

The Mondy Morning  
**CHRONICLE**

Family Poop Sheet since 1990  
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Today is July 4<sup>th</sup> 2002. The Declaration of Independence was signed on this day in 1776. Question: How long was it before King George of England recognized our independence? Answer on next page. Did you know that John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, both of whom signed the Declaration of Independence, were friends at that time, then became political enemies, and then before they died, became friends again, and died the same day, Question: When did they die? See next page

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Weather report: Our temperature has been as high as 91 degrees but with some of our doors and windows open, the breeze is quite cool, we certainly don't need AC or even a fan. One reason is that our relative humidity has been running at about 6 or 7 percent most of the time, and when the air is that dry, the slightest breeze absorbs the perspiration so rapidly it cools one off. By about ten o'clock at night the temp is in the 60's and we pull up a blanket. Last night, we pulled the bedspread over us before morning. Yesterday we went to the stores and all three were so crowded you could hardly stir. The town is so full of visitors, it took us twice as long to get home. We are not near any of the fires but we are getting their smoke. As you know, we are less than five miles from the foot of the Sangre de Cristo Range and less than ten miles from the tops of some of the higher mountains. Last week there were

times we could not see even the outline of the mountains because of the smoke. On our drive into town, ashes were falling like flakes of snow. I talked to Tom Kirk in Colorado Springs and he reported the same kind of weather and said it was hard on his asthma. He, Jewel, and Greg had been on a trip to the area around lake George where he, Dewel, and Noal used to fish, and said that the beautiful forests were nothing but blackened stubs.

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Margaret is about to call me to lunch. I will have two hot dogs, covered with chili, and a glass of lemonade – what would any good American have on the 4<sup>th</sup>? Later on, perhaps I'll watch the fireworks on TV. I don't think we are having any here – too dangerous. We had only one snow during the winter and have had only one rain during the spring and summer. Lots of trees are dying. We try to water ours enough to keep them from dying.

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Hey! After lunch there was a clap of thunder and we had a real shower of rain – 22 mm of rain (about 3/4 inches) accompanied by some hail. The four young jays, who can get away from my sprinkler, didn't know what to do. They flew one direction then the other. It was their first rain. Beautiful, beautiful.

Answers: John Adams and Thomas Jefferson died on the Fourth of July in 1826, the 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. King George signed the treaty recognizing us as a nation on 3 September 1783, so says my wife the historian.

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So far I have only two letters for the Chronicle, – maybe there will be more before I go to press next Monday.

Bea Taylor says:

I've been laid up for five weeks, – fell on Mothers's day at McDonalds. I was having a bowel problem and was hurrying to the bath room when the wind caught me and I fell on the cement. It didn't give an inch!! I knew I had broken my left hip and I screamed. People came from everywhere and when the manager came I said "Don't touch me, I'm hurt bad". He called the ambulance and they were there within five minutes. I screamed again when they loaded me onto the gurney. My doctor likes to operate as soon as possible but because my blood was so thin,(I had been on a blood thinner) I had to wait four days while they treated it to make it thicker. They kept me heavily sedated until the operation. Everything went well during the surgery and I stayed in rehab for three weeks while the therapists really "poured it on". I had five therapists and was able to put weight on the leg in four days. I was in a wheelchair for a week, then on a walker. I had one fall on the walker, painful, but I'm still improving.

Jack is the house-keeper, is learning how to buy groceries. I'm not allowed to bend over. We have a big town house and I do a lot of walking. Still have to go to therapy. Don't know how long before I'll be okay, can't be too soon for me.

It's been several weeks since I've been to church but I am planning to go tomorrow. I am one of the greeters.

Was happy to receive a note from the Duffers with their new address. I'm happy they are getting along so well in spite of their condition. Would love to go see them – Jerry would have to find me a motel close by.

Nell, how are you getting along with your surgery. Thanks for keeping in touch. Just give me time. I'm not writing much these days, – just can't seem to get with it.

I'm trying to prepare some pork chops with corn and a salad for dinner. Have a regular grocery store in my kitchen. Jack does the cleaning and does a good job. Friday I was going to have cornbread and milk for dinner and I forgot to put the baking powder in the cornbread – we had a corn pancake.

I hope they throw the book at that woman who set the fire. I guess she wanted attention, She got it.

God bless you all, Bea.

\* \* \*

FROM THE DUFFERS, 6/27/2002

You reported two beautiful weddings in the paper. We did not know either of them but felt we knew them through the paper. I think they may have been third cousins of mine. We hope both couples have a happy life together.

