

The Mondy Morning

CHRONICLE

Family Poop Sheet since 1990

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Open Letter to **Jeanie Newsum**:

Dear Jeanie: As you predicted, when I arrived at the White house I found the four White girls sitting around doing their omphaloskepsis, mute and wondering what to do. I told them that you had commissioned me to see if I could get them out of their usual foggy mood and get them to talk a bit. When they didn't respond to my plea, I threatened to call you for help as you had asked me to. I had a modicum of success; – at least the house was no longer like a mausoleum, and I feel real proud of myself and appreciate your input suggestions.
Uncle Harrison

Jeanie, this is from Aunt Margaret.

Uncle Harrison has stretched the truth, I fear. As a matter of fact, when we arrived the walls were reverberating with loud screams of laughter with the four White girls all talking at the same time, each trying to out-scream the other. He tried to get their attention so he could relay your request and I think they stopped long enough to hear it; then they threatened to all get on the phone to you so you could hear that they were not mute. Aunt Margaret.

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We left Taos early Friday morning and stopping every two hours for **Margaret** to exercise her leg, and arrived in Lubbock at about 4:pm. Saturday was the Big Day and there will be a write-up about it in this paper,

later. We left early Sunday morning after filling our car with 98 cent gas, and arrived back in El Prado at 4:pm. The trip was not hard on Margaret and she was happy to be out in the car again, four weeks after her hip replacement. I attribute her rapid recovery to the fact that for years she walked two miles per day for exercise so her muscles were in good shape.

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SPRINGFIELD NEWS

Bessie says:

I have decided to take time out to write. Just got through making blackberry jelly. Been busy ever since we got home from our vacation trip, – unpacking, washing, mowing the lawn, making apple bread and apple butter from apples that had been giving to us, and the blackberry jelly. And then, to cap it all off, I had my 84th birthday.

About our trip: It was wonderful.

Bertha, Daughter Sue, Grandson Deryll, and I left Springfield on Sept. 23rd at 2:30 pm and drove the Newton, KS where we spent the night. Arrived Denver at **Bea and Jack Taylor's** on the 24th in time for a delicious dinner. Next day Jack rented a six-passenger car and drove us to Estes Park where we had our picnic lunch on top of a mountain. Jack was so good to show us around. On the 25th we went to Georgetown and Leadville and enjoyed it.

On the 26th and 27th we were in Colorado springs where we got in touch with **Tom and Jewel**. They came to our motel and we had a real nice visit with them. It was so good to see them for it had been a long time since we had seen them. Love you both, Tom and Jewel.

On Saturday the 29th I called Harrison and told him we would be in Taos that day. We tried to call him a few times to let him know where we were for he was going to meet us and take us to his home. When we finally got him he told us that **Margaret** had fallen and broken her hip and was in hospital.

Margaret, we were so sorry to hear about your accident and sorry we didn't get to see you but realized you were in so much pain you didn't need to have company. Hope your surgery went well and you are feeling better by now.

Bea and Jack came and we had another good visit with them. Went to Branson one day and saw the Baldknobbers Show that evening. Good show and we enjoyed it.

Josie is doing pretty well, still working. She took Bertha, Bea, Jack and me to dinner one night and we had a good visit at the table.

I go to the doctor on the 2nd of November for my annual check-up and will probably get my flu shot. I'm doing OK, just getting older and slower.

The weather was wonderful for our trip and is nice here now. On the trip we saw a lot of colorful aspens and here the fall colors are beautiful.

Harrison and Margaret, we are sorry we did not get to see you. Margaret, hope you are doing OK.

Love and prayers, Bessie and Bertha

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From **Jerry Thornton** I received the following information via telephone call. Cecil (Sitz) died on Sunday, October 7th and was buried in Tallahassee in the family plot. He was suffering from cancer and was taking both chemo and radiation treatments. **Lois** seems to be having problems with her memory. It appears that the children were there to celebrate her 90th birthday when it happened. (Her birthday was actually on the 10th.) Cecil was 92. They were married in 1932. Jerry is arranging for me to get a copy of Cecil's obituary and when I get it I will publish it in the paper. Lois and Cecil were among the earliest members of the Chronicle family.

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Part of a conversation between Mark Miller and his daughter, Savannah, who lives near Jackson Hole, Montana.

"...Yes, Daddy, this morning I walked down the steps into the yard but when I looked up, I was looking straight into the eyes of the biggest bull moose I have ever seen."

"Good Heavens, Savannah, what did you do?"

