

The Mondy Morning
CHRONICLE

Family Poop Sheet since 1990
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Thirty-two Grandchildren were born to James Campbell and Rhoda Alice (Sammons) Mondy, and fondly known as "The Cousins". They were the reason for founding the CHRONICLE back in 1990. On 7/29 we lost another cousin, leaving only seven. Jerry Thornton called to tell me that Lois (Mondy) Sitz died in her sleep Monday night. I have asked her daughter, Connie, to send me her obituary for the Chronicle. She has been in ill health for months. She and Cecil had a wonderful life together. I talked to Bertha and to RA and I believe Bertha told Bea (Taylor).

* * *

From Jim and Judy Mondy (Springfield, MO I received the following (via email).

"We are doing fine. On July 1, Jim fell as he was stepping up on the sidewalk from street level and suffered what is called "boxer's fracture" (the knuckle at the base of his pinkie finger). He had a cast for three weeks then had additional x-rays. The doctor told him that it was healing well, but would probably hurt for several more weeks. He brought the cast home to use when necessary but the doctor wanted the cast off to preserve the mobility in the joint.

In mid-July Jim went to the cardiologist at Barnes for the endoscopy procedure to look at the hole in his heart. Guess what? There was no hole, Praise the Lord! The doctors decided that since there were no permanent cardiac irregularities he

could stop taking Coumadin. His next scheduled appointment at Barnes is in October, at which time he will be celebrating the first anniversary of his (liver) transplant. (It doesn't seem possible that almost a year has passed since he was so sick.)

On Saturday, August 3rd, we will go to my Dad's house for his family reunion on Sunday. On that day the annual Lake Creek Revival Camp Meeting will begin. This camp meeting has been running for more than 150 years except for two years during WWII. On August 8, the Missouri State Fair starts in Sedalia. It too has a long history. This will be the 100th fair which was not held for two years during WWII. I was born in June and when I was just two months old my family took me to the fair and I haven't missed one it 55 years.

We are not used to doing so many things in a five-day period so I'm sure we will be needing some rest when we finally get back home.

Love to all, Jim and Judy

* * *

In an email to Margaret, Linda (Jinks) Phelps had some interesting things to say, so I will include some excerpts.

I don't know what New Mexico weather is like right now but it's gotta be better than Kansas. It was up to 106 yesterday and today (7/30). I've done nothing but sip ice water and sit under the air-conditioner. I HATE hot weather; give

me fall or winter weather any time.

Roger went to a camp for the handicapped two weeks ago. Don't think they spent too much time outside; A lot of them cannot tolerate hot weather. I don't think Rog minded it too much though. He really enjoys these little trips. He misplaced his trashbag of dirty clothes (all of them new) so I had to go buy him a whole new wardrobe of summer clothes. Only thing good about the incident was that all the clothes were size 40 (waist) and he is now down to size 38. I keep telling him he is getting so skinny I lose him if he turns sideways.

Talked to Sis (Saundra Wood) last night. Her little (unborn yet) grandsons are growing big and healthy. She thinks they will be here the last of August of the first of September. They will probably be in highschool before I get to see them unless Sister brings them for a visit.

Christy and Clint have had a busy summer building a deck and installing a sprinkler system. I'm hoping they can come home for a visit before school starts again.

Cory has moved back into his Frat House to save on expenses and begins classes soon.

Take care and come, Linda

* * *

From Ken and Willa Davis (via email)
Ken was the son of Eula (Goings) Davis, and the nephew of RA Duffer.

"Talked to RA and Russell a few days ago. One of the nerves in RA's leg was damaged when she had balloon surgery on her heart, and it keeps getting worse and worse. She was in bed for two weeks and the doctor hasn't been able to do anything for it.

I sent them 200 pages of family tree for each of them. They got a lot of

enjoyment out of sitting and discussing the people they remember. I would like to be there to listen to and collect the many stories they tell. At 90 and 93 they have lived through a lot of family stories.. Ken has only twenty years to go and says that by the time he gets there he won't remember anything.