We are still creeping along and both so full of pain we can hardly get along at all. Our meals (we only take the noon meal) are served in a room about six rooms away, which is much too far for me to walk so I have a motorized cart I ride. Sometimes Russell rides hanging on to me, and sometimes he hooks his wheelchair onto my cart and I pull him to the dining room. The

others get fun out of us. (We snack for breakfast and supper.) Jerry eats with us quite often and Gerry comes on Sunday. The people here are nice and thoughtful and very helpful.

For Father's day, all of son Jerry's family was here including Eddie's oldest son, wife, and four months old Jacob (Jake), Alice Hart, the middle girl (who lives here) and his youngest son and wife from New York. Jerry, Gerry, Gerry's mother and two friends all ate with us then we went to the family room where we took pictures and played with the new one. It was our first time to see him. He was passed from one to another with a great smile.

The children returned on Tuesday for dinner and a good visit. This place is so well prepared for family gatherings.

Monday, July 1<sup>st</sup>, we are going to the doctor to see if they can find the cause of my pain that is so severe it practically keeps me stationary. I have been to five specialists but have received no help yet – maybe this one will succeed. Russell goes too, hoping for help.

Bob and June call regularly every Sunday night and we have a long talk. She also writes long letters and that sure helps.

**Bertha** we certainly did enjoy our talk with you.

**Bea**, we are so sorry about your fall and your broken hip. We hope and pray you are doing okay.

Had a note from Nell in her new book.. My how we are enjoying it. Russell got it first and read it and would tell me some unbelievable things. I can't read that fast because my eyes will allow me to read just so much.

Guess I'd better close so you won't get a headache Harrison trying to read this.

*[RA, you mentioned being third cousin to Brecken. You are my first cousin, you are my daughter's first cousin once removed, and you are Brecken's first cousin, twice removed. The rule is: First cousins share grand parents, second cousins share great grandparents, and third cousins share great, great grandparents. My children and your children are second cousins because they share their great grand parents, JC and Rhoda Alice Mondy Just thought I'd add this bit because so many people have trouble with the kinship rules.*

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### THE ENRON MESS EXPLAINED

Paul Harvey explains the Enron mess by comparing it to a farmer who met a man in town and bought a mule from him for a hundred dollars with the understanding that the mule would be delivered the next day. When the mule didn't arrive, the buyer called the seller to ask why. "Well I can't deliver him because he died last night." "Well I guess you'll have to give me my money back," the buyer said. "I can't do that, I used it to pay a gambling debt," said the seller. The old farmer thought a bit, then said, "Well deliver the mule anyway." The man brought the mule over on a flatbed truck and unloaded it in the man's horselot. "Well here he is, what are you going to do with him?" "I'll think of something."

A couple of weeks later the two men met again. "Well, what did you do with the mule?" the seller asked. "I auctioned him off.." "You auctioned off a dead mule?" "Well I didn't tell anybody he was dead. I just sold 200 tickets at \$5. per ticket."

“Well, didn’t anyone complain?”

“Only the winner and I gave him back his five dollars, and that left me nine hundred and ninety-five dollars.”

Now you know how Enron worked.

\* \* \*

It has been a long time since we have had an update on Jim Mondy’s (of Springfield) health. Judy has sent the following :

Jim had an appointment at Barnes on 6/19 and received a clean bill of health from the transplant team. However, the doctors found a small hole in his heart when he had the episode of atrial fibrillation before his transplant. We will go to Barnes to have a “trans-esophageal echo” (TEE) on July 18. This will give them a closer look at the hole so they can decide if corrective action is necessary. Will let you know more when we know more.

On Monday, July 1, Jim stubbed his toe as he was stepping up on the curb and fell. A quick trip to the urgent care center revealed he had broken the pinkie knuckle on his left hand. (This is commonly known as “Boxer’s fracture”) They applied a temporary cast until the swelling goes down and on Tuesday the 9<sup>th</sup> we go to the orthopedic doctor to get it set.

One of the side effects of the anti-rejection drugs he takes is loss of bone mass so now he takes Fosamax to help prevent further loss.

In spite of these new happenings, Jim has had an unremarkable recovery from his transplant. I have heard of patients being in and out of the hospital several times during the first year after a transplant. We are so blessed that things have gone so well for him.

Yesterday a friend of ours died in

Barnes while waiting for a liver. She had been diagnosed with the female version (PBC) of Jim’s disease 8 years ago and had been relatively well until 3 or 4 months ago. Her last few days brought back a lot of awful memories for me; luckily, Jim doesn’t remember much about October 2001. Say a prayer for Charlene’s family; I know they would appreciate it.

