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By Holly Kapacinskas, RPR, CRR, FPR, 2014-2015 President

# **Create a Spark**



As your newly installed president, I am proud to carry the torch for this wonderful association for the upcoming year. I am both honored and humbled by the trust you have placed in me and promise that I will do my very best to keep this association moving forward in a way that strengthens you, our members. I am cognizant of my place on this continuum, grateful and indebted to those FCRA torchbearers before me; profoundly committed and obligated to those who will follow.

A little over five years ago, out of the blue, someone – to this day I don't know who – nominated me to the FCRA Board. Although a member for 15 years, I had never contemplated serving on the board, or even a committee. What did I possibly have to offer? I hadn't run a company. I wasn't a speed champion or savvy businesswoman. I was, and am, just a working reporter in love with my profession. I didn't know how to help lead a statewide organization. What I knew is that someone believed I could make a difference, and that sparked me to want to make a difference. So I decided to throw my log on the fire.

I will never forget my first convention business meeting as a new board member. Facing a large legislative battle, it seemed an insurmountable task to raise the money we needed to hire our now lobbyist, The Fiorentino Group. President Wasilewski and TFG made an appeal to our membership. Within 15 minutes, you had pledged almost half of the money we needed for the cause. You inspired me that day to organize a Call to Action Now campaign. Others of you picked up the torch and ran with it. The roar of the fire we ignited was heard in Tallahassee, and we won the battle that didn't seem possible just a few years earlier. Alice Walker, famous author, said, "The most common way people give up their power is by thinking they don't have any." I've seen the power of FCRA, and it inspires me every day.

All of our successes as an association and, in fact, our very inception, have begun with a spark, an idea. That spark incited an action, a lighting of a torch. That torch, passing through many hands, ignited a fire, creating the energy that has fueled our achievements and our association.

In 1961, James Scovell, drew up the Articles of In-

corporation that formed this association. The climate at the time amongst court reporters was one of local animosity, fierce competition, and suspicion of personal agendas. But his idea of coming together for the common purpose of promoting the profession took hold and ignited the fire that is FCRA today.

The thing that unites us is we have an amazing skill and a passion for this noble profession. In a world that demands information faster than ever, there is no one – and I mean no one – that can deliver the goods faster or better than we can. Our skills are more relevant in today's marketplace than they've ever been. We can't control what alternate methods come in and out of the marketplace. What we can control is how we adapt to a changing landscape. If you are a reporter that has yet to bring your skills into the 21st century, make this the year you pledge to cultivate your real-time skills or take the FPR or RPR.

You have a dedicated Board of Directors ready to meet the challenges we face, but we can't do it alone. I ask every one of you to throw your log on the fire – wisdom, creativity, passion, perseverance, motivation, communication, whatever your strength – and let's get the sparks flying. No log is too small.

Think about what first turned you on to court reporting or CART and turn on a young person to enter the field. Convince your colleagues that having a united voice benefits us all and implore them to join FCRA. Help a colleague make the transition to realtime. Mentor a student. Volunteer for a committee. Think of a person you could picture sitting up here at this table in five years and nominate them for board service. Continue to inspire and spark me with your ideas.

Every one of us can make a difference. The spark is the easy part, the thing that takes the least amount of effort. But, boy, that spark can develop into a powerful force. And it is in that space between the spark and the fire where the true value of FCRA is found, for it is in that space the healthy exchange of ideas and the heavy lifting happens, and that makes every one of us stronger. Create enough sparks; the fire will come.



By Sharon Pell Velazco, FCR Online Editor

# Court Reporting: It's a Relative Matter

A profession is a legacy — or at least, it used to be. Centuries ago, masons passed their trades on to their children. Indeed, some of the most beautiful cathedrals in Europe were constructed over the course of a hundred-plus years, with original lines and planes intact, all because the craftsman had explained to the son, and that father to his son, the purpose and meaning of the builder's original design. Those generations of masons then went on to share and perform their job to such a degree of dedication, we have the elegant buildings and sacred monuments still standing today, testaments to the refined skill set given from one generation to the next.

