

A LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS FROM A VERY GOOD BOY

Dear Santa:

I wanted to get my letter to you early because it is a known fact that you deal with all the good little boys and girls first and, as usual, I have been gooder than gold. Therefore, I appreciate your putting my requests at the front of the line. Should you hear anything to the contrary about me, just ignore the whiners. They probably live in blue states and are suffering from PMS (Post-election Miseries Syndrome).

First, I would like an adding machine for Georgia Tech quarterback Reggie Ball, who seems to have trouble keeping up with something as complicated as four downs. I consider this request a priority. Otherwise, he is liable to find himself fourth-and-goal in the Whozits Bowl this year and throw the ball into the press box as he did at the end of the Georgia-Georgia Tech game. Also, if you could let me know what Reggie is majoring in at Tech, I would appreciate it. If he is planning on building bridges for a living, I need to take swimming lessons.

Next, I would like a round of applause for the University of Georgia, the nation's oldest state-chartered university, located in Athens, the Classic City of the South. My alma mater has won the state football championship again, and I can breathe easy for another year. To the young whippersnappers who consider the season a failure because UGA did not win the SEC title or a national championship: You should have been around in the 1950s when a four-win season was considered a success and when Tech whipped our fannies eight years in a row. For us old-timers, there is only one game that matters: Georgia Tech.

This is an easy one, Santa. I want many years of success for our newest U.S. Senator Johnny Isakson. Mark my words: It won't be long before we will be comparing Isakson to another one of Georgia's legendary senators, Sam Nunn. Like Nunn, Isakson will be highly effective in the U.S. Senate and, like Nunn, respected around the world. As we say down here in Georgia — he's a good 'un.

This one might be a little harder, but see if you can sneak a winning lottery ticket to Howard Mead. The guy spent \$3 million trying to get elected to the Georgia Court of Appeals — and lost! Not only that, but almost every night I received taped telephone messages from former Gov. Roy Barnes, former Director of Public Safety Robert Hightower and Jesse "Rhyme Time" Jackson, imploring me to vote for Mead. Yet, Mead couldn't beat Debbie Bernes, who ran a low-key, under-the-radar campaign and probably spent about twenty bucks on yard signs. If someone had given me \$3 million, I could have gotten Tickle Me Elmo elected to the Court of Appeals.

Please send my pen pal Patch a magnifying glass. Patch is a Bible-thumping Baptist who evidently thinks a woman can be secretary of state, senator, governor, Fortune 500 CEO, astronaut, physician or maybe even president of the United States, but not a preacher. Patch says there is a biblical injunction against it. I read the same passages Patch did and it also says divorce is a no-no, but Charles Stanley, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Atlanta, is divorced and keeps on preaching. Maybe the magnifying glass can help Patch read the whole passage and then tell me why it applies to women, but not to divorced men.

Now for some miscellaneous requests: Please send an unlimited supply of ammunition to Kerry supporters so they can continue to shoot the messenger (me) after blowing an election that Sheila the Family Wonderdog could have predicted they would lose; a touch of class for show-off professional athletes (this may be an impossible request); some well-deserved respect for our public school teachers; and a shortage of squirrels, broccoli and smug liberal weenies, all of which serve no useful purpose except to ruin my sweet disposition.

Finally, Santa, please figure out a way to get our troops home from Iraq sooner rather than later. God knows they deserve a little Peace on Earth.

Your friend,
Dick