

FRIDAY FOLLIES

Hey!

Can you believe this photo? Doesn't it make you cold just to look at it? Those of you in Asia, Kuwait, Iraq, Bermuda, LA, Yuma, Key West, Indonesia, Australia, etc. don't know how lucky you are right now. It is COLD all over the north and central east coast. Actually, these background photos were taken in West Virginia this past weekend. The most amazing ice formations I have ever seen!

What a weekend, folks! There is almost too much to tell...literally! But I will give it a go. JP and I left work at noon Friday to travel to West Virginia and the south western part of Pennsylvania for a funeral. We knew it was going to be cold...but that turned out to be an understatement!

We headed north and ended up going right by Warrington, VA where we attended the wedding I wrote about back in December. (By the way, when I was a young girl, my Mama used to always say that if you ever travel somewhere for the first time, it seems you always end up going back there for some unrelated reason soon after...I have found that to always be the case.)

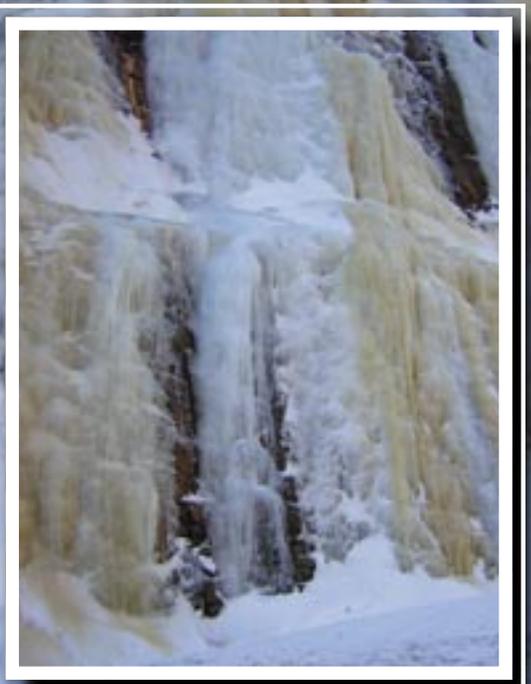
At any rate, that is where we first saw significant snow accumulations. As the day progressed, it got deeper and deeper. There is one stretch of highway 48 that goes from Maryland to West VA and back numerous times within miles. It is BEAUTIFUL! Well, anyway, there is this one mountainous pass cut through solid-rock, and that is where these ice photos were taken.

February 6, 2004

Soon after we passed this point, it grew dark. I kept noticing a mist on my face and hands. Now, I know JP "sprays" when he talks, but this was way too much for it to be that...HA! We turned on the interior lights, and lo and behold...it was SNOWING INSIDE the car! I kid you not! We were driving my convertible, and I don't care how expensive a convertible is, if the snow is fine enough, it will force itself through the slightest gap between the windshield and the roof.

At that point, I noticed the temperature was 17 degrees. Not ten miles later, I looked and it had dropped to 10 degrees. Then seven...then finally to six. With all of the traffic, the windshield was getting slushy and gross. Visibility was terrible, so JP tried to turn on the wipers and the window washers. They immediately froze up and stopped working. We thought we had burned up the little motor, but then we noticed

that the blinkers were not working, either. Visibility got so bad that we pulled over, and JP (NOT selected the smartest man in



Ah! But it gets better . . .

The last leg of the trip was on a small mountainous two-lane road with steep hills, sharp curves, and sheer drop-offs. Of course, now things are really beginning to get interesting. Bottom line is that we made it fine...but we were both nervous wrecks by the time we stepped out of the car. I will tell you this, though. It made both of us laugh so hard

... on that two-lane road, we passed pub after pub, and one even had a blinking sign outside that said "Leo's Lounge. Happy Hour. Draft 75 cents. Shots 50 cents." HAA! On that treacherous, ice-covered, mountain-top road! It was unbelievable!

Once there, we changed clothes and went to see our friends at the funeral home for the visitation. Once it was over, we were pretty strung out and had no place to go since the family (where we were staying) was not home yet. We decided to go to the local pub and get a cocktail to unwind and kill the time. Now, understand that the population of Point Marian, Pennsylvania is 1,300, so that did not leave a lot of choices. And typical of most small towns in Pennsylvania, most were private Moose Lodges, VFW's or Elks' Clubs.

America), took a jug of water from the back of the car and poured it all over the windshield. Well, You know what happened. We immediately had about a one-inch thick coating all over the glass. He then had to meticulously chip it all away. His hands were frozen.

We finally got the ice off and got back on the road...but still no wipers or blinkers. There was nowhere to stop to get fuses to fix them, and we were only an hour away, so we continued cautiously.



Playing "Catch Phrase"

We found a local pub and grille and went in and got situated. The waitress (who was fairly attractive - at least she had all of her teeth) came over and asked what I would have. I said a "Margarita."



I knew I was in trouble when she looked puzzled and asked, "What's in that?" (I am DEAD serious!) I said, "Never mind . . . I think I would just

like a glass with orange juice, cranberry juice, and a shot of vodka. When she brought that to me, she asked me

what it was called, I told her a "Madraris" like the fabric. She said, "Oh!

Well then, what is it called when it is just vodka and orange juice?"

I told her that was called a "Screw Driver." At that point JP and I were in total disbelief. Later during the discussion we asked her how long she had been bartending there, and she said a year and a half! WOW! I totally did not understand and then JP explained to me that it was probably just a beer and shot bar...nice, huh? (I swear, I am not making this up!)



Then a guy who obviously had had too much to drink came over with a serious look on his face and asked JP what he thought about the war with Iraq. It was one of those looks and questions that you knew no matter what you said, it was going to be wrong.