Even in our present time, the majority of children of attorneys will eventually end up tacking an "esquire" onto the end of their name, just as doctors' children usually grow up to pursue some facet of the medical profession. Other specialty trades such as plumbers, electricians, architects, engineers — all are occupations that are proudly passed down, relative to relative.

And then there are those people such as musicians that have a talent that is gifted, if you will, present from generation to generation. Their natural, inherited skills are trained to the degree that they are able to hear the slightest difference of pitch, note to note. Theirs is a talent so delicate and refined, it is almost a birthright to claim it. May I be so bold as to suggest that the same could be said for court reporters. Our trained ears and hands work in seamless cooperation with each other, rapidly transferring what we hear into a format for all eyes to see.

I know that some of us are so worried that our profession will cease to be, we are often encouraging our children to pursue another livelihood. We shouldn't fear. Although the means of keeping the record may change over time, there is still the element of human intuition involved, a guarantee for job security for those willing to develop their inborn aptitude and keep up with the technology that seems to be the proverbial wolf at the door.

Also, if you think about it, our children are the best candidates to be court reporters. For the most part, they have grown up in a household hearing nearly perfect grammar (most of the time!). And, who better to keep the record than people whose ears are genetically equipped

with the ability to pick up nuances in speech that might otherwise be missed.

It must be said that we have been fortunate to have reporters who do come into the trade of their own volition, having never met another court reporter before, inexplicably drawn to our trade. I would venture to say that if you go back far enough into THAT person's ancestry, you will find a "history/record keeper" of some sort.

Recently, in doing my own family genealogy, I was rather pleasantly surprised to discover that one of my "great" grandfathers took down in longhand (and probably with a quill pen) the wills and testimonies for veterans and their families of the American Revolutionary War so they could claim their pensions. Well, it took nine generations, but a reporter (that would be I!) came back into the fold!

So now I forewarn you, this is a "brag alert." Please indulge me as I gush that my bilingual and musically talented sons have not yet discovered the fact that they and/or their children are destined to be beneficiaries of what we do. Given time, I am hoping to eventually steer both my sons into their God-given direction and career, a career of which I am particularly proud, court reporting!

# •• NEW ••

# **FCR Online Deadline Dates**

(WINTER) DEC/JAN/FEB/MAR
Article Submission — November 5
On-Line Publication — December 12

(SUMMER) APR/MAY/JUNE/JULY Article Submission — March 5 On-Line Publication — April 12

(FALL) AUG/SEPT/OCT/NOV
Article Submission — July 5
On-Line Publication — August 12

# **Student Corner**

By Robin Merker

Here's proof that court reporters are ever so much more than "just the court reporter." There are some pretty amazing back stories to those in our profession and we are privileged to share Elliott's. If you can embrace the reporting profession with the enthusiasm and drive Elliott has, we may be reading about you some day!

# Autobiography of a Court Reporter

By Elliott Marshall, A.S., RPR

Hello out there to everyone in court reporterland. My name is Elliott Marshall, A.S., RPR, and today I was humbly requested by a fellow luminary in the reporting sphere to write about my trials and tribulations... the good, the bad and the ugly... of the last forty-two years, especially how it pertains to the profession of court reporting.

I guess it could normally be difficult to pick a starting point in the process, so I will start at the beginning, when I quit college cold turkey. I had already attained my associate degree in science, with a major in biology, and was about thirty credits shy of my bachelor of science degree...a sure prerequisite to keep on my intended course, so that I could become a premed student and hope I made it further on to medical college.

