

Friday Follies 06/14/02 You Gotta Read This One!

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Hey!

HAPPY FATHER'S DAY!

My Daddy, Bill Greenhaw, at the age of six.

And Happy Birthday to Jeremy. He was 23 on Monday

Before I begin, this week, I wanted to say thank you to those of you who knew and who supported my efforts to be appointed by Governor Warner to the ABC Board. The Secretary of the Commonwealth, Anita Rimler, called me back in March to make sure I would be willing to move to Richmond. She said everything had been passed on to Mark, and the decision would be made within the next two weeks.

Well, weeks turned into months, and while I was in Mississippi last week, Secretary Rimler called to say that for "political" reasons, they had "turned in another direction." They appointed a woman from Newport News who has been the Director of the Department of Minority Business Enterprise for over a decade, and they also appointed a senator and former Delegate since the 70's from Northern Virginia. Now who could argue with that? I am just so thrilled and honored to have come as close as I did with over 500 applications for each position. I am also thrilled and honored by the tremendous support so many of you showed. Secretary Rimler laughed when she called me back in March and said, "OK. You can tell your friends to stop writing letters now!" The funny thing was, I already had. I don't know where the other letters were coming from. I, personally, had copies of over 50 letters! I do not know how many more they had in Richmond.

Very, very touching, and thank you all so much. Sincerely.

Now, for the latest.....

Man...What a couple of weeks! I have so much to tell you that I may have to break this up into two Follies. The last time I wrote you was just after JP had his wreck. He is fine and is driving a beautiful new white F150. It is actually a much better truck than his other was.

JP walking away from his truck after climbing out the passenger window.

Well, you are not going to believe this...but...I got a call this Tuesday from my daughter, Jessica, saying she had just been in a bad accident--to please come quickly. Long story short, she was shaken up and bruised and the air bag did its work, but she

and her friend, even though they had seat belts and harnesses on, had to go to VA Beach General to be "checked out." They checked everything and did ex-rays, but cat scans were not necessary. They are both on anti-inflammatory medication and muscle relaxers. She is fine, but the airbag pushed her glasses into her forehead before they flew into the back of the car. She has a mark on her nose, and her arms, legs, and tummy are, well, they look like someone has scratched her with fingernails....that is also from the explosion of the airbag.

I went by after four hours in the emergency room and checked on Jess's car. It is totaled. They are very lucky to have walked away from that one. She is not supposed to return to work or to drive until Friday. She had just gotten a second job that day at Hot Line (A surf shop here) so she is bummed about not being able to work until Friday.

HMMM, so I guess that is...two cars totaled, a broken wind shield on my car, and a stolen bike built for two, all in less than a month's time....our insurance company must LOVE us. The only saving grace, though, and truly the only thing that matters, is that everyone is OK.

Then, (whew) I did not send the Follies last week or the week before because I left on Friday the May 31 to go to Columbus, Mississippi to be with my mom for a week.

My sister, Betty, and her husband, Robin, were going to Gulf Shores, Alabama to celebrate their 40th wedding anniversary, and my sister-in-law, Vicki, was going to Minneapolis for her nephew's graduation. It ended up being a great visit with my mom, but a very long trip. Since I still do not feel comfortable flying, I drove the 14 hours to get there. (I know. I'm crazy.) I spent the night near Atlanta and got up early Saturday morning and drove the rest of the way.

It was absolutely gorgeous weather, and I drove the entire trip with the top down on the convertible and a bathing suit top on. (Of course I threw on a shirt when I had to stop for anything).

