

Friday Follies 05/17/2002

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Hey!

So many of you sent in stories this week, that I didn't have to think of a thing to write. Thanks. Also, thanks to Ann, Dickie, Connie, Ann F., Mike M., Susan, Dwayne M., Jo, Guy, Vin, RoTaylor, Robbie, and the rest for sending me great jokes this week.

And a HUGE Congratulations to Richard, Ron, and Jim for winning your City Counsel elections!!! Bravo!

Actually, I do have one story I wanted to tell you. It is so unbelievable that the newspaper is interested in doing a story about it.

Remember my son has been working in Conn. this spring and he came home to visit recently? Well, he got home on a Friday afternoon late, and that night, wanted to go see some friends. He asked if JP and I would "dog sit" for "Dock". Actually JP, Jeremy and I had been out to a very nice dinner, and JP and I were just ready to chill at home for the rest of the evening, so it was no problem at all.

Well, about 11:30, JP decided to take "Gandalf" (our Samoyed) and "Dock" out for a



quick walk before bed.

I was just relaxing, sitting there playing a game on Play Station II and the front door flew open and I heard JP shouting, "JUDI! COME QUICK!" I knew at once what had happened. BOTH dogs had broken free from their leads and had taken off. Well, barefooted and in my robe, I grabbed the keys to the car and threw him his keys. We drove and drove while checking with each other via cell phones.

"Gandalf" is older, and slower, and fixed, so he never goes very far. I found him just about two blocks away and immediately started calling for "Dock." "Dock" is a different story, entirely. He is less than a year old and is used to being in the mountains in Colorado and in the woods in Conn. He was no where to be found.

We drove around all of the surrounding neighborhoods until about 1:00am. when we were both so tired and disgusted that we gave up and waited for Jeremy to come home. Thirty minutes later, we told him the story, and he spent the rest of the night hunting for his "Dock".

The next morning, we called the pounds and SPCA, made signs on the computer and printed them out. Bought poster paper and took left over political signs and covered them with "Dock's" picture and the Information on where to call. We plastered every neighborhood and shopping center within five miles. We went to the pound and the SPCA, introduced ourselves, told them the story, gave them flyers, and checked all of the cages...(what adorable animals every where! Made me cry!)

Then we waited. The calls started to come in! He had been spotted at so and so. One of us would check it out. He had been spotted at so and so. And it would be someone else's turn to go check. Several of our friends heard about it and saw the flyers, and even they went out riding and looking for him. It continued! Monday morning at work, my husband got a call at his office and OFF HE WENT, yet again, to no avail.

Tuesday afternoon, Jeremy had just finished putting out fresh signs (because the rain had ruined the previous ones) and a lady named Autumn called with a story that sounded logical. She had been driving home Sunday night in the storm and saw a dog lying down on the sidewalk beside the busy road. She stopped and opened the door to see if he was OK, and he jumped in the car and made himself comfortable. She said he looked like he had been roaming for a couple of days and smelled of gas and oil, and was covered with mud. She took him home to Gent (a nice neighborhood in Norfolk) and feed and bathed him. She said he was the greatest, most gentle dog she had ever seen. The next morning, she fixed up a place for him in the back yard and went off to work thinking she had a great, new pet. When she got home Monday night, he had jumped the fence. Tuesday, she saw one of Jeremy's signs on the way home from work and called him.

Well, that is all it took. Jeremy made new signs and off he went to Norfolk to the pound and SPCA. A few calls, but really nothing for several days after that.

Then, Saturday morning (over a week later) I got a call from a lady who "rescues" stray pets and gives them new homes. She has a web site and sends out notices that way. Someone named Jennifer here in Virginia Beach had emailed her late in the week about a great dog she had found on Hampton Blvd. in Norfolk fitting "Dock's" description. She had picked him up and had taken him home. Now GET THIS! She was an employee at PETS MART, a discount pet center complete with a grooming center and a vet. She had bathed him, groomed him, given him all of his shots, gotten him a new collar and was in love with him...but she knew he wasn't hers.

Somehow, I just KNEW in my heart it was "Dock". Everything "fit."

Jeremy called Jennifer and got sufficient information to warrant a trip over to "check it out". He and Jessica drove over with no real hope at this point. About fifteen minutes later, my cell phone rang and all I could hear were my two adult children screaming and laughing and saying, "IT'S 'DOCK'! IT'S 'DOCK'! IT'S 'DOCK'!"



Well, what a reunion! Jeremy had come home for a weekend to discuss going back to school in the fall, and it had turned into over a week of searching frantically for his beloved "Dock." Just goes to show you that positive thinking, the kindness of strangers, determination, and sheer LUCK go a long way.

He and "Dock" are now safely on their way back to Conn. and the *Virginian Pilot* is interested in doing a story on how a dog from Colorado made a journey from Conn., to Great Neck road, to Gent, to who knows where, to Hampton Blvd., to Bayside, to Great Neck road, and back to Conn..

AMAZING! Whew!

Also this week, I heard from my good friend Susan who is a principal in the International School in Manilla, Philippines. She had been making some "noise" about maybe coming back to the "Beach" in the next couple of years...but then I got this email from her catching me up on all of her travels this spring. She had been to Washington DC, Egypt for Spring Break..."Cairo, Aswan, Luxor, historical wonders, mosques, King Tut treasures, rich culture, terrific shopping, and a 4 night cruise on the lovely Nile." She went to San Antonio, Texas for a week in April, had company for three weeks from Adelaide, Australia and Dunedin, New Zealand, and then traveled to Kuwait for a job interview.

