In Memoriam
Professor Robert M. Krivoshey

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Introduction

This Issue of the Ohio State Law Journal is dedicated to Professor Robert M. Krivoshey, who regrettably passed away on August 16, 2016. Born in New York to Max and Ann Krivoshey, Professor Krivoshey received his undergraduate degree from Yeshiva University in New York City. He went on to obtain both a master’s degree and a Ph.D. from the University of Chicago before attending law school at The Ohio State University Moritz College of Law.¹

Professor Krivoshey was a gifted storyteller, a skilled trial lawyer, and a devoted teacher. After receiving his law degree in 1978, Professor Krivoshey worked in private practice as a criminal defense lawyer. Ten years later in 1988, Professor Krivoshey began teaching at The Ohio State University’s Moritz College of Law, where he dedicated nearly three decades to training students to prosecute and defend criminal cases. Shortly after beginning his tenure at Moritz, he proposed and founded both the Criminal Defense Clinic and the Criminal Prosecution Clinic. Professor Krivoshey also taught Trial Advocacy, Jury Selection, and Evidence at Moritz, and coached Moritz’s National Trial Advocacy Team. Generations of graduates from the Moritz College of Law appreciated Professor Krivoshey’s mentorship, and generations of students to come will benefit from his dedication to the Moritz community through the Robert M. Krivoshey Clinic Scholarship Fund at the school. Students and faculty alike “loved to hear his stories, to get his advice, or to hear his frank appraisals.”² He cared deeply about his students and took great pride in the alumni that will continue to embody his wisdom.

His instructive influence on the legal community extended well beyond the classroom, through his impact upon trial advocacy scholarship. He edited four books on trial advocacy: Instructions, Verdicts, and Judicial Behavior; Juries: Formation and Behavior; Opening Statement, Closing Statement, and Persuasion in Trial Advocacy; and Presentation of Evidence to Jurors. He was

¹ Formally known as Ohio State College of Law.
² The Ohio State University Moritz College of Law Faculty, College Mourns Loss of Professor Krivoshey (Oct. 27, 2016), http://moritzlaw.osu.edu/briefing-room/faculty/college-mourns-loss-of-professor-krivoshey-2/ [https://perma.cc/7PGW-5J7V].
also the editor of a four-part anthology of scholarly articles, *Readings in Trial Advocacy and the Social Sciences*.

Professor Krivoshey is survived by his wife, Goldie Shabad, whom he met when they were both Ph.D. candidates at the University of Chicago, and their children: Mira Krivoshey, and Ariel and Jennifer Shabad Krivoshey. He is also survived by his sister: Lynn Bakst; his nephews: Joshua Bakst, and Daniel and Morgan Bakst; and his grandnephew: Bennett Shey. The *In Memoria* tributes that follow reflect, in small measure, the inestimable effect Professor Krivoshey had on the legal community and the Moritz College of Law as an advocate, colleague, mentor, and beloved friend.
In Memoriam, Professor Robert Krivoshey

DAVID GOLDBERGER*

We all sorely miss Bob Krivoshey. He was a great friend, a world-class teacher, a terrific trial lawyer, and a perceptive intellectual. Bob’s and my offices were next door to each other for the twenty-eight years that Bob was at the College of Law. Throughout those years, his love of his family, his love of teaching, and his deep affection for his students and colleagues were plain to see.

Bob and I met in the mid-1960s at the University of Chicago when he was working on his Ph.D. in history and I was in law school. His warmth, his easy manner, and his mischievous sense of humor made us fast friends. Becoming Bob’s friend was an adventure. He was yeshiva-educated through college, and was a deeply committed Jew. He was a voracious reader who was fascinated by history, law, current events, and just about everything else. He was always open to new ideas and, above all, he loved to schmooze.

During his Ph.D. work, Bob got his start in teaching at Kennedy King College on the South Side of Chicago, where he was in the history department. And to no one’s surprise, he found out how much he loved being a teacher. In the meantime, he met and married his wife Goldie Shabad, who was also at the University of Chicago getting her Ph.D. in political science. Faced with the universal difficulty that married university academics have of finding two teaching jobs in the same town, Bob decided to enroll at Chicago-Kent College of Law, where he completed his first year. When Goldie joined the Ohio State political science faculty, the Krivoshey family moved to Bexley, Ohio, and Bob completed his law school education at Ohio State’s College of Law.