One thing I wish I had taken a photo of was that Saturday morning as I drove through Gordo, Alabama. Gordo is a tiny little town near the MS/AL border. I started seeing American flags a few miles outside of town--I don't mean a few--I mean hundreds. By the time I got to town, both sides of the street were lined with big, waving, American flags for as far as the eye could see. I pulled up to a stoplight and saw a huge sign that read "Happy Mule Day!" (I do not have a clue what that meant and have asked several people at home, but no one knew what that meant either). When I looked to my right, I saw an incredible parade with floats and flags, and literally hundreds of men wearing cowboy hats and riding their horses through the main street of town. It was breathtaking! I felt like I was on assignment for *Life* magazine or *National Geographic* or something (only with my camera packed in the trunk!) It was truly a perfect "snapshot" of Americana.

My brother, Larry, was home because he has just bought a new gas and convenience store in West Point, MS. Since he is turning the place around, he gets up every morning

of the week at 4:00a.m. and makes the 30 some-odd minute drive to open up. The store is very nice and has tons of potential, right at a busy intersection. At any rate, with all my other relatives out of town, it gave us a great chance to have some time together. Great fun.

One night, we went to Rubin's Fish House for the BEST catfish anywhere around. Rubin's has also put in a huge new bar and balcony overlooking the Tenn/Tom Waterway and is quite the "night spot" in Columbus these days. That was fun, and I saw a few friends. Several were in a group on their Harley's, professional folks who take to their bikes on the weekends. Larry's youngest son, Andy who has played college soccer for two years came to join us for dinner. He has decided to join the Marines and fly helicopters in two years when he graduates from MSU. What a difference a couple of years makes.

One afternoon, we rode over to Brooksville, MS to see Allen, my brother's oldest son, and Meredith, his wife. They have just bought a great new house on over two acres. (If I told you how much they paid for it, you would say I was fibbing. The cost of living is still incredibly low down there.) They are expecting their first baby this August, and if you remember, I told you last summer that when Allen got off the plane from his honeymoon, he got a call to go to Montana and fight the fires for six weeks. While I was there, he was called again. This time, he is headed to either New Mexico or Colorado. I will let you know where he ends up. Here is an article that was in the Jackson paper, *The Clarion Ledger*, about Allen last summer.

And me being foolish in Allen's gear...

He is such a cool kid...um, young man. He is the Chair of the County Ducks Unlimited Association, the county forestry fire chief, and on and on. He hunts constantly and races cars. They have a HUGE garden with every kind of vegetable you can imagine, and they are getting ready to buy goats for the back pasture. They have two impressive Chesapeake Bay Retrievers and a tiny, beautiful miniature Doberman Pincher, Belle, who thinks she is as big and tough as her 150 pound brothers.

Can you see her in the top right hand corner with her own stick?

At one point, Allen opened up his outside freezer and pulled out a BOBCAT to show me. It was the most beautiful creature I have ever seen. He had to shoot it while deer hunting because it was after one of his dogs. Since JP, my husband, went to WVA Wesleyan College and their mascot is the Bobcat, he had a fit when I told him about it. Truly tried everything he could to buy it from Allen. Allen, and then his brother, David, after him, both were the managers of the Mississippi State football team. To pacify JP, they gave me the Mississippi State football cap worn by Jackie Sherrel during

the "Snowbowl" game on in Shreveport, Louisiana New Year's a couple of years ago. JP was pleased, but is still trying to figure out a way to get that BOBCAT.

Also, while Larry and I were visiting in Brooksville, there was a shooting! Since Allen is on all of the radio scanner stuff, we heard about the whole thing. This couple got in an argument in the back of the Baptist Church and "Smokey Joe" shot his ex-wife in the neck. He then turned his gun on himself just as the policeman, "Chicken George" shot at him and missed. "Smokey Joe" then shot himself in the head, but the bullet came out the other side of his temple. (I AM NOT MAKING THIS UP!) The highway patrol blocked off highway 45 for over an hour while a helicopter flew in from Tupelo to pick them up and transport them to the critical care unit. When I left, they were both recovering. Such is life in Brooksville, MS.

In addition to all of this excitement...Mike Tyson was training down the highway in Tunica, Mississippi, so that was, literally, all the talk, too. Never a dull moment in Mississippi.