A funny thing happened on the way to achieving my B.S. degree in biology. A course by the name of "physics" hit me right between my optic nerves. For the life of me, I just could not grasp the formulas and equations of the subject matter. Maybe I was taking too many credits at one time...like 17 or 18 in a semester... mostly science and math-based, or maybe I should have gotten a knowledgeable tutor to help me along. After all, I passed organic chemistry, calculus, invertebrate zoology, developmental anatomy, so why was this course messing with my mind?

Well, maybe the predicament was a Godsend in the end; for it made me think of the endless amount of hours, days and years it would take to actually realize the goal of being a doctor. I came home one day and announced that I was quitting college completely, no ifs, ands or buts.

To my surprise, about three days later I found myself, with two of my brothers, in a court reporting school that my cousin, through marriage, had opened out in Port Jefferson, Long Island, a hundred and fifty miles round trip from where I lived in the Flatbush section of Brooklyn. My brothers and I attended a three hour class twice a week, thank God. Unfortunately, my younger brother dropped out at a fairly early stage in the theory classes, and my older brother quit not too long after that, leaving me to either sink or swim. By the way, the first couple of months the class met in my cousin's living room, before they found a suitable office to conduct business in.

I was intrigued with the machine and the various theories of writing, and decided very quickly that I was going to use every phrase, brief or short form that I could remember, so as to be able to write faster and graduate in a shorter time. I was, at that time, working at the bottom rung of the ladder of life as a waiter and entered local II of the union. Ask me what is was like to march on a strike line in the middle of the winter because some catering hall decided to employ non-union personnel.

I kept thinking to myself that if I practiced an inordinate amount of time I would rid myself of the meager employment I found myself in. I was right, and it paid off in spades. I flew by other students who had been stuck at what are called speed plateaus, a point where it is difficult to surpass because the thought process had to lessen, thereby letting the student get to the trance-like state where the words enter the ear and are instantaneously processed in the brain with a minimum of thought, thereby striking the right keys at the higher speed and syllable counts that are necessary to make a real world verbatim record.

It was very quickly that I realized this fact and took every opportunity to practice, sometimes exceeding five hours a day. I would practice songs on the radio, people speaking in my presence, and would even think of ways to write words in my mind's eye when I wasn't at the Stenograph machine. My mind was a sponge, and getting up to speed was paramount to my whole being. I actually became consumed with what would be my gainful employment within a matter of months.

It was a grueling fourteen months, and working in catering actually brought me some very good luck; for one night the bride's father, who owned a reporting agency in Manhattan, wanted to meet me for possible employment with his firm, Acme Reporting.

Things happened quickly after the meeting. I found myself reporting in City Hall immediately. I reported city council meetings, board of estimate, landmark preservation, fire department disciplinary hearing, and a myriad of other proceedings. The main monthly meetings contained fifty-seven council members at one time. So I guess I got thrown to the wolves, and again, it was sink or swim time for me. I was fortunate to work with an ancient recording device, for backup, whereby the spoken word was somehow laid down on a blueish acetate substance. I guess that was the state of the art in 1972.... LOL. I basically worked there under mayors John Lindsay and Abraham Beame.

After realizing that the remuneration I was receiving was less than desirable, I got word that the city was in need of reporters in Fort Apache... yes, you heard me right... the borough of the Bronx at that time had that

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BUSINESS

# Speech from the Presentation of the Arlene P. Sommers Award

# By Christy Bradshaw

As most of you are aware, each year FCRA asks for nominees for the Arlene P. Sommers award. This award is given to a teacher or educator who has given back a great deal to the profession of court reporting. I think all of you would agree that we would not be where we are today in our careers without our educations. For most of us, there is one educator or mentor that will stand out as being either the one who gave us that extra push, the one who kept us on track and out of trouble, or the one who mentored us and took us under their wing.

Educators, we usually think of in the traditional sense, as a "teacher" at a court reporting school. An educator will many times be a mentor while we are in school, while we are interning, or at our first job and our first agency. These mentors have played a very important role in all of our lives and careers.

