

FRIDAY FOLLIES

February 18, 2005



The Battle of
"Big BERTHA"

Hey!

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Well, I often have people asked me why the Follies are always so cheerful, and why “bad” or disruptive things never seem to happen, and why my weeks are so full of “fun” things.

Now, honestly, do you think you would want to read about the “bad” things that happen every week? I mean, I could include them, but sometimes, there is so MUCH bad, that it seems comical, indeed. Sometimes all there is to do is *laugh* to keep from *crying* . . . Ya know?



Or as my sweet Mama used to say, “Sometimes, Judi, you just can’t win for losing!” I always used to pondered that phrase, never really understanding if I caught what she meant . . . because if you think about it . . . you could actually take that phrase several different ways! (Smile!)

Anyway, here is an example - Meet “Big Bertha.” Bertha is the oil burning furnace in my laundry room. She burps and gurgles continuously during the winter - I mean, all day and night! She keeps us warm, though. She was a coal burning furnace back in the 1930s,



but was converted over to burn fuel oil years later. Well, burn it, she does. She burns it faster than any other furnace I know ...

Saturday I was getting ready to finish up my chores and get ready to go to a dinner party when I heard this funny noise and smelled this awful smell.

By the time I rounded the corner to the kitchen, I could see



black clouds of smoke from BOTH ENDS. She looked like a very *angry* monster. Scared me to DEATH!

I shut off her emergency switch and called John's Brothers. Thank heavens they have a 24 hour service. The technician was here in less than two hours. But the problem was that the machine he needed to fix her would not be available until MONDAY morning...



thick, black smoke bellowing into the house. I ran to the laundry room and looked, and Big Bertha was spitting big,



Now this is Saturday afternoon, folks. That meant there would be no heat OR hot water until MONDAY morning. He said it so matter-of-factly that I was taken back a bit. I said, "Excuse me?" He said, "Oh, but I have a

space heater in the truck I can loan you." I kid you not.

Actually, I am exaggerating. He was very sweet about the whole thing. Anyway, I would have packed up and gone to a friend's house, but - - AH HA!

Remember, I have 11 birds!



Eleven TROPICAL birds! That meant *they* got the space heater and I got the fireplace. Of course, you cannot go off and leave a house with space heaters and a fireplace going, so that meant my plans for the weekend changed *dramatically*.



So, I made the best of it and decided to take some photos of me and my "beasts" enjoying our campfire weekend (at below freezing temperatures during the evenings) *inside 307 45th Street!*

Gandy stayed very close all weekend. He does not like anything out of the ordinary like that . . . upsets his routine. Maggie didn't care. As long as I had the down comforter near by, she was happy in front of the fire. I

made a bed from a sleeping bag, comforters, and pillows, and honestly, those were two of the best nights' sleep I have gotten in a long time! (Sleep is NEVER a problem for me, however. By the time I usually get to bed, I usually crash!)

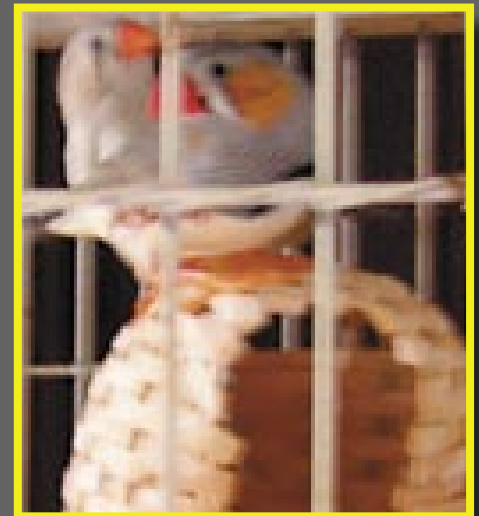
The birds had plenty of blankets to cover them at night. You could tell they were still chilly, though. It worried me a bit, but they survived until Monday morning. I survived. Gandy and Maggie survived. It was just one of those unexpected, little "pleasures" of living in an older home. The funny thing was, I had the paint already out and was going to finish painting the laundry room on Sunday. It has just been too cold since before Christmas to finish it. So glad I didn't. Can you imagine all of that smoke and soot on fresh, wet paint. UGH! I guess that will have to wait for another weekend now.

The furnace is fixed. The soot is cleaned up. The sleeping bag is put away, but the furnace is still only about 70% efficient - at best. Man, that means I am throwing 30% away every time I fill up the

550 gallon tank! At fuel oil prices right now, I don't want to do that! Maybe time for a new furnace?

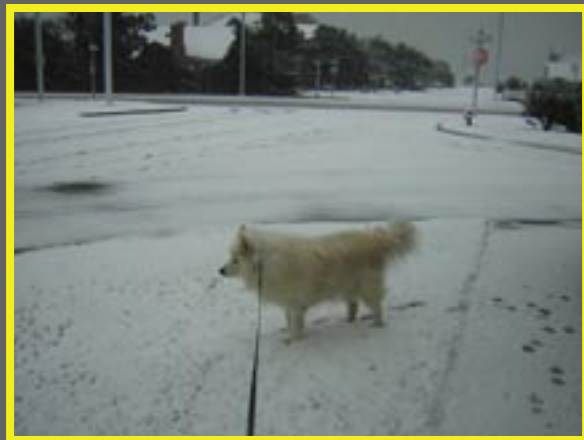
Lots of friends and neighbors stopped by during the course of the weekend, and that was fun, but it was just a *strange, strange* weekend.

