

Court Dates

Nobody asked but ...

The judge was pleasant, but she ate my lunch, kicked my tail, and showed me the door. I was there petitioning to be the administrator of my Father's estate, as was indelibly requested in his will. This is the third time in my life of seventy plus years that I have appeared in a court, and this is the worst — perhaps because it is the first occasion in an un-indoctrinated state [dynamic] of mind. I was charged, as a teen driver, with passing a school bus, but that was a mistaken ID. I had successfully petitioned 14 years ago to be the admin of my Mother's will. This time, however, even though I went to the courthouse on the first business (I use the term advisedly since the court obviously has no business motivations) day possible. There I asked for the form. It was a bewildering conglomeration of uses — why do they have forms if they want it to be one size fits all. I have always heard that form should follow function. Whatever. I filled it out to the best of my ability, but there were numerous blank spots. So I took the form to the clerk and asked specifically for guidance. I was told to do a few things more that could be done while I awaited my court date 3 weeks from then. When I got to court, on time, I got to sit through an hour's worth of lawyers on parade. When the room was finally cleared of suits, I was the first commoner called. It was like sending a child into the ring with whomever is the reigning king of the professional wrestling circuit, a debacle. The judge lectured me on not having an attorney, and then demanded several extralegal kowtows that I had no way of foreseeing. I left the courtroom with my head under my arm, left to contemplate the American justice system for another 5 weeks before my next day in court, feeling like a chastened child.

Kilgore