

The Mondy Morning

CHRONICLE

Family Poop Sheet since 1990

Volume XII, Issue 3, February 26, 2001

I haven't put a date on this issue as of 14th of February for as of now I don't have enough to justify putting out a paper. In Issue 2, I said that I had scheduled Issue 3 for publication on January 29. When that date came, I had an email with two short paragraphs. The next week there was another email with three short paragraphs. Last week I got a letter from Bessie and Bertha – still not enough to fill one page.

I have just about decided that so few people are interested in promoting the paper, I might as well give up. How can I justify spending a minimum of forty dollars per issue with so little information going out?

But I will try a few more issues.

–Tidbits–

Did you get any Valentines? Several people sent me emails with whole lists of jokes about it. I think my favorite was the little 7 year old girl who sent the following to her Sunday School teacher, a man:

“If you will be my Valentine,
I will be your concubine”

At least it rimed!

Brecken is back at Oxford. She has the strangest kind of classes. At the end of each week she meets with her advisor to discuss the previous week's assignment and to get another assignment such as: “What light does archaeology shed on the question of how Roman citizens spent their leisure time?”

She has a week to research the library and prepare a paper, several pages long, answering the question with a gillion footnotes. She has been sending her papers to me and I have been reading them, wondering about the hundreds of hours the people spent in their research, and what intrinsic value it is to the human race.

I hear by the grapevine that Judy will join Brecken for a few days while they explore London.

My how time flies! It will soon have been five years since we received a call from Harold that Wilma was going into the hospital for an operation. It was in the middle of one of the hardest snowstorms we've had since we have been here. We knew that the 65 miles of steep hills and dangerous curves between here and Espanola would freeze during the night, so we packed a few things and spent the night in Espanola. We arrived in Piggott in time for the operation and thus began a series of trips that ended when Harold died in October. Margaret talked to Wilma over the weekend and she is getting along quite well.

We have had a little bit of snow every day for two weeks. About two inches, total I would guess. As soon as the sun comes out, it begins to evaporate and most is gone by noon. Strange weather!!

On Wednesday, Jan 17, I received an email from **Suzy Hill**, bringing us up to date on the Mike Hill family. It came in time for the 29th Issue but that is all I had, so decided not to publish. In it, Suzy said:

About two weeks ago a pallet jack with a heavy load of candy ran over my right foot. The doctors said the foot was not broken, just badly bruised. The first doctor thought I should walk on it but set a limit as to the distance. The second doctor gave me a special shoe that fastens with Velcro and it helps a lot. I will see him again next Monday.

Mike is working full time at the radio station. He is part of the morning show, and also "makes the books", an old radio term that means he has to arrange the ads for insertion at the right point. [*I have done that too and "it ain't easy"*]

Amanda got her card that got her mentioned, just one notch below the honor roll. We are proud of her. Allie is working hard for good grades and that is about all that can be expected.

On February 2nd, I received a second email from Suzy as follows:

Since I wrote you last telling you I was "out of commission" I have gone back to work at my regular work. Things are slow at Russell Stover; – not enough candy going out. Tell everybody to buy more Russell Stover Candy. [*Suzy, a box of Russell Stover chocolates is what I got for Valentine day.*]

My shift at work is from 2:00 PM to 12:30 AM. When I was leaving for work yesterday I noticed that the battery light was on and called Mike on the cell phone and told him about it. He told me to call him back if anything went wrong. It did. When I started home, the light came on again, then after a while the cruise control went out. I

called Mike again and he told me to call Road-side Assistance. They said it would be an hour before they would be there. With no heater and with only my gloves, I got mighty cold. Well they finally came and got the car lifted, then their truck died and they had to call for assistance. Mike had gone to the dealer-ship to wait for me and make arrangements for a loaner and when I didn't show up he came to hunt for me. I didn't get home until after 3 AM, but except for getting so cold, I am all right.

The girls have gone to spend the week-end with Linda to help her with an auction. That should be fun for them.