As for our health, we are doing better than we thought. Daughter Kadra and her husband, Dwane, came from Red Oak, TX to visit Oregon. Their friends, the Hanks, came with them. Our son, Dan and his wife, Christy took ten days off to show them around. Their 15-year old son Keegan came with them. We rented a 15-passenger van and took off on day-long trips.. We would sight-see until dark, then hunt a restaurant, and get home about 1:00 AM, sometimes later, with plans to be on the road by 8:30 next morning. We didn't climb as much as they did, and didn't swim with them but we got just as tired. I popped a lot of nitro and wished for a nap. It was a lot of fun and we enjoyed it.

Dan drove all the way. One day we went to the coast. We saw people wind surfing and the waterfalls at Columbia Gorge. They climbed to the top of the falls; we rested at the bottom of the falls and took pictures. We went to Cascadia and had a cook-out. They swam in water off the snow bank. Went to McDowell falls and other places where our kids spent their summers.

Took them to the houses we had lived in and to the schools the kids attended. The men went fishing and the ladies went shopping at the Mall and at Wal-Mart.

We went to Sisters and saw all the lava beds. They hiked the seven mile loop at Silver Creek Falls. I decided not to attempt this one, so I had breakfast and went back to bed for four hours. I had done that hike before remember it was quite a hike. Ken went with them but not the whole distance. He had done before and knew where to turn

back.

Carmel, Dan's 22 year old daughter was with us part of the time. She is working and going to college so didn't have as much free time as we do.

The day we went to Cascadia was Dan and Christy's anniversary and Cascadia is where they were married. We cooked steaks where they had their reception. They go there for most of their anniversaries.

So, getting back to the question of how we, at 68 and 70 are doing – I think we are doing quite well, especially with the health problems we have had. I didn't think we would be able to go with them day after day, for one day a week is about normal for us.

On Sunday we rested and went to our church. Had a baptizing at the river, – long time since they had seen that.

Love Willa and Ken

(Addendum, 8/1/02, 6:26 PM.

Talked to Russell and RA. She is much better. A pain doctor seems to have taken care of the problem in her leg so that now her hip is her greatest problem and she says she can live with that. She thinks she will be able to go to the lunch room with Russell soon. He has been bringing her food to her for two weeks.

PS: Our new email address is

Gwillakens@msn.com

* * *

A note from Elizabeth Hill says:

"Told you in the last note that we were getting a station wagon – we did –but it is no more. On my way home from work it decided to blow an engine because it overheated. The man who sold it to us was sorry and let us have another – a 1993 police car. It has no radio and I don't like that but I can live without a radio for now.

* * *

Yesterday I received an email from a friend in Pocahontas saying she had been perusing some old issues of the Pocahontas Star Herald and ran across the following items she thought might interest me.

1) SHILOH, 25 Nov 1924: J C Mondy and Mack Davidson of this place were robbed last Friday night just at dusk in the Mondy store. The robber, masked and otherwisw disguised, threw a gun to their faces and ordered them to throw up their hands. He then went through their clothes and took \$25.00, \$10. from Mr. Davidson and \$15. from Mr. Mondy. After the robbery the thief headed out and made a safe get-away.

2) Pocahontas Star Herald, Dec. 5, 1927. Harrison Mondy while playing with Henry Hill, Johnny Hall, and George Buckley Sunday evening was hurt real badly by a cut from a barbed-wire fence.

I would like to add a bit to these news items. Dad was in the Black River Bottoms with a crew of cotton pickers. We had finished our chores and were sitting on the front porch when we saw a man walking very fast down the hill past our house. Mom said, "Why is that man walking so fast, he's practically running". There was a man in a T-model Ford sitting at the foot of the hill and he jumped in the car and drove away. A few minutes later we saw Grandpa hobbling down the path and when he got to the house he wanted to know if we had seen a man pass the house. We told him what we had seen and he told us about the robbery. On Saturday, he and Dad were in town and Grandpa saw a man on the street and said to Dad, "There's the man that robbed me, do you know who he is." Dad said, "Yes, that's Lige Dame." Not many weeks after this, Lige was caught in some act and sent to

pass the house. We told him what we had seen and he told us about the robbery. On Saturday, he and Dad were in town and Grandpa saw a man on the street and said to Dad, "There's the man that robbed me, do you know who he is." Dad said, "Yes, that's Lige Dame." Not many weeks after this, Lige was caught in some act and sent to "Tucker Farm" the Arkansas penal farm. Grandpa said, "Good, hope he stays there."