My mom is so funny. While visiting, I fixed up an old broken down bird feeder outside her window. It was filled with wasps and ants. I cleaned it out and fixed the top, filled it with seeds, brought her a birdbath, a few plants, and a humming bird feeder. She loves it. Now she has something to watch out her window. We had a good time with that.

Then one morning I had to take her to the dentist, so two of the aids and I loaded her in my convertible, put the wheel chair in the trunk (with my camera...ha) and off we went. The dentist, who was my dentist when I was a child, did not take more than 15 minutes, so my mom talked the two aids into "escaping" with us for a ride. We rode by her house so she could see her yard and flowers, we drove by my sister and sister-in-law's house to show the aids, we went for ice cream, we giggled and laughed like delinquents on a joy ride. Fun, fun, fun.

Then my mom started telling stories about funny things that happened at the "asylum," as she calls it. She likes to tell stories about the "inmates," again, her term, not mine. She also often jokes about just hopping on her "electric chair" (her electric wheel chair) and heading down the expressway for home. Just to hear her tell it is hilarious...

Now, just imagine a deep, slow, dry witted, Southern drawl...She told about one lady and her husband who live at the home together. She said he was undergoing Chemotherapy and only had "one pitiful long ole hair sticking straight up on top of his head." One day at lunch, he said something that upset his wife and she snarled, leaned over, and said, "Earl, if you don't stop that, I am going to snatch every hair out of your head." We laughed and laughed. Then she told about the time my sister smiled and asked this one prim and proper little old lady at lunch if she wanted a straw for her milk or if she preferred a glass. The little prim and proper old lady just looked up at Betty, squinted her eyes, and snapped, "I don't give a damn what you do!" We laughed and laughed. Then there was the time one lady accused my mom of "going after" her husband, and then she tried to hit mom with her chair. Mom could hardly tell the story

she was laughing so hard. She said the old man had Alzheimer's and the poor thing didn't even know who his wife was! We laughed and laughed.

Then there was the sweet story of Cecil, mom's husband, coming to visit her and bringing her a dozen red roses. He told the nurses he was going to get a kiss for every rose. When he left, they asked how he did, and he said he still had to collect six on his next visit. Sweet, sweet.

It was a lovely visit.

On the way home, I took the long route and went through Savannah, Georgia and Chareslton, South Carolina, two places I have heard of all of my life, but have never seen. They were both spectacular, and I plan to spend more time there someday. I met my husband in Pawleys Island, South Carolina. He was there for the first Board meeting and first annual golf tournament of the "Blue Print Leadership Academy."

Pawleys Island Plantation Country Club Blue Print

Blue Print, Erving "Blue Print" Parker, is on of our fellow Friday Folliers and was a roommate of JP's years ago when JP ran the 2001 Club in Myrtle Beach. He got his nick name because when he tackled folks, they said he hit them so hard, he left "Blue Prints" on them. Blue Print played at South Carolina State in 1979, was drafted by the NFL's Buffalo Bills as a linebacker, and later played for the San Diego Chargers and the Seattle Seahawks.

He has now started a Foundation and a Leadership Academy that helps At-Risk kids in the Georgetown area, his home town. He ran a first class golf tournament, and I was lucky enough to meet tons of extremely nice ball players. Here are two photos. We were so busy visiting, we forgot to take photos!

_____ and _____, current running backs and defensive backs with either the Dolphins, Bills, or Raiders. Very nice, I just cannot remember who they were!

Pete Johnson of the Bengals

Others I enjoyed meeting at the event were Rufus Bess, Charlie Brown, Ted Brown, Dextor, and my favorite (besides you, Pete), Joe Cribbs. JP will probably fuss at me because I cannot remember all of the names of the players, but there were about thirty of them!

So, as I close this week, I have two questions for you. (1) What is Mule Day? And (2) Who are the nice gentlemen in the photo above?

OK. I guess that is it for another week. Whew!
Take care and enjoy Father's Day .

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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