Oh, yes, if you haven’t signed a donor card, please do so and tell your family. Love to all, Jim and Judy Mondy.

\* \* \*

Margaret wanted to talk to Wilma (Jinks) so she called her several times Sunday afternoon and got no answer. We were wondering where she was and kept calling. Finally she answered – she had been out in the yard taking care of her flowers and seeing that her bird bath was filled. She complained that she didn’t have as much energy as she used to have and Margaret reminded her that she will be 90 come December 7. She said that the weather in Piggott was hotter than you know what and Dry, Dry, Dry.

\* \* \*

The family of a career Air Force NCO who had just died met to arrange for his funeral. When choosing the hymns to be sung, one of the children suggested that it might be appropriate if they sang the Air Force Anthem. The mother said, “No, No, not that. We are not having a song that begins with ‘Off we go, into the wild blue yonder’ at your father’s funeral.”

\* \* \*

I once heard “Revive Us Again” sung at a funeral at Clearview

This is an advertisement

## HELLO GRANDPA and Grandmother too.

More than fifty years ago I wrote a little poem for daughter Judy about what it's like inside the Tortoise shell where the tortoise hides. A few months ago, an illustrator saw it and we agreed to make it into a children's book, lavishly illustrated.

The woman who is doing the illustrations is the best I have ever seen and she is busy painting the four-color pictures now. It will be a 24 page book.

On the left page will be a bit of the poem while the facing page will be illustrated to agree with the left page. I am paying for the publication and we hope to go to print about the first of August.

I have addressed this to Grandpa for he is the one who buys beautiful books for his grandkids so I want him to know about it before I go to the publisher.

It will cost me several thousand dollars (may have to mortgage the mules) but I hope to make it back by selling the books to kindergartens and grandpas.

Don't know what they will sell for but they will be worth it. It's the kind of book that will cause a lot of questions when you are reading it to your grandkids.

Of course a lot of mamas and papas will buy copies too.

I am having 5,000 copies for the first printing. If they sell, there will be more.

I expect them to sell in stores at about \$15. but I have no idea what price

I can sell them to family members . I'm learning more about the laws of printing your own book every day.

So save your pennies so you can buy a genuine autographed copy for your grandkid.

Tell you more later.

Harrison

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A long time ago, when I was a young man (and that was a long time ago) I joined International Toastmasters where I learned a lot about making speeches on a spur of the moment. I didn't say "Good" speeches. I promised myself that regardless of circumstances, I would never refuse to make a speech when called on and I never have.

At Brecken and Matt's wedding several people were offering toasts and making speeches. Then someone pointed to me and I felt obligated to say something. In accordance with my training, I stood silent until the crowd thought I was not going to say any thing, then I made the following speech, if it could be called that:

(My remarks at Brecken/Matt's wedding)

"I am a bit disappointed in my granddaughter." (Gasp from Brecken)

"No, no. Not in her selection of a mate. She did a good job there, – in fact I don't think she could have done any better. No, I'm a bit disappointed in her selection of a career. I had hoped she would become a great opera star." (Sigh of relief for she knew it was a joke.)

"When she was three or four years old I explained about opera, saying that a good opera was a story told in song, – that usually it was a story of some great catastrophe. And I demonstrated with a song:

"Way down yonder, not very fur  
A jay-bird swallowed a cockle bur  
His head swelled up and his tail popped off  
And that's how the world got the whooping cough."

"I explained how the world-wide epidemic of whooping cough was such a catastrophe.

"Then I explained that most operas that had so much sadness usually included something a bit more cheery, such as a dance scene, and I demonstrated that with

"Way down yonder in the sycamore branch  
The old sow whistled while the little pigs danced."

(There was a bit of hand-clapping, I guessed the people were hoping this was the end of my operatic demonstration.)

Then I said, "Seriously, Brecken and Matt, I want to lift a verse of scripture out of context and apply it to you, – 'I know whom I have believed, and I am persuaded, that he is able to keep that which I have entrusted to him against that day', and I hope you will remember that you have each entrusted yourself to the other because you believed in the other."

\* \* \*

By the grapevine:

I hear that Kenneth and Margaret Apperson have purchased a ranch in the panhandle of Oklahoma about twenty miles from Kenton where Vicki and Monty Joe live. That's lovely country around there at the foot of the Black Mesa, and a good place to look for dinosaur tracks (there are several nearby). I hear that Ercil and Lester have gone up there to check things out but I doubt they will spend their time hunting fossils. Maybe next Chronicle will have a story from Ercil about what they found.

Bye for this issue – Write, write, WRITE