



# CHS Bio

## Janet Ferrill – Country Girl

1955

Current



I never dreamed I'd find myself living in a town of 3800 in the Deep South, but here I am in Madison, Georgia. Madison is an antebellum town an hour east of Atlanta and has been called "the best little town in America" by Travel and Leisure Magazine. That might be a bit of an overstatement, but it is a pretty little village with antebellum homes lining Main Street, and is often referred to as "the town Sherman refused to burn" on his march to the sea. But enough history. I've survived the culture shock and am trying to blend in. I've learned that the plural of "y'all" is "all y'all", that every place I'm trying to find is "right around the corner from the home of" someone I've never heard of who no longer lives there, and that one must say "woods," not "forest," or "they'll think you're a Yankee!" The hardest part of the transition may just be my profound sense of shame when I find myself saying things like "fixin to."

Why on earth am I here? Six years ago I left my job at TV Guide in Tulsa and moved to Atlanta to watch my granddaughter grow up. Claire is now almost 7 and my grandson, John, is 4. I've promised my daughter, Kathryn, and her husband that I'll be a "camp follower" as long as they need and want me. This move to Madison was my third and I hope it will be the last. I live in a little historic reproduction neighborhood of about 25 homes and a group of delightful neighbors who have become my new best friends. We all sit on our porches, swim in our pool and have pot-luck suppers at the c.1870 farmhouse that serves as our clubhouse. Yes, everyone knows what everyone else is doing, but I have nothing to hide (I certainly wish I did!).

My son, Mark, lives in Chicago and is a bond broker. He's a little hard to keep up with as he travels all the time for business and pleasure. Not married yet, but I remain hopeful. Grandchildren are absolutely the best thing in life and I want more.

After 10 years of marriage to my college sweetheart, we divorced I've been single most of my life since then – a brief second marriage turned out to be a mistake. Thus I remain committed to the single life. It has its advantages. Since my portfolio was greatly diminished by the fall of stocks held in companies (including my own) led by corporate crooks, I've gone back to work (real estate) to try to rebuild it. Pretty tough in a small town where I'm a newcomer, but it looks like it may be a pretty good year. Hope I can re-retire again some day.

I miss my close friends in Tulsa and go back often, but I love being with my family. I've always believed that life should be an adventure and mine has proven to be just that. My high school years were some of my happiest and I look forward to seeing as many of you as possible at the 50th. I hope "all y'all" come!

Janet Ferrill (yes, I re-assumed my maiden name....very feminazi of me, isn't it?)

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**1953 – Judy Head** holding the dress of **Janet Ferrill**. Janet was a noted "flasher" in the Tulsa area and Judy is holding down her dress to keep her from "flashing" the photographer. Actually Janet was sent to Georgia as part of her probation.

