



Prior Monday Info  
Sarah Louisa Sammons

The Mondy Morning

# CHRONICLE

Family Poop Sheet since 1990

Volume XI, Issue 17, October 2, 2000

Just returned from our 2800 mile trip to attend Lester's 90<sup>th</sup> BD party in Lubbock, TX, to visit Wilma in Piggott, AR, and to visit cousins, Bertha Buckley and Bessie Nimmo, and other kith and kin in Springfield, MO. Left there yesterday (Tue) morning after scraping ice off our windshield and back glass. More about all this later.

\* \* \*

First, Lester's Birthday Party, Ercil reporting via email,

As many of you already know (*it was in the last issue of the Chronicle*) the White Children have, for many months, been planning a 90<sup>th</sup> Birthday party for their Dad. Ten days before the party, Lester wound up in the hospital with heart problems. What started out as a one night stay to get his heart on a regular beat ended up as a 4-night event with a pacemaker installed. He came out of the hospital on our 68<sup>th</sup> Wedding Anniversary, four days before the party. There was some thought given to postponing the party but the doctor told him to just lead a normal life so the plans continued. [*Let me add here that I have not seen Lester so full of vim, vigor, and vitality in the last two years, HCM*].

How can I describe the party?? Daughters, Vicki Jean, Martha, and Margaret Ann arrived on Wednesday; Judy Washburn, Harrison and Margaret Mondy got here on Thursday; and on Friday and Saturday, fifty-six other relatives came, - daughter, daughter-in-law, nieces and nephews, in-laws

and out-laws, grand-children, great grandchildren, and a host of friends. One ex-son-in-law drove from California, an ex-grander-in-law came from the Dallas area, kin from Arkansas and New Mexico, Friends from Oklahoma. Corpus Christi, San Antonio, Dallas, Fort Worth, Midland, Amarillo, and numerous "Whistle-stops" all over Texas.

Our Texas Baptist Camp Builders brought a large group from where they are working in Amarillo. All-in-all, it was a lovely and humbling experience.

I must say that Vicki Ann, Son Jinks' wife, who did the ground work in Lubbock, did a SUPER job. She reserved rooms for all the out-of-towners, located the best bakery for cakes, etc., reserved the parlor of the FBC for the reception, and engaged a large room for the "roast & toast" dinner that followed. She also made sure that Pop and Mom had plenty of food on hand for the first arrivals.

Early in the planning stage for the party the Children asked what they could get for their Dad for a birthday gift. He solved their problem Our church was one of the twenty churches who promised to build a home for the homeless, (part of the nationwide program, "Habitat for Humanity" . He had promised to volunteer his expertise at helping those who did not know how or what to do and to allow them to use his tools. He told the children he did not need anything and did not want anything, and what he would like was for them to give the

amount they would have spent for his gift, to the Habitat. They were excited to do this since it exemplified what he had taught them and what he had been doing since he retired. When the grandchildren heard about it they joined in the gift, and a total of \$1600 was given. (The house has been completed and a single mother with three children are now in it.

Of course there were other gifts, among which was a strange one that produced a lot of laughs. His grandson from Las Vegas brought him a robe that had been made for Prince Aziz, the 2<sup>nd</sup> in line for the throne of Saudi Arabia, but had never been delivered to the prince. The initials HRH, His Royal Highness, was on the left breast, so Lester put it on, put out his hand with his large ring on it, and offered his hand to those who would kneel and kiss the ring. It was hilarious.

Every one was gone by Sunday afternoon except Vicki Jean who changed the sheets on all the beds, vacuumed the entire house and left it all for me to relax and enjoy the aftermath.

Lester is doing ok. he goes back to the cardiologist on October 6 for checkup. Our regrets to those who couldn't come. You don't know what you missed. Ercil.

*[Now let me add a bit. The "Roast and Toast" was held at Mickie's Steak House and the largest room she had was for 72 people. They had to move an extra table into the place and I asked Mickie later if she counted the people and she said there were more than 80 people. The service was great and I believe the waitress in our end of the room must have been wearing rollerskates to get around so fast. We didn't have to raise our hand, if we looked up from our eating she was there asking what she could get. My hat's off the Vicki Ann for choosing it.]*  
We have all been waiting for Kenneth Davis'

next trip to the hospital. One of the emails waiting for me when I returned was from Willa and Ken:

"Today (Friday, 9/22) Ken went into surgery. It went real well. His colostomy was reconnected. After having a bag on his side for thirteen months, we are so happy to be free of the bag and able to function normally again. Thanks for all the prayers and concern for us.

