



FRIDAY FOLLIES

December 9, 2005

Hey!

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Well, I must have scared a few of you with my Follies last week because so many of you called or emailed to see if I was OK. Some even came by! Thanks. I am fine. Really! In fact, I'm rested and kinda settled now. I even attacked those thirty boxes of Christmas decorations! Ha!

Once I had it all out, I looked around, laughed, and packed half of it back up and put it back in the garage...just didn't feel the need for it all this year. Trust me! There is still plenty of stuff in this house! But I do think for the first time in my adult life I do not have fresh

greenery to decorate with. This yard just doesn't have many established plants. But, hey! Nothing wrong with that. The clean up sure will be easier. And besides, it still looks very festive.

I actually got the Christmas spirit this week. It turned cold, the tree was trimmed, most of the gifts have been bought and wrapped, the outside lights and wreaths have been put up, and on the way to work one cold, rainy morning, my favorite Christmas carol came on the radio. I sang like nobody was listening...as the saying goes...and that is when it hit me!





All the grumbling and griping and rushing all flew right out of the window. All there is to do now is just enjoy the season! I simply love everything about Christmas! I hope you do, too. It just makes me kinda “giddy” inside...

Also this week was the “Grand Illumination” of 43rd Street here at the Beach. Remember me telling you all about that last year? That was my first experience with something that I hope will be a long standing Christmas tradition in my life. The photos this week (except for my house on the front cover and at the end) are of some of the lights on 43rd Street this year.

I hope you enjoy them. I just think they are amazing! Especially in person...





A couple -- well many -- good things happened this week: work was great and very productive; Jeremy called and is doing very well running the restaurant in Lake Tahoe (only in charge of one during the Christmas season); Jess Aced most of her mid-term projects; it looks like mom's house really is gonna close in December; I got some cosmetic, "handy work" done on the house that needed attention this week; my friends and family all seem to be doing well; there are several neat parties to look forward to this weekend; I am NOT having a party this year - YEA; I have reunited with an old friend; I have been asked to serve on another regional board - a real honor; and I have started an exciting new personal project.

All that is needed now is for Andy and all of our other servicemen and women to come home safely from Iraq... Please continue to pray for them. Andy sent the following email this week. I wanted to share it with you because I thought it put it all into perspective...



THE AVERAGE SOLDIER:

The average age of the military man is 19 years. He is a short haired, tight-muscled kid who, under normal circumstances is considered by society as half man, half boy. Not yet dry behind the ears, not old enough to buy a beer, but old enough to die for his country. He never really cared much for work and he would rather wax his own car than wash his father's; but he has never collected unemployment either.

He is a recent High School graduate; he was probably an average student, pursued some form of sport activities, drives a ten year old jalopy, and has a steady girlfriend that either broke up with him when he left, or swears to be waiting when he returns from half a world away.

He listens to rock and roll or hip-hop or rap or jazz or swing and 155mm Howitzors. He is 10 to 15 pounds lighter now than when he was at home because he is working or fighting from before dawn to well after dusk. He has trouble spelling, thus letter writing is a pain for him, but he can field strip a rifle in 30 seconds and reassemble it in less time in the dark. He can recite the nomenclature of a machine gun or a grenade launcher and use both effectively if he must.

He digs fox holes and latrines and can apply first-aid like a professional. He can march until he is told to stop, or stop until he is told to march. He obeys orders instantly and without hesitation, but he is not without spirit or individual dignity. He is self-sufficient. He has two sets of fatigues: he washes one and wears the other. He keeps his canteen full and his feet dry. He sometimes forgets to brush his teeth, but never to clean his rifle. He can cook his own meals, mend his own clothes, and fix his own hurts.

If you're thirsty, he will share his water with you; if you're hungry, his food. He will even split ammunition with you in the midst of battle if you run low. He has learned to use his hands as a weapon and his weapon like his hands. He can save your life or take it; that is his job. He will often do twice the work of a civilian and draw half the pay, and still find ironic humor in it all.

He has seen more suffering and death than he should have to in his short lifetime. He has stood atop mountains of dead bodies and helped to create them. He has wept in public and in private and is not ashamed. He feels every note of the National Anthem vibrate through his body while at rigid attention, while tempering the burning urge to "square away" those around him who haven't bothered to stand, remove their hat, or even stop talking.

In an odd twist, day in and day out, far from home, he defends their right to be disrespectful. Just as his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, he is paying the price for our freedom. Beardless or not, he is not a boy. He is the American Fighting Man that has kept this country free for 200 years. He has asked nothing in return but your friendship and understanding. Remember him always, for he has earned our respect and admiration with his blood. And now even women are over there, doing their part in this tradition of going to war when our nation call us to do so. As you go to bed tonight, remember this shot....
A short lull, a little shade and a picture of loved ones in their helmets.

**PLEASE SAY A SHORT PRAYER FOR ALL THE MEN AND WOMEN DEFENDING
OUR RIGHT TO BE FREE!!! WHEN YOU'RE DONE SIMPLY PASS THIS ALONG.**

Spc. Andrew Greenhaw

MY SWEET NEPHEW!

Pet Page!

So many of you asked how all of my animals are doing that I thought I would give you an update on this Pet Page.

First, remember I told you recently about my friend who suddenly and unexpectedly lost her Basset Hound, Watson, and how devastated she was...Well, she is better now because of her new baby, Napoleon. Isn't he adorable! (Sorry - I took the photo with my cell phone and cannot enlarge it...)



OK, actually quite a lot has happened since I gave you an update on my animals. When I returned from the trip from HELL... Chester, my beautiful multi-colored male canary who sang so beautifully, was ill. I moved him to the hospital cage and took care of him for a few days, but he did not make it. That means my two prettiest, healthiest, most musical males have passed now. I now have one male, Beethoven, and five females.



Well, if that is not bad enough, Liberty, who has always been allowed to roam free when I was home because he was so loving and docile, has grown up. Parrots are parrots, ya know, and they are not always nice to other birds. Saturday I was reading the paper and looked up just in time to see Liberty snap through the canary cage and catch Helena by the foot. Before I could get over there, he had taken off one of her four toes. He was just playing... Anyway, I got that stopped bleeding and placed her back in her nest. Not fifteen minutes later, I came back in the room to check on her and she had blood all over her little face and beak, and it looked like her eye was gone. Just absolutely miserable! I pulled her out and cleaned her up and put her in the hospital cage. It appears that Beethoven had sensed she was injured and wanted to "get rid of her." He had almost killed her! I have watched him carefully since, and he is sweet and very gentle with the other four females. Man! Mother

nature can be so heartless! THEN, I checked to see how the finches are liking their new cage and saw 11 eggs in their nest! ELEVEN, folks! Yikes. They must LOVE their new cage! Maggie is great...pluggin along at 18 years of age now, and thankfully, Gandalf seems to be in remission. Whew! Bye for now...



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, Tahoe, Philadelphia, Key West, New Jersey, North Carolina, Indonesia, Washington D.C., Iraq, Costa Rica, Maryland, West (By-God) Virginia, Nashville, Florida, Saudi Arabia, Chattanooga, New York, Oregon, Maine, Germany, 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!