

# THE DAILY RECORD

WESTERN NEW YORK'S SOURCE FOR LAW, REAL ESTATE, FINANCE AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE SINCE 1908

## Quasi-adulthood

About 15 years ago we decided that we were mortal.

During college, none of us were gray, or balding. Now we take Cresstor, Lipitor, and other Tors.

We had mixed feelings of invincibility, coupled with the omnipresent concern as to which way our country was heading, which way the world was heading, whether or not we would be drafted to Vietnam, along with the usual angst of trying to decide what we would do for a living.

The years in college wound up being such a short experience compared to the years that passed after we graduated.

Anyway, after a few decades, we improved our communications, and stayed in touch more than we had been. We finally got together, and that's when we made the decision that we really ought to see each other annually.

It was that mortality thing.

It's been an amazing experience watching technology change over the intervening years. Back when we all went to Syracuse University, the computer course I took was on a PDP 10, which required data cards being fed into a reader. I remember struggling with the final exam, when the lab assistants and I spent eight hours trying to figure out why the computer wouldn't function properly. My professor told me that he found the answer. It wound up that I had left off a right parenthesis.

Fast-forward to today, when our group of four uses computers almost every hour. We have been able to reunite significantly due to e-mail and cell phones. Who'd have thought?

We've all gone off to have families, but we've never gone off far enough to forget each other. We are geographically spread across the country, but the four of us still have moments when we feel like we still live together in the same house, like we did in the old days.

So 15 years ago, we decided we'd better get together every year. Unfortunately, that hasn't happened, but we have managed to stay in touch and do get together frequently, at least in comparison to the first couple of decades out of school. Sure, we had gotten together for each others' weddings, but other than that, years literally flew by between visits, or far too often even

between communications. Now we are determined that, even if we can't get together every year, we will get together when we can. Coordinating our schedules isn't easy.

As I write this column, I am getting ready for our next get-together. We will only be in the same city at the same time for about 48 to 55 hours, but I wouldn't give it up for anything.

Underneath it all, I am having difficulty getting ready for this trip. I'll be flying back into Rochester and landing at midnight or Monday at 1 a.m. or God knows when, depending on the delays. I am scheduled to be on trial Monday morning at 9:30. I have deadlines at the office on numerous files, and I am having trouble separating myself from the demands of my practice. At one point, I even felt ashamed because I was having so much difficulty looking forward to the trip, even though I previously had been looking forward to it for a very long time.

I was agonizing over the fact that I had another deadline for this column, when I finally realized what should have been obvious all along. This is exactly what the column needed to be about. Perhaps it was a catharsis for me to rid myself of the angst I was feeling — trying to accomplish too many things at once, while worried I wouldn't shut off long enough to truly

enjoy our two days together. In college, we were very concerned about whether we would make the right choices in our careers. It was truly absurd.

Eventually, I remembered what I had decided years ago. That is, no matter what we ultimately all did for a living, it should only be a means to support our lives, our families and to occasionally help others. It shouldn't be the center of our universe. (Good theory on paper, at least.)

Sometimes good ideas erode away through the years. Anyway, I realized that I had lost perspective, I was letting the day-to-day deadlines (and the concern about being ready for trial several hours after my plane landed) get the better of me. It was then that I decided to let it all out on this page. Accordingly, I thank you for partaking in this therapeutic exercise.

These friends will always be cherished. They humor me, they

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## *Continued ...*

placate me, and they even read my columns — virtually always writing to me with compliments. These particular friendships are some of the most important things in my life. Maybe they just know me so well that they know how badly I need positive reinforcement. After all, two of them took me under their wing when they were sophomores and I was a mere freshman. Boy, does that seem like another universe!

In any event, you'll be reading this column after I've seen them, and returned home, but I'm writing it before I left. It's a

Space/Time Continuum thing.

Maybe I'm writing this as a way to let them know just how important they are, and just how much they have individually and collectively helped me throughout my quasi-adult life.

Thanks guys!

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