

The Mondy Morning

CHRONICLE

Family Poop Sheet since 1990

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An apology: I omitted **Lester White** from the list of donors to the Chronicle fund. I try to keep an accurate record but if I don't have a check to remind me I sometimes forget to write it down. I'm not old, just 85, so don't charge it off to old age, maybe it's my second childhood, or something. Anyway Lester, thanks.

A Letter from Jeanie

[Jeanie Newsum is the daughter of Leon and Mary Jean Jinks]

Jeanie says: "I really enjoyed the latest issue of the Chronicle. I was glad to read the update on Aunt Margaret's eye problem. I do hope she can be helped; - she does so love the read.

"I was also intrigued by **Savannah's** interesting story about her interesting life and family. The executive director of our Nature Center *[for whom Jeanie works]* spent a day or two visiting that Teton Science School and he visited it while we were vacationing there last summer. I wish I had known Savannah was living in Kelly. We drove around in that little town and would have loved visiting her in her yurt.

"I visited Mom today. She is always so thrilled to see me. A speech therapist came in to interview and left amazed at her communication skills, though her memory is not what it once was. She loves hearing about the family. I wish we lived closer to her relatives so they could visit her.

Thanks for the newsy and interesting Chronicle. Love, Jeanie.

From **Bessie and Bertha**

[Bessie and Bertha are daughters of Erva (Mondy) Buckley, Grandchildren of JC Mondy, two of the Mondy Cousins]

Since our last letter we have had 3 ½ inches of snow but it lasted only three or four days. Our temperatures have been cold at night but in the 50's and low 60's in the day. It will be in the 60's today but the forecast is for a cold front by the middle of the week.

We are still able to be up though we have both had head colds which we hope will go away by summer. We stay home most of the time and keep up with each other by phone. We do go the church on Sunday.

Recently we went with daughter **Sue** to Tulsa to visit her son, **Scott** who is getting along quite well at the Cancer Research Treatment Center. He came through his operation real well. He still has a feeding tube in his stomach.

Son **Buster** will go into the hospital for shoulder surgery on the 31st, so remember us in your prayers.

Daughter **Ann**, whose eyes have had an infection, is improving. Edward's daughter, **Dorothy**, is leaving Sunday for St. Louis for an evaluation for a liver transplant. She will probably have to wait for a while. She has had trouble for several years and her doctors think she should get on the waiting list.

Have little to write about except the family and weather. Thanks for the Chronicle, Love, Bertha and Bessie.

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Last Tuesday, (1/29) we drove to Lubbock to consult a specialist in retina deformation to see what he could do for Margaret's eyes. Her retina is wrinkled and very few doctors specialize in this field. She spent an hour with him and he has written a prescription for special glasses he believes will be of help. They have to be specially made and she will receive them in a week to ten days. She will wear them for two weeks or so then we will go back to him for his evaluation.

We spent Wednesday for his examination, then came home on Thursday. There had been a snow storm west of Lubbock, and it was deepest around the little town of Muleshoe, TX but we had to drive slowly in many places between there and home. We found the snow about 8 inches deep when we arrived home but had no trouble getting our car into our garage. In Lubbock it had rained and frozen and our car doors were frozen shut and we had to get one open and had to get in the car and kick the others open. Didn't leave Lubbock until 9:50 their time, (8:50 NM time) and arrived home just at sunset.

Just a few miles out of Fort Sumner we met an ambulance then a few miles farther we saw two police vehicles and in the ditch was a car turned upside down with wheels up in the air. He must have been traveling pretty fast to have turned over. Believe me, we took it easy all the way home. Saw several cars in the ditch in the Muleshoe area.

Today, Friday, we went after the mail and came back home and agreed it a good time to hibernate. (And a good day to start the Chronicle.)

We always enjoy our visits with **Ercil** and **Lester**, they are excellent hosts. We enjoy seeing their two sons and their wives.

Lester has fallen several times in the last few months; has trouble with his balance. I don't know what happens to our balancing apparatus as we get older; I find mine is not as good as it used to be, but I haven't fallen in the last couple of years.

We will be going back to see them when Margaret goes to see the doctor. We certainly appreciate their hospitality.

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Excerpted from **Linda Phelp's** letter to Margaret.

"Everyone is doing well in this very, very dry Kansas winter. No snow yet except for one ½ hour flurry that melted the instant it hit the ground. Was sure pretty while it was coming down, but far too little. We are very much in trouble right now. The wheat's roots are beginning to show the strain and if we don't get moisture soon, we are going to be in big trouble. If you have any moisture to spare, send it this way.

"**Roger** is doing very well in coping with his diabetes. He has lost 25 pounds and I only have to test his blood sugar once a week. So far it has been very satisfactory. He has an exercise bike and gets on it twice a day (if I remind him). Otherwise, he conveniently forgets it.