"Our friends, Charles and Dorothy Pentecost, left at 2PM today to go back to Missouri. My sister Daphne and Tony will stay a week before returning to Idaho. It was so good to have family and friends to be with us at this time.

"Hope all is well at your house, we are doing great." Willa and Ken

\* \* \*

Another email that arrived too late for the last Chronicle was from Jean Thomas, a cousin-in-law, 2 or 3 times removed from the Mondy Cousins, but still "kissing kin". She is married to James Thomas, son of Alma Thomas, one of the first members of the Chronicle. Her mother was the daughter of Ina Belle Brewer, the daughter of our great Aunt Sarah Louisa Sammons, sister to our Grandmother. You figure out our kinship. Jean Says:

"Jim is doing pretty well. His last visit to the doctor was favorable and he will have further tests in October to find out if the cancer is in remission for sure. We feel that it will be.

"We took our month-long trip that covered eleven states during the early part of the summer. We toured Zion National Park, North Rim of the Grand Canyon, Holbrook, AZ. where we used to live when Jim was ranger at Petrified Forest. Ran into lots of dust, wind, some rain and T-storms along the way. Found that Holbrook has certainly changed; for the better, I must say.

Jean Thomas -  
- mother

Ina Belle Brewer - Buried in Old Zion Church  
Cemetery - Benton Ark

Sarah Louisa Sammons

(2)

"We visited our son's family in Oklahoma City where we were joined by Jim's sister Lois and her husband for a trip to Morrilton, AR where Jim and Lois had their High School Reunions. We toured the area around Morrilton and Oppelo where they were born and raised.

"After the reunion, we bent to Benton, AR to visit Jim's sister, Lucille (Rundel) and toured the area around Humphrey. We finally found the gravestone for Ina Belle (Brewer) Davis near a farmer's field. The old Zion church was gone and only a few graves were in the cemetery. Talk about getting lost, we did that for sure but finally got unlost.

"From Benton we north to West Fork, Fayetteville, and Springdale, AR where Jean's ancestors lived before hitting the Oregon Trail to California in 1856. We toured every cemetery we found. As we went through Conway, AR we found the location of Jim's great grandfather's land. Got lost there too!

"After we left Arkansas we went to Pacific Junction and Glenwood, IA where Jean's father was born and his sister's Lincoln family still live and, yes, they are kin to Abe, but way down the line.

"Our last stop was in Cheyenne where we visited the best man at our wedding and his family. When we got back in our driveway in good old Pocatello we were tired but happy to be home again."

Jean and Jim Thomas.

\* \* \*

From the Brent Kirk family I received an email too late for the last Chronicle. Brent is the son of Tom and Jewel (Mondy) Kirk. His wife is Karen Sue Pederson-Swain and the letter is really from her.

**Karen** says: "We are all doing well here in Denver, CO. Chris (9) and Erin (7) are back in school and loving it. So they should as the second week of school has come and already Chris is going on a field trip. This also means

that I am back working in Preschool as we follow the same schedule.

"It never ceases to amaze me when I read the Chronicle how everyone is on the go and growing old. Brecken is 23!!! I feel so bad for her, I know we could not be aging at the same rate she is. She will no doubt catch up to us any day now!!!

"My Aunt and Cousin from Huns-  
tantan, England are here in Colorado for three weeks or so and we are looking forward to showing them a bit of the state. This is my cousin's first visit to the US and she is thoroughly impressed with the shopping malls and the prices! Things are a bit pricey in the UK where gasoline is over \$6.00 a gallon and a pair of Halfiger jeans will run you about \$135.00 a pair. Needless to say, when she found them on sale for \$12.00, she was thrilled!! I think we often have no idea how well off we are in the United States.

"I hear that Greg (Brent's brother) will be flying out to Phoenix to join Susan Vycital on a trip to Greece. Susan was awarded a trip for two for her wonderful sales efforts and asked Greg if he would like to join her. He quickly got his passport and will join her. Sounds like a wonderful trip and I'm looking forward to seeing the pictures and hearing their stories when they return.

