

I wanted to start by thanking you, on behalf of my entire family, for being here with us. It means so much to have you here to grieve the loss of my father with us, but also to celebrate the life he had and the more full life we know he has now.

The people in this room knew my father in many ways – as a dad; as a husband; as a son; as a brother; as a friend; as a colleague; as a writer; and as a teacher. It's that last role I want to talk to you a little about, because although he was my dad, he was my teacher as well, as he was to many of you.

My dad was famous for the classes he taught and the lectures he gave, but he did not only communicate wisdom through lecture. He was also famous for his ready supply of pithy, confidently stated, if somewhat unconventional wisdom. He once saw a t-shirt labeled, "No Pain, No Gain," and informed his children that his attitude toward exercise was, "No pain, NO PAIN!" He taught us that, in spite of what we might learn in health class at school, there were only 4 food groups, all brown – your hamburger, your bun, your French fries, and your ice tea or coke. He taught us to be careful to communicate precisely; growing up, if we said to my dad, "I have a question," he would always respond, "I have an answer. Rutherford B. Hayes." I never figured out quite what question he thought I was asking. In other households, the "magic words" were "please" and "thank you." In ours, we were taught early on that the magic words were, "I don't want to talk; I want to see a lawyer."

My dad did not teach any of us to become lawyers, but he did also teach us many lessons that related to the career that he loved. He taught us to love thinking by engaging us in dinner table discussions on politics and current events, and he cared more about our school subject interests than our grades. (Sam would like me to insert that he did, however, care deeply that homework was completed.) He also taught us that knowledge is not only gained from books, but from interactions with people. Students – you should know that my dad adored teaching you, and that he spoke to us of your accomplishments as though they were more important than his own. His most treasured accolade was the teaching award he received from the students at Harvard, because it meant that you had enjoyed your time with him as much as he had enjoyed his time with you. And to those of you who were my dad's colleagues, he repeated over and over how fortunate he felt to work with such intelligent and kind individuals.

In spite of all this, my dad was not a perfect man, and many of you know he struggled with being too hard on himself. As a child, I remember feeling so badly when he came home every day and said, "Oh, I taught a bad class today." I thought it must have been so painful to be that terrible at your job. It wasn't until the nightly laments about his bad classes *continued* after he had won many awards that I realized the problem might not be with his teaching. And he struggled with other sins, as we all do, and he struggled with believing in and actually accepting forgiveness. But he found hope in the God he saw in the Bible, the God who does not ask his people to earn his good favor, but who freely offers grace, allowing grateful service to stem from a knowledge of his love and acceptance rather than a need for it. My dad was always a naturally kind and generous man, but I had the privilege of seeing his love for others grow even more as he struggled and suffered and saw God's generous response to

him. Micah 6:8 reads, "He has showed you, O man, what is good," which in context seems to mean God's goodness, even to his sinful people. The verse continues, "And what does the Lord require of you? To act justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly with your God." I never actually heard my dad reference this verse, but I believe it describes the response he taught me to God's grace.

He was so concerned with acting justly; he loved his job not just for the academic pursuit, but for the hope that his ideas might bring more justice to our communities. He spoke with equal compassion for the victim of a crime and the kid growing up in a cycle of crime. He taught his children to see beyond our privileges to our neighbors who were being treated unfairly, and live our lives in pursuit of justice not only for ourselves but for others, as he had.

He truly did love mercy; he loved to show mercy to others, particularly in terms of giving generously of his time and resources. He tried to speak kindly even of those that had bothered him in some way. He taught me to look at others with the same compassion that I needed in my moments of weakness - mostly by showing that compassion to me.

And to the end, **he walked humbly with his God.** He was humble enough to acknowledge his pain and frustration and weakness; he admitted when he felt abandoned by God, or when he struggled with sin or to believe in God's forgiveness. But he was also humble enough to acknowledge, openly, his newfound understanding of God's delight in him, as his child. And through his struggles, in a beautiful way, he actually both loved and received love better. In his last years he apologized less often and more sincerely, and accepted forgiveness more readily. In one of our last conversations he smiled at me and said, "I actually learned to love better, didn't I?" It wasn't a proud crowing over his victories; it was humble thankfulness at what God had done for him, in him. And now he walks humbly with him face to face.