

Publication costs for this issue courtesy Jessie Pemberton and Lester White. Thanks a lot.

The Mondy Morning

# CHRONICLE

IS PUBLISHED BY MONDY ON MONDAY FOR THE MONDYS, THE JINKSES,  
THEIR KIN, NEAR KIN, AND A FEW FRIENDS

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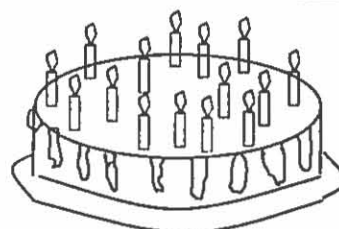
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It is Sunday, February 23, 1997.

Someone on the boob-tube a few minutes ago was talking about the next election year, 2000 as being the first election of the Twenty-first century. Not so! The year 2000 is the last year of the Twentieth Century. The first year of the Twenty-first Century will be 2001. Why? Because there was never a zero year. We went from 1 BC to 1 AD without going through year zero. One hundred years after 1 AD is 101 AD., 2000 years after 1 AD is 2001 AD.

Last year I finished my novel, *Tji*, and I am just winding up the sequel to it, *The Search for Tji*. If there is a third book in the series it will be called, *The Son of Tji*. I may not be capable of writing such a novel, but if I do it will require a lot of research. At the time of Tji's birth (in the last quarter of the 19th century) he had never heard of a white man. His tribe were stone age people, hunters and gatherers. They had no idea that there was a relationship between copulation and pregnancy. They did not know that plants came from seeds. They only knew that if they could find kangaroos or yams or lilybulbs, they were for eating. They had been put here by the Great Rainbow Snake that crawled across Australia in the Dreamtime and was for people to eat.

When Tji and his tribe meet the Whites, they are at once facing a Twentieth century civilization. They are required to skip the bronze ages, the iron ages, the development of farming, the domestication of animals, the utilization of animals for work, the inventions of



HAPPY BIRTHDAY

MARCH

3 TOM KIRK

11 AARON MONDY

15 JAMIE MONDY

15 JEWEL KIRK

17 PAT MONDY

19 HARRISON MONDY

??? CORY PHELPS

the clock, the wagon, the chariot, gun powder, the steam engine, and a million other things. They had never heard of a tent, or a log house, or a castle made of stone. They had never seen a table, a chair, or a plate, knife, fork, or spoon. They had never dreamed of towns or cities, or policemen, or kings or rulers. Banks, money, schools, churches, roads, and bridges were beyond their imagination.

Today, many are farmers, herdsman, and teachers, many are painters, some even have positions in government. And many are college graduates. To me, this is the greatest step any group of people have ever been required to take.

In 1972 I was asked to talk to a group of Aboriginal school children in a mission and they were told to ask me any questions on their minds. One boy, about 15 I suppose, asked, "What kind of tree or vine do corn flakes grow on?" He thought they were either chips of bark off a tree, or dried leaves off a vine. But he loved corn-

flakes, wherever they came from.

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I received two letters from Lois in the same envelope but neither of them are dated so I don't know which came first. I'll just take the best parts of each, and avoid the duplications.

#### FROM LOIS

**Harrison**, I do hope you have found a cure for the problem with your leg.

We are busy, painting and trying to lay carpet on a concrete floor. The previous owner had put down a yellow-green carpet with glue and you can imagine the amount of trouble we are having.

January was not a bad month and now we are looking into February and the budding of the trees. Ought to be time soon for the red buds, azaleas, and dogwoods.

Cecil is trying to get use to wearing hearing aids and it hasn't been easy. Age is making a difference but I'm glad we can still be together and I can still make our meals.

Nell is considering coming down in February. Hope she can make it.

The second of February many years ago was one of the happiest days of my life when, after giving birth to two boys, my daughter Deloris was born. They told us at the time that because of a hole in the lower part of her heart, we might expect to have her until about age 15, but thank God, she lived 41 years. The doctors had finally agreed to find her a heart replacement but before they could find one, a blood clot took her life. She found out early that she would not be able to have a baby so when she married that wonderful husband of hers, she wanted to adopt one. When she went to the agency, she told them she wanted a baby, and she didn't care what color it was or whether it was a boy or girl; -- she just wanted a baby. She adopted a little boy and was able to be with him for fifteen years, when she just fell asleep.

