Good evening, Board members, executives, partners, colleagues, and to the families who have shared your loved ones with this company for so many late nights and early mornings.

My name is [Senior Director of FP&A], and for many years I've had the privilege of working alongside Robert Henderson—Bob—to most of us here. Tonight, in this beautiful downtown ballroom, we mark a milestone that feels both momentous and very personal: the retirement of our Chief Financial Officer, a constant for three decades, a colleague of unusual steadiness, and a leader whose goodness shows itself in the details.

Thirty years is not just a span of time—it's a ledger of choices.

Bob joined the company in 1996 as Finance Director. The company looked different then, and so did the markets. But a few things sounded exactly the same: there were big goals, there was real uncertainty, and there was a lot riding on the judgment of a small group of people who had to decide where to invest and when to say no. From the very beginning, Bob's fingerprint was there—in careful questions, in unglamorous protections, and in a way of talking about our numbers that made them not just accurate, but honest.

In 2008, Bob became our CFO. The timing would have sent most people reaching for euphemisms. He reached for the facts. In a year when the world's vocabulary was full of shock and spin, he rebuilt our dashboards, redrew our scenarios, and insisted that the story we told the Street would match what our teams were living. He didn't take the microphone because he wanted the spotlight; he took it because people deserved to hear—and understand—what was true.

And then in 2012 came the acquisition that changed our shape. Many of you in

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this room remember it. Integration is a word that can hide a hundred tough realities: systems that refuse to talk to each other, supply chains that forget to reconcile, cultures that need a common rhythm. Bob orchestrated that effort not as a soloist but as a conductor. Finance, legal, operations, technology—everyone had a part. He cleared noise, he kept tempo, and he made sure the melody was still the customer. We got to the other side with strength not just on the balance sheet, but in the teams who trusted the plan because it was visible and fair.

There’s a line I associate with Bob that he never actually said out loud, yet it’s how he moved through the work: Stewardship over showmanship. He carried budgets like responsibilities, not trophies. He treated questions not as threats, but as opportunities to improve the reasoning. He set the expectation that a number without context is a claim without a witness.

In the years that followed, we faced two market downturns that could have made our hallways quiet for the worst reasons. We all felt the pressure. We felt it in our inboxes, our cost centers, our forecasts. And yet, both times, we got through without layoffs. That is not magic, and it’s not accident. It is a choice made early and held firmly. I remember the working sessions where Bob would ask, over and over, “What would it take to protect our people?” Not rhetorically. Specifically. What could we pause, renegotiate, repurpose, or simply let go? Those meetings were not dramatic. They were methodical—vendor reviews, travel reductions, sequencing of projects, voluntary belt-tightening among leadership—and they added up to an outcome that mattered most to all of us: when the clouds cleared, the same faces were at the table, ready to move again. That is stewardship, and it changes a company’s memory of itself.

But I don’t want to frame Bob’s legacy only in terms of crises survived. He’s also the reason many of us entered rooms we weren’t yet expected to occupy. Years ago, he championed what became the Analyst Rotation Program. At the time, it was a simple idea with a complicated path: give early-career analysts the chance to move across functions, business units, and even geographies, to learn the business by seeing it up close. Some said it would be disruptive. Bob said,

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let’s measure the disruption and see if the learning outpaces it. He didn’t just approve the program; he personally sponsored the pilots, reviewed the feedback, and asked to meet the cohorts. If you’re here tonight and you came through that program, you know what it felt like to be called on by name in a town hall, to have the CFO remember your project and push you one step further than you thought you could go.

There’s one moment I will never forget. It was the day before an earnings call, and the executive team was rehearsing. The slides were polished, the narrative was crisp, and we were on schedule. In the back of the room, a junior analyst—two months on the job—had scribbled a footnote that reframed a line item most people would have skimmed past. Bob spotted it. He paused the rehearsal. Not to ignore the clock, but to honor the craft. He invited her to walk us through it—all of us, the entire ELT—because the idea was sound and the logic was clean. Then, the next day, in the town hall, he named her—and he named the lesson: it doesn’t matter who finds the truth; what matters is that we follow it. That is transparency in practice, and many of us have tried to model that ever since.

Bob will be the first to tell you that the job of a CFO is not to be popular. It is to be trusted. He earned that trust through a set of principles he never seemed to misplace: integrity that didn’t bend around the quarterly cycle; service leadership that showed up in how he prepared others, not just himself; long-term thinking that wasn’t code for inaction, but a commitment to decisions that would look right in a year and still look right in ten.

You could see those principles in small moments too. If you ever presented to him, you know the pencil. He’d look at your model, not to catch you out, but to get inside your assumptions. He’d circle something and ask, “What would have to be true for this to hold?” It’s a deceptively simple question that reveals everything: your confidence interval, your plan B, your real thinking. It can feel like pressure—until you realize it’s an invitation to be better.