Little things like, one of the finches, Pappa Bird, learned how to get out of his cage. I KNEW I had not let him out when I was feeding them, but when I came in from working in the yard, I



heard this uproar from the “bird room.” When I went in, he was perched nonchalantly on top of the canaries’ cage. He looked at me like, “What?” I chased him until he became tired and finally caught him in the upstairs bathroom (about 40 minutes later . . .). Then he did it again later in the day, and when I shooed him back towards his cage, I saw him just “pop” back in on his own. It was *hilarious!* He then started chirping up a storm - it was like he was telling his mate what it was like on the “outside.” I laughed so hard the whole time I was fixing what I *think* is the escape route, but time will tell.

Then while on a walk with Gandy - he just stopped dead in his tracks. It was like he was paralyzed. I couldn’t get him to budge. This went on for awhile. I started looking around for a snake or something....nope. Then he started slowly picking up and putting down his back leg. I figured he had a cramp or something, so I rubbed his foot for him and there was a sharp pebble stuck in his paw. He was fine after that, but it was odd. I felt like I was in the *TWILIGHT ZONE!*



Later that night when I took him out before going to bed, he FELL! For no reason at all, he just FELL! Man, I hope he is problem free for awhile. He is such a good pet. So much companionship, and he makes me laugh constantly.



Maggie, on the other hand, has taken to just meowing very loudly after she eats . . . again . . . for no apparent reason. Sometimes this goes on for several minutes!

The Doc says she is just senile. Thank goodness I have a great vet who makes house calls . . . AND enjoys Super Bowl parties. I truly live in a ZOO!



The next thing I know, I had thrown some left-over food from a dinner party out in the corner of the

back yard. While I was getting dressed on Sunday morning, out my bathroom window, I spotted the biggest POSSUM I have EVER seen (Now remember , I grew up in Mississippi and we have some BIG Possums down there . . .) Anyway, he was just slowing grazing over the mound of food. He was enormous!

Also on back yard detail this weekend was a huge Hawk who has taken to the “stuff” I throw out - or perhaps he has taken to the birds that have taken to the stuff I throw out. Maggie had better watch it - actually, Gandy might, too.



And all of my neighbors - except for me! - saw a red fox this weekend! I have been told there are many behind me, and I have looked and looked and I have yet to see one. Everyone said they saw a red fox in their back yard this weekend. Oh well, one of the FEW wild things I guess I missed this weekend!



OK, I really don't have much news, things are pretty hectic at work, and I am trying to get ready to go to Mississippi this week to finish settling my mother's estate. I am thinking of buying her home and will be seeing an old friend of mine who is the president of a large bank in Mississippi. It should be interesting, to say the least. I

will be staying part of the time at my sister's and part of the time with my brother at my mom's house that I am buying. I am really excited about it. Not for sentimental reasons, but because it will be a good investment, and it will make a good place to retire, if I want.



Just Kidding! Just Kidding! Even though there are some incredible homes like this for sale all over my little, lovely home town!

You know, it is truly odd. I'll bet I went home more than eight times last year - a terrible, terrible year - and I never saw a single person I knew outside of family, because I was always at my mom's assisted living home. That is fine. That is where I *wanted* to be, but this time will be very different. I hope to see some of my old buddies and have a little fun and "catching up" time.

Hope all is well with you. Remember, the Follies are never about the "bad things" that might happen on a weekly basis. Even if I have to LOOK for something good to report, I do. We ALL should. That's just the way life should be!



Have a great week. Love to all.

Dan, Great article - I TOLD you not to go to NYC that weekend! Rod, It was great to see you out and about. Glad you are doing so well. Jim, I have the number, just let me know. Ray, The books are absolutely awesome! Thank you so much! Joanne, Sorry I missed your dinner party! Please forgive . . . I would MUCH rather have been there. Buddy, See you Friday. Mike, Hang in there. Glo, You, too. Connie, What happened to you! Debbie, You make me laugh . . . every, single week. Phyllis, My thumbs don't work anymore! Dorcus, Thanks for the wonderful card. Great to see you again. Wendy and Kevin, THANK YOU! The card was great and the party was fun! Leanne, Good luck in LA this week. I'll be thinking about you. Mary Anne, Let me know if you need help with the move. Suzanne, Mimosa? Debbi, Coast to coast! Jeremy, I am proud of you! Susan C. Where are you landing next? Andy, I want to see the ring. Vicki, YOU GO, Girl! Dennis, Forget about it. Craig, Not it is your turn. Dot, when? Dee, How was it? Gary, Welcome. Babs, I have your flask. Dan and Pat, Glad you liked it. Mike V. Thanks. Gov. We need to talk. More, but later . . . will talk with you all in a couple of weeks.

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, Costa Rica, Maryland, West (By-God) Virginia, Nashville, Florida, 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!