She was a talented person, was able to use sign language to talk to the deaf, could play music, once was on "Queen for a day", and a good church worker. The song they sang at her funeral was, *Because He lives, I can Face To-*

*morrow* and I sing it all the time. I want it sung at my funeral.

Well **Bertha and Bessie** I have to say that our weather here has not been as bad as yours, in fact, last week I had my doors open to the spring air. Yesterday the yard was full of robins, a good sign of spring.

Cecil may get to go to Jacksonville for his birthday to see his grandson play ball; at least he is planning on it.

Well Cecil just came by and gave me a kiss and said, "I thought you were in bed", and I told him I had to finish this letter for the Chronicle. Lois

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#### FROM SPRINGFIELD, 2/12/97

It is still cold here in Springfield. The six o'clock news said we might get some snow later tonight or tomorrow morning.

The health of the folks around here seems to be improving. Son-in-law Dick is home from the hospital after having a heart attack and another angioplasty but he is doing well. Haven't heard from the Mondys for a few days but suppose all are well or we would have heard. Norma's daughter, Patti had surgery but is home and doing okay, still a little weak. Bertha is okay, I haven't seen her since Monday but talked to her several times on the phone. Daughter Ann and Hubby just got back from being in Mississippi for 2 - 3 days visiting my son/her brother who works for the RR in Memphis.

Sure enjoyed the letter from the **Duffers**, and **Jessie Ann** we are looking forward to reading your letter about your visit to the Vycitals. Hope you had nice weather there.

We have had a rough winter here this year; so many cloudy, cold days, plus snow, ice and more snow. But spring will soon be here and we will have so much fun mowing the grass. (Ha, ha)

Daughter Sue is trying to schedule a knee replacement operation in March if Dick can stay out.

Hope all of you had a nice Valentine's day. Bessie and Bertha.

As I reported back in December, Sister, Jessie and Noal went to Arizona to spend the holidays with the Vycitals. Jake promised me she would tell about it when she returned so she has written as follows:

Dear everybody.

I can't report that my favorite goldfish died, 'cause I don't have one; nor can I report that we have head lice, -- I've never seen one of them critters either, but it sounds exciting. Let me put your minds at ease, -- Noal has just won the Reader's Digest Prize --- I'm sure he has for he gets a letter almost every day telling him so. Now I have not heard the jingle of money, and he hasn't started staying out late at night, nor acting funny, -- he just grumbles a lot about there being nothing in the mailbox but junk mail. Now if you don't get any such, don't stand in line for it, we'll be glad to share ours with you.

On December 15, Jewel, Tom, Greg, Noal and I had dinner with the Denver Kirks, Brent, Karen, Christopher, and Erin. Christopher (5) was in the Big Program at church. He has a good voice, really sings out. Erin (3) was not in the program but knew every word and sang them to us.

On December 16, we left early for Arizona and arrived on Tuesday the 17th. On Wednesday morning we attended Katie's school program. (She's Lu's youngest, age 5.) There is nothing like Children's Christmas Programs to get one into the Spirit and meaning of Christmas.

There is never a dull moment at the Vycitals. The highlight is, of course, Christmas. Each of the three homes has a fully decorated Christmas tree. Our Christmas dinner was at Susan's on Christmas Eve. Each family contributed something to the meal. One of the adults read the story from Luke, and one of the children has the prayer. (This year it was Megan, Lu's 7 year old daughter. The Children, Lu's two, Megan and Katie and Ken's two, Brian (13) and Emily (10) exchanged gifts. The evening was spent singing, making pictures, and just having a good time.

