

The Honorable William G. Young
United States District Court
John Joseph Moakley Courthouse
1 Courthouse Way
Boston, MA 02210

Regarding Loc Vo, my father

Dear Judge Young,

My name is Margaret Vo. Loc Vo is my father. I am writing so that you fully understand the man standing before you. To me, he is one of the most good-hearted, honorable, and compassionate people I've ever known.

My father was extremely accomplished. He came to the U.S. not speaking a word of English when he was 8, but by the 10th grade, his English teacher was comparing him to Nobel laureates. In a high school semi-final round of a debate competition, he beat a national champion debater, Neil Gorsuch. He was the school soccer hero in high school. At Yale, he was Editor in Chief of the Yale Economics & Business Review. My dad had a highly promising career in his 20s managing the entire Viet Nam branch of Jebsen & Co. But he gave that up to raise me. He founded a print-on-demand book publishing company. I believe he could have built IndyPublish into a much larger enterprise by partnering with Amazon, but he chose to keep it small so that we could be together. My dad and I are a family of two.

In 2008, our lives were turned upside down when my grandparents called him back to save the food truck business that he had given to them. The family was falling apart due to internal strife and multiple interpersonal lawsuits. He was also raising me by himself through my teen years. When my father first took it over, things were terrible. He barely slept and could barely make ends meet. He didn't pay himself for the longest time. After I was able to go away to college he finally got a minuscule apartment.

But he managed to turn it all around. In the decade up to 2018, he built the business into 4 trucks, a downtown cafe, a pop-up lunch business, and a strong catering business with an award-winning reputation. In a way it had never been before, the truck became a popular institution with clamoring and loyal fans all over the Boston area. Staff morale was high because my dad's employees *loved* the company. He finally achieved his late parents' request to save the family business. That really mattered to him.

My dad is an extraordinary person. He could have accomplished so much. He's always maintained his duty to his family and to those that work for him. I learned my good habits of hard work and dedication from him. He also taught me compassion. This is the man I know and love. This is *why* I love him. Back when I was a child, my father was with me all the time: coaching my little league soccer teams; taking me to Viet Nam every summer; driving me to choir rehearsals.

When he learned he was going to be prosecuted, he broke down in a way the grueling decade before had never so affected him. He walked around in a daze, with the humiliation of the highly public news headlines affecting him deeply. He knew that no one would look deeper than what the media said, and that no one would understand how he truly cared for the business and how hard he fought in the pandemic to save the business. Of course, that is where he went wrong. At times, something triggers his memories of how hard he has worked over the past 15 years and he expresses determination not to let it all be destroyed. At other times, he is tired and defeated. I can't imagine what it was like for him to spend all night throwing all the things that he worked so hard to build into a dumpster.

Sadly, I do expect him to go to prison. I will miss him terribly. I only ask that you please take what I have written into consideration when he comes to you for sentencing.

Thank you for reading my letter. I know it's long, but my father means a lot to me, and his story is an incredible one that needs space to tell.

Respectfully,

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to read 'Maggie Vo', with a stylized, cursive script.

Maggie Vo

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