



My ten-year-old daughter asked me a question the other night. She looked me square in the eye and said, “Dad, what exactly do you do all day?”

At first, I gave her my usual answer, saying, “Well, I help people who have been hurt in accidents.”

But she didn’t let it go. And her follow-up question stopped me in my tracks:

“How?”

But, before I could answer, my daughter remembered a time when we’d driven past an accident on Highway 52 and she asked me if I was going to help them. And, at that time, I told her, “Maybe. If they need help and the accident wasn’t their fault.” So, after a moment’s thought, I explained it to her like this:

“When something bad happens to someone, and it’s because someone else made a mistake, I help them get what they need to take care of it.”

“So...you help people when bad things happen to them?” she asked.

“Yes I do,” I said with a nod.

She smiled at me and said, “That’s a good job.”

As I drove to work, I found myself smiling as well, thinking about how sometimes it takes a ten-year-old to remind you what this work is really about.

It’s not about winning in the courtroom, coming up with the best strategy, or how much the settlement amounts to. It’s about helping people when bad things happen to them.

It’s really that simple.

Take care,

Mason