



THE DOCKET

News of the National Conference of Appellate Court Clerks

MONTANA ON YOUR MIND!

By Ed Smith, (MT)

Whitefish, Montana, awaits your arrival this August. The 37th annual educational conference of the National Conference of Appellate Court Clerks will be held at [Grouse Mountain Lodge](#), August 7 - 13, 2010. An excellent education program is being designed by Cynthia Rapp, Deputy Clerk of the United States Supreme Court, and the education committee for our professional development. There will be wonderful extracurricular activities, including a side trip to Glacier National park on Wednesday afternoon. There is so much to see and do in the Big Sky Country that you will want to bring your family and guests to enjoy the warm hospitality, outdoor adventures and spectacular scenery. In addition, numerous court technology vendors are being invited to showcase the latest in court innovations. Contact Mike Richie, Clerk of the Oklahoma Supreme Court at michael.richie@oscn.net to participate in this event scheduled for Tuesday, August 10th.

Transportation to Whitefish is convenient. Delta, United, Northwest, Allegiant, Sky West and Alaska airlines all have direct flights from Atlanta, Chicago, Minneapolis, Denver, Salt Lake City, Seattle and Las Vegas to Glacier Park International Airport. The airport is only 15 minutes from the Lodge and there is a complimentary shuttle provided by the Lodge. For the adventuresome crowd, Amtrak has rail service right into Whitefish!

Grouse Mountain Lodge is a fine place to relax and enjoy Whitefish Lake and every activity you can think of. The lodge has an excellent tour company, *Montana Adventure Company*, located in the lobby for easy arrangements. For example, horseback riding, white water rafting, boating, hiking, guided fishing trips, biking or tee times at one of the premier Flathead Valley golf courses and more, can be arranged by contacting the company at 1-800-321-8822.



****Special Considerations for Whitefish:**

The Conference has a special need for members to make their reservations as early as possible. Contractual obligations associated with the lodge and with the unique Glacier Park tour event require us to get a "head count" significantly earlier than has been typical for past conferences. Thanks to those who have already responded about attending the Glacier Park event, and for those who haven't *please respond to eds@mt.gov as soon as possible.*

As for the lodge, *please make your room reservations by MAY 1, 2010, as the Conference has a May deadline to reduce the room block if necessary. Phone: 1-877-862-1505; or 406-862-3000.* As part of a special accommodation to the NCACC, Grouse Mountain Lodge

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THE DOCKET

News of the
National Conference of Appellate Court Clerks

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To Remit NCACC Membership Dues:

National Center of State Courts
300 Newport Avenue
Williamsburg, VA 23185



THE PRESIDENT'S PAGE

Susan Clary (KY)

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

So often we say those words to our friends and colleagues at this time of new beginning. Symbolically, the New Year signifies a renewal of life, while discarding the old and worn out. Where to begin is a question that has been a constant for all civilization. When is the old year finished and what signals the rebirth of the cycle of seasons? The National Bureau of Standards now has us begin our day at midnight; while most of us would prefer to start closer to six a.m. No one wants to be forced to guess date and time as confused merchants had to do in medieval times trekking from town to town.

Celebrating the New Year is a tradition that dates back nearly 4000 years to the Babylonians. While singing Robert Byrne's "Auld Lang Syne," watching the dropping of the ball in Times Square, and eating black-eyed peas (Nicholas Clary ate one pea) may pale in comparison to the feasts of the Babylonians. Making resolutions has also been a new year's tradition. The Babylonian's most popular resolution was to return borrowed farm equipment; our top resolutions are more likely to pertain to exercise and fitness, reducing stress, saving money, and spending more time with family and friends.

Your Executive Committee met in November in beautiful Annapolis, Maryland (the site of our 2011 Annual Conference) to consider and bring to you some of our own resolutions for the NCACC in this New Year, 2010.

1. Continue our commitment to fiscal responsibility. Since President Steve Lancaster brought us our first formal budget, the Executive Committee and officers continue to work to limit our spending while providing our membership with the highest quality of service. As we are self-funded, our member-driven organization is blessed to rely on volunteers giving countless hours of service. Your willingness to give of your time is vital to the well functioning of our organization. A special thanks to Deena Fawcett and staff for a great conference with a positive balance sheet.

