

FRIDAY FOLLIES

Hey! February 20, 2004

I guess if this week's Follies had to have a title, it would be "Signs." Once you get into them, you will see why. Also, if you ever doubted that I am married to a "Certifiable NUT," these Follies should prove it!

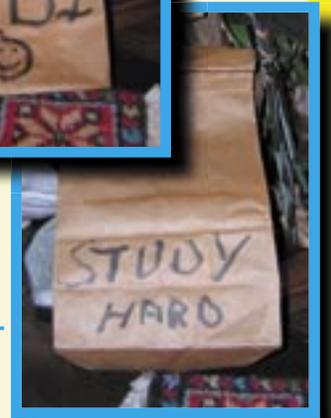
I'll start with one day last week when I overslept. I am not talking about oversleeping a little. I mean oversleeping BIG TIME! I am hard of hearing -- actually stone-deaf without my hearing aids. I have a special alarm clock that shakes my pillow to wake me. One morning last week when I had been up too late the night before watching a movie, I overslept. Don't know if the alarm did not go off, or if I ignored it (hard to do), or if I pushed the snooze button five times (more likely), but at any rate, I awoke at 8:00 -- I need to be at work by 8:15. Not a good sign!

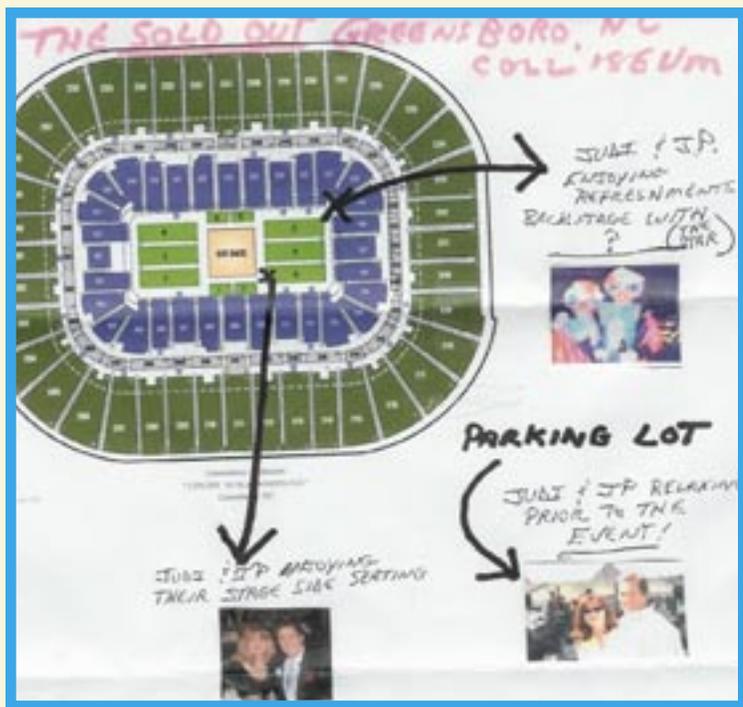
As I was rushing through the house to collect my briefcase and purse, JP handed me a little brown bag and said, "Here's your breakfast!" How sweet is that? When I looked at it, I could not help but laugh out loud. On the outside he had written in big bold letters, "#1 Bus - Judi," with a smiley face. When I got to work and got situated, I pulled

out my little brown bag breakfast and smiled again at the gesture, but then when I turned it around to open it, I howled! On the "flip side" was written in equally big bold letters, "Study Hard!" My ham, cheese, and egg bagel tasted that much better for the chuckle, and I even had an after-breakfast mint in the bottom of the bag. Silly things are so simple yet so hard to remember to do. But they are so appreciated.

OK. That is exhibit one! Now, exhibit two.

