

CHRONICLE

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

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Published By H. C. Mondy,
P.O. Box 1696
El Prado, NM 87529
Phone/FAX (505) 776 5571

Howdy Doo. My name is Mondy, and I used to be the publisher of a little family newspaper called the *CHRONICLE*. But that was a long time ago, -- at least it seems like a long time ago.

We had our big celebration on May 18 and I managed to squeeze in the special Chronicle Extra before we left for Arkansas on May 26 to help Harold and Wilma during Wilma's Chemo treatments on May 28 through June 1. The following week, Harold was hospitalized but was feeling much better when we left on 6 June and arrived home on the 7th. During the following week I was able to get out Issue 10 of the Chronicle. On June 16 we left home for Houston and arrived on Monday the 17th. On the 18th we visited CP and Helen (more about that later). On the 18th, Judy went to the hospital for removal of a lump from her left breast. We waited on tenterhooks until Monday the 24th when we went for the verdict. IT WAS NOT MALIGNANT! (More later.) We were all so relieved. We had worried so much and waited so long. We celebrated by going out to a seafood restaurant and eating our fill. We arrived back at Judy's about 1:00 and Margaret and I decided to leave for home. We drove 400 miles to San Angelo and spent the night, then drove the other 615 miles on the 25th, arriving about 3:00 PM. So here I am trying to reacquaint myself with my computer.

I believe this has been the driest winter on record for this area. We had almost no snow, --

not even in the mountains. The Rio Grande looks like a big creek instead of a river. Everything has been brown. The grasses did not come up and that, that is well rooted and does not depend upon seed, has grown very little. Our yard looks like a well grazed brown field. The winds have been fierce. You may find it hard to believe but the wind has been so hard that it has stripped all the paint off the two security doors to the garage. These are heavy doors, metal on both sides. The outside was steel and had been painted with a kind of paint that could be stripped off by the wind and it did so. The hot dry air dried out our roofing and the wind tore off a strip right down the center of the garage so that it leaks. We know it leaks for today the drought came to an abrupt end. It has poured rain all afternoon. I don't know what this means; maybe tomorrow it will turn dry again and we will return to drought conditions.

We had some mail when we returned -- Margaret got some bills and I got a letter from Bessie and Bertha and a large package of stamps from Thomas and Josie (Mondy, of Springfield). Thanks a lot. When you see World War II stamps on your envelopes, whisper a word of thanks to Thomas and Josie.

Also, we received Volume I, Issue 1, of the *Rhodes Family Newsletter*, published, I think, by Larry or Sheila Rhodes. [No publisher was mentioned.] Without their permission, I'm going to include it in this issue of the *Chronicle*. [Larry is the son of Evelyn (Jinks) Rhodes who was the daughter of Barto Jinks, Margaret's brother.] I enjoyed it and I'm sure you will. I'll put Larry and Sheila on my mailing list and hope they will continue to send us copies of their newsletters.

From time to time, the Pocahontas Star Herald prints in their column "In The Long, Long Ago" news items from the old correspondents of that time. There was one from the files of May 23, 1924 from Lorine Correspondent our Mom. She was the correspondent for Lorine until after Dad died in 1960. I don't know when her last column was published. I'm including the little snippet in this issue.

Every year, on or about Memorial day, Bessie and Bertha make a trip to visit several cemeteries between Springfield, MO and Pocahontas, AR. They made the trip this year and I was glad to get their letter describing their trip.

FROM BESSIE AND BERTHA

June 10, 1996. "Dear Chronicle Family:

On May 28th, Bertha and I with Daughter Sue as our driver left Springfield at 6 AM for our annual trip to Pocahontas. After a stop at Hillbilly Junction for breakfast, we went on toward Thayer. We went by what we call "The Little Grand Canyon of the Ozarks"; they call it some kind of park now. It has beautiful picnic grounds and we enjoyed it very much. (I can't remember what it is called, -- maybe my mind is slipping.) We went on to Thayer, Myrtle, Walnut Grove, Clearview, Shiloh, and Pocahontas. We found all of the cemeteries in very good condition, and we tried to put a little bunch of flowers on the graves of each of our loved ones.

We were surprised at being able to get into the Clearview cemetery because last year we found it pad-locked and we could not get in. We had no trouble finding the graves of Aunt Dona's family, Aunt Hattie, Herman and Lillie's twin boys. We also found Huey Houston and Nancy Jane Mondy's graves. On their monument it showed Huey Houston born January 21, 1955, died October 23, 1919 and Nancy Jane, born November 25, 1854, died March 1, 1932. (Harrison, is this "Aunt Dec"?) [Yes. See my notes at end of letter.]

