

FRIDAY FOLLIES

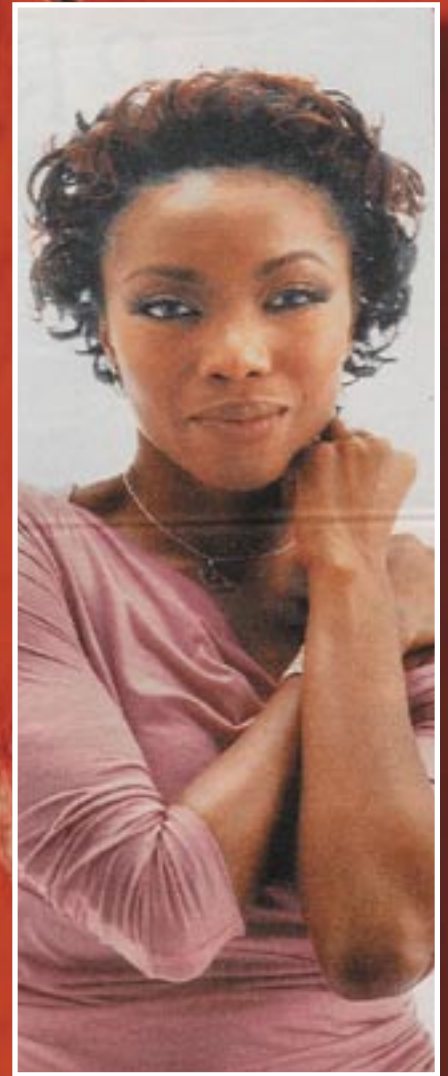
Hey!

How's it goin'? Hope *January 30, 2004*

all is well with you. I have been a bit under the weather, but I am fine now. It has been an interesting couple of weeks... to say the least...

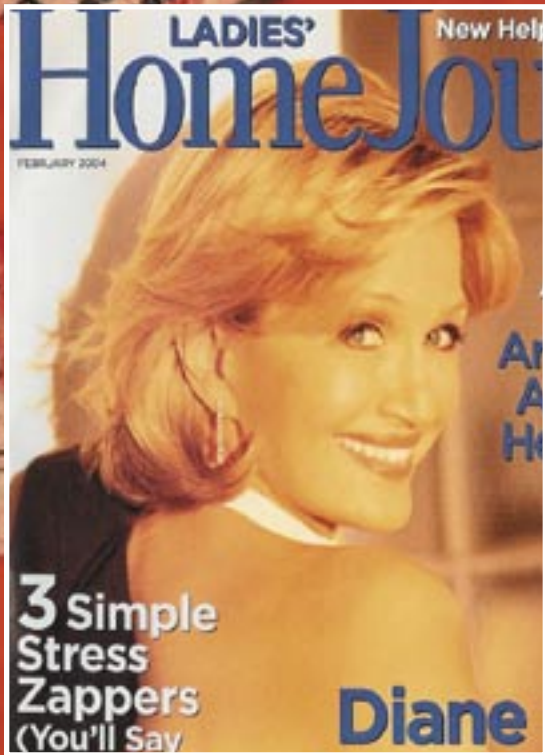
This morning I opened the Sunday paper and saw the "In Step With" feature in Parade Magazine by James Brady and was pleased to see it was about Heather Headley, the daughter-in-law of one of my cheerleading buddies from high school. My friend, Tanner, married Johnny Musso when he was playing at the University of Alabama, and their son, Brian, played for Northwestern and then for the New York Jets. Brian and Heather were married a couple of months ago, and it was the talk of my little home town. Everyone was so proud. But even though the local paper in Columbus, Mississippi was owned by Brian's

grandfather, there was little to nothing in the paper about the wedding. There was even a huge engagement party in Columbus...still nothing in the paper. I guess they wanted their privacy, for which no one can blame them. Isn't she beautiful? I think the whole thing is very cool. If you do not recognize her name, she is nominated for two Grammy Awards this year -- Best Female R & B Vocal Performance and Best New Artist. She already has a Tony for Aida and starred in The Lion King. If you still cannot place her, listen to her new CD, This Is Who I Am. She is amazing.