And when the numbers did not go our way, he didn’t hide behind adjectives. He

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faced the fact, gave us the action list, and set the tone: no recriminations, no grandstanding, no mythology. Just the work ahead.

It’s easy to talk about a CFO in the language of capital markets. But the rest of us got to see the person who is headed into a well-earned retirement with a set of passions that tell their own story.

Many of us have gotten early-morning emails with subject lines that read like a haiku: River looks clear. Forecast at 7. That’s Bob, who knows the grace of fly-fishing—of patience, of reading the water, of knowing when not to cast. I suspect some of our meeting agendas were improved by whatever he figured out in those quiet hours, standing ankle-deep, learning from a current that doesn’t respond to urgency.

There’s also the classical piano. If you’ve ever been in the office early, you may have heard a few notes drifting from an empty conference room while he waited for a call. Scales, a fragment of Chopin, something to reset the day. It tells you something about how he thinks: practice matters; timing matters; restraint matters. The best performances never start as performances. They start as discipline.

Then there are the heirloom tomatoes. If you’ve had the good fortune to be on the receiving end of a tomato from Bob’s garden, you know he doesn’t just grow them; he curates them. He can talk about soil and sun and the way one variety forgives late watering while another does not. It’s an oddly accurate metaphor for teams—some need full light, some need partial shade, and all benefit from someone paying enough attention to notice the difference.

And there is his work outside these walls: mentoring startup founders who are still finding their footing. Many people take their success and lock it up. Bob invests his in other people’s beginnings. Ask the founders he’s guided—not what advice he gave, but how he taught them to ask better questions. Show me the cash flow. Show me the user who feels this in their life. Show me the condition under which this is true. It’s the same pencil, the same generosity, just a

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Tonight, it also feels right to thank the people who made it possible for Bob to give us so much of his time and attention. To Bob’s family—thank you for the evenings we borrowed, the weekends we intruded upon, and the vacations we shortened. Your patience granted us his presence. We see that, and we are grateful.

To our Board and our partners, thank you for trusting a team that often told the slower story, the humbler story, the truer story. We became a better company because of that shared tolerance for the unvarnished and the complete.

To the finance teams—controllers, analysts, systems, tax, treasury—tonight is a reflection on a single career, but it is also a celebration of the collective craft. Bob would be the first to say nothing meaningful gets done alone. If you have ever closed a quarter at 11:58 pm, you are part of this story.

And to the executives who have sat with him through the expansions and the belt-tightenings, through the bets and the brakes—thank you for the kind of debate that elevates a decision instead of hardening an ego. That, too, is culture.

I was asked earlier today what I will miss most. It isn’t a single meeting or a single win. It’s the way Bob would sit in silence for a few seconds after someone finished speaking. Those seconds taught us we weren’t just waiting for a verdict; we were in a conversation. He would consider the long arc—what this meant not only for the quarter but for the people who would have to live with the result. In that space, you could feel the values he has modeled for three decades: integrity that slows down to be exact, transparency that doesn’t round up, and a service mindset that insists we leave the place better than we found it.

I also think of the simple, human ways he encouraged growth. When I was earlier in my career, I delivered a model that I was proud of. He looked at it and said, “Good. Now show me where it breaks.” I went away slightly deflated and

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returned with a long list of failure points. He smiled and said, “Excellent. Now we can start.” It’s not a line for a poster. It’s a lesson about leadership that I have carried ever since: we start when we confront the reality we’re actually in.

As Bob steps into this new chapter, I hope he finds exactly what he has earned.

Slow mornings at the piano, when the only deadlines are the ones set by a metronome and a piece of music that asks for attention rather than applause.

Clear rivers, where the casting rhythm—and the humility to change it—rewards patience more than force.

Long afternoons in the garden, where the sun and the soil and the season remind us that growth has a cadence we don’t control, but we can certainly respect.

Conversations with founders who are excited enough to forget to eat lunch, and who will leave those meetings with a new way to test their dreams against reality.

And, maybe most of all, the quiet satisfaction of watching leaders he shaped do the shaping next—of seeing people he once encouraged now offering that same lift to those coming behind them. That’s legacy, not in the abstract, but in the everyday decisions of a living organization.

Bob, you have guided this company through complexity without turning complexity into a performance. You have made the difficult parts of the job look straightforward—never easy, never trivial, but straightforward, which is a gift to everyone who has to keep going. You’ve left us not only stronger, but clearer about who we are when the moment calls for clarity.

On behalf of the finance team, on behalf of colleagues present and retired, on behalf of the Board and our partners, and on behalf of the many people who have found their voice in rooms you invited them into—thank you.

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May the next measure be your own, played at the tempo you choose. May the water be kind and the tomatoes stubbornly delicious. May your inbox be lighter, and your calendar only as full as you wish it to be. And may you look around in a year, and in ten, and still recognize this place in the best ways—because so much of what is steady here is something you taught us to steady.

Congratulations, Bob. Here’s to a retirement that feels less like an ending and more like a well-deserved interlude before the next movement begins.

Thank you.

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