

FRIDAY FOLLIES

Hey!

November 22, 2002

What a week. So much to tell, but I will give you the abbreviated version. Truly memorable!

I'll start with a couple of photos from my home town, since I told you last week about the three tornadoes that hit my beautiful home town. Here is a photo of my college campus, Mississippi University For Women, the first state supported college in the nation.

\$25,000,000 worth of damage.



You know, years ago the name of the college was changed from Mississippi State College For Women to MUW, then the Supreme Court ruled that was unconstitutional, so they started admitting men...but the KICKER! They never changed the name! I love it. The student body is, I would guess by now, as much as 30% male, and yet, when they graduate, their degree is from . . . YOU GUESSED IT! Mississippi University For Women! Ya Ya, Ya'll! Unfortunately, it is now closed indefinitely.

And here is a shot of Friendship Cemetery, the one I was telling you about where Decorations Day (now Memorial Day) started. There are hundreds of unknown



soldier graves from the Civil War. Union and Confederate soldiers are buried side by side. An amazing and moving sight, especially with the huge old Magnolia trees' roots pushing up through the ground all around them now. At any rate, many of the



neighborhoods and homes surrounding the cemetery (which is

huge) were destroyed.

My brother and his wife and my former Mother and Father-in-law live in that area, but thank Heavens their homes (and their lives) were spared.

Did you see the meteor shower this week! Amazing. I set the alarm clock for 4:45 A.M. and I had the hats, gloves, sweats, and mitten out and had the coffee ready to turn on. We went down to the dock to watch the sky, but the trees were too tall towards the northeast. Still, we saw about 30-40 in a thirty minute span. Very cool. Then JP decided to go back to bed, so I started exploring around the yard for a better spot while I was waiting on the paper to arrive. I found a spot in the front yard in the shadows by the garden where three tall trees just happened to block the street lights from all three sides. I crouched down beside JP's truck and, in all seriousness, I have never seen anything like it. Even as it was getting to be daylight, they were still visible. I probably saw 50-60 in a matter of minutes, a sight not to be seen again until 2097.

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Also this week, on Tuesday at noon, we got in the car and drove to D.C. for the night. Two good friends, John Mills and Elmer Hopper of the Mills Brothers, were performing in a concert in that area, so we drove up and stayed with another good friend, Gil Davis. After the concert, we went out to dinner at the neatest little place out in the country, Olney Ale House. One of John's family friends, Ruth Rogers, who was very close with Don and Harry Mills and has known John (Skip) all of his life, joined us. What a classy lady!



She was 82 and didn't look a day over 60. I have honestly never seen anything like it.

She kept talking about Lena this and Lena that, and finally, it clicked...she was talking about her life-long girlfriend, Lena Horne! She was telling tales about the Cotton Club and her (Ruth's) husband, Buddy, who was first married to Lena. (Ruth and

Buddy have now been married for 57 years.) She talked about the Mills Brothers and trips around the world, and celebrities, and when I asked her about my favorite, Ella Fitzgerald, she laughed out loud. She said, "Do you want to hear about the time she went to the White House?"

Of course I was on the edge of my seat and said, "Yes! Please tell me!"

She said, and I quote, "She got as drunk as the Lord." We laughed and laughed!

We talked about the meteor shower, and then she told me how she had worked for a while at the Smithsonian in the meteor section. She knew all about them. She told me about a man (who will remain nameless here) who went to the moon and brought back a moon rock. She pleaded with him to give her a portion of it . . . and he did!

She told me about the cuff links the Mills Brothers received from the Queen

of England and how they had given two of the four pair to her and her husband. He still wears his, and she had hers made into earrings. She told about a 24 carot ruby ring another friend (who will also remain nameless here) had brought her back from Africa, and on and on and on. At 82, she was the most amazingly intersting and beautiful woman I think I have ever met. I mean, she was so funny, but in a very hip way. For example, when John asked her what so-and-so was doing, she said with a totally straight face, “She is still doing ever man she can find.” Then she flashed me a coy, little smile.

She, in the last several surgeries, a hip replaced, husband, at the age of 86 weeks ago. Up until that of him, and she is TINY! and promised to write.



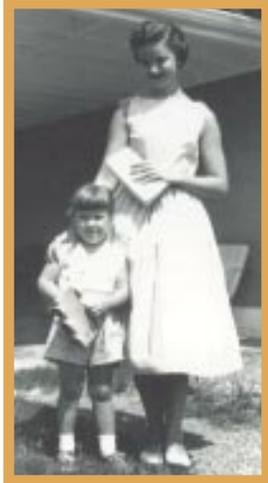
between making and selling her Bonsai Trees. She pulled out a picture from her wallet, and they were so beautiful. She then grinned and pulled out several checks she was ready to deposit from their sales... Well, I could go on, but I won't. It was one of those things where you had to be there to believe it. I asked John later if all she said was on the up and up, and he said, “Every – single – word.”