On Christmas morning, Steve's par-

ents joined us at his and Lu's house for a breakfast of ham and the biggest cinnamon buns I have ever seen. They were yummy. We opened our gifts and looked in our socks to see what Santa brought (and remembering when we were kids and got an orange, an apple, candy and a surprize) and we got the same this year. We were joined by Ken, Brian, and Emily about noon.

On New Year's Eve we were again at Lu's. Had the usual, meats, dips, and dessert. We played games and watched the old year out and ushered the new one in.

We had a good visit with Jim and Norma while we were there. They spent Christmas with Jim's mother in Kansas, and attended a birthday party for her. She was 94 on the 23rd of December.

We attended a Bull-riders-only Rodeo, an annual event, played PeeWee Golf, and ate and ate in a lot of good restaurants and did one of my favorite things, -- we ate Indian Fry Bread on the Indian Reservation.

We arrived home on the 24th of January and are just now getting caught up. Happy New Year to all, Jessie and Noal

Noal adds: It was so cold when we got home to Colorado it reminded me of when I was growing up in Oklahoma when I saw two coyotes pushing a jack rabbit trying to get him started.

*[Now, Noal, I hope everybody who believes that will send you a dollar and that you will report to the Chronicle how much you get.]*

#### FROM LINDA PHELPS

"Here's a note from 'old pokey'. Seems like I'm always behind in everything I do these days. All I want to do these days when I get home in the evening (about 7:00 to 7:30) is go to my room, fall in bed and stay there. I don't get to do that very often but it would sure be nice. *[Let me add a note here. The reason Linda is so tired is that after a hard day's work at the office, and a drive of 30 miles home she has to spend time in the hospital where her mother is critically ill, then prepare meals for her son, Cory, her brother, Roger, and her father, Cecil, plus all the*

*other things a housewife must do.]*

"Old Ornerly (sic) is doing very well though 'Old Arther" is causing him a lot of pain. He loves to read but his eyesight is not as good as it once was, so I have been taking him large-print books from the library. He doesn't hear so well either and I have been trying to get him to spend some of those millions Uncle Harrison says he has, to get some hearing aids but the old tightwad won't do it.

Christy and Cory are doing fine. Christy had a great birthday, thanks to her uncles and aunts, her friends, and Clint and his family. Cory and I took her out to dinner and a movie, just the three of us and we had a wonderful time. I'm looking forward to Cory's birthday in March so we can do it again. It's hard to believe he'll be 18. My Baby!!! He did so well at the state debate competition. He and his partner finished 3rd. Now he is into forensics. He is also in the school play which will be performed on my birthday.

Uncle Harrison, hurry up and get well so we can celebrate your birthday. *[Note: I don't like getting older, so I have postponed my birthday until the 26th of April.]*

Got a short note from Dena Houston.

#### DENA SAYS:

It's a windy day here in southern Missouri. Temperature is mild though, quite nice for mid February. Sky is overcast but the sun comes through and warms me up fast. Yes! Spring is coming! It will be here before we know it.

Harrison, I was glad to know your mother She was so sweet and kind and I will always remember her. I'd love to read her diary. It isn't often you meet a woman whose friendship has such an emotional and educational effect on your life. Your mother was a beautiful woman. I loved her. Dena

#### BITS AND PIECES

We had company last week. The four daughters of Lester and Ercil White; Margaret Ann Apperson, Kathy Schell, Martha McKinney, and Vicki Roberts. They were skiing at Angel Fire and we

offered them "Bed and Breakfast" but they countered, "How about Dinner, Bed, and Breakfast" so after a bit of negotiating we agreed on a price and they came for dinner on Wednesday night. (We had dinner with them on Sunday night before, and they drove us home because I don't drive at night.) We had Mark Miller and Barbara and Gabe down and feasted on Margaret's food including a pumpkin pie and a custard pie. They said they got their money's worth so everybody was happy. We moved an extra bed into the guest quarters and all four of them slept (talked) in there. We enjoyed them a lot. They didn't leave until nearly noon next day. It was Martha's first time to visit us. We tried to get them to stay here and ski in Taos Ski Valley which is only 11.3 miles from our driveway but they say the beginner's slope there is too steep. (They had 92 inches of good snow at Taos Ski Valley before the last snow.)

