

THE SIDE BAR

Newsletter of the Martin County Bar Association

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THE SIDE BAR NEWSLETTER

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If you have an article, opinion, news or other information for publication in the *SideBar*, please call (772) 220-8018 or email information to: martincountybarassociation@msn.com

The due date for all advertisements, articles and announcements is the 1st of the month preceding publication.

MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

THE ADVENTURE OF A LIFETIME - Part I

We finally left Miami Cut in light east winds on May 16, 1993. Sailing vessel FULL MOON, a 37-foot Irwin Cutter with 40 HP Perkins, was cruise-ready after a year's preparation to add solar panels, twin wind generators, water maker, canvas sun canopy, a year's worth of canned goods, a brick-size Magellan GPS, a Ham/SSB radio to match those at home with parents, Brownie Third Lung, 12V to 110V Inverter, and 400 amps of house batteries. FULL MOON had three souls on board: Dennis Borders - the owner, mechanic, and captain; me - the electrician, navigator, and cook; and Apollo - the 130-pound Rottweiler and chief protector. Though FULL MOON didn't sail very fast, it was a wonder she could sail at all with all that stuff aboard.



Barbara Kreitz Cook
2018-19 President

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MCBA 2018 - 2019 Executive Board:

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The timing was right: Our parents were healthy and able to take care of themselves. The kids were on their own or in graduate or law school with grandparent subsidies. Our homes were finally sold after the real estate debacle due to the Savings and Loan bank failures. IBM downsized and offered early-outs with two years' salary, health benefits, and continuing accrual of retirement benefits. We sold all our other stuff. The kids got our cars. We were at last living our dream.



We made our first foreign port - West End, Grand Bahama Island - early the next day and gradually worked our way Southeast along the Bahamian islands of the Abacos, Spanish Wells, Eleuthra, Cat Island, the Exuma Islands, Long Island, Conception, spending days and weeks along the way at each interesting place, diving and fishing and touring each island. We anchored out along the way and docked on land July 14th for the first time since leaving Key Biscayne at Stella Maris, Long Island.

We lived off the fish, lobster and conch we caught and fresh vegetables bought at the islands. Each morning, I would order the fish I wanted speared for supper - grouper, snapper, trigger, hog - and Denny obliged the cook. The size and amount of lobster, fish, and conch were both phenomenal at the sparsely populated Bahamian islands. As we went further "down island" to those more populated, the size and amount of fish decreased proportionately.



Son Scott flew in on the dirt runway at Rum Cay in June to join us for a few weeks. By the time we reached Rum, our canvas waterproofing had given out. This was a major displeasure for some time due to frequent downpours in the cockpit while underway. However, there were no flat surfaces large enough to lay the canvas to apply new waterproofing until we reached Rum, which had a large concrete ferry dock. Our next stop was uninhabited Plana Cay. Scott hand-fed enormous barracuda from the swim platform at Plana Cay that night. Our dinghy - our only transportation between Full Moon and land to get Apollo ashore twice a day to potty - got away overnight due to a loose tie-up. In the morning, Scott gingerly walked Full Moon through heavy corals to get close to shore for Apollo's walk. Later, we searched for the dinghy by following the prevailing current and wind. We found it, merrily bobbing away, seven miles downwind.

We continued on to Mayaguana, where a shark cornered Scott and I on a reef. The shark eventually gave up and we moved

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on to the Turks and Caicos. On the way to the Turks, the brass drive shaft pin gave way, in the middle of the night, of course, and master mechanic Denny managed to replace the pin in very uncomfortable seas. Scott returned home from the Turks as we prepared for a hurricane. The 'cane, luckily, died over the mountains of the Dominican Republic. We left the Turks for Luperon, D.R., where Apollo had a run-in with some prize fighting cocks (he won). Their owners were not happy with the losses, and they marched us down, dead cocks in hand, to the police station to pay for Apollo's indiscretions. We left the next day for Puerto Rico via the Mona Passage. There, in the dead of night, bright lights suddenly shown in our cockpit and voices on the VHF demanded identification, just as a black inflatable with U.S. Coast Guard appeared alongside. We gave our identification and continued on. Throughout our travels we were frequently tracked by Coast Guard helicopters. This made us feel incredibly safe knowing help was only a VHF call away.

Daughter Bernadette joined us for the sail along the southern coast of Puerto Rico to Vieques Island and on to St. Thomas. We arrived in St. Thomas, U.S. Virgin Islands, October 11, 1993. Bernadette went home and Denny and I stayed in St. Thomas for the winter - I worked there as a paralegal, Denny as a salesman at the cruise ship docks - awaiting spring cruising weather to continue "down island" to Venezuela.

Sincerely,

Barbara A. Kreitz Cook
President



Save the Date!

May 17, 2019

2019 Annual Installation Banquet

"Florida State of Mind"

Mariner Sands Country Club

Details and Sponsorship Opportunities coming soon