years, has had three back and brain surgery. Her was just hospitalized four time, she had taken care We exchanged addresses That is if she can find time

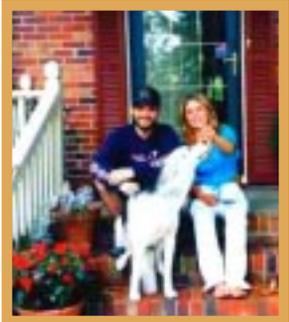
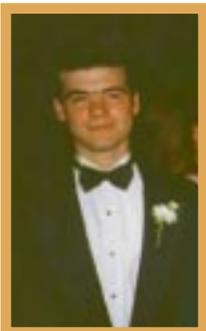
OK, one last word or two, and then I will end for the next two weeks. Since I wrote so much this week and next week is my favorite holiday of the year, I will only send you jokes next week.

But before I sign off, I have to tell you that as I was typing this, JP came in the door with his football uniform. (I am serious...) He has tried ALL of it on and has run several sprints through the kitchen making it a bit hard to concentrate... much less keep a straight face. I will take photos of the “Big Event” on Thursday for you. I think you will be surprised at how GOOD he looks. Very slim and trim. OH, AND, he has been pulled up to second string!

*I thought for the holidays I would do a composite of many of the people I am **THANKFUL** for! I hope you and your family, whether they are still with you or have moved on, have a special Thanksgiving.*



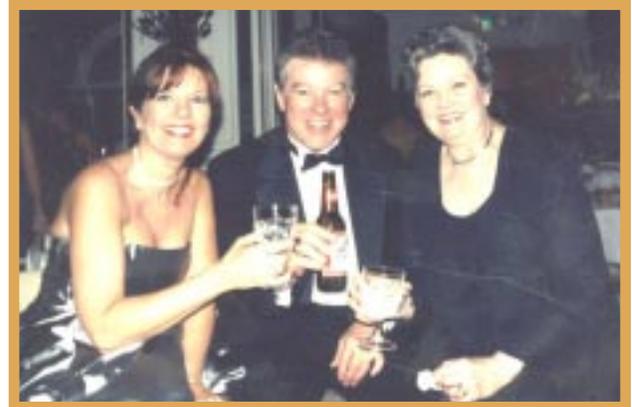
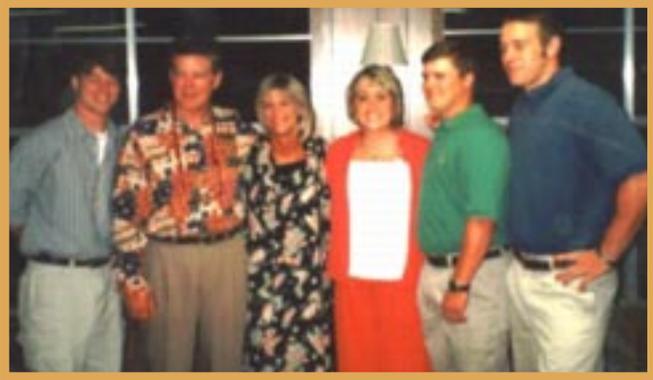
My dad got to meet both of my children . . .