Brecken has been the hospital suffering from flu/pneumonia. Has had a very rough time of it but is better now. Judy and John went to see her last week, arrived home last night (Sun 2/23) and report that she is better.

We had about 8 inches of snow Sunday Morning and another 3 inches last night. It had melted off the roads by noon today so we were able to go after the mail. Most of it was like Noel's, just assurances that we were just about to win a million dollars. If I win it I won't have to report it in the Chronicle, I'll yell loud enough you can hear me.

Just when I was wondering what had happened to Pat, I got a letter from her. It is on pages 5 and 6.

If I had known that people didn't write because they hated to address envelopes, I would have sent out address labels a long time ago. I'll try to keep you supplied if you'll use them.

'Til next time --- love

Harrison

To Lester and Jessie, many thanks

January 29, 1997

Dear Harrison,

It's been so long since I have had time or energy to write letters. I know there is something that conspires to keep me from writing a single syllable. If it's not Christmas arriving every three months, it's company, meetings, or even a 50th Wedding Anniversary--ours! It wasn't a complete success although we spent five days in bed together. Oh, come on. We were both enjoying glorious cases of the flu at the same time, and it was a togetherness we could cheerfully have skipped. Thank Heavens neither of us were desperately ill, but just decided with a trip to New Mexico facing us, bed rest would get us well as quickly as possible. We both had flu shots earlier so maybe we just had a touch of the Ebola syndrome or something else equally debilitating. Many people here had what must have been the same thing and our neighbors had it twice.

This also spoiled our girls' plans for a celebration, but we had learned from you and Margaret, and assured them that since this first 50 years was just a trial run, we'd throw a really great party for our 100th. Now they are making twittering noises about sending us on a nice trip (probably to someplace far, far away) as an anniversary present. One of Lisa's friends did have a Christmas Party in New Mexico. And we had a great Christmas although it was not a white holiday there until after we came home.

Having the flu if you are not terribly ill, is a good time to catch up on some reading. I also spent a lot of time just drifting between sleep and snoozing. And I dreamed the darndest series of dreams, stories which I have written down. I am much smarter and more creative when I am only half awake. Should get half conscious more often. Can't remember my last cold.

February 7, 1997

Back again,

See what I mean about conspiracies that keep me away from letter writing? Just encountered another one. My word processor has a bad case of creeping senility and rebels ever so often. It's better now but it still does not want to write a "d," ", " or "x" and a few other letters. To get these previously enumerated letters to strike, takes about ten or twelve pokes on those buttons each. And all the while the WP is constantly protesting. As soon as I can I will take it to the W.P. hospital and see if this is terminal. I couldn't write with a pen or pencil for more than two lines. And you couldn't read them.

Just when I had finished that last sentence, the postman brought the Chronicle, so naturally I had to stop and read it. There's another interruption, but a good one. Thanks for the grammar lesson too. And the groundhog jokes.

I see in the paper that we have other strange language things to think about, the discussion of Ebonics (the language

of some blacks), Profanics (the speech patterns of professional athletes--Cal Ripkin exempted), and dumdownics (the required necessary lingo of many college professors who must deal with remedial English by those practicing any of the above.) Actually, I fibbed. Only Ebonics has made it into the papers or TV.

One of the strangest items on the subject of language here in south Texas comes from a man in Kingsville, Texas, forty five miles from CC. He wants everyone to say "Heaveno" instead of "Hello," mistakingly thinking the 'hell' in the word derives from that bad, bad place below. Actually, it comes from 'hollo' a universal greeting used from antiquity. This heaveno thing has gained a bit of national recognition on TV news and at least one syndicated column which you may have seen, just from its being viewed as the epitome of kookiness. I concur it is stupid. Further, just think if the hel- in other words were replaced, you'd be in deep trouble. How would you like to yell for help with "Heavenop," and have everyone passing by think you were a foreigner who did not speak English? You'd be a goner. Other words would give you trouble too. Your Heavenmate might think you were up to hanky panky and call her rival a Heavencat. Just hope her name is not Helen. The meaning of hell hole and hell bent would be changed completely. You can see what it would do to helicopter (heavenicopter), helix (heavenix), and helot (heavenot). Heaventer-skelter is too difficult to say. Helsinki, Finland would have to change all its official stationary. That's enough. It's all too silly. Wonder what would happen if we substituted 'hades-o' instead? Or Nirvana-o?

