

IN THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF FLORIDA

JOHN B. THOMPSON,

Plaintiff,

v.

Case No. 07-21256 (Judge Adalberto Jordan)

THE FLORIDA BAR and
DAVA J. TUNIS,

Defendants.

**VERIFIED SUPPLEMENT TO PLAINTIFF'S RULE 60 MOTIONS FOR RELIEF
FROM THIS COURT'S ORDER OF DISMISSAL FOR FRAUD**

COMES NOW plaintiff, John B. Thompson, hereinafter Thompson, as an attorney on his own behalf, and provides this court this supplement to his Rule 60 motions for relief from its order of dismissal, on the basis of fraud and fraud on the court, stating:

The Florida Bar sought and secured disbarment of plaintiff in part because of his criticism of the actions of two judges, one in Alabama and one in Florida. As to the Alabama judge, Thompson reported to that judge that an Alabama lawyer, Clatus Junkin, was telling a number of people, including the undersigned, that he could fix cases before Judge Moore. Thompson told the local District Attorney, Chris McCool, who had heard of Junkin's doing this previously, and who then went to Judge Moore with it. Alabama State Bar Rules mandate that Thompson had to report this unethical conduct *by the attorney*, which Thompson did. Thompson did this in order to protect Judge Moore. What did Judge Moore do? He filed a bar complaint not against Junkin but against Thompson! Welcome to Alabama. No wonder Crimson Tide gridiron coach Nick Saban feels at home there.

What did The Florida Bar do? It charged Thompson with impugning the integrity of Judge Moore. The Florida Bar applied Florida Bar Rule 4-8.2(a) in a fashion that was and is precisely the opposite of its intent. Thompson was protecting the integrity of this Alabama judge, and his subsequent conduct indicates there is none to protect.

Then we have the Bar complaint filed by Miami-Dade's Circuit Judge Ron Friedman. Friedman announced his ultimate ruling in a case before a hearing on the merits and before Thompson could present his witnesses. Thompson therefore moved for this judge's recusal. The judge responded by filing an unsworn bar complaint against Thompson in retaliation for his recusal motion.

Not only was this not a Bar complaint, since it was unsworn under Bar Rules, as it had to be, but what Thompson noted about Ron Friedman's conduct was what the Third District Court of Appeal said about him, twice: That Friedman has a habit of announcing his rulings in cases before the cases are even heard. Friedman has been reversed for his refusal to recuse on that basis *twice*. So what Thompson said about Friedman was fact-based, and thus it could not provide the basis for discipline under Rule 4-8.2(a), which enunciates a *Times v. Sullivan* standard that the lawyer, in order to be in breach of the "do not criticize judges Rule," must be shown to have uttered things about a judge in "reckless disregard of the truth or falsity of what he says." One presumes the Third DCA tells what it thinks is the truth.

In the Alabama instance, Thompson was protecting the judge with the truth. In the Miami-Dade instance, Thompson was protecting the judicial system with the same analysis that was applied to Friedman by the Third District. It doesn't get any clearer

than this. The Bar's prosecution of Thompson in both regards was in demonstrable bad faith, and this court knows it or would know it if it took the time to look at the facts.

Now we come to an extraordinary fact that have come to light in the last 18 hours. When it comes to the hypocrisy and the illegal conduct of The Florida Bar, Thompson and others have plum run out of adjectives to describe this runaway regulatory railroad, so let the facts speak for themselves. They require this court to reopen this closed case:

The President-Elect of The Florida Bar is Mayanne Downs, bless her little heart. She is the divorced former wife of Barry Rigby. Mr. Rigby is the former Director of Lawyer Regulation for The Florida Bar. Thompson hired Rigby to file his Petition for Review of Referee's Tunis' Kangaroo Cour Final Report. Ms. Downs' Bar then intimidated Rigby into withdrawing from that representation, so that Thompson would, by extortion, be deprived of his third lawyer in that matter just as extortion had deprived him of the previous two. They were Ray Reiser and Miles Gopman. The day Thompson mentioned Gopman's name in Judge Adalberto Jordan's courtroom, The Bar's assault upon Mr. Gopman began—that very day.

The Florida Supreme Court then treated Thompson's highly contested Bar disciplinary matter as "uncontested," so it could disbar him permanently without ever hearing from Thompson, since it violated state and federal laws by telling him he could not proceed pro se. This court knows all this. It just has chosen to ignore it.

Yesterday, the undersigned Googled "Mayanne Downs" to see what this lady might be up to that is in the public domain. Lo and behold, Ms. Downs, who does not have enough to do in her law practice, her single mothering, and her awesome,

“Guardians of Democracy” duties (see attached exhibit) as President-Elect of The Bar, manages to own and operate a blog at www.mayannedowns.com.