"I just said, 'Hi,' and went right back inside."

* * *

Brecken to Margaret this afternoon:

"Grandmom, guess what my assignment is for this weekend. I'm having to write a paper on "Hip Replacements". (She is in Med School at UCLA) Marg wants a copy of her paper to see if she is doing things properly.

From **Ercil**, about her 90th and a problem

"For those of you who could not come to my 90th, which I celebrated on Saturday, November 3rd, I will give you a short review of all that happened though I am sure to leave out something important.

"But, before I get to it I must tell you about our catastrophic experience which struck on Tuesday preceding the party. It was late Tuesday afternoon when we discovered that **Pop's** commode had been overflowing for about three hours and had soaked the carpets in the bath, our bedroom and closet, the second bedroom and closet, and part of the hall carpet. Lester and I had to move into the back bedroom to sleep and Lester fell twice during the night because he was disoriented. On Wednesday the carpets were pulled back and three huge blowers were turned on to dry the floor and the carpets. They ran for two days and nights.

"Our daughters began to arrive for my party, **Vicki Jean** coming on Wednesday; **Margaret Ann, Martha, and Kathy** arriving on Thursday. Vicki Jean and Margaret Ann stayed with us; Martha and husband, Don and Kathy stayed with son **Jinks** and wife, **Vicki Ann. Jane** (Deceased son **Dean's** wife) came with six grandchildren and one great grandchild, A friend of Bryan's also attended. My heart nearly jumped out of my breast when my sister, **Margaret** and her husband **Harrison** came on Friday afternoon. She had had a hip replacement only three weeks before but being the determined person she is, when her therapists said "go" she went. My worst disappointment was that my other sister, **Judy**, was unable to come.

The dinner was held at a popular restaurant and was well attended by my loved ones and friends; one couple driving all

the way from Arlington and arriving, with a beautiful vase of fresh flowers for me, just as we sat down to eat. (That was the fourth vase of flowers not including those in the Sanctuary on Sunday placed there in my honor by the family.) Since we could not have the after-dinner party at our home, Vicki Ann moved it to her house for which I give a multitude of thanks.

"From Wednesday until Sunday, our kids were busy moving everything out of the bedrooms and closets and the living room in preparation for the carpet men to come on Monday to take out the old carpet and lay the new. Lester and I moved in with Jinks and **Vicki Ann**. Jinks took Monday off so that he and Kathy, who had remained behind, could supervise the replacement of the furniture in the right places. Naturally, there are lots of things I have not been able to find yet but we are now at home in a completely re-carpeted house. (The only part not re-carpeted is Lester's studio and the kitchen.)

"My computer was not hooked up so I was unable to read my email so now I am trying to catch up.

"Lester and I know that we are two of the most fortunate parents in the world and are so grateful for children and in-laws who not only love us but show it. Our thanks to all who helped me have a wonderful 90th."
(Signed) Ercil.

* * *

From time to time I get a crazy email. Last week I got one from someone in Hawaii which began in the middle of a sentence with "Family to our Christmas Party." It continued describing how the packages should be wrapped and where the party would be held "Opihikao Way Clubhouse" and that if I planned to go swimming I

should notify someone named Marie in advance. I have never heard of the person sending out the email and it was not addressed to me but to the Distributors of something un-named. I suppose it was the tail-end of somebody's important message but Marie will never know whether I did or did not want to swim.

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BUT, I also get some intriguing stories that I like. The following is a true story.

On July 20, 1969, as commander of the Apollo 11 Lunar Module, Neil Armstrong was the first person to set foot on the moon. His first words after stepping on the moon, "That's one small step for man, one giant step for man-kind" were televised to the world and heard by millions. Just before he re-entered the Lander he made the enigmatic remark, "Good Luck, Mr. Gorsky" which many people just assumed was a casual remark concerning some rival Soviet cosmonaut. When asked about the remark, Armstrong merely smiled. After a lot of checking, no one named Gorsky among the Soviets could be found. From time to time over the years he was asked about the remark but he only answered the questions with a smile.

On July 5th, 1995, in Tampa Bay, FL while answering questions following a speech, a reporter again brought up the 26 year old question and this time, because Mr. Gorsky had died, Armstrong felt he could answer it.

In 1938, when he was a kid in a small midwest town, he was playing baseball with a friend in the backyard. His friend knocked the ball into the yard of his neighbors, the Gorskys, and it landed under their bedroom window. As Neil leaned down to pick up the

ball, he heard Mrs. Gorsky shouting at Mr. Gorsky, "Sex! You want sex! You'll get sex when that kid next door walks on the moon!"

