

I would like to read the following statement on Mandy's behalf:

First, I would like to thank all of you for coming today to honor the life of my husband. I have always been honored to be Todd's wife, but to see how much he is respected and to feel the support from the FBI family is truly remarkable. When the Director called me, he said he knew Todd personally and that losing Todd meant a huge loss to the organization. Todd was excellent at what he did; he was gifted and had a true talent in his job. However, I wanted to tell a few stories today, so you can get to know him as a husband and a father. I'm sure you can appreciate the fact that I affectionately gave Todd two personalities. There was "Work Todd" that many of you know, and there was "My Todd." In fact, the first time I met Todd, I met "Work Todd." I was invited by my friend Walt Reynolds to come to Detroit for a recruit visit. The first thing he wanted me to do was meet Todd because in his words, "He had been in Afghanistan for the last few months messing with people's minds." Lucky me. I went into his office accompanied by Paul Harris. Todd proceeded to tell me everything I would NOT like about the FBI. I remember he asked me, "Where are you from?" and I answered Detroit. His reply firmly was, "Well, you'll never be back." He asked, "What do you want to work on?" I replied, "Gangs, terrorism, maybe white collar." He said, "You won't work on that. You'll work on whatever we need you to work on." Leaving there I must say, I had never met anyone so intense, and although I thought he was incredibly handsome, all I could think was how sorry I felt for anyone who had to work or live with him.

A few months passed and Walt invited me to play in a charity golf outing. I was told someone would bring me an FBI shirt so our team matched. I saw Todd pull up, get out of his car and in his hand was a red shirt. All I could think was, "Oh crap. I hope I'm not playing with him, because this will not be any fun." I proceeded towards the clubhouse, praying that we wouldn't be in the same cart. Sure enough, we were riding together. I only later found out I was supposed to ride with Walt, but Todd had switched the golf bags. I was so nervous that when the shotgun went off, we were busy talking, and I couldn't find the hole we were supposed to tee off on. He, of course, took the opportunity to tool on me stating that he thought I ran PGA TOUR golf tournaments. How could I not find the 14th hole! We were laughing, and it really broke the ice. We talked the entire round. He definitely had an impact on me...that and Ed Hanko's golf game. I might never get that image out of my head.

A few months passed, and it was Walt again who suggested I ask Todd out. We went on our first date, second row hockey tickets to the Detroit Red Wings. After that it was just like we had always been meant to be together. We would meet up for drinks or dinner and talk for hours, then get in the our cars to go home and call each other and talk more until we both arrived home. Sometimes we would talk until we fell asleep.

Todd met my parents for the first time when I underwent shoulder surgery. He hadn't met them but couldn't bring himself to not be there with me during the surgery either. I wasn't thrilled about it, I did not want my boyfriend to meet my parents while I was unconscious! In retrospect I'm glad it worked out that way. My dad got to bore him with story after story of my elementary and high school basketball, volleyball, and softball

careers, and my mom actually brought baby pictures. Thank God I was unconscious. Todd would affectionately joke how he now knew all about how in 5th grade I broke my finger on my right hand, had to shoot the whole game left handed and still scored 20 points. He realized not only how much my parents exaggerated but how much they loved me. I think that sparked the relationship he had with my parents that only continued to grow over the years. He built a real friendship with my family, which meant the world to me. He had a connection with them and inside jokes that went beyond involving me. He knew how important my family was to me. It was never something he had to do, but more something he wanted to do. He golfed with my dad and traded books with my mom. He would text with my brother, usually making fun of me and tease my sister-in-law Kristy about being a lightweight at the bar. He would wrestle with my nephew Keegan and acted silly with my 3 year old niece Eva. She had a blanket with a lamb's head that she called "lamby" and Todd would hide it or tell her he wanted it so she would disagree. She even coined his nickname "Toddy." He truly captured all of our hearts.

