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The fine art of procrastination

I had the entire Thanksgiving weekend to write this column — but I put it off. I procrastinated.

OK, so I'm on my way to the doctor's office where I will wind up co-paying along with my insurance company to have them do rude and disgusting things to me.

A long time ago when he tried, for a second time, to refer me for a colonoscopy, I told him that I was finally benefiting after having fine tuned a lifetime of procrastination. He immediately said that it was no problem since he was about to write out another referral slip.

I'm trying to get a column out, while simultaneously trying not to drink too much coffee. I know my blood pressure is about to rise to a level that will cause my physician to immediately call an ambulance if I don't cut back on the amount I'm drinking this morning.

I suppose I should clarify that sentence by saying that I'm referring to coffee.

I'm worried that my blood pressure is still up from the robo calls that came through a few weeks ago as the election approached. If we didn't own our home phone, I'm sure we would have thrown it out the window.

My stress level is compounded by the fact that I'm a big First Amendment advocate, and I'm assuming these robots are going to start calling me to ask for free legal representation in protecting their First Amendment rights to make the robo calls. I'm inclined to pass on that one.

Last night when I asked my wife what I ought to write about in this column, she said, "Why don't you call it, 'This Will Be The Last Column I Ever Write?'" Then she added, "Why don't you write that you suffer from so much stress in your life and yet endure the stress that these deadlines cause? Just say sayonara."

By yesterday morning, I mentioned that I might be writing about what it was like to have your kid in another city on Thanksgiving due to other commitments, and I told her that I'd been contemplating a column devoted to military families and what they sacrifice.

"Really cheery!" she retorted.

So I'm saving that one for another time. My last column was not horribly cheery. I try to alternate the visceral reaction my readers will have, hoping to avoid causing mass depression on a

continual basis, and it's really a reflection of my personality that after certain amount of intensity, or concentrating on a subject that is depressing, I need to interject humor on a constant and alternating basis.

Even as I get older, I find myself even more dependent on humor to get through the difficult times. So I guess I should say sorry about those last few columns. Anyway, I'm trying to keep things light today.

I already had a fly in the ointment. I finally got my computer on and finally got the voice recognition to work, when she walked in and made an amicable comment about how pleased she was to get such a deal on some glasses she bought yesterday at Wegmans.

I screwed up!

I made an obvious gesture to turn off the microphone and said, "Great, I didn't get out one word."

She walked away and let it suffice to say, it wasn't good. A self-inflicted wound — I shot myself in the foot, and I don't blame her for walking away. I'm not too thrilled with myself at the moment.

If that wasn't bad enough, I then had the chutzpah to ask her to edit this.

I'm thinking about making this a really long column. My hopes are that if I talk long enough, I'll miss my doctor's appointment. He's a great guy, and I'm thrilled he's my doctor. Nonetheless, today's a day of reckoning. I tried to find enough excuses to avoid an annual physical for such a long enough time that it might challenge Einstein's theory of relativity.

I'm going really, really fast, but I'm getting older anyway. Despite the fact that I have truly learned to elevate simple procrastination into an art form, I really do have to go. I just wish I could get this image out of my brain — you know the one with the doctor stretching a rubber glove over his hand.

So anyway, I'm not writing my last column yet — I'm putting it off for awhile.

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