2. Continue our commitment to the highest quality of relevant education. Our Program Committee, headed by Chair, Cynthia Rapp, is planning an excellent program for our conference in Montana. Drawing upon your suggestions in the critique session in Sacramento, programs are scheduled for: record retention, dealing with the press, lessons learned from e-filing, new clerk training, web accessibility, tech terms, succession planning, and going green. We will work together with CATO (Conference of Appellate Technology Officials) to provide a joint session on technology, along with our vendor showcases. We aim to provide you with relevant educational programs to help you work more efficiently and effectively and how to do more with less.

3. Expand our visibility in the justice community. Soon our public relations committee will present for review its first "white paper" on e-filing. Thanks to David Schanker for his yeoman's service in preparing the document. This project signals an enhancement of our participation as a member of the justice community and establishes NCACC as an integral source of information pertaining to our country's appellate court system. We will continue to build on this progress.

4. Continue to provide superior service to our members. Not only is the NCACC our only source for relevant education, it provides us with opportunities to share ideas and to discuss common problems and solutions. Our host in Montana, Ed Smith, has chosen a wonderful spot for fulfilling all of your new year's resolutions in the company of your NCACC family. In addition to the opportunities available at our convention, our website, maintained by Rory Perry, our listserv, maintained by Carol Green, and "The Docket," edited by Les Steen, provide us with immediate access to information from the experts in appellate courts, you.

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will not charge your card immediately for one night's stay as is its usual policy. If you see that your credit card has been charged when you make your reservation, contact the lodge directly to rectify the error.

The area likely will be busier than usual this summer as Glacier National Park is celebrating its 100th Anniversary in 2010. And although we are excited our Conference is able to share in the celebration, the situation creates a need for us to "book early."

Check out the NCACC website for all details on the Whitefish annual meeting. It is full of great information, including links to our lodge and to Glacier National Park and the many activities associated with its 100th anniversary.

On line registration should be available by April and your information packets sent out shortly thereafter.

I am very honored to be hosting our Conference and want to make your experience one to remember. If I can assist in any way, kindly let me know. Until later, have a great day, as it always is here in Montana

In Memoriam

Pete Fitzgerald, (LA)

"A beautiful person, inside and out" were the words used to describe Diana Pratt-Wyatt by our President, Susan Clary, in a telephone conversation on Wednesday, January 13, 2010, the date that Diana lost her courageous and hard fought battle with cancer. No truer words could have been uttered about our colleague and friend. For those who knew Diana it was obvious that she was a giver. She gave of herself and, in doing so, impacted the lives of so many of her friends and peers. She will be deeply missed by so many who had the privilege of making her acquaintance and becoming her friend.

Diana served her court for a total of 34 years before retiring from active service on July 1, 2009. She was well respected within her court, her community, her state, and throughout the national community of appellate court clerks.

She is survived by her husband, Johnny Wyatt, three children and five grandchildren.

In the June 2005 edition of *The Docket* on The President's Page, Diana began her article with the following sentence: "My grandmother once told me that time is your most valuable gift. 'When you are young it often seems there is too much, yet when you mature there is never enough.' How true her wise words are for me." As I read these words, I realized just how true they ring. While Diana is no longer among us physically, and the sting of her departure continues to cause a deep feeling of personal loss, it is a comfort to know that she will remain with each of us forever in spirit.

Diana Pratt-Wyatt, 1951-2010.