The winner of this year's award is an "educator" outside the scope of the traditional sense, of teaching at a school. This person has been reporting for 28 years; became an RPR in 1987, an RMR in 1989, and a CRR in 1992, during which time has mentored around 15 to 20 students. That is close to one student a year. She has also done numerous "teach-in days" for her local high schools and court

reporting schools.

For those of you who have mentored a student, you know it is a very important job and a very time-consuming one. When I refer to mentoring these student court reporters, that can include taking them on jobs, going over their notes from time to time, answering ALL of the questions that we remember having back in the day, and much, much more.

Several of the students that this educator has mentored had the benefit of learning their CAT software, learning to scope, having the opportunity to have her scope for them, and having the benefit of her knowledge in the first year of reporting, having all of their transcripts proofread. And in many instances, she would be sitting as the backup reporter for new reporters while allowing the new reporter to bill the job. How many of us would have loved that?

Well, I can tell you I was lucky enough to have much of this with my mentor. I did 90% of my interning with the same reporter, learned Eclipse Software, scoped in court, and learned more than I ever would have on my own.

I am very proud and very honored to be able to give the Arlene P. Sommers award this year to MY MENTOR, who fully deserves this award, Laura Jerauld Landerman.

# **Emily Mann Distinguished Service Award**



Immediate Past President
Janet McKinney presenting
the Emily Mann Award to
this year's recipient, Robin
Merker.

Congratulations, Robin!"









2014 Annual Awards Luncheon Sanibel Harbour Resort & Spa

































2014 Annual Convention Sanibel Harbour Resort & Spa



















"Hollywood Nights" 2014 Annual President's Party



















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# **Student Corner**

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dubious moniker. I packed up my tools of the trade and then found myself in the lower court of Bronx county. Basically they took cases that were of the misdemeanor variety.

It certainly was a great forum for me to learn how to report courtroom proceedings, but with the derelicts shooting heroin in the halls of this Godforsaken edifice, I thought it best I step into something with a bit more class. I was then called to the Bronx Supreme Court to work under the auspices of Herb Reing, chief reporter and administrator for a staff of about fifty or so hard-working, very professional and seasoned reporters.

The Supreme Court in the Bronx had one of the busiest calendars and courtrooms in the nation at that time. There were three arraignment courtrooms with an average of 110 defendants to be arraigned in each one. This courthouse was responsible for felonies and major crimes, like Nicky Barnes, an infamous Bronx drug lord. I will admit that the experience and tutelage that I garnered during this time was a precursor to my later success.

It came to pass that I got extremely tired of living in the big apple; potholes, crowds, traffic were all conspiring to make me want to seek more fertile ground and less of the tensions that I was feeling up in New York. One of the old time reporters there recommended I seek employment in Florida with a specific individuals firm. I checked into the NSRA... the seminal magazine before it was changed to NCRA... and found that there were many good job openings to choose from. It so happened that I chose to go with Eugene Sattler's recommendation.

After a ten and a half month stint with the agency, I realized I had a ball and chain attached to my ankle and decided to go on my own with a company by the name of Executive Reporting. I basically gravitated to the criminal work at the Metro Justice building, reporting mediocre proceedings, with a small following of civil attorneys. About eight years into that venture, it was plain to see that I really wasn't using my skills to the fullest extent, so I embarked on a journey of work that brought me to three different firms at different times.

It was in 1984 that I learned to be computerized, and my output of pages grew along with my compensation. The old adage of garbage in; garbage out was definitely a truism when it came to clean notes and a good and varied master dictionary. My compensation doubled and my love for reporting grew exponentially... although I can unequivocally state that I always loved and had a voracious affinity for the profession. I saw that fairly large amounts of monetary remuneration were possible by adhering to a plan of living responsibly, putting in the hours it took to produce large transcripts and desiring to make greenbacks.