What she posted there, which Thompson discovered late yesterday, has given rise to a “what is good for the goose is good for the gander” bar complaint against the hypocritical Ms. Downs, to-wit:

John B. Thompson, J.D.
5721 Riviera Drive
Coral Gables, Florida 33146
305-666-4366
amendmentone@comcast.net

September 23, 2009

Ken Marvin
Director of Lawyer Regulation
The Florida Bar
651 E. Jefferson St.
Tallahassee, FL 32399

Re: Formal Florida Bar Complaint against Mayanne Downs, President-Elect of
The Florida Bar, FB# 754900

Dear Mr. Marvin:

Here is my formal Florida Bar complaint against the above individual. The sworn-to details are these:

Mayanne Downs, who apparently does not have enough to keep her busy, with her law firm duties, her parenting obligations, and her august obligations as president-elect of The Florida Bar, has decided that the world is not complete without her owning and operating a blog found on Al Gore’s Internet at <http://www.mayannedowns.com/>. Among the many incredible facts we learn about Ms. Downs is that she was born in the Zodiac Year of the Monkey, that she liked her nanny more than her mother, and that she has outworn her “born again” experience as a child.

What is most interesting, however, is that Ms. Downs has chosen to violate Florida Bar Rule 4-8.2(a) with a wholly gratuitous swipe at a now-sitting judge appointed to the bench by Governor Crist. You can see her comments in a piece she has written about how wonderful the Orlando Sentinel is. She describes this jurist as follows:

"... and a thoughtful (and cogently written) story about **another** political hack being appointed to the bench by Governor Crist, possible because of the changes to our judicial nominating system back in 2001" (emphasis added)

This yet "another political hack" would appear to be The Honorable Michael Rudisill, as described in the wonderful Orlando Sentinel by reporter Scott Maxwell in an opinion piece at <http://www.orlandosentinel.com/news/local/orl-maxwell-judge-power-082309,0,2957375.column>.

Note that Ms. Downs does not only refer to Judge Rudisill as a "political hack" but "another political hack," the statement meaning that Governor Crist is people the bench with a number of "political hacks."

Ms. Downs' gratuitous comment about not just one judge but a number of judges clearly violates Florida Bar Rule 4-8.2(a) as The Bar is applying that Rule. Sean Conway, for example, never went this far as to Judge Aleman. He went after Judge Aleman, on an Internet blog, as Ms. Downs has, but with a fact-based criticism of how she was handling cases. Proof that it was fact-based is that the JQC whacked Aleman for the things Conway was accusing her of.

Ms. Downs, on the other hand, has prejudged not just one jurist but a whole bunch of them, with no basis other than that they are—oh no, hide the children!—conservatives. And by the way, the reporter's criticism that Judge Rudisill has "only" taken 40 cases to verdict in his brief legal career shows how ignorant the reporter is. That's a lot of cases to take to verdict, and Ms. Downs surely knows that.

By contrast, my Bar Referee, Dava Tunis, never practiced law outside the public defender's office and yet was placed on the bench by Jeb Bush after an unremarkable career. She then was placed on a complex Bar disciplinary matter—mine—with no experience and no training as a Bar referee, and she butchered and then aborted the Rules of Civil Procedure because in her entire legal career she had no experience whatsoever with them.

I demand that The Florida Bar investigate, prosecute, and punish severely Ms. Downs. As a Bar officer, which she identifies herself as on her egomaniacal blog, she should not be questioning the "integrity" and/or "qualifications" of sitting judges in violation of Florida Bar Rule 4-8.2(a).

And if there were a Rule against hypocrisy by Bar Governors, she should be deported.

I SOLEMNLY SWEAR, UNDER PENALTY OF PERJURY, THAT THE FOREGOING FACTS ARE TRUE, CORRECT, AND COMPLETE, SO HELP ME GOD.

Signed, John B. Thompson

What makes this all the more hilarious than the obvious fact that The Bar has one set of rules for mere scumbags like Thompson but a different set of rules for Guardians of Democracy when it comes to trashing an entire group of judges, is that Ms. Downs has apparently realized and thus admitted her wrongdoing by wiping clean last night the Internet of her heretofore indispensable blog. Thompson sent it to her late yesterday as she and all other Bar Governors are enjoying poolside cocktail parties up the road at the Westin Diplomat Hotel in Hollywood at yet another of their Bar Governors Retreats paid for by bar members' dues. Attached hereto as an exhibit is what now comes up this lovely morning when one goes, breathlessly, to www.mayannedowns.com.

Thompson is not technologically savvy enough to figure out how to phony up a "Google error Not Found The requested URL / was not found on this server." with the <http://www.mayannedowns.com/> url at the bottom of the printed page, all attached hereto as an exhibit. Thompson lacks the brilliance in such regards obviously possessed by his Vandy Law School classmate Al Gore, who invented all this. Such brilliance has led the former "next President of the United States" to win a Nobel Prize regarding global warming, when all of science now knows that the climate is cooling.

