

NHCBA

Encouraging Each Other to Excellence...



MARBLE COLUMNS

THE NEW HAVEN COUNTY BAR ASSOCIATION VOL. XVIII, NO. 1 AUGUST 2013

Bench and Bar Say Goodbye to Carrie

Judge Fischer's Tribute

Good afternoon. My name is Brian Fischer. I am the Administrative Judge here in New Haven. On behalf of all of my colleagues on the bench and the judicial district staff, I want to extend my heartfelt condolences to you Mr. and Mrs. Breen, your family and friends on the passing of Carrie. Mr. and Mrs. Breen you raised a remarkable daughter.

I have known Carrie during her 17 years as the Executive Director of the New Haven County Bar Association. Carrie was a force of nature, always passionate and forceful in her advocacy for the bar association and its membership.

She was warm, friendly and always interested in you. She was a great conversationalist and she had a great sense of humor.

As a judge who has served in many other parts of the state there is no doubt in my mind that the New Haven County Bar Association is the strongest bar association in the state. And this is the primary result of Carrie's hard work and determination as its executive director. She was ably assisted by her loyal coworkers of over ten years Martha Messier and Josephine Costello. The association has a membership of over 1300 attorneys and judges.

I last saw Carrie this past November at the Bar Association's annual Snowball Charity Softball Tournament. It is a great event the bar association has run over the last 14 years and has raised over \$100,000 for numerous local charities including the New Haven Home Recovery Shelter.

Carrie wasn't feeling 100% that evening but it was hard to tell based on her usual upbeat, happy personality, giving greetings to all and snapping her pictures.

In fact a few years earlier, in the same softball tournament, when my team was short a player Carrie volunteered to be the catcher. Needless to say by the third inning the force of her personality had taken over and she was managing the team like she was Joe Torre of the New York Yankees.

I served with Carrie the last few years on the court relations committee of the NHCBA. Last Spring Carrie returned from the annual bar association conference. She related to us at our luncheon meeting that the conference had gone very well except for one issue. During the closing dinner event her colleague sitting next to her had mistakenly used Carrie's utensils. Carrie was befuddled and upset that this younger professional person would not know the



CAROLYN "CARRIE" BREEN WITT
1962-2012

proper etiquette in using the dining utensils assigned to him. She professed that what the association needed was not another seminar on estate taxes or recent trends in family law but a seminar on etiquette and she was going to run the seminar. Of course while she was relaying this story on etiquette I became painfully aware that maybe this wasn't the best time for me to be slurping my pea soup. I was probably rattling the windows at the association's new office on Orange Street. I told her I thought it would be a great idea and I would be the first one to sign up.

I related this above story because it is just a brief example of what a classy person she was. I just really enjoyed her company so much. Like everyone here today knows, she was just so much fun to be around. And in the last few years she handled her illness with such grace and courage.

For all of us who had the pleasure of knowing Carrie Witt, we will forever miss her, but not for one moment forget this remarkable woman.

Thank you.

Judge Brian Fischer's tribute was delivered at Carrie's Memorial Service, held at Trinity Church on the Green, New Haven, January 12, 2013



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President's Column

Remembering a Name

by Sung-Ho Hwang



The first time I met Carrie, she actually remembered my name. I attributed it to the fact that I have such an easy name to remember. I remembered her

name, not because it was easy, but because she was the type of person towards whom others naturally gravitate. She had this incredible charm and charisma.

As I ascended up our marathon six-year leadership ladder, I got to work closer with her, and as President, I would contact her on nearly a daily basis.

As we all know, Carrie was instrumental in keeping the Association running. She simply had such a great personality that it was difficult to say no to her. However, her commitment to diversity was something that I personally thought was one of her greatest strengths. She made everyone feel welcome, no matter what your background. It is not by chance that New Haven has such diverse leadership.

I recall meeting with her about the annual dinner last year. Since I was going to be President, she really wanted to incorporate something Korean into our annual dinner. Fortunately for everyone, I had decided that I would not force people to eat Kim-Chi that night.

Every year, the President-Elect attends the Bar Leadership Institute, which is run by the ABA. When I went last year with Carrie, I was amazed by how much respect other executive directors had for her. I had known that Carrie was president of the National Association of Bar Executives, but I had not realized that she had such a great reputation in the community. Even though she had come from a relatively small bar, she had ascended to President on her strength of character.