In 1978, after Bob got his law degree, he went into practice in Columbus as a criminal defense lawyer. He later told me that during his first years in practice he began to fully appreciate the gaps in traditional legal education as it was then structured—strong on substantive law courses and quite weak on clinic and trial skills courses. He often reminisced that when he graduated from law school he really did not know much about trying a case and he was compelled to learn-by-doing. He said the turning point in his career as a trial lawyer came when, following one of his first trials, presiding Judge George Tyack invited Bob back to his chambers where he gave Bob a detailed lecture and critique about how best to try a case. Bob credited the time he spent in Judge Tyack’s chambers that day with launching him as the truly skilled trial lawyer he became. It had the simultaneous effect of reinforcing his belief that lawyers needed first-class trial skills training before graduation from law school, not after.

In spite of his growing success as a trial lawyer, Bob really missed teaching. Then, in 1980, as luck would have it, I came to Ohio and joined the Ohio State College of Law faculty where, among other things, I began teaching in the

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College’s clinical programs. Because of his pro bono work while in private practice, Bob also knew Professor Louis Jacobs, one of my colleagues that was teaching in the clinical programs. In 1988, a position for a criminal defense lawyer opened up in the clinical programs, and Lou and I knew, at once, that Bob would be a perfect fit. We both called him and urged him to apply for the position. As the search for a new clinic attorney unfolded, it became clear that none of the other candidates were as qualified as Bob. Finally, Lou, Professor LeRoy Parnell, another clinical faculty member, and I interviewed Bob over coffee and pastries at Katzinger’s Delicatessen on a Saturday morning. (Recruiting for clinic positions was far more informal than it is today.) And the rest is history. We recommended Bob to Dean Frank Beytagh and he joined the faculty a short time later.

Bob’s impact on the College and on the clinical programs was immediate. He was a gifted teacher, he was a skilled lawyer, he knew the criminal court system, and the students loved him. Year after year, his students took positions as trial lawyers and he began to receive a steady stream of letters and phone calls from former students telling him how important his teaching and support was to their careers.

But there was more. Having Bob as friend and colleague was enriching and fun. As the years passed, the two of us became known to some of our clinic students as “Statler and Hilton,” the two old cranks from The Muppets. He had a remarkable ability to tease folks he liked and make them laugh without hurting anyone’s feelings. For example, for many years the clinical programs had a terrific office manager who was so straight-laced that she would never swear. Bob proposed that we tell her we would take her to lunch if she would utter a truly obnoxious swear word. She promptly refused the offer. However, undeterred, the two of us began to tease her about her straight-laced language over the next several months until she finally became so irritated that, in the process of telling us to shut up, she finally swore at us. We congratulated her and promptly took her to lunch.

There were other ways that Bob enriched our lives at the College of Law. First and foremost, his door was always open to his students and colleagues. He was always ready to discuss the strategy or trial technique in clinic cases. And, perhaps more importantly, he listened to students pour out their dreams, their frustrations, and their worries. And, without asking anything in return, there were occasions in which he quietly and successfully represented students from all over the university who had gotten into trouble and needed his help.

As is also true of the best trial lawyers, Bob was also a fantastic storyteller. He had represented clients in all kinds of cases and had a treasure trove of war stories. When told to his friends, the war stories were often hilarious. In the classroom, however, he wove them into his teaching of trial skills and evidence in ways that made important pedagogical points.

One of the things that stood out about Bob’s clinical teaching was that when students were assigned to clinic cases, they ran the cases. His supervision consisted of carefully preparing them to present their cases. In court, however,
he put them in charge. He trusted them to use mature judgment, to make smart strategic and tactical decisions, and to represent their clients skillfully. As a consequence, during the trials, he rarely had to intervene to extricate a student from a mistake, and after student trials, judges frequently complimented his students on their performances. In many cases, students took the video records of their trials and submitted them to prospective employers.

Finally, Bob was a widely respected coach of Ohio State’s trial team in the American Bar Association’s national trial competition. Year after year his teams put on outstanding performances. In 2015, one of his teams went to the national finals held at the University of Texas and was national runner-up. Other teams of his regularly made it deep into the competition. He was truly admired by the other coaches whose teams participated in the annual ABA trial team competitions.

