I make this statement on behalf of Hubert's family. He was affectionately known as Isaac—a kind-hearted and harmless soul. Isaac was a brother, a son, an uncle, a cousin and a dear friend to many. His kindness, generosity and humour touched everyone who knew him. His brothers, sisters, nieces, nephews, aunts, uncles, cousins, and friends miss him deeply.

To know him was to know warmth, laughter, and love. The pain of his absence is unbearable, and the circumstances of his death remain incomprehensible. Accepting that Isaac is no longer with us is a challenge we face every day.

Isaac was born in Bristol on 10 November 1961. Isaac was a much loved and well known member of the community in Easton. He was the middle of seven siblings and the youngest brother of the family. He was the smartest of all of us and he always did well in school.

He was a proud Rastafarian and hugely spiritual. Rastafarian is all about love, unity and peace: Isaac personified that. He never had a bad word to say about anyone and he always saw the good everyone.

Isaac suffered a lot of loss in his life. His first girlfriend passed away unexpectedly, his father and then his mother. Despite his grief and the pain that he felt, he always made everyone else feel special. He remembered the minutia about everyone. When he spoke to you, it felt like he really knew you.

At his celebration of life, an old neighbour travelled all the way from Dorset to talk about how Isaac had touched her life. He used to look after her when she was little. Years later she came back to Bristol for a visit and bumped into Isaac. He helped her and her children with directions. So caring a person was he that he even walked with them for a while to make sure they got to where they wanted to go. It was only during that walk that neighbour then realised who Isaac was – he mentioned something that they used to say when he looked after them all those years ago. A chance meeting but one where it was clear Isaac had left an indelible and positive impression.

Isaac always wanted to give to the people around him. He used to work at a warehouse in Eastville Market. They sold everything there and he would say to us *"I can use my staff*

discount on Sunday. Come to the shop and choose anything you want, we can use my discount.“ He was generous with what he had, as well as with his time.

As an integral part of our family he created and maintained connections with cousins, nieces, nephews, aunts and other extended family. No task was too big or small for him to help with. Isaac was instrumental in helping me when I moved away from Bristol to London – together we packed up my belongings in my small flat, hired a van and he drove all the way to London with me, made sure I was settled before going back to Bristol. When I bought my home and needed to completely refurbish and decorate it. Isaac was the first person I called. Busy or not I knew he would make himself available, he came almost every day for 6 weeks to clean, paint, clear the garden, move furniture and anything else that needed to be done. Isaac always, always gave his time freely and without question. Isaac was the kind of cousin that always checked on you, called you to see how you were doing made sure everything was good in your life.

He loved his family, friends and his community fiercely. He will be remembered as a kind and reliable man: the type of person you could always call if you needed help with anything. Our grandma was an active woman and loved taking trips up and down the country, to places like Brighton. She was in a wheelchair, so would ask the grandkids to come with her. You could count on Isaac to always volunteer to go with her, and just sit with her with no complaints or qualms.

He was always looking for ways that he could help people and was the one that knew how to do anything. If you had an issue with your washing machine or plumbing, you could call Isaac. He would help with community events, with gardening and setting up stalls for street parties.

Isaac was loved by his neighbours. When the housing association tried to evict Isaac, the whole road spoke up in support of him. After his death, the local Iceland and petrol station did a collection in his memory.

We never got to say goodbye to our beloved Isaac. He was stolen from all of us—a cruel, senseless act that has left an irreplaceable void in our family. He did nothing to deserve his fate. He was a harmless, he was caring, he was loving and happy go lucky a clever man who enjoyed just being happy, being connected and who brought joy to those around him.

We now have to grapple with the unimaginable loss of someone who meant so much to us. Birthdays, anniversaries, weddings, and ordinary moments of joy will now carry a heavy silence, for Isaac will never again be part of those cherished memories.

Despite the time that has passed, the wounds of his brutal murder remain as raw as ever. We struggle to comprehend the horror he must have endured in his final moments. The shock, fear and the helplessness he must have felt will haunt us forever. Our family is traumatised by the knowledge that he died so violently and senselessly. Losing him in such savage circumstances is unbearable. We wish that Isaac could have been protected against this terrible violence.

Each Crown Court hearing has felt like a further blow from the family as we witness the complete lack of remorse from Christina Howell. We have felt utterly voiceless throughout this process.

It is important to us that other vulnerable people are now protected from this woman's hatred so that other lives are not lost and so that others do not have to suffer this unimaginable pain. We have always wondered whether more could have been done to prevent Isaac's death – the fact that Christina Howell had the opportunity to return to Isaac with a knife with a clear plan to attack him is terrifying.

We hope that the Court will consider all of the evidence, including what motivated the barbaric attack that stole Isaac from us and in particular the racist words uttered by Christina Howell before she murdered Isaac. To know those were some of the last words Isaac heard before he dies causes us all unbearable pain. Our family asks this court to ensure that Christina Howell is held fully accountable for her actions. The punishment must reflect the gravity of the crime, the pain inflicted, and the life that was stolen.

We demand justice—not just for Isaac, but to send a message that this will not be tolerated in our community. Isaac's life had purpose. He was more than a statistic, more than another victim of racist violence. His memory deserves respect, and his loss must not be in vain.

We are left to grapple with the trauma of his death and the injustice of his loss. We struggle to trust a system that allows such a crime to occur. Justice must not be an afterthought. Isaac's life mattered. He **still** matters to us, to his friends, to his community.

As a family, we are doing our best to support one another through this harrowing time, holding on to the memories of Isaac's laughter and the joy he brought to all our lives. To the community and to those who went above and beyond to assist in Isaac's final moments, including Dad's Cabs and those who restrained Christina Howell, we offer our deepest gratitude. Your bravery and compassion mean more to us than words can express.

This tragedy has left us broken. But we will not let Isaac's memory fade. We will carry him with us, honour his life, and demand the justice he deserves.

We will never stop mourning our Isaac. But we will also never stop remembering the love, laughter, and light he brought to our lives.

Statement dated and signed 15th April