

*The Mondy Morning*

# CHRONICLE

Family Poop Sheet since 1990

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Published by Harrison and Margaret Mondy

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## LAST ISSUE OF 2001

On the 17<sup>th</sup> of December we will go th Lubbock TX for Margaret to visit her eye doctors with the hope that her vision can be improved. We will return home for one day to allow packing for our visit to our kids and grand-kid in the Los Angeles area.

I was able to get out twenty issues of the paper this year, not quite one every two weeks. I would have published more, had there been more letters. If I haven't erred in my counting I have received (through Issue 19):

11 from Bessie and Bertha; 6 each from Nell and Ercil; 5 each from Linda, Dena, and Judy Mondy; 4 each from Suzy Hill, Ina Hall, Bea Taylor, and Dick Mondy; 3 each from Margaret Mondy, The Duffers, the Lloyd Mondys, and Pat; 2 each from Terry Mondy, Judy Washburn, Margaret Ann Segrest, Larry Rhodes, Lucile Rundel, Jeanie Newsum, and Vicki Roberts; 1 each from Jewel Kirk, Jim Mondy, Kathy Schell, Cona Mondy, Barbara Hedrick, Ken&Willa Davis, Carol Mckenzie, Brecken Armstrong, Claire Jinks, Dianne Rhodes, Bill Monday, and Savannah Eberly. If I missed one of two, please forgive me. So about 35 readers out of 66 recipients wrote something during the year.

Postage for the year was \$448.80

Printing cost (.04/page) 316.80

Total, not counting paper&env 765.60

I received a total of \$165.00 from readers during the year.

That's my report for the year. It's an expensive hobby but Margaret says it's worth it for it keeps me away from wild women and out of the bars and pool halls.

## From Bessie and Bertha

Thanksgiving is over and our weather is changing with the season, - down to 28 degrees last night and snow on the ground this morning. More rain and ice promised for tonight.

Had a real nice Thanksgiving Day. Had fifteen for dinner, had plenty of food, and plenty left over to fill "doggie bags".

Bertha and I are still up and going, though we both have slight colds. Bertha is making apple butter; finishing up the apples she had on hand. I have already finished mine and given some to the kids.

We are so sorry about losing Cecil. We didn't hear about it until we read it in the Chronicle. We extend our sympathy to Lois, and to the family.

Our hearts are heavy at this time. We have just found out that my grandson, Scott, (Sue's youngest son) has a tumor in his throat and will have to have his teeth pulled to allow radiation and chemo treatment. Also, her oldest son may have to have back surgery. Please remember us in your prayers.

My granddaughter in New Mexico is having problems with her pregnancy. Her baby is not due until the 28<sup>th</sup> of December but she may not be able to wait until then. She is on "bed rest" all the time. She had no trouble with her first child, and none with this one until this month. Please add her to your prayer list.

Bertha just called and said she had talked to **Josie**, who is still working and had just talked to **Jim** and he was getting along fine. It will be great if Jim can get out of rehab by Christmas.

Haven't heard from **Cona** in a long time. Hope she is alright.

Hope all of you had a nice Thanksgiving and will have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year with good health.

Love to All, Bessie and Bertha

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For a long time I have looked forward to printing the following letter. For many months, the writer has been incapacitated as I have reported from time to time. Now read this letter from **ANNE ARMSTRONG**.

December 1, 2001

Dear Ones,

**HAVE A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS  
AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR**

I apologize for not writing all these months, but I have been hospitalized since I had an accident more than a year ago. My son, John, is writing this letter for me so I can get back in touch with all my loved ones. Many of you already know about what happened, but some of you don't, so I'll describe it for you.

Last November (2000), the night before Thanksgiving, I was undressing and fell in my bathroom. I broke my right leg and hit my head pretty hard and was unconscious for a while. I went in and out of consciousness, yelling for help when I could, and finally one of the staff in the living facility where I was living came to get me. I was taken to the hospital and the leg was repaired with a steel pin.

While I was in the therapy unit, trying to be able to put weight on the leg and

learn to walk again, it was discovered that I had blood in my stool. The diagnosis was that I had a malignant colon tumor that had to be removed. They tried to do a resection during the operation to remove the tumor, but it was not possible so they did a colostomy. After a few days of recovery, it was found that my intestines were not functioning properly so they had to do another operation to correct a place where they were pinched. In the course of having three operations in two months time, I wound up with a stroke that left me without the ability to write, stand, eat or drink. I also have trouble talking but I can make myself understood when I need to.

