

**Testimony of Kimberly Bose  
DPCC Hearing – March 7, 2018**

Good afternoon Senators: My name is Kimberly DeLaine Bose and I am mother of Joseph Kevin Bose – an amazing young man senselessly snatched away from us and this nation way to soon, by the evil that often lurks behind the trigger of a gun.

By a show of hands:

How many of you have children, grandchildren, nieces and nephews, or even children you care about greatly?

How many of you have a child, grandchild or someone you care about in college?

How about – do any of you have children in college that may have made the Dean’s list this past semester?

How many of you have a child that enjoys sports; or more specifically a child involved with lacrosse?

How about a child that is extremely excited to vote in their first election?

I smile because, so many of your children are just like my amazing son, Joseph Kevin Bose.....

Now close your eyes and imagine looking out of your bay window of your suburban home and seeing three police officers approaching your front door. Now your first thought might be “I wonder what must have happened in our neighborhood; a neighborhood of well-educated families and senior citizens”. Only to open the door to receive the most devastating and life-crushing news that anyone could ever receive – that my baby; my lacrosse player; my journalist and civil rights activist; my best friend and one of the great loves of my life; the child from my womb; MY JOSEPH - had been horrifically and senselessly shot and fatally wounded through ABSOLUTELY NO FAULT OF HIS OWN....

I immediately (and still am) went into complete denial – this can't be real; you must have the wrong person. Not my incredible son; can't be....my son is a junior in college; doing so well in his classes; he just landed his second internship (this time with the University); I just spoke with him and shared in his excitement; this CAN'T be REAL; for the remainder of the day I was on a MISSION TO PROVE that the authorities had gotten in WRONG.

After many calls from the University, and authorities; after making hundreds of calls to Joseph WITH NO ANSWER, after driving to Norfolk near the Old Dominion University Campus where the horrific event took place, my mind shifted to a fog... a blur.... And there it remains.....

- I still can't believe this is real....i can't imagine life without him....i choose to believe I am living in a bad dream...it's easier for me.

-I can't imagine life without his natural and provoking laughter; without his generous spirit; without his hugs and kisses; without his need to protect me from all uninvited glares or rude words;

-I can't imagine life without him telling me about his desire to be the next Oprah Winfrey or Ed Bradley; about his desire to vote in the next presidential election and his constant debate regarding the candidates.

-I can't imagine life without him telling me what he was going to name his children and how he would take care of me as I grew older.

-I can't imagine life without seeing him push himself to be successful; constantly emailing Professors to ensure his classes were on track for graduation; or regularly discussing the pros and cons of living on campus or off.

-I can't imagine life without the constant emails he would send me of the next recipe he wanted me to prepare when he came home or an article or video re the state of country and the desire to fight for the under-privileged and the under-represented.

-I can't imagine life without our regular trips to the mall or the movies....always rating the movie after and discussing what we liked or disliked about the movie.

I ask for your patience in that I am still unable to speak in the past tense so my references to Joseph tend to be in the present tense.

You see, Joseph is an amazing person, magnetic, effervescent, real, and thoughtful; always giving his last to his friends and family. He is smart, kind, and always attempting to do the right thing for his friends, family, relatives, and even the needy person on the street. He truly is that kind of guy, to his very core.

I think what infuriates me the most, is that some have made assumptions that somehow, Joseph was doing something wrong.....NOTHING COULD NOT BE FURTHER FROM THE TRUTH!!!!

He was doing exactly what you, your parents, your friends, your colleagues, or family could have been doing. He wasn't doing anything close to nefarious. Please know this and let others know.....HOWEVER, THIS IS WHAT MAKES THIS SITUATION SO INCREDIBLE SAD AND SCARY.....THIS COULD HAVE EASILY BEEN YOU OR YOUR FAMILY MEMBER (White, black, brown, male or female). AND IT'S ALSO WHAT MAKES IT SO HARD FOR US TO ACCEPT. I will be the first to admit that because my background and elitist attitude -- holding a bachelor's and Juris doctorate degree, admitted to the Washington D.C Bar; a senior executive in the gov't -- I somehow thought that my family and I were exempt from such atrocities.

But again I say – NOTHING COULD BE FURTHER FROM THE TRUTH!!!!

I sometimes think that JUST ONE MINOR SCHEDULING CHANGE OR 15 MINUTE SHIFT IN THE TIME: IT WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN JOSEPH; and you may shudder to think that it could've been your child; grandchild; niece or nephew. It is rarely discussed, but MY JOSEPH was attempting to be the peacemaker amongst folks he didn't know; keeping the peace; extending himself, his kindness, toward others....but this was evil behind a gun with reckless abandon, so easily accessible to any and all that desire one, right outside one of ODU's newest dorms.

My family and I remain angry, confused; mystified, and perplexed. AND IN PRAYER...WORKING HARD TO WALK BY FAITH AND NOT BY SIGHT! Trying ever so hard TO TRUST IN THE LORD WITH ALL OUR HEARTS – LEANING NOT TO OUR OWN UNDERSTANDING.

I pray EVERY DAY that God will wake me up from this NIGHTMARE! That my sons and daughter, Joseph, Alec, and Sharea, will wake me up and say "IT WAS JUST A BAD DREAM MOM; IT'S OK".....

Please KNOW AND UNDERSTAND that this so easily COULD HAVE been you or your family member. AND WE ABSOLUTELY MUST, DO SOMETHING TO STEM THIS HORRIFIC TIDE OF GUN VIOLENCE BEFORE IT HITS YOUR VERY OWN BACKYARD.... Please, please, please, I am begging you .... ACT NOW.... Your lives, your children's' and grandchildren's' lives, ARE DEPENDING ON IT.