

FRIDAY FOLLIES

December 8, 2006

Hey!

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Time is racing by, man. Gotta keep up. Gotta keep up! Have had a great week. Hope you have, as well. Just lots of good, fun, and busy stuff going on. That is OK, though, because I hate to be bored. HATE it. That is why I make certain I almost never am bored. I mean, there is always something you can be doing - even relaxing things, ya know. I just hate to waste any of this precious time.

Anyway, house and yard are all decorated and the guest room is all straight and ready for my brother to arrive tomorrow night. Photos in these Follies are, for the most part, of the exterior decorations.

Now, as luck would have it, there is literally a party (and some nights two), every single day next week and several this weekend and the following. He is going to shoot me, but hey, it IS Christmas time. I can't help it. And several of them are parties I HAVE to go to - you know - work related events that you HAVE to go to. Just a busy, festive time. If he doesn't want to go with me, he can stay home and sit around the Conversation Fire Pit and discuss life with "Ollie." Ha! Right? I cannot tell you how excited I am about his taking a much needed break and coming up. I am hoping we can get his son, Andy, and Laura, Andy's wife, to come up here from North Carolina for the weekend, instead of us going down there. There is just so much more to do up here. Anyway, whatever happens, it will be neat.

Listen, one night this week I was opening boxes and setting out decorations, and I came across this booklet of stories that my mom had written for my children for Christmas, 1986. I have not seen it in two decades. It was kinda stuck in the middle of another book, and as I opened the box, it fell out. Well, let me tell you something... I sat in a chair and read those 20 year old stories Mama wrote for my babies, and I cried like a baby myself. They are just so sweet and are so, "my mother." I can hear her voice in my head as I read them.

But one in particular tore at my heart. You see, the night my mother passed away, I could not sleep and had gone in the kitchen in the middle of the night to get something to drink. I looked on the floor, and there - completely out of the blue - sat a big, beautiful, white moth. Just sitting on the floor. Very strange. Even stranger, I stuck my finger out and he climbed onto the tip of it. I sat on a stool in my kitchen in the middle of the night and watched this moth opening and closing his wings and touching my finger with his antenna for the longest time. It was very rhythmical. I was totally drawn in and mesmerized by him. Then, after a few minutes, he up and flew away into my dining room. I followed him, flipping on lights all the way -- never saw him again. But there was something very peaceful about the way it all transpired.

I tell you that because it made such an impression on me since mom died that very night. It also explains why in particular, all the way home on an 18 hour drive to Mississippi, all during my time there, and even at my mom's funeral, I was struck by how many yellow butterflies I saw -- EVERYWHERE.



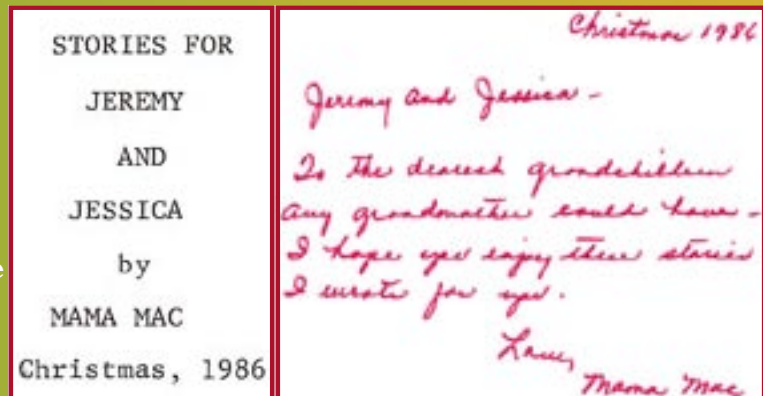
On the drive down with the top down on my car, I noticed them constantly from Virginia all the way to Mississippi - in the woods, along the side of the road, when I would stop for gas - everywhere. Once home, I would be talking with my sister at her house, and the whole time, behind her, outside her window, I could see a yellow butterfly, just dancing around - just in my view. I even told my brother and sister about the various sightings, but they had not notice them like I had.

In fact, at my mother's funeral, her seven grandsons were her pallbearers and when they settled her onto her final resting place for the grave-side service, yellow butterflies were dancing all over the beautiful flowers on her casket right in front of us, under the tent.