Perhaps the world is settling down a bit, what with the election finally over. Of course, we can look forward to the next one which has already started, and Bill Clinton finally got through his speech to Congress. But I don't want to get into politics. Another plus, we may get out from under the O.J. Simpson bad circus, in a few months providing there's no appeal. But he may have spent all his money on lawyers.

Here in Corpus Christi we worry more about the now faster legal speed limits for driving. Most of those Ebonics-Profanics speaking people can hardly read while sitting still, let alone a yield sign at 75 miles per hour. On one of the major arteries here in CC, we can now drive faster than the speed of light--and you may end up seeing stars when you drive that route. Pile ups of several cars are becoming common. I may get a horse.

But contemporary electronics and computers are wonderful. Have you seen the resurrection from the dead of several old time movie stars who have come back to advertise modern day items on TV? Seems manufacturers are hiring grave robbers. Al Jolson is now selling eyeglasses. It's only a 30 second spot so maybe he can hang on that long to his new post life situation. Several USA Presidents, not just partly dead, I hear, will soon join Jolson. So far, they have all spoken English, but soon I think they will liven up some patriotic Frenchman or Arab who will balk at delivering a commercial in English.

This seems to be enough drivel for today. I will try to be more punctual, but Lisa is coming in February and Krista and her family in March. I am looking forward to seeing them.

Cheers, Pat

ADDENDUM TO VOLUME 8, ISSUE 5 OF THE MONDY MORNING CHRONICLE

It is now February 28. It snowed most of yesterday, and last night, and all day today. Margaret's nephew, Mark Miller, lives about a quarter mile from us and has a 4-wheel drive truck. He called this morning and volunteered to bring our mail. He just brought it half an hour ago and it had so much mail for the Chronicle, I decided to add two more pages. More than half of the first four pages is folded and in envelopes but they haven't been sealed so I can do it.

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**FROM SPRINGFIELD**

Sunday, Feb 23, 1997

We had a nice day today in the Ozarks. It was 28 degrees this morning when we went to church. The sunshine brought the temp up to nearly 50 degrees in the afternoon. But the weatherman predicts snow flurries for tonight and a high of 30 by Tuesday morning. I saw my first robin on the 19th, so spring is just around the corner (so they say). My jonquils have buds on them and my white lilacs and Barford pear tree are both budding out. Hope they don't get frostbit this year. We had a frost this morning but I haven't checked them.

Bertha talked to the Mondys here and all are doing quite well. J.E. and Katie have been going to the mall for Katie to walk and Jay to watch the girls (just kidding, J) he is actually going for his exercise. Bertha and I are still plugging along like two old grey mares; both anxious for spring to get here so we can get outside more.

Sure did enjoy Ken's *Tribute to Jack*, his beloved pet. It is hard to give up a pet you have had so long. I had a dachshund for 14 1/2 years and it sure was sad around here for a while when she died and I still miss her at times.

Harrison, take care of your leg.  
Love to all, Bessie and Bertha

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For Christmas, Margaret had a picture of Margaret Ann Segrest's grandson blown up and framed.

**MARGARET ANN SAYS**

My dearest friends, how thoughtful of you to have Greg's picture enlarged and framed. I have sent the 3x5's to his uncles, Sam and John in Louisiana. I'm so proud of him. His first report card was so glowing we didn't think he could earn a better one, but his second one was even better and the teacher's remark made it even better; she had written, "He is a good citizen".

**Judy and John**, if it isn't too late, I suggest you name your poltergeist, "Jack", since he smells like a burning jack-o-lantern.

