

Sarah Conard

The Mondy Morning

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HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Hope all of you had a good one. We have been to Los Angeles to spend Christmas with our kids and grand-kid.

We're watching the Rose Parade; may be able to watch the Mummies' parade later.

I want to thank all of you who sent Christmas cards and telephone messages and email messages and a special thank you to those of you who sent support for the Chronicle.

Well, how did you like the little Christmas packet? I thought all of the entries were entertaining; wish there had been more. Bet some of you wish you had sent in one. If you do, I'll print it on a separate page so it can be put with the others.

I got books for Christmas. Judy gave me one called *The History of God*. It is a history of the concepts of a Superior Being from a few thousand years before Adam and Eve as held by the Akkadians and Sumerians on through the Jewish concepts to the present. She and John gave me *The Year 1000* which is a story of what conditions were like in England at the turn of the last millennium. Lester gave me *In the Year of Our Lord*, a book of Irish humor. From Australia, Norman Lange sent me a book of *Australian Short Stories*, and Jim gave me *Pilate*, a biography of Pilate. These should hold me through January.

I have seen some special diets for the new year – guaranteed to make you Fat and Happy. There are others guaranteed to make you thin and ---- grumpy?.

I had 22 e-mails, 5 answering machine messages and 1 FAX waiting for me.

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While I was sitting in Judy's side yard reading on Christmas eve I kept hearing about the horrible storms hitting Arkansas, putting thousands of homes out of electricity. Leon in Texarkana was without for a week. As soon as we got home Margaret called Wilma in Piggott and she reported that although the weather was very cold, her electricity did not go out. I received an email from Margaret Barnhart who says, "We escaped the worst of the icy weather but have had ice and snow for a week or so (seems like forever). Bob can get the truck only half way up our driveway. Had a pump freeze on us last week. Bob started to the spring-house on the John Deere mower. He slid into the old house and fell off. Got back on and slid off into the pond below the pump house and fell off and then fell down trying to get the rest of the way. That was a bad day for Bob's bad back. We have been comfortable but I bet our electric bill will be a whopper."

[Hey! Take it easy, Bob.]

Well at least one person has recovered enough to write an account of their Christmas. Ercil told Margaret she was sending me an email account of their pleasures and trials at Christmas. Since many of you are newcomers to the Chronicle Family, you need a glossary of names to keep up so here it is: Ercil White is Margaret's sister (Margaret is my wife). Ercil's husband is Lester. She has four daughters, Margaret Ann Apperson, Martha McKinney whose husband is Don, Kathy Schell, and Vicki Jean Roberts. She has two sons, Jinks White whose wife is Vicki Ann and Keith White whose wife is Lou Ann. Got that now?

ERCIL SAYS:

We are iced in here in Lubbock. It sleeted more last night and the streets are covered with ice.

To say we had a fabulous Christmas would be an under-statement! There were fifty of us who gathered at Martha and Don's for Christmas, and we had a ball. *[Martha and Don live at DeQueen, Arkansas.]* Vicki Jean came to Lubbock on Wednesday the 20th to drive Lester and me to Martha's. We spent the night with Kara (Margaret Ann's daughter) and Dennis at Flower Mound before going on to Martha's the next day. Kathy had already arrived so we had three of our daughters with us for a good visit and to finish the decorations and begin cooking and baking. Kathy was in charge of decorating and had things well in hand. Each of the rooms had a name which was the theme of

that room, – the Kitchen was The Kandy Kane Kitchen with a big banner across the door and candy canes everywhere, the living room was the Holly Room and appropriately decorated, our bedroom was the Snowman Suite, including snowmen everywhere, one bedroom was Reindeer Row, another was Gingerbread House, decorated with Ginger-men painted light brown. The room where the fifteen young people slept was Santa's Workshop and it was wall to wall bedrolls, lots of noise and laughter.

The entire house was beautifully decorated with the accumulation of Martha's past Christmases. The central attraction was the large fireplace which glowed night and day and it so homey and snug.

Some of the family arrived on Friday night but most arrived on Saturday. Eleven of the adults stayed at a motel in DeQueen but managed to get to the house in time for breakfast. Only two arrived on Sunday.

Christmas night the ice storm struck. Out went the electricity and all that went with it. Thankfully all three bathrooms worked, though we had no hot water. Don had a propane stove on the back porch so the women were able to make coffee, cook bacon and eggs, and warm the soup, so, with all the food left over from the feast, no one suffered. The men had to remove the limbs that had broken off and fallen on the road, and even some that were on the highway in order to get to town.

We stayed until mid-morning Wednesday then headed for home. We spent the night again with Kara and Dennis. Jinks and his family had been in Irving, TX and found that an 18-wheeler