

## 2. What's in a Name?

So I wrote this acronym poem –

**S**andra likes cats  
**A**nd people who like cats,  
**N**ot  
**D**ogs,  
**R**idiculous  
**A**nimals.

**E**ager little lickers  
**F**awn on everyone --  
**F**riends for free.  
**I**ndependent sassy cats  
**N**ever prostitute their purrs,  
**G**ive their affection only if  
**E**arned and claw the hand that feeds –  
**R**azor-sharp repartee.

I love being named *Sandra*, not *Sandy*, not *Sondra*. Just formal enough but with a friendly feeling. I don't bump into Sandra's everywhere and when I do, I usually like them.

My middle name is *Kay*, but I spell it *Kaye*. Sort of reminiscent of *Faye*. I don't like the two names together and could never be a *Kay*, not even with the *-e*.

My maiden name was *Andrews*. My Lebanese father's family name was obviously changed from something much more exotic when they immigrated. We don't know from what. It is not the British *Andrews*, or Andrews Sisters *Andrews*, or classy Julie *Andrews*. In high school, I adopted a pen name combining both my used names – *Sandrews*.

Though I am certainly better known as *MsEffie*, the name I share with the world is usually *Sandra Andrews Effinger* – somehow combining all my lives.