That, I hope, was a pretty convincing excuse for not sending out Christmas cards last year or returning your phone calls and answering you letters.

I am now living in a convalescent hospital called The Californian -- Pasadena. The address is: 120 Bellefontaine, Pasadena, California, 91105. I would love to see you if you are in the neighborhood. I really appreciate the visits, cards, and letters that many of you have given me. If you want to drop me a line, you can send it either to the address above or, preferably, to John at his address:

John Armstrong,  
1363 El Corto Drive,  
Altadena, CA 91001

I might not be able to write back to you individually, but I would love to hear from you, and I can send out a general letter from time to time. John and wife, Judy, live near by and I see one or the other of them nearly every day. I talk to daughter, Jody, on the phone almost every day, and granddaughter Brecken with her fiancé, Matt drop by to see me whenever they can. I have my

immediate family and near-kin friends close to me, but, unfortunately these events have kept me away from my friends and other family members.

Over the last year, I have just been trying to get better. I have been making progress but recovery is slow. My speech has improved considerably but getting strength and coordination back into my arms and legs and being able to swallow again is going more slowly. I am working hard on all these issues because I want to be in good shape for Brecken's wedding on June 8<sup>th</sup> next year. I was able to leave the hospital for Mother's day and for Brecken and Matt's engagement party, but I had to have a caregiver along and use a special transport van for wheelchairs. I hope to not need those things for the wedding.

Well, that should bring you all up to date on the important things. I can now remove the feelings of guilt for not keeping in touch. Sorry for the automated nature of this letter, but John is helping me with my correspondence and he lives in the computer age. Keep in touch, I will love hearing from you.

Again, I wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Love, Anne

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In the last issue of the Chronicle I said that some day your kids or grandkids would ask you where you were when the Terrorists struck America. Larry Rhodes wrote as follows:

**"I do. . . .**

In each of our lives there are many memorable events; the day we married, the birth of our children, the loss of our loved ones, – all are significant events. Other

events, usually involving a great disaster or loss, are also seared into our memory. I vividly remember where I was on the occurrence of four of the most significant events of my life; – the assassination of JFK, Neil Armstrong's walk on the Moon, the day the Challenger exploded, and, of course 9-11.

I was on my way to lunch during my senior year of high school when JFK was assassinated. I was working at NASA (Johnson Space Center) when Neil Armstrong became the first human to walk on another planet. I was in Austin, Texas going to lunch with a customer when the Challenger exploded and we lost seven of our finest Americans.

On 9/11, I was at a breakfast meeting of a business group to which I belong. The speaker had finished his remarks and we were breaking-up to go to our respective offices. A number of us were standing around chatting when one of the members came back into the room yelling, "Listen everyone, America is under attack!" He quickly added that the World Trade Center had been hit by two airplanes and that another had hit the Pentagon.

Our meeting was in a small banquet room in the basement of the Houston Engineering & Scientific Society building. We all rushed upstairs to the bar area where there was a big screen TV. One of the networks was broadcasting the events as they unfolded. About fifty of us stood there watching in disbelief as the network replayed the second airliner crashing into the second tower. It was clear to all of us that these were intentional acts of terrorism. The man standing beside me remarked he hoped all the people below the damaged floors could get out before the buildings collapsed. How prophetic he was in making that observation.

After watching TV for ten to fifteen minutes, I left for my office. Someone had turned on the TV in our conference room. I arrived there just before the First tower collapsed. That's when the magnitude of this event jumped to another level.

No one knew what other terrorist events might still occur so some of our personnel left to go pick up their kids from school. Most of the people in down-town office buildings left for home out of fear that Houston might also be a target. Business activity all but ceased as we all stayed glued to the TV or radio. By 2:00 PM we realized that the phones had all but stopped ringing and told our employees that everyone should go home.

I know I accomplished very little work for the next three or four days as I, along with the rest of America, came to grip with the magnitude of the disaster. Untold billions of dollars of business activity were lost and the financial impact on America and the world is still playing out. But that's only money! The far, far greater loss was the thousands of innocent men, women, and children who were senselessly slaughtered by men who were truly evil.