A few months later Todd got back at me. The first time I met his parents, Todd was undergoing his colon resection when we had discovered the tumor. Leave it to Todd to top me. The situation was nerve wracking enough, but now I was going to meet his parents while Todd was unconscious. Come to find out, I didn't need to be nervous at all. His parents are the kindest, sweetest, most loving people I have ever met outside of my own family. From that day we were all in the cancer fight together, and I couldn't have imagined going through it without the strength and love from my new family, his mother Karen, father Darrell, brother Scott and sister-in-law Eileen.

One of my favorite memories was getting to meet his daughter Kristin and his son Blake. I certainly got the crash course on teenagers. I had never seen so many clothes on the floor or soda cans with one or two sips gone. Kristin is probably the fastest texter this side of the Mississippi, and I played a few video games with Blake, and we have been friends ever since. I joke but Kristin and Blake were very important to Todd, and his love for them was obvious. It made it easy for me to love them as well. He always wanted the best for them, and you could tell that he was their rock. Whenever they needed advice or needed help, they came to Todd. He always knew exactly how to handle any situation and he gave great advice. He was so wise and was usually right 99% of the time. It sorta drove you crazy. You might not like what he was telling you, but deep down you knew he was right. I'm sure his children can attest to that...even I can attest to that. Kristin needed help planning college courses and in about an hour, he had figured out every class she needed to take to get the most credits in the shortest amount of time. He would talk cars with Blake or tell him stories about work. Well, those that he could. If there is one thing I know about the Mayberry men, it's that they love to talk. Todd and Blake would talk about the most random things. They both have a thirst for information. It has been a pleasure to be a part of Todd's family with his children.

Todd and I were not going to get married. We had both been married before and we were just sorta happy with how things were. What I didn't know was Todd was planning an engagement. Actually, just this last Friday was the anniversary of when he drove to

St. Johns to ask my parents for permission. He had quite the project going on, not just buying me a ring, but having our family friend who is a jeweler build a ring so that it was just perfect. That is one thing about Todd. Whether it was me, Kristin or Blake, he would bend over backwards to make sure we were happy. He proposed at my brother's lake house in front of my entire family, and Kristin and Blake were there. I was so shocked, I spit out the blueberries I was eating. The night before the kids and Todd and I were watching the show "Say Yes to The Dress" and Kristin baited me by asking me if I thought her Dad and I would ever get married. Todd chimed right in about how we didn't need a piece of paper, and that we were happy, and was very definitive that we never needed to get married. Later, when we were all going to bed, I was sort of mad, and I said, "I can't believe you were so definitive about NEVER getting married. I know we don't need to, but it's not like it should NEVER be a possibility." He, of course, was trying to hold in the laughter, because he knew what his plans were for the next day. Needless to say, I was shocked when he did propose, but it was one of the happiest days of my life. My brother, Matt, later told me that it was hilarious watching Todd before the proposal. He was walking around the garage, as Matt was grilling the food, just pacing, wondering if I was going to say no. Matt was laughing because he said, "This guy hunts terrorists, and he was nervous about asking my sister to marry him." Blake assured him he was a shoe in after hearing me talk about my first husband. Leave it to Blake to put things in prospective. It was a magical weekend and, of course, I said yes. We were married on October 22, 2011.

We packed a lot of good memories into the 2 years and 5 months we were either dating or married. In fact, shortly after the wedding, I was scheduled to take Phase I of the FBI application process. The entire day after taking the test Todd called my every hour. "Did you look to see if you passed," he would ask me. I kept pushing it off, waiting to get home from work, because I was sure I didn't pass. He just kept hounding me to look. When he got home from work he asked, "Did you look?" I said, "No, let's just eat dinner first." He then proceeded to change clothes, but quietly took my phone into the bedroom without me knowing. He popped open my email and read the results. He came out into the kitchen and said to me in classic Todd mode, "You passed, you dumb ass." I jumped into his arms, literally, with excitement. He never did let me live that down, because I didn't jump into his arms when he proposed or when he married me. When I passed phase two, he was so proud of me. I'm sure I'm not the only one who feels this way, but having him proud of me was one of the greatest feelings in the world. I'm sure he'll kill me for telling you that he would always sing in the shower. My progression through the FBI process he had a whole song made up about agent Becker. He also affectionately called me PYT (Pretty Young Thing) because we would listen to the Michael Jackson song and dance in our living room. He even got PYT embroidered on my gym shoes to make sure I was thinking about him all the time. He was an affectionate man. I'm proud to say we were "that couple." We held hands all the time, kissed often, and random people would comment on seeing the love between us. When he got back from Africa, he had bought two matching statues, one for my desk and one for his. He said he got them so that during the day when we were apart, we would at least be looking at the same thing. He was cheesy, and I loved it. When things were tough, we found comfort in each others arms, and he would rub my feet