"Mom and Dad (Jewel and Tom) were here this past weekend for a wonderful visit. They came up (from Colorado Springs) to see Brent's garden which is producing wonderful garden which is producing lots and lots of yummy vegies. Brent is a quite a farmer even if we do live right in the middle of the 'big city'. Our neighbors and co-workers are loving the fact that we have an excess of garden produce.

"Mom is doing quite well after her hip surgery. Take care. Hope all are well.

Karen

\* \* \*

#### MORE OF OUR TRIP

When we left Lubbock after Lester's BD celebration we took Judy (Washburn) with us to visit Wilma (Jinks) in Piggott, AR. We spent the night in Salasaw, OK and arrived at Piggott about 4PM on Monday. We were too early for the fall colors of the beautiful oak, hickory, and sumac covered hills: they were just beginning to change, but they were beautiful anyway. The cotton fields were white with cotton that had just been defoliated and ready for the giant pickers that now pick the cotton. No more picking by hand. Hundreds of acres of rice had been harvested and disking was already being done to prepare for winter wheat.

I love going to Wilma's. We get a lot of good food; catfish dinners, bar-be-ques, etc., plus Wilma's good cooking. Also I get to work a lot in complete isolation in what is called "Harrison's Office", a screened-in back porch where I can smoke and work. Harold used to say that all old folks had to talk about were their grand kids, their ailments, and their medications, so I left the girls alone and worked. I don't really know what they talked about.

I had a painful but not serious accident when I got up in the middle of the night to go to the bathroom and in mounting the two brick steps from the den to the living room I lost my balance and fell and skinned my arm from the elbow to the wrist, my thigh, and tore a bit of bark off the ball of my foot. Don't know I did it all but I think my big toe (which has been amputated) did not send the right signals to my brain to say that I needed to change my position, failed to do so. But I am healing fast and recovering rapidly. I think I gained two pounds on the trip and now I have to do something about that.

Wilma, at 88, still has all her wits about her, still drives, needs glasses only to read, works in her beautiful rose garden, and gets around better than many 60 year-olds.

On Saturday we drove Judy to Little Rock so she could catch her plane to Houston, then took "Scenic Highway" 7 from Russelville to Springfield, MO. It would be a really scenic drive had it been a month later when the hills look like God had spent a lot of time with a paint brush. But the trees were beginning to turn, and we enjoyed to drive.

When we arrived at Bessie's we found Bertha was already there and they had cooked up a storm. All kinds of dishes I am not able to describe except they were good.

And then I met Judy Mondy! She's the one who tried to insult me for being from Arkansas. I gave her a gold dollar and she agreed to help me fill in a lot of blanks in my genealogy records of the Ed Mondy family. I asked her husband, Jim how he put up with her and he said he had just stuck around long enough to get used to her. After our truce, we got on very well and I really enjoyed my visit with her and Jim. I had never met either of them before. Jim is still waiting for his liver transplant and they were leaving the next day for a doctor's appointment in St. Louis. Good Luck, Jim!!!

On one night while we were there Thomas Lee's son Terry and wife Ruth Ann brought their daughter and grandson to see us. Now talk about a live wire, that grandson, whose name I have forgotten, is one. I don't think he was still for a minute. He was about 13 months old and made friends with everyone. It was obvious he has been well loved for he seemed to think everyone loved him. I had never met Terry before and he was full of

questions about his ancestry, asking a lot of questions I was unable to answer.

We had a lovely time in Springfield. They had rain while we were there and a drizzle came down on Monday night. The temperature dropped below freezing and we had to scrape ice off the windshield, the back glass and the doors before leaving on Tuesday morning. I was glad I had taken a long-sleeved shirt!

We spent the night in Amarillo and drove home on Tuesday. The weather here was in the seventies and the gas prices had gone up another two cents to 1.70 9/10cents per gallon. While we were in Piggott e went over to a small town in Missouri and filled up for \$1.35 9/10 per gallon – a lot of difference.

From Ithaca, New York, Nell says:

Congratulations to Margaret and Brecken on two birthdays well celebrated and best wishes to Brecken at Oxford.

I an having a rough summer; two infected crowned teeth plus hernia operation. Last winter I had a "coughing" type of flu (although I had had flu shots) and coughed so hard it caused a hernia. I still have trouble with my leg but I keep telling myself, "You never fail until you stop trying". Maybe my luck will change soon.

