

Several of you emailed me to tell me that I forgot to sent these out last week. I did...!
Happy April Fool's Day!

Friday Follies 03/29/2002

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Hey!

I have been a bit late with Follies lately because I was out ill for a week and the following week is always "catch-up." At any rate, Spring has sprung, and I am thrilled about that.

Since tomorrow is Good Friday, these will probably make it to you on Monday, so I am sending along left-over Easter jokes...sort of like egg salad and ham sandwiches. Here is one of my favorite this season. Thanks, Susan. Since I am almost totally deaf....this one made me laugh out loud...at least I think it was out loud. <grin>

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Well, it is basketball season and the last of March Madness this week. In honor of such an exciting, annual, athletic activity, here are a few photos and a story or two about my experience with the sport.



Here is my sweet Jessica, who was a pretty darned good basketball player during high school. This is one of my favorite photos of her, but it hurts me. Now when I look at it, all I can see is the awkward bend in that left knee and I am reminded that a few months after this photo was taken, she ripped it to shreds playing soccer...never to be the same again.

And talking about the Final Four reminds me of a time several years ago, years before we were married, when I happened to be in New York on business with a friend for the weekend. She had a beautiful spare apartment right there on Central Park West...NICE...Anyway, JP was staying with my children for me in Virginia Beach. During our many phone conversations, he reminded me that one of his best friends, Dickie, from Long Island, was going to be in the city for March Madness. Long story short, I talked with Dickie and we made plans to meet in his hotel lobby for a quick drink before he went to the game across the street at Madison Square Gardens. I got up that Saturday morning, got dressed, and took a cab to the Garden.

Now, I love sports, but I had NO IDEA how many people turn out for these play-off games. The cab couldn't even get near the hotel, so about three blocks out, I paid the cabbie and walked/ran...which made me a few minutes later than expected.

Well, I walked into that hotel, and I have never seen ANYTHING like that in all of my days of existence. There was nothing but a solid SEA of MEN. Every size, shape, color, and height, imaginable. In all seriousness, there were well over three thousand men cramped into this hotel lobby, the bars, café and restaurant, and spilling over into the street. It was literally shoulder to shoulder.

I was much younger, and LOOKED much younger, so I certainly got my fair share of attention...I loved it! But now that I think back on it, with over three thousand men and one woman...it really didn't matter WHAT I looked like, did it? HA!

I looked and looked for Dickie, and I could not find him anywhere. He was not where we had planned on meeting, he was not in the café, restaurant, upstairs bar or downstairs bar. Finally, I gave up and thought I would just head back uptown. As I was walking through the revolving doors, I looked up, and he and several of his buddies were on the opposite side of the door waving, yelling, and making faces at me.

We adjourned to the pub downstairs, and I promptly excused myself to go call my friend. (I already had MY JP back at home, but this was something I knew SHE would appreciate.) I called her, woke her up and said, "Get up! Get dressed! Get over here! You will not believe it."



She did.

What I didn't realize, though, was that it was almost game time. I am telling you, it was like someone pulled the plug out of the drain. All 3,000+ filed out so quickly, it was almost like watching in fast forward. By the time my friend got dressed, got a cab, and fought her way over,.....they were all gone. The hotel's bars, lobbies, and restaurants were all empty! I thought she was going to kill me! It ended up being great fun, though, because Dickie and his buddies scalped their tickets (excuse me, sold) for twice what they paid for them, and we all ended up touring the city for the afternoon...going from place to place watching the game before our flight home. We had a blast!

Fun memory. Every time I hear the phrase "March Madness" I have a flash back of me almost screaming on the phone to my girlfriend while all I could see in every direction was MEN! We laughed about that for years...

And, maybe appropriate this time of year from my "Forrest Gump" table...



"Suga Shack" O'Neil. This was the first year he played pro ball. He was still growing at this point.

I bumped into him at the Atlanta airport. Everyone was mobbing him and taking photos. He asked me to join him at his table, and I didn't even know who he was! But I did realize he was obviously a well known basketball player. (Notice the gold basketball around his neck? I catch on quickly, don't I? HA!) Anyway, we laughed

and talked and posed for photos, and he was just as sweet and charming as he could be. Then when it was time, we went on our separate ways to catch our flights.

When I got home, I mentioned to my kids (then 16 & 13) what had happened. I said this adorable, polite, young man was called....hmmm...was it "Shack?" I thought the two of them were going to die! We have laughed about that for years, too.

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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