Because of his skills as a teacher and a counsellor, Bob Krivoshey made an enviable contribution to the lives of his students, his friends, and to the College of Law. His students are now accomplished trial lawyers all over the country. His colleagues have all benefitted from his contributions to life at the College of Law. And I have never known a better teacher or friend.
Robert M. Krivoshey: Friend and Teacher

DEBORAH JONES MERRITT*

Bob Krivoshey was a friend and teacher to everyone. Students flocked to his office, seeking help on classwork, clinic cases, and life decisions. Graduates returned year after year, eager to share their successes and tap more of Bob’s wisdom. Judges, prosecutors, and defense lawyers welcomed him to their courthouses, happy to learn from Bob. Faculty colleagues perched in Bob’s office, swapping stories, seeking advice, and debating politics.

For me, Bob was a very special friend and teacher. In 2008, he invited me to co-teach the Criminal Defense Clinic with him. This was a gutsy move (for both Bob and me) because I had no experience with criminal law, trial practice, or clinical teaching. But Bob’s experience and mentoring abilities were so vast that I happily accepted his invitation; I knew that Bob would turn me into a criminal defense lawyer and clinician, all while guiding our students on their own journeys.

And what journeys they were! Together with the students, I learned new meanings for words like “slated,” “pocket,” and “flop.” I discovered how many common household items qualify as “drug paraphernalia.” I cultivated the ability to describe clients’ alleged sexual acts without embarrassment. And, of course, I learned to cuss—in one of our first conversations, Bob warned me that the language of criminal defense is not “polite.”

More important, the students and I learned to talk with criminal defendants and witnesses to gain their trust and understand their perspectives. We learned the injustices that mar our policing and criminal justice systems. We discovered the ways in which those systems trap poor and nonwhite defendants in cycles of petty crime and disadvantage. We found that some clients are innocent of the charges against them, but that defense counsel bears a heavy burden of proving that innocence in plea bargaining.

Most significantly, Bob taught us that we could help our clients despite the long odds against them. For some clients, we persuaded the prosecutor to dismiss charges. For others, we found drug treatment programs, supported their attempts to gain employment, and successfully argued for probation. For every client, we listened to and respected their life stories.

Bob was a master of this work; he saw every criminal defendant as richly human. Bob appreciated each client’s individuality, talking with each one about their children, challenges, and dreams, rather than just about their alleged misdeeds. He counseled clients with clear eyes but a gentle heart; clients felt

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† A suspect who is detained in jail is “slated.” The “pocket” is the folder in which the prosecutor maintains documents related to the case. When a parole board denies parole, the “flop” is the time it sets until the prisoner will next be considered for parole.
Bob’s concern no matter how harsh their prospects. Under Bob’s tutelage, decades of law students learned to do the same.

Bob applied the same approach to his teaching. He saw each of his students as a rounded individual, not just a future prosecutor, public defender, or corporate lawyer. Students talked freely with Bob about their triumphs and setbacks, both personal and professional. Those conversations helped students prepare for their challenging work as licensed lawyers. The discussions also drove home a key principle of successful law practice: clients’ problems are never just about the law.

In the classroom, Bob often used stories from his personal experience to illustrate his points. But these weren’t traditional “war stories.” The classic war story features the teller as superstar. Bob’s stories focused on the client or legal context, rather than on his personal victories. Often, Bob would tell a story by first posing a question. “Suppose this happens,” Bob would say, describing a client interview, plea bargaining session, or courtroom exchange. “What would you do?” As the student answered the question, Bob’s story would gradually emerge. Sometimes the student’s response was more effective than Bob’s reaction had been, a fact that Bob would readily admit. More often, Bob’s story offered an elegant solution to a client problem, ethical challenge, or evidentiary quandary.

A common thread explains much of Bob’s success as friend, practitioner, and educator: empathy. He had an uncanny ability to place himself in the shoes of other people. He would slip quietly into the shoes of a client, witness, student, or colleague and offer counsel from that perspective. That is why clients embraced Bob’s advice and students remembered his lessons—Bob left a piece of himself inside each of them.

At the same time, Bob relished courtroom combat. When we began teaching together, I asked him why he chose to represent criminal defendants. He told me that he liked to win hard contests, and that defending a criminal defendant in a jury trial is one of the greatest challenges law practice offers. Winning a case under those circumstances, Bob thought, was a triumph worthy of the name. When Bob taught students trial techniques, his competitive instincts rose to the fore. He taught them both the science and art of courtroom victories, from authenticating essential pieces of evidence to crafting persuasive closing arguments.