Facts, Fiction, & Foolishness

Leslie Steen (AR)

Over the years, we have used this column to provide wise sayings from people like Will Rogers' advice such as, "Never miss a good chance to shut up." Generations have passed since Will graced us with this wit and humor. The newest generation has Larry the Cable Guy. Nobody will ever associate the word "wise" with Larry, but he has provided us with "Larry's Proverbs," however, we do not think some of these are original to Larry because we published some of them here before Larry ever thought of being a cable guy. So, here goes

1. A day without sunshine is like night.
2. On the other hand, you have different fingers.
3. 42.7 percent of all statistics are made up on the spot.
4. 99 percent of lawyers give the rest a bad name.
5. Remember, half the people you know are below average.
6. He who laughs last thinks slowest.
7. Depression is merely anger without enthusiasm.
8. The early bird may get the worm, but the second mouse gets the cheese.
9. Support bacteria. They are the only culture most people have.
10. A clear conscience is usually the sign of a bad memory.
11. Change is inevitable except from vending machines.
12. If you think nobody cares, try missing a couple of payments.
13. How many of you believe in psycho-kinesis? Raise your hand.
14. OK, what is the speed of dark?
15. When everything is coming your way, you are in the wrong lane.
16. Hard works pays off in the future. Laziness pays off now.
17. How much deeper would the ocean be without sponges?
18. Eagles may soar, but weasels don't get sucked into jet engines.
19. What happens if you get scared half to death twice?
20. Why do psychics have to ask you your name?
21. Inside every older person is a younger person wondering, "What the hell happened?"
22. Just remember - - if the world didn't suck, we would all fall off.
23. Light travels faster than sound. That's why some people appear to be bright until you hear them speak.
24. Life isn't like a box of chocolates. It's more like a jar of jalapenos. What you do today might burn your butt tomorrow.
25. If life is bliss, why aren't more people happy?

Nobody ever accused us as being wise either, but we are going to heed Will Rogers and take a good opportunity to shut up. As Roy and Dale would say, "Happy trails to you until we meet again."



Welcome New Members!



Jannelle Combs has a Bachelor of Science degree in History from North Dakota State University and a 1999 J.D. degree from the University of North Dakota School of Law. She also attended Hawaii Pacific University for a year, but remarkably decided to return to her frozen home state of North Dakota.

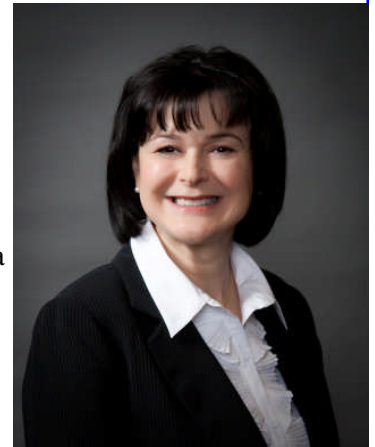
Jannelle clerked for Judge Jack Pearson in the Minnesota 7th Judicial District after law school and became the Moorhead City Prosecutor in 2000. That same year she joined the Thorwaldsen Law Firm in Detroit Lakes, MN, where she eventually became partner. Jannelle opened her own law office in 2004 practicing in real estate, probate and energy law. She became Chief Deputy Clerk of the North Dakota Supreme Court in March, 2009. When not traveling with her husband Drew, Jannelle judges state high school debate meets and owns a personal speech consulting business called "Speaking with Success." Drew and Jannelle are expecting their first child June 1, 2010, just in time for the baby to attend the Montana Conference.



Lillian Evans Richie serves the Second Circuit Court of Appeal, Louisiana as Clerk of Court/Judicial Administrator. Ms. Richie has twenty-eight years of legal experience: fifteen years as a judicial appellate staff attorney and an additional thirteen years of active law practice.

Graduating from Paul M. Hebert Law Center, Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, Louisiana she received her Juris Doctorate in 1981. In 1977, Ms. Richie graduated from Northwestern State University, where she majored in History and Spanish. Ms. Richie is a member of the Louisiana State Bar Association, Shreveport Bar Association, and the Women's Section of the Shreveport Bar Association.

Being a Charter Member and Incorporator of Krewe of Centaur, Inc., she was elected first Queen and received the Captain's Award for outstanding dedication to the organization. She has served the krewe as Secretary, Royalty Chairman, and Float Lieutenant.



Ms. Richie is married to Shreveport attorney, Vernon Richie, and their daughter, Margaret, follows their footsteps at Paul M. Hebert Law Center, Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge.



In Sympathy



Lynn Cooper Hearnnes, Clerk of the Missouri Court of Appeals, Eastern District, St. Louis, from 1997 until December 31, 2000, died in an automobile accident on December 31, 2009, near Benton, Missouri. Although she was not a long time member of the NCACC, Lynn attended conferences at Skamania Lodge, Oregon, Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and Savannah, Georgia.