Now as to my being "hurt real bad". The dog had "treed" some kind of animal, probably a rabbit, and we were anxious to get there. We had to get over a fence topped with barbed wire. I slipped and fell, tearing not only a hole in my pants but tearing a hole in my scrotum so that one of my testicles came out. I pushed it back in and went home and out to the "smoke-house" and sealed the hole up with black friction tape, and said nothing to anyone. A couple of days later Mom and Dad noticed I was limping and I had to confess. Dad pulled the tape off and could see no signs of infection so we put some regular adhesive tape on it and it healed. I worried about it for years, wondering if I may have gotten dirt in the wound. I have yet to meet a man who had actually seen one of his testicles.

* * *

Son Jim came from California to spend a few days with us. We always enjoy his visits. He and his mother settle the politics of the world and he and I talk a lot of science. About a month ago I hung a humming bird feeder on the back porch in front of the kitchen window. For a few days only one bird came, now we have five and they fight all the time. We have three red-headed house finches that make like humming birds and drink a lot of the food. Also have a pair of quail who come early in the morning and late in the afternoon. They are quite skittish and fly

away if we open the back door. Jim is quite a naturalist and enjoys watching our back yard inhabitants.

* * *

From Dena (Houston)

Lindsey Bailey, Dena's niece, was in a bad accident on August 3rd and she asks all to remember her in prayer. She sustained a broken pelvis, two different breaks three broken ribs, bruised kidney and bruised spleen. She will be 17 on the 8th of August. She is a Senior in Pocahontas High School this fall. At present she is in Elvis Trauma Center in Memphis. Her car was hit by a big truck. More later.

* * *

From BESSIE AND BERTHA (8/1/02)

It's hot, hot, hot here in the Ozarks. At 9:15 this morning it was already 81 degrees. Our airconditioners are working overtime. The Ozark Empire fair is going on but Bertha and I will not be going. We only get out to mow our lawns, go grocery shopping, and to church. We don't get out at night unless we go with some of the family.

The grandchildren were here from New Mexico for two weeks and we surely did enjoy them.

Bertha and I have been able to put a few peaches in the freezer and make some peach jelly. Daughter Sue took us to get the peaches and also was able to get a gallon of black berries for each of us. to put in the freezer to be worked up later. Apples will be available next month and we hope to get some for apple butter and apple bread. My family loves these.

Bertha has talked to the families here and they are all well. Josie is still working and Jim is doing wonderfully.

We are so sorry to hear of Lois' passing away. Not many of the JC Mondy

clan left.

Bertha has been talking to Bea Taylor and says Bea has lost a lot of weight, now weighs only 89 pounds. Now Bea we know you have a strong will and expect you to fly to Kansas City for that grandchild's wedding, so hang in there. I know Jack is a good nurse.

I have a new great-great granddaughter and she is a cutie.. [*Now Bessie, I bet you say that about all of them – how many do you have now? I've lost count.* hcm
Went to a baby shower for her at Sue's house last Tuesday night. She is a great grand child to John and Anne Smith. She is their first and they are really proud of her.

I don't get to see my grandchildren as much as I'd like to. They are busy with their families and their jobs and things they have to do but I think they love me anyway, at least they tell me so when I see them (-)

I'm going to be lazy today and not do anything but try to keep cool and I hope all the rest of you are keeping cool.

Love to all of you, Bessie & Bertha
PS: I thought the story *Mother Faces God Through her Grief* was very interesting. Thanks for printing it in the Chronicle.

* * *

Half of the Vycital gang, Susan, Ken, Brian, and Emily came by for a four-hour visit on Tuesday. They had been vacationing in Colorado. We always enjoy them. Brian leaves for the Navy in about a week.

