



DONAHOE KEARNEY, LLP

708 Pendleton Street
First Floor
Alexandria, VA 22314
202.393.3320
DonahoeKearney.com

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DONAHOE KEARNEY
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BRIEF

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NO GUTS, NO GLORY IDITAROD MORE THAN JUST ENDURANCE

Dallas Seavey has won the Iditarod — a 1,000-mile dog sled race across frozen Alaska that takes nine days to run — five times, tied for the most in history.

I'll admit, even having approximately 74 ESPN channels and flipping through them constantly, I was only vaguely familiar with the race, but I had an opportunity to hear Dallas speak and meet with him to talk about his life in Alaska, his racing strategy, and his commitment to training and caring for his dogs (a commitment not shared by the owners of the Beast ...).

Dallas is a professional musher. He trains almost year-round and races a team of Alaskan huskies (and he refers to them as athletes or team members even in casual conversation) to compete in this race. What was cool about meeting Dallas was that it reinforced the principle that you can learn something from a source you never knew existed. As you can imagine, when you're in the middle of a 1,000-mile dog sled race in the Arctic, you really need to know, respect, understand, and appreciate your team and how they see problems — and none of them can talk to you. They're not even the same species!

Our team meetings can get contentious — we have a lot of strong personalities, but we've got nothing on this guy.

For each race, his goal is not to win or run a certain time, but to run a perfect race — to make all the right decisions and take care of his dogs, and he is constantly asking himself this question (who else is he going to ask, after all?): What does my team need right now?

And for the training, his goal is always to develop a team that can handle adversity well — snowstorms, wind storms, crossing rivers that are only partially frozen, frostbite, hunger, and everything else. The really cool thing Dallas described was how he takes care of his



dogs during the race — feeding them (they burn 12,000 calories per day, pretty close to my holiday intake), laying down hay for them to rest on, and changing their boots, all before he does a thing for himself. He decides when and where to stop (and whether to continue with the race) based solely on how his team is doing.

I've been to Alaska once during the summer and I loved it, so I asked him about visiting. He runs a kennel in Talkeetna, Alaska, at the base of Mt. Denali, where he raises 100 sled dogs and gives both summer and winter mushing tours. I'm putting it on my bucket list.

If you're interested, here's the info: [AKSledDogTours.com](https://www.aksleddogtours.com) or 907-947-4210. See you there!

- Frank Kearney

Frank's Column: Did You Make It Through the Holidays? Me Neither.



I'm not a big fan of New Year's resolutions. If you want to change something or do something new, just do it. But I totally get the optimism of a new year, a new beginning, and a fresh start. Especially after last-minute shopping (as if there was any other kind), eating and drinking too much, excessive family time, and, of course, the Beast's new Christmas

pajamas (my daughter has a matching set) to go along with his new deluxe, organic, orthopedically designed dog bed that cost more than my first car (but is also more comfortable to sit in).

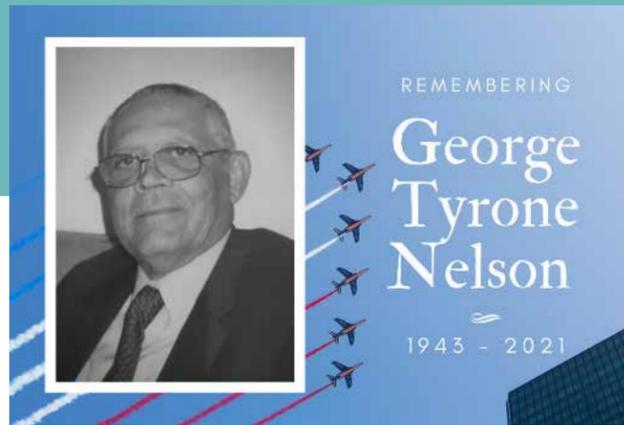
Happy 2022!

- Frank Kearney



Do you know someone we can help? We make it easy on you to refer your friends, family, and coworkers! Just have them call 202-393-3320 or use this QR code for a confidential, no-risk assessment of their case.

Remembering George "Fly Ty" Nelson



Many of us wouldn't even notice someone who worked most of his life as a bus driver. If that was Tyrone Nelson, a longtime friend and former client, they would have missed a great opportunity.

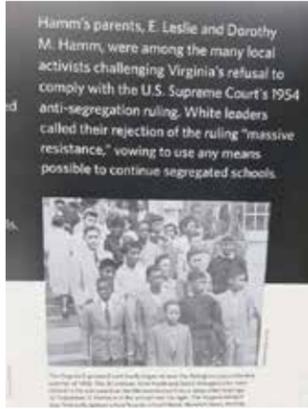
The first time we met about 25 years ago, Tyrone wasn't real happy that he had such a young lawyer for his work injury case, but he gave me a shot to earn his trust, and I never forgot that.