Carrie always remained positive and her strength was amazing. I saw her a couple of days before she passed away, and even then, she said that she would beat the cancer. She never let the disease bring her down and I never saw her once feel sorry for herself.

Carrie has taught me many things. However, the most important is that there are small things that can make a difference in peoples lives, such as remembering someone's name.

Editor's Column

There's a Story Behind Every Door

by Jonathan J. Einhorn



Each of us has a story, but the Golden Rule is that you have to tell your own story, that's what your life is about. If you don't tell your story, someone

else will: in romance it'll be your rival, in in politics your opponent, in business your competition.

Every story needs a beginning, a middle and an ending. Carrie's story wasn't complete yet; it had a beginning, a crisis and then the conclusion. She never had a chance to finish her story. We can do that for her.

Carrie was like no one else I've ever met; she was like a glass of bubbly

champagne when I first met her, and even after Tom's untimely death, and her last illness, she stayed that way. She was an inspiration to all of us grousing about clients, judges, about taxes, about politics (hey, she was a Republican!), about family, about money. It all pales in light of what Carrie went through. And to the end she was still like a bubbly glass of champagne.

She was headed someplace different, someplace bigger than here; she had the skill to run a major law firm, a state or a national bar association; or even a Fortune 500 Company. Or maybe back to D.C. As Editor of the Newsletter she was my editor. She overruled me when I was being stubborn or just a jerk. And the many advertisers she cajoled into signing on, provided the subsidies we needed for the Newsletter.

Best of all, she had a sense of humor that I would have liked to have spent the rest of my life enjoying. She liked to laugh

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Where It All Began

by Edward L. Walsh

It was the summer of 1995, and I was anticipating taking over the Presidency of the NHCBA. Although I was anxious about this new responsibility, I planned to follow the advice I had received from my predecessors, which was simple: “follow Susan Davis’ lead and don’t make any waves.” Susan had been the Executive Director of the NHCBA for 15 years and she basically ran the entire Association singlehandedly. However, unbeknownst to me, Susan had been working some overtime of her own and planned to marry past President Larry Liebman and move to Florida. She announced her resignation as Executive Director effective October 1, 1995. My term was to begin five days later.

Faced with the prospect of actually having to work, I (and Penny Mason) immediately convened a search committee to recruit our new Executive Director. To our pleasant surprise, this turned out to be a much sought-after position. We received approximately 40-50 resumes from potential candidates with a wide range of backgrounds. Carolyn Breen’s stood out among the pile: “I am an effective communicator, a skilled organizer, and a leader of people. I also possess the ability to juggle cheerfully many varied tasks in a short time frame.” (Yes, I still have her resume.) The highlight of her CV read “Office of Independent Counsel – Iran/Contra, responsible for trial and witness preparation in *United States v. Oliver North*.” I immediately thought that anyone well-versed in the business of selling U.S. Government-owned arms in the Middle East and drug trafficking in Central America will do a bang up job in creating new ways for the NHCBA to raise money for its varied projects.

Carrie, of course, blew us away at the interview. She was bright, motivated, charming, and did I (can I?) mention, pretty. To me it was a no-brainer; hire Carrie immediately, before Wiggin and Dana (her current employer) woke up and made her an offer she couldn’t refuse. But there was resistance among some of the committee. They thought Carrie might be over-qualified and a bit too ambitious. The NHCBA was, up until then, considered a “sleepy” organization, a sort of “push me, I’m coming” herd of lawyers. And Carrie seemed anything but “sleepy.” Hiring Carrie would mean changing the way the Association operated, but we proponents argued that this would be a welcomed transformation. We felt it was time for the Association to “wake up.”

Carrie came aboard. We bonded quickly as we worked side by side. To ease Carrie’s transition, I started coming into the Association office daily to help with whatever she needed and to monitor the transition. After a week or two, she politely informed me my help was not necessary. I got the message. As our working



Carrie in 1996, soon after she became executive director.

Continued on page 4

She Was Our Carrie, For a While

by Andrew S. Knott

Before Ed Walsh hired her for us, Carrie Witt had another life. But the life she made for herself here, and the Carrie we knew is the Carrie we’ll always remember.

She became Executive Director of the NHCBA from 1995 until her untimely death last year. She was the face, force, and backbone of our organization; our lawyers benefitted both professionally and personally from her hard work. But being the modest Yankee and Junior Leaguer that she was, she did not advertise the particulars of her life and achievements, many of which were more-than-ordinary.