* * *

Hey! I wasn't joking about all you grandpas saving your nickels and dimes to buy copies of my little book for those grandkids. They are going to press within the next few days and should be available by the end of September or early October. If they go well we may do another. The artist doing the illustrations is first rate and you will like it. I

already have several orders promised. Have I ever told you why I write under the pen name, H. Carter Mondy? Mom wrote stories all of her life and hoped some day to have them published but she simply did not have the education to do so. I promised myself that if I was ever published, the name "Carter" would appear on the book. Well it will appear on at least 5000 books. You know my middle name is Cecil, not Carter, but I may have it changed some day. I have two book fairs coming up the end of October where I will go and autograph books. Something new, even at nearly 86 years of age.

* * *

Lester White, married to my sister for 70 years, suffered a fall last week end. Ercil says he is making good progress and is up on his feet again using his walker. Best wishes, Lester.

* * *

Up-date on Lindsey: She is progressing satisfactorily. She is able to walk with her walker and hopes to go to school in the Fall, though she will be on crutches for about four months the doctors say.

* * *

Got a letter of appreciation from Commie Ewing, thanking me for telling family members of Lois' death. Also told me that Steve (Houston's son) and his family are getting into the swing of things with their offspring. Also reported that her sister's son, Myk Hutsell and his daughter Olivia, (five) drove down from North Carolina for the funeral, his wife Pam and their nearly two-year old twins could not come.

* * *

Yeah, I know, I repeated some stuff but it would take a whole page to explain it.

Pat's letter follows.

August 1, 2002

Hi, Harrison,

Call off the hunt for the missing. We are home once more. Holland and I have been out of town seemingly more than we've been in Corpus Christi this summer. But that isn't really true.

And I fear this letter is going to sound just like ones I have written almost every summer for several years. Honest, I didn't just recopy an old one. True, we went the same places, did the same things with the same people. Perhaps you should just tell your readers you've had a letter from us, but there's no use in including it as they've read it before. There are a few differences.

The last of April we made the sad journey to Springfield, MO for the funeral of Holland's sister Betty Leu (this is really the spelling used on her birth certificate) Mondy White. Betty's husband, Leslie White died in 1999. She was a very serene, sweet person who left three children, Janet Malik of Houston, TX, Judy Graham of Strafford, MO, and Jimmy White of Springfield, MO. Also six grandchildren and two great grandchildren. But the drive to Springfield was lovely, crammed with wildflowers all along the way as if to console us, with apparently plenty of rain to green things up as well.

Next, in May we hazarded a flight to Glendale, California where our older daughter Krista now resides. Aside from the nuisances that go with flying these days, (unfortunately, I look like every one of those 80 year old grandmotherly terrorists they keep searching for), and the bumper to bumper eighty mile an hour traffic in Los Angeles, it was a very enjoyable trip. Krista and her husband Ray just knocked themselves out entertaining us. We did the museums, an automotive museum, ate dinner aboard The Queen Mary, etc. Came home happy but exhausted.

Late in June we packed everything but the bathtubs into our van and headed for Albuquerque to help Lisa with her booth at the New Mexico State Arts and Crafts Fair. Assembling that booth is no easy task and requires more than one person. But worth it. It was a very successful fair. Plus no storms this year and plenty of buyers. It's always fun to see all the really quality arts and crafts in the other 200 booths. There's everything from ceramics, photography, wood carvings, knives, clothing, clocks, hand made paper, etc.

One of the highlights for me was seeing an old friend from our youth at Springfield Senior High School who was in Santa Fe visiting her daughter. Actually, her daughter had arranged it so we could get together both at the fair and at her home. And I went to the airport with the daughter to meet her mother. Great fun seeing a classmate for the first time in possibly fifty years. Long time. We hadn't changed a bit. Yeah. I

brought along two old Springfield High School annuals, the Resume, and we were soon busy finding old friends and relatives. I didn't know that my friend hadn't ever seen her own class annual, so I was very happy to give her one of these. It's a heck of a note to have to wait so many, many years to get your high school annual. I had two annuals because I was the Art Editor and ended up with a special edition as well as the one most students bought.

