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## PATRICIA ANN DORE—A PERSONAL VIEW

THOMAS B. GAINES, JR.\*

I do not know what others were doing when they received the news that Pat Dore was no longer with us, but I remember that day quite clearly. It began as most Mondays begin. I had difficulty rolling out of bed, not wanting to start the new week so early. There was the usual chaos associated with preparing the children for the day ahead. I managed to negotiate the city traffic and get to the office. At the time I was involved in a rather large project that consumed almost all of my time. Upon arriving at my office I began the tasks at hand.

It was a brisk winter day. The sun was shining through my office window warming me at my desk. The sky was clear. It promised to be a beautiful day. Around midmorning I received a message that a law school classmate had called. This was a pleasant surprise. This classmate and I had shared many anxiety-laden experiences in law school. We tried to keep in contact as much as possible, but it had been several months since we had spoken. Always happy to hear from my friend, I looked forward to speaking with him.

It was late afternoon before we spoke. The conversation was very short. His words continue to ring in my ears: "Pat Dore has passed away." Although we had many common experiences in law school, the one common experience that meant most to us was having had the opportunity to get to know Pat Dore.

My friend and I talked briefly about the devastating impact of his news. I asked about others of our "guys" who might need to be informed, but he had spoken with them as well. We both thought it was such a tragedy that Pat should be stopped at this point in her life while having so much more to give. We wanted more. We ended our conversation, and I returned the handset to its cradle.

I was in shock. It seemed incredible that this could happen. Forty-seven years old—a mere youngster by some reckonings. No tragic traffic accident, no violent crime; just Pat Dore, deceased from natural causes—causes she had fought as long as I had known her.

I didn't find the courage to call Dean Don Weidner to confirm this news until Tuesday morning. I wanted my friend to be wrong. Per-

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haps he had not gotten the whole story. Maybe Pat had lapsed into a coma and rumor had exaggerated the situation. I could tell that the news was true from the tone of Don's voice. Don and I discussed the plans that were being made for Pat, and Don suggested that I might speak at a memorial service. Flattered and frightened, I agreed and rearranged my schedule so I could attend.

On Wednesday evening I arrived at the airport about thirty minutes early to catch a flight to Tallahassee, and I learned that the flight was delayed for about two hours. Usually a delayed flight is not good news, and my initial reactions were frustration and anger. In addition to not wanting to be delayed, I had arranged a meeting in Tallahassee for later that evening. This delay, however, must have been heaven-sent. I had not yet taken the time to reflect upon my friend or on what I might say at her memorial service, so I took that opportunity to do so.

I found an empty gate area, pulled a pad and pen from my case, and attempted to write. I was unable to write sentences about Pat, so I started writing words: Aggressive. Passionate. Difficult. Spirited. Caring. Nurturing. Strong. Focused. Compassionate. Firm. Warm. Fiery. Champion. Dedicated. Loyal. Wise. Genuine. Giving. Challenging. Motivator. Fun. Smiling. Professor. Teacher. Colleague. Sister. Counselor. Mentor. Friend. These words I wrote in remembrance of my friend Pat Dore, a person for whom the depth of my respect and admiration cannot be quantified.

I am sure that Pat was many things to many people. She was strong-willed and determined. Pat had a clear sense of right and wrong, of appropriate and inappropriate. As I sat and waited for my plane, I began to reminisce about Pat.

I remembered the first occasion I had to meet and talk with Pat. It was in January 1984. I arrived at the FSU Law School with high hopes and mediocre expectations. I had heard many horror stories about law school and had received my share of advice from my lawyer friends on the appropriate approach to take. I was determined to succeed, but "success" at that time meant surviving long enough to get a degree. Well, much to my surprise, and to the surprise of many of my lawyer friends, I exceeded my wildest expectations in the first semester. I was not at the very top of my class, but it was clear to me that I should reevaluate my expectations and establish new goals.

I was feeling proud and quite full of myself. I sought the counsel of Professor Mildred Robinson and asked her about the possibility of obtaining a clerkship at the end of my first year. Professor Robinson gave me the benefit of her counsel, but she suggested that there was

another person to whom I should speak. "Go and talk with Pat Dore," she said. I have never received better advice.

I was enrolled in Pat's Constitutional Law class at the time and had "survived" (I thought) my first encounter with Pat in class, so I went to talk with her. Pat's door, as usual, was open, and she allowed me an audience. I sensed her measuring me as I introduced myself and told her my intentions. I asked for her help. I guess it was easy for Pat to see that I was almost completely ignorant about the operation of law firms in general and clerking in particular. She took some time to talk to me in very basic terms about both. We discussed the local market for clerks, and she gave me advice on positioning myself for obtaining a permanent position after law school. At the conclusion of our talk she asked how I had fared in the first semester. Quite proudly, I told her. Without changing her expression, she said: "We'll see how well you do in my con-law class." As I came to learn, Pat had a way of helping you keep things in the proper perspective.