This is a true story.

* * *

From Nell (Mondy) of New York

"Please add my name to the list of relatives celebrating their birthdays in October. On October 27 I reached the age of 80. Enclosed is an article about age which you might enjoy.

"I assumed that all the time I have spent in doctor's offices and hospitals would not be of great interest so I have waited until I had something more pleasant to report.

"My birthday celebration took place over several days with cards and flowers arriving at different times on different days. My graduate students, (who seem like my children) remembered the occasion. They are scattered all over the US; Missouri, Minnesota, New York, Maine, Illinois, N. Carolina Wisconsin, Virginia, Connecticut, Louisiana, Vermont, Florida, and even Ontario, Canada I had hoped to have them visit Ithaca again but my health was such I felt it better to postpone it, but it was lots of fun hearing from them.

"My Ithaca friends, some 45 - 50 of them, celebrated the occasion by dropping by. What a joy it was to see them! The weather cooperated with a nice warm, sunny day and I enjoyed every minute of it. They varied in age from 4 months to 92 years and came from Germany, England, Switzerland, China, Japan, Nigeria, and Turkey. Ithaca, although small in population is really an international community.

It was also a pleasure to hear from cousins, Bertha and Bessie on the Mondy side and Mary Esther and Margarite on the

Life Begins at 80

From Nell

Author Unknown

I have good news for you. The first 80 years are the hardest. The second 80 are a succession of birthday parties. Once you reach 80, everyone wants to carry your baggage and help you up the steps. If you forget your name or somebody else's name, or an appointment, or your own telephone number, or promise to be three places at the same time, or can't remember how many grandchildren you have, you need only explain that you are 80.

Being 80 is a lot better than being 70. At 70 people are mad at you for everything. At 80 you have the perfect excuse no matter what you do. If you act foolishly, it's your second childhood. Everybody is looking for symptoms of softening of the brain.

Being 70 is no fun at all. At that age they expect you to retire to a house in Florida and complain about your arthritis (they used to call it lumbago), and you ask everybody to stop mumbling because you can't understand them. (Actually your hearing is about 50 percent gone.)

If you survive until you are 80, everybody is surprised that you are still alive. They treat you with respect just for having lived so long. Actually they seem surprised that you can walk and talk sensibly.

So please, folks, try to make it to 80. It's the best time of life. People forgive you for anything. If you ask me, life begins at 80.

Carroll side of the family.

"The occasion was marred by one sad note; - my former Cornell teacher, Louise Daniel, whose birthday was the day after mine, and who always shared it with me, died in Carmel, CA.

"Cornell, along with all the U.S. is shocked by the happenings on Sept. 11th. We are having many meetings devoted to the discussion of the incidents and a few suspicious letters have been received but, so far, none that proved dangerous. Our world has certainly changed!

"Harrison, I do enjoy reading in the Chronicle about the many activities and concerns of our family group. Thanks for keeping us informed.

"Congratulations to Margaret on her speedy recovery."

Love, Nell

* * *

From the Jim Mondys of Springfield:

"Jim was transferred to Rehab late last Wednesday. For a while he had trouble with elevated potassium level, but that appears to be resolved. The staff reviews on Mondays so tomorrow we should know more about his prognosis and how long they expect him to be there. Thank you for all your prayers, cards, and expressions of concern which has meant so much to me and also to Jim as he is beginning to realize.

Love, Judy and Jim

Cecil M. Sitz

Cecil M. Sitz, 92, of Perry died Sunday.

The service will be at 11 a.m. Wednesday at Beggs Funeral Home Perry Chapel (850-838-2929), with burial at 2 p.m. at Culley's MeadowWood Memorial Park in Tallahassee. Family will receive friends from 7 to 9 p.m. today at the funeral home.

A native of Hardy, Ark., and a former resident of Texas, he had lived in Perry since 1971. He worked for Ford Motor Co. in Detroit for 17 years and was owner/operator of Mobil Gas Co. in Springfield, Mo., and of Westgate Motel in Perry. He was a member of First Baptist Church in Perry.

He is survived by his wife of 67 years, Lois Sitz of Perry; a son, Bob E. Sitz of Perry; a daughter, Connie S. Ewing of Tallahassee; a sister, Connie Bellamy of California; seven grandchildren; and five great-grandchildren.

