

NEVER SETTLE FOR LESS

BLACKWELL COOK LAW

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Pretty Good

As graduation celebrations fill our calendars, and campaign ads fill our televisions, we'd like to take this opportunity to share a poem by Charles Osgood.

There once was a pretty good student,
who sat in a pretty good class
And was taught by a pretty good teacher,
who always let pretty good pass.

He wasn't terrific at reading, he wasn't a
whiz-bang at math,
But for him, education was leading straight down a pretty good path.

He didn't find school too exciting, but he wanted to do pretty well,
And he did have some trouble with writing, And nobody had taught him to spell.

When doing arithmetic problems, pretty good was regarded as fine.
Five plus five didn't always add up to 10, a pretty good answer was nine.

The pretty good class that he sat in was part of a pretty good school.
And the student was not an exception, on the contrary, he was the rule.

The pretty good school that he went to was there in a pretty good town.
And nobody there seemed to notice he could not tell a verb from a noun.

The pretty good student in fact was part of a pretty good mob.
And the first time he knew what he lacked was when he looked for a pretty good job.

It was then, when he sought a position, he discovered that life could be tough.
And he soon had a sneaky suspicion pretty good might not be good enough.

The pretty good town in our story was part of a pretty good state,
Which had pretty good aspirations, and prayed for a pretty good fate.

There once was a pretty good nation, pretty proud of the greatness it had,
Which learned much too late, if you want to be great,

Pretty good is, in fact, pretty bad.

-Charles Osgood

Thank you to all the teachers, administrators, mentors, and community leaders that help make our schools far better than "pretty good!" May we all strive to do better in our workforce, family life, and community.





What's Bob Doing?

All of this talk about transgender bathrooms has caused quite the uproar in America over the last month or two. Although I haven't followed it as closely as many others have, I've heard enough to know that I'm already tired of hearing about it.

Personally, I feel like if people have enough time to worry about what others think about them and which bathroom they're more comfortable using, they probably have too much time on their hands! With all that I have going on these days, the last thing I'm concerned with is what the person in the stall next to me looks like, dresses like, or thinks of me. I'm there for one purpose (or maybe two, in emergencies). Get in, get my business done, get out and get back to work.

President Obama is already threatening to pull federal funding from any state that discriminates against transgender people. Although there are many differing opinions out there, the simplest solution I have heard to avoid all of the controversy is to create a third bathroom category for anyone who can't decide which one he needs to use. Whatever the ultimate solution is, someone is going to be upset. Some will get their feelings hurt, others will try and profit from it all.

Regardless of what happens, my advice is simple...get over it. Americans have always been a tough, resilient bunch no matter the circumstances...Pearl Harbor, 9/11, and the list goes on and on. But if we keep arguing amongst ourselves over petty issues like where we can or can't go to the bathroom, we are surely destined for failure. So if you're tired of it like I am, the next time someone brings up his or her bathroom opinion to you, tell 'em Bob said to get back to work.

Dad Taught Me

We asked our fans on Facebook the question: What's the BEST THING your father ever taught you?

He taught me so much like respect and values but one thing he especially thought me was how to buy a car, to ask what do you want for the car, not what will my payment be? he said to do your homework before you go to the car lot! -Sharon Kirkley

He taught me that to never give up on my dreams no matter how hard things get! -Christian Tarque

My dad never taught me anything, he never showed me anything, He never once said this is how you do something. But the one thing he did do, was more than anything someone could teach you. And it was to give me the opportunity to learn, to think for myself, to figure out things on my own. To be a man. I'm not saying my dad didn't love me, because at the age of 97 when he left this earth that was one of the last things that he assured me was that he loved his children with every beat of his heart. - Larry Small

My Dad taught me to always have love for others and to put God first! Without God I am nothing. Oh and he also taught me to always look in the back seat of an empty car before getting in and to always have cash and car keys on me...-Heather Rollings

How to check my fluids in my car. What sounds to listen for cause your car always give you a warning before it break down. -Monica Brace

How to work on my own car. -Cassie Bright

My Dad taught me values. He taught me respect for others. He taught me to work hard for what I wanted. That the world owed me nothing! He taught me to always love family. .. and I could go on and on... my dad was the best. -Debra May

My "dad" taught me that blood is NOT always thicker than water! He fell in love with my mother in 1978, after our father was killed in a car wreck in 1977! He took me and my three brothers in and loved us as if we were his own and never failed to treat my mama like a queen. He provided for us and supported us in everything we did! He is one of the kindest, most gentle human beings on the planet! He taught us what loyalty is all about and for him, I am forever grateful. And he taught us all about unconditional love. A true man in every sense of the word! - Janice Morris

Out and About



Bob Cook and his team took first place in the Lancaster County FCA Golf Classic!

