

The Mondy Morning
CHRONICLE

Family Poop Sheet since 1990

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How about a joke to start with? This one is from Larry Rhodes, via email.

George loved the race track. One day he was there betting on the ponies and losing his shirt when he noticed this priest who stepped out onto the track and blessed the forehead of one of the horses lining up for the 4th race. Lo and behold, this horse – a very long shot – won the race.

George was most interested to see what the priest did the next race. Sure enough, he watched the priest step out onto the track as the 5th race horses lined up, and placed his blessing on the forehead of one of the horses. George made a bee-line for the window and placed a small bet on the horse, and again, though the horse was a long shot, he won the race.

George collected his winnings and anxiously waited to see which horse got the blessing for the 6th race, placed his bet on the horse, and waited. Sure enough it won and George was elated.

As the day went on, the priest continued blessing one horse after another and each time the horse won.

George began to pull in some real money and by the last race he knew his wildest dream was about to come true. He made a quick trip to the ATM and withdrew every cent he had and waited to see which horse the priest was going to bless. True to his pattern the priest stepped out onto the track, anointed the forehead, eyes, ears, and hooves of one of the horses.

George placed his bet – every cen he

owned – and watched. The horse came in last. George was dumbfounded. He made his way to the priest and demanded. “What happened? All day you blessed the horses and the one you blessed, won. The last horse you blessed, lost and I have lost all my savings, thanks to you.”

The priest nodded wisely and said, “That’s the problem with you Protestants, you can’t tell the difference between a simple blessing and the Last Rites.”

From **BESSIE AND BERTHA**

June is gone and not one single June bug have I seen in the Ozarks. But we are having some showers of rain. Not as much as we need and we are still below normal. We are having lots of warm weather and there are lots of fireflies at night. Hot and muggy today, temperature in the 90's, low tonight in the 70's.

July Fourth is over and so are all the fireworks. I just stayed in the house all day. Bertha is in St. Louis for a few days. Norma’s (Charles’ daughter) husband had surgery for an aneurism in his stomach on the 30th. It has been a very tough time for him. Bertha went up with their grand-daughter to be with Norma and Bert for a few days.

My son, Harold got bitten on the hip by a recluse brown spider and has been to the emergency room twice and to the doctor today. They gave him several shots and some antibiotics and he seems to be healing okay.

On the thirteenth I will be going to see my granddaughter and family in New Mexico . I hope it will be cooler there. I'm anxious to see them.

I noticed in a recent Chronicle that someone wanted to know where Thomas Lee (Mondy) was born. He was born in Springfield; his older siblings, Beatrice and J.E. were born in Arkansas, at Five-mile Spring, near Grandpa's store.

Granddaughter Angela and husband, John (Reynolds) are expecting their first baby in November and are hoping their new home will be completed and they are settled in it by that time.

Lois, we were glad to see your letter in the Chronicle.

Nell, we were glad to read of your commendation. Congratulations!

Noal, we were happy to read of your wedding. Congratulations!

I don't know much to write except it is hot, Hot, HOT here in Springfield.

Love to all, Bertha and Bessie.

I have been trying to get my daughter and granddaughter to write a column for the Chronicle for a long time and finally I told them I was going to cut them out of my will if they didn't write. Boy that did it. They don't want to lose those millions of dollars they are counting on. (If they only knew the truth!!!!)

I have never known three busier people than Judy, John, and Brecken. They get 25 hours out of every day. When I kick the bucket, I hope I know three months in advance so they can squeeze the funeral into their schedule. Well the threat worked and they each responded with a letter so here they are. Brecken entitled her letter, "Better late than never".

BRECKEN SAYS:

I'm sorry I am always delinquent about writing. I don't have any excuse. I do have to let you know that to warm up for this letter writing, I have composed nine other letters (Thank-you notes mostly), made several long distance phone calls, and spilled a whole glass of water on my computer. So, unless my computer shorts out on me, I think my verbal skills are warmed up and I am ready to go.

I have been very busy recently with my medical school applications. I am lucky that Matt (my boyfriend, for those who don't know) is working constantly these days (as an actor) because otherwise, he would be a welcome distraction away from these awful applications. I have now completed the first application that is sent out to 26 schools, am working on two more, and waiting for 26 more applications to arrive in the mail. The medical school process is long and tedious and I can't wait until it is over. In the end I will apply to 28 schools – two of them require only one application, while 26 require two separate applications.

In my spare time, I have been trying to spend time with my friends who are home for the summer. It seems that all my high school friends are at med school right now and all my college friends are on their way to law school. Pretty weird if you ask me. I guess none of us will ever have to worry about legal or medical advice! One friend, Tom, visited for a week on his way to a conference in China. He will begin classes at the French Culinary Institute in New York City in the fall, so I will also have access to good food in the future. It sounds like a good life to me. I also saw a whole bunch of college friends when my parents and I were in New York a few weeks ago. I have never been there as a tourist and we all had a great

time exploring the city together.