* * *

The letter from **Bessie and Bertha** was written on the 6th of February. They say:

It is a beautiful day here in the Ozarks. The sun is shining and we expect the temperature to get up into the 50's today and it only went down to 33 last night. Bertha and I got out today to do a little shopping and tend to some business. It was good to get out, since we have had to stay in so much during the cold weather. We are both well, just a little sniffles, with some laziness thrown in.

All of my family are doing pretty well. Daughter **Ann** is still having a lot of pain in her shoulder and will probably have to have surgery before too long. She would like to put it off until her granddaughter's wedding in May. Her husband's (**John** whom we call Ed) back is getting better so he may not have to have surgery. The others are up and working. My new little granddaughter is a doll and will be three months old on the 14th. My little grandson in New Mexico is a sweet little typical boy.

Bertha talked to **Jim** (Mondy) and he

reports that some days he feels pretty well and others not so good. He will be going back to St. Louis soon for a checkup. He is still waiting for a liver donor match. Josie is still working and doing OK.

I had a letter from Cona. She is doing quite well but has to be on oxygen part of the time.

I have been sitting here reading all the old Chronicles. It was so nice to read all the letters from every one. I do this once in a while if I get a little down, just to give me a lift.

Love to all, stay healthy.
Bessie and Bertha

* * *

There is a man whose name is something like Buscalia (that's probably wrong) who "preaches" that a cure for a lot of social ills is hugging. When he lectures, he has everyone in the audience hug as many people as they can. I am sure he is right. Here in Taos, everybody hugs everybody, it seems. Every time Dr. Wilson came to see me he hugged me. He was the doctor who did my leg bypass. Today I went with Margaret to see the doctor who cut off my toe whom I haven't seen for about 18 months. His nurse hugged me and then when he came in he threw his arms around me and hugged me like we were brothers. It appears that if you ever meet someone, from that time on, you are supposed to hug them. I enjoy sitting in the parking lot and watching people hug each other when they meet. I have never lived where there is so much hugging.

* * *

Here is some sad news. You will remember that three years ago, Anne (Armstrong) John's mother was in a car wreck and broke

several ribs, her legs, and I don't know what all. She has had nothing but trouble since, been in and out of the hospital numerous times. She has been in the hospital since last Thanksgiving and for several weeks has been in a coma-like state. She is slowly recovering but it is believed that she has had a couple of light strokes and is able to speak only one or two words at a time. She has been such a live wire ever since we have known her, more than fifty years, it is so sad to see her now trying so hard to say something. John said tonight that she is slowly improving, but it is indeed very slow. Remember her in your prayers.

* * *

Brecken applied for admission to eleven med-schools. As of now she has been accepted by seven or eight of them. (Columbia, Georgetown, USC, and UC-San Diego, and others.) She can have any of the schools to hold her slot until May by sending them \$100. She is hoping to get into UCLA but has not heard from them yet. If she can remain in Los Angeles area, she can live at home, a great savings for her.

* * *

This is a good place to express my appreciation to two more people who have contributed to the on-going of the Chronicle. Ina Hall sent me several stamps and Bessie sent me a check. Thanks to both of you. Both of these have been staunch supporters by writing letters, but also contributing to the financial support. Again, Thanks.

* * *

I have an email from Ercil (White) so I will try to get a Chronicle out next Monday, February 26.

FROM ERCIL

This is an update on the happenings at the White House.

We were expecting three of our daughters (Margaret, Martha, and Kathy) to come by here on their way to Vicki's so the four of them could continue on to Angel Fire for their annual skiing holiday. They were to arrive about 3:30 on Saturday afternoon but by bedtime they had not arrived so Lester and I decided to go to bed. We had just nestled down in our nice warm bed we heard a loud rap on the door – not once but twice. I went to the peep-hole to see who it was before opening the door and got a glimpse of Martha before Margaret covered the peep hole. It was 9:30, and there went our sleep in our warm bed until after midnight.