But the undersigned digresses.

This court must act upon this latest proof of fraud, bad faith, selective prosecution, and mendacity by The Florida Bar.

Bar Governors, even the President-Elect of The Florida Bar, get away with a violation of Florida Bar Rule 4-8.2(a), as that Rule was applied far more vigorously and indeed improperly to Thompson. This is the mindset at The Bar that led Florida Supreme

Court Justices Polston and Canady recently to opine: “Is it too much to ask that The Bar obey its own Rules?”

This federal court scoffed, previously, at the notion that Thompson was not entitled to relief from his prosecution under Bar Rule 4-8.2(a). It dismissed this lawsuit without even looking at the possibility that Bar Rule 4-8.2(a) was being applied unequally and thus unconstitutionally.

Ms. Downs’ idiotic removal of her indiscriminate judge-bashing blog, has in fact admitted her wrongdoing by sending her entire site into a cyberspace black hole, or so she thought, for even black holes are penetrable!

If one goes back to Google, and types in “mayannedowns.com,” one gets the following search result:

1. [.....AND ANOTHER THING](#)

- 3 visits - 4:07am

I don't understand why that "something" isn't some real accountability for the nation's accountants. They aren't regulators, but they're the ones who have ...

www.mayannedowns.com/ - [Cached](#) - [Similar](#) -

The key word in the above is “Cached.” What that indicates is that the blog that Ms. Downs sought to obliterate is still available as a “Cached” item on Al Gore’s Internet. So voila’ here it is, below. Note the “I Still Love My Orlando Sentinel” in which brilliant post Ms. Downs characterizes Governor Crist’s judicial appointments as “political hacks:” Not just one judge. A bunch of judges. Ms. Downs just wants judges the JNC picks to benefit from “judicial independence”:



[The lovely Ms. Downs, pictured at the outset of her

www.mayannedowns.com blog, who writes she has recovered from being “born again.”]

This is Google's cache of <http://www.mayannedowns.com/>. It is a snapshot of the page as it appeared on Sep 15, 2009 03:27:55 GMT. **The [current page](#) could have changed in the meantime. [Learn more](#) [NO KIDDING!]**

[Text-only version](#)

These terms only appear in links pointing to this page: **mayannedowns com**

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 2009

Regulation

I don't know much about regulation, and I don't believe in a lot of it.

But the sub-prime mortgage debacle made it clear that something has to change.

I don't understand why that "something" isn't some real accountability for the nation's accountants. They aren't regulators, but they're the ones who have to pass on these bizarre and attenuated financial structures that allow the real-live risk of the transactions being analyzed (at least supposedly) to be obscured. How did Ken Lay's team convince the CPA's to pass on the off-the-books limited partnerships, which structure allowed the misleading transactions to be hidden from investor view?


And which accountants failed to note the huge, unreviewed risk that the "liar" loans and similar debt represented in these bundled-up securitizations?

The issue here is risk. What kind of risk are we going to allow, and with what money? And whose money?

The sub-prime meltdown, I think, established that we really don't want banks wagering on these high-risk transactions with our deposit monies. But maybe those kinds of investments are fine for, say, institutional investors who have their money spread around.

So I guess we need a tiered system of risk analysis and investment.

Sounds complicated, but seems like it could be done.

Posted by Mayanne at [11:21 PM](#) [0 comments](#) 

Kanye, Kanye, Kanye


Dude. Shut up. Seriously.

I really like Kanye's music. A lot. And I like Taylor Swift okay.

I think his actions are intentional. I think he likes the buzz.

And we keep giving it to him.

We need to put him in a societal timeout and ignore him. THAT would be a good punishment for him.

Posted by Mayanne at [11:19 PM](#) [0 comments](#) 

Labels: [Kanye](#)

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 2009

Self Sufficiency

In darker moments, I am prone to comparing my family history to a Flannery O'Connor short story http://http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Flannery_O'Connor. But I am also thankful for most of my childhood, and particulaly my parents' commitment to raise self-sufficient children.

To be sure, my mother's sense of this was more accidental, more based, perhaps, on a belief that children mostly raise themselves. My mother is a wonderful woman, much beloved, but the truth is I have very few memories of her as a child; mostly, I remember my father's extraordinary gifts, both tangible and intangible, and my nanny's quiet, comfortable and all-encompassing presence in our lives. My mother's life was filled with the Junior League, and women's bridge clubs, and such things.

But my father was a believer in teaching us to be strong and capable. And smart. My father built Orlando's first "high-rise" apartment complex (6 stories: amazing!). And I remember him coming to me to help him solve the problem of how the residents would dispose of their trash. He carefully and unobtrusively led me to "discover" the solution of a trash chute. He had me draw it out for him. I didn't realize for several years that I hadn't discovered trash chutes at age 6!

