

The year is 2024 and the United States has

elected the first woman as well as the first Jewish president, Susan Goldstein.

She calls up her mother a few weeks after Election Day and says,

"So, Mom, I assume you'll be coming to my inauguration?"

"I don't think so. It's a ten-hour drive, your father isn't as young as he used to be and my arthritis is acting up again."

"Don't worry about it, Mom, I'll send Air Force One to pick you up and take you home.

And a limousine will pick you up at your door."

"I don't know. Everybody will be so fancy-schmantzy; what on earth would I wear?

Susan replies, "I'll make sure you have a wonderful gown, custom-made by the best designer in New York."

"Honey," Mom complains, "you know I can't eat those rich foods you and your friends like to eat."

The President-to-be responds, "Don't worry Mom.

The entire affair is going to be handled by the best caterer in New York; kosher all the way.

Mom, I really want you to come."

So Mom reluctantly agrees and on January 20, 2025, Susan Goldstein is being sworn in as

President of the United States. In the front row sits the new President's mother,

who leans over to a Senator sitting next to her and says, "You see that woman over

there with her hand on the Torah, becoming President of the United States?"

The Senator whispers back, "Yes, I do."

Mom says proudly, "Her brother is a doctor!"