Obamania Is Not Genetic

March 19, 2008 By Shawn Decker

On Monday I went to my old stomping grounds, Waynesboro, to meet up with my family for dinner at a Japanese Steakhouse. The new kid on the block, Helayna, was there, as was my 9-year old niece, Katelyn. Halfway through dinner, I leaned over to Katie and asked her about something that had been bothering me.

“Is your sister mad at me?”

“What Uncle Poo?”

“She’s not talking to me…” I started.

“SHE CAN’T TALK!”

Fortunately for Katie and Helayna, they’re too young to vote, too. I write this because 2008 is a tough election cycle for the family Decker: my parents love Hillary, my bro has always carried the burden of being the sole Republican in a “blue family” (I’ve had it easier as the guy with AIDS in the family) and I’m for Obama.

At dinner, the chef was flipping pieces of food into our mouths. We all had a good time and, thankfully, political views were not on the menu. There was no discussion over who would answer a phone at 3 A.M. Personally, the thought of having a Phone Sleeper as President makes me sick to my stomach, but that’s *my* issue, which I’ve already touched upon in a previous blog.

One funny thing Mom said a couple of weeks ago was: “Obama is pie in the sky! Hillary will put bread on the table!” Are they running for the President of Russia, 1908? (I don’t know Russian history, be nice, History majors.)

For a lot of reasons, my parents think people will flock to McCain if it comes down to him and Obama. That Hillary is tough enough to take him down, that “it takes a Clinton to clean up after a Bush!” In some ways, it’s win-win for me: if Obama gets the nomination that’s great, since I really

think he’s the best person of the final three for the job.

If Hillary does, then I don’t have to hear anymore slogans or doomsday scenarios.

And, I guess, if John McCain gets elected, I don’t have to worry about being drafted to fight in a war. The Army hasn’t- as of yet- been strained to the point where they are reaching out to thinbloods. But I’ll let everyone know if I see an Army Recruiter at the next hemophilia conference. (I know, there’s no talk of draft.)

Whatever the outcome, I simply don’t want politics to put a strain on any of the relationships I have with the people I love most because, God only knows, I’m still trying to rebuild my relationship with young Helayna, who still isn’t returning my phone calls.

Positively Yours,

Shawn

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