Lynn was the daughter of the late Governor Warren Hearnnes and she is survived by her mother, Betty Heanes, two sisters, and several nieces and nephews.

The 2009 Trailblazer Award: A Northern California Odyssey

Kevin Smith, (IN)

It all started out innocently enough – a cheap Sunday-night red-eye flight to maximize time with my family before leaving them for a week. I knew my itinerary, Indianapolis to Sacramento with a connection in Denver, would be tiring, putting me as it did at the hotel a little after 2 a.m. my time. But certainly I would get a chance to sleep on the second leg of the flight, and hitting the hay at the hotel a little after 2 a.m. wasn't that big of a deal, right? After all, I had a cozy king bed waiting for me, my reservation having been confirmed nearly five months before.

The first leg to Denver was uneventful. The leg from Denver to Sacramento, well, not so much. The flight was full of kids – some returning from spending part of the summer with their non-custodial parents, the others returning with their parents from end-of-summer vacations before the start of school. The older kids were loud and rambunctious, the little ones were crying. But the worst of the lot was the infant/toddler seated on his mother's lap directly behind me. Throughout the flight he played a vigorous game of imaginary "whack-a-mole" on the tray connected to the back of my seat while screaming at the top of his lungs just inches from my ear. Each time I would think he had stopped for good and I would start to consider sleep, he would start up again with gusto. Having been the parent in such situations, I knew the trouble mom was having and how embarrassed she must be at her inability to do anything about her unruly child, so I resisted the urge to turn around and say something, knowing it would do nothing but make her feel bad. We thankfully landed on time at around 11 p.m. Sacramento time, 2 a.m. my time. I hadn't slept a wink, of course, but no matter – I soon would be at the hotel and the flight would be a distant memory.

I proceeded with the rest of the bleary-eyed throng to the baggage carousel. There being but few seats, most of us spread out in various places on the cold, dirty tile floor, waiting. And waiting. And waiting. Thirty minutes went by, but the carousel made no sound, no movement. Children went into meltdown, and the air began to smell like a locker room after phys ed class. Finally, an airport baggage handler came through the little door by the carousel. Looking into seventy-five pairs of fuming eyes and scowling faces (particularly from the parents with children in meltdown), she announced that they were understaffed, as only she and another had reported to work that evening, and that several passengers

on our flight had required wheelchair assistance, one by one, from the gate – apparently part of the baggage handlers' job as well. So, they were just now starting to unload the bags from the plane, and it would take some time before the bags came out. She conveniently had a stack of her boss's business cards to pass out to disgruntled passengers wishing to vent their spleens to someone required to listen.

More time went by.

Finally, at around midnight Sacramento time, 3 a.m. my time, my bag appeared on the carousel.

I got up off the cold hard floor, worked out the kinks and got the circulation flowing again, grabbed my bag, and went outside, thankful that my bag had, in the end, actually arrived and that in just a few minutes I would be sound asleep in a comfy king bed. Deena had said, after all, that the hotel was only a few minutes from the airport.

I saw cabs lined up waiting to be hailed. I also saw the familiar Super Shuttle sign and booth underneath. Wanting to save Hoosier taxpayers a few bucks over the cost of a cab, I went to the Super Shuttle booth, told the dispatcher "Holiday Inn Capital Plaza," and paid my fare. The dispatcher handed my dispatch ticket to the driver standing next to me and told me to board the first of the two vans parked just behind me. The driver loaded my bag and I climbed onboard. I stretched my tired legs as best I could under the bench in front of me, rested my tired head on the back of the seat, and closed my tired eyes, happy in the knowledge that the frustration of the last three hours was now over.

As I sat on the van waiting for it to pull away, I opened my eyes to see the driver of the other van talking to the driver of my van just outside my window. They appeared to be arguing over a dispatch ticket that my driver was holding. Then I saw my driver give the dispatch ticket to the other driver. The other driver then opened our van's door, pointed at me, and said I was on the wrong van and needed to come with him. So, I got out, helped him transfer my luggage, and then climbed to the back bench of his packed van. I rested my head on the back of the seat, closed my eyes, and tried to regain the semi-catatonic state I had just been jolted out of.

