

My New Government, by God

If queried on the subject, I suspect all Republican candidates for president would confess to having a “personal relationship with God.” In fact, their connection with the Almighty is a major plank in all of their platforms. Certainly one of the reasons we’re told we can trust them with the awful power of the presidency is that they believe in a Christian God and would turn to Him in a crisis for a little earthly guidance. The ticklish bit is that they don’t all believe in the *same* God, which if you’re heavily invested in the belief business turns out to be a pivotal problem.

To highlight the differences among the various candidates, one has only to imagine how they might compose a one-paragraph letter to God.

Dear God:

Sorry I couldn’t take Your call the other day; Halliburton had me tied up with a \$2 million question that only I, as an historian, could answer about the Zeitgeist. Anyway, I’m extremely busy now, so I hope Your question is a simple one this time. BTW, Calista suggested I go through the normal RC channels to connect with you, but I told her I already had Your number (and visa versa) due to our earlier affiliations. So what’s the issue, woman trouble again, LOL? Next time you buzz, I promise I’ll pick up!

Bless Me,

Your Newtie-Kazootie

Dear God:

I know you will favor me in the coming election, as I am the only orthodox candidate, having never wavered in my beliefs. (I did go to medical school, but we all make mistakes when we’re young.) With Your help, I will dismantle all of Satan’s creation, Government, and return us to the Garden of Eden, where a Free Market will set the price for apples from the Tree of Knowledge so high that mankind won’t know what we’re missing, namely, modern life.

Written in charcoal on the back of shovel by your Pal,

Doctor Ron Paul

Dear God:

As You are keenly aware, only Mr. Huntsman and I are ever going to actually meet You and my poll numbers are much better than his! (We often share a laugh about what You do with all the letters You get from the hell-bound candidates, ha, ha!) I know Jon’s dad had more money than mine, but I’ve been more unscrupulous in chasing a dollar, so I hope You take that into consideration. If I turn out to be a truly disastrous choice for America, please don’t let anything bad happen to my hair!

The Best And Getting Better,

Soft, Furry-Mittens Romney

Dear God:

Yippee! I'm born again, which is a darn good thing because I surely came out a useless cretin the first time. Now I'm Governor of Texas, which a lot of folks realize is not much of a qualification, but I heard my predecessor was reading *My Pet Goat* when Saddam Hussein attacked America, and I read the same book cover to cover in less than an hour, so I reckon I otter be a great president, too. If I do become president I'll be checking in regular-like as they are already asking a lot of questions I don't understand.

Please give a big ol' Texas "Howdy!" to your Son and Mrs. Ghost,
Rick "The Dick" Perry

Dear God:

First, let me say I love everything about You. I like the way You walk. I like the way You talk. You're just all-around Neat-o. I'm so mad about how some Other People behave – fornicating and the like – and if You guide me to the presidency, I will be sure to give them all What For! I really don't care about anything else: who cares about the economy if one of your cousins is bugging a Great Dane? We've got to help the People focus on the Big Issues and I'm the man to do it!

PS: I'm much cleaner than the others – I exfoliate – so You can get as close as You want!

Got Your Back!
Rick Sanctorum

Dear God:

I know I don't need to talk long because I'm the richest Saint in the running, so just a quick note to observe the occasion. Your vision of confusing unchecked capitalism with Christian virtue will be realized on my Ascension, opening all sorts of new marketing opportunities for your Chosen People. We'll make a fortune, and what's more American than that! Tell you what, you throw in with me, I'll boost the tithe to 15% minimum, 20% for special consideration! It's win-win!

Your win-win-winner,
JH Jr.

Dear God:

I get the message. My husband's work curing the Gays is more important than my becoming Empress. I want You to know that it hurt when someone said I was "presidential timber, if by 'presidential' you mean "gets lost in the bathroom " and by 'timber' you mean 'moron.'" It hurts because I don't understand it. Maybe it's because I love America too much? I hope someone comes in this bathroom soon or I might be here all night.

XOXO, Michelle