Carrie came into the world as the daughter of Dermott and Sue Breen. Mr. Breen was a New York attorney and Mrs. Breen was a Greenwich homemaker, giving Carrie the statistical likelihood that she would be raised Episcopalian, which she was.

Carrie attended Greenwich High School and the University of Virginia, where she majored in Medieval History and, of course, Drama. I think it is fair to say that all of us at the NHCBA witnessed Carrie’s strong tendency for the theatrical at one time or another. While Carrie maintained the grades and aptitude for law school, she did not have the interest for it and opted to serve as a paralegal, in which capacity she had quite a decorated career.

The Washington Public Power Supply System bond default in the 1980s and the subsequent Independent Counsel Investigation of the Iran-Contra Affair both added to Carrie’s resume. She then went

to work for Wiggin and Dana, here in town. There, she met Tom Witt who would soon become her husband.

Anyone reading this knows the mark she made in the New Haven legal community. On a personal note, it was Carrie who invited me to join this Bar after I attended the Nuts and Bolts CLE as a newly-minted attorney. And it is because of her invitation and through her work at the NHCBA that I got to know Carrie also as a friend, mentor, and client to whom I owe much of my professional success.

In addition to her day job at the NHCBA, Carrie was active in the National Association of Bar Executives, where she was elected as its President. In fact, Carrie’s efforts there have made



Carrie receiving the gavel as NABE president.

the New Haven Bar nationally known. Additionally our Bar has recognition at the National Conference of Bar Foundations, and National Conference of Bar Presidents, thanks in great part to Carrie.

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A Class Act

by William F. Dow, III



The impressive memorial service for Carrie Witt was held at Trinity Church on the Green on Saturday, January 12, 2013. And it really was impressive. An Episcopal High Mass with a sonorous organ, classic hymns, moving remembrances and, unlike many such services, presided over by a clergyman who actually knew the deceased. All the speakers shared a common appreciation of Carrie’s high-energy pleasantness, commitment and class, and each related experiences with Carrie that were examples of those qualities. It was a class event. Carrie would have approved.

For many of us Carrie was the heart and soul of the organization. Many recognize, as did she, that times are changing. Membership is declining. It’s hard, now, to convince lawyers to join. What does NHCBA offer that makes it worth it? Carrie dedicated herself to answering that question.

Carrie had been in other practice environments. She’d been a paralegal in the Iran-Contra Investigation and later on another big case in New York. When she came to New Haven she recognized and appreciated the difference in our style of practice. And now, as we look back at what she did, we can see how she tried to keep alive what makes how we practice better than in other places.

Carrie recognized that the more opportunities for lawyers to come together, the more it enhances the atmosphere and tone of our practices. Interaction leads to communication and communication minimizes animosity and conflict. Older lawyers talk of answering daily calendar calls, of attending meaningful short calendar sessions where the Joe Delaneys, Jack Flanagans and Howard Jacobs would

argue “the law.” And from what they did, other lawyers learned not just law but a style of practice. And from these interactions they would get to know each other, face to face. It’s easier to toss invectives at and to bluster an adversary you only know through curt letters or snotty emails. Personal interaction, knowing each other, is the lubricant that inhibits that kind of conduct.

Carrie’s solution was to create and generate circumstances where interactions would occur, both social and educational. She pushed and promoted events, getting increasing numbers of lawyers involved. Bench-Bar receptions, Holiday Parties, softball games and charitable projects. She organized seminars. She scheduled judicial lunches with judges so we could know the judges who sat on our cases. She appreciated and maintained this publication which disseminated news and observations sometimes wry, occasionally informative and often interesting.

And above all, Carrie was dogged in preserving the two NHCBA institutions of consummate importance to our New Haven practice: the Memorial Service and the Annual Dinner. The Memorial Service is important because it maintains our history by recognizing those who have made it. And the Annual Dinner does the same. Attendance at both, much of it through her efforts, is mandatory for any self-respecting New Haven County lawyer.

Carrie was effervescent, always upbeat, always positive. She was prim. She was proper. She excelled at the social niceties. She appreciated “style.” But what she did for NHCBA was more than serving petit-fours at ever-so-nice tea parties. Her contributions had substance. Carrie understood that by doing what she did she helped lawyers maintain the New Haven style of lawyering, a style based on candor, trust and, despite occasional lapses, more than a little courtesy and watching out for others.

Thank you, Carrie.