Early Saturday morning in came Keith, followed shortly by Jinks, so we had five of our children with us, all having a great time while I made hot biscuits (at their request) for breakfast. My morning schedule disappeared but we had such a good time visiting, I didn't mind.

Vicki Ann (Jinks' wife) came after noon and took them shopping so I busied myself with my neglected duties.

We made reservations at Mickies where we celebrated Pop's 90th and there were 15 present. All went well until I bit into a baked potato, dislodged a middle tooth on my upper bridge, and swallowed it. Then the fun began with me being "Snaggle-tooth Mom" the rest of the evening. The group ended up at our home for cake, coffee, and other drinks, and a good time was had by all.

The great news of the day was that Jeff (Keith's son) and Lori are coming for a two-day visit next Monday, bringing our six-week old great granddaughter and Vicki Jean will come down to see them. Keith is on Cloud Nine. She was born on his 66th

birthday and is his first grandchild.

Lester and I are doing well. I get stronger every day, walk my two blocks and ride my Health Rider.

Love to all, Ercil

* * *

As you can see I finally decided to send out this issue of the Chronicle and dated it Feb. 26., four weeks after I hoped to send it.

SNIPPETS

Wilma (Jinks) had her operation for carpal tunnel syndrome in her right wrist last week and is doing well.

Margaret goes into the hospital next Thursday for an operation of similar nature except her's was caused by a fall when we were in Los Angeles for Christmas. Doctor said I will have to do the cooking for six weeks. Margaret has already showed me where the cereal shelf is in the store.

We awoke this morning to a four-inch snow. Went to town anyway. Temperature yesterday was 51 degrees almost like spring, so "Spring ain't sprung and winter ain't went" around here yet.

Daughter Judy spent the week in England with Brecken at Oxford and London

Had lunch last Wednesday with the White girls, Margaret, Martha, Kathy, and Vicki, at the Angel Fire Ski area. Maybe Margaret will write a blurb about it.

Haven't heard from at least 60 people yet this year who have been getting the Chronicle.

Need a good book to read? Get a copy of Bill Bryson's *In a Sunburned Country* and enjoy a good read about Australia.

MARGARET'S COLUMN

Last week Son Jim sent me a Bible puzzle I found very interesting. It is a paragraph in which sixteen books of the Bible are mentioned. One minister found fifteen of them in twenty minutes then took a week or more to find the last one. Took Jim five minutes to find the first 14, ten more to find the fifteenth, and fifteen more to find the last. The paragraph is as follows. Let me know if you beat Jim's time of 30 minutes. You are not allowed to use your Bible. I have inserted three more so now there are 19.

I once heard a remark about the hidden books in the Bible. It was a lulu; kept people looking so hard for facts. For some it was a revelation. Some were in a jam, especially since the names were not capitalized. But the truth finally struck home to numbers of our readers, to others it was a real job. We want it to be a most fascinating few moments for you. Yes, there will be some really easy ones for you to spot, others may require judges to help. I will quickly admit it usually takes a minister to find one of them and then there will be loud lamentations. One little old lady says she brews a cup of tea to help her concentrate. Well can you compete? Relax and begin. Now "genes" is not what counts and Anna, humming in the kitchen may be a distraction. This is the Mondy Morning Chronicle's first puzzle, how do you like it?

That is the paragraph and it really does contain the names of nineteen books of the Bible. Better mark them as you spot them for I found them hard to find again.

This is Sunday, Feb. 25 and I have every intention of getting the Chronicle out tomorrow regardless of its contents.

Harrison mentioned that we went to Angel Fire, about 25 miles from us, to see the four White sisters who come there to ski every year. They usually come to our house to spend the night but this year they did not feel they had the time so we went to see them. They are the daughters of sister Ercil and her husband Lester White. They always have a lot of fun together and it is a joy to be around them. They always insist this is a "hen party" and will not let any of the husbands accompany them. They did, however, allow Harrison to stay for the afternoon.