I also became aware of the fact that the owners of local firms really had no advantage over my abilities and the power and personality to obtain a triple-A clientele. So

after about six years working with the above mentioned group of firms, Worldwide Reporting Service was born in 1990, with a very large staff of three ambitious reporters.

The profession of reporting had been difficult enough, but now it was more of a challenge, both to feed the mouths of our reporters and attain/keep your clientele and garner new reporters and good law firms. I worked very hard and smart... at times there were seventy to ninety hour weeks. But the proof is in the pudding. From three reporters we grew to fourteen fine souls that helped me on a daily basis by doing the right thing for themselves, myself, and the betterment and reputation of the firm in general.

Of course there were difficult times, but they were few and far between. The agency still exists today, but due to circumstances beyond our control, is a more compact and easier to manage agency. We still cover assignments in the tri-county area, and have enough competent reporters to keep the ball rolling; and I do attend functions to keep an eye on what is occurring in the field, and to also attain more clientele. I say that old reporters never die; they just lose their strokes.

It's a strange happenstance, but instead of becoming a medical doctor, I became a doctor of words, and the profession has served and keeps serving me well. Now, with Obamacare, and stringent rules by insurance companies... as the same companies did in reporting... I am happy to have chosen to drop out and into a profession that owes me nothing.

Readers of this article may ask how I deflected the high pressures of the reporting of difficult proceedings, time constraints and keeping the clients satisfied. My hobbies and interests are many. My greatest passion right now is, and has been for a while, photography... which I turned into "artography... a mixture of photography and art. I still stayed close to my educational roots by following many of the sciences, i.e., astronomy, meteorology, archaeology, biology, seismology, computers, cameras, horticulture and botany, boating, sports and classic automobiles, collecting art, and a few others.

I found that having interests and hobbies were a good outlet for stress relief... something that every working reporter owes to themselves. A bit of good advice would be not to let reporting consume all of your time.. especially the quality time... but to make it a point to lay back and relax, slow it down and try to smell the roses. Exercise, yoga, pilates, riding a bike or walking in a peaceful area or on the beach will suffice. And take care of you body and mind. You will need every brain cell you can muster... even if your brain operates at the average of six percent of its true capability.

People think that air traffic controllers work under incalculable pressures, but if they need help with an emergency or something that may need attention on

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# **Student Corner**

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the ground, at least they work with their peers in close proximity to them for support, if needed. As a court reporter, you enter a specific room and job alone with yourself. Mark my words, you are much better off coming into an assignment with large amounts of confidence, and the commensurate skills to back it up with. You will be tested, when ready, of course, everyday; and your mental stamina will wither if you come in without sleep, stupefied from the night before, have low resistance, just to name a few.

But just as the pressures of the actual reporting of matters may "try" to knock you down, you will overcome any doubt in your mind that you can keep up with the attorneys and multi-voice testimony, for instance. When you reach the point where you come into a courtroom, deposition or a hearing fully prepared, and have the spark and adrenaline flowing, you will know you're a full-fledged reporter. One who is entitled to live a financially comfortable life in almost any city in the country.

Truth be told, there is definitely a shortage of competent reporters in the places where a verbatim record is needed. With a high dropout rate in the reporting schools, electronic recording will start to fill the gaps. Go for the stars. Get yourself ready to take speed tests, get certified, and for the big payoff and ego stretcher, do realtime reporting. You will most likely surprise yourselves by what can really be accomplished with your mind, ears and fingers. Practice high-speed NCRA tapes, wav. files... or whatever they are presented on nowadays. The news is helpful also. Believe it or not, after only a few months after starting school, I chose to sit in with a teacher/mentor at the school I attended. I am also proud of the fact that the business partner of my cousin came to work along with me over ten years ago and still accepts assignments.

