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I was thinking

No, I'm not kidding, I really was.

I was thinking of telling you that, at the beginning of the decade I wasn't a columnist, and I appreciate the fact that you take the time out to read my columns.

I was thinking of discussing the fact that I am not sure keeping people in their seats during the last hour of a flight will stop terrorists, but it certainly will make the sales of alcohol (and coffee) plummet like a paralyzed falcon, and probably will prevent men over 55 from flying at all.

I was trying to find a way to write about the emotions I felt after watching Dave Brubeck, on his 89th birthday, along with Mel Brooks, while being saluted at the Kennedy Center awards, as they realized that their brilliant lives had flashed by in a heartbeat, and experienced the incomprehensible dichotomy of pride for their accomplishments, mixed with sadness that it had gone by so quickly. Compare that with this year's meteoric rise of Susan Boyle. The world is a funny place.

I was thinking of telling you that I'm extremely grateful to the blueline IT group for all of their help in deconstructing and reconstructing our Web site, which I shamelessly will remind you is online at www.brennalaw.com. If that isn't enough, I might even find a way to sneak in a thanks to those of you who listen to the radio show each Sunday morning.

Or perhaps mentioning that despite the great "math debate," I'm convinced we are at the end of the decade, and I am very much looking forward to the next one. Even the past year had its challenges. If it weren't for my wife Judy, my kids, my partner Sheldon Boyce, our Director of Management Tom Day and everybody at the firm, I don't know how I would have made it through months of recovery after my surgery, including the fog of pain and pain medication. I spent several months worrying about whether my older cousin would make it out of the hospital, and what life would have been like if he had not. After all of that, he's fine.

I was thinking, also, of thanking Michael Krause from SalesSense for recently helping me better understand Twitter or Facebook or MySpacebook or MySpacewalkpage; Linked-In and other things about which I admitted in an earlier column I was so ignorant.

That fits in with my wanting to remind you that I still hate attorney advertising, but feel it really is suicidal not to be easily obvious when someone tries to find us on the Internet.

I was also contemplating the possibility of discussing why, as tort reformers would have us believe — if juries are truly unjustly giving away lottery-sized verdicts — why, oh why, are defense attorneys demanding a jury trial when we file a non-jury note of issue as plaintiffs?

I was thinking about reminding you that, if you are reading this column, you likely have survived one of the worst economic downturns in recent history.

It also had crossed my mind that I somehow could mention that, one year ago, my daughter gave me a binder filled with plastic sleeves to keep copies of all of my columns. It's a great gift, and has caused me to review them. It's also made me think about the one I wrote, and rewrote, and edited, and rewrote again, which took half a day. Then I compared that with the column I wrote in approximately nine minutes, in between witness prep and a deposition. Since I'm not sure which is the better of the two, I get into an Andy Rooney kind of "I wonder how much I effectively use time?"

And I was thinking of ending this column by saying never-mind. I'm sure you've already read enough this year.

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