It was a very nice day for traveling -- not one bit of rain on us. It was not too hot, and, believe it or not, we did not get a chigger or tick on us. The country was nice and green, and the hay fields were beautiful. The stock ponds were nice and clear, -- not covered with green moss like they were last year. Coming home we stopped at Fred's Fish House in Mammoth Springs for dinner. Sue and Bertha had catfish, which they said was very good, and I had chicken planks which were very tasty. (I don't like to eat fish, only like to catch them.) We arrived home rather tired at 7 PM.

Harrison and Margaret, we are glad you had such a great 50th anniversary, and we enjoyed reading the toasts your children gave you. We enjoyed your special issue and the description of the day to all of us who were unable to attend. Bertha and I were thinking of you and wishing we could be there. Thanks for the napkin -- we'll treasure it.

In a recent issue, you -- or was it RA? -- asked about others who have celebrated their 50th anniversary. Bea and Jack Taylor celebrated theirs two or three years ago, J.E. and Katie celebrated theirs last year, and Thomas and Josie are preparing for their celebration soon. I only had 39 years with my beloved, but they left me with lots of good memories; I still miss him.

A friend of ours invited Bertha and me to go fishing with her, so last week we took the day off and went fishing down on the river. The fishing there was not very good; she caught a little perch about 2 inches long and Bertha and I didn't even get a nibble. Then we went to a pond of one of her neighbors and Bertha and I had a ball catching little perch from 2 to 5 inches long, and throwing them back in. Our friend caught a catfish which broke her line, and took hook, line, sinker, and bobber across the pond. A man who lived nearby hooked the bobber and brought it in. The catfish weighed 4 1/2 pounds -- and this is not a fish story -- it is true.

Our weather has been nice, cloudy and cool, and our air conditioners are getting a rest. Hope all

of you are enjoying nice weather. Bessie and Bertha

[Bessie, you asked about "Aunt Dee", Nancy Jane Mondy. She was the daughter of Matthew and Margaret Hurn. (He was a minister, Methodist, I believe) Prior to her marriage to Uncle Houston, she was married to James Galagher who died shortly after their marriage, leaving her pregnant with a daughter which she named Laura. My records show that H.H was born January 28, 1958. (The 1960 census shows him as two years old.) My records also show that H.H. died 10/25/1919 and that Aunt Dee died 2/28/1932. H.H. and Aunt Dee were married in 1878.

One thing I have found out about tombstones, -- they are often wrong. I found lots of errors in Margaret Barnhart's (Pegasearch) Cemetery book; spelling and dates, mostly, and sent her several corrections.]

MARGARET'S COLUMN

Harrison and I left here at 6:00 a.m. on Sunday, June 16. We spent the night in Brady, Texas and left at 7:00 a.m. for my Sister Judy's house in Pasadena, Texas. We stopped for lunch and arrived at Judy's about 2:00 p.m. She did not know we were coming, (I had called Bud and he knew.) We went through the garage and tapped on the den door. It was dark in the garage and she could not see us very well so she did not ask us to come in. I said, "May I come in? Am I welcome?" Then she recognized my voice and was SO surprised and happy.

We went to see C.P. and Helen the next day. We picked Helen up and took her with us to see C.P. He seemed glad to see us though physically he was having problems. His legs were giving him trouble and he found it hard to walk. When he began to tire we left and took Helen to lunch. She is much improved from our November visit and I feel sure that in the not-too-distant future will be her old self again. (No offence to "old self", Helen, I merely meant your "usual" self.)

We were at the hospital by 6:30 the next morning. Judy's surgery went well but we did not hear until the following Monday (the surgery was on Wednesday) the results of the biopsy which were "non-malignant, fibroid tumor". We celebrated by going out to a seafood restaurant for lunch. I don't feel like I have been to Texas without a good seafood dinner. We went back to Judy's, packed the car, and hit the road.

Wilma completed her third (of six) round of chemotherapy on June 28th. She took one day of treatment in Jonesboro and the other four days at the clinic in Piggott, less than two blocks from her home. She fared fairly well -- just some dull days following it which kept her in bed for several days. (It is too hot to work in the yard this time of year, Wilma, so take it easy!)

There are little albums out these days which say, "Grandma Brags". In the absence of an album, I will just do my bragging in the Chronicle. My one and only grandchild, Brecken, recently received an award from Yale which read: "The President and Fellows of Yale University have the honor to inform Brecken Jaie Armstrong that she has been awarded the Winston T. Townsend prize for Excellence in English Composition in the freshman year". Accompanying the citation was a monetary award.

Received another letter from Bessie and Bertha written June 25.