In Loving Memory of

Cecil M. Sitz

Born

February 20, 1909

Hardy, Arkansas

Died

October 7, 2001

Perry, Florida

Funeral Services

Wednesday, October 10, 2001 @ 11:00 A.M.

Beggs Funeral Home Perry Chapel

Officiating

Rev. Glenn Baker

Interment

Culleys Meadowwood Memorial Park

2:00 P.M.

Tallahassee, Florida

I received Cecil's obituary and the order of service for his funeral from their daughter, Connie Ewing along with her letter to me.

Lois and Cecil were among the first members of the Chronicle Family and Lois wrote many letters

We will remember Lois in our prayers.

November 8, 2001

Memo To: Harrison Mondy
From: Connie Sitz Ewing (daughter of Lois Mondy Sitz)
Re: Cecil M. Sitz – Obituary Information

Received a call from Uncle Jerry Thornton the other night and he requested that I send you the enclosed information.

I would like to point out that in addition to the living survivors that daddy was predeceased by one son, William G. Sitz of Orlando, FL and a daughter, Delois Hutsell of Spartanburg, SC. He also had three other sisters; Alma, Leatrice and Opal, all of which were from Arkansas.

Mother and daddy celebrated their 67th wedding anniversary May 10. Daddy was diagnosed with a Lymphoma tumor on the lower spine area and suffered great pain. He underwent radiation treatment for it and later received further treatment on his eye due a tumor on the optical nerve. Weeks following, he regained the use of his eye again. Daddy began his chemo treatments following radiation. For a while he did quite well and continued to care for himself with help from several caregivers.

Mother is totally bedridden. We are so fortunate to have wonderful ladies to care for her and daddy when he was living. Dorothy and Lugine are former employees who because of their love and friendship with mother and daddy over the years and came back to help them when they needed it. They are so loving and caring with mother. Mother does not see very well and does not like to leave the room she stays in. She does, however, allow us to get her up and bring her into the enclosed porch area to visit when Connie and the grandchildren come. Occasionally, she sits in her rocker for short periods of time. She likes to rock.

It came to mind that the wedding vows, "through sickness and health..." are part of the vows that is spoken but maybe not considered too seriously. Mother and Daddy continued to express their love for one another the whole time during this trying time. Daddy never failed to stop by mother's bed on the way to his separate room to caress her hand and tell her he loved her. They would kiss goodnight. We spent many fun times together too at their bedside. Dot (as we called Dorothy) is a wonderful singer. She often sang spirituals to mother and daddy. She would even sing songs like "You are my Sunshine", "Old MacDonald" and "She'd Be Coming Round the Mountain". Dot sang a spiritual song and the Lord's Prayer at daddy's funeral. For my birthday, Momma sang "Happy Birthday" to me. I regret I did not have a recorder for the occasion. Bob will

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come thru the room and tickle the bottom of mother's feet and she will say, "who is that?...oh, that's you Bob isn't it!" Mother's mind, of course, is not what it use to be but she always ask about the family and remembers Nell and Cona and wants to know how they are doing. Recently, she spoke to each by phone. Of Course, Uncle Jerry calls often to check on her. He is a rare jewel and we are so lucky to have him in the family.

Before the end, daddy lost a lot of weight and for the last two weeks, he did not see mother but maybe once. He slept most of the time and went quietly in his sleep. Mother was told of daddy's passing, but I do not believe she fully comprehended who it was that died although she does say "Cecil died, didn't he?" The love mother and daddy shared is rare today. It was a love that kept them together around the clock for all the times. Mother and Daddy did not see the bad times...they always made something positive wherever they were or whatever they did.

During the funeral service, the preacher kept referring to **Cecil and Lois**...he said, he could not think of one without the other. He is right. They were one in love and in spirit.

Although the last six months were probably the hardest in my life, it was also the best. My family spent many quality moments with mother and daddy. I have three loving children, Angie, Brett and Carolyn. Carolyn is planning a wedding in April of 2002. Angie is married and has one daughter, Courtney who will be 4 in March. Brett has a daughter, Sydney, who was born in March of this year. The great-granddaughters and grandchildren visited daddy often in the hospital and rehab. He loved for the great granddaughters to come so he could see them. Courtney would bring him drawings for his wall. On one occasion, before mother became bedridden, Bob brought mother over to the rehab and this was the first time they saw Sydney. She has big brown eyes and jet black hair. She is beautiful of course and so is Courtney. They love their "Pepa and Mema" as they called mother and dad.

It is a family affair and life, love, faith and hope goes on.