

Switching the Playbook



IT has been some time since I last turned on that wretched radio. That radio upon my dash with its oversized button in the center, tempting me with all the complaints, gripes, and grievances of the world with just a simple nudge. But more so, to educate me about what the world really looks like, the world out there. The world at the southern border, the world of Silicon Valley, the world inside Arizona’s senatorial campaign headquarters. The world that lies just beyond the end of my block, just outside my office, and just past my local Walmart, supermarket, and dry cleaner. The world *out there*.

Then the day came when I did succumb to the temptation. The temptation to know what’s going on in the world out there. To do my due diligence as a U.S. citizen; to, at the very least, have an opinion on the pressing issues that threaten to divide our nation. To laugh along with the others at Biden’s embarrassing missteps, and to grow hysterical when discussing the hypocrisy of the media with regard to Hunter Biden’s laptop saga. So, on that fateful day, I succumbed to the temptation of that oversized button in the center of my dash, and gave it a nudge.

That day was an uneventful Monday afternoon, just eight days before the past midterm election, at

2 p.m. CST. The melodramatic country music which hailed in Sean Hannity’s afternoon show, along with the electrifying voice-over of Scott Shannon announcing, “Freedom is back in style, welcome to the revolution,” shook me out of my reverie and launched me full force into the revolution that I was, until then, unaware of.

Hannity began the hour by spouting research confirming that “voters continue to trust Republicans over Democrats,” and why shouldn’t they, after what the Democrats did to our country with their record-high inflation, rising gas prices, and the invasion at the southern border! He then played a

clip of Barack Obama, “the Anointed One,” as he likes to call him, poking fun at the Republicans who attempt to solve all problems by gutting Medicare and giving tax-cuts to the rich. “If there was an asteroid heading toward earth, and we got everybody in the room, [and someone] says, what’re we gonna do? [A Republican would say,] I think we should cut taxes for the wealthy!” [Roaring laughter]. I chuckled too, but then stopped abruptly. It wasn’t funny. We’re in the middle of a revolution.

I was nearing my destination, and thankfully so. I had heard enough of the hypocrisy on the left, of America’s GDP when Trump was in office, and of the crime in this country that is way out of control. He made his point; we are a week away from Election Day and there is far too much at stake to stay home and not vote in perhaps one of the most important elections of my lifetime. I gave the oversized button at the center of my dash another nudge and continued my day.

The next week arrived, Tuesday, November 8. I did truly intend to follow my given instructions and get out and vote; Republican, of course. Because not only was it my sacred right as a citizen of this blessed democracy, it was also all I could really do to stop the impending doom. So I turned into the parking lot of Milne Elementary School on Portal Dr., scanned the long line of cars

in front of me, glanced in the mirror at my three tired kids in the back seat, turned around and returned home. The world out there would need someone else to tend to it.

When the election results finally trickled in, it became apparent that I wasn't the only Republican voter who had stayed home on that Election Day. Not because I and all the others disagreed with GOP policies on any of the burning issues, or because we disliked any specific candidate, rather because the issues facing the world out there were not relevant enough to motivate me, and the millions of Americans like me, to endure the painfully long lines at the polls. Yes, we are being invaded at the southern border. Crime is rampant in the streets of Chicago. And inflation is real. But these are things that relate mostly to the nation at large, to America as a country; they are less relevant to me, an ordinary person with a job, a safe neighborhood, and a home with an interest rate that was locked in during COVID.

Selfish? Perhaps. But then again, if Republicans wish to win elections in 2024, perhaps it is time they take a page out of the Democrat playbook and rally up their base with matters that relate to their constituents on a personal level. Democrats have long ago evolved from being a philosophy in American politics to being a symbol of Good, whether by playing on the guilty conscience of the privileged or by leading the world toward climate change.

Democrats understand that people, especially the younger generation, need something personal to unite them, and they have done just that. If Republicans hope to win in 2024, perhaps it is time they stop whining about hypocrisy, double standards, and lies. Stop decrying the terrible policies and abysmal records of the Left. Stop reminiscing about the past and instead focus on patriotism, Americanism, and all things red, white, and blue.

I leave these thoughts hanging, as I recall the moment of temptation on that uneventful Monday in October, when I lived in peace in the world as I then knew it to be. And I resolve (once again) to leave the world out there to those out there to deal with, but as for me, I shall be content to leave that oversized button — in the center of my dash — unnudged. ■

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