"Loved the article in the Chronicle about **Savannah**. What an interesting life she is living. Wish I could go there and see the home she has and observe the work she is doing. Sounds fascinating. Hope she writes another article.

Love, Linda

In a later note from Linda she said: "Had six inches of ice and snow which is melting rapidly."

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From time to time I am reminded of something that happened in the past and decide to write it down as part of my history. The following is an example:

Age of the Flapper

In the early 1920's, any woman (or late teenager) who learned to drive a car, bobbed her hair, wore a dress that didn't cover her knees, and rolled her hose to expose her knees, was a Flapper. This was at a time when the women of the nation were fighting for the right to vote (and won it) and were fighting for other rights. I don't know where the ideas originated but women began to think they had a right to cut their hair if they wanted to and wear dresses that did not drag the floor. At this time, men preceded women up the stairs so they wouldn't see their sexy ankles as women had to pull up their dress when climbing the stairs. This was called the "Flapper Age". (It was also the "Bloomer Age" when girls wore black bloomers that came down to their knees. **RA**, maybe you remember them.)

Of course the preachers preached from the pulpit that a "Woman's hair was her glory and the Bible said she should not cut it." We even learned a little song, "This train is bound for glory and none can ride it but the righteous and the holy". It went on to list those who could not ride the train; gamblers, robbers, drinkers, blasphemers, etc. Some who couldn't ride it were "bobbed hair women with knee high dresses".

We had in our school two girls with

long hair and I recall D. Mock, County School Superintendent praising them for their long hair. A woman who learned to drive a car was "looked down upon" for trying to act like a man.

Some time about 1924, when the old lodge hall on the hill north of the Lorine post office was used to present plays, they presented one called "Flap goes the Flapper" which included a song, the chorus of which was "Roll'em girls, roll'em, everybody roll'em, roll'em down and show your pretty knees". That's all I remember about the play for you don't think I was allowed to see such a dirty play with grown women showing their knees, do you? I don't know whether it condemned or praised the Flappers.

I remember when Uncle Ed and Aunt Eva came to visit and Aunt Eva had learned to drive a car and had bobbed her hair, my Dad had a conniption. He said to her, "What if you should die? Would you like for people to come by your coffin and see you lying there with your bobbed hair?"

Mom never cut her hair until a long time after Dad died and she was having trouble with it.

There you have it, another episode of my past, and of the nation's.

* * *

Update on **Jim's** health from **Judy Mondy**, 3 February 2002.

Dear Friends and Family:

Just wanted you to know that **Jim** had a check-up in St. Louis on Jan. 23rd. He is doing so well the doctors are allowing him to have some dental work done at 3 months instead of the usual 6 months. Our dental insurance runs out the end of March and **Jim** had started work on a new bridge back in September so we wanted to finish it while we had coverage.

While we were in St. Louis we picked up a copy of the hospital bill, and are we thankful for insurance. I was surprised at how much blood he received during surgery: 14 units of whole blood, 8 units of plasma, 1100 cc of blood "recycled" through the cell-saver machinery. This means he received close to 30 units of blood plus all that plasma from Oct 5th to Oct 31st.

He has been able to stop some of his medication and only goes for lab work every other week.

We will be going back to St. Louis for check-up the last week in February.

Thanks again for all the prayers and other acts of kindness during this period. It is when you are at your weakest that you appreciate those who can intercede on your behalf.

God Bless you all,
Love, Judy and Jim Mondy.

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HAPPY ST. VALENTINE'S DAY!!

It appears there were two Valentines, one a priest and one a bishop, martyred in Rome during the reign of Claudius, but both are legendary.

Now sending valentine cards is not based on these saints, but on the pagan Roman festival of Lupercalia, a Lover's festival, held middle of February.

So there you have it – straight from the Encyclopedia's mouth.

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About Brecken:

We tried to get in touch with Brecken over the week-end but found she was in San Antonia attending a meeting of the American Medical Women's Association as a representative of her Med School.

Then I found out something else: She has been chosen as her class representative to the

American Medical Association – a real feather in her cap. She loves politics and enjoyed her tour in the White House working for Hilary.

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I have to get out the Chronicle and cannot wait for more mail, here's something to think about.

Pediculus Humanus Capitis

No, that is not a cuss-word though I suspect it has been the recipient of a lot of "cussing" over the years. It is the name of those little devils that inhabit human heads of hair – called lice. Now when I was a kid, only "white trash" was thought to have lice, but it seems that today the little "boogers" are just as fond of members of the rich as the poor. I never had lice and so far as I know, neither did any of my siblings. Margaret says that one time her mother found lice in her and Judy's hair and nearly had a fit. She prepared mixture of kerosene and something (she thinks it was sulfur) and coated their hair with it, rubbing it into their scalp, left it for a while, then washed their hair with soap and water. Then she used a "fine-tooth" comb to comb out the lice and the nits. It got rid of the lice. Margaret thinks they got them from trying on hats in a hat store that others had probably tried on.