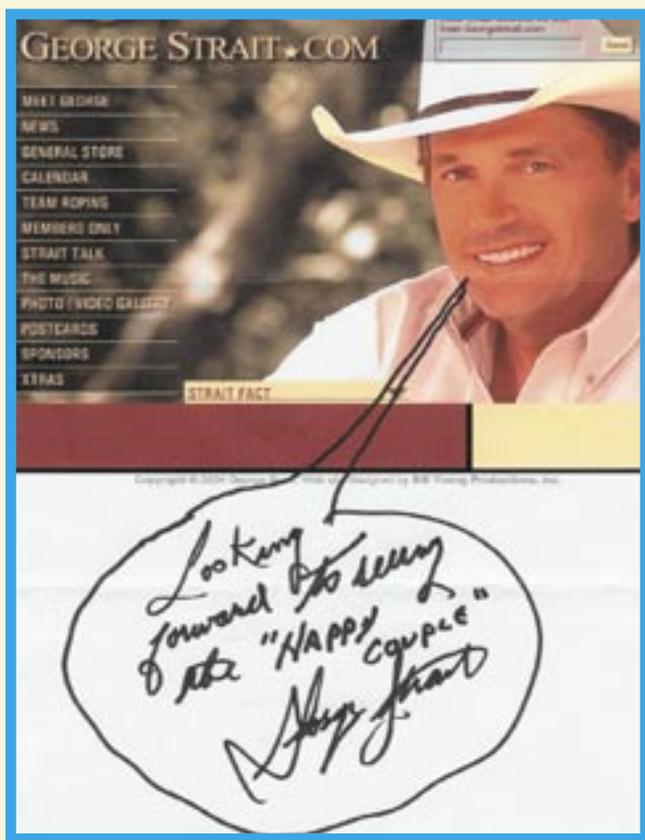
We decided recently that life has become so hectic, and we are on the go to so many "functions" constantly, that once a week, we will make special plans for just the two of us. Something simple like a nice romantic dinner, or dancing, or a concert, or movie. Well, Friday before last, we ventured to Portsmouth, Virginia for dinner. We love to go to downtown Portsmouth for dinner. There are so many truly neat and elegant restaurants all within walking distance of one another. Just beautiful. Anyway, we were sitting there getting ready to order our entrées, and when I opened my menus, an envelop fell in my lap. It had a big Pink "#1" on the outside. J.P. started to giggle and said, "Open it right now." This was inside --





Now notice it does not say whose concert or when-- just where. By this time, I am giggling! Do you think he would tell me who's concert it was? Of course not! I knew, though, that if I just sat tight and didn't say anything about it for a few minutes, he would "crack." He kept trying to divert the conversation, and kept opening his coat to show me his vest pocket which had another envelop in it labelled "#2." I just diverted my eyes and kept on talking.

Well, before our entrées had even arrived, he broke! Ha! Here is the content of the second envelop!



Needless to say, I was very excited! We went to see George Strait years ago, back when our dating turned from casual to serious. That trip to Washington D.C. for the concert is what did it. There was something very special about that trip -- you know -- when you pull up to J. Paul's right there in Georgetown and get the parking spot right by the front door. When you walk in and you get the only available table while lines of people (4 or more) are waiting, oh, and it just happens to be a window table! Things like that

happened all weekend long. We have joked about that trip for years.

Not only that, but we both LOVE George Strait. He is just such a class act! Even folks who do not like country music like George Strait.

Then J.P. told me it was a Valentine's Day Concert, and we would leave that Saturday morning and drive to Greensboro, N.C. in time to meet George backstage!





The week came and went, and we both were thrilled to get on the road to N.C. We took the box set of CDs that we have and played them all the way -- four and a half hours worth of George Strait. I know, I know -- but that is just something J.P. has to do. We were so pleased with our time and got there with ample time to freshen up. As we were checking into the hotel, the manager told J.P. the bad news. I was out in the car waiting, and when I looked up and saw J.P., I didn't know what to think. He said, "You are not going to believe this, but George Strait . . ." and for a split-second, I thought he was going to say "is staying here." That is not what he said. "CANCELLED" is what he said! I could not believe it.

We deliberated just getting back in the car and heading back to Virginia Beach, but then decided, what the heck. It was Saturday night, Valentine's Day, and it would be a four and a half hour drive back if we turned around. We already had a very nice room, so we decided to stay and enjoy the sights of Greensboro.

Once upstairs, we called the coliseum just to make sure. We got a young man on the phone by the name of Jeremy. He was very nice and said that this was only the fifth time in twenty years that George had ever cancelled. Can you imagine! Jeremy said *he* had cancelled work five times in the last month! We laughed and laughed. He also said that people were irate. One man had flown in from Southern Mississippi and expected them to pay for his flights!

Anyway, we didn't even bother to freshen up. We got back in the car and decided to drive to the coliseum to see where it was, and then to go "scout" the area and make reservations for a special dinner.

Exhibit # three.

J.P. is always joking about taking me to the "Best Joints In Town." Just a standard goof-line. Anyway, we stopped at this really nice grille called Jack Astor's Bar and Grill, and as we turned in the parking lot, I heard J.P. howling with laughter.

Then he pointed to this sign on the Cadillac in the parking lot. Can you read it? Yup! "Jack Astor's Bar and Grill -- The Best Joint In Town!"





