained what he wanted. The first artist presented a breathtaking picture of a sunset at sea. The second artist offered a picture where spectacular beams of sunlight broke through a rich and dense forest. The last artist presented a

painting that was all black. Pitch black. Upon closer examination, the king saw harsh specks of white rain and furious ocean waves that were being violently formed at the mercy of an unforgiving storm. In the midst of this terrible storm at sea, however, was a tiny dove sitting inside the crevice of a large, solid rock. The dove was sound asleep, with her head safely tucked into the soft feathers of her breast.

This was peace.

It is my heartfelt prayer that each of you would have a solid, unchanging rock on which to lean, rest, be sheltered, comforted and guided as we journey through life. Life can seem unfair, painful and confusing at times, but life also overflows with goodness, truth, beauty, second chances, clarity and purpose. May we continue to pursue these things as

we thoughtfully serve our communities and as we remember the love and friendship that Robert so generously gave to all of us. Thank you.