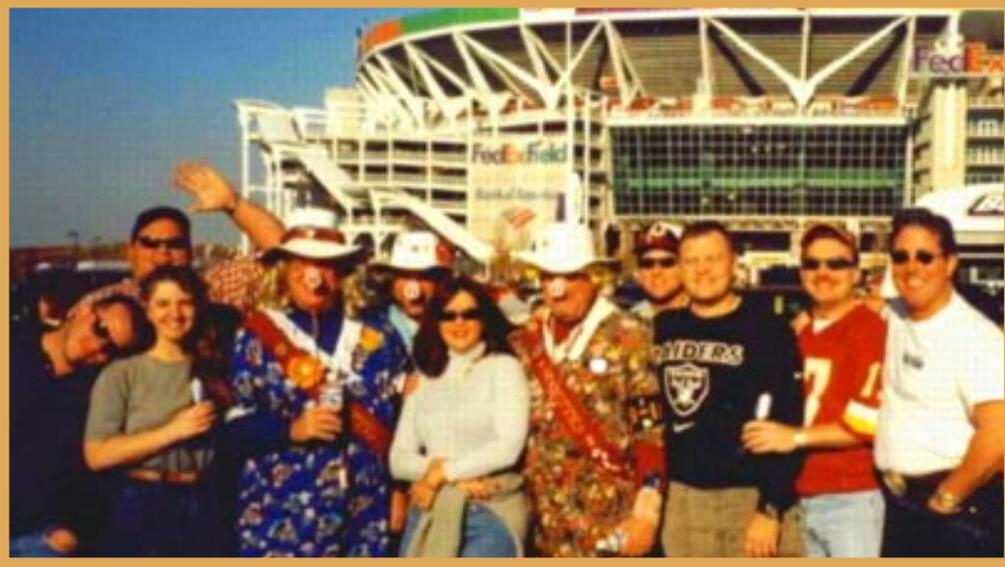
FRIDAY FOLLIES



*Family! Your's, Mine,
and Our's!*



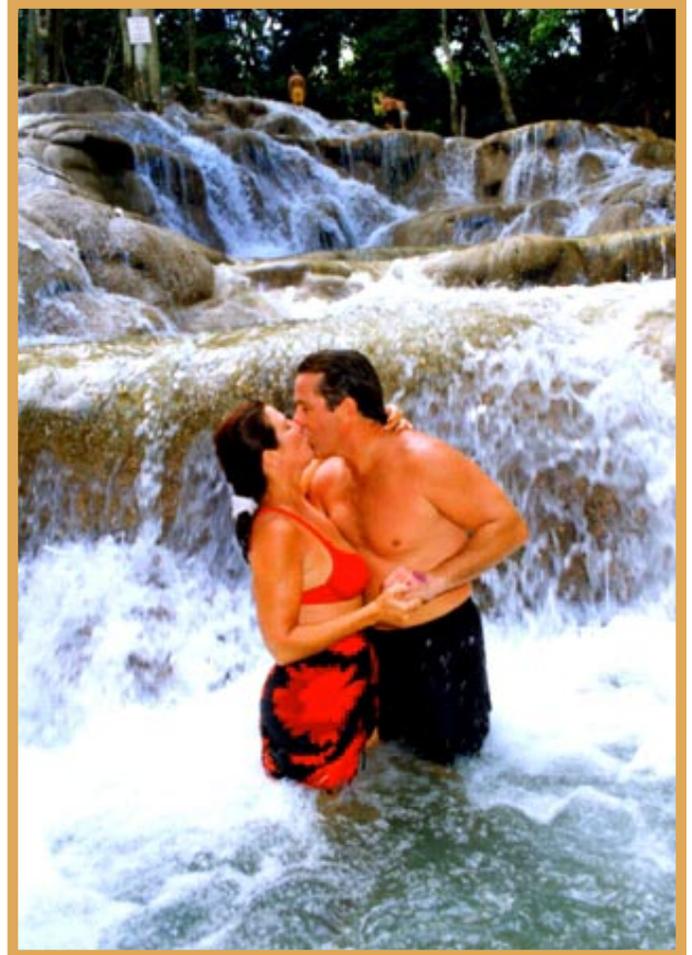
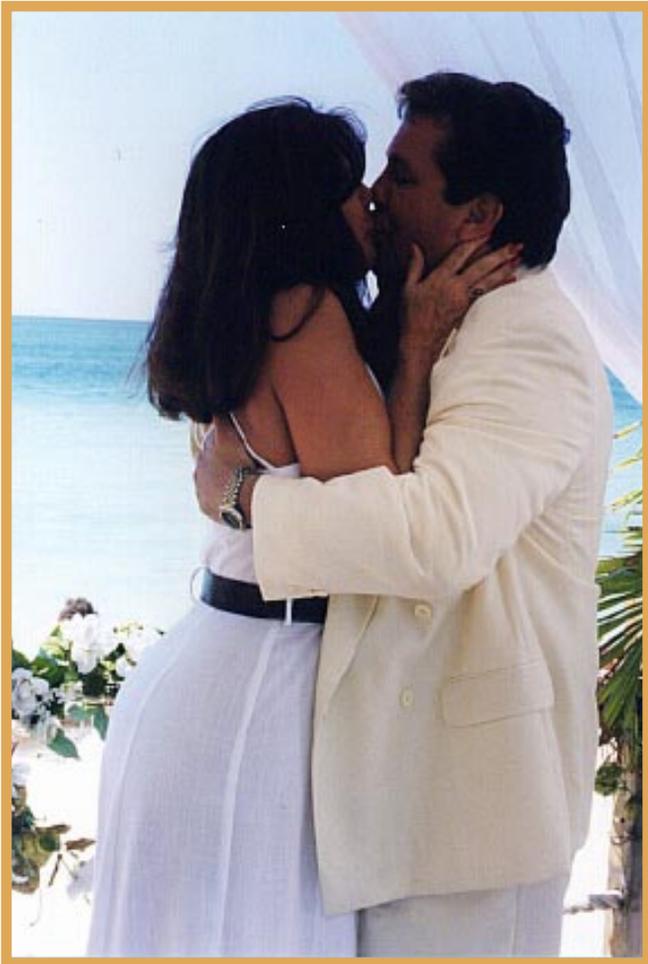
FRIDAY FOLLIES



Crazy friends and crazy good times!



FRIDAY FOLLIES



And for very special times. The Wedding, The Honeymoon, and The Reception . . .

FRIDAY FOLLIES

*Take care and 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!