We drove off into the pitch-black night, soon reaching the highway. My head didn't rest on the seat-back for long, as the shock absorbers were more of an idea than reality. Being on the back bench, I felt every pothole, every bump, everything, including, now, a throbbing lump on the back of my bald melon brought about by its battle with the back of the bouncing bench.

We drove and drove for quite some time, and pretty soon there were few streetlights and even fewer cars. As I looked out the window into the black night, I saw signs for cities I'd never heard of before. We got off the highway and started going through towns, neighborhoods, housing additions, etc. This couldn't be downtown Sacramento, but maybe downtown was not as close to the airport as I had thought. And, after all, the van was packed – maybe the necessary route was a bit circuitous and had the other passengers being dropped off first. That is, after all, part of the risk you run in taking the Super Shuttle. So, I didn't say anything.

After about twenty minutes we reached our first stop and dropped off a passenger. We then drove on again into the dark night, through more towns, more neighborhoods, more housing additions.

After another fifteen minutes, we pulled up to a gated community with a keypad entry. We sat in silence at the closed gate for about five seconds.

Finally, the voice of the driver pierced the silence of the dark, quiet van:

“What's the code?”

A few more silent seconds went by, followed by the murmuring and rustling of passengers looking around at each other in the dark.

A few more seconds went by, and then the driver flipped on the dome light, blinding us out of our half-sleep stupors, and turned around with a look of frustrated annoyance on his face. He stared back at me in the back row and repeated his question, this time slowly, as if he were talking to an “English-as-a-second-language” person or someone hard of hearing:

“WHAT . . . IS . . . THE . . . CODE?”

A hush fell over the van as all eyes turned to look at me. A few more seconds went by as I digested the full import of what he said and, more importantly, what it meant. I blinked a couple of times, scratched my head, and then answered, somewhat bewilderedly:

“Holiday Inn Capitol Plaza?”

His look of frustrated annoyance vanished, his eyes went saucer-wide, and while I'm no lip reader, I'm sure I saw him silently mouth the word “fudge” before his jaw dropped to the floor. He looked at his partner (she was in the front passenger seat), whose countenance mirrored his. She may also have mouthed something about sweets, but I can't be sure any longer. They huddled together, peering at the dispatch ticket in the driver's hand. They talked in low whispers. They looked back at me, and then at each other again. They put down the one dispatch ticket and picked up the stack of others, frantically looking through each, talking in low whispers, looking back at me and at each other with those saucer-eyes. The scene seemed right out of a 1970s Disney movie, and childhood memories of Don Knotts and Tim Conway came flooding back. I thought it funny when I was seven. Not so much now.

The dome light quickly went off and the driver and his partner again whispered together, their silhouettes outlined by the dashboard lights and the reflection of the headlamps against the brick wall and gate in front of us. The driver called the Super Shuttle dispatcher, speaking in a hushed voice. Then, more whispers to his partner as he put his hand over the phone, more confectionary expressions.

After about two minutes he hung up, looked at his partner, sighed, shrugged, flipped the dome light back on, and turned around:

“There was a mix up. The other van was for downtown. This is the one for everywhere outside of downtown. The passenger whose stop this is, well, we've got his ticket, but he's on the other van. Your ticket's on the other van too. We'll have to drop these other folks off before we can take you downtown.”

The dome light went back off, and that was that. There was nothing I could possibly do to change the situation. I was somewhere in the middle of Nowhere with a van full of people who, while they may have felt sorry for me, understandably wanted to get home as well. So, again, I said nothing – what could I have said?

We backed away from the gate and drove back out into the night. I didn't know this when I had first boarded the van (and wish I still didn't know this to this day), but that night I learned that Super Shuttles take people not only between airports and hotels, but also between airports and their homes. So, I traveled all over Northern California, it seemed, through more towns, more neighborhoods, more housing additions, over more

bumpy, jarring roads. At one point I even thought I saw the silhouettes of El Capitan and Half Dome in the distance, but my exhausted mind was likely playing tricks. It might have been a lovely ride had it not been 4 a.m. my time, had I not been dead tired, and had I been in something other than a horseless buckboard.

