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So I Married a Republican

I was not raised in a staunch political household. My mother came from a Southern Democrat family, while my father's family purported Yankee Republicanism, and for this reason, neither of them ever voted. "We'd just cancel each other out," my mother told me once. Regardless of their differing partisan tendencies, my parents had something in common: a general distrust of politicians. "If they've made it far enough up the ladder to become a national leader, they've almost certainly done something crooked," my father once told me.

It is no wonder that my adult political beliefs were so muddled. In my confusion, I almost voted for Ross Perot a few years back, but I didn't like his haircut, and thus emerged my new political decision-making strategy: forget the issues (since all of the candidates are going to say one thing and do another anyway) and vote for the candidate with the best hair. It was this more-informed method of selection that led me to vote for George W. Bush in the 2000 elections. While his eyebrows were mildly scary, his overall hairdo seemed the most appropriate for international social occasions. I have Bush's barber to thank for my current marital status. In Bush's third year in office, I married a Republican.

My husband, Tim, is the poster boy for Republicanism: a self-propelled business owner with one finger on the pulse of the stock market and another finger book-marking Rush Limbaugh's autobiography. Family reunions are highlighted with vital political news. "You're not going to believe what Hilary Clinton did while living in the White House," my new father-in-law tells me when we visit. "She spent valuable tax dollars flying back and forth from the White House to Camp David in a Learjet because she left her favorite pantyhose hanging over the shower curtain rod. Can you believe that? We could have built another bomb with that money!" Republicanism is in this family's blood. They even sweat conservatively.

Thus it is no wonder that my husband is mortified by my political stance on issues such as presidential grooming, and how those issues affect my vote. “Are you a Democrat or a Republican?” he asked me once.

“I don’t know,” I told him. “It depends.”

“Well, are you a liberal or a conservative?” he persisted.

“I don’t know,” I said. “I don’t think that the President should have a mohawk or anything, but if he wanted to get some highlights—.”

I saw the familiar crease of determination on his conservative brow. “Okay,” he sighed. “Let me just ask you a few questions, and maybe we can figure out where you stand. Do you believe in killing babies?”

“No!” I said, horrified.

“Good conservative answer.” He smiled. “Okay, do you believe in taking money away from businessmen and giving it to lazy, pot-smoking, baby-making people who don’t want to work?”

“No,” I said. “Of course not. That’s not fair.”

“Conservative,” he said breathlessly. “All right, do you think we should take away a person’s Constitutional right to protect himself, and let him be bludgeoned by street thugs?”

“Noooo,” I said slowly, beginning to suspect that his questions might be a little biased.

He beamed at my answer, and then continued. “Good. Here’s another question: Do you think that governments should step back and allow people to achieve their own personal level of financial achievement, or should they squash the American dream by placing ridiculous restrictions on normal operations and demanding that the business owners give their profits away?”

“Uh, the first thing,” I stammered.

He looked like he was ready to hug me. “Excellent. Now, do you think we as a country should sit back and watch while the very way of life that makes us United States citizens gets destroyed by communism and terrorism; do you think we should protect ourselves by any means necessary?”

I paused. “Protect ourselves?” I said carefully.

“My dear,” he exclaimed, swooping me up in his arms. “You are a conservative.”

“Okay,” I said, getting caught up in his excitement. I realized this meant a lot to our relationship. We no longer needed to discuss the division of our assets due to irreconcilable political differences.

So I married a Republican. He has deemed me worthy of the conservative banner, and has taught me how to shoot his .22. We say “under God” in our Pledge of Allegiance, pray for peace while preparing for war, and work toward achieving financial independence with the dream that made America the beacon of the free world. And when the 2004 elections come around, I will vote for President George W. Bush to maintain his office for a second term. Well, maybe. As long as he still has better hair than the other guy.