Then she included this HUGE news:

"I have committed the next two years to the American School of Kuwait as its new Elementary School Principal. The school has 1,350 kids in grades Nursery-Gr. 12 with the Elementary School at 525. There are five large international schools in Kuwait and this is the US Embassy School of choice. I will be reporting there sometime early August. The whole country is around 1 M people, 2/3 western, clean air, good infrastructure..."

"So, soon, I need to tear down my new lovely two story house (complete with large fish pond with 9 lovely carp & swimming pool), get squared with shippers, dates, summer holiday plans, and personal business matters. Do you think I have enough to do?"

This woman, who has a housekeeper, cook, seamstress, gardener, personal trainer, drivers, etc. where she is now in an extremely ritzy section of Manilla, writes often and tells me how exciting she thinks MY life is! HA! I just laugh! I wrote her back and asked her if she is CRAZY! KUWAIT? NOW!?

The best of luck to you, Susan. I am truly happy for you and hope to see you this summer during your trans-global move.

A few weeks ago I received this email from a friend in PA. about his son, "Skipper".



"Hi Gang,

This must be Skipper's year. He's adding more laurels. He will observe his 25th consecutive year of competition at the Adult Special Olympics Games at the Naval Inventory Control Point, Mechanicsburg, on Saturday, April 27. Last week Skipper received a letter from the Federally Employed Women at the depot--sponsors of the event--informing him of his selection to participate AND announcing he had been selected to "IGNITE THE FLAME" for the opening ceremony of the games.

We are in training in the back yard--doing laps, jumps and dashes. Hey, we take this seriously. And he's got a task master for a coach.

We say to Skipper, in the words of FEW, "Congratulations again and we look forward to sharing a wonderful day of Olympic Spirit!"

His Pappa "

And then this email recently about the results!

(His Bio)

Daniel Frank "Skipper" Clemson

The special son of Daniel R. and the late Jenny Kozar Clemson, Daniel Frank Clemson was born in Bellefonte, PA on July 29, 1970, and resides at 604 N. Market St., Mechanicsburg, PA.

Brain damaged at birth, Daniel--best known to his family as Skipper--was both mentally and physically challenged. With the assistance of state and federal agencies, the medical profession, United Cerebral Palsy and his family, he has overcome most of his physical obstacles and also functions above his MR-Trainable designation.

Skipper's accomplishments include the following:

- o A 15-year student of the Capital Area Intermediate Unit who was graduated in 1991 from his Special Education class at Camp Hill High School,
- o Special Olympian since the age of seven and recipient of 63 ribbons in field and swimming events--more than half of which were first and second place finishes,
- o Full-time employee since 1991 at the S. Wilson Pollock Center for Industrial Training, where he has performed in above- average fashion and has been recognized through awards such as Worker of the Month,

- o Member of the Handicapped Boy Scout Troop 7, Mechanicsburg, for some 12 years, attaining the rank of Life Scout--second highest in scouting--and earning more than twenty Skill Awards and Merit Badges.
- o Member of St. Joseph Catholic Church, Mechanicsburg, where he has received the Sacraments of the Church and participates in special Confraternity of Christian Doctrine classes and summer camps.
- o Member of the Aurora Club and participant in field trips and social events, plus dances sponsored by the Cumberland-Perry Parents Association.
- o Charter Member of The Mills Brothers Society, where he assisted his father in coordinating an International Convention, and is well respected by Society members.
- o Member of the Keystone Aquatic Club, where he is accepted into the Club's "river rat" and social activities.

Skipper is generous to a fault, and participates in all family gift giving--thanks to a trust he inherited from an aunt. He has enthusiastically approved generous memorial donations in his mother's name to CIT's and Aurora Club's building funds, as well as his church and other organizations.

He enjoys an active family life, maintaining his semi-independent living quarters in his parent's residence, while assuming and carrying out a long list of household chores. He interacts with his three older sisters, brothers-in-law and his nephew and niece. Skipper was once declared the family "hero" when he located the family's missing cat.

His hobbies include a thorough knowledge and enjoyment of Country and Easy Listening music, and he plays and enjoys a Classical music collection inherited from his mother. He has compensated for his inability to read by developing aptitudes to identify individual words and memorize symbols, TV programming and his activities schedule. Skipper has a remarkable capability to operate electronic equipment comprising his in-home disc jockey "station," and is owner-operator of an electric golf cart.

Skipper so impressed a neighbor with his abilities that she prepared a Congratulatory Proclamation, which was introduced and passed in the Pennsylvania Senate October 8, 1996. The Proclamation cited him as "a special young man who, through hard work, diligence and training, has become a productive member of the work force and an outstanding citizen," adding that he is "a sterling example of citizenship, whose meritorious accomplishments are worthy of great pride and respect."

Daniel Frank Clemson has demonstrated well his capability to serve as a useful citizen and enjoy life's great experiences.



He lights the torch during opening ceremonies at the Mechanicsburg Navy Depot, Sat. April 27th.



A personal-best. 79 inch effort in the long jump for a 1st place ribbon



En route to a 2nd place finish in the 50m dash.



Skipper and friends receive Cumberland-Perry ARC's Winner Awards at annual dinner, March 2, 2002. From left - State Rep. Pat Vance, Cindy Kountz, Skipper, Dennis Webster and Lee Bethel of CPARC the Winner Award Skipper got from CPARC is given to its clients who "have met challenges and inspired others with their accomplishments."

CONGRATULATIONS, SKIPPER, FROM ALL OF US! WE ARE SO PROUD OF YOU!

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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