

It's an honor to be speaking here as a representative of David's students because we were all students of David's, one way or another. In my case, I was David's research assistant for the last year and a half. Keeping with the theme of this memorial, I want to share a story about David's laughter and my tears.

When I first began to work for David, I was terrified of him. When I am intimidated my voice drops and David was a little hard of hearing. I would meet with him and speak very softly. In turn, David would lean forward over his desk with a very focused stare and I would immediately scoot back. David quickly realized what was happening and took a moment to very gently tell me that it was ok to speak up. At that moment I saw past the Dean and the impressive academic and saw David for the generous, kind, and patient person that he was. I must have looked completely bewildered because he burst out laughing and I couldn't help but join him. After that the work became really fun.

One of the ways that David was particularly generous was with his time. He spoke to student groups at lunch-time panels whenever he was asked despite having a million other things to do. He and Ann had students over to their wonderful house for dinner. He always made time to meet with us on a one-to-one basis.

David's impact on students was often disproportionate to the time that we spent with him. Thinking on that, I kept coming back to David's contagious enthusiasm in his work. I have never had so much fun working hard as I did this last year and a half. He brought out the best in his students because he demanded the best of himself and he did it with such good spirits. It was impossible to not work hard for David because he set such an inspiring example...and you'd just feel lazy.

You can't ask more than that of a teacher and in turn, we all loved David. He was and will continue to be our teacher and will be deeply missed.