

SENATE RESOLUTION 314

By McNally

A RESOLUTION to celebrate fifty years of Alan Whittington!

WHEREAS, on September 13, 2024, Alan Whittington will be fifty years of age, which qualifies him for a lollipop and a learner's permit in Senate years; and

WHEREAS, a native of Bowling Green, this Bastion of the Bluegrass State defected from his old Kentucky home to serve the Tennessee Senate and has never looked back; and

WHEREAS, first serving as a lowly bill clerk in 2001, Alan kept his eyes and ears open and his mouth shut, and by the end of session, he had collected enough intimate innuendo, sensational secrets, and frightful falsehoods to secure his promotion to Assistant Chief Clerk of the Senate, which, if anything, is even a lowlier position; and

WHEREAS, elevated to Deputy Chief Clerk in 2012, Alan bought himself a shiny new badge and a ten-gallon hat and watched every episode of *Gunsmoke*; and

WHEREAS, for the past twenty-two years, Mr. Whittington has been that essential cog in the parliamentary machine that keeps the Senate chugging along like a steam-powered freight train from the 1840s; and

WHEREAS, he is so indispensable to the Upper Chamber that his nose has been permanently attached to the grindstone with Gorilla Glue; not only does he know where the bodies are buried, he also knows the deceased's shoe size and social security number; and

WHEREAS, like his masters, Alan is conservative in outlook and appearance, resembling a Ken doll who's absolutely no fun but was named "Friendliest" by his classmates at Liberty University; and

WHEREAS, Alan is often compared to George Jetson in appearance, and he is proud to acknowledge Lt. Gov. McNally as his Mr. Spacely and the Chief Clerk as his boy, Elroy; and

WHEREAS, Alan has participated in numerous professional development seminars over the years, learning the ins and outs of the legislative process, and is now expert at removing a staple without tearing the paper; and

WHEREAS, of course, the academic version of the legislative process is not completely edifying, and Alan has learned the real truth about sausage-making in the Senate chambers and committee rooms, where the loudest squeal seldom wins the biggest prize; and

WHEREAS, when he first moved to Nashville, Alan settled in the sleepy neighborhood of Donelson, where most everyone was ancient, if not dead; now it's called Hip Donelson, for some unknown reason, and Alan is the old man sitting on his front porch wearing nothing but a wife-beater; and

WHEREAS, a man of constant sorrow, Alan recently slipped and fell on the sidewalk outside his favorite lunch spot, The Grill Shack in Germantown, and suffered an owie; and

WHEREAS, although he is a graduate of Western Kentucky, Alan is an avid Kentucky Wildcats supporter, and like most UK fans, he knows absolutely nothing about basketball; and

WHEREAS, truly a buttoned-down kid at heart, Alan LOVES visiting Disney World; he attracts a lot of attention at the Magic Kingdom, sporting his Mickey Mouse ears, Donald Duck-billed cap, Bermuda shorts, and knee-length black dress socks and looking kind of Goofy, but enjoying himself to the fullest; and

WHEREAS, Alan even plans to be cryogenically frozen upon his passing, just like his hero, Walt Disney; some might say that Alan in a frozen state would not be materially different from everyday Alan; and

WHEREAS, at the age of fifty, a man begins to reflect on his life and the legacy he will leave behind; like most legislative employees, Alan should refrain from self-reflection, now and forever; now, therefore,

BE IT RESOLVED BY THE SENATE OF THE ONE HUNDRED THIRTEENTH GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE STATE OF TENNESSEE, that we celebrate fifty years of Alan Whittington; it was the best of times; it was the worst of times; but Alan deftly handled every emergency in the most efficient and cordial manner, and we owe him our political lives for putting out fire after fire, although sometimes with gasoline.

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, that we extend to Alan our best wishes for a happy birthday and many returns of the day as begins his sixth decade on this earth, half way to the century mark.

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, that an appropriate copy of this resolution be prepared for presentation with this final clause omitted from such copy.