He also formed and chaired AA meetings in Southeast and was sober for more than 40 years, along the way helping so many others maintain their sobriety.

Maybe those accomplishments gave him such a great outlook on life. He was always ready with encouragement, a joke, or a hopeful, funny take on life, even when things seemed rough.

Seven or eight years ago, after he retired from Metro, he was in a serious head-on collision caused by another driver who died in the crash. I visited him in the hospital during his recovery, where he introduced me to his nurses by name, telling me how helpful they were and how happy he was to have met them and gotten to know them. And, of course, he went back to driving passenger buses — shuttle buses, trips to Atlantic City, you name it.

And every time we talked, he would tell me how proud he was of (and how he spoiled) his granddaughters, then his great-granddaughters — lucky kids, like the rest of us who knew him.



He loved driving a bus. He was an old school driver, one who would talk to all of his passengers, help old folks up and down, and cover a fare when someone didn't have it. His regulars loved him. He saw driving as doing something good for people — helping them get to work, to school, or to see their friends and relatives, making their day just a little better.

I didn't know it at the time, but Tyrone was one of the first students to integrate the public schools in Arlington when he tried to enroll in the all-white Stratford Junior High and was denied admission in 1957. Even though this was three years after Brown v. Board of Education was decided, Virginia had adopted a policy of "massive resistance" to integration, and there were another two years of litigation before African American students were able to attend the school.



Accompanied by NAACP member Gertrude "Gert" Davis (far left), Joyce Seely, George Tyrone Nelson, and E. Leslie Hamm, Jr. (far right) try to register for classes at Stratford Junior High.

Deep-Fried New Year's 'Cookies'

What do you get when you mix a cookie and a doughnut? A portzelky! This traditional Mennonite "New Year's cookie" is perfect for sharing.

Inspired by MennoniteGirlsCanCook.ca

INGREDIENTS

- 2 tbsp yeast
- 1/2 cup water, warmed
- 1/2 cup and 1 tsp sugar, divided
- 5 eggs, beaten
- 1/4 cup butter, softened
- 2 1/2 cups milk, warmed
- 1 1/2 tsp salt
- 4 cups raisins
- 7 cups flour
- 4 cups canola oil

DIRECTIONS

1. In a large bowl, combine yeast, water, and 1 tsp sugar. Wait 10 minutes.
2. Stir in remaining sugar, eggs, butter, milk, and salt.
3. Fold in the raisins and flour. Cover the bowl with plastic wrap. Let the dough rise for an hour.
4. In a high-sided pot or deep fryer, heat canola oil to
5. 340 F. Line a plate with paper towels.
6. Drop a rounded tablespoon of dough into the oil. Fry until golden brown, then set aside on the plate. Poke the cookie with a toothpick. If the toothpick comes out clean, it's cooked through!
7. Repeat until the batter is gone.



Why Doesn't Anyone Believe You?

As everyone reading this knows, all we do is help people with serious injuries — we guide you through the process so you can stand up to the insurance company. While we can't help everybody — I wish we could, but the legal system just doesn't work that way — we really try to get to know the people we work with.

Having done this now for 27 years, we've seen a real shift in what used to be a pretty basic thing.

More and more these days we are running into insurance company lawyers, doctors, and adjusters who just don't believe you. It doesn't matter what you say or what happened, they just won't believe you.

I don't know if it is because of politics, social media, or what, but it seems like more and more people we deal with on the other side just don't believe you, no matter what the evidence and facts of the case say.

How do we get past this?

A lot of what we do now is tell our clients' stories. Remember when you were a kid and were fascinated by stories?

My dad was a great storyteller and so were a couple of my uncles. They could really capture the suspense, the characters and the pace of what they were telling. Now, a lot of those stories involved growing up in Chicago — ditching school, vaguely illegal or



inappropriate activity, funny things that happened to them growing up. My favorite was the story of how my grandmother busted into a pool hall in the 1940s and lit into one of my high school-aged uncles and the owner because he was there when he should have been in school, but she never saw two of her other sons hiding under a pool table. And there was no "snitching," so she didn't find out until the 1970s.

That's why we do a lot to connect with people. Anyone who has been through a deposition knows that no matter what questions you're asked, we focus on those critical things that help you tell your story. Our goal is always that the insurance company understands who you are and what you've gone through.

♥ How Did You Meet The Love Of Your Life? ♥

This year we are celebrating love all year long. To prepare for this Valentines Day, we want YOU to share the story of how you met the love of your life.

Email your story to clientexperience@dklp.com for a chance to win a couples massage for you & your significant other.

Submissions due February 14, 2022.