I read today where a woman in New York is making a pretty good living as a lice exterminator. She charges from \$25 to \$70 per head and is kept busy. According to the story, two children were sent home from school because they had become infected. The father brought the two kids to her and said they couldn't possibly have lice because their mother had sprayed their heads with Raid. Lots of other "cures" include Vaseline, mayonnaise, margarine, and olive oil. I don't know whether any of these work but I am sure there are commercial products that do. Good luck, don't let the little "biters" get you.

Be Good, y'hear? And write the Chronicle a letter so you won't have to read my stuff. (Of course, you can just ignore it.)

I put the Chronicle to bed this afternoon, addressed the envelopes, and started folding them. Then I received an email from Dena Houston which contained the following story. All of you on the Internet have probably received it by now but many Chronicle readers have not heard it so I am publishing it for them. Enjoy

Truth Beats Fiction, Again!

In a supermarket, Kurtis, the stock boy, was busily working when a new voice came over the PA system, asking for a carry out at Register 4. Kurtis was almost finished and wanted to get some fresh air, so decided to answer the call. As he approached the check-out stand a distant smile caught his eye. The new check out girl was beautiful. She was an older woman (maybe 26, and he was only 22) and he instantly fell in love.

Later that day, after his shift was over, he waited by the punch clock to find out her name. She came into the break room, smiled softly at him, took her card and punched out, then left. He looked at her card, BRENDA. He walked out only to see her start walking up the road.

Next day, he waited outside as she left the supermarket and offered her a ride home. He looked harmless enough, and she accepted. When he dropped her off, he asked if maybe he could see her again, outside of work. She simply said it wasn't possible. He pressed and she explained she had two children and she couldn't afford a baby-sitter, so he offered to pay for the baby-sitter. Reluctantly she accepted his offer for a date for the following Saturday.

That Saturday night he arrived at her door only to have her tell him that she was unable to go with him. The baby-sitter had called and canceled. To which Kurtis simply said, "Well, let's take the kids with us."

She tried to explain that taking the children was not an option, but again not taking no for an answer, he pressed. Finally Brenda brought him inside to meet her children. She had an older daughter who was just cute as a bug, Kurtis thought. Then Brenda brought out her son in a wheelchair. He was born a paraplegic with Down Syndrome. Kurtis said to Brenda, "I still don't understand why the kids can't come with us?" Brenda was amazed. Most men would run away from a woman with two kids, especially if one had disabilities; Just like her first husband and father of her children did.

That evening Kurtis and Brenda loaded up the kids, went to dinner and the movies. When her son needed anything Kurtis would take care of him. When he needed to use the rest room, he picked him up out of his chair, took him, brought him back. The kids loved Kurtis. At the end of the evening, Brenda knew this was the man she was going to marry and spend the rest of her life with. A year later they were married and Kurtis adopted both of her children and since then they have added two more kids.

So what happened to the stock boy and check out girl? Well... Mr. and Mrs. Kurt Warner now live in St. Louis where he is employed by the St. Louis Rams and plays quarterback. You watched him in the Super Bowl Sunday past.

I printed the story as I received it so I would not have to retype it.

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I'm glad I waited; I have an up-date from Lucille Rundel on her breast cancer. I had asked for the update. I have never met Lucille but would like to. I met her mother, Alma Thomas, once and promised to come back and have "a plate of corn-bread and beans" with her but at the time I planned to go there, we had an illness in the family and could not go, then Alma died.

On 20 Jan I received the following:
"Had my first Chemo on Friday (1/18) and have had no problems of discomfort of any kind. Have to drink a lot of water which means a lot of trips to the bathroom. Whatever problems I have later I will just have to deal with them as they come.
"Brother James (Thomas in Pocatello Idaho) had knee surgery on the 15th and came through fine."

Today, Feb 5, I received her up-date:
"Still feeling fine. My next treatment is scheduled for February 9th. We are

expecting snow later today; they say we can expect up to four inches but the temperature will start climbing and it will melt.
"Jim is home from the hospital."

* * *

Snippets:

Son James is in San Francisco this week holding a training seminar. I think it runs for three days. Has another coming up next week closer to home.

When we got up this morning it was snowing but by nine o'clock the sun was out and though the temperature is 21 degrees, the hot sun will evaporate the snow in an hour.

Dick (Mondy) has promised an up-date on his latest trip to Poland but not in time for this issue.

Time to get these last two pages in the mail. Will try to get them out today.

Love all of you and look hopefully at each day's mail for a letter from you?
Harrison and Margaret