Finally, after almost two hours on the “anything-but-Super” Shuttle (including, like a cherry on top, a missed highway exit near the end of the odyssey that required the driver to go down to the next exit, cross over the overpass, and reenter the highway in the opposite direction), I arrived at the hotel -- 1:42 a.m. Sacramento time, 4:42 a.m. my time. The driver quickly got the rear van doors open, hurriedly set my luggage on the ground, scurried back to the driver’s seat, and peeled out into the night.

It all happened so quickly that I didn’t realize, until I was choking on swirling dust and the smell of burnt rubber, that he had not said a word as he dropped me off. No “This was our fault, the ride will be comped.” No “My bad, I shouldn’t have pulled you off the other van, your trip back to the airport will be on us.” Not even so much as an “I’m sorry for the mix up.” At least he hadn’t given me, in that brief half-second between my bag hitting the pavement and his scurrying back to the driver’s side door, the usual awkward pause and “where’s my tip” hangdog look. Come to think of it, he didn’t even make eye contact . . . coward!

I was too tired to be angry. My numb mind could only think about Penelope (the name I had now given to the king bed I’d been traveling these many miles to see), who I could hear calling to me from somewhere inside the hotel. Once I reached her, I knew the rest of this Homeric epic would fade into a tale of humorous woe that might produce a sympathy-beer or two from my friends in the coming days.

I stumbled through the lobby up to the front desk, too tired to think, dry contacts cemented to my eyes, head aching. I rested my arm on counter, stated my name to the front desk attendant, and produced the reservation confirmation print-out that the hotel had sent to me nearly five months earlier. I then laid my head down on my arm and closed my eyes, dreaming of Penelope and waiting to be handed my room key, the last thing standing between her and me.

I heard typing on a computer keyboard.
I heard “Hmmmm.”
I heard a lot more typing.
I heard a lot more “Hmmmm”-ing.
I heard a sigh of frustration.

And then: “I’m sorry, Mr. Smith, but we no longer have any king non-smoking rooms available.”

Alas, other suitors had reached Penelope before me!

A low rumble began in my toes and started working its way upward as the Soggy Bottom Boys’ rendition of “Man of Constant Sorrows” played in my head. In what seemed like minutes but must have been milliseconds, I felt again my airline seat bouncing and jarring as the Cyclops-in-toddler’s-clothing beat it unmercifully while screaming in my ear. I felt again the cold baggage-terminal tile floor numbing my gluteus maximus as I waited an hour for my luggage to arrive. I felt again the jostling bumpy odyssey of the Super Shuttle ride from Hell, saw the frustrated annoyance on the driver’s face as he asked me “WHAT . . . IS . . . THE . . . CODE?,” and then smelled the burning rubber (and possibly brimstone?) as he flew away into the black night without so much as an apology. I had held my tongue and pressed on at the close of each of those chapters, but as the rumbling reached my mouth it had no place to go but out. I took a deep breath, raised my head, looked the front desk attendant straight in the eye, and said, very slowly, deliberately, and admittedly with maybe a teeny tiny smidgen of evident frustration:

“I made my reservation nearly five months ago for a king non-smoking room. I’ve handed you the receipt your hotel sent me, nearly five months ago, confirming my reservation for a king non-smoking room. It is 4:45 a.m. where I’m from. I’m tired, I should have been here two-and-a-half hours ago, and you don’t have enough time remaining in your shift to listen to what I’ve just been through. You WILL find me that king non-smoking room, and you will do so RIGHT NOW.”

He did, and Penelope never looked as good as she did that night.

That, my friends, is the account of the journey that led to my receipt of the 2009 Trailblazer Award. I am grateful to have received it, but please don’t take offense if I say I hope never to receive it again. J

Epilogue: When I returned to the airport at the end of the conference (yes, I took a cab), the ticket agent said my bag was overweight and therefore I would have to pay an additional \$50 fee. The extra weight? The trophy.