As has always happened at times like these, the real character of this nation came through. The heroism of so many firemen, policemen, and healthcare workers was incredible. The outpouring of patriotism and the tremendous support and generosity shown by so many people indeed makes me proud to be an American. I am also proud of the strength and leadership shown by our President, the cabinet, and our congressional leaders of both parties. We may fuss and squabble over many things but when it comes to the really important stuff, we are all Americans and we pull together

Do you remember where you were

on 9/11? Why not write the Mondy Morning Chronicle and share your experience and your feelings with all the rest of us.  
(Signed) Larry Rhodes.

& & &

Larry has made a good suggestion. The first edition of the Chronicle will come out about the 6<sup>th</sup> of January. Please send your report in plenty of time for me to retype it. When your grandkids ask where you were, you can hand them your old copy of the Chronicle.

\* \* \*

#### MORE GOOD NEWS

From the Jim Mondys of Springfield. 12/5/01

Happy Holidays! It has ben so warm here in St Louis, it is hard to imagine that Christmas is just three weeks away. We particularly enjoyed today as we had our weekly clinic visit and the spent a few hours visiting with people we have met while we were here.

Jim is doing great; we don't have another appointment until January and we start home tomorrow (via Sedalia to pick up Wiggles who has been staying with my Dad), and then on to Springfield Friday or Saturday. Jim has been out of the house since 10/5 and I left on 10/15 so we are excited about getting back and into a somewhat normal routine again.

We cannot say this enough: Thank you for your prayers, cards, email, and calls. We feel so blessed to be surrounded by such a supportive group of friends and family members. Our best wishes to you and your families as we celebrate the age-old miracle of the Lord's birth and the miracle of a new start in life for Jim.

Love to all, Judy & Jim

From Dena Houston, some thoughts.  
Her Spirit Lives On

For nearly four months I had not heard, "Go Rest High on that Mountain" by Vince Gill, then two days ago I heard it and again yesterday I heard it again and it brought tears to my eyes, then, I was at peace. You see, that was the song they sang at my Aunt Marie's funeral and it brought back such memories. I thought of her, – thinking – she is here right now, helping me through the pain of losing her, by making me remember the good times we shared – there were never any bad times with Aunt Marie for she was the most loving and giving Aunt.

By giving I mean in love, happiness, humor, and hugs, talks, special walks through her yard, looking at plants and flowers she had, and her garden, checking the latest craftwork she had done, hearing her talk about "back whens". I miss her but I know she is no longer suffering from the C-stuff.

Christmas, – it brings us thoughts of those we had around us and from whom we got cards and calls, and with whom we shopped and no matter how hard we try, it brings some sad thoughts. And though I can feel blue for a while, it never lasts long for I feel a breeze rush by and I think that it is probably one of my loved ones reminding me that they are still here if just for a moment in time. Next time you feel a short drafty feeling, or see a shadow whizz by it may be one of those who have gone on and are now angels just checking on us. They probably smile as we sign a Christmas card to some one they knew and maybe they cause us to mess up our signature because they wish their name was there. Yes Auntie, it is your spirit that is guiding me through the moments of sadness and happiness and I will

share this with those I care about who have lost a loved one.

May the spirit of Christmas be with each and everyone of you.

Light a candle

Say a prayer

It's Christmas time

Show them you care

In memory of my Aunt Marie Cooper whose light will always shine in my life and whose spirit will always live in my heart.

Dena Houston

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Judy, John, Brecken, and maybe Matt had planned to spend Thanksgiving with us but two weeks before the holiday John, while having his annual physical check-up was found to have a polyp on his colon which was diagnosed as malignant. The proposed operation would require him to be away from his work for three or four weeks, so he opted to work as long as he could and since Judy and Brecken wanted to remain with him, they could not come. Instead, we had Thanksgiving with Mark and Gabe.

John underwent surgery on November 30<sup>th</sup> and was in hospital until December 5<sup>th</sup>. Tests performed verified that the cancer had not metastasized, for which we are thankful. He is at home and has gotten along exceptionally well. If Judy can keep him from overdoing things around the house, like washing dogs, etc., he will be alright in a few days.