almost every night while we watched his favorite television shows like Pawn Stars, Shark Tank and Whale Wars. Todd was truly brilliant, and I don't think I'm biased. He could watch TV, read, and talk to me and never miss a beat. If I said it, if he read it, or he watched it, he would remember it. He knew me inside and out and always knew exactly what I needed when I needed it. Even in the last week at the hospital, he tried to get me to sit at the end of his bed so he could rub my feet. He didn't like seeing me exhausted. That is the way Todd was. He didn't like the idea of anyone he loved wanting. He was a completely unselfish man. If we were going out to eat, he would always want me to pick the restaurant. When I was buying a new car and found one I loved a little out of my price range, Todd went into action. He had two dealerships and was playing them off each other like it was a game of chess. One of the managers actually commented, "So your husband is a pretty intense guy, aye." I had to chuckle because at times "Work Todd" coming out was an advantage. "My Todd" was just doing what he felt his number one job was, to make me happy...and that he did. We used to get in little arguments about who loved who more. Since he's not here to defend himself, I'll get the last word...I certainly loved him more.

So much of our relationship was dealing with his battle against cancer, but Todd never really let it affect our lives until the end. Even when he was tired or not feeling well, we would spend a lot of time together, and he made that time so unbelievable. All I needed was to be by him, holding his hand or touching in some way and any activity seemed perfect, even if it was just going to the grocery store, which we always did together. He said that when he woke up one night at 2 a.m. while in the hospital recovering from his colon surgery and saw me sleeping in a chair next to him, that's when he knew he was going to marry me. We always had a sense that as long as we were by each other's side, everything was going to be ok. That's why the last 8 days in the hospital, I never left his side. I held his hand until he took his last breath. We were a team, and we had each found a real partner in life and as a team, I was not going to leave him. Todd and I agreed we would always be honest with each other because trust was so important to him. However, I did tell him one lie when I said I would love him until death do us part. I will love him long after that. I will love him forever.

I was simply blown away when in the last hours of his life, as agents came in to his room, Todd would open his eyes and reach out his hand, not weakly but strongly reach out his hand and show respect. That's just the kind of guy Todd was. Even Dr. Voelpel, his oncologist, who gave all of us the year and 8 months with him after his diagnosis, said she was honored to treat him. Todd always said he was going on someone's success wall. He never thought cancer would beat him. He fought hard and brilliantly. Even in the final hours he whispered to me that he was going to fight.

Over the last few days I have heard many of his colleagues and friends say the same things about Todd that also applied to his personal life. He was honest, fair, wise, loving, and he always had your back. People were proud to have known him. I don't know why he was taken from us so early. I need him, his children need him, the FBI needs him. It definitely has shaken my faith. I can only guess it is because God

needed a right hand man. God, I would like to warn you. Todd will have some opinions on how you are running things up there.

I love Todd more than life itself, and I will miss him dearly every day of my life, but I'm thankful for the people he brought into my life and the path he helped me travel to hopefully become a part of the FBI family that has been so generous to me and my family during this difficult time. I'd like to take this moment to thank all of you who gave me a shoulder to cry on, who have watched over me, who have helped me realize although I lost my best friend, I am not without friends. I'll never forget how, after I could no longer stand by his side, he was taken to the funeral home by an agent who stayed with him, so he was never alone. I can only hope to carry on his legacy, to be as good a person as he was, and to continue every day to make him proud. I love you, Handsome. I look forward to you throwing your arms around me again and wrapping me in all the love you had to give.

We would like to play a video, showing Todd as a husband, friend, father, son, and colleague.

Thank you.