

THE MONDY MORNING  
**CHRONICLE**

Family Poop Sheet since 1990

Volume XI, Issue 15, August 28, 2000

I'm not sure when this issue will be published. This is Saturday, 8/12/2000 and we are leaving Tuesday next for California to celebrate Margaret's birthday on the 17<sup>th</sup> and Brecken's on the 20<sup>th</sup>. But I do have some letters and I'm anxious to get them to you.

From **BESSIE AND BERTHA** 8/8/2000

Dear Chronicle Cousins and Friends:  
We are having summer weather now since July rains are over. We had quite a lot of rain and flooding in July here, it was quite a surprise, but brought our rainfall up to about normal for the year.

Glad to read the letter from the Duffers and glad they are doing okay. Bertha and I are still kicking, but not very high. We haven't been going much during this hot weather. Two or three times we try to see Norma and Bert. Bert is not improving as fast as we would like from his surgery. The doctors had to perform more yesterday to try to dissolve a clot just above the stint they put in while he was in St. Louis. He was in ICU last night but was doing OK. Norma hopes he will be able to come home in a day or two. They live only about a mile from me and half a mile from Bertha. Keep them in your prayers.

Daughter Ann and John are still roaming the northwest somewhere. They will be home about the 12<sup>th</sup> or 13<sup>th</sup>, and certainly by the 14<sup>th</sup> as that is their granddaughter's 18<sup>th</sup> birthday and they have

to be here to help her celebrate. She is their first grandchild; they have another granddaughter and two grandsons.

Granddaughter Angela (expecting) is doing quite well. Says the baby is really moving around. She will know soon if it's a boy or girl. They think "girl" (-:-).

The last time Bertha talked to Josie she was doing okay, still working two or three days a week and looking forward to the arrival of her great grandchild this month. So far as we know the rest of the Mondys are well. Jim is still waiting for his transplants. Lillie, Estelle and Lyn are okay.

Bertha and I received a call telling us that our cousin in Utah had passed away. She (Edith McDonald Watts) was from the Buckley side, our Dad's sister's daughter. Not many of our cousins left on the Buckley side. We were sorry we could not attend the services in Plainview, Texas.

I enjoyed reading Pats letter about visiting the old cemeteries. It gets pretty interesting; we did that one year with our cousin Edith. She was trying to get information on the McDonald family. She had lots on the Buckley side.

Haven't heard from Cona recently; hope she is doing okay. I understand that it is hard to write since she hurt her arm and back.

Love, prayers, and best wishes to all,  
Bertha and Bessie.

Last issue I published a letter from Dick Mondy bringing us up to date about what the younger generation is up to these days. Within the past two or three days I have received emails from Mark Mondy and Ken Vycital. I sent Ken an email asking if he had kicked the bucket and didn't let us know about it.

From **Ken Vycital**

We're not dead yet – well I don't think so. I'm still trying to catch up so maybe I just don't know it.

This is my first week back at work. We were on vacation from July 24<sup>th</sup> to August 6<sup>th</sup>. The first week we were on our cruise to Alaska. For those who haven't taken the cruise, it is one thing you should do at least once in your life.

For working at Earnharts for 25 years, Sue was awarded a trip and when she asked if we would like to go along we jumped at the opportunity. (Well, somebody had to go, right?)

We flew from Phoenix to Seattle, then to Vancouver, Canada where we boarded our ship. This was the first time for the kids to be outside the US and it was fun watching them go through customs. Our ship was the "Sun Princess" of the Princess Cruise Line. It was fifteen stories high and if you walked around the deck three times you would have walked a mile. We were treated like kings and queens. There was something to eat 24 hours a day. *[Ken - if you lost any weight, it must have been from the walking, certainly not from eating. hcm]* There was always something to do. we saw otters, whales, eagles, glaciers and lots of pretty scenery. We put into port at Ketchikan, Juneau, Skagway, Glacier Bay, ColleeFjord and finished in Seward. There we rented a car and drove to Anchorage. For those who like to fish, I found some great places to fish for salmon (BIG SALMON) all along the way. The coho were spawning and they

were all headed upstream. We stayed overnight in Anchorage, then flew home in seven hours to Phoenix where we were met by 110 degree temperature.