I talked to Wilma after her operation last Wednesday. She is a great "organizer" and had everything under control and feels she will get along just fine all by herself. Her friends are furnishing transportation until she is able to drive.

Mark Miller took Gabe to Albuquerque on Saturday to catch a plane to Dallas to visit with his mother. He put him in the care of the head stewardess who asked him if he would like anything and he said he would like to go First Class. She said she would see what she could do about it--upgraded him to First Class and he traveled in style! Maybe I will try that next time I fly and see if I am as lucky. I doubt it!

Today, February 25th, would have been my Mother's birthday. Mom will have been gone 46 years in August 2001--almost half of my life. I do not believe there has been a day that I have not thought of her and been thankful for having had such a wonderful mother.

STORIES TO WARM THE COCKLES OF YOUR HEART.

[Now mind you I do not know where the cockles of your heart are located, but there must be such, why else would this phrase have been invented? Brecken forwarded these to me with a note that said, "They made me cry".]

1. The Most Important Lesson

During my second month in nurse's school, our professor gave us a pop quiz. I was a conscientious student and breezed through the exam until I came to the last question: "What is the name of the woman who cleans the school?" *Surely this must be a joke*, I thought.

I had seen the cleaning woman several times. She was tall, dark haired, and in her fifties, but how would I know her name?

I handed in my paper, leaving the last question blank.

Just before the end of the class one student asked if the last question would count toward the grade on the quiz.

"Absolutely," he said. "In your careers, you will meet many people. All are significant. They deserve your attention and care, even if all you do is smile and say 'hello'."

I have never forgotten that lesson, and I have never forgotten the smile that would come to her face when I would say, "Good morning, Miss Dorothy".

2. Another Lesson

One night nearing midnight, an older African American woman stood beside her disabled car on an Alabama road in a driving rainstorm hoping some motorist would stop

and give her a ride into the next town. A young white man stopped, a rare happening in the strife-filled '60's, took her to safety, helped her get the proper assistance for her car, then put her in a taxi. She appeared to be in a hurry but took time to write down his name and address and thanked him.

Seven days later a knock came at his door and to his surprise, two men stood there carrying a large console TV. He read the note attached to it which said, "Thank you so much for helping me on the highway the other night. The rain had drenched not only my clothes but also my spirit. Then you came along and because of you I was able to make it to my husband's bedside just before he passed away. Signed: Mrs. Nat King Cole.

3. A Third Lesson

A little ten-year old boy came in the hotel coffee shop and sat down at a table. The waitress set a glass of water in front of him and waited. "How much is a ice cream sundae?" he asked. "Fifty cents," the waitress told him. He counted his handful of coins, then asked the price of a dish of ice cream. "Thirty-five cents," the waitress replied, growing a bit impatient because others were waiting for tables. "I'll have the dish of ice cream, please."

The waitress brought the ice cream, put the bill on the table, and walked away to tend other customers. The boy ate his ice cream, paid the cashier, and left.

When the waitress returned, she cried when she saw beside his plate, two nickels and five pennies. If he had bought the sundae, he would not have anything left for a tip, so he chose the dish of ice cream.

Y'all be good, hear? Harrison

I thought that was the end of the Chronicle, then I got a couple of emails so here is some more.

FROM THE JIM MONDYS OF SPRINGFIELD

First, let me say thank you for your prayers, emails, and cards this week.

Jim was admitted to Cox South on Tuesday and came home on Thursday. On Tuesday morning his lungs went into spasms after a particularly vigorous coughing spell which left him gasping for breath. So off to the hospital we went. Once they determined what was going on, they put him on stronger pain medication and started some breathing treatments. He had a good night Wednesday night (these attacks tend to occur more frequently at night) and all agreed that he could continue the medications at home. Hopefully, we can get the pain under control and he will feel better than he has the past six weeks. As I have already mentioned he is due for an annual check-up at Barnes next month; keep us in your prayers that everything is okay and he can remain on the transplant (liver) list. I will let you know the outcome when we get the information. Again, thank you for your support this past year, and especially this week.