Edward Walsh’s Tribute, *continued from p. 3*

relationship grew, so did our personal relationship outside of the Association. We soon became best friends and, together with our spouses, Elizabeth and Tom, we socialized often.

Carrie led a charge that revolutionized all aspects of the Association. It didn’t take long for her to become the face of the NHCBA. She spearheaded many of its events and programs. One of the more memorable soirees was the Halloween Bash of 2000. Carrie (and Mike Sulzbach) somehow convinced the Chief Court Administrator to allow the Foundation arm of the NHCBA to host a Halloween costume party at the G.A. 6 courthouse. Carrie billed it as “The Little Court of Horrors” and held it on a Saturday night, with 300 lawyers and judges drinking and dancing to the tunes of the Bailes-Gitlin Band in the grand concourse of G.A. 6. And we had a full bar to boot! Imagine walking into the courthouse today wearing a mask and drinking a scotch or a beer! You’d be quickly ushered to the lockup. But that was the magic of Carrie. She knew how to sell, and close, with the best of them.

Each year after my term ended, Carrie and I would chat over a cocktail after the crowd had cleared at the Annual Dinner. With another President’s term having just expired, I’d ask Carrie who was her favorite president, and she’d always say “You, of course, Ed – you were my first and my favorite.” Although flattered, I always left the conversation with the sneaking suspicion she gave

similar lines to all her other presidents. Carrie knew how to work a crowd, especially a crowd of lawyers!

Thanks for the wake-up call, Carrie. The Association misses you. I miss you more.

Editor’s Column, *continued from p. 2*

and loved to hear stories. When we mocked her in the Annual April Fool’s Issue of the Newsletter (now a victim to the economy), and her Junior League tendencies, she loved it. She was my advocate to NHCBA presidents when I complained of censorship and stepped on me when I went too far.

Her story isn’t over; she’s not here to tell it, but we can. Her untimely passing inspired us in many ways; the one which comes immediately to mind is her unsaid admonition to enjoy life, to enjoy every day, and don’t take the speed bumps on the way too seriously. I’ll miss you, Carrie.



“Carrie” as portrayed in the 2003 April Fool’s issue of Marble Columns

Reflections on My Friend Carrie

by Howard Levine

The witch hat Carrie wore to a Halloween party says it all. Even though she tried to go full Wicked Witch of the West, Carrie couldn't pull off anything other than Glenda, the Good Witch of the North. (I'm pretty certain I was dressed as a cow, which I executed brilliantly, but that's not important right now.) No matter the hat, Carrie was always smiling, hugging people and telling them how much she loved them. Not exactly the kind of person you want to drop a house on.

Okay, maybe a few times. For now, though, we'll concentrate on the Glenda moments.

Lots of people have lots of stories about Carrie that involve drinking in one form or another and they are incredibly funny. I have my share and I enjoy hearing and telling them as much as anyone, but I find myself slightly more reflective now. Sitting here with my eyes closed trying to think of things to write about Carrie, I keep coming back to the same images. The best way to describe them is sweet.

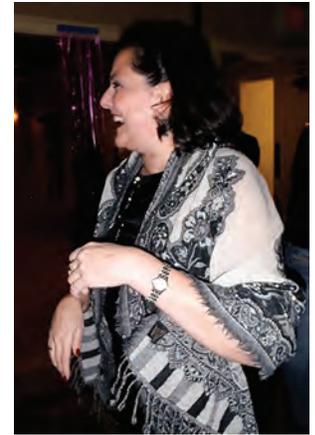
There's no need to recount the last five years beginning when Carrie's husband Tom struggled with and succumbed to prostate cancer, only to be followed by Carrie's own diagnosis. Just about that long ago, though, I attended Kim Zarra's wedding with the two of them. (Kim deserves her own special tribute for all she did for Carrie, but that's not important right now.) I just remember Carrie and Tom dancing and genuinely enjoying being with one another. The world hadn't yet come crashing down around their heads and they were happy.

As I think back on it, dancing always made Carrie happy. Her college friends came to Connecticut to celebrate her 50th birthday

and they recreated a long-standing tradition dating back to their days at University of Virginia: they did the Time Warp. I've been to more screenings of *Rocky Horror Picture Show* than I care to reveal, but they had nothing on Carrie and her friends. There was as much enthusiasm in the room that night, not to mention sunglasses and fake boas, as I had ever seen in a theater.