The weather was very nice throughout the trip, about 68 degrees most days and a little rain. Now that kind of weather might not appeal to some of you but it sure felt good to us coming out of 110 to 115 degree temperature.

Now that we are back, we are all returning to our normal schedules. Brian is working at Bashas', a local grocery store. He works 20 to 30 hours a week as bagger/stocker. He will be a Junior in high school this year and next will begin band practice for the marching band. He will also be in the jazz band. He had to give up football, – he was just too small. He can drive now and can get himself around which is nice.

Emily is an eighth grader this year and the only time I get to use the phone is when I'm on the computer. She will play flute in the band and will be going to a different middle school this year. She is presently singing with the youth choir at church and they are presenting their musical at West Phoenix Baptist church on August 26<sup>th</sup>.

Dad, Sue, and the Schippers are all doing well. Lu and Steve have a place out in San Diego. I helped them move a month or so ago. They still have their house here in Chandler. Dad is out in Kansas, should be ack this weekend.

Love to everybody,  
Ken, Brian, and Emily

From Mark I received the following email

Mark Mondy says:

We have been so busy around here that I haven't time to enjoy the pleasures I used to have. For the past three weeks Stephanie and I have been searching for a car for her. She turned 16 on the 18<sup>th</sup> of July and we decided she needed wheels. We finally found one last Saturday with which she is well pleased and so are we.

Stephanie starts volleyball practice next week. They will practice every morning from 8 to 12. Two weeks later school will start, - on the 28<sup>th</sup>.

Jamie has been working and running around with her friends. She is still at Wal-Mart with Becky but is looking for something better.

Becky is still working and comes home every day with a new story - keeps life interesting.

Dick, Aaron and Adam will be arriving Sunday and will stay about four days before heading home on Friday. Amanda started a new job on Monday and cannot come. We will miss her.

Love, Mark

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Pat Mondy has dug up a lot more of our cousins. Martha Brooks, who married our great grandfather, Prior Mondy, had four sisters and two brothers and each of them had huge families, so we have a lot of cousins we never heard about. If anyone is interested, either Pat or I can supply you with names. Frankly, I'm kinda tired of digging up distant cousins. But I'll keep digging.

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I doubt that any are interested but the distance from my driveway to Jim's is exactly 959.2 miles. We have made the trip

so many times we know just how to break it. We drive approximately 610 miles the first day and 350 miles the second. Our first day takes us from home to Kingman, AZ, the second the rest of the way. On the way home we drive approximately 600 miles to Holbrook, AZ and then the rest of the way the second day. We know just about all the hotels in both Kingman and Holbrook. We usually arrive home about 2:30 pm after stopping at the postoffice for our accumulation of mail - mostly "please-gimme" letters. By actual count, I have received 28 requests from the cancer societies and though I made my contribution in the response to the first, they keep wanting more. The cheapest gasoline we saw was in California (\$1.409) and the highest was in Arizona (\$1.799), for regular unleaded. Total cost of gas for round trip was about \$81.00. Not bad. Twice during the trip we had rain enough to run the windshield wiper for a few minutes. Got back here and found that we had a good rain while we were gone. Also found a few ripe tomatoes.

California was having a heat-wave when we first arrived but for the last few days we were there we had lovely weather.

Had 15 e-mails waiting on the computer and 6 messages on the answering machine when we got home, so I'll be busy later answering those that need answering - some were jokes. In fact I get more jokes than anything else. If I don't get more mail, I'll have to share some of them with you.

HEY, YU' ALL If you move, please send me your new address. I keep getting Chronicles returned from people who have moved and did not write me.

From Michigan,  
Margaret Ann Segrest, Reporter

Summer has finally caught up with us. Temperature up from the 60's to the 80's. But the relative humidity is up in the 50% range which makes it feel hot. But such warm weather doesn't last long so I tell myself, "Just wait, it'll be better". I am ashamed to complain about the weather here; just wish I could send everyone some of our cold rainy days.

Chief, I do hope the lack of letters don't stop the Chronicle, for I enjoy it. Now that summer vacations are over, maybe you will receive more letters. Of course, everyone is so busy these days, they just postpone letter writing until a better time.