I also remember my father having me check out of hotels in early elementary school. He'd describe exactly what I needed to do and would stand back discreetly in case it went badly. He took me on business day trips to Miami in 1st, 2d and 3rd grade, and told me to bring a book and a crossword puzzle as I would be on my own -- entertainment-wise, anyway --- while he met with bankers.


When I decided in 10th grade that I wanted to finish up high school at a local private school with a tough admission requirement, he said, well do it. And left me to accomplish it entirely on my own.

We walked home from school (no sidewalks, exactly one mile, through some light industrial areas), took care of our own horses and ponies, rode horses unattended (and saddled, groomed and turned them out on our own), and roamed around our property and the immediate surroundings, no questions asked. I fished for hours, and I guess I told someone where I was going, but I'm not positive. Dad taught me to catch birds with a string tied to a basket, propped up on a stick, and I must've handled dozens of birds without it ever having occurred to me to wash my hands. We raised squirrels whose nests were left behind when propety was cleared (Dad always asked these clearers to save nests if they could), and then turned them out into the trees on our farm. One of these squirrels bit me clean through a finger once, and I never told anyone.

While I haven't been able to provide my children with the farm environment I grew up in, I've worked hard to make them self-sufficient. They, too, have checked out of hotels from a young age, found their own way to and from events, made their own decisions, cooked their own meals (not exclusively, of course), and been responsible themselves for their schoolwork and performance. And I always encouraged them to play outside. Just to be outside. For hours, if possible. That's how I was raised, just outside, playing in the dirt, biking around, fishing, gathering snails.

Today's *Orlando Sentinel* included a wonderful piece from a woman devoted to raise self-sufficient children, or "free range kids," as she calls them. <http://www.orlandosentinel.com/news/education/back-to-school/chi-tc-fam-responsibility-0820-0.ar0aug16,0,3284546.story>. And she writes about a true phenomenon, this notion by parents today that "the times" are somehow different, that kids aren't safe today. I've long been frustrated by this belief in young parents, who clutch to their children as if the world will gobble them up, who shepherd them from planned play activity to planned parties, as if they were little porcelain dolls who require constant, planned action. She notes that if you "actually WANTED your child to be abducted by a stranger," you'd have to place your child outside, unattended for 750,000 years for that rare event to occur.

I've always believed that the entire point of raising a child is to put them in a position to fly away. And that's what should make us pleased and proud as parents. "Free range" is a great way to express that, that sense that kids should be turned outside and left to roam and play and dream.

Posted by Mayanne at [7:16 AM](#) [0 comments](#) 

Labels: [Free range kids self-sufficiency](#)

Joy



I grew up with church music. I sang in the adult choir at my church as soon as I could (9th grade was the first time you could audition), and played in the bellringers choir. I also sang with a contemporary singing group, and we traveled the state performing.

For a time, I was quite religious, having experienced what I thought was a "born again" conversion experience. But while the born-again feeling wore off, I never lost my love for church music. To this day, I find traditional four-part harmony hymns gorgeous and inspiring, although for different reasons than the words express.

The word "joy" is a common word in traditional hymns, from "Joy To The World," the beautiful Christmas carol, to "Joyful, Joyful We Adore Thee." And perhaps because of my experience with church and hymnal music, I've always associated the word "joy" with a sense of exhilaration, an enthusiastic, energized state, one more akin to a frenzy than a longlasting state of emotion.

But lately I've decided that joy for me is more of a sense of peaceful good fortune, that feeling of calm contentment that things are as they should be. Not every day, of course, but in general. And I think I have this feeling because I am so very grateful that my son is happily ensconced at Berklee College of Music <http://www.berklee.edu>, his dream destination of many years. I wake every day thankful that he is there, that he made it, and hopeful that it will be an experience that shapes him for years to come, regardless of the precise outcome.

And grateful, as well, that he is so self-sufficient, that he has not looked back for a moment. That he is strong and capable of handling his new life well, and appropriately.

Posted by Mayanne at [7:01 AM](#) [0 comments](#)  

Labels: [joy son berklee](#)

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26, 2009

One Person Can Make A Difference & Everyone Should Try

That's what Senator Ted Kennedy said in an interview years ago, in response to the question, "What was President Kennedy's legacy?"

How beautifully said, and how egalitarian.



I remember vividly being in a car with an elementary school friend, Bonnie Allen, in 5th grade, and listening to her mother spit out condemnations of Ted Kennedy based of course on Chappaquidick.

Ted Kennedy triumphed over whatever happened at night, which was at best youthful irresponsibility and at worst, something much darker.

I read a story over the weekend about Ted Kennedy taking John Kerry aside and telling him he could become irrelevant, a Presidential wannabe who didn't make it. Or he could become a force, a leader, a person at the center of everything that matters in Washington.

Ted Kennedy make have been inspiring John Kerry, but he was also describing himself.

Godspeed, Teddy. The world is a much better place because of you.

