

May 15, 2006

## DO REPUBLICANS REALLY WANT THE WOMAN WHO SHARES MY NAME RUNNING FOR OFFICE?

I'm not sure how Republicans go about identifying potential candidates, but they might want to rethink their strategy. A few weeks ago, the Woman Who Shares My Name received an automated call from the GOP, asking if she would be interested in running for public office.

That this call got through at all was nothing short of a miracle. If you are not — in this order — grandsons, children, in-law children, good friends, Sen. Johnny Isakson or Pat the Painter, chances are she isn't going to waste lot of time with you. While I patiently explain to the people doing telephone surveys that I probably wouldn't be the highest and best source for the information they are seeking, but that I do very much appreciate them thinking of me, the WWSMN doesn't let them get beyond "Good evening, madam, we are doing a survey on ..." (CLICK.)

Perhaps she was too dumbfounded that someone actually thinks she would make a viable political candidate to cut the machine off in mid-speech. She has always ceded weighty matters to me. I must admit being momentarily miffed that the Republicans — or Democrats, for that matter — didn't sic their automated machine on me first. Then I remembered nobody likes me — a formidable obstacle when running for public office.

At the present time I have flaggers, Yankees, Muslims, Baptists, liberals, illegal immigrants (who aren't supposed to vote, but probably do), several members of the Board of Regents, the president of the University of Georgia, more than a few prominent politicians, a couple of newspaper editors and a majority of the blowhard boosters in the dysfunctional City of Atlanta mad at me. That is an enemies list too formidable to overcome, even for someone with my immense talent, extraordinary charisma and much-admired humility.

But do the Republicans really want the Woman Who Shares My Name holding public office? They need to think that prospect through carefully. In the first place, she doesn't care about party affiliations. She likes Zell Miller and Roy Barnes, both Democrats (although one has to wonder what party Miller belongs to these days). Good family men, she states. She also likes Gov. Sonny Perdue for the same reason. The governor likes her, too. At a recent reception held by the influential political publication James Magazine to recognize movers and shakers in Georgia (I was included because of my much-admired humility), Perdue spoke briefly with me, but spent most of his time chatting with you-know-who. Smart man.

And then there is her political agenda. If elected to the Georgia Legislature, the WWSMN's first act would be to make outlet shopping the state's official sport. She would also author a bill to slap upside the head anybody who criticizes public education in Georgia, since both her son and son-in-law are hardworking, conscientious high school science teachers, and her beloved grandsons are products of public education.

She would do such a good job in the Legislature that she would be elected to Congress. There, she would enact a law requiring Ted Kennedy and Patrick Kennedy to walk everywhere instead of driving so that if they get drunk, they can just fall down on the pavement instead of plunging into lakes and smashing concrete abutments. She would also make all the senators and congressmen quit talking ugly about each other because it turns off the public.

That would get her elected president. After moving the Capitol to St. Simons to be near the outlet malls, she would ban the Internet and television commercials because she hates them both. She would name Reba McIntire to some high-level job because she loves Reba. After making a piece of charcoal out of that jive-talking scumbag in Iran, the Woman Who Shares My Name would retire and become the first-ever president from Georgia who (a) was competent and (b) didn't go around criticizing other presidents.

None of this will happen, of course, because the WWSMN hates politics like a dog hates a flea dip. If the Republicans call her again next year I'll bet she hangs up on them. Unless they can trick her into thinking they are Pat the Painter.