Getting honors helps. On Oct 13<sup>th</sup> I will receive my Outstanding Alumni Award and on October 26 a reading room in the new addition to the Mann Library (Cornell Agri Library) will be named for me.

Good to have news from Bertha and Bessie, RA, and Lois.

Love, Nell



**Nell I. Mondy  
PhD '53**

Nell Mondy is professor emerita of toxicology in the Division of Nutritional Sciences, College of Human Ecology, where she has served for more than 40 years in teaching, research, and extension. Her research interests have been in plant biochemistry as it relates to human nutrition, especially in factors affecting potato quality. She has also studied the effects of storage and processing as well as naturally occurring toxicants in potatoes. In 1983 the Potato Association of America bestowed upon Mondy their highest honor, honorary life membership. Her cutting-edge research has been published in more than 200 articles and papers, and she is the author of *Experimental Food Chemistry*. During sabbatical leaves from Cornell, Mondy served as supervisory food specialist for the USDA, as a consultant for RT French Co., and as a consultant for the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency.

As a professor at Cornell, she has taught more than 5000 students in the areas of chemistry, nutrition, food science, and toxicology. Entering the "hard" sciences as a woman in the 1940s, Mondy was, and remains, a role model for women scientists. She was national president of Graduate Women in Science 1983-84 and was elected honorary life member in 1986. A plaque in her honor was installed in 1999 on the Wall of Fame at the National Women's Hall of Fame in Seneca Falls. Mondy lives in Ithaca.

I have been trying to get information about Ina Hall, one of our oldest Chronicle Family Members who has been of great help in supplying information as to who is kin to whom. She wrote many articles for the Chronicle. I have even sent a stamped envelope for some return but got no response. It may be that Lois's letter has the answer. Ina was the wife of Jesse Hall, cousin to the JC Mondy children. She was born in 1910 in Tilman, TX and has lived Lockhart, TX since before I became acquainted with her.

From Perry, FL Lois writes:

Harrison, you asked me about Aunt Ina; the last letter I received from her she said she had gone blind and was unable to write any more. Some one must be caring for her. Maybe they will write to you.

Our weather is so dark I can barely see to write and I owe so many nice friends and relatives letters I am ashamed.

Poor Nell - she has certainly had her share of problems. She is writing some books about her life and what she has accomplished in the world.

It is so bad that in our later years we are all so far apart we cannot get to spend time together. May we all meet in Heaven and get to enjoy each other again.

Jerry (Thornton) has been a blessing to me since Jessie passed away. He has kept his home the way she liked it.

Wish I knew more to tell you about Aunt Ina. Maybe one of her children will write.

Lois and Cecil

I have discovered a few interesting things about our ("The Cousins") great grandparents that I never knew before. Kay Hale found the tombstone in the Emmons cemetery in Missouri, not far from Pocahontas that says

Prior Mondy was born 7/25/1823 and died 8/28/1893. We have always assumed he died in Arkansas and was one of the 13 persons buried in the Old Mondy cemetery. Kay discovered the tombstone and said she felt so sorry for some old man buried all alone that she decided to find some of his relatives. She did so and I am very grateful to her.

The other "discovery" is attributable to Jean Thomas who, a long time ago, sent me copies of four marriage licenses that were so difficult to read I just laid them aside. With considerable difficulty I found one that said, "On July 13, 1856, J. Sammons age 47 married S. Stubblefield age 31 in Randolph County Arkansas". So now we know our great grandfather Jacob was born in 1809 and great grandmother Sarah (Carnard) Stubblefield was born in 1825 (we thought she was born in 1820) and when they married.

Of course I am busy updating the genealogical records of our kinsmen. Several Springfield Kin are interested. All who are really interested. please write me.

Brecken left this morning for England to study Archaeology at Oxford. I wish I had several more lives to live, one would be spent studying Archaeology I'm sure. I take four archaeology magazines.

Fall has definitely arrived in Taos. Our mountains are splashed with gold. Many trees are almost bare from having lost their leaves, - probably because of the lack of moisture. I hope we will soon awake to a white world, - we usually get our first snow in October.

Be good, or at least, be careful.

Love you all

Harrison.

Whew! Another Chronicle put to bed!