Love to all, Margaret Ann

*[Margaret Ann suffers from Fibromyalgia, and is in pain a lot of the time. If you are able to walk or sit without pain, consider yourself fortunate. And yet, Margaret Ann has found time to visit those in worse shape than she is and has my utmost praise.]*

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Judy Mondy, of Springfield wrote me another insulting letter saying that Microsoft had to put out a special instruction manual for Southerners where their word for "Recycle Bin" is "Outhouse", the "Control Panel" is called "The Dashboard" and "Floppies are called "Them little ole plastic disk thangs". Well Judy, all I've got to say to you is "Bah, wah, wah". When I've got mo' time, I'll thank of something to write to you.

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Margaret says she has waited 82 years to write the following letter to the Chronicle.

#### MARGARET SAYS:

That is a bit of an exaggeration. Eighty two years ago I didn't even know about the Chronicle, much less that I would live 82 years!

My birthday is August 17<sup>th</sup> and Brecken's is the 20<sup>th</sup> so we have always celebrated our birthdays on the same day. This year because she is leaving for a year at Oxford University in London, Judy and John decided to throw a really big party. Brecken asked for Mexican food, having been born and reared in Southern California it is one of her favorites, and is very difficult to find in England. They had the food catered and the entertainment was provided by a Mexican couple who played several different instruments. (The lady of the couple is a PhD college professor who does this as a hobby.)

The party was held on the Armstrong's patio and lawn. The weather was lovely and everybody seemed to have a good time.

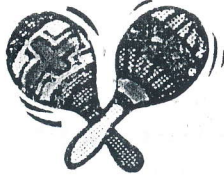
My thanks to all the friends and family members which included two sisters and a sister-in-law and numerous nieces and nephews who remembered that I had been around 82 years and sent gifts and greeting cards.

Love to all of you, Margaret

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*And twenty-three years ago when I looked at that little baby through the viewing glass in the hospital, I didn't know that I would be celebrating the departure of a 23-year-old granddaughter for studies in England of one of my favorite subjects - archaeology.*

Have a good year, Brecken, Pop-pop



*PLEASE JOIN US,*

*WE HAVE A LOT TO CELEBRATE!!!*



*Happy 23<sup>rd</sup> Birthday, BRECKEN*



*Happy 82<sup>nd</sup> Birthday, MARGARET*

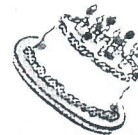
*Bon Voyage, BRECKEN, for your year at Oxford*

*4:00 p.m. Sunday, August 20, 2000*

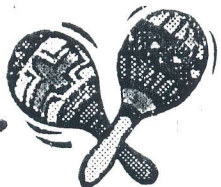
*The Armstrongs  
1363 El Corto Drive  
Altadena, CA 91001*



*RSVP 626-797-6514*



*(please, no gifts)*



*(5)*



## THE BIRTHDAY PARTY FOR MARGARET AND BRECKEN

On the reverse side of this page you will see the invitation the Armstrongs sent out to, I believe, some 60 people and I think some 52 of them responded. They opened the den doors so that everyone had access to the you-know-what-rooms. Large tables were set up in the back yard under the huge olive tree and on the patio, and other tables were located so they were available to everyone and were laden with all kinds of goodies. Now I'll make no effort to describe the food since I don't know slum-gullion from fricasseed possum, but I can report it was all good and there was plenty of it. And it got a lot of praise. The feast was topped off with four giant cobblers and ice-cream.

Now being the husband of one of the celebrants and the grandfather of the other, I knew, or at least I expected to have some honors heaped upon me. And since I was the only one with a Master's degree in S.P.S., I thought John might call on me for a Speech (I can always make a speech about something - especially S.P.S.) So it came as no surprise when late on the eve of the celebration, during the planning committee meeting, I was honored without a dissenting vote, by acclamation, if you will, the honored position of Master Super Pooper Scooper for the party. As everyone knows, at least those who have dogs, this is a very important position.

Shortly after breakfast the day of the party, I assembled the necessary tools of the trade and initiated the first search and recovery operation. I called upon my daughter, Judy, whose eyes are younger than mine, for a bit of assistance. Within the hour I could wander over the lawn and congratulate myself on the success. I repeated the operation throughout the day, and even up to the time of the party, and I believe no one can gainsay that the operation was a success.

I was a bit disappointed, I have to admit, not to get a standing ovation at John's mention of my contribution - come to think of it, I don't think he mentioned it. Oh well, worse things have happened to me.

Harrison Mondy, M.S.P.S