Love, Judy and Jim Mondy.

(The above was written on Thursday night)

On Friday came the following: Jim awoke with pain again this morning, so I'm not sure where we stand.

On Monday came the following: Jim is doing much better. The pain is greatly reduced. He still has a cough but it is not causing the bronchial spasms that it did earlier.

Please remember Jim in your prayers.

Love, Jim and Judy Mondy

Having nothing better to put in the paper, I will continue with the little stories I began earlier.

4. The Obstacle

Once upon a time, a long time ago, a king had a boulder placed in the middle of the roadway, then hid himself to see what would happen.

Some of the King's wealthiest merchants and courtiers came by and simply walked around it, some loudly blaming the king for not keeping the roads clear, but none made any effort to move the stone.

Then a peasant came along carrying a load of vegetables. Upon approaching the boulder, he stopped, laid down his load, and after much pushing and straining, he managed to move it to the side of the road.

The peasant then picked up his load, and saw on the ground where the stone had been lying a purse containing several gold coins and a note from the king saying that the purse belonged to the man removing the stone.

Moral: Every obstacle presents an opportunity to improve our condition.

5. Giving when it counts

Many years ago, when I worked as a volunteer at a hospital, I became acquainted with a little girl named Liz who was suffering from a rare and serious disease. Her only chance of recovery appeared to be a blood transfusion from her 5-year old brother who had miraculously survived the same disease and had developed the antibodies needed to combat the illness.

The doctor explained the situation to her little brother and asked if he was willing to give his blood to his sister. There was only the slightest hesitation before he took a deep

breath and said, "Yes, I'll do it if it will save her."

As the transfusion progressed, he lay in the bed next to his sister and smiled, as we all did, seeing the color return to the girl's face.

Then his face grew pale and his smile faded. He looked up at the doctor and asked with a trembling voice, "Will I start to die right away?"

Being so young, the little boy had misunderstood the doctor and thought he was giving his sister all of his blood in order to save her.

* * *

From Judy and Jim Mondy of Springfield comes the following:

A man take the day off and decides to go golfing. He is about to tee off for the second hole when he sees a rather large frog sitting nearby. He thinks nothing of it and prepares to swing.

"Ribbit, nine-iron"

He looks around, sees no one and as he prepares to swing again, he hears the same voice again, and is sure it is the frog talking.

"You're wrong," he told the frog, "and I'll prove it," whereupon he takes the 9-iron, and Wham! He hits it ten inches from the cup. "Wow, that was amazing. You must be a Lucky Frog"

"Ribbit, Lucky Frog"

The man takes the frog with him to the next hole. "What do you think, Frog?"

"Ribbit, 3-wood."

The man takes out a 3-wood and... It's a hole in one, the first he's ever made. With the help of the frog, he plays the best game ever.. At the end of the game he says to the frog, "What next?"

"Ribbit, Las Vegas"

So they go to Vegas. "What now, Frog?"

"Ribbit, roulette."

"How much?"

"Ribbit, 3000 dollars on Black Six"

This is a million-to-one shot. He wins and goes to the most expensive hotel and takes the most expensive room. He looks at the frog and says, "Frog, I don't know how to thank you, you have won me all this money. What can I do to show my gratitude?"

"Ribbit, kiss me."

"That's little enough to ask," he said, and grabbing the frog he kissed it full on the mouth, and the frog turned into a gorgeous fifteen-year old girl.

"And that, your honor, is how that under-age girl ended up in my room, so help me God, or my name's not Bill Clinton."

* * *

The snow is about 6 inches deep and shows no sign of letting up. So, since there will be nothing to add to this issue of the Chronicle I will definitely put it to bed this time.

Beginning with the next issue, names will begin to disappear from my mailing list, names of those that never write or make any other contributions, or even say they enjoy the efforts of those of us who try to spread the family news. News, even a weather report, is preferable to frog stories.

THE LETTER

I DIDN'T

RECEIVE FROM

YOU

WOULD

HAVE GONE HERE.