Posted by Mayanne at [7:43 AM](#) [1 comments](#)  

Labels: [Ted Kennedy](#)

MONDAY, AUGUST 24, 2009

You Just KNEW this was true!


Yes, indeedy, screaming the fabled "F" word works!

A study published in *NeuroReport* proves some lessening of pain perception in many subjects --- this reduction in pain is called hypoalgesic --- while they report whatever

curse words they choose. Not only did the subjects actually perceive less pain, but they also were able to sustain the painful stimulus longer.

The study also found that swearing increases heart rate (part of the reflex fight or flight reaction to stimulus), and that women get a bigger reaction in pain reduction when they swear, than do men. The theory there is that men swear more often, and thus get less of a boost than do women, for whom swearing is less common.

So the next time you have your hand stuck in painfully cold water, just let those curse words rip!

Posted by Mayanne at [7:19 PM](#) [0 comments](#) 

Labels: [cursing pain](#)

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 2009

I'm so Hillary

I know EXACTLY how Hillary felt when she found out that the student who asked her the question that led her to say she wasn't going to "channel" Bill had just made a speaking error in a foreign language (English). The student asked what "Mr. Clinton" thought about a deal between China and Congo, "through the mouth of Mrs. Clinton" (in what would otherwise have been a charming turn of phrase), but apparently just misspoke and meant to ask what President Obama thought.


Hillary, undoubtedly tired (she was on a marathon tour of the African continent and is still healing from her broken elbow) and perhaps a bit snitty over how easily the world adores her charismatic but egocentric mate, took a stand pointing out that SHE is the Secretary of State. She would not, she ended, be "channeling" Bill.

Oh how I know how she feels.

How many times do strong women bite their tongues and smile and not say what comes to mind when they suffer the many, regular slights men don't encounter? How many times have I smiled when asked if I was the court reporter at a hearing or depo? How many times have I decided to reach out a hand in friendship to the man who I heard said I was a bitch? Like the local lawyer who called me a "bull dyke." I was 7 months pregnant with my daughter Savannah at the time. (My friend Renee said what does he think, that your daughter is a turkey baster child?). Or the local lawyer who was so surly to me that I finally said "I'm sorry if I've done or said something to offend you, and he responded, "Everything about you offends me." Or the prominent local lawyer who grieved me when we beat the pants off him at trial (when the grievance was dismissed, I called him to suggest that we put it behind us. His response? "I don't think we'll be going off to have lunch together." He did say, however, and this is a true quote: "You're a better man than me" to have called. I don't know what bothered me more. What he said, or that it was grammatically incorrect.)

Here's why I say I know how Hillary felt. You take all that, over and over and over again. And then *finally* you decide to say what you think. And OF COURSE you've picked the wrong moment.

And now they know FOR SURE you're a bitch. Oh well.


Posted by Mayanne at [5:14 PM](#) [1 comments](#) 

Labels: [Hillary strong women](#)

Maybe We're Right

My friend Judy and I have long agreed that the world would be a better place if gasoline cost alot more, more like what it really should cost, taking into account the fact that it is a resource that cannot be renewed.

A new book by Forbes magazine's Christopher Steiner, *\$20 per Gallon: How the Inevitable Rise in the Price of Gasoline Will Change Our lives for the Better*, seeks to prove our thesis and assign societal benefits to certain price points for gasoline. At \$8/gallon, for example, he predicts air travel will disappear; at \$14/gallon, Wal-Marts become empty "ghost boxes" (from his mouth, well, pen, to God's ear). Mass public transit will become not just possible but essential and sushi will become a costly extravagance only the few can afford.
Hold on to your downtown condo!

Posted by Mayanne at [4:58 PM](#) [0 comments](#) 

Labels: [gasoline](#) [\\$20/gallon](#) [good thing](#)

[Oh the Pain of it All](#)





I'm not one to carry on about aging. After all, it beats the alternative. And I've always believed aging is an accomplishment. I wouldn't trade where I am now for last year or last decade for anything.
BUT occasionally a story comes along that shocks you into realizing just how old you are. And by "you," I mean Steven Tyler -- and the rest of the Aerosmith band. I love Aerosmith. I finally got to see them live several years ago at the Amway Arena. They were great. I like Steven Tyler; he's entertaining, has compelling stage presence, and an awesome vocal talent, full of range and power and grit. But it's Joe Perry I really love. He's such a versatile and talented guitarist. He can crank out musical, accessible riffs, hook-y enough to be mainstream fodder, but also has a compelling bluesy style and skill. Jimmy Page has that same combination. Guitarists are often one or the other, either pop greats or small-stage blues throwbacks. But it's much rarer, and evidences a much greater range to be conversant with both styles. Clapton is of course another great example. He moves from dobro to slide to power-chord to pop/melodic with the greatest of ease.
But I also love Joe Perry for his quintessential rock-guitar-god quality. He looks the part; he's ever-gritty in old jeans and a touch of leather. He has a strong personal story, too. He beat the drug addiction from the 60s and 70s, he is devoted to his family, has a gorgeous branded guitar made by Gibson, featuring his wife, Bille (and they've been married since 1985); he has a hot sauce he invented and bottles; he sells a cool guitar slide; and he loves to cook (he actually cooked on a Rachel Ray show). Plus, he's super hot. The Billie guitar is above.
SO...it was with horror and a dawning since of well-this-says-it-all dismay that I read of Aerosmith cancelling its injury-laden summer tour.