& & &

Thought for the day: By working faithfully eight hours a day, you may eventually get to be boss and work twelve hours a day.

Among the many magazines I take is one called *BIBLE REVIEW*. In the December issue there was a story called "Babylonian Astronomy Dates Jesus' Birth". At the conclusion of the article the author left the reader hanging between several possible answers. I decided to write a rebuttal to his article and submitted it to the magazine. Whether they print it or not I'll have to wait and see. Because I think it is of general interest, I'm enclosing a copy of the letter here. I hope it is not offensive to you.

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Editor, Bible Review

May I tell Simo Parpolo that he didn't exactly miss the boat in "Babylonian Astronomy Dates Jesus' Birth" (*Bible Review*, December, 2001), he just docked his boat too soon. Zoroastrian Bible predicted that some time in the future a great king would be born and would be visited by three Zoroastrian Priests. It instructed them that they should study the stars to ascertain the time of the event. When they saw the conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn in the constellation of Pisces (we were just entering the Piscean Age) they knew the event was at hand. (The phrase, "We have seen his star in the east" in Matt. 2:2 is more accurately translated "We have seen the rising of his star".)

Now according to their teachings, Syria and Palestine were under the protection of the Constellation Pisces which told them the event would occur in one of these countries. Since Saturn was the "shield and defender" of Palestine, it was evident that the great event would occur in Palestine. These signs only told them that the big event was imminent but not when, so they waited for

another sign. When the nova recorded by the astronomer of the Han Dynasty appeared in the west a few weeks before the vernal equinox in the year 5BC they assumed this was the sign for which they had been waiting. This nova lasted seventy days and was brightest at about the time of the equinox.

According to the book of *Protevangelion*, (Prot. 15:6-7) when Herod asked, "What sign was it ye saw concerning the king that is to be born?" they answered him saying, "We saw an extraordinary large star shining among the stars of heaven, and so outshined all the other stars, as they became not visible, and we knew thereby that a great king was born in Israel, and therefore we are come to worship him." (Ignatius refers to this star in his *Letter to the Ephesians* in Chap. 4, Verse, 11). So Jesus was born in the spring of 5BC, near the vernal equinox.

Now we need to pin down the exact date. Joseph, Mary, Jesus and, later, his followers belonged to a "Hellenized" Essene Sect called "The Way" (See Acts 9:2, 19:9, 19:23, 22:4, and 24:14). In Acts 24:5 it is called "the Nazarenes" and Paul is accused of being the leader. This sect, because they computed the festivals by the sun rather than the moon as used by the Jews, celebrated the Jewish festivals such as Passover, Sukkot, and Rosh Hashanah, one day earlier than the Jews, (see "Jerusalem's Essene Gateway" by Bargil Pixner in *Biblical Archeology Review*, May/June 1997) so if Jesus belonged to this sect, he would have celebrated an Essene Passover among the Essenes which, according to John and others, he did.

To prepare for their Passover, Peter and John were sent into the section of Jerusalem

where men carried water, i.e., the Essene Sector of the city occupied by four thousand Essene Monastics, according to Josephus. That this was the day before the Jewish Passover is made clear by the *Lost Gospel of Peter* which says, in Verse 3, "And he (Pilate) delivered him (Jesus) to the people on the day before unleavened bread, their feast". This is confirmed by John 18:38 where those Jews accompanying Jesus from place to place would not enter the praetorium lest they defile themselves and not be able to eat their, (the Jewish) Passover. Would any Jew dare eat the Passover before the proper time in the home of a hated Essene?

In accordance with the rules of marriage for this strange sect, Joseph held his betrothal feast in June 6BC. The *Gospel of the Birth of Mary* is quite helpful. Mary 6:6 says about Joseph, "... the usual ceremonies of betrothing being over, he (Joseph) ...". As required by the rules of the sect, he left for the space of three months during which he was required to provide a home for his betrothed. Mary 8:1-2 "Joseph therefore went down from Judea to Galilee with the intention to marry the virgin who was betrothed to him, for it was now three months since she was betrothed to him."

Nowhere does the Bible say they were ever married, only betrothed. Skipping all the problems of Mary's pregnancy and getting the approval of the Essene brotherhood to continue the betrothal, the time came for the birth of Jesus. *Protevangelion* says he was born in a cave. (So does the *Gospel of the Infancy of Jesus Christ*.) When the midwife asked Joseph if Mary was his wife, he replied (Prot. 14:4-6) that she was betrothed to him but they were not married.

