

# President's Message

## The First Husband's Follies



First Husband, **Rick Blumen**, with the Presidential Tiara and First Son, **Daniel Blumen**, with the Beloved Big Bwown Thingie.

[Due to the ever-increasing demands on the time of President Price, along with the incessant whining of the First Husband to be allowed to either reform the national health care system or write a 700-word column, the following is a guest appearance by Rick Blumen, the Atlanta Bar Association's First Husband.]

I knew years ago that I'd be sharing the stage with my wife, supporting her as she ascended to the much-vaunted position of Atlanta Bar President. What I didn't know is that, by virtue of her position, I'd also come under the watchful and ever present eye of the media. I realized things had taken a dramatic turn when I was forced to start taking out the garbage in the wee hours of the morning to avoid the glare of the cameras and the incessant demands for comments. When I stepped on the cat's tail at 3:00 a.m. as I was returning to the house and awoke the sleeping hordes, I knew I needed to take a few moments to vent.

Celebrity couples such as Bennifer, Bradgelina and TomKat have nothing on us. Try being called "Riz" or "Lick". I have gotten used to Mr. Price. Now I send any unwanted mail or overdue bills to Liz's dad.

I have sought support or comfort from other First Husbands. My first call was to Bill Clinton. I was reminded that he was not, in fact, the First Husband. Could've fooled me. I really didn't have many role models. So I set out on my own path.

Most days, I manage quite well. As long as the clothes

for our son are left out, the table is set for every meal and the food is already cooked [with appropriate notation for how long I have to reheat in the microwave...along with directions to the kitchen]. Sometimes I am frustrated. Our five year old son, Daniel, tells everyone that his mom is The President. He carries around the Big Bwown Thingie and swings with frightening accuracy. He refuses to listen to anything I say: unless it is confirmed by The President. He has stopped asking me any questions since the smart one in our house is The President. I did take some perverse pleasure in revealing that her position was NOT the President of the United States. He has since taken to hiding his face from the reporters when we pull out of the driveway.

My duties as First Husband have, thus far, been fairly limited. Every month I edit the draft of the President's Column. To date, none of my edits have been accepted, primarily because I am told that scatological jokes aren't funny to most people over the age of twelve. Once a week I shine the tiara. The rest of the time, I stay out of the way.

In reality, Bar junkies are very interesting people. Sometimes. Occasionally. Once, a few years ago. I imagine attending Bar events is akin to a Star Wars convention: you know the general story line and the people in the various roles, but there is an other-worldly nature to how they interact with each other. They speak in a different language. They share acronyms of other Bar organizations. They laugh at each others jokes. Some have pointy ears. But I digress.

We are now halfway through this Presidential term. I anticipated a "lame duck" period to set in, but see no signs of such as yet. Instead, all the programs that had been discussed for six months are now in the throes of implementation with a vengeance. Most of the time, our family interaction with La Presidente feels like a brief interlude with a whirling dervish.

Ultimately, I expect I will miss the spotlight, the fanfare, the red carpet. I'll know our time has passed when I can shuffle out to get the paper in my bathrobe again. And Daniel has to return the Big Bwown Thingie. But a word of warning to Mr. President-Elect, Rick Herzog: don't even think about getting your hands on that tiara.



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*The regular, high-class edition of the President's Column will re-appear next month.*