If this ain't proof that even Aerosmith is getting old, I don't know what is. First the band's rhythm guitarist Brad Whitford had surgery for a burst blood vessel (surely that doesn't happen to young people?). Then, some dates were cancelled with Tyler hurt his leg, followed by Joe having some kind of knee problem (yes, knee problem). Finally, Tyler fell off the stage while singing "Love in an Elevator" -- he broke his shoulder! Good Lord. My MOTHER broke her shoulder in a fall, and she's almost EIGHTY.

THIS is why the now-cadaverous Mick Jagger made that famous comment years ago about not rocking into advanced age. No rocker should fall off a stage and break something.

Sigh.

Posted by Mayanne at [9:58 AM](#) [0 comments](#)  

Labels: [joe perry getting old aerosmith bille guitar](#)

I Still Love my Orlando Sentinel

Yes, it's certainly thinner and more chock-full of ads. I joke that soon the deliverer will have to tie the paper to a rock to keep it in my front yard. But, it's full of local news. News I can't get anywhere else. And that's what makes it valuable to me. And I do love holding a paper, scanning each page quickly for what article I want to read first. You just don't get that whole-page view online -- and I love all things online. This morning I sat on my deck surrounded by my dog and my cats, watching the birds dart in and out for the birdfeeder (carefully avoiding my lounging killers), and as always, opened my local paper with anticipation. You just never know what you'll find, who will be skewered, and what the reporters and editors have decided to feature. The anemic look belied all the great content. First, a great little below-the-fold story about idiotic calls to 911 (my favorite: the caller looking for prostitutes; when told he had reach the police, he said he knew but figured the police would know where to find 'em). Then all sorts of gems: a detailed story about what appears to be the end of the manned space program; Mike Bianchi's always-fun Saturday column (excellent point about the UFL being the big loser with Michael Vick's return to the NFL, rather than to our new start-up pro football league); Chris Harry's blurb about Gator kicker Jonathan Phillips being admitted to UF Law School; another blistering article about the Central Florida Blood Center (I'm sure my talented friend Leighton Yates choked on his coffee this morning, as he was the poster boy in this story about how long-serving most of the blood center's board is); and a thoughtful (and cogently written) story about another political hack being appointed to the bench by Governor Crist, possible because of the changes to our judicial nominating system back in 2001 (Rene Stutzman is a jewel of a local reporter, along with Mark Schlueb). Local news: it's what for breakfast.

Posted by Mayanne at [9:43 AM](#) [0 comments](#)  

Labels: [local news Orlando Sentinel](#)

FRIDAY, AUGUST 7, 2009

green....FONT?

Yes it's true! There's a new font, called Bitstream Vera. It uses less ink than other typefaces because it has tiny holes or circles in it. The owner of the new "ecofont," Alexander Kraaij, a Dutch marketing type, claims that a company with 5000 workers could save \$125,000/year in printing costs. You can download it free at [ecofont.eu](#).



Posted by Mayanne at [8:24 PM](#) [0 comments](#)  

Labels: [eco font](#)

TUESDAY, AUGUST 4, 2009

[Mint.com](#)

Here's a cool website: www.mint.com. It tracks all your assets, income, expense, debt and fees. It's intuitive to use, and addictive -- you can check each day and see how you're coming with your financial goals. I particularly like that I was able to add in my 401K info (of course, my account should more properly be called a "101K" right about now). That way, I get an update regularly instead of going through the laborious sign-in process I have to use with Ing (of course, it's mostly laborious because I can never remember the login information).

Posted by Mayanne at [7:41 AM](#) [0 comments](#)  

Labels: [Mint.com](#)

MONDAY, AUGUST 3, 2009

[My sister and her new sign!](#)



The lovely and talented Heidi Nyland organized the design and execution of a sign for the entrance to Julie and Rich's lovely spread in South Central Colorado. The sign features her beautiful logo:



Posted by Mayanne at [10:36 PM](#) [0 comments](#)  

SUNDAY, AUGUST 2, 2009

[All must be right in the world](#)



Because I saw an adorable little girl running a lemonade stand on Summerlin. She had a pitcher of lemonade and a cooler of ice. And a bowl of "FREE!" (she shouted) dog treats if you happened to have a dog. Her dad and little brother and dog were sitting behind her, in the shade. She had the longest curliest hair I've ever seen on a creature that small, and her little nose was sunburned. Although she waved and created a ruckus at the cars going by, she became shy and teased when I stopped. "Do you have a dog treat?" she said. Then she flew her tiny hand up to her mouth and said, "Oh! I mean do you have a *dog*?" Lemonade I didn't want, but being a part of her little enterprise I did. So I offered to increase her profit margin by contributing

to the effort and gave her a dollar. She smiled so prettily I wanted to sweep her up, put her in my pocket, and take her home.

