

CHRONICLE

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

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Well, that 80th birthday came and went and I can't tell any difference in the world -- well maybe Hale-Bopp -- but I doubt that the world cares about it. I received a lot of birthday cards and I do appreciate them all. There was one I'm not sure I understand. There was a picture of the sleaziest character on the front and inside it said, "Of all the old coots in the world, you are the cootest". By this time you have all been informed that although March 19th was the real anniversary of my entrance into this world that I have enjoyed so much, the real celebration is set for April 26. I even got some BD gifts. Daughter-in-law Geri, who will be in Australia at the time of the celebration gave me a beautiful footstool upholstered in a New Mexico motif and Anne, the mother-in-law of my daughter (if you know the name of that kind of kinship, please let me know) gave me an assortment of tobaccos and some beautiful music to listen to while I travel. Thanks to both of you.

We arrived home from California this afternoon (Fri 21) about 2:30. We stopped at the post office to pick up our big box of mail. There were notes attached to several of the BD cards as well as several other notes.

Mary Jean apologized for her shaky handwriting by saying that when I get as old as she, I'll understand. (She was born in 1899.)

Ina Hall thanked me for sending her some family trees and the geneatrace of her husband, Jesse

Hall. (Jesse was first cousin to the JC Mondy Children. If any of you do not have information about your ancestry, let me know -- maybe I have something to interest you.) Ina also said, "My son took me to my eye surgeon in Austin for a checkup and I received a good report. Thirty years ago I had an attack of glaucoma in one eye and fifteen years ago I had an attack in the other. He operated both times and told me last week that he was sure I would never be bothered with it again. Ina will be 87 on the 4th of May.

Bonnie Hanley wrote a short note from Portland, OR, saying that she is doing real well after her surgeries last year and doesn't expect any more. She drives a bus that transports Senior Citizens and Disabled persons. She reports that her father had open heart surgery including double bypass and valve replacement in May of last year.

Savannah Miller Eberline, daughter of Bea Ammidown and Mark Miller, and her husband, Todd, are in Ghana, West Africa. Bea received a long communique from her recently which contained a letter to the family (which you will find in this issue) and some notes from her journal (which I will put in a later issue).

FROM BESSIE AND BERTHA

Happy birthday to you, Harrison, and to all others who have birthdays in March.

Well, J.E. did it again. He has been back in the hospital for a few days. He got tired of looking at Kati and had to go see his nurses but he is now at home and doing very well. He decided Kati could give him lots of loving care at home, so he would just keep looking at her.

(Just kidding J, we know you wouldn't go to the hospital unless it was necessary.) The rest of us here in Springfield are okay. Bertha has worked in her yard the past two days and I worked in my house trying to get rid of a little dust and dirt. It sure does accumulate when you get lazy and just let it go for a while.

We are having some spring-like weather. Got up to 73 degrees yesterday but it is supposed to get cooler by Friday.

Hope all the Chronicle family has a nice Easter.

Bessie and Bertha.

Got a nice letter from **Lucile Rundel**, the daughter of one of the oldest members of the Chronicle Family, Alma Thomas.

FROM LUCILE

Sorry I have not written sooner but I have been so busy all I want to do when I get home is fall in bed. Mom went into the hospital at 10: PM on Feb 14 with upper respiratory infection and congestive heart failure. Before she was over all that, her heart went into Atrial Fibrillation. She has now gone back into the nursing home and is much better.

The rest of us are still plodding along. Nothing major gone wrong. The orthopedic doctors have released Jack for a year. He is doing better now.

All of our families were out of the tornado area. We got lots of rain and some debris falling from the Arkadelphia damage. We stood on the carport and watched leaves and pieces of pine bark fall in our yard. We saw two pieces of metal go by high in the sky. One piece of metal and some tar paper and other debris fell on our son's farm near his fish ponds. People who have seen the damaged areas say the devastation is unreal. Some say it looks like some of the war zones they were in during the war.

Hopefully winter will soon be over and we can enjoy some nice weather. It is warmer but we are so water-logged it will take a while to dry out.

Best wishes to all, Lucile

CONA MONDY SAYS (in her Easter card)

Since today is the first day of Spring and the sun is shining, I believe it has arrived. We have had so much rain and floods all over the country, it makes me think of the flood we had in 1927. I went to Pocahontas two weeks ago and Old Black was really big.

I'm getting my Easter cards out a little early. I'm going to the hospital in the morning for surgery.

Hope everyone is O.K. Love, Cona

FROM THE SITZES IN FLORIDA

The azaleas, dogwoods, and redbuds that have made our yards and forests so beautiful for a month have lost their blossoms and took away their beauty. But our yard plants are coming on to brighten our yards and now it is time to get out the mower and cut the grass that is sure ready.