**Chief**, I read an article in the paper here that seems to describe you poltergeist, it said something about it being related to a vacuum. But maybe you like George and want to keep him around. [Margaret Ann, he is the nearest thing we have to a pet -- so maybe we will keep him.]

So sorry to hear that Brecken has been so ill. Do hope she is well enough to perform in her play. Seems there is no end to her talents. She is so fortunate to have great parents like Judy and John who encourage her to her full potential.

How beautiful, *The tribute to Jack!* So special! Makes anyone reading it reminisce about the pets they have had. We had Stranger, Sassy, Cookie, Maggie, Mutt, and "Dog" to tough our lives for a short time and Awol and Miss Bossy were with us most of their lives. Mark saw an ad in the paper for Awol. I couldn't take him to get her so the lady volunteered to bring her to us. Several of us were in the yard when she arrived. She opened the door and Awol, after looking around made a beeline for Mark and remained devoted to him for the rest of her life. I have never known of another boy and dog so close to each other. Miss Bossy

actually followed me home (can I keep her?). I tried but was unable to find her owner. She was fifteen pounds of energy and full of spunk, -- nothing pushed her around. In a small town near here there is a dog that works at a service station. Customers give her the money and she takes it to her boss.

[Margaret Ann suffers from the disease, *fibromyalgia*, which causes the patient to ache all over. It affects every muscle in the body. M.A. says it reminds one of the Dr. who said to a patient, "I have good news and bad news. The good news is 'this ailment won't kill you', and the bad news is, 'this ailment won't kill you'.]

Love you, Margaret Ann..

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I reported not long ago that **Jim Thomas** had been in the hospital but was now out. I received a note from **Jean** today saying that he was doing well, in fact, she said he had more energy than she had. Good for you, Jim.

**Ina Hall**, Jean says that as soon as she can get her IBM machine going again she'll be glad to share with you and any other interested persons what she has found out about the Stubblefields, the Davises, and the Bateses. She collected a lot of information when she and Jim went to Salt Lake Genealogy Library. Jean has been a good friend to the Chronicle family over the years, supplying me with a lot of ancestral notes about our forebears.

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Margaret got a letter from **Mary Jean** today and I found several things in it to include in the Chronicle. She says:

I'm always glad to get the Chronicle. Even though I am only a "little grafted twig" on the Jinks-Mondy family tree [*She has only been part of the tree for some seventy years*] I do like to keep up with what's going on in the family, the state, and the nation. I read a lot, mostly biographies. Right now I'm reading Walter Cronkite's *A Reporter's Life*. I have and plan to read Pamela Churchill-Harriman's *Reflected*

*Glory*. It is such a long story I may not finish it. She seems to have reached the top in questionable ways but made a good ambassador to France.

**Larry** was supposed to come by to see me on the twentieth but because of the weather and plane problems he had to spend the night in Chicago. He is such a loving son and he and **Jeanie** do have so much fun. He and **Claire** are still trying to get settled in their new home. They are making a lot of changes to suit them better.

Latest from **Leon and Boots**: Leon is recovering from his surgery (hernia) and Boots is having trouble with her knee, having to use a walker. **Sindy** is having problems with her multiple sclerosis.

**Katie** is doing well in school, she is making good grades and good friends. "I don't know how good the small private school she attends is, but I'm sure it is better than the public schools." Two of her Texas friends are coming up for one week of spring break and the other week she and her class mates are going on a tour of Indiana schools with an eye toward college.

"This has been a terrible but beautiful winter and I am really looking forward to spring."

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**Brecken** is recovering from her bout with pneumonia. In my opinion she is afflicted with two common college ailments, *lucubration* (that means burning the midnight oil) and *biterminal combustion of parafinic illuminator* (that means burning the candle at both ends). Her parents probably suffered the same ailments so it might be genetic. Complete recovery usually comes in the Senior year.

Now aren't you glad I waited an extra day? You were treated to all this extra good stuff.

Need any Snow? We have about 18 inches we'd like to give you. You pay for hauling.

Love to all,

Me