David and Linda Blackwell had a great time celebrating Cinco de Mayo with the Snipes and the Lancaster County Chamber of Commerce.



People Matter

Mark Dorman may have just recently become mayor of the town of Kershaw, but he is definitely not new to the scene. Dorman served on the Kershaw Town Council for twelve years. Mayor Dorman wears many hats as he is responsible for all aspects of the town's operations. Interestingly enough, the Town of Kershaw operates a golf course and a bowling alley, which is very different from most towns their size. The town also provides water for the state prison located just outside of Kershaw. What's unique about this arrangement is the correctional center has the same number of inmates as the town's number of residents.

Mr. Dorman says he really enjoys working with people and trying to do what is best for the town of Kershaw. Although managing the town's budget and allocating funds can be quite complex, one of the most enjoyable parts of serving as mayor is seeing hard work pay off when projects are completed.

A Kershaw native, Dorman graduated from Andrew Jackson High School and from the University of South Carolina. Mr. Dorman has an investigative background and retired from the State Department of Labor, Licensing & Regulation.

Mayor Dorman and his wife, Taaka, have been married for twelve years. The Dormans have a Jack Russell Terrier named Tiger. Although he enjoys all sports, if he had to pick two favorites, they would be college football and golf. Dorman is a member of Second Baptist Church in Kershaw and Kershaw Country Club.

in the summer months, you're likely to find Mayor Dorman enjoying the longer daylight hours by working in his yard or swimming in his pool. That is, of course, unless he's getting in his daily walk (around 3 miles every day!) or spending time with his wife and friends at the beach.

We appreciate Mayor Dorman's past service, current work, and future contributions for the Town of Kershaw. Thank you, Mayor, for making Lancaster County a better place to live!

Know someone great in the community? Contact Linzie@blackwellcooklaw.com



"A father is a thing that is forced to endure childbirth without an anesthetic...A father never feels worthy of the worship in a child's eyes. He's never quite the hero his daughter thinks, never quite the man his son believes him to be, and this worries him, sometimes. So he works too hard to try and smooth the rough places in the road for those of his own who will follow him...Fathers are what give daughters away to other men who aren't nearly good enough, so they can have grandchildren who are smarter than anybody's. Fathers make bets with insurance companies about who'll live the longest. One day they lose and the bet's paid off to the part of them they leave behind." – Paul Harvey

Coca-Cola Steak Rub

Ingredients

Marinade

1 12 oz can of Coca-Cola
1 tsp Liquid Smoke

Dry Rub:

1/4 cup brown sugar	1 tsp chili powder	1/4 red pepper flakes
2 tbs salt	1 tsp onion powder	2 tbs pepper
2 tbs garlic powder	1 tsp paprika	1/2 tsp cinnamon
2 tbs pepper	1/2 tsp cinnamon	

Instructions

Mix the dry ingredients together well then pour in an air tight container for storage. Marinade 2 to 3 steaks in the Coca-Cola and Liquid Smoke for 1-2 hours. Remove from the marinade and place steaks on a cooking sheet. Rub 1 to 2 tsp of the dry rub on each steak. Grill and enjoy! By Deonna Wade/Child at Heart

Send us your favorite recipe! linzie@blackwellcooklaw.com



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Son of a Gun Father's Day Contest

Okay dads, we heard you. You don't want a fancy cooler this year, you want a gun. Tell your kids to enter our contest, and it might be your best Father's Day ever.

Three ways to enter:

- Text YESPLEASE to 22828 and follow the prompts
- Email win@blackwellcooklaw.com with your name
- Send us a message on Facebook

(Winner will receive gift certificate for gun purchase.)



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