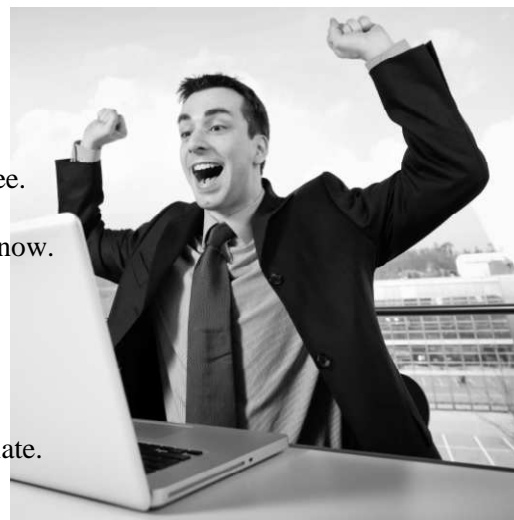
I took it out and carried it on

The Letter "E"

Judy Pacheco (WY)

Having been through the process of developing and implementing an electronic filing system (E-filing), I have come to the inevitable conclusion that words that begin with the letter "E" are inexplicably, yet inextricably, linked to the world you enter when you take that epochal journey into the land of electronics you know nothing about. Not being a technical writer, this article will not give you any useful information about systems, specs, sequences and servers. Those things are better left to someone who knows the letter "S". What this epistle can offer you is a guide to those words that you will encounter when you are finally pushed over the edge and must face, once and for all, E-Filing.

Ego – Everybody has one. Try to keep yours in check.
Education – You're going to get one, like it or not.
Emotions – You'll feel them all, but don't cry in public meetings.
Electroshock – The therapy you will need from suppressing emotions.
Energy – You'll need plenty of it. Eat a good breakfast and drink black coffee.
Excitement – You may call it that, but it's really more like fear.
Entertainment – What you'll give people when they find out how little you know.
Enthusiasm – If you don't really feel it, fake it for the sake of your staff.
Excuses – Don't even try to make them, and don't let anyone else either.
Explode – What you'll think your head might do.
Expectations – You may not know what they are, but try to live up to them.
Elusive – What IT people are when you're looking for them.
Evening – The time of day to stop thinking about it, unless you are working late.
Exception – Remember that there is one to every rule.



I do not mean to give the impression that it is all bad. It certainly is not. When the project is complete and you have successfully brought your judiciary and the bar into the world we now live in, the rewards are many, and the feelings of accomplishment are not ethereal, but very real. It is then that you will recognize elation, exuberance, exultation, and euphoria. On behalf of the members of our organization who now have e-filing in place, I think I can safely offer our encouragement, empathy, experience and expertise to help you get it done. Enough said.

(President's Page, continued from page 3)

5. Plan for our future. We continue to work toward the vision of the NCACC's future embraced by our educational campaign. While endowment funding is now at a record low nationally, Gadd-Guillot has agreed to continue their services to us, at no further charge, and to pursue grant funding for speakers, scholarships, and program costs of our annual convention. Please contact our Scholarship Committee Chair, Terry Lord, regarding scholarship monies available for the Montana conference.

It is a privilege and honor to serve you as President; good luck with your resolutions for the New Year.

Nomination Form Officers and the Executive Committee 2010-2011

Deadline to submit nominations is March 1, 2010.

Office of Vice-president: _____
Presently held by Marilyn May (AK)

Office of Secretary: _____
Presently held by Trish Harrington (VA)

Executive Committee Position 1: _____
Presently held by Rex Renk (MT)

Executive Committee Position 2: _____
Presently held by Michael Richie (OK)

Executive Committee Position 3: _____
Presently held by Sherry Williamson (TX)

Your participation in the nominations process is vital to the well-being and growth of the NCACC. The Nominating Committee actively seeks nominations from all members and relies heavily on those nominations in determining the proposed slate of officers. Feel free to submit a partial list of nominations if you do not have suggestions for every position. Consider nominating yourself if you are willing to serve. Do what you can, but please do something.