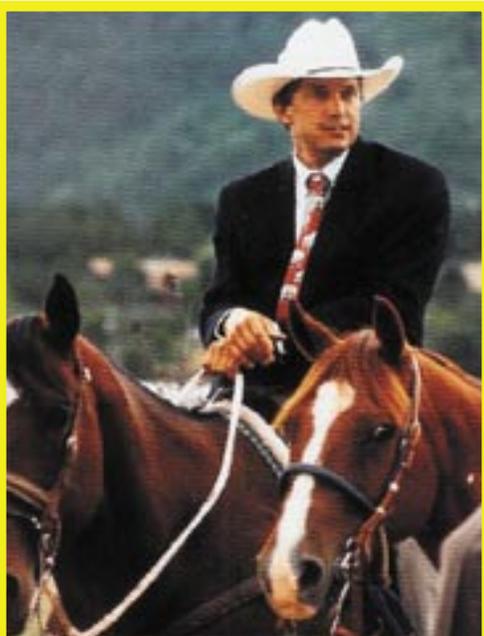
That was a nice stop and the wait staff was sweet and tried to help us with a place for dinner, but when the second one came over and recommended The Macaroni Grille, we decided to ask elsewhere. I mean, TMG is fine, but not after four and a half hours of driving on Valentine's Day

We were just going to head back to the hotel and ask them when we passed this sign about a block down the road. We did a U-turn.

It was truly great! It was a Ham's restaurant and many of the people there had planned on going to the concert, too. The manager turned out to be a guy who had lived in Virginia Beach at one time, and he gave us an excellent recommendation for

dinner. After enjoying the music and an appetizer there, we headed down the road to make reservations at George K's, a five-star Greek Restaurant. (Very nice --great food, piano music --top shelf.) Bottom line, it ended up being a glorious weekend full of laughter and fun and new experiences. We made reservations for the same hotel room when we left so we could return next Sunday for the actual concert. If it works out, I will make lots of photos -- hopefully NOT of signs! (smile!)

Not much else to tell except that it has been a wonderful four-day weekend. We even got snow when we got back to the "Beach." I am still waiting to see if Tuesday starts off with a two hour delay...they are predicting more snow and ice for tomorrow and possibly even for Wednesday. Sooo unusual for this area!



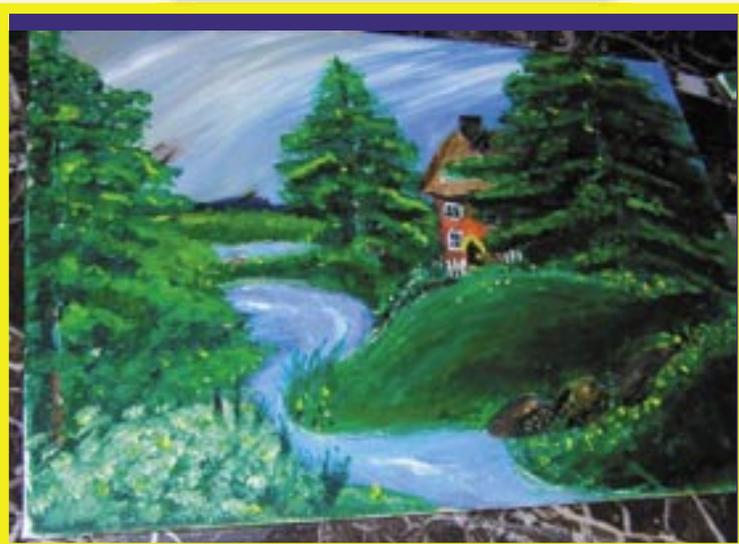
One more very cool thing that happened this weekend.

Today, Monday the 16th, I just felt like putting on sweats and not leaving the house. I awoke at 5:30 A.M. and just decided to get up so the day would last longer. I read the paper, started a new Grisham book, watched an old movie, and then started to paint. I do not know what got into me, but I could not paint enough! About ten, Jessica called and wanted to know what I was doing. When I told her, she asked if she could join me. She was over in about thirty minutes, and we were both painting feverishly.



She, like me, had never painted before. We had a blast! We laughed and talked and critiqued each other's work and thoroughly enjoyed it. She had to go to Old Dominion University for a class at five, but just a few minutes ago called to see if she could come by and pick up her painting! She is so proud of it, and she SHOULD be! J.P. and I were amazed at what she did.

This first one is her painting of the ocean with stormy waves washing up, and then there are several I am working on. (NONE of these show up very well this way -- very disappointed in the color and depth! And NONE of them are finished.) Also remember, I do not even *pretend* to know what I am doing, but I do love it so. Wish I had more time...the story of my life.





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

PS. 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. P.S.S. 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!