Posted by Mayanne at [12:59 PM](#) [0 comments](#)  

My Grapefruit & Pear Salad

This salad turned out very well. I made it from combining ideas from alot of recipes I read last week. Ingredients: 1 large container of Dole grapefruit slices 1 container of ready-mixed arugula 1 container of ready-mixed spring salad mix 1 cup of shelled pistachios 1 red onion, sliced 1/3 cup vinegar (I happened to have on hand white wine vinegar, but I think most anything would work) 2 garlic cloves, mashed into paste with the back of a knife using 1 tsp kosher salt 1 tbsp pepper, preferably cracked 1/4 cup honey 1/3 cup olive oil 1/3 cup grapefruit juice from above bottle. Drain grapefruit, but keep some of the juice. Mix salad and place grapefruit slices and pistachios over salad. Mix all other ingredients, taste and correct seasonings and pour over salad just before serving. Serves 6-8.

Posted by Mayanne at [9:48 AM](#) [0 comments](#)  

Labels: [Grapefruit pistachio salad](#)

Alone

For the first time since the Spring of 2004, I awoke this morning to an empty house that will stay that way for longer than the brief pauses caused by a fluke or last-minute decision by one of my children to spend the night at a friend's house. I've spent time with Savannah away, and a night or two in which I ended up alone at home (joy!), but never time I knew they'd both be gone. They're off on a wonderful-sounding cruise to Mexico with their dad and lovely step-mom, and I'm happy for all of them to have a family vacation with their father.

I always say I can't wait to be alone. I love the action and constant ebb and flow of kids of different ages, types, colors and backgrounds at my home. I love to cook for them, and listen to their laughs, and exclamations, and playing music. I love the muffled giggles that come from my daughter's room when Jessica, Tara, Beth, Hillary or all of them are closeted away, doing what teenage girls do. And I even (kind of) like the wet footprints and muddy shoes in the garage after the boys have gone in the lake.

But the work is constant and the house hums with activity and noise, and cars starting and parking and leaving. And sometimes hoops and hollers and even the occasional argument. And my belief -- perhaps my myth -- has always been that I couldn't wait till the day when I would have the peace and quiet and extended reading time available (not to mention that sweet sense of order that comes from a house where the kitchen stays clean because no teenage boys will raid the refrigerator at midnight, depositing all their little crumbly leavings behind).

This morning I woke up with just the tiniest of thoughts that maybe this aloneness wouldn't be so perfect, that days and evenings looming ahead without planned human contact (other than Sorry James, our family yardman, always looking for a scrap of work or to "hold" \$20 till next week) might not be quite so idyllic.

The thought didn't last long. I had a great evening last night with dear friends, and will have family over for dinner tonight -- thus, a day of cooking and cleaning, some of my favorite things. But, still. It's a lesson. One for thought and reflection.

Posted by Mayanne at [9:34 AM](#) [0 comments](#)  

Labels: [on being alone](#)

THURSDAY, JULY 30, 2009

My Friend's Birthday

I am awful about birthdays. I used to warn friends at the beginning of our friendship that I hoped they could count on me for many things, but being a good birthday friend wasn't one of them. It's just not a skill I have.

For years, I couldn't remember my first husband's birthday (funny, now I can remember it). I knew it was in January, and I knew the year was 1957 but I couldn't remember if the actual date was the 15th (or was that MLK?) or the 18th. I usually sneaked a peek at his driver's license in early January to make sure. To this day, I can't remember whether my second marriage anniversary was August 18th or 19th. Maybe getting married at 5:00 on a Tuesday at Lake Eola, with the reception at my law firm's employee lounge helped me forget the date.

I love the idea of celebrating birthdays, and being one of those wonderful people who remember (or keep good records of) when their friends and family members were born. I'm just NOT one of those people.

Today's is Anne Conway's birthday. And because my dear friend Judy remembers not only birthdays, but also to remind the rest of us about whose birthday it is, I was able to spend the day thinking about Anne.