But Bob drew a firm line between informed, aggressive advocacy and unprofessional conduct. He valued his reputation among lawyers and judges—and taught his students to do the same. “Know the rules of evidence better than the judges and opposing counsel,” he counseled. “And know the facts, testimony, and evidence better than anyone else. Use those tools to tell the best story to the jury. That’s how you win cases—not through unprofessional tricks.”

Bob frequently posed ethical conundrums to our students. Some puzzles arose from cases we were handling. One year, a student’s mother accompanied her to the courthouse and overheard the complainant saying “something interesting” to the prosecutor. Could the mother relay that information to our
student? Another time, a judge asked our student whether his client had any prior convictions. The student knew of several prior convictions that the prosecutor had not identified; did he have to disclose his own client’s convictions to the judge or could he decline to answer?

In addition to addressing these real-time issues, Bob maintained a storehouse of ethical dilemmas for class discussion. His class notes from fall 1991, one of the earliest times he taught the Defense Clinic, include a list of twenty “Problems in Legal Ethics” to discuss with the students. Some raised fundamental issues of our clinical practice, such as:

Assume you have been assigned to represent an indigent accused of crime. May you discuss the case with the other students or with a clinical supervisor? May you discuss it with the Dean or other faculty members?

Others addressed the special challenges of a criminal defense attorney:

You represent an indigent charged with a minor offense. He will probably receive probation if he is convicted. You determine that he was legally insane at the time he committed the offense. If he is found not guilty by reason of insanity he will be committed to a mental institution for an indefinite period of time. If he does not receive psychiatric aid promptly, he will probably commit other offenses of the same nature. What should you advise him? What should you do if he desires to plead guilty?

Twenty-six years after Bob drafted these questions, we are still discussing them in class.

Bob’s concern for ethical practice spurred development of our Prosecution Clinic. Bob spent his early years as a defense lawyer, but he saw the potential for improving the criminal justice system by educating ethical, thoughtful prosecutors. Our colleague Lou Jacobs had established the Prosecution Clinic two years before Bob joined the faculty, but Bob brought the program to fruition

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2 Of course. If the prosecutor speaks to a complainant in an open hallway with people nearby, the conversation is hardly confidential. The mother had not hidden herself to eavesdrop; she was sitting in the hallway when the prosecutor and complainant stopped to talk openly in front of her. Caveat accusator.

3 The American Bar Association (ABA) Standing Committee on Ethics and Professional Responsibility suggests that defense counsel may refuse to answer—unless the defendant has lied about his record to the judge. ABA Comm. on Ethics & Prof’l Responsibility, Formal Op. 353 (1987). Judges, however, sometimes hold a different view. Cf. Bruce A. Green, Candor in Criminal Advocacy, 44 HOFSTRA L. REV. 1105, 1113 n.48 (2016) (noting the possibly contrary view of judges, as well as their power to impose duties under their supervisory authority).


5 Id. at 9–10.

6 Id. at 10.
and maintained its excellence. We remain one of the few law schools to offer students clinical opportunities in both prosecution and defense.\(^7\)

Bob’s notes from his very first Prosecution Clinic session illustrate his approach to both clinics. According to his notes, Bob centered that class on Kafka’s novel, *The Trial*.\(^8\) He reminded the students that people sometimes refer to a criminal trial as “Kafkaesque” or “something out of Kafka.” What does that mean, he asked? Do defendants in American courtrooms suffer the kind of mysterious, unfair prosecution that Josef K. suffered in Kafka’s novel? Not literally, Bob’s notes suggest: American defendants enjoy numerous constitutional and statutory rights.\(^9\) At the same time, though, criminal defendants often feel that they are pawns in a “mysterious, inaccessible” proceeding.\(^10\) Why does that happen?

To answer that question, Bob urged his students put themselves in a criminal defendant’s shoes. The defendant’s liberty is on the line, but she rarely has the chance to speak formally on her own behalf. She consults privately with defense counsel, but rarely attends the plea bargaining sessions between her counsel and the prosecutor. In those meetings, the two lawyers dissect the defendant’s character, crimes, and future—all without the defendant’s presence. The lawyers may approach the judge to discuss possible sentences; the defendant, once again, sits on the sidelines. If the case proceeds to trial, defense counsel usually advises the defendant to stay silent rather than testify.\(^11\)

There are good reasons for these practices, and they often benefit the defendant. But from the defendant’s perspective, Bob suggested, the proceedings often do look Kafkaesque. Lawyers swirl around the defendant, talking an unfamiliar language, while she stays silent on the sidelines. When you enter a courtroom, Bob encouraged future prosecutors and defense lawyers, take a moment to view the proceedings through the defendant’s eyes.