And for fun -- here is a photo of Tanner and me in the Homecoming Court in high school. My, My, My . . . How time flies . . . Honestly, that photo seems like yesterday. I can even remember what I was thinking when they took it!

And also this week, I read the neatest article about Diane Sawyer in Ladies' Home Journal. I never buy magazines, but I wanted to read this interview with her. She is 57 years old and LOOK AT HER! Isn't she magnificent! I remember meeting her in NYC last March and even though I never am star struck...with Ms. Sawyer, I definitely was! It is not that she was intimidating, but I was just so awe-stricken.



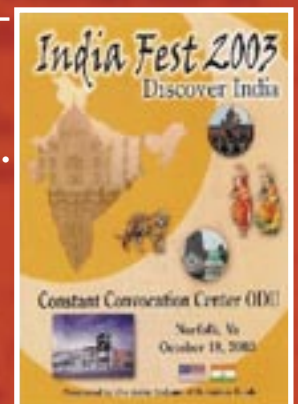
I wish I had know some of the things about her that I know now. I would have felt much more at ease. But the truth is, she seemed a bit distant. I can certainly understand why -- at that time, we were about to go to war with Iraq and Charles Gibson was in Bahrain. She was doing the show all by herself and you could tell when we went back up to the studio for a little conversation after the show that she was a bit preoccupied...kinda like she had a lot on her mind. That had a tendency to make me even more uncomfortable with her. I felt like we needed to say thank

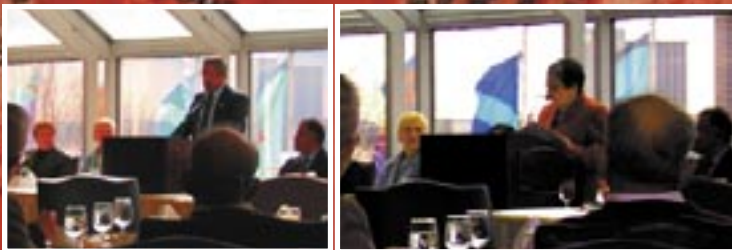
you and get outtathere. She was very gracious, but that is exactly what we did. We thanked her, gave her the pasta sauce and chatted for a bit about Virginia Beach. Then we split. But not before she invited us to come back to the show anytime. It was a sincere offer.



She is still an amazingly beautiful woman, though...and TALL! Plus she had on spiked heels that made her even taller. Notice how she is crouching over in the photo so she doesn't tower over JP and me. I guess she has learned that over the years -- kind of like JP standing on his tippie-toes when he has a photo made...HA!! What fun that all was. Actually, that is a huge understatement.

Also this week JP spoke to the Asian Indian Association of Hampton Roads. It was a very impressive group. Other speakers included the Mayor of Virginia Beach, United States Congressman Bobby Scott, The President of Old Dominion University, Roseann Runte, and the President of Norfolk State University, Marie Mc Demmond. JP did a very nice job.





In addition to having more snow this week, we also went into Norfolk and saw Steven Wright in concert. He is so hysterical. I could not wait to see him in person. We got there and had great seats and the stage manager gave me a special headset so I could hear better. I was so excited.

Well, I have to say it was one of the worst experiences of my life. Not Steven. He was great -- From what everyone said . . . but I could not hear one single word! That is not exactly true. I would catch a word here and there, but it was honestly like sitting through a comedians routine when he was speaking

a foreign language! As soon as he began his hour and half monologue, I knew I was in trouble. He actually speaks in a monotone and puts the microphone right up to his lips and mumbles. Even if I had been close enough to read his lips, it would have been impossible.

