



FRIDAY FOLLIES

October 13, 2006

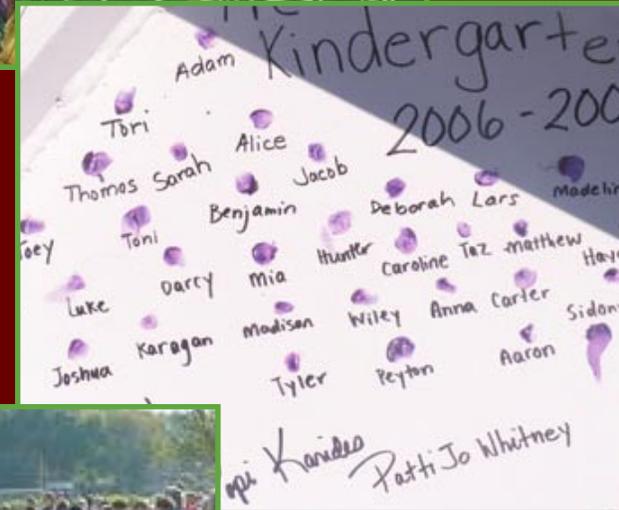
Hey!

OCTOBER 13, 2006

IT IS MY SISTER'S BIRTHDAY AND IT IS FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH! I HOPE IT IS A GREAT ONE, BETTY. I LOVE YOU.

IT HAS BEEN A PRETTY GREAT WEEK IN ALL. LOTS GOING ON, THAT IS FOR SURE. THE FIRST THING I WANTED TO SHOW YOU WAS THE "TOPPING OFF" CEREMONY AT THE PLACE WHERE I WORK. WE ARE BUILDING A NEW SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY BUILDING, AND AS IS THE TRADITION, WHEN THE STEEL WORKERS FINISH, THEY PAINT THE LAST STEEL BEAM WHITE, HAVE EVERYONE SIGN IT, AND HOISTED TO ITS RESTING PLACE WITH AN EVERGREEN TREE ON ONE END AND AN AMERICAN FLAG ON THE OTHER.

SINCE IT IS A SCHOOL, THE STUDENTS GOT INVOLVED. ALL OF THE STUDENTS, TEACHERS, TRUSTEES, ANYONE WHO WANTED TO, COULD COME BY FOR A FEW DAYS AND SIGN THE BEAM. I AM TELLING YOU, IT WAS A REALLY COOL THING. THEN WHEN IT WAS TIME, WE WERE GIVEN AN HOUR'S NOTICE, AND ALL OF THE STUDENTS, FACULTY, STAFF, AND TRUSTEES WHO WERE AVAILABLE JOINED TOGETHER TO WATCH AND CHEER AS IT WAS LIFTED INTO ITS FINAL PLACE. IT MARKS THE COMPLETION OF THE FIRST PHASE OF CONSTRUCTION, AND THERE IT WILL STAY UNTIL THE ROOF IS ATTACHED. JUST A VERY, VERY COOL THING TO WATCH.



THE CHILDREN WHO WERE TOO SMALL TO SIGN THEIR NAMES, PUT THEIR THUMB PRINTS IN PURPLE INK ON THE BEAM AND THEIR TEACHERS SIGNED THEIR NAMES UNDER THEIR THUMB PRINTS. CUTE, HUH? IT WAS AN EXPERIENCE I AM SURE THEY WILL CARRY WITH THEM FOR LIFE.

THE REALLY COOL THING ABOUT WORKING AT A SCHOOL THAT IS PREKINDERGARTEN THROUGH TWELFTH GRADE IS THAT YOU GET TO WATCH THE "BABIES" GROW INTO YOUNG ADULTS. I AM NOT SURE OF ANY OTHER OCCUPATION THAT ALLOWS YOU TO DO THAT! VERY SPECIAL! ANYWAY, THIS "LITTLE" GUY, ANDREW, DOES NOT GO TO OUR SCHOOL ANYMORE BECAUSE HE WANTED TO PLAY FOOTBALL - ONE OF THE VERY FEW SPORTS OF ANY KIND YOU CAN IMAGINE - THAT



WE DO NOT HAVE. WHEN HE WAS IN THE FOURTH, FIFTH, AND SIXTH GRADES, HE USED TO GO INTO THE REST ROOM ACROSS FROM MY OFFICE EVERY AFTERNOON AND CHANGE INTO HIS FOOTBALL UNIFORM FOR NEIGHBORHOOD PRACTICE. THEN HE WOULD COME INTO MY OFFICE TO SAY, "HELLO! HOW'S IT GOING?" AND HE WOULD BE IN FULL FOOTBALL ATTIRE - THE HELMET, THE CLEATS, THE SHOULDER PADS, EVERYTHING! IT WAS THE CUTEST THING YOU HAVE EVER SEEN! NOW THAT HE IS GROWN AND PLAYING FOR A LOCAL PUBLIC HIGH SCHOOL, HE STILL POPS IN TO SAY "HELLO" FROM TIME TO TIME. THE FUNNY THING IS, I HAVE NOT TAUGHT FOR FIFTEEN YEARS! I NEVER TAUGHT HIM! HE IS THE SON OF A FRIEND, AND I GUESS HE JUST ALWAYS KINDA HAD THIS CRUSH. ISN'T THAT THE SWEETEST THING YOU HAVE EVER HEARD OF? WE LAUGH ABOUT THAT NOW, BUT HE STILL STOPS IN. VERY SPECIAL!

