



When the weather turns and the weekend plans fall apart, there is one place my kids and I always end up: the bowling alley.

It started as a rainy day fallback. Now it is just what we do. My kids ask for it by name, and honestly, I never argue. There is something about that place that works. The moment we walk in, phones go away and it is just us.

But do not let the family outing fool you. It gets competitive fast.

It does not matter that Mac still uses the bumpers and the slide to get the ball down the lane. He is watching that scoreboard after every single roll, already plotting. My older kids are not giving him anything either. Nobody in our family bowls for participation trophies. By the second frame, somebody has already made a prediction about who is going to win and why, and it is on from there.

That is the part I love most. I never have to manufacture the drive. The game does it for me. The pins are either up or they are not, and everybody can see the score. That kind of immediate, objective feedback teaches kids something that is hard to teach any other way: effort has a direct result, and if you want a better result, you have to do something different.

Competition, when it is healthy, builds persistence. It teaches kids to push past a bad frame instead of quitting after a gutter ball. It teaches them that the game is not over until it is over, and that how you finish matters just as much as how you start.

Those are not just good life lessons. They are the exact qualities that make a good personal injury lawyer.

This work is competitive by nature. Insurance companies are not going to hand my clients fair value because I asked nicely. Every case requires the same mindset my kids bring to that bowling alley: stay focused, keep score, and do not stop pushing until the last frame. The moment you get comfortable with a mediocre result is the moment you stop serving your client the way they deserve.

Mac will figure that out eventually. For now, I am just trying to make sure he does not beat me before he turns six.

Take care,

Mason