In John 8:41, the Elders of the Jews taunt Jesus about having been born of fornication. In the book of *Nicodemus*, (Nic. 2:6-8) a group of Elders accuse him of being born through fornication while another group says it was not fornication, because they were betrothed.

Now why were they not married? According to Essene Rules, they could not marry at any time except the first two weeks of March; in other words, they did not arrive in Bethlehem in time to celebrate their marriage before the child was born. I feel certain that they intended to marry on the First day of March, and they were nearly there when she went into labor, and the child was born. So he could not have been born later than the First day of March but could have been born on the 28<sup>th</sup> of February, depending upon whether the birth occurred before or after sundown the last day of 6BC. According to the shepherds he was born after sundown, so he was born on First day of March, the first day of the New Year, 5BC. (Remember, the Essene Calendar began with March and ended with February 28 or 29. (See *Secrets of Enoch*, Chapter 16, which the Essene sect revered, as confirmed by Jude, Jesus' brother.)

That was the end of my letter but I would like to add a bit to it. Luke 2:2 indicates Jesus was born when Quirinius was governor of Syria and this is confusing for Quirinius did not become governor of Syria until AD6/7 and this was 9/10 years after Herod died in AD4 and we know that Jesus was born before Herod died. Boys were considered dead until their 12<sup>th</sup> birthday and often counted their age from that date. Jesus was twelve when Quirinius was governor of Syria, and I think this may clear up this mystery. Luke admitted that what he wrote was mostly hear-say.

## YOU KNOW YOU'RE GETTING OLD WHEN. . . . .

Every week or so I get a list of pointers that tell you how to know when you are getting old, like, "You know you are getting old when your bottle of Viagra comes in the mail and you can't remember what you ordered it for".

But I think one is getting old when he or she no longer gets a thrill out of learning something new. And that lets me out. This week I learned something new: When and how did we learn to write. This has always bugged me but I believe some one has figured it all out and now I think I know. (See "Signs of Life" *Archaeology Odyssey*, Jan/Feb 2002)

Strangely enough, our forebears learned to keep mathematical records before we learned to write. It appears that after man had settled down and became farmers and herdsmen and living in cities about 4,000 years before Adam and Eve, the progenitors of the Hebrew race, he needed some way of keeping count of his sheep, or goats, or the amount of grain he had harvested, so he did it with pellets of clay. A ball represented one goat or sheep, a quadrilateral, made using two fingers and the thumb and pressing the ball of clay against a flat surface might represent ten goats or ten jars of grain, etc. These pellets had to be kept in safe places so a hollowed out ball of clay was used to hold them. There are more than 8,000 of these pellets of different sizes and shapes in our museums from the area around the eastern part of the Mediterranean alone. So they were in wide use.

Then trading began to take the place of bartering and there was a need to identify the person purchasing the grain, so pellets with certain indentations on the

were used for such. Also, it was felt that when a man was buried, he should be identified, so each man in a village fashioned a clay ball, or a flattened ball with markings on it, or some other peculiar thing and it was buried with him, for identification.

Then some one got the bright idea of drawing the pellets on a flat pancake of soft clay instead of making them, and cuneiform writing took off.

The Egyptians did it another way; they drew a picture of whatever they wanted to express so they developed hieroglyphics.

All of these developments took many hundreds of years and the Hebrews didn't adopt a language they could write until they conquered the Canaanites and adopted their alphabet.

And now I am left wondering about those Incas, Mayans, and other meso-Americans the Europeans discovered in Central America who had developed their own forms of hieroglyphic and iconographic means of writing. There is plenty of evidence that some of their ancestors arrived in the Americas at least 20,000 years ago. Did mankind all over the world reach a stage in their development that the desire to write came to them all at the same time? Maybe some day I will learn all about that and that will be some-thing NEW. I AIN'T OLD YET.

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Nell says there is no snow around Ithaca, which is rather rare, and they are praying for a white Christmas. We had a little snow in October and that 's about all. One morning this week we awoke to what we thought was a heavy frost but when we examined it, we found it was snow.

Merry Christmas & Happy New Year