Pat seemed to take it upon herself to counsel and shepherd me through the pitfalls of law school and the search for permanent employment. And, yes, she helped me keep things in the proper perspective. In our discussions the seed of a friendship was planted, a seed that grew steadily into a towering tree, firm and tall, with a multitude of branches.

I also thought that evening of Pat's favorite class, the Supreme Court Role-Playing Seminar. Pat enjoyed watching students grow from first-year ignorance to third-year impatience, budding lawyers eager to seek their fortunes and to provide a service to our society. Usually she would "select" a few students, a group she affectionately called her "guys," from the first-year class. It appeared that this group came primarily from her Constitutional Law class, perhaps because she had an opportunity to "test" them firsthand. She would follow her "guys" all the way through law school and into practice.

If a student met Pat's cut, he or she was selected by Pat to participate in Pat's Supreme Court Role-Playing Seminar. I was one of the lucky ones. Pat appointed me to the role of Chief Justice of the United States, a position held at that time by Warren Burger. Pat and I discussed a few of the ironies attendant to my appointment.

Pat took great pride in the seminar. Oral arguments were held in the chambers of the Florida Supreme Court. On one occasion we heard arguments on a First Amendment case, and Pat convinced then-Dean Sandy D'Alemberte to argue before the Court. After hearing oral arguments, the Court and the advocates would retire to the faculty library to hold our conference.

One of the cases we selected involved a jury selection question in a death penalty case. The conference on that case was particularly heated. Pat watched and listened, but she did not speak. Each of the justices gave his or her view of the issues and the law and tried, without saying specifically, to convey his or her view of the appropriate outcome. After all the justices had an opportunity to speak, it appeared that the final vote would be five to four for reversal, with the Chief Justice on the short side. Justice Brennan was looking smug. So, before the final vote, I called a fifteen-minute recess. While on recess, I spoke briefly with Justice Blackmun about the case. The final vote was five to four to affirm. I appointed Justice Blackmun to draft the opinion for the Court. Needless to say, I received massive abuse from Pat.

We never finished a conference before midnight. Pat would not interject any comments during oral arguments or during conference. Her role was recorder—a job to which I appointed her because of her insistence that the Chief Justice was in complete control of the seminar. After conference, we would reconvene at a local establishment to wet our whistles. Pat was right there with us, drinking her Stolli's on the rocks. The discussions were lively, and Pat joined us with full vigor, challenging concepts and the very basis for the decisions upon which we were relying for our arguments. Pat always stayed until we were ready to leave, which meant when the proprietors were ready to shut down operations for the evening.

Finally, I thought about the many conversations Pat and I had after I left the law school. Pat always had time to listen and give advice and counsel. Pat was a great supporter. She kept me informed about the law school, and we spoke often about her "guys." Pat would talk with you about her "guys" any time you wanted.

I need not bear witness to the fact that Pat Dore has had a positive impact on the state of Florida. The Privacy Amendment to the *Florida Constitution*,<sup>1</sup> the impact she had on the development of the Florida Administrative Procedure Act,<sup>2</sup> and the high esteem in which Pat was held by people at the highest levels of Florida government (including the legislative, executive, and judicial branches) and by members of the press speak loudly enough. My voice is not needed to attest to the positive impact that Pat had at the FSU Law School. One need only talk with any of the faculty, staff, or students at the law school, whether current or past, to determine that Pat was genuine and kind to all she touched—always respecting her fellow's rights and

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1. FLA. CONST. art. I, § 23.

2. Ch. 74-310, 1974 Fla. Laws 952 (codified at FLA. STAT. §§ 120.50-.73 (1991)).

trying to instill a respect for those rights in others. I can attest, however, to the fact that Pat had a profoundly positive impact on me. Of all the things I enjoyed about law school, I most enjoyed interacting with Pat. Pat had a cheerful smile and always seemed to have a positive outlook. She was a truly refreshing person.

I believe that in a lifetime we have several opportunities to meet good acquaintances, but we have precious few opportunities to find a "friend." Patricia Ann Dore was my friend. In the final analysis, I have but one real regret—that it took me thirty years to find Pat Dore.

Yes, I am one of the lucky ones, and I am infinitely richer for having known Pat. Pat is gone. But she is not, and will not be, forgotten. When I think of the FSU Law School and the pleasures I found there, and even when I think of myself as a member of the bar, I will think of Patricia Ann Dore. I will smile and say: "Thank you, Pat. I love you, and I miss you."