I hope everyone has been reading the Harry Potter series for the past few years. I may be 22 but I am an avid fan of the child wizard with the lightning bolt scar on his forehead. It really is a great new series of children's books and a great distraction from all the stress from MCATS and med school applications. Mom, Dad, Matt, and I went to the party that Super Crown book store had to celebrate the release of book number four. We stood in line with a whole bunch of little kids and their parents until one minute past midnight when the books were ceremonially brought out to the strains of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

Other than that, I am working hard at the Norris Cancer Center at the USC School of Medicine where I am part of a colon cancer research team. We conduct personal lifestyle interviews and obtain blood samples from post-menopausal women in order to study the connection between a woman's hormonal history and her chances of contracting colon cancer. It is a very interesting study and I have really enjoyed working one-on-one with patients. Interviewing cancer patients from two to four hours every day can be very stressful and sometimes a bit depressing, but the personal contacts that I have had, makes the job very rewarding.

Other than that, I am trying to secure funding for my one year master of studies in Archaeology at the University of Oxford in England next year. I know that a degree in Archaeology has nothing to do with medicine, but I am excited to have another stab at studying humanities before I devote my professional life to the sciences.

Well, I had better stop my rambling and redirect my attention to the pile of

applications that are sitting next to me.

Love, Brecken

And here's Judy's letter. [Boy, what money, or the thought of it can do! I may use that ploy again some time.] Before I start Judy's letter I want to tell you something she did not mention. She is now a certified Mediator in the State of California. Margaret and I are very proud of her.

JUDY says:

In early June I was asked to participate in a panel presentation to the NAUIAB (National Association of Unemployment Insurance Appeals Boards). In attendance were more than three hundred judges from all over the country. The convention was held in San Francisco and I enjoyed a wonderful Chinese dinner in Chinatown at a famous restaurant in which the guests are not allowed to order for themselves; – the chef/owner orders for the customers. The only question he asks is: "Is anyone a vegetarian?" At least that is what we think he said. He may have said, "Has anyone called a taxi?" His accent was so strong, we weren't sure. But the food was memorable.

The four panelists included three employment attorneys, and me. I am always surprised when groups like this want to know what I have to say, but I must admit I'm flattered as well. Anyway, I won't bore you with the topic which was "Last Chance Agreements in Employment", (however if any reader wants to know what I have to say on the subject, I will be happy to give you my notes).

After the presentation we were entertained at a "social hour" for the convention

participants. By chance, I found myself with a delegate from Arkansas. Of course I had to tell her I was born in the Baptist Hospital in Little Rock, and that began a whole hour of conversation. We discussed the NAUIAB convention, Arkansas, Bill Clinton, whether Bill would be prohibited from practicing law (she said "no"). I told her that John and I lived over a grocery store in Gravel Ridge for a few months when he was in the Air Force. I was pleased that she knew where Mableville, Pocahontas, and Piggott were. And for some reason I blurted, "Did you by any chance know Harold Jinks?"

That question had a special effect on her. She went into raptures about Uncle Harold and told me how much she had loved and respected him and Aunt Wilma. She had just returned from an awards dinner where the "Harold Jinks Award" had been presented. She told me Uncle Harold had encouraged her to enter her career and had been a great inspiration for her adult life.

It was a wonderful experience for me. Meeting this woman reinforced my special memories of my uncle who was so supportive of our family and our government. It made me miss him but I know he has really left a permanent mark on our political process.

[This is the end of Judy's first letter.]

I didn't know the power behind my threat. Judy wrote, not one letter, but two.

In her second letter she wrote:

Brecken, in applying for admission to medical schools, needs all the help she can get. While at Yale she had full time support of a pre-medical office which advised students on the application process so she

decided to go back to Yale and talk to her advisors. She asked John and me to go with her and we thought this would be a great way to celebrate Father's day weekend.

Brecken flew non-stop to JFK. John and Judy (being the cheapskates we are) flew to La Guardia, with a scheduled stop but no transfer in Cleveland. We took off on time and had an uneventful trip to Cleveland where we remained on the plane awaiting takeoff. We were nearly alone when I thought to ask if we were to get off the plane and re-board. The flight attendant didn't know, checked with some one, and advised us to get off and consult the Continental representative in the lobby. She, of course, informed us that our flight had been canceled. It was shortly before noon.

After 45 minutes in line for the Continental agent who is responsible for re-directing unhappy customers, we were able to book a flight to New York for 7:30 PM. Three of the previous four flights had been canceled but the last three were scheduled to take off. We spent the next few hours shopping in the terminal and eating a VERY leisurely lunch. About 5:00 PM we decided to check in our luggage (again) and see if any earlier flights had materialized

The line seemed to have a hundred angry people in it and to make a VERY long story a little shorter, it turned out that all of the evening flights to New York had been canceled. We were faced with paid hotel reservations in New York and the Continental people telling us that we were on our own for overnight expenses in Cleveland.

