

Bring me up to date on your family

The Mondy Morning

CHRONICLE

Family Poop Sheet since 1990

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On the 19th of March, my birthday, the swallows come back to Capistrano Mission, and every year crowds gather to watch. Every year on the 15th of March, the Buzzards come back to Hinky, Ohio and crowds gather to watch. That's my sister Jewel's birthday so each year I wish her a Happy Buzzard's Day. Now she is not particularly fond of buzzards so I suggest maybe she could start a new craze, she could say "the whippoorwills always come back to Possum Holler on the 15th of March," and no one could deny it and each year I could wish her "Happy Whippoorwill's day.

* * *

Cousin Nell (Mondy) emailed me a happy BD, then I told her about the swallows and the buzzards and she agreed with Jewel about buzzards. She shares her birthday (October 27) with Teddy Roosevelt.

Quoting further from her email:

"Speaking of birds, I have a pair of Cardinals as tenants each year. They like my large lilac bush which is just outside my bedroom. Two years ago they built just 12 inches from my window. I communicated with Madam Cardinal each morning when I drew the drape and saw her sitting on the nest. It was fun to watch papa come and feed her as well as the babies. However, because there was a window air conditioner which blocked my view of the nest when sitting in my rocker, I had to stand to watch the activities. Last year they decided to build th nest high

enough to enable me to see what they were doing from my rocker. Madam Cardinal always sat on her nest facing me and even allowed me to take a picture of her. The nest was located between two lilac blossoms.

"On March 13 of this year, as I sat in my chair looking out the window at the old abandoned nest, Papa came by to check on his property. Since the cardinals have been such good tenants, I think I'll lower the rent.

"March is rather early for their return from the south. They must have gotten word that New York is having a very mild winter this year.

"Perhaps you will recall from my book that the redheaded woodpecker is my favorite bird but likes a much higher location than my lilacs, choosing instead, my Norwegian maple."

Love, Nell

* * *

Received a letter from Bea Taylor which included the announcement of the celebration of their 60th wedding anniversary. You will find it on Page 3. From her letter:

". . . I just can't seem to get my strength back. I had hoped that after the surgery and implanting the pacemaker I would get my energy back but it has not happened. I have an appointment with the doctor for the 14th. I have a lot of questions to ask and hope he can answer them.

(Bea Taylor, cont'd)

"I enjoy reading the paper though there are many people I don't know. *[One reason you don't know some of them is that many of them are Margaret's family. Another reason is that you were not a member of the Chronicle family when we were digging up our kinsmen back in the early days of the Chronicle. hcm]*

"We live such a 'dull' life, I have trouble finding anything to write about. But I do have something this week; a bit about our 60th Anniversary. Shirley and Larry called to tell us they were coming over to go to church with us and take us to brunch afterward. I am a greeter at our church so I passed out the bulletins, then we went in and sat down. When I opened the bulletin, there was the announcement of our 60th. I looked at Shirley and asked, "How did that get in here?" I found out that daughter Jacqueline in Scottsdale, AZ was responsible and had worked it out with our church secretary. It was top secret from Jack and me. The church people thought it nice of our children.

"Josie and Bertha have been real good to keep in touch with us and I get letters from Bessie.

"Been reading Nell's book. I found the history part very interesting. I love her motto, 'You Never Fail until You stop Trying', and Nell never stopped trying, she just kept climbing the ladder. I'm real proud of her and hope her surgery is successful.

"My heart goes out to Russell and RA. They can't go to church any more, and can't do so many things. One thing is for sure, they will be ready when the Lord calls them home.

Love to all, Bea and Jack

* * *

THE BLAME GAME

Let's see if I understand how the world works lately. . . .

If a man cuts his finger off while slicing salami at work, he blames the restaurant.

If you smoke three packs a day for forty years and die of lung cancer, your family blames the tobacco company.

If your neighbor crashes into a tree while driving home drunk, he blames the bartender.

If your grandchildren are brats without manners, you blame the TV.

If your friend is shot by a deranged madman, you blame the gun manufacturer.

If a crazed man breaks into the cockpit and tries to kill the pilot at 35,000 ft, and the passengers kill him instead, the mother of the deceased blames the airline.

I guess I have lived too long to understand the world as it is today. So if I die while my wrinkled butt is parked in front of my computer, I want you to blame Bill Gates. Okay???

* * *

This Catholic Priest mess is cluttering the airwaves, – you can scarcely tune in any news program without getting an earful. This is a far cry from the conditions in New Orleans when I lived there. Newspapers did not report any wrong doings of the priests. I was Chief Engineer of WVEZ and when one of our reporters investigated a news story and found that a priest and a prostitute had died in a motel from asphyxiation the only report printed in the paper or broadcast mentioned the prostitute but not the priest. The Catholic radio station there had the same attitude. You could not print or report

in Dayton, Ohio. She had a room mate named "Beth", I think. When we were out late, she had to enter the house by the back door. One night as we were approaching the back door and passed a window to the basement I looked in and pointed out that the owner of the house had left the lights on in the basement. Isabel grabbed me and pulled me away from the window saying, "Don't look in there, Beth is getting ready for bed." I said, "Why on earth is she sleeping in the basement?" Isabel said, "She is becoming a Catholic so she can marry so-and-so and is doing penance. She is sleeping on a bed made out of limbs and brush, with a blanket spread over them and has to do it for a month." I couldn't understand it then and I don't understand it now.