You see, before my mom passed away, we had a lot of time to talk those last few

weeks, and I asked her, if she could, to somehow give me a sign that she was OK - that she was fine and happy. I told her I would then be OK with it all. She had smiled and said that if she could, she would. I could not help but feel that my mom was sending me signs (The white moth - to get my attention) to let me know that she was better than fine... she was wonderful! There were just too many yellow butterflies and just too many incidences for it to have been coincidental - with no meaning. I even saw them in my backyard at my new house for weeks after the first frost that year - way past time for them to be flitting around. Every, single day for weeks, I would look out the back window, and one or two or three yellow butterflies would be dancing around the Magnolia tree in my backyard.

Well, with that background in mind, I think when you read the first two stories that my mom wrote for my children twenty years ago this week, you will see why it was so very emotional for me.



BUTTERFLY LAND

BY
MAMA MAC

I was walking through a field of beautiful wild flowers in the springtime when I saw a little yellow butterfly sit down on a wild flower. He sat there a minute and up and away he went darting from one flower to another. Then I saw another butterfly come by and the two butterflies seemed to be talking to each other. Again they were off, dancing in mid air, smelling the flowers.

Soon a big, brown and yellow butterfly came by and said to the two little butterflies, "I know where there is a forest of beautiful flowering trees where you can live forever and always have flowers to smell. Would you like to go?" The little butterflies said, "It sounds like fun, but we are so little we cannot fly that far."

The big butterfly said, "Have you ever ridden piggy back?"

The little butterflies said, "No, but it sounds like fun. Could we try it?"

The little butterflies got up on the big butterfly's back and away they went into the far away land. There were tall trees covered with yellow, red, purple and orange flowers and flowers were everywhere. The little butterflies were so happy they wanted to go back and tell all their friends. But, it was a long trip and they would not be able to fly that far until they grew some more. So, they just made new friends and had a wonderful time in the Butterfly land.

And then this one...

BUFFY BUTTERFLY AND REGGIE RABBIT

BY

MAMA MAC

Buffy Butterfly was having a wonderful time on a beautiful spring day in the woods. The spring flowers had begun to bloom and she was bobbing up and down from one flower to another. Then she saw this little rabbit nearby looking rather sad.

Buffy Butterfly said, "Little rabbit, why are you so sad?" The little rabbit answered, "I've lost my mommy and I don't know where I am."

"Tell me your name and I will help you find your mommy because you see, I can fly up high and look down and see a long way off in the distance," replied Buffy Butterfly.

The little rabbit said, "Oh, I am Reggie Rabbit and I am so happy you will help me! I will soon be a big rabbit and I can find my way better then." Buffy Butterfly, thank you for helping find my mommy!"

Buffy Butterfly went flying away, darting in and out through the flowers and trees. She stopped suddenly when she saw something move in the tall, blooming flowers in the field. She darted down closer and there Reggie Rabbit's mommy was.

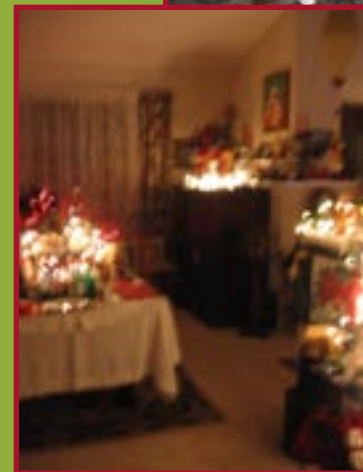
Mother Rabbit said, "Buffy Butterfly, how are you today?"

Buffy Butterfly said, "I am fine now because I have found you. Reggie Rabbit is very sad because he thinks he is lost and I have come looking for you."

Mother Rabbit seemed surprised that Reggie was lost and sad. She thought Reggie had grown up enough that he would understand that she would be back before long.

Mother Rabbit said, "Thank you, Buffy, for helping Reggie. He is growing up fast and will soon learn not to be frightened when I leave him."

I just thought they were the sweetest little stories for my babies, and now, after twenty years, they have brought comfort to me, as well. They have been here all along, I just didn't know it...





Here are a few shots (no pun intended) from Jessica and Laura's Cowboys and Indians Thanksgiving Party! Sure wish I had felt up to popping in for a bit. Sure looks like they had fun! They even did line dances!

Well, I have a mountain of stuff to do. Need to get to it. Just wanted to say "Hey!" I am hoping I have time to write you this next week, but with all that is going on, it may be hard to. Thanks to all of my friends this week for lovely dinners and visits. They were all a blast and very special - each - in their own way.

Love to you all...





Y'all come back now, ya hear?!

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, Lake 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, Russia, Maine, 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. 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. 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!