

FRIDAY FOLLIES

APRIL 2012



Hey!

April 2012

April was crammed full of activities, events, and even lots of fun! One truly nice advantage to living on the coast is the incredible fresh seafood. All of this food was for one small dinner party at a friend's house one beautiful April evening. Lots of satisfied guests, that is for sure. Then the night cooled off, we built a fire, roasted marshmallows

just as the biggest full moon you have ever seen came up over the Atlantic. Just spectacular!

Then... as you know...



one beautiful, April Friday afternoon, a Navy jet fell from the sky - less than a mile from my home (as the crow flies).

The photo on the right shows you how low they fly over my house when they are doing their "touch and go"s.

Within seconds of spotting the smoke, my text messages started going wild, and I turned to Facebook to see what others knew. Literally within minutes, there were photos and videos flying back and forth. Many of these images of the downed aircraft and the ejection seat, etc. were eventually picked up by the networks. It was called the Good Friday Miracle because no one was killed. Both pilots were fine and all of the elderly residents of the retirement community it crashed into survived. Truly amazing. Truly a miracle...



And do you remember my telling you about



my new hearing aids and how suddenly I could hear music again? Well, one of those over 300 people who commented on my Facebook post was a reporter and asked to interview me for his column in The Virginian-Pilot. It also appeared on the front page of the paper in April. I was thrilled. I loved the slant he gave the piece and for weeks following, received many, many nice comments, cards, and emails. Here is the article in its entirety.

April also brought my former boss and very dear friend, Dan Richardson, to town. It was great to have some quality time to visit over breakfast one morning while he was here!

HEAR THAT? IT'S MORE THAN JUST MUSIC TO THESE EARS.

FOR THOSE first days, when the doctors told Judi Godsey there would be an acclimation period to her new hearing aids, when the semis passing by on the highway caused her to flinch, every sound seemed painfully loud.

She had lost her hearing nearly overnight at age 40, and for more than 15 years she had regularly upgraded to new hearing aids when finances and insurance premiums allowed.

Her most recent pair, nearly eight years old, made it hard for her to chat on the phone or listen to music. In the car, the radio sounded distorted, like it was having trouble picking up a faraway station, and so for the past five years, she had given up. Music? Forget it.

But now, with the new hearing aids, she was growing used to the rhythms of life again. The improvement in technology was stunning, and Godsey was ready to return to her extroverted self. She had heard her 2-year-old grandson call her by name over the telephone, and she cried. There was so much out there to catch up on.

Where would she start? I am guilty of playing the hypotheticals as dinner conversation. Without an iPod for six months, what would be the first song you would listen to? In full embrace of hyperbole, debate the most beautiful sound ever. For me, these are pain-free games. For Godsey, this was her life.

She watched the Grammys in February with the sound off and closed-captioning on. That night, the Brit-pop singer Adele was the queen of the award show. Godsey had never heard Adele's music or her chart-topping album "21."

Godsey could only guess what Adele would sound like. She hadn't been exposed to a summer of non-stop "Rolling in the Deep." She had yet to sympathize with the broken-hearted narrator in "Someone Like You." She thought Adele

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From Adele to ZZ Top, it all sounds sweet

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might be just another pop singer, one who was shrill or with limited range.

But a few weeks later, in the silent hours of March 22, equipped with the new hearing aids and confident in her acclimation, she couldn't wait any longer.

It was 1:30 a.m.

"I went straight to YouTube and cranked up her music videos. I was so excited," Godsey wrote me in a series of email interviews.

When she heard the music, she was impressed by the richness of Adele's voice. She described it as "pure and easy."

And she was hooked.

She listened to more music, more acts, more soundtracks. Michael Jackson. Paul McCartney.

"At first, I just sat and stared at the computer screen, tears welling up in my eyes."

She posted her favorites to Facebook, not counting on her friends who were awake in other time zones.

Then her friends posted suggestions. She looked them up and listened.

Sometimes she would dance. Sometimes she would sing. Sometimes she would cry.

Everything sounded richer than she imagined,

even from five years earlier. Everything sounded fuller. The sound of one note was replaced by a symphony.

"I had absolutely no idea how much I had missed it," she wrote. "I missed the emotional part of it, the way music reaches inside and touches something nothing else can. The 'connectedness' you feel with everyone else who has ever heard it. The social aspect, the cultural aspect, the cerebral aspect. All of it. I missed all of it."

Bach. Jennifer Hall. Florence Welch. The night was over now. It was morning. "I was out of my mind giddy."

She found a list of 150 "happy" songs and started making her way through each track.

"I could not listen fast enough," she wrote. "I wanted to catch up."

The coming days would include more videos, more music, more discoveries and rediscoveries. B.B. King. Amy Winehouse. Duffy. Classic rock. Motown.

But first she gave in to exhaustion and climbed into bed.

It was early afternoon now, nearly 12 hours since that first song, since she had been re-acclimated to rock 'n' roll and jazz and pop, since she had been reminded that the best part of music is not how it sounds, but how it makes you feel.

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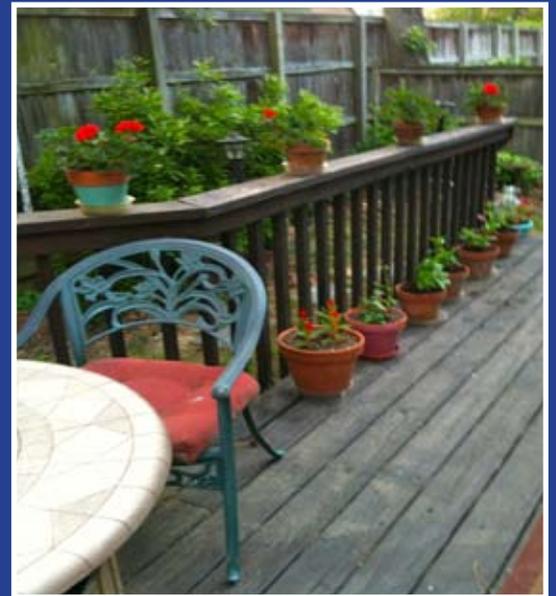


I wanted to include these great photos of my children, their dad, and relatives at their step-brother's wedding in April. They all look so great and had such a wonderful time!





And better late than not at all - I put in my garden at the very end of April. Everyone I know put theirs in very early this year, but having been burned doing that before, I waited as long as I could stand it! Small, but always beautiful and bountiful, I love my garden! Canned goods to come!



April also was an excellent month for reading. Finished all The Hunger Games trilogy and also the incredible bio on Steve Jobs. All well worth reading!



I will close this edition of the Follies with my usual "Kai Page." He is growing so very fast...



Oh, and that is his dad body boarding!
Love to you all.
Talk with you next month!

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, Louisiana, Washington D.C., Iraq, Costa Rica, Poland, Maryland, West (By-God) Virginia, Nashville, Florida, Saudi Arabia, New Hampshire, Tampa, Chattanooga, France, Phoenix, New York, Oregon, Russia, Maine, Australia, Bangkok, 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 Greenhaw Godsey