



Today, (Thursday) I ran home for lunch to check the mail, and then headed back to work. I usually leave the car window down when I run in like that. Well, I got about a mile down the road on my return trip to work, and I felt something fuzzy rub against my neck! I almost wrecked the car! I turned my head, and there was my sweet fifteen-year-old cat, "Maggie" sitting on my head-rest looking out the window. She looked very puzzled....I laughed so hard, I cried all the way back to the house. Bless her heart, she loves to sleep on the convertible top of my car, and I guess it was so cold today, she just decided to hop in and sleep in the back seat. I'll bet she won't do that again!



My husband is going to the annual "Hunters' Feast" this Saturday, (Being the big "hunter" that he is...). It is one of those "Male" things where the men pile into cars and trucks and all drive out to the country together...smoke cigars...eat buffalo, alligator, ostrich, bear, etc., etc. I think the only time a woman was ever allowed at the "Hunters' Feast" was when Attorney General Mary Sue Terry was running for Governor about ten years ago. (She flew in on a helicopter and shook a few hands.) The "Feast" (or rather "feeding frenzy") is from one until seven Saturday afternoon, and, MAN, when they come rolling in at 7:00, most wives make sure they have something else to do! HA! When I was single, it was a great night for the "girls" to go out to the local "watering holes" for an early dinner. About seven o'clock, you could SMELL the men coming in from the "Feast". And one year, when JP and I were dating, he came back with a DOG....("Look what followed me home", kinda thing). A BIG, BLACK, stray dog. That lasted for about a week, and then he found "Blackie" another home.

Last week, I was surprised when my daughter asked me to go to a party with her. I thought, "Now, why in the world would my almost-20-year-old-daughter want her "mom" to tag along to a party with her. I was truly flattered, though, since she called me about it four times. So after my Rotary meeting, I called her, and she gave me

directions.....HA! Joke was on me! Turned out to be a Mary Kay Cosmetic Party. We truly had a blast! She is such a cool kid.



Lots going on in politics this week, too, but I will have to tell you that another time.

I am starting the month of March out with a few Irish jokes in honor of St. Patty's Day and our third anniversary....St. Patty's Day, March 1999.



Enjoy them.

Grow in peace and wisdom...
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 e-mails. (To my knowledge, none of the 20 were on our 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 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 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. You tend 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). I don't have time to sit, read, and retype jokes all day! If you would like to see a small portion of what I actually do, look up our homepage at www.chcs.pvt.k12.va.us and check out the Soundings section, a publication I produce four times a year which pretty much recaps most of what I am involved in.

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