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The morning I turned onto Sand Hill Road in Menlo Park, California, I was going where no BYU Accounting graduate had gone before. The blue serene was beautiful, and I was looking for the offices of Frank Rimerman & Company at 2882 Sand Hill Road.

Before the interview, I took a nap on the grass at Stanford University, which was almost across the street from the office. By accident, someone threw a frisbee in my direction. I threw back the disc, and I knew it was going to be a great day in Stanford, California.

Previous to this opportunity, I had interviewed at the Scottsdale office of Kenneth Leventhal & Co., a well-thought-of accounting firm that specialized in real estate. In the middle of our conversation, the interviewer interjected with, "A lot of times in our work, it comes down to a choice between the job and the family. I want you to know that with us, *the job* always comes first." She didn't explain the background to her soliloquy, but I knew she was interpreting my resume to mean that I had important activities outside of work. Indeed, it was true. I was starting to learn that "Brigham Young University" on my resume spoke volumes. I found that was impossible to hide my church affiliation, my values, or my daily standards.

Back to Sand Hill Road. On that halcyon day, I met with Jonathan Cosby, a financial reporting partner at Frank Rimerman. Mr. Cosby held a Stanford MBA, and he had previously been a manager at Arthur Andersen LLP, San Francisco. At the time, Arthur Andersen LLP was the most revered name in public accounting. As we conversed, Mr. Cosby inquired about my qualifications, and he even joked with me. The quandary was that some of his language was profane. What to do? The more we talked, the more he mentioned hiring me. I wasn't sure I wanted to be hired; I didn't know if I would fit the culture of the firm, as I understood it to be. So I spoke up, "Is it okay if I don't swear?" Mr. Cosby looked amazed that I would call into question his language. He looked straight at me and fell silent. Then, in his big, booming voice, he roared, "Actually, I don't like it myself! It's a manifestation of lazy thought patterns and shows an inability to express oneself. You'll be fine here. My attorney's a 'Mormon,' and he's a fine man. You'll be fine!" We both had a smile and laughed.

My last interview was with Anne Yamamoto, tax partner. Much to my surprise, her first question was, "Do you know Quentin Cook? He's a member of your church." I replied that I did not. She told me, "He gave up a

lucrative compensation package to go to work for your church.” She shook her head and continued, “But I can see why they’d want him!” I told her that it was common in the Church to give up temporal pursuits to serve in an ecclesiastical capacity. Again, I noted to myself that there was no hiding my Church membership.

I did go to work for Frank Rimerman; Jonathan Cosby cleaned up his language; and Anne Yamamoto always thought I knew Quentin Cook.

At Frank Rimerman, I learned to look the part of a razor sharp, completely honest professional. We were given a significant “clothing allowance”—a sum of money to buy clothes for the office. And we were expected to actually spend the money on clothes, not a car repair or first month’s rent.

In orientation, Tom Rimerman, senior partner and erstwhile American Institute of Certified Public Accountants (AICPA) chairman drilled into us, “You perform like you dress.”

Tom Rimerman also urged us to set challenging, apropos goals. “If you write down your goals, you are much more likely to achieve them.”

I lived in Palo Alto, and I attended the Stanford University (1st) Ward. The Bishop of the ward was Russell (“Rusty”) Hancock. Bishop Hancock taught us not to compromise standards—not for Stanford, not for anybody. For example, he took issue with ward members living in fraternity houses or coed dormitories.

Bishop Hancock was a sophisticate himself. He held an undergraduate degree from Harvard University and a PhD from Stanford University. So he taught us to achieve in the world but to never compromise with the world. He was involved in our lives. He would have conversations with ward members that went something like this:

Bishop Hancock, “Where do you live?”

Stanford Ward member: “Sigma Chi House.”

Bishop Hancock: “Please come visit with me in my office after the block of meetings.”

There were always investigators (friends) in Sunday meetings at the Stanford Ward. They came because their Stanford friends who were members of the Ward invited them. Upon getting to know some of the guys in the ward, one Stanford girl said, “If these are the kind of guys your church makes, I want to join!”

Every day after work, I would go over to Stanford University and play basketball at the dormitories and fraternity houses. Occasionally, I would get

invited to a party. I declined all offers. But we had some high-energy pickup basketball games. "Do you go to Stanford?" they would ask me. "No, but I have friends who do." "Like who?" "Like, Mark Madsen." "You know 'Mad Dog'!?" "I do! I go to church with him every Sunday." I would then reference the Stanford Institute Building on Stanford Avenue and let them know that they too could meet Mark Madsen by attending our services at 11:00 a.m. on Sundays. Visitors are welcome. (Mark Madsen is now the head basketball coach at the University of California, Berkeley).

Fast forward to the present time. A few weeks ago, I had a Teams meeting with Internal Revenue Service (IRS) National Leader Eric Cirelli and three senior-level IRS officers. Mr. Cirelli heads the IRS *Global High Wealth Practice Network*, which is a select group of Internal Revenue Service agents and employees who apply United States revenue laws to high-net-worth individuals and their enterprises. The purpose of the Teams meeting was to discuss opportunities for me in *Global High Wealth*.

At the top of the meeting, Mr. Cirelli queried, "I noticed on your resume that you speak Spanish. Is that because of your mission?!" I smiled and enthusiastically replied, "Yes!" Once again, without my designing, my church affiliation had surfaced in a professional setting. Once again, I embraced the opportunity to appropriately discuss the Church.

"May you look upon the Church as your great and good friend, your refuge when the world appears to be closing around you, your hope when things are dark, your pillar of fire by night and your cloud by day as you thread the pathways of your lives." Gordon B. Hinckley, *Some Thoughts on Temples, Retention of Converts, and Missionary Service* (Gen. Conf. Oct. 1997).

"Let us have the courage to defy the consensus, the courage to stand for principle. Courage, not compromise, brings the smile of God's approval." Thomas S. Monson, *The Call for Courage* (Gen. Conf. Apr. 2004).

I have found these principles to be true, in both my personal life and my professional life.