At the opposite end of the spectrum are the countless quiet times I spent with Carrie. It is remarkable how positive she was. I can remember when someone would do something that made her less than happy, she would always begin with, "You know, I love so and so, but..." (I would love to know how many people reading this now just substituted their own names for "so and so", but that's not important right now.)

I will leave you with one last image of Carrie that I can only hope as many of you as possible got to experience. I have seen it many times and been lucky enough to be on the receiving end. Just saying thank you wasn't nearly good enough or big enough for Carrie. She would come up to someone, give them a giant hug and say "I love you" in a very long drawn out way that seemed to last at least a full minute. Who could ever want to drop a house on someone that could make you feel that good about yourself?



Dancing Carrie at her 50th Birthday Bash

The NABE Remembers Carrie

Editor's Note: Carrie served as President of the National Association of Bar Executives (NABE) from 2010 to 2011. Her colleagues at NABE share their appreciation and admiration of Carrie in the following tributes.

When Julia Baldini asked me to write an article about Carrie, I was eager to share some thoughts about our colleague, but as the deadline approached, it became apparent that the task would be harder than I had first imagined. So many others worked with Carrie longer or had more intimate relationships with her... what could I add? As the ABA liaison to NABE during her presidential term, we worked together as officer and executive. We were friendly, but not close buddies. I was beginning to think that I would do just as well to tell Julia, "thanks for asking, but no, thank you."

Over the Easter weekend, as I was doing some spring cleaning, going through papers and culling items for shredding and recycling, I came across an envelope with a return address from New Haven. I knew what was in it before



1963 Carrie

looking: Carrie's 2011 Christmas card, a beautiful snapshot of Carrie as a cherubic toddler perched on a rocking horse in front of a tinsel-laden Christmas tree in December 1963. Smiling, chin upward, with her Prince Valiant bob, Carrie held one hand in the air, palm upward, devil-may-care. With the other, she held tightly to the spoke jutting out of the side of her new pony's head.

Staring at Carrie's cheerful greeting, I wondered if I should take some special meaning from the appearance of the card. That Carrie had sent a photo of herself in her first year of life for what turned out to be her last Christmas seemed somehow prescient in retrospect. I wondered if December '63 Carrie would have done anything differently if she could have known there'd only be 50 Christmases. Most everything was ahead of her then... the continued adoration of her parents, her brother's love and sibling quarrels, the friends she would make, the classes in history and drama...*emphasis on drama!* Still yet to come, the jobs she would take on and the volunteer efforts into which she would throw herself, meeting and marrying Tom, vacations on Maine's rocky coast and dreams fulfilled and not.

Continued on page 6

Ahead of her, the first bout with the Big C. I did not know her well then. Really, I only knew that she had had the scourge... and when she made her triumphant return, seeing her frightened me a little, as if she were somehow contagious. A few years later, when I was the one with wispy hair and naked brows, it was I who might have engendered fear. But when our eyes locked on a chance meeting in the ladies room at a NABE meeting shortly after my own reentry, there was simply a split second when I knew that in me Carrie saw a reminder of her past illness. If she was spooked, I couldn't tell; there was just an unspoken acknowledgement of our common adversary. And, hale and hardy, she was then proof to me that it was possible to survive and thrive!

Carolyn Sue "Carrie" Breen Witt was naturally gifted with boundless energy and an abundance of joie de vivre. She brought these gifts to everything she embraced: the New Haven County Bar Association and its Foundation, the Junior League, Girl Scouts and, of course, the National Association of Bar Executives (NABE).

I had the privilege of meeting Carrie through her service with NABE. When I was a new member, Carrie made it her business to make sure I felt included, and soon, like so many of the new NABE members, I had the privilege of calling her a dear friend. At the time, I was executive director of the Fairfax Bar Association, and since we were both local bar executives, we often shared rooms at conventions to defray costs. I got to witness Carrie in action firsthand, which is to say, as an ambassador of NABE. She dedicated herself to welcoming new members. Bo Landrum, Executive Director of Birmingham (AL) Bar said of Carrie:

"When I first began to participate in NABE several years ago, Carrie was the first to walk right up and make me feel welcome. Her positive energy was remarkable and genuine interest in others apparent. While she will be missed, we are better off for having crossed her path."

