

HON. ALYCIA N. SYKORA*

When They Built You, My Brother

Thank you, Sharon, Rebecca, Ben, and David's family.

David was a teacher, mentor, and friend to so many of us.

Teaching constitutional law, administrative law, and criminal law, and before that, teaching English, grading papers, counseling students, raising a family, advising agencies and supervising attorneys as Deputy Attorney General, writing 672 opinions as an appellate judge, reading, editing, and running and biking tens of thousands of miles . . .

Yet he always had time to buy a Glenwood meal for students, clerks, mentees, friends.

He always made time for us.

He was a man of consistency, and habit, and humor.

His dear friend Melissa Aubin recalls how, by July, his hands bore the symmetrical spots of tan lines allowed by his cycling gloves. They looked like the footprints of storybook lion cubs.

We recall . . .

How he'd stay for exactly half a concert—because intermission was after his bedtime.

How he'd have the Angeles Burrito—sour cream on the side—paired with pinot gris.

How he'd visit his grandchildren—by himself sometimes—so he could “hog the baby.”

How he'd “take a snooze”—head on arm on desk.

How important Rebecca and Ben were to him.

Rebecca, every time a three-tined fork appeared on a table, your dad would hoist it aloft and say: “When Rebecca was a toddler, know what

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she called a three-tined fork?” I would pretend I didn’t recall the previous twenty times he’d asked. He’d say, with glee, “A three-k! Get it?”

Ben, in our constitutional law class at the University of Oregon, he once quoted text from a new United States Supreme Court opinion. He did not like that opinion. He paused, looking up and around the auditorium of students. Then he said: “You know, as my son in high school would say, ‘*DUH!*’”

Sharon, he so loved your fiftieth anniversary trip to Italy. He was so proud of you and what you had accomplished together.

He and I had a shared love of constitutional law, biking, and kvetching, which he could do all at once.

We celebrated our annual Tour de Schuman road ride for over fifteen years. One year, I surprised him with heavy, wool bike jerseys, emblazoned with “Tour de Schuman.” We wore those matching jerseys for sixty miles in the August heat. I kept prompting him about “how great!” our wool shirts were. He kept responding that he loved them, and maybe we could make another water stop. The next year, he expressed regret that the jersey was unavailable for the Tour, as it had been baked in the dryer for hours—accidentally.

Another year, post-ride, the only Sunriver restaurant open was “Rat Hole Brewing.” David, having looked forward to breakfast, asked for an egg white omelet—because, of course. The server said flatly, “No egg whites. Our eggs are premixed.” After she left, David muttered, “Ugh. This is gonna be a real sh*t show.”

It was.

Well, David, life will continue to be a real shitshow.

But without you, it will never be the *same* shitshow.