On the other hand, Bob retained a healthy (and humorous) sense of realism about the defendants he prosecuted and defended. His notes for that first Kafka-themed class end with this Krivoshey pearl: “Still, don’t you sense that 99% of defendants are arrested for doing the wrong thing in the wrong place at the wrong time—and know it[?]”\(^12\)

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\(^7\) To eliminate conflicts, we teach the clinics in different semesters and counties. The Prosecution Clinic operates out of the Delaware Municipal Court during the fall semester; the Defense Clinic represents clients in the Franklin County Municipal Court in the spring semester. Each year, Bob transformed from prosecutor to defense lawyer at the stroke of midnight on New Year’s Eve.


\(^9\) *Id.* at 1.

\(^10\) *Id.*

\(^11\) *Id.* I have amplified Bob’s words from his more cursory notes, but I heard this tale many times while teaching with him. Bob did not always refer to Kafka, but he frequently commented on the criminal defendant’s muted voice in criminal proceedings.

\(^12\) *Id.* at 2.
Bob’s humor was an essential tool in both his prosecution and defense work. Humor, he explained to students, was a coping mechanism for everyone associated with the criminal justice system. For Bob, humor also expressed his empathy for defendants, complainants, and witnesses; his dry comments reflected the unique humanity he saw in every case. Bob developed humorous sobriquets for each case; these helped us recall the facts of the case as well as the parties’ unique perspectives. Who could forget the “Defendant Who Wasn’t Seen Driving,” the “Woman Who Played Dice by Herself” (which was not a crime), the “Grinch Who Stole Christmas,” or the “Man Who Cursed the Bus Driver”? Every case carried its own humanity.

Bob’s spirit lives on within the clinic and among our graduates. His graduates work as judges, prosecutors, defense lawyers, and practitioners in every area of the law. They approach their work with more humility, empathy, and professionalism because of their time with Bob. They also understand the importance of mentoring new lawyers within their own workplaces, paying forward the wisdom Bob shared with them.

Back at the College of Law, our students still learn from Bob Krivoshey. He told his stories so effectively that I can retell them in his name. Students look up eagerly when I signal the start of a “Bob story.” Our clinical program maintains Bob’s commitment to educating both defense lawyers and prosecutors. And all of us who knew Bob try to embody his empathetic approach to teaching and lawyering.

But Bob’s professional legacy extends far beyond these academic borders. He touched countless judges, opposing counsel, defendants, complainants, and witnesses. Some complainants felt safer because he secured convictions against offenders. Some offenders got sober, found jobs, and went back to their families. Many judges and opposing counsel learned a better, more professional way to approach their cases. When I remember Bob, I think of the thousands of people who share a piece of my memories. I never met most of them, but we all benefited from the magic of knowing Bob.
Thank you, Bob

JON TYACK*

I was recently approached by representatives of The Ohio State University Moritz College of Law and asked to put in writing my thoughts and feelings about Professor Robert Krivoshey. But even saying the name “Professor Robert Krivoshey” feels unnatural to me. To me, and all of us “Krivoshey Alumni,” he was simply “Bob.”

Bob’s academic credentials are unmatched; however, he was never an academic in my eyes. Instead, Bob bridged the gap between law and society through his teachings and application of law to real-world scenarios that many people face. Bob understood that the foundation of our entire legal system relied upon the ability of lawyers to enter a courtroom and advocate on behalf of their clients in front of a judge or a jury. He was passionate about arming young lawyers with the tools they would need to provide such client advocacy, and he was relentless in his approach as he molded, forged, and sharpened young law students into highly capable trial attorneys.

In my third year of law school, I first crossed paths with Bob as a student in the Prosecution Practicum. I will never forget the first day of class when he handed me a piece of paper and simply said, “Tyack, go ahead and get that into evidence.” After sputtering a little bit and waving the paper around, spewing forth some gibberish that I am sure made no sense, Bob relieved the tension with his famous cackle. He howled, “It’s not as easy as you thought is it Tyack?” (It is worth mentioning here that he often referred to students by their last name only.) Having relieved the tension in the room at my expense, he took the paper from my hand, and promptly taught me how to lay a foundation for admitting a document into evidence appropriately. No learned treatises were consulted. No online research was performed. Instead, one craftsman, a master in the art of trial advocacy, passed along his personal knowledge to a room full of apprentices, and we eagerly absorbed the lesson. This was how Bob operated. He taught by example. He instructed by war story. He educated by anecdote.