Last week just before the rains came in from Texas, Cecil and I were sitting on our porch enjoying the breeze when all of a sudden our yard and the trees were filled with birds, -- a kind we had never seen before. The ones in the trees were picking acorns but couldn't swallow them and were dropping them on the roof. Sounded like hail. The next day they had gone, leaving us to wonder what kind of birds they were and why so many of them together.

The robins usually come by and stay a day or two to remind us that it is spring, but there were not as many this year. Our martins haven't been here since the big storm in march two years ago. We miss them.

Nell did not get to come as planned. I think she went to Pocahontas to receive her honors. We are all proud of her. I hear she is to be honored again on June 14 in New Orleans. We Mondys are so proud of her many contributions to so many countries.

We had a very nice visit from Cona's two daughters and their husbands. We played cards and dominos.

Our grandson and about four other boys have been chosen as the best team of their age and will get a good write-up soon.

Bessie and Bertha, thanks for the nice birthday card you sent Cecil. He had a nice birthday watching his grandson pitch the winning ball game in Jacksonville.

R.A., I enjoyed your letter; glad you enjoyed mine.

Thank you again, Harrison, for the Chronicle.

I received a letter from Ina Hall saying she was confused about the family trees I sent her. INA, I will try to straighten this out in a letter to you.

I received a BD card from Jerry Thornton with a picture of a wrinkled sea lion face on the front. He wrote inside, "It's been my observation that people who smile or laugh a lot wind up with wrinkles. Also the people around them have wrinkles for the same reason. The good humor, and genuine caring that causes the wrinkles mean that you have brought happiness to them.

Here's hoping you have a lot more wrinkles in the future. You brought much enjoyment to my angel, Jessie, and I thank you.

Brecken has returned from Scotland where she spent a few days with Jeremy. They went to Loch Ness but "Nessie" did not show herself. She got a personal hand written letter from Hilary Clinton. I told her to send a copy to me and I would put it in the Chronicle.

Judy Washburn sent me a lot of clippings from the Houston paper about the celebration of the Cherokee people in Houston and vicinity. I had no idea that they were so widely distributed throughout the United States. If there was ever a group of people in the United States that were truly mistreated, it was the Cherokee. They had adopted the white man's ways, given up their warlike features, built schools, farmed in the most modern fashion, printed their own newspaper in both English and Cherokee. The supreme court ruled in their favor when it was proposed that their land be confiscated by the government yet Andrew Jackson ignored the supreme court

and uprooted this great people and marched them in the dead of winter across the country from the Atlantic seaboard to Oklahoma at an estimated death rate of one person per mile. Shame on Jackson! He will always be the lowest rated American President in my book. I'm glad that both of my parents had Cherokee blood in their veins. I'm proud to be one-quarter Cherokee.

We seldom pick up our mail on Sunday but because we picked it up early on Saturday, we thought there may be more so picked it up today. Now you have PAT MONDY'S column to read. Hey, Pat, tell your daughter we are sorry we were in Calif. when she was in Taos. We would have loved seeing her..

By now you have all seen Hale-Bopp and you are aware that the suicide of the 39 people in California is related to a UFO that was supposed to be flying with it. Between now and the year 2000 you will hear of a lot more crazies. It happened a thousand years ago the same way. When the calendar turned over to the year 1000 there were all kinds of stupid incidents. People thought the world would come to an end and did all kinds of stupid things. The psyche of the human is a fragile thing and can be upset by the stupidest teaching of some other crazy person. You have probably heard that most of California will cave off in the ocean in '98 or '99 and that Las Vegas is planning their beaches already. Now that had nothing to do with our moving to New Mexico. We liked the weather here, and the freedom of getting around.

Did you know that there was a law in Judah at the time of Christ's death that forbade the sealing of a tomb until three days after burial in case the person had not been dead at the time of burial? Easter, supposedly three days after burial, was the time to examine the tomb to see if the person was really dead. It was the time for paying the last respects to the dead by sprinkling perfumed powders on the body.

See you soon Harrison

This is Anne Armstrong's contribution
to this issue of the
Chronicle



I'm
getting so old ^{that} all my friends in Heaven will think I didn't make
it!

March 19, 1997

Happy Birthday, Harrison,

Don't pay the ransom. I've escaped. No doubt it would have been exorbitant, judging from the rise in prices of everything else, but worth it. I recently received a lovely booklet from Southwest Missouri State University in celebration of my having graduated from there fifty years ago! One page contained the prices of some items in 1946, such as, the average income was \$2500.00. A new car cost \$1125 and a new house \$5600. A loaf of bread was a dime, a gallon of milk .70¢ and a gallon of gasoline .15¢. Minimum wage was .75¢. Does this make you weep? Should have bought up a couple of cars, houses, and foodstuffs and frozen it. A couple of vintage cars might be worth a mint.

