

Sorry I'm so late with this issue. The two cartridges I had ordered for my copier were late getting here -- in fact one of them arrived yesterday, March 28. Maybe I'll get the next issue out on time. Old Ornerly says tell everybody hello from him. Harold is much better, - expects to attend the Jinks family reunion in May.

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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Sunday, 19 March, 1995

"Happy Birthday to me...." and all that good stuff. I had a great 78th. And just think, exactly two thousand years ago this very day, Jesus was born. (Of course, this is my calculations but I have not found anyone who can prove me wrong.) Anyway, I had a great one.

Dewel and Jewel had a birthday on the 15th so we decided to have just one celebration and selected Saturday for it. Dewel was not working so it was a good time. Margaret and I left Friday AM and drove to Jessie and Noal's house, arriving about noon. Spent the afternoon with them. Jewel and Tom came down Friday night for a visit. Saturday the six of us went to visit Dewel and Lynette, all went out for lunch, and had a good gossip time, getting caught up on family stories etc. Dewel likes his job, which is not too demanding, so he has not retired. I asked him why he hasn't retired and I think he said that Lynette married him for better or worse but not for lunch, -- or something like that. Dewel's forsythia was blooming, Noal's apricot tree is in full bloom, -- I think they are just daring the weather to turn cold and cover them with snow.

Today, Sunday, we left Noal and Jake's house about 7AM and took the long route home, over Wolf Creek pass. We saw some snow (kinda like April showers) before we got to the pass, had clear weather over the pass and all the way to Chama. Out of Chama there is a 10,000 foot pass and we arrived there just as one of the

clouds did and we had quite a lot of falling snow to enjoy. The ground was warm and dry so the snow posed no problem. We really enjoyed the excursion.

We arrived home about 4PM. There was a Happy BD FAX from Jim and Geri, and recorded messages from Norman Lange, Lisl Lange (both in Australia) and a Happy BD song from the Millers.

Thanks to all of you who sent me BD cards. I have quite a stack of them, and tomorrow, when I go for the mail that has accumulated Friday and Saturday, there may be more.

Last week I received a letter from Jessie Thornton. Poor Girl-- Jerry took away her paper and ballpoint pen, -- said she wrote too much. Now I'm not sure what is going on down there in Louisiana but it appears kinda strange. I think it is something like this. Jerry took away Jessie's paper and pen. Then he decided that he ought to send me a BD card so he did. But he forgot to seal it so Jessie, who had some note cards, wrote on both sides of two of them and along the edges and slipped them inside Jerry's BD card. Of course this was not enough to satisfy Jessie who likes to write long letters so she took a stack of note cards and wrote all over them and put them in an envelop and told Jerry she was sending her own BD card, and she got by with it -- he let her have a stamp so I got quite a long letter from her anyway. I think some of you should write Jerry and see if you can persuade him to give Jessie more paper and a new ball point pen. The one she had to use must have been an old one, I had trouble reading the letter. You'll find her letter somewhere in this issue.

I made an awful error in reporting to you that Lois Sitz had a stroke, -- she did not. I don't know whether I dreamed it or somebody told me on the telephone or where I got the false information. I don't hear well on the phone so I must have erred. Anyway, as you will find out from her letter, she had a triple bypass -- not a stroke!

Did you hear about the kindergarten teacher who told the class to paint a picture of anything they wanted. As they worked diligently she went from one to another discussing their paintings. Most of the girls were painting pictures of flowers and a lot of the boys were drawing dinosaurs of various kinds. But she came to one little boy who was painting something she could not identify. She asked what he was painting. "I'm painting a picture of God," the little boy told her. She was rather flabbergasted but she said, "Well I didn't know anybody ever saw Him and so nobody knows what He looks like". The little boy's retort was, "Well they will when I get this picture finished."

It is now 7PM and Norman Lange has found me. He has a birthday on the 18th and every year he beats me to the call. Seems like I'm somewhere I can't call him -- but just wait, Norman, someday I'll get even with you...

As many of you know, I spend a lot of time trying to get our family trees in order. I want to know who married whom, when, how many children and the names of each, when they were born, etc., etc. You will remember that when I opened my Christmas card from Herman and Lillie a small slip of paper fell out which had the name "Bonnie Hanley" on it with her address. Although there was no mention of her in the Christmas card, I was sure that this was an oversight and felt that I should write her a letter. I did, introducing myself and my relationship to Herman and asked her to introduce herself to me. She did and during the past week I received

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a second letter from her. She is the granddaughter of Lewis Reasons, Herman's brother. I sent her several pieces of information for which she has expressed her thanks and saying that she is indeed interested in her forebears. In her most recent letter she told me that Lewis died 12/26/1936 (I knew the year but not the date). The following is excerpted from her letter:

"My mother, Sherma Reasons was born 11/8/1935, and passed away 8/14/1990. She was married to Richard J. Hanley 7/1/1956. They had two children, Bonnie Lynn (B:6/23/1960), and Richard J. (B:5/28/1962). I have one daughter, Christy Marie (B:5/10/1978) and my brother Richie has two sons, Jason Alan (B:10/17/1985) and Michael Roy (B:9/12/1987). I was married for twelve years and have been divorced for two years. I work at K-Mart."

Bonnie, I do appreciate your letter. Many of your cousins did not know what had happened to the Lewis Reasons progeny. To be honest, I was not sure there were any beyond Sherma. You did not tell me Christy Marie's last name. Also, I do not have the spelling of Lewis' wife which was a Davis, I think, and whom did she marry after Lewis passed away. I would like to know these for inclusion in the family histories.

Better, still, Bonnie why don't you stop by my home near Taos and we will hatch over a lot of things -- I know a lot about your grandfather that you might like to know.

[Bonnie's address: Bonnie Hanley, 10234 NE Fargo, Portland, OR 97220.]

FROM OUR SPRINGFIELD