Carrie volunteered to speak on any number of panels and programs, as a presenter and a moderator, she joined the board and she ultimately, became the NABE president. Prior to joining the NABE Board, Carrie served the organization as the chair of the LRIS Forum, a member of the Metropolitan Bar Caucus Executive Committee, as well as serving on many committees, including Small Bar Conference, Chief Staff Executive, Scholarship, and Membership. Serving on the NABE Board, she represented the organization well by serving as chair of the Finance and Audit Committee, as well as chairing several working board groups. If something needed to get done, Carrie was a NABE "go-to" resource.

During her term of office as NABE president, Carrie led the organization ably to draft and execute the first Memorandum of Understanding with the ABA Division of Bar Services, which provides staff support for NABE. Prior to Carrie's leadership, there was no formal agreement between NABE and DBS. She worked

A decade later, though, everything is behind Carrie. Her service to NABE and the friendships she made as a result; her dedication to the New Haven legal community; Russian bar leaders; flower shows; Girl Scout cookies; and a dog with a terrible under bite. Behind her the loss of the love of her life and watching her own slip away despite believing she could go on simply on will. Maybe December '63 Carrie would not have changed a thing given the opportunity, but I like to think she might have ridden the rocking horse with both hands up. As for the special meaning of the appearance of the card at just the moment I needed some inspiration, Carrie would say, "Pam, I think it just means you need to throw away some of that paper." – *Pamela E. Robinson,*

Associate Director/NABE & NCBP Liaison

with the DBS team to craft a set of mutual duties and set forth a document detailing expectations between the two organizations. This was a milestone in the history of NABE.

Also during Carrie's term as President, NABE launched its new, polished and sophisticated website. By upgrading the site, NABE was able to conduct e-commerce, which streamlined our operations and reduced staff time. Many other administrative efforts were enacted to enhance the operations of NABE.

As you may have gathered by now, Carrie was the center of activity at NABE meetings — she was in her true element of leading events for professional networking. One example of her prowess was her signature trek to Dinotto's Restaurant followed by a show at Second City Comedy Club in conjunction with the ABA's Bar Leadership Institute (BLI) in Chicago each year. The BLI is designed to provide resources to bar volunteers as they embark on their leadership at their respective bars. It is an event that provides a chance for bar executives and elected leaders to bond and plan for the officer's term as president. Carrie conceived of and single handedly organized as many as 50 people to provide an iconic bonding experience for bar executives and their leaders. The BLI was held this March in Chicago, and no one could step in to fill Carrie's role as the ring leader for this tradition.

NABE set up a website for our members to honor Carrie's memory with tributes and photos. I invite you to visit our [site](#).

I thank the members and leaders of the New Haven County Bar Association for sharing Carrie with NABE. She was instrumental in the success of our organization, on a personal and professional level. Your commitment to her professional development made her very successful, helped her better serve your association, and made NABE a better organization.

Carrie was like family to me. I see and hear her often, not only at NABE meetings, but in so many memories of our travels and antics together. Yet Carrie's contributions to NABE left a legacy we can all take comfort in those days we find ourselves missing her bountiful energy. – *Yvonne C. McGhee, Executive Director,*

The Virginia Bar Association

**SAVE THESE DATES: Fall Bench-Bar Reception – September 12, 2013, New Haven Lawn Club
2013 Annual Dinner – October 3, 2013, Anthony's Ocean View**



A Celebration of Carrie's Brief, Wonderful Life



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Andrew Knott's Tribute, *continued from p. 3*

Carrie's civic sense propelled her to hold top leadership positions in the Junior League of Greater New Haven and the Girl Scouts of America; Carrie also volunteered for the benefit of the American Cancer Society and Acadia National Park, amongst others. The latter is where she took her honeymoon with Tom and later maintained a cottage, which she loved.

Carrie met her untimely death in much the same way that she lived her life: With grace, dignity, humor and quiet faith, all of which was witnessed by many members of our Bar who were with her in her last days, in addition to her family and a few close friends.

Aristotle observed that all stories end as either comedies or tragedies. It would be easy to conclude that Carrie's life ended in tragedy, given how she and Tom were both taken by the same illness at a premature age. That we are even thinking of Carrie's life in such thespian terms would bring about a wry smile to her face.

And that smile would be a rightful one, given that Carrie's life was not a tragedy at all, but a joyful and well-performed example of a life-well lived. (She would joke that Tom and she had the same oncologist!)

One more fact: Carrie loved Christmas. That she passed on December 23 is somewhat fitting, given that it allowed her to be Home just in time for her favorite holiday.



Thespian Carrie in a Cabaret performance.

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