WENT TO SEE LYNYRD SKYNYRD THIS PAST WEEKEND. WHAT FUN! THEY STILL PUT ON A HECK OF A SHOW, AND I SIMPLY HAD A BLAST. GOT THERE LATE, BUT IT REALLY DIDN'T





MATTER BECAUSE THE LAST HALF OF THE SHOW AND THE THREE ENCORES WERE PROBABLY THE BEST PART, ANYWAY. WE WERE SO LATE, THEY GOT A GOLF CART TO TAKE US TO PICK UP OUR TICKETS AND THEN TO TAKE US TO OUR SEATS - RIGHT DOWN FRONT... THAT WAS FUN! IT WAS JUST A FUN NIGHT ALL 'ROUND. THANKS, KYM.

HEY, DO YOU REMEMBER A FEW WEEKS BACK WHEN I TOLD YOU ABOUT THE

Rock N' Roll Half Marathon AND THE YOUNG MAN IN THE WHEELCHAIR WHOSE FATHER ENTERS HIM IN ALL OF THE COMPETITIONS NATION-WIDE. WELL, A FRIEND OF MINE IN FLORIDA SENT ME THIS VIDEO LINK THIS WEEK. IT MADE ME CRY. I DON'T OFTEN DO THIS, BUT I REALLY WISH YOU WOULD READ THIS AND THEN CLICK ON THIS LINK AT THE END TO SEE THE SHORT VIDEO. IT IS CALLED

(CAN) FATHER-SON BOND OF Dick AND Rick Hoyt

STRONGEST DAD IN THE WORLD

[FROM SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, By Rick Reilly]

I TRY TO BE A GOOD FATHER. GIVE MY KIDS MULLIGAN'S. WORK NIGHTS TO PAY FOR THEIR TEXT MESSAGING. TAKE THEM TO SWIMSUIT SHOTS. BUT COMPARED WITH Dick Hoyt, I SUCK. Eighty-five times he's pushed his disabled son, Rick, 26.2 miles in marathons. Eight times he's not only pushed him 26.2 miles in a wheelchair but also towed him 2.4 miles in a dinghy while swimming and pedaled him 112 miles in a seat on the handlebars--all in the same day. Dick's also pulled him cross-country skiing, taken him on his back mountain climbing and once hauled him across the U.S. on a bike.

MAKES TAKING YOUR SON BOWLING LOOK A LITTLE LAME, RIGHT?

AND WHAT HAS Rick DONE FOR HIS FATHER? NOT MUCH--EXCEPT SAVE HIS LIFE.

THIS LOVE STORY BEGAN IN WINCHESTER, MASS., 43 YEARS AGO, WHEN Rick WAS STRANGLERED BY THE UMBILICAL CORD DURING BIRTH, LEAVING HIM BRAIN-DAMAGED AND UNABLE TO CONTROL HIS LIMBS.

"HE'LL BE A VEGETABLE THE REST OF HIS LIFE;" Dick says doctors told him and his wife, Judy, when Rick was nine months old. "PUT HIM IN AN INSTITUTION." BUT THE HOYTS WEREN'T BUYING IT. THEY NOTICED THE WAY Rick'S EYES FOLLOWED THEM AROUND THE ROOM. WHEN Rick WAS 11 THEY TOOK HIM TO THE ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT AT TUFTS UNIVERSITY AND ASKED IF THERE WAS ANYTHING TO HELP THE BOY COMMUNICATE. "NO WAY," Dick says he WAS TOLD. "THERE'S NOTHING GOING ON IN HIS BRAIN."

"TELL HIM A JOKE," Dick COUNTERED. THEY DID. Rick LAUGHED. TURNS OUT A LOT WAS GOING ON IN HIS BRAIN.



Rigged up with a computer that allowed him to control the cursor by touching a switch with the side of his head, Rick was finally able to communicate. First words? "Go Bruins!" And after a high school classmate was paralyzed in an accident and the school organized a charity run for him, Rick pecked out, "Dad, I want to do that." Yeah, right. How was Dick, a self-described "porker" who never ran more than a mile at a time, going to push his son five miles? Still, he tried. "Then it was me who was handicapped," Dick says. "I was sore for two weeks." That day changed Rick's life. "Dad," he typed, "when we were running, it felt like I wasn't disabled anymore!"



HERE'S A PHOTO OF THEM RUNNING PAST MY HOUSE A FEW WEEKS BACK...