I keep having all kinds of impediments preventing my writing to you. I am still being held incommunicado by this word processor which for the first time in years has run completely out of ribbons. (Read: I forgot to buy 'em.) It's my fault, but if Holland had not returned from a shopping jaunt bringing a supply today, I would have been rendered both silent and unseen for the duration, possibly even well into the millenium, for it would put me in the mood to commit mayhem, resulting in long term incarceration where I wouldn't have access even to a sharp pencil. I called the w.p. hospital and they told me they couldn't get the required part (a whole keyboard transplant) for another ten days. They think the pads under the keys are worn out. And I don't wonder. If I had been struck as many times as these have, I would be black and blue. So far they have not changed color. Or started writing Chinese or hieroglyphic characters. But all must be dealt with in a sforzando manner. Enough of my battles with my w. p. I just wish I were proficient at mental telepathy. You'd have a communication every day. Especially today.

If this w.p. holds up long enough, we want to send our VERY BEST HAPPY BIRTHDAY WISHES to you. I know this will only arrive after you have already enjoyed your fortieth birthday (for the second time). Or if you really would like to be much younger, just tell everyone your age is 8.94427191 squared. I think I'd like to be nearly nine years old again--just for a little while. I had my first date at nine years of age. A friend named Jack took me to the Pythian Home in Springfield, Mo. to a movie. Cost him a whole nickel and I was impressed. We watched Tom Mix (or someone equally departed) who with his horse and pistol prevented dastardly villains from stealing the old man's ranch and carrying off his fair daughter. There was also a serial that left the heroine tied to the train tracks. Never did get to see the end of that series. Jack didn't have another nickel. And as I recall, I likely did not have another date until I was in high school. On that first date Jack asked me if my father would let me get married before I was 18. I had to say that he would have a conniption fit. Besides, Jack was only ten and

unemployed. So I went back to my first love, Holland, whom I met in the first grade, and remained my true love, nickel or not. Trees were not prolific with nickels then.

Our two younger grandchildren have recently become computerized. We are receiving birthday messages and earlier last month Valentines composed with pictures selected to illustrate them. Elizabeth's are always flowery and typically girlish while Elliot sends rockets, guns, and little boy delights. Elizabeth wrote a Valentine poem, which I, perhaps blinded by familial pride, thought quite good for a six year old, but it was Elliot's that tickled us so. Since he is only three, he had to dictate his. It said "Have a fine Valentine's Day with eggs. That's it." Seems not to have a completely clear concept of Valentine and Easter. But he wrote his own birthday greeting which was one long word (?) containing both letters and numbers. It was like my handwriting, impossible to decipher. After Christmas they wrote thank you notes also with pictures. Elliot chose the symbol seen all over town for 'wheelchair facilities.' We thought it quite appropriate if not festive.

I had quite an adventure a couple of months back. Wet freezy day. Little frisky dog's leash hangs up. I am running behind her, and suddenly jerked off balance. Thud. I did a belly flop right in the middle of the street. Hit full body from chest to tummy. How I managed this, I do not know. I really did not hurt anywhere. My hands were not scraped. One teensy bruise on one knee. I wish someone had been taping the whole funny incident. One second I was down, the next I had leaped to my feet (Like iceskaters bouncing up after a fall), because the street was cold and wet, and the next second I was running hardly missing a step. The only damage occurred when I tried to dig a hole in the asphalt with my nose which didn't bleed, (nose, not street) nor was it scraped (the nose, but street has a dent in it). I may have cracked some cartilage--have already broken it three times before. Think perhaps it straightened out one of the zigs into a zag. I was so busy at that time I forgot to mention it to Holland for several weeks, and either he has ceased looking at me or my innate beauty was undisturbed for he didn't notice a thing.

Half my friends are cowering in a dark closet or hiding under their beds from watching too many catastrophes on television. I am still dwelling in blissful ignorance since I didn't watch any of the volcano, asteroid, end of the world productions. I understand the best actor in the asteroid thing was the rock.

I have another hot novel going, mostly to keep me off the streets and out of mischief. Must now get going and see if I can extricate my sappy heroine from reaping dire results from her own actions. I am afraid it will all be extremely dull and I will have to kill her off. Maybe an asteroid would do the trick. Where are they when you need one?

HAPPY BIRTHDAY AND MANY MORE OF THEM FOR YEARS AND YEARS TO COME FROM HAND PAT

Pat and
Holland

A LETTER FROM SAVANNAH MILLER EBERLINE
FROM GHAHA, WEST AFRICA, TO HER FAMILY

March 8, 1997 (Midnight)

Dear Family

The night is my quiet time. All I hear are the crickets and they remind me of our Saltair house in summer. The feeling that everything was sweet and warm. I loved knowing I could walk outside in my nightgown and not get cold and wake up to the smell of gardenias and tangerines. I remember lying half asleep on the chaise lounge peeling a tangerine and letting the tart burst of juice be the first of the day while soaking up the sun's first rays of warmth.

