

I'VE BEEN ASKED MANY TIMES about my views on the election. I'm thrilled to talk to anyone who will listen to me regarding this year's election. Finally, I have an outlet for my opinion. Dull. Why? It's about my own candidate. He reminds me of a character from the movie "Weekend at Bernie's." The setting is a typical beach at spring break. The main character is a dead man, Bernie. A collection of very drunk college -ages kids in places like boats, beach houses, and bathrooms props him up. No matter where they go, they take Bernie, Dead Bernie, with them. They put various hats and sunglasses on him, even change his clothes, so that no one will know that he's dead. We, the viewers, know he's dead, but the other folks in the movie become friends with Bernie. They have great conversations with him; he's a great listener. That's my candidate.

I watched the Republican convention with no expectations. Curious. That's what I was. The woman named Palin, a beauty queen, somehow managed to breathe life into McBernie, the semi-alive senator. I missed the first two or three minutes of her speech. The first thing I heard her say was, "Our nominee for president is a true profile of courage." I noticed myself leaning a little closer to the TV and thinking, "Wow, she's beautiful!" I'm a typical woman checking out the clothes, the hair and make-up. I was glad to see her wearing glasses. They look like mine!

The more I heard, the more I wanted to hear. The more I looked, the more I wanted to see. When I listened to her, I felt comforted and reassured. It seemed that my life would be important to her, that my needs as a single mother would not be over-looked, that my income would not be pilaged to pay for programs that I morally oppose. She spoke strongly, smiled, and colored in a black -outline image of a man. The color photograph she showed me was incredible. It had depth, dark and light areas, and a background something like you see in an Italian fresco. The portrait she painted was filled with vivid colors, rich reds, deep ambers, almost a halo appeared around the war wounds. The dark areas were the time when McCain suffered for his country, his people. She completed the painting. What was a black and white Picasso became a Michelangelo.

I was a college Young Democrat. I campaigned about 15 hours a week for Bill Clinton during his first run at the Presidency. That was before I had children. When real -life hit, my values shifted. I work in education and when I saw how my tax dollars were spent on meaningless programs, I slowly shifted into a more conservative frame of mind. I want to keep more of my own money. I want to feel safe from outside threats. I want to know that unborn children will have a voice. Sara Palin sparked something in me. Hope and a little enthusiasm for something better, something different. She's got five kids and is still married. Her teenager is pregnant and she didn't kick her out of the house, she didn't encourage and pay for an abortion. She, herself, gave birth to a down -syndrome baby. She stood by her values-- twice.

Where am I now? I work 50 hours a week, take my kids to four different after-school activities, go to church on Sunday and ask God to show me that I do have enough time to meet all my responsibilities. Nevertheless, I'm ready to call the local McCain headquarters and ask how I can help the Republican Party. Bernie wasn't dead. He was just asleep. The Palin Princess woke him up.



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