The funny thing is though, as I sat there and tried not to squirm restlessly in my seat, I started to notice the rhythm of the whole thing. It was kinda like a dance. He would talk, the audience would laugh in unison...sometimes a small laugh... sometimes a guffaw. But the amazing thing was that I was able to notice, probably more than anyone else in attendance, his rhythm and his timing with the audience.

JP is usually very good about translating things for me that I do not understand, but I told him before it began not to even try it. I knew with all of the one-liners Steven is famous for, that if JP turned to tell me a joke, he would miss three others and I would also laugh at an inappropriate time. HA!



As interesting as the whole thing was, it was also incredibly depressing. We slipped out right before the show was over and I went to the bathroom and wept! I wonder how many people do that at a comedy routine! HA!! I am just glad no one came in on me! We walked next door to this neat little restaurant and JP sat for an hour and told me every joke he could remember. I would say, "What did he say about a hitch hiker?" and he would tell me the joke. "Did he say something about his girlfriend?" and he would tell me the joke. I honestly think JP got a kick out of repeating all of the jokes for me. Are we strange or what . . .

Remember me telling you a year or so ago about "TRASH BALL?" That is the game that JP made up years ago, and we usually play it on the beach. We even have a TRASH BALL championship every Labor Day complete with a huge trophy which has the names of the annual winners on it.

Well, during the winter, two rubber maid storage boxes have to suffice. I thought I would include a couple of photos of Jessica and JP playing TRASH BALL in the front yard right before it started to snow on Sunday. It was about 24 degrees with a strong wind. I personally thought they were crazy! JP won...but of course he made sure the 30 paces between the bins were BIG paces so that Jessica would be at a disadvantage.

NO... He is not competitive at all... look at the signs he put on the bins... his -- winner... hers -- loser!



Jeremy sent this flyer to me this week. I thought it was great! Perhaps it is something you would enjoy reading and thinking about at the start of this new year as well.

I heard from my sweet Amanda this week as she got settled in Australia. I hope your new life and education there are everything you have dreamed of, Amanda.

Symptoms of Inner Peace

Be on the lookout for symptoms of inner peace. The hearts of a great many have already been exposed to inner peace and it is possible that people everywhere could come down with it in epidemic proportions. This could pose a serious threat to what has, up to now, been a fairly stable condition of conflict in the world.

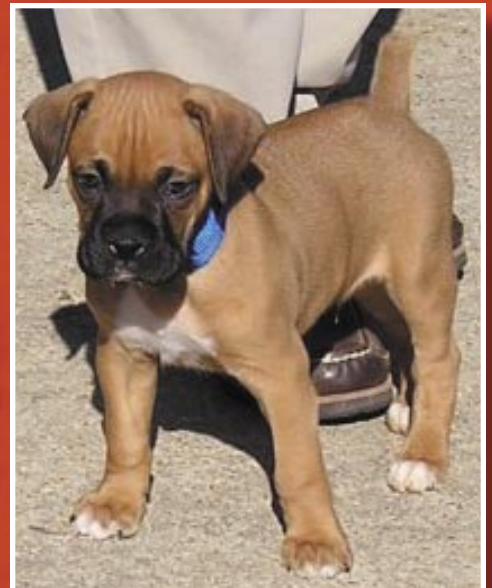
Some signs and symptoms of inner peace:

