



There is something different about practicing law in Moncks Corner.

You do not just represent clients in a town like this. You represent people you know. People you grew up with. People you see at church on Sunday morning. People whose kids line up in the same dugout as yours.

That changes things.

When someone from this community walks into my office, I am not meeting a stranger with a case file. I am meeting a neighbor. And I feel the weight of that every time.

Bryan Stevenson wrote that "each of us is more than the worst thing we've ever done." I think about the other side of that too, the idea that each of us is more than the hardest thing we have ever been through. Injury takes something from people. It takes their sense of security, their ability to provide, sometimes their identity. And the people who walk through my door are carrying all of that, not just a claim.

In a place like Moncks Corner, your reputation is not built on marketing. It is built on whether you returned the call. Whether you were honest when the news was hard. Whether you showed up when it counted and did not disappear when it did not.

That kind of accountability is not a burden to me. It is a gift. It keeps the work from becoming abstract. It keeps me remembering that every case is somebody's life.

I would not trade it for anything.

Take care,

Mason