



Proper Respect

The nation's foremost energy manager enters Atlanta's top restaurant on his usual day at his usual time. The maître d' beckons him to the head of the line.

"Sir, instead of your usual table will you please sit in front of the window? It'll be good for business." The energy manager says, "very well." The maître d' presses a folded \$100 bill into the energy manager's palm. As they walk to his table the restaurant patrons clap and cheer, some of the men rising to their feet. The always-modest energy manager smiles and gives a slight wave of appreciation.

Seated at his table the energy manager tells the waiter, "the usual, Andre," referring to an item not on the menu. The sommelier appears placing a silver bucket with Dom Perignon on his table. The energy manager raises his eyebrow questioningly; the sommelier, opening the bottle, motions toward the bar. There the head of the state's largest utility's law firm raises his glass in a salute. The energy manager nods his acknowledgement.

The crowd gasps and parts as a beautiful and famous supermodel enters carrying a bouquet of roses, a pleading look on her face. The energy manager turns his head and looks away from her, staring off in the distance. She sobs loudly, drops the roses and rushes tearfully from the restaurant.

The head of the state's largest newspaper approaches and reminds the energy manager that an exclusive interview is scheduled for next week. Again the mild-mannered energy manager smiles and says, "Certainly."

The chairman of the Public Service Commission wearing a grim face approaches and places a bottle of 21-year old single malt on the table then wordlessly turns and leaves.

Three CEO's from the state's largest energy users appear on his left. Bowing deeply they are prepared to kiss his ring. But he stands, shakes their hands and humbly thanks them for the praise they express. One CEO with voice cracking mutters, "You rescued my company."

After his meal the energy manager must face the Paparazzi as he leaves the restaurant. A crowd rushes and some try to touch him. As is his usual practice, the energy manager stops and gives three autographs.

Then it is into his limousine. He is whisked away for a night's rest before a busy day of saving energy and giving advice to policy makers.

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