I had a secretary at General Electric in Syracuse, NY who sat down at my desk one day and said, "You know, it doesn't pay to break the rules. Today I went to the lunch room and I was really hungry. I ordered a hamburger, a pudding, and a glass of milk. I took a bite of the hamburger and while I was chewing it, I heard someone at one of the tables say it was a holy day and we were not allowed to eat meat. I was so hungry I decided to have one more bite and did so. Then I laid the remainder down thinking I would make do with my pudding and milk. I poured my milk on my pudding and took a bite. My milk was sour and ruined my pudding. This was God's punishment for taking that last bite of hamburger."

I said, "Elise, if you believe God punished you for taking that last bite of hamburger, what do you think your punishment will be for laying out in New York last weekend with that man while your husband is overseas fighting a war?" Her reply was, "Oh I'll have to go to confession and do some penance". I repeat, I don't



Jack and Bea Taylor

Our parents will be celebrating their 60th wedding anniversary this coming Tuesday, January 29th.

We know their family of friends at First Southern Baptist Church is very important to them.

We pray that you will bless them with your good wishes today.

It will mean so very much to them and make their celebration even more happy and memorable.

Thank you.

Shirley Taylor Freeman
of Boulder, Colorado

Jacqueline Taylor Long
of Scottsdale, Arizona

Jerry Taylor
of Garland, Texas

hamburger, what do you think your punishment will be for laying out in New York last weekend with that man while your husband is overseas fighting a war?" Her reply was, "Oh I'll have to go to confession and do some penance". I repeat, I don't understand it.

Celibacy for the priesthood was not made an obligation until AD1189. Prior to that, priests were allowed to marry and have children. Jesus and all his disciples were married, Paul was married, Barnabas was married. Celibacy is a violation of one of the first laws given to man-kind, "Be fruitful and multiply." I don't understand it.

The laws of most states do not force the priests to report their actions and the parents are afraid to report child abuse. In one case when parents did report it, the priest made the parents do penance for embarrassing the Church! This was reported on TV. I still don't understand it. If you do, please explain it to me.

And the Pope denounced "these grievous sins" by saying they "stem from the mystery of evil". I still don't understand it. But I believe a lot of it could be cured by simply allowing priests to marry and have children of their own.

An article entitled "The costs of Penance" in the March 25th issue of *Time* begins with, "The medieval Roman Catholic Church sold indulgences to sinners who thought cash could purchase exoneration in Heaven. Today, it's the church that is handing out money in hopes of buying forgiveness for itself."

* * *

From Mondy's Little Jottle Book

Eleven thousand college kids were asked what book should a person read before entering college. Hundreds were selected

but the winner was *The Bible* followed by Mitch Albom's *Tuesday with Morrie* and Dr. Seuss' *Oh the Places You'll Go*.. Guess which two I haven't read.

Water is becoming scarce in some places. Some man is proposing building huge plastic bags, filling them with water from good rivers in the north of California and towing them to San Diego. A huge glacier the size of Rhode Island has broken off in antarctic and there is a proposal to mount gigantic sails on it and sail it to the region near Israel where it would be chopped up and sold for pure water.

You can now buy Kosher dog and cat food and you don't have to be a Jew to buy it.

The average credit card balance in South Dakota is \$9,600 per household. Two other states top this; Vermont and Alaska. Don't know what their's are. They claim the reason is the low wages in S.D. Credit cards are great to have if you control them and don't let them control you. When we travel we always use a cc because it much safer than carrying cash.

It's a good thing the Muslim law *sharia* was not in force when Jesus was born, Mary would have been stoned to death for having a child out of wedlock.

In England, toilets are called "loos". Now they are equipping their streets with loos that remain underground during the day but pop up out of the sidewalks at night when the stores aren't open, to accommodate people getting out of the theaters and restaurants.

YOU DIDN'T WRITE ME A LETTER, SO SEE WHAT YOU GOT? WRITE BEFORE I MY JOTTLE BOOK IS EMPTY.

Me.

Hold it - - - here comes something!!!!

From Pat (via email)

“. . . I will tell you I HATED Mark Miller's article about baby-sitting his granddaughters. I could hardly stand it! I laughed until I nearly choked, so why would I not hate it? Who likes to get choked? Besides it brought back memories of my own (painful at the time / hilarious now) episodes of staying with grandchildren - - and children I guess this is some kind of ritual of passage most of us go through. Seriously, Mark writes very well and his article was very funny and I enjoyed it.

