On behalf of my family and myself, I would like to thank your Honor for accepting my word that I would return to court, and giving me the opportunity to prove that I am a better person today than I was on November 5, 1968.

I would like to thank all of you who have joined us this morning. My family and I appreciate your support in this, our most difficult of times. It is truly humbling to know that we are not alone.

To the People and the Police of San Mateo County, I apologize . Mine was a misguided and reckless act that endangered everyone’s life.

Over the years I have suppressed much of my memory of the night of November 5, 1968. After reading some of the statements by Officers who were at the White Front store that night, I can understand why. Their description of my actions on that night has left me stunned and ashamed. What if my wife or my children, or my mother or my sister had been in the parking lot that night? How would I feel today? What thoughts would I have now?

It forces me to ask myself who was I on that night, and what was I doing? I find myself without defense. I cannot explain my actions: I cannot justify them. I had broken every rule that I had been raised with.

In the Fall of 1968 I was lost going in all directions at once. I had stopped believing that we could reach the lofty ideas I once believed in. I had fallen far from the idealistic young person who had grown up with aspirations to ministering to the needy and who had found purpose in Mississippi.

While a sense of anger and hopelessness had taken me to that dark night, the aftermath plunged me even deeper into confusion and despair. What had I done? What had I become? What was left for me now? I felt I had betrayed my family, my community and everyone who cared about me. I had all but given up on life.

In that moment of utter confusion and disillusionment, I ran; I ran from what I felt I had become. I left everything that I knew and loved; I left an identity I felt I could no longer be proud of. What I did in 1968 was wrong. I was wrong to run away. Even though I was in no danger of being discovered, I have returned to take responsibility for my actions.

Last week a young woman asked me if I had forgiven myself for that night. The answer is no. I have a long way to go before I will be done with that night. She asked me why is it important for me to understand who I was then and why I did what I did. How else can I understand the young people I seek to help?

My wife and I have led lives filled with service and purpose. We have educated ourselves and used those tools to educate hungry minds and to heal broken spirits. We have toiled daily to right the wrong I have committed. Today is one more step on that path.

When our sons came into my life I began a journey from anger, fear and despair to a renewed sense of purpose and hopefulness. For me they help to answer the question of, ‘who am I and why am I here? Education and spiritual growth became a sturdy ladder from poverty, ignorance and a sense of hopelessness. I have worked tirelessly to remake myself into someone that my family and my community could be proud. Today is one more step on that path.

I come here today certain of three things. One, I needed to right the wrong I committed Two,that I have more work to do.

Three, When I see the violence and the destruction in our communities, I cannot help but weep for children. The despair, the loss of hope and the loss of life is staggering. I cannot ignore that this is happening.

I understand young people’s lack of hope. I understand their anger. If this last forty years has taught me anything, it is that hope can be rekindled and lives can be changed. I know the way back from hopelessness and despair to a life of purposeful service.

Each of us has a calling in life. Some of us are called to practice medicine; some of us are called to the law. I am called to teach hungry minds and to heal broken spirits. I know the way back. I know the way forward. My final goal is to distill the journey of forty years into a curriculum that supports a journey of self-development and self-discovery. A journey from despair and hopelessness to purpose and productivity.

Today I am asking you to give me a chance to continue this work of service to the community.