And that sentence changed Dick's life. He became obsessed with giving Rick that feeling as often as he could. He got into such hard-belly shape that he and Rick were ready to try the 1979 Boston Marathon. "No way," Dick was told by a race official. The Hoyts weren't quite a single runner, and they weren't quite a wheelchair competitor. For a few years Dick and Rick just joined the massive field and ran anyway, then they found a way to get into the race officially: In 1983 they ran another marathon so fast they made the qualifying time for Boston the following year. Then somebody said, "Hey, Dick, why not a triathlon?" How's a guy who never learned to swim and hadn't ridden a bike since he was six going to haul his 110-pound kid through a triathlon? Still, Dick tried.

Now they've done 212 triathlons, including four grueling 15-hour Ironmans in Hawaii. It must be a buzzkill to be a 25-year-old stud getting passed by an old guy towing a grown man in a dinghy, don't you think? Hey, Dick, why not see how you'd do on your own? "No way," he says. Dick does it purely for "the awesome feeling" he gets seeing Rick with a cantaloupe smile as they run, swim and ride together. This year, at ages 65 and 43, Dick and Rick finished their 24th Boston Marathon, in 5,083rd place out of more than 20,000 starters. Their best time? Two hours, 40 minutes in 1992 - only 35 minutes off the world record, which, in case you don't keep track of these things, happens to be held by a guy who was not pushing another man in a wheelchair at the time. "No question about it," Rick types. "My dad is the Father of the Century."

And Dick got something else out of all this too.

Two years ago he had a mild heart attack during a race. Doctors found that one of his arteries was 95% clogged. "If you hadn't been in such great shape," one doctor told him, "you probably would've died 15 years ago." So, in a way, Dick and Rick saved each other's life. Rick, who has his own apartment (he gets home care) and works in Boston, and Dick, retired from the military and living in Holland, Mass., always find ways to be together. They give speeches around the country and compete in some backbreaking race every weekend, including this Father's Day. That night, Rick will buy his dad dinner, but the thing he really wants to give him is a gift he can never buy. "The thing I'd most like," Rick types, "is that my dad sit in the chair and I push him once." Here's the video....

<http://youtube.com/watch?v=ryCTIiqaloQ>

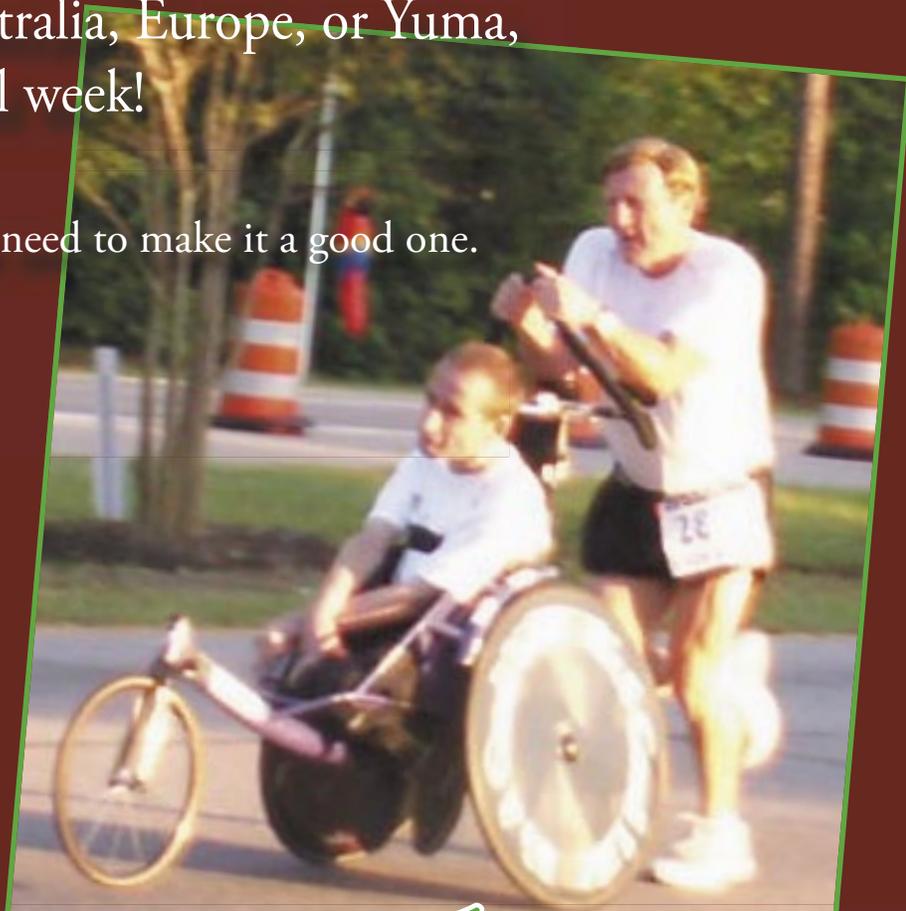
HAVE A GREAT WEEK...ya'll... I love ya...

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

P.S. 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!