In closing, I would like to impart to the readers of this article that the profession of court reporting may be difficult, but like other jobs that people may choose, it is never the same. Each case will, or should, bring new adventures in learning, and as the cases go by the task at hand gets easier. As the cases and years pass, your confidence level will rise to new heights, and you one day will realize that it was, and still is, worth all the speed plateaus, twisted finger attacks, mind bending speakers where you wanted to knock your machine against the wall, was well worth the trouble; and that you only have yourself to thank for the gift you developed over time. Goodbye, and best of luck for your whole reporting career.

# IN MEMORIAM



# Michael H. Greenhill

In June, at the Sanibel Harbor Marriott at FCRA's annual convention, many of us had the opportunity to spend time with Michael and enjoy his company. During the convention, Michael made new friends and warmly re-engaged with old friends as only Michael could do. Little did

we know at that time that would be Michael's final convention. On Tuesday, June 17, Michael unexpectedly passed away.

Michael's journey in life began in Havana, Cuba, on September 5, 1947. What makes Michael's accomplishments so amazing is that he came to the United States at the age of 15 not speaking a word of English, and from that beginning went on to a career filled with numerous professional achievements and high acclaim. Upon graduation from Florida Atlantic University, Michael taught high school in the Palm Beach County School system, and was chair of his social science department. He also authored two books on teaching guides in social science. Michael attended Stenotype Institute and has been reporting since October of 1978. He was a partner in Pleasanton, Greenhill, Meek & Marsaa in West Palm Beach since 1998.

Michael was a Florida Professional Reporter, a member of the Florida Court Reporters Association, the National Court Reporters Association, and was Chair of the Pro Bono Committee of the Florida Court Reporters Association. Michael was a Fellow of The Florida Bar Foundation. He was a former public member of the Florida Bar Citizens Forum, the Florida Bar Foundation's Development Committee, served two assignments on the Florida Bar Grievance Committee 15-G, and Unlicensed Practice of Law Committee 15-A. In 2004, Michael was selected as one of three finalists whose names were submitted to the Florida Supreme Court for consideration and selection as a public member on the Florida Bar Board of Governors. Michael reported the 15th Judicial Circuit Judicial Nominating Commission meetings on a pro bono basis since 2001, and is the founder of a statewide program wherein all twenty Florida circuits may have their JNC meetings reported pro bono by volunteer FCRA firms.

Michael was a very proud father and husband. Michael's passion for court reporting was surpassed by his pride in his family. He would often speak of his children's impressive accomplishments.

Michael was a mentor and advocate to many. He considered everyone his friend and pushed them to be their best. On a more personal note, I will miss seeing him in the office and around the courthouse, but his lessons will always be with me and I hope to continue to make him proud. I know many others feel the same.

ON THE JOB

# French Valley: Court Reporter Transcribes Judge's Stories— On a Quilt

By Sarah Burge



During his time on the bench, Riverside Superior Court Judge Albert Wojcik came to be known for the folksy stories he used to engage potential jurors and illustrate principles of law.

A boy, a dog and a doughnut with a bite out of it figure into one. Others feature nuns, gnomes and the tooth fairy.

Court reporter Amanda Fagan guessed she has recorded those jury selection stories easily 200 times during her 12 years working with the judge. With Wojcik's official retirement date coming up in July, Fagan presented him with a gift that captures his personality better than any court transcript ever could.

Fagan made the judge a quilt. And what a quilt.

She dubbed it "The Great Jury Voir Dire," which she spelled out in big, black-and-white letters on the coverlet.



"Voir dire" — a legal term meaning "to speak the truth" — refers to the questioning of potential jurors in court.

"I was absolutely blown away by it," said Wojcik, 74, admiring Fagan's handiwork and teasing that he'll be wrapped in it when they put him in the ground.

Wojcik, who grew up on the Southside of Chicago, attended night school to earn his law degree while working as an industrial engineer. He and his wife Joan moved to Southern California after he graduated in the early 1970s. He joined a law firm in Corona and later started his own general practice. In 1988, he became a court commissioner and in 1996 a judge.