Please email nominations to:

Christie Cameron
csc@sc.state.nc.us

Awards Committee Suggestions Form

J. O. SENTELL AWARD

The J.O. Sentell Award is given to a member of the NCACC who has contributed substantially to the objectives of the conference, including improving skill and knowledge through conferences, seminars or other educational programs; promoting and improving the contribution of appellate court clerk offices within the area of effective court administration; and collecting and dissemination of information and ideas concerning the operation and improvement of the offices of appellate court clerks.

Please make your recommendation below and give your reasons. (If more space is needed, please attach additional page(s).)

I nominate: _____ No nomination ☐

Reasons: _____

MORGAN THOMAS AWARD

The Morgan Thomas Award is for recognition of an individual who is not a member of the NCACC and who has made distinguished contributions to enhancing professionalism and supporting the goals of the NCACC as a body and of its members individually.

Please make your recommendation below and give your reasons. (If more space is needed, please attach additional page(s).)

I nominate: _____ No nomination ☐

Reasons: _____

Please return this form by March 1, 2010 to:

Lisa Matz
Lisa.matz@5thcoa.courts.state.tx.us

Help make our directory complete by submitting a digital photo in JPEG format with the information below to Kelly McNeely at kmcneely@la3circuit.org

Biographical Information: (attach additional sheets, if necessary)

[illegible]

**NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF APPELLATE COURT CLERKS
SCHOLARSHIP APPLICATION FOR 2010 ANNUAL MEETING
WHITEFISH, MONTANA**

If obtaining funding for the annual meeting in Whitefish, Montana, August 7-13, 2010 is a concern, you may be eligible for a scholarship. **Please do not hesitate to apply.** If you are uncertain if funding is available from your court, you may still apply for a scholarship, just note this on your application and update the scholarship committee of any changes to your funding status. If you have questions or concerns, please e-mail, Terry Lord (MO), Chair, Scholarship Committee: *tlord@courts.mo.gov*

Please read the Guidelines and the Selection Criteria as published in the NCACC Directory and the following instructions:

DEADLINE: Mail or Fax the completed, signed application form by June 1, 2010 to:

Ms. Brenda Williams FAX: 757-259-1520
National Conference of Appellate Court Clerks
c/o National Center for State Courts
300 Newport Avenue
Williamsburg, VA 23185

Applicants must complete the entire application. Please print or type your answers.

FUNDING REQUESTED FOR THE ANNUAL MEETING: AUGUST 7-13, 2010, WHITEFISH, MONTANA.

NAME: _____

Employing Court Name and Address: _____

Position Held: _____ Email Address: _____

Telephone Number: () _____ Fax Number: () _____

NCACC member in good standing? Yes _____ No _____

Number of other NCACC Members Employed by your Court? _____

Is your Court offering any funding for your attendance at the Annual Meeting? _____ If so, what amount? _____

Are there any restrictions on the use of those funds? _____. If yes, please list the restrictions:

Will your Court have funded the Attendance of NCACC members from your office to other educational programs during the twelve months immediately preceding the 2009 annual meeting? Yes _____ No _____

If Yes, how many programs did you attend? _____ If Yes, please identify the program(s) and the total amount expended:

Scholarship Application

~Continued~

What amount of financial assistance are you seeking from NCACC? _____

Travel: List the estimated fare for economy or coach ticket: _____ **OR**

List the total round trip mileage from your home to the conference site: _____
(per mile rate of reimbursement to be set by the Executive Committee)

Lodging: No. of nights _____ Rate per night _____

Other Expenses: List nature of expense and amount _____

Statement in support of your Application. Please explain why you believe you should receive a scholarship. Your statement may be continued on a separate piece of paper.

Verification:

I hereby certify that the foregoing answers are true and correct to the best of my knowledge and belief. I acknowledge my obligation to keep the NCACC apprised of any changes in my funding status that might affect my eligibility for scholarship assistance. I understand that my attendance at all educational programs is required should I receive scholarship assistance.

Applicant's Signature: _____ Date: _____

Mail To: Brenda Williams
National Conference of Appellate Court Clerks
c/o National Center for State Courts
300 Newport Avenue
Williamsburg, VA 23185

Fax To: Brenda Williams
757-259-1520