While standing in this interminable line we made friends with a woman who lived in Houston, but was originally from Calgary. (Of course that meant oil business.) She was trying to get to New York that

evening to meet her husband and fly to Portugal where they were going on a Mediterranean cruise. She had reserved the last rental car in Cleveland and invited us to drive with her to New York. Since there was no assurance that we would be able to leave Cleveland the next day, we agreed to go with her.

This was very interesting because none of us had ever been to Ohio, had no idea what that huge pond was that we saw when we landed (Lake Erie), did not know how far it was to New York, or had any clue how long it would take to drive there. But we really like Patricia and decided any movement forward was better than nothing.

The next 490 miles and eight hours were spent with a very delightful person. Through her, we got to know her husband, Mark, her kids, background, hobbies, and favorite movies. We munched on her red vines and trail mix and shared stories of other trips. We also realized as the night wore on that she was unable to reach her husband by cell phone and that neither of them had a place to spend the night in New York.

We arrived in the Big Apple at 3:00 AM, after having toured Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York by moonlight. We had reserved a room at the Yale Club, a wonderful place in mid-town Manhattan where only graduates of you-know-where, and their relatives are allowed to stay. It is very stuffy, very old-school Ivy League, but lots of fun for the likes of us. We invited Patricia to spend the night. When she was finally able to locate her husband, he joined us also about an hour later.

We concluded that sometimes it is all right to trust your intuition with strangers.

We made a friend and we were able to mutually help, and trust, each other during a trying time. Patricia and Mark finally made it to Portugal two days later and Brecken was able to arrange an interview with the Admissions Officer for the Yale Medical School. All goals of the trip attained!

We look forward to meeting our new friends in Houston.

Love, Judy

Dena Houston likes to write. Last week she emailed me a short, short story that I found interesting. Here it is:

The Love Vine

I remember several creeks I waded and splashed around in. I have treasured memories of every one of them. One creek had what Mom called a "Love Vine" growing in it. "Love Vine", I always thought of that as a funny, silly name when I was a little girl. Every year we would go to the creek and every year we would see the love vine. Some times we would gather some of it to take with us. Sometimes we just stand there and look at it. Mom would have a smile on her face as if she remembered something. Then we would go back up the creek, giggling and sometimes holding hands because of the slippery rocks.

Then one year I turned thirteen - an important age for girls. It was my first teenage year, and something began to happen to me. We were down at the creek and I told Mom I was going to gather some love vine. Down the creek I went with a fruit jar in my hands. I found our favorite spot and for a long time I just stood looking at the love vine. My heart was pounding and I was thinking. "Boys" ???!!!. I wasn't stupid. I

knew about love – I knew how certain boys made me feel when they were near. Then I remembered Mom saying, “When you gather love vine and make a wish for a boy-friend, one would appear. I made my wish as I stared at the love vine, and I was thinking thirteen was a wonderful age to be. Soon I would be going into the eighth grade and I liked boys. They were interesting.

It happened my first week in school. This boy walked up beside me. He was so cute. He said, “Dena, my name is David and I’m new here. Could you help me find my science classroom?” He knows my name! He’s talking to me! I managed a weak, “I’ll show you.”

Suddenly I remembered the love vine I had wished upon a few weeks earlier. Mom was right. The wish for a boyfriend might just happen in my thirteenth summer.

By Dena Bailey Houston

ABOUT MARY JEAN

In a recent communique from Jeanie she said Mary Jean was holding her own at the Health Center and hasn’t lost her humor. Recently Jeanie and Richard visited her and as the three of them were walking out to the sitting area, Jeanie was on crutches and Mary Jean was on her walker, Mary Jean said to Richard, “Richard, I bet people look at us and think you sure are hard on women”. She still eats well and that ancient little heart keeps beating soundly. Her favorite thing to do is visit with her children, but then that always was her favorite activity. She really wishes she was back in Texas where she might get to see more of her family and where she spent much of her life. Her eye sight is limited now but she is able to read cards and short notes.

A NOTE FROM ERCIL (WHITE)

Lester and I have just returned from our second visit to Vicki one the ranch in Oklahoma. The first was because we wanted a visit with her and she had a few days with no B&B guests. We were almost rested from that trip when we received a call that her father-in-law had passed away and we had to return. He had been a friend of ours for many years, and married my old room-mate two years after Lester and I were married.

Fortunately for us, Keith and Lou Ann went so we went with them and Lester did not have to drive. It was not only a physical trip, but an emotional one as well. We both came home totally exhausted.

We are having HOT, HOT weather so we are staying indoors as much as we can with the AC on.

Jinks has finished his TV History lessons and is back working on football for the fall. Vicki Ann and LouAnn go back to work on August 7th. Keith continues to take care of us now that he is retired (with help from Jinks). Lester joins me in sending regards to all the Chronicle family. Ercil

MARGARET ANN SEGREST SAYS:

We have been having great weather here (in E.Tawas, near Detroit). Had a few days in the 80's, but mostly in the 60's and 70's, with a cool breeze every day. Have had a good bit of rain and some really big electrical storms, remind mark and me of New Orleans.

Love, Margaret Ann

Love to all of you, WRITE, WRITE

Harrison