Wojcik said he's going to miss being a judge and that he counts himself very lucky to have had the opportunity to serve for so many years.

"This is well beyond my wildest dreams," he said.

On Friday, Wojcik's last day in his usual courtroom at the Southwest Justice Center French Valley, the quilt was draped over the judge's bench and weighted down with stacks of legal tomes.

Fagan said she began gathering fabric — and ideas — a couple of years ago after Wojcik started talking about retiring. She began piecing it together last year, then had it machine quilted at a shop in Corona because it was too large for her sewing machine. She asked lawyers and staff around the courthouse to write messages to Wojcik on the backing.

The quilt is ringed with chairs to represent the jurors and includes references to everything from Japanese cinema to the Easter Bunny to Chicago sports teams.

"I am just imagining, about a hundred years from now, on 'Antiques Roadshow,' this'll be worth a lot of money," Wojcik said with a grin.

It's guaranteed to leave the experts scratching their heads, he added.



By Donna M. Kanabay, RMR, CRR, FPR • donna@kanabay.com

# 'TIS THE SEASON... NO, NOT THAT SEASON! THIS SEASON



For several years, I've followed a marvelous hurricane blog written by a woman named Jyotika. She's from England and so has the "British" sense of humor (or humour) and her blog is absolutely delightful. She turns the science of hurricane tracking and prediction into a fun learning experience (when she's going into "teaching" mode she says "Warning: Science Alert!").

As the 2014 season opened, she published one of her more interesting posts ever, and I thought to myself it would make a great base for my column, so here I am. (As I write this, I'm in a hospital bed with a broken hip. Just sayin'...)

On June 19, she addressed a survey that had been widely published, which stated that female hurricanes were more deadly than male hurricanes. Using her patented brand of satire, she writes:

"Earlier this month a study came out of Illinois and Arizona, two states well-known for being hit by hurricanes (!), about how female-named hurricanes cause more deaths than male-named hurricanes because people just aren't as afraid of women as they are of men."

Having read her blog for years now, I settled in for what I knew would be an especially entertaining read.

"The naming of storms started in 1950. From 1950-1952, storms were given names from the World War II spelling alphabet (Able, Baker, Charlie, Dog, Easy etc.), so they weren't male or female names. From 1953-1978, hurricanes were ONLY given female names. Male storm names were not used until 1979, after which they were used alternately with female names.

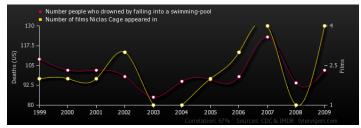
"The study used storm names from 1950-2012. For a fair study, storms should only be included from 1979 onwards.

"Also, the authors decided to allocate genders to the nongender alphabet names from 1950-1952, so, for example, they classify 'Easy' as a female name (hmm... interesting choice. Freud would have a field day!)"

I quote the above just to whet your appetite for this delightful trip. You really must visit her blog and read it yourself!

She goes on to post some interesting graphs:

• Did you know that the number of people who drowned by falling into a swimming-pool could be decreased if only Nicholas Cage stopped appearing in films?



Which leads you to another delightful side trip: Spurious Correlations.

http://www.tylervigen.com/

Continued on page 17

# FCRA WELCOMES THE FOLLOWING NEW MEMBERS

(Includes all members who joined as of August 15, 2014)

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Steigman, Marnie	Boca Raton	Robin Merker



## MUSINGS FROM VANA LOU

I know I'm naughty, as puppies are, And often prone to play, So I'll put off my time to sleep Until the dawn of day! (My poor mommy!)