FROM SPRINGFIELD

Dear Chronicle Cousins and Friends
Summer has arrived in the Ozarks and I haven't even got my spring cleaning started. I was waiting to turn off the furnace, open all the doors and windows and air the house out good before starting the cleaning. Somehow, Spring passed by and I went from turning the furnace off to turning the air conditioner on. And I still haven't started my spring cleaning.

We are sure glad to read that Margaret's family in Arkansas is improving. "Keep it up."

Bertha and I are doing pretty well, just trying to keep up with the lawn and keeping cool. J.E. Mondy is home from the hospital after spending a few days there. He was having trouble with breathing. But he is doing much better now and was able to attend Thomas and Josie's Golden Anniversary. (I think that Jay thinks that although Katie is a much better nurse than those in the hospital, he just likes a change from time to time. Right Jay?)

Thomas and Josie had a beautiful celebration at the Berean Baptist Church. (See clipping.) Lots of friends and relatives were there. Thomas' sister, Bea Taylor and husband Jack, came from Denver. Herman was there but Lillie was having trouble with her stomach and could not come. They showed a video of their past years and memories of great love of their family and friends for all the years of their marriage. Everyone wished them many more years of happiness and a safe and happy trip to Washington, DC.

We enjoyed the bit about locusts in a recent issue of the Chronicle. I saw a bit about it on TV but got in late on the show. Do hope this won't be the year for them in Springfield.

Nell, we enjoyed reading about your many accomplishments and good works. Congratulations.

Well the dew is drying off, so I have to go mow the lawn. We got less than an inch of rain yesterday but other areas got as much as an inch and a half. We needed the rain but I could do without the muggy weather following.

Stay cool and in good health, Love, Bessie and Bertha.

* * * * *

As most of you know, Mark Miller's daughter, Savannah and Todd Eberline were married recently in Montana. Mark wrote a speech for the occasion which contained a beautiful story. I asked for and got permission to include it in the Chronicle. I think you

will like it. Thanks, Mark.

"And now to wrap this up, I want to do something I always did for the girls when they were little -- I want to tell a bedtime story. I want you to imagine me tucking Savannah and Todd into bed like I did the girls, -- well, -- this may be too much to ask but bear with me. I always made the stories up as I went along. They weren't classic, but they were original and spontaneous. This story is more of a grown-up story and it takes place in a beautiful canyon surrounded by snow-capped mountains. Todd and Savannah have just been married and are on their honeymoon and on their way to Oregon. They are camping out on the headwaters of a little river. They have just finished their dinner by a campfire in front of their tent. Savannah and Todd decide to go for a walk along the river before they retire for the night. They're both filled with excitement. Not only is this the first night of their honeymoon and the setting is beautiful, but earlier they had discovered an ancient pit house, obviously an old Anasazi ruin. Todd found some shards and Savannah found a stone arrowhead. The ancient ones had discovered this sacred place too, hundreds of years before, and their voices and music and laughter echoed with the sounds of the rushing river along the canyon walls.

As they made their way, arm in arm, toward the river they came to a thicket of wild roses. Savannah suggested that each of them extract one petal from a rose without harming the bush and make a wish and throw the petals in the river, and so they did. Todd took a petal from a deep red rose and Savannah took a petal from another bush. Its color was a delicate pink. They walked to the river and each made a wish and said a silent prayer and as a gesture and tribute to their love for each other they tossed their petals into the river.

It was then that the first miracle in their married life happened. The two petals were at first quite a distance apart but they were caught up in a swirling circular current of water and began to circle around faster and faster, spinning ever closer together and at last caught in the vortex of the swirling current the petals came together, one, a bright vibrant red, and the other, a pale delicate pink. They touched and clung to each other as if a magnet had brought them together. "It's a kind of magic," Savannah said. "It had to happen, it was meant to be," Todd replied. Then to their surprise, instead of being sucked under by the spinning current, the two petals were tossed, floating and dancing on the current into the main

stream of the swiftly flowing river. Todd and Savannah's hearts were pounding as they ran along beside the river, watching their petals as they clung together, so different but so harmonious and so strong, riding the waves, dancing on the water, swiftly gliding onward.

Up ahead was an outcropping of boulders and the river dropped off into rapids and turbulent white churning water. They both held their breaths as their petals went into the foaming abyss. But one miracle led to another and the petals came out of the rapids intact, still clinging to each other, their circular petals still touching, one a bright vibrant red, the other a pale delicate pink, so different and yet so right together. Todd and Savannah watched the petals disappear into the deep canyon walls where they could hear the roar of other rapids ahead. Together they said a silent prayer for the journey of the petals which had become the symbol of their own lives and future together. Ahead would be other rapids and storms and more turbulent waters and such a long, long way to go before the petals reached the eternal arms of the great, vast ocean thousands of miles away. Would the petals make it? Would they survive? Would their circles keep touching and would they always cling together?