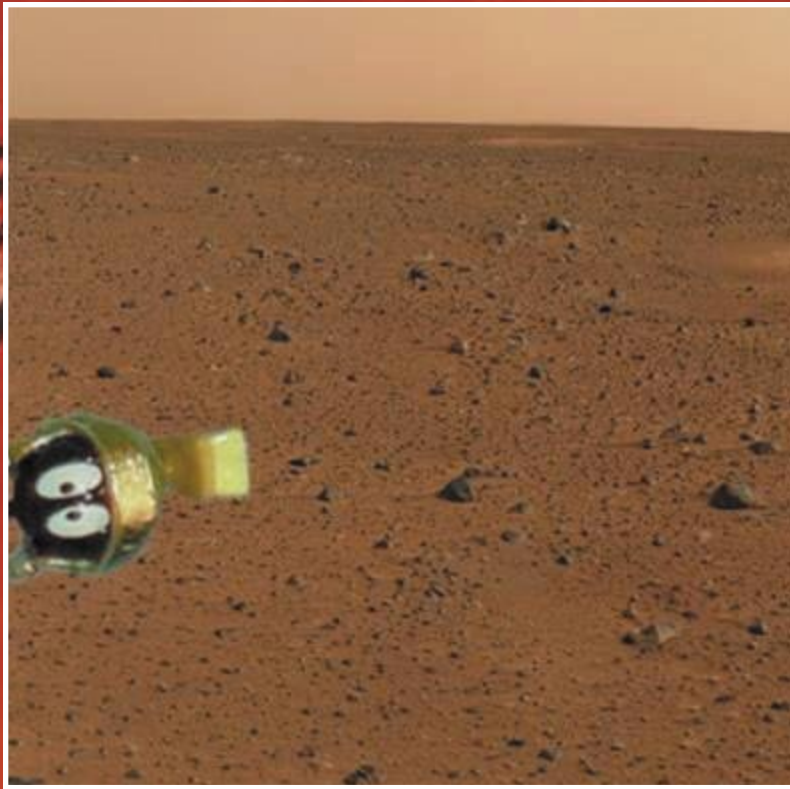
- ~ A tendency to think and act spontaneously rather than on fears based on past experiences.
- ~ An unmistakable ability to enjoy each moment.
- ~ A loss of interest in judging other people.
- ~ A loss of interest in interpreting the actions of others.
- ~ A loss of interest in conflict.
- ~ A loss of the ability to worry (this is a very serious symptom).
- ~ Frequent, overwhelming episodes of appreciation.
- ~ Contented feelings of connectedness with others and nature.
- ~ Frequent attacks of smiling.
- ~ An increasing tendency to let things happen rather than make them happen.
- ~ An increased susceptibility to the love extended by others as well as the uncontrollable urge to extend it.



I also wanted to share with you my sister's new puppy named, Fritz. Isn't he adorable?

And here is Tara's Tizzy who volunteers at a hospital in Colorado. Cool, huh?





I will close with this week's historic photo taken on the surface of Mars by the Red Rover. Very exciting, Don't you think? Ha! (Sorry, I just couldn't resist...)

To all of you on my Friday Follies List, whether you are in Manila, Singapore, Kuwait, Bermuda, Virginia Beach, Mississippi, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Minnesota, Indiana, Colorado, Philadelphia, Key West, New Jersey, North Carolina, Indonesia, Washington D.C., Iraq, Maryland, West (By-God) Virginia, Nashville, Chattanooga, New York, Oregon, Maine, Europe, or Yuma, have a wonderful, wonderful week.

God bless.
Remember, life is short... we need to make it a good one.
Grow in peace and wisdom.

Your Friday Friend,

Judi Godsey

P.S. NOTE OF CAUTION... 20 employees were fired from The New York Times here in Norfolk for sending lewd and indecent emails. (To my knowledge, none of the 20 were on our joke list - even though some of the attorneys who represent the company were!) I have asked each and every one of you on this list to tell me if the jokes that accompany these "Follies" place you in jeopardy, or even if they offend you. Please understand that they are intended to be light-hearted and are not mean-spirited in any way. If you are ever offended, do not hesitate to ask to be taken off the Friday Follies Joke List. PSS. If you send a joke and I don't use it, it is because it has been used before, and I try not to repeat. Remember, I have been sending these since August of 1997. One tends to go through huge numbers of jokes that way. Disclaimer: When anyone asks if I type all of these jokes, the answer is, "No!" I cut and paste one evening during the week (30 minutes, TOPS). Obviously I don't have time to sit, read, and retype jokes all day!