But we had one problem. We had all arrived simultaneously with smoke from that horrible forest fire in Arizona. All this time and for weeks afterward I had great fun coughing until the earth almost rattled. (Please add my name to the long list of those who would like to help string up those stupids that started them.) With the wind blowing directly toward Albuquerque, the mountains and most everything else farther than an arm's length were obliterated. Besides, inhaling tons of smoke, we were subjected to fumes and dust from the industrial sized jack hammer trying to make a level spot to put a nice addition onto daughter Lisa's house. I won't even mention the noise of 800 pounds hitting the rock every second for days. They finally had to blast. One other item took a lot of the joy out of life. No oxygen at that altitude. Lisa's house is out in the mountains outside Albuquerque at 7200 feet, quite a difference for our home at 18 feet in Corpus Christi. And at the fair grounds in Albuquerque, altitude there only about 5000 feet but the sun blazed down with 101 temperatures. I know I am sounding as if we were in misery. But we actually had a really fine time there anyway.

About July 3 Lisa and her family and Holland and I all went to Lake City, CO where Holland's sister Mary Dee Mondy Stigall lives. Krista, Ray, and Catherine with two toy poodles drove from CA to meet us. Lisa's collie dog came too.

Lake City is a nice place to cool off, no smoke, (but I'm still coughing) and it's fun to see the small but frisky annual Fourth of July parade, and a joy for us all, later to grab armloads of books at the annual Fourth of July book sale there. Only 300 permanent residents, but greater numbers as tourists come in.

The big attraction for many is the pretty lake, created about 750 years ago by the Slumgullion Slide, of geologic interest to Holland, in which a huge chunk of one mountain slid down in a relatively short time, and dammed up a small creek. Now the resultant lake is at its deepest about 90 feet and covers quite an area. The Indians who lived here only during summers were astounded. The slide is still moving as shown by trees that can be seen leaning at angles. This is one of the reasons I don't really trust mountains. Some of them are made of shoddy material. And may not last a hundred years.

While the rest of us loafed, Lisa and her husband Joel Miller

took their collie dog and attempted to climb one of the 14,000 foot mountains. They did all right but the dog sensibly gave up at 13,900 feet. They returned laughing that they had been thwarted by a dog. Personally, I thought the dog showed good sense.

We left Lake City on July 7 and drove to the cabin of a friend Brenda Shaddux, who spends summers in CO and winters in San Antonio or traveling the world. She and her husband greeted us warmly. I hasten to add we were expected. Their cabin is great, smoke free, with all the amenities of home--but at an altitude of 9200 feet. Again, no oxygen. At this altitude I was sure we would poke a hole in the sky. Guess we were beginning not to need oxygen. Most of the time we lazed on a balcony gazing at the beautiful mountains, or watching hummingbirds fight over the feeders, deer leisurely browsing, and laughing at a very frustrated male grouse that couldn't understand the procreation season was over. The angry female would have nothing to do with him, but he didn't give up. There were also mammoths, eagles, and many bird varieties. The next morning my friend and I wandered around the area in her jeep.

We saved some of the most spectacular views on this trip for last by going again into Utah to wander around the Canyonlands National Monument and down to Monument Valley. This huge area over vast time has been eroded out by wind, water, heat, and cold and has left mind boggling geology. Millions of tons of sand, rock, etc. probably made a slow journey down to fill up parts of California in eons past. What has been left behind is wondrous and enchanting. We didn't visit The Arches this time but we have before. They are just farther north of where we were, but we wanted to drive through new territory for us. The Park Visitors' Centers were interesting and informative too.

It was good to know we were also heading home. And that I didn't repeat the broken arm episode of three summers ago. By this time we'd been away from home for ages and were now beginning to get in a hurry to get home.

We'd almost been out of touch with the world for three weeks (strange not to know if war or peace had broken out anywhere) but we had heard of huge rains in the San Antonio area and wanted to check out whether we'd had any rain also in old dry Corpus Christi. When we left Corpus Christi we saw parched fields of dead corn plants with nary an ear drooping forlornly in the hot sun. When we came home, the same fields were standing in a foot of water. Ironic. The areas north of San Antonio and the Hill Country had over 30 inches of rainfall. Created terrible problems for many. But none at home. We were happy with our six inches and our two lakes full.

So we hope just to be lazy for the rest of the summer. Hope yours is great. Stay cool and well.

Pat

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