As Todd and Savannah lay in each other's arms in their sleeping bag in the tiny tent, Savannah whispered to Todd, "Will the petals make it?" "Of course they will," he answered, "just as we will". And together they fell asleep and from this waking dream they entered another world of dreams, and like the Anasazi knew long before us, life is a dream, both waking and sleeping. But it is a dream of our own creation. And the canyon was filled with the night sounds of the wilderness creatures that Savannah and Todd loved so much. And their tiny camp fire was now just a golden orange eye in the velvet light of the canyon floor. The moon, almost full now, came sliding above the rim of the mountains, and the stars came out, one by one, and in Todd and Savannah's dream their petals danced on together on the shining surface, still touching, so different and yet so right and so strong together, -- one a most delicate shade of pink, the other, a deep and vibrant red. They knew, even in their dreams, that this was a sacred place, that they were one with the earth. The distant drums of the ancient ones came from somewhere and became the heart beat of the blessed earth upon which they lay, and the magic of all that had gone before them and the wonder of each new day of discovery up ahead was theirs for they were joined together, and

like the petals of the roses, their journey was eternal and forever.



Mr. and Mrs. Mondy

Mondy

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Mondy, Springfield, will celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary June 23 with a reception at Berean Baptist Church. Friends and relatives are invited to call from 2 to 4 p.m. The omission of gifts is requested.

Hosts will be their children, Bob Mondy, Terry and Ruth Ann Mondy, and Davey and Cindy Thomas. They have five grandchildren.

Thomas L. Mondy and Josephine Geil were married June 22, 1946, at College Street Baptist Church by the Rev. W.L. Watson.



IN THE LONG, LONG AGO

(From our files of Maay 23, 1924)



LORINE

We are glad to read the Springfield items but we thought Arkansas people were taught better than to fish on Sunday.



IN THE LONG, LONG AGO

(From our files of May 30, 1924)

CLEARVIEW NEWS

Aunt Kate Hurn lost a number of small chickens recently through the depredations of a mink.

Jake, Jewel, was Aunt Kate Aunt Dee's sister-in-law?

SUMMER WORK

SUMMER FUN

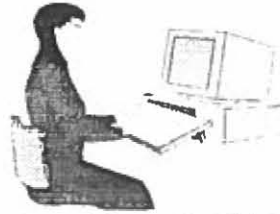
Jennifer is working in reservations at Continental Airlines. This summer she has used her free travel privileges to visit Philadelphia & San Francisco. She will celebrate her 21st birthday in fabulous Las Vegas! She hopes to attend the **University of Houston** in the fall to continue working on a degree in Computer Animation.

Greg has landed a job at Pegasus Design, an art graphics firm. This is a great opportunity since it gives him exposure to the field in which he is majoring in college. He has a second job at Outback Steakhouse. Recently promoted to a "Trainer" he may soon be traveling to new locations around the country as part of a team to help open new restaurants. Greg will turn 21 on July 30. He plans on attending the **University of Houston** in the Fall to finish his degree in Graphics Art.

Shelly is also working in reservations at Continental Airlines. She accompanied Jennifer on the trips to Philadelphia and San Francisco. Recently Shelly was notified that she has been accepted to the **American University in Paris, France** for the fall! Everyone is really excited for her! She will study International Business.

Mike is working as an installer of high-tech home entertainment systems this summer. An Engineering major, he will return to **The University of Texas in Austin** this fall to complete his sophomore year.

Ashley is enjoying a summer of fun, travel, and a little work (baby-sitting). She recently returned from Las Vegas having accompanied her best friend on a family vacation. Her summer plans include trips to Mexico and Wimberley, Texas. She's looking forward to her first year of High School this fall. She will be a freshman at **James Taylor High School** in Katy, Texas.



SHEILA STARTS

RHODES MARKETING CO.

After 5 years in the Advertising Specialty business working for another firm Sheila has decided to start her own company. Rhodes Marketing is her name and Advertising Specialties is her game! She designs and sells all kinds of promotional items. From pens to golf shirts, from travel bags to computer accessories, if you want it to show your company's name or advertising message Sheila can provide the appropriate product.



AIN'T IT NIFTY,

LARRY'S FIFTY!

MISSOURI CITY, TEXAS, Friday, June 14, 1996

45 friends, family and business associates surprised Larry with a fiftieth birthday party at the home of Dee and Joe Savoy in Quail Valley. What a party! Great food, funny gifts and a surprise visit were enjoyed by all. An "Old high school admirer" Irma Lou (alias, Jasmine the stripper from the Men's Club) provided exciting and outlandish entertainment! Larry actually turns 50 on June 23rd and will celebrate the occasion with family members