A few months later, I was fortunate enough to become a member of Bob’s famous trial team, which had a stellar reputation after the successes in prior years. It was an honor to be on his team, and I was tremendously confident and determined. All of my teammates had the same confidence in their abilities, as such confidence was a prerequisite for making the team in the first place.

Prior to our first practice, we were provided the mock trial problem. We arrived for our first practice ready to impress our new coach. At the beginning of practice, Bob barked out, “Tyack, give your closing argument for the Plaintiff’s side.” I stepped up to the podium and gave what I was sure had to be

* Jon Tyack is a “Krivoshey-trained” trial attorney, representing clients in civil and criminal cases throughout central Ohio. He graduated from The Ohio State University Moritz College of Law in 1996.
the most brilliant closing argument Bob had ever heard. After I concluded my remarks, I sat down at counsel table ready to reap the reward that would surely come; a gush of compliments and flattery from one of the most esteemed teachers of the trial bar.

After a long pause, Bob bellowed, “Tyack! That sucked! You sounded like Captain Kirk on the bridge of the Starship Enterprise. For crying out loud, would you please just simply talk to the jury.”

After another long pause in the room, Bob asked, “Okay, who wants to go next?” And so began my four-month journey with Bob as a member of the Mock Trial Team. It was one of the most valuable journeys that I have ever taken.

Bob didn’t talk to us like other professors did; he talked to us as if we were colleagues. And Bob didn’t treat us like students; he treated us like fellow trial attorneys. His expectations were high, and his criticism could often be harsh. However, his passion for the art of trial advocacy, and his love of his students was apparent to everyone, especially us.

Bob was a teacher, coach, counselor, and most of all, a friend. That is how I know him. That is why I always take pause whenever I hear somebody refer to him as “Professor Robert Krivoshey.” Sure, he was a professor at a very prestigious law school. But at the end of the day, Bob was a mentor to hundreds of young law students who aspired to enter courtrooms to advocate for clients in both the criminal and civil justice systems.

After I graduated from law school, my relationship with Bob continued. He would often invite me back to the law school to help with a trial team practice or to speak to one of his classes. I looked forward to those invitations every year. I looked forward to the opportunity to meet with Bob, catch up on our lives, share a meal, have a drink, or just sit in his office and talk for an hour before or after whatever school-sponsored activity he had asked me to attend. During our time together, the conversation would often turn away from the law school, and away from the practice of law altogether. Over the years, Bob became a mentor to me, not only as a trial lawyer, but also as a husband and a father. His stories about his own family, whether it be about trips to Chicago, a Bexley High School soccer game, or any other family event, held lessons for me that were in many ways more important than the lessons taken from his courtroom war stories. While the lessons I learned from Bob in law school are invaluable, it is the example that Bob set for me as a husband, father, and a friend, that I most cherish.

I am also proud to say that I had the pleasure of teaching a class with Bob. In the spring of 2015, I served as an adjunct professor for the Criminal Defense Practicum. The opportunity to sit in class with my mentor, work with him, and assist young law students to learn some of the same lessons that I had learned almost twenty years earlier, was a tremendous honor. However, to be honest, I don’t remember ever cracking a book either in class or out of class to assist Bob. In fact, I don’t remember him cracking a book at any point either. What I remember is a lot of hard work, and deep thought as we assisted the students in representing criminal defendants in the Franklin County Municipal Court. I
I remember laughing a lot, and relishing in the opportunity to hear once again the many war stories that I had heard as a student myself. We worked together to help the students formulate defense strategies. We worked together to help the students address potential ethical issues that arose. We worked together to help the students understand not only what they could do for the clients according to the law, but what they should do for the clients in pursuit of the clients’ best interests. I loved every minute of it.

Even after all this time, I miss my friend. I miss my mentor. I miss Bob. As I am writing this, I can hear his voice, “Tyack! Quit blubbering and get back to work.” And so, it is time for me to conclude my remarks, pack up my briefcase, and head up to court; exactly like I was taught.

Thank you, Bob.