I feel rich -- splendidly rich -- in my friendships. I can think of so many people I love, even if I don't see them much at all, and count as friends. And they all have some special quality or group of qualities that endear them to me. But I just don't know if I have ever had a more stalwart, stickable friend as Anne. She is a rock, a solid force of loyalty. She will listen endlessly. She never judges (which is kind of funny, if you think about it), and makes you feel as though you could tell her most anything and she'd give you a fair, rational and calm hearing, and advice if you wanted it. She has a wonderful spontaneous laugh you don't hear all that much, but when you do, you feel as though the slot machine came up all jackpots. She doesn't hold a grudge (thank goodness because I'm sure I've gotten on her nerves a time or two). She sticks.

HB, Anne.

Posted by Mayanne at [10:59 PM](#) [0 comments](#) 

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.....AND ANOTHER THING

The opinions expressed here are solely those of the author, and do not express the views, positions or beliefs of The Florida Bar or The City of Orlando, and have not been approved or authorized by them.

About Me



Mayanne

Orlando, Florida, United States

I am an attorney in Orlando, Florida. I'm a mom -- 2 kids, Barry who is 18 (and recently admitted to Berklee College of Music in Boston) and Savannah who is 16.

[View my complete profile](#)



Farouks on the Nile



Positano



The Jewel of the Amalfi Coast



.....AND ANOTHER THING

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Egyptian Vendors



"Real papyrus American lady"



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The Coliseum



Rome



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 - [▼ September](#) (4)
 - [Regulation](#)
 - [Kanye, Kanye, Kanye](#)
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- [Joy](#)
- [▶ August \(12\)](#)
 - [One Person Can Make A Difference & Everyone Should...](#)
 - [You Just KNEW this was true!](#)
 - [I'm so Hillary](#)
 - [Maybe We're Right](#)
 - [Oh the Pain of it All](#)
 - [I Still Love my Orlando Sentinel](#)
 - [green....FONT?](#)
 - [Mint.com](#)
 - [My sister and her new sign!](#)
 - [All must be right in the world](#)
 - [My Grapefruit & Pear Salad](#)
 - [Alone](#)
- [▶ July \(12\)](#)
 - [My Friend's Birthday](#)
 - [Obeisance](#)
 - [I hope the "Today Show" is no longer run by the NB...](#)
 - [Ebay Feedback Profiles](#)
 - [Women, the Law & Temperament](#)
 - [Farther v. Further](#)
 - [Two Email Irritants](#)
 - [Reflection -- an Outmoded Concept?](#)
 - [Happy Birthday to My Sister Julie](#)
 - [You know it's a good news week when....](#)
 - [I've learned something I feel compelled to share w...](#)
 - [Mark Sanford](#)
- [▶ June \(12\)](#)
 - [Wilmington, DE](#)
 - [Sound Targets](#)
 - [The Bar Convention](#)
 - [My son](#)
 - [Todd English's Blue Zoo Restaurant](#)
 - [I love a good African American prayer](#)
 - [Franzen](#)
 - [Boycott of Letterman?](#)
 - [I admit I'm biased against Kobe](#)
 - [Great internet radio show!](#)
 - [The Magic are....magic!](#)
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 - [Nancy Drew](#)
 - [The Presence of a Minority](#)
 - ["I Hope Drew Peterson Rots in Hell"](#)
 - [Super, Way Cool](#)
- [▶ April \(8\)](#)
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 - [The Cheeky Susan Boyle](#)
 - [Tea Protests -- using public resources, of course](#)
 - [My Record is Probably Gone](#)
 - [The Small Irritations of Life](#)
 - [My Son is 18 Today!](#)
- [▶ March \(14\)](#)

- [▶_February](#) (12)
- [▶_January](#) (12)
- [▶_2008](#) (93)
 - [▶_December](#) (2)
 - [▶_October](#) (5)
 - [▶_September](#) (16)
 - [▶_August](#) (28)
 - [▶_July](#) (15)
 - [▶_June](#) (5)
 - [▶_May](#) (22)



Labels

- ["Pimp my search" YES](#) (1)
- [Affirmed Triple Crown Big Brown](#) (1)
- [Alicia Keys ridiculous Blender](#) (1)
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- [Anne Lamott Religion Lite](#) (1)
- [Apocalypto](#) (1)
- [awards ego showy](#) (1)
- [beast](#) (1)
- [Belmont Stakes Affirmed Big Brown](#) (1)
- [bias](#) (1)
- [catalogue stop junk mail](#) (1)
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This court must afford Thompson a hearing on all of this. Thompson is entitled to have this case reopened so that he might prove the bad faith and fraud of The Florida Bar, which has compounded its considerable troubles, here and elsewhere, by trying to cover Ms. Downs' gigantic cybertracks on the Internet.

I SOLEMNLY SWEAR, UNDER PENALTY OF PERJURY, THAT THE FOREGOING FACTS ARE TRUE, CORRECT, AND COMPLETE, SO HELP ME

GOD. Signed, **John B. Thompson**

I HEREBY CERTIFY that this has been served upon record counsel this September 24, 2009, by the court's electronic system.

/s/ JOHN B. THOMPSON, Plaintiff
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