This guy was agitated and looking for someone to argue with. JP worked his magic, though, and all was fine. It turned out the guy was just lonely and wanted someone to talk with. Needless to say, though, we split soon after.



Later that night was wonderful fellowship with our friends and their family -- some in town from as far away as California. The family is a very close one and the night was filled with laughter, love, and cherished stories.



The next day we got the car fixed and then went to the funeral at 1:00. I have to tell you that I have been to a lot of funerals in my day, but seldom one that moved or touched me as much as this one did. "Tut" Callaban had been very involved in his Sigma Chi fraternity, in his Rotary, in several foundations, etc., etc., etc. The first hymn sung was the West Virginia Hymn. I am telling you, there was not a dry eye in the house. Then there was the Air Force hymn, the Rotary hymn, "Let There Be Peace on Earth", and finally "When Irish Eyes are Smiling." The scripture, the readings, the Eulogies . . . they all took your breath away. The piece to the right was found handwritten in "Tut's" wallet. I think it says it all . . .

***MOUNTAINEER SONG**
"The West Virginia Hills"

Oh, the West Virginia hills!
How majestic and how grand,
With their summits bathed in glory, Like our
Prince Immanuel's Land!
Is it any wonder then,
That my heart with rapture thrills,
As I stand once more with loved ones
On those West Virginia hills?

Chorus:

*Oh, the hills, beautiful hills
How I love those West Virginia hills!
If o'er sea o'er land I roam,
Still I think of happy home,
And my friends among those West Virginia
hills.*

Oh, the West Virginia hills!
I must bid you now adieu.
In my home beyond the mountains
I shall ever dream of you;
In the evening time of life,
If my Father only wills,
I shall still behold the vision
Of those West Virginia hills.

WHAT IS CHRISTIANITY?

**In the home it is kindness
In business it is honesty
In society it is courtesy
In work it is thoroughness
In play it is fairness**

**Toward the unfortunate
it is compassion
Toward the more fortunate
it is congratulations
Toward the weak
it is help
Toward wickedness
it is resistance
Toward God
it is reverence, love,
and obedience**

This handwritten creed was found in Tut's wallet.

Both JP and I left with eyes filled with tears and vowed to be better people. It made me think so hard that I came home and wrote out what I want at my funeral someday. I am serious! How neat to have a funeral service that is so poignant that every single person who attends is so moved, they leave wanting to be a better person!

We got back on the road about 3:00. We had planned to drive part-way back and then stop somewhere and spend the night. Shortly after crossing the West Virginia/Virginia state line, we found the neatest little general store on the side of the road. I have been wanting a Ukulele for some time now, and riding right down highway 17, we passed this little road-side store which we both spotted simultaneously. We immediately did a U-turn and headed back. There were signs everywhere advertising "Fireworks," "Live Bait," "Truck Caps," "Fresh Fruit," "Tanning

Beds,” and yes, you guessed it, a “MUSIC STORE!” “Right in the middle on nowhere! It was a “HOOT!” We bought my Ukulele and down the road we went . . . singing all the way.

J had always wanted to stop at this little road-side restaurant called “Ben and Mary’s Steak House.” We stopped and they seated us at a table right by the fireplace. When they handed us the menus to order, I noticed that we were actually in Warrington! I took a chance and called my friend Michelle’s

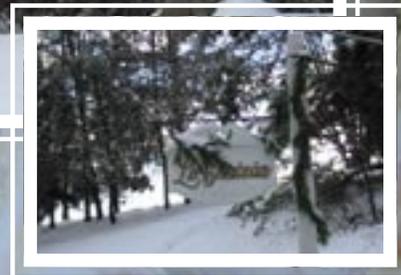
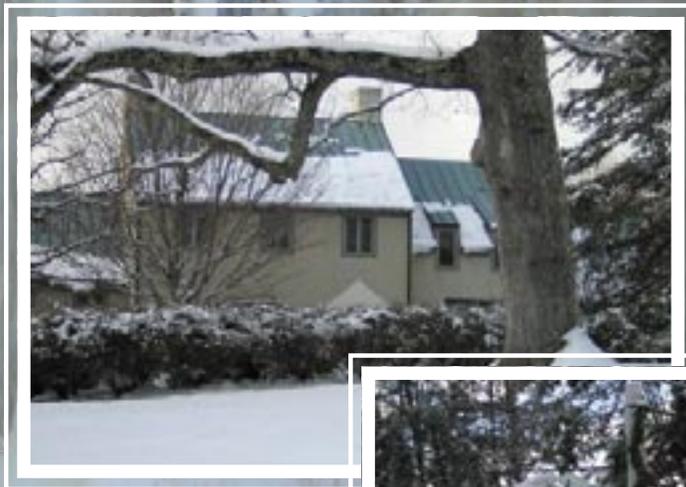


W got home at 3:00 Sunday afternoon, just in time to run to the store and get a few party snacks before we had a friend over for the Super Bowl. Just in time, that is, to see Janet expose herself on the BOOB Tube,!

*M*an! What a weekend. It seemed five days long - but then when you are up until 3:30 a.m. each night . . . the weekends do seem to have more time in them...HA!



parents’ house, and she just happened to be there visiting for the weekend. We ended up spending the night there at “Le Chateau!” Hilarious! JP and I took flowers, firewood, a Valentine’s stuffed animal, and even a bone for the dog. We had a blast with the Admiral, Renee and Michelle. After story after story after story, we ended up staying at their guest house, “Le Petite Chateau,” which by the way is three times larger than our house. We just had a blast. After JP went to bed at 2:00, Michelle and I stayed up and gabbed until 3:30. Not good to stay up that late before Super Bowl Sunday!



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, Australia, 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!