"It may be ages before I can write you a letter for the Chronicle. The reason? Well I foolishly started Spring Housecleaning - well to tell the truth, I started it five years ago and never finished it. Consequently, I have an accumulation of stuff that vies with the local garbage dump for size. *[Pat, Margaret wants to know if you are talking about your house or hers?]* If I keep throwing my junk their way, I may soon be forbidden to clutter up the city dump further.

"I seriously believe my neighbors have been staching their discards, out of date junk, etc., into my studio.

"The rest of the house is no better. Tons of books in book cases to be dusted. Magazines everywhere. Holland's collections of rocks and minerals to be cleaned - - a real chore.

"I go by the theory that a clean house is a wasted life, but there comes a time . . . Holland is busy with income tax for people to help. Wish me luck in getting everything back to normal before I get to old to finish the job - - or, maybe that's the solution - - - never do today what you can put off until tomorrow.

"Anyway, cleaning my studio was a crawl down memory lane. I found old paintings dating back to 1962!! That I don't

even remember doing. (Of course, it may be that some of my neighbors are frustrated artists.) But if I did do those atrocities, I can take comfort in that I have improved in the ii the intervening years.

"The whole urge of this nesting urge is to make room so I can once again paint in my studio.

"This clean-up binge has little to do with the approaching annual meeting of the poetry group to which I belong. They saw the house last year and before that. Again this year I'm expecting about twenty poets and their husband for dinner in April. Some of these good people (all friends) will stay for several days. If they survive my cooking, (they will stay at a local hotel) we will all get to the opening of a photographic exhibit by one member who goes annually to Myanmar (old Burma) and photographs everything in sight. The exhibit will be here at the Asian Culture Museum, one of only five in the United States devoted entirely to things Asiatic. Unfortunately, this museum relies entirely on volunteer help, including a sweet but confused lady as director. So, though I haven't a moment to spare, I'm trying to get some publicity for this exhibit. Have contacted the newspapers, TV Stations, the colleges and interested friends, etc. If you are interested, come. April 13, 6 - 8 pm.

"Just heard that postage is going up. I remember when three cents got a letter delivered, and we had two deliveries a day. My father, who spent years with the post office is, no doubt, spinning in his grave. Why is the PO always in the red? Perhaps it's because email is easier and cheaper. If you could deliver the Chronicle by email, it would be easier on the old pocket-book.

"Must go, Cheers, Pat
[Maybe I'll get a site on the web. I'm considering it. hcm]

Trivia:

In 1886, the real estate of Randolph County, Arkansas was valued at \$702,742. Today, it is valued at \$86, 782,593. Personal Property was valued at \$642,742 in 1886, and is now valued at \$44,778,330

* * *

Remember Amelia, the little girl Mark Miller write about , the one who asked all the questions? Well I have an email from her mother, to wit: (From Savannah Eberline)

"Hello all. We have just returned from Mexico [*Cancun area I think*] where we enjoyed the warm sun, fish, and sea, immensely. We are back in Kelly where spring is slowly arriving, at least the temperature is above 20 degrees F.

"We are planning to move to Bozeman, Montana on August 15. Our sccond baby is due to arrive near the end of September. Amelia is very excited to have a new playmate. She is already a really good little helper.

"We are all doing well. Todd is enjoying school and his knowledge and confidence in the teaching field is increasing.

"I am continuing to enjoy my work as well. It has been very good to work with adults and learn more about chronic mental illness. I especially appreciate that my agency offers a variety of wrap-around services.

"I am happy to report that Daisy and MaGoo (dogs) are very well too.

"Now that you have an update we must inform you that we are getting rid of our land line and this will affect our internet access. We set up a permanent email address as Eberlines@thesunnyfarm.com. For now I do not imagine we will be checking it much. We can still be reached on our cell phone at (307) 690-6181, preferably between 8PM

and 8Am. We are up by 7AM and are usually in bed by 10PM.. You can reach me at work on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at (307) 732-1161 if you need to do so.

Lots of Love, Savannah, Todd, and Amelia

* * *

There are two terms you will be running into in this Catholic church scandal. *Pedophilia*, the inordinate attractions to small children and *ephebophilia*, the attraction to teenagers. Ephebophiles can be cured, there is no cure for pedophiles. The monasteries have been the retreat for many pedophiles for the last thousand years; also for homosexual men.

* * *

Happy April Fool's Day, Everybody.

I remember when our kids substituted salt for sugar in the sugar bowl and we had to make an extra pot of Coffee. And, when they substituted a raw egg for a boiled one in our lunches. How MEAN can two kids get?

Hope you had a good Easter. We did. Got phone calls and emails from lots of people. Mark came for breakfast, stayed until noon while he and Margaret fought the TV talking heads about politics, the war we might get into, etc. etc.

I forgot to date this Chronicle,— already had them run off and refused to waste 60 more sheets of paper. If the date is important to you date it April 1.

A week from today we will celebrate our 56th wedding anniversary. My! How time flies!

Love you all, Harrison & Margaret