# WRITER'S BLOCK

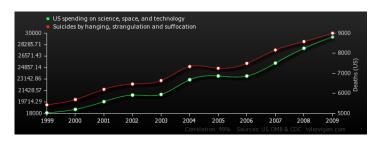
By Sharon Velazco

Once upon a midnight dreary,
As I struggle, weak and weary,
My dawn deadline is fast approaching
and upon my beauty sleep encroaching.
I think of writers and poets, then,
who must have felt the same chagrin,
borrowing phrases from those long gone
to fill their pages, or a cliche song.
So though I'm suffering from writer's block,
this too, shall pass, Dear Reader, don't mock!
And as I, frustrated, throw my pen to floor,
I think Vana Lou quoth, "Nevermore."
As my little Muse slips into her puppy dream,
If my verse is still blocked
Remains to be seen!

# SLEUTHING THE NET

Continued from page 17

"US spending on science, space and technology correlates with suicides by hanging, strangulation and suffocation."



Back to Jyotika herself, I was fortunate enough to see her do a live presentation a couple years ago in St. Pete and she's just as delightful in person as she is on her blog. ANYbody who lives in Florida (or the eastern seaboard, really) during hurricane season really needs to subscribe to her. She gets it more right than the so-called experts, and she makes science fun.

On June 29, as the storm that eventually became Arthur was born, she wrote: "Just a quick update for now because this Atlantic blob is not quite cooked... it is relaxing near the Bahamas, sipping pina coladas, as one does."

"<Science Alert!> The troposphere. Our atmosphere is divided into layers – like a trifle or seven-layer dip or lasagna (depending on what country you are from.) ... All our 'weather' essentially occurs in the troposphere. It is defined by decreasing air temperature with increasing height. You would know this if you climbed a mountain. or you could just use the much easier 'Florida option', which is to look at pictures of mountains and see the snow at the top."

So let Jyotika be your Official Hurricane Guide this year, and for every hurricane season going forward. Even if we're not in the path, she's just plain *fun*.

http://jyotikastorms.blogspot.com/



# MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION Florida Court Reporters Association

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The dues year is November 1 through October 31. Annual dues must accompany of plication. Those joining in August, September, or October of a given year will be phrough October 31 of the following year. Dues payments are deductible by members an ordinary and necessary business expense. In accordance with Section 6033 (2)(A) of the Internal Revenue Code, as amended, members of the FCRA are here notified that an estimated 10% of your FCRA dues will be allocated to lobbying a political activities, and therefore is not deductible as a business expense.	Exp. Date:  Amount to charge: \$  Authorized Signature
For Administrative Use Only	*Participating Members selecting the pre-authorized payment plan option will need to sign and complete the payment
Date Rec'd Ref # Amount Date Approved Computer	section of the pre-authorized payment plan form.



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Please complete and return payment plan form and membership application to:

FCRA Headquarters 222 S. Westmonte Dr, Suite 101 Altamonte Springs, FL 32714 Fax: 407-774-6440

The FCRA payment plan is available only through submission of this form and is not available online.

**INSTALLMENTS:** Plan is payable by credit card only. Check payments will not be accepted. All payments will be <u>automatically</u> processed as outlined below.

First Payment	Processed upon receipt of this form	\$100.00
Second Payment	Processed 30 days after first payment	\$110.00
Third/Final Payment	Processed 60 days after first payment	\$110.00

Member Name:		
Member Address:		
City, State, Zip Code:		
Terms of the Agreement: I hereby authorize FCRA to process the transactions. All transactions will be processed to the credit card will be processed upon receipt. The second installment in the amount of \$1 payment. The third and final installment in the amount of \$1 payment. Check payments will not be accepted under this agreen (partial payment) processed under this agreement. I also underst three plan payments have been processed successfully. The full a dues will be \$320.00 which includes a \$20 administrative fee for p	provided on this form. The first payment in punt of \$110.00 will be automatically process 10.00 will be automatically processed 60 dament. I understand there will be NO REFUND and that FCRA membership will not be consimount paid under this plan for my FCRA Parrocessing multiple payments.	the amount of \$100.00 ased 30 days following the tys following the first DS for any installment dered active until all ticipating membership
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Payment Method:		Submit by Email
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