I dream a lot of feelings I have had and feelings I hope to have. For instance, dreaming of those days makes me want to plant flowers outside my children's windows so that their first sensation of the day is pure and gentle. I dream of friends and family and wake up disoriented and sad. Sad because I sleep in comfort and familiarity and it takes me the whole day to gain that feeling here.

There are moments in which my life seems normal. I have a routine slowly developing. I wake up first to the sound of a boy banging on a bell marching all around the apartments to wake school children up. He is a one man parade at 5 AM. I put in ear plugs, say good bye to Todd as he rides his rickety bicycle, "Bob", off to his 6 AM drum lesson and I work with all my might to sleep a few more hours. By 8 AM I take a cold shower which makes me shiver but I must rinse off the sticky night sweat from my body so I endure it. I then put water on our hot plate to boil for my coffee concoction; powdered milk, Nestlecafe and hot chocolate. I do this to disguise the poor taste of instant coffee. I then lie back on our bed, which also serves as our couch. We have a bed, a desk, and four chairs for furniture. I read. I think. I throw myself into another reality because I am not yet prepared to face this one.

It is not that this reality is harsh, it's just that it requires so much of my attention.

In two days, I will begin working at "The Model Nursery School", every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday from 8 AM to 2 PM. The little kids wear brown and cream colored uniforms. All of their hair is very short. They looked stunned, like deer in the headlights, when they first laid eyes on me. In time, it will be comforting to not shock them so. *[Savannah is very, very fair with very blond hair and blue eyes, a rarity there. HCM]*

On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Sundays I take music and dance lessons. The composer, our teacher, is a large and powerful man. He conducts music and dance celebrations every Sunday in order to raise money and to practice for performances at funerals. Performances really is not the accurate word -- participation and service to families is better, but no words can truly explain what the feeling is like.

I try so hard to be exact, but find myself using language and rituals you understand. The language and rituals are different here so there is no exact translation.

Anyway, he and his wife, his son, another young man and an older woman gather with us in the evenings of Monday and Wednesday to teach us the rhythms. They gather with Todd at 6 AM four mornings a week. We sit in a circle in their living room and play music. I will practice the shaker part for the whole hour and be challenged. There is a bell, a shaker, five drums, and singing. The

rhythms are not in 4/4 time so they do not make sense to our ears, plus when you are concentrating on your part, you must work very hard to not get lost in the other parts and forget what you are doing. They, on the other hand, can sing, play and hear all the parts and how they work together. They begin in the womb.

The people here possess dignity, kindness, love, and respect for one another. They are a tightly woven society who share everything.

I have a few friends. One woman named Helena works at a beauty shop on the main street. We met because she said hello to me as I pass her store every day. Most days she is not so busy so I sit with the ladies and talk. Another lady is named Victoria or Yawa, like me. She is a dancer and has a strong presence. She did a dance Sunday with horse tails and had me mesmerized. Her brother is really a dynamic dancer and drummer too. Then there is Seth. He acts as a translator a lot. He is genuine and earnest, the kind that would break Marisa's heart because of his virtue. He works hard at a hotel for little money, lives in a tiny closet of a room, wears fake glasses to present himself professionally, and dresses nice every day. He has taken us under his wing and won't accept any money.

Then there are my girls, especially Gladys and Faustina. Gladys is 13. She is very dignified with a wide smile which is more stunning because of her shyness. Faustina is six. She is hyper, had poor personal boundaries, and she is impulsive. She gives me impish looks and I wonder when the next impulse will flash through her mind and her little body will be gone -- off to start trouble elsewhere. And Todd has boys who visit, especially Charles and Joseph. Joseph displayed the brave act of coming alone to call on us. I opened the door and the frightened little five year old could hardly talk. I said, "Hi Joseph, I'll get Todd for you."

There are many vendors we know. We like to buy from the same people. The banana lady, the beans and rice lady, the Fan popsicle girl, the Kinke lady, the post office workers, the stationery guys, the ice cold drink ladies, and the "market day" ladies who I see every five days when they travel from their villages to sell produce.

My African name is Yawa. It means Thursday born. People call me Sister Yawa or Sister Savannah, always as if they were reciting a cheer. It is hard to believe I could ever get lonely with so much friendliness and love on me every day but I do. And during the times when my heartbeat has relaxed to meet theirs, I walk or sit in their presence and never want to leave that feeling.

In the evening, we walk home down a dirt pathway through the Casaba farms. I imagine that the odd shaped trees silhouetted are giraffes and elephants and zebras. The bull frogs bellow into the night, calling for more rain. In the veil of darkness, I feel at peace. The air, the frogs, the crickets, the moon, the stars, and me.

I love you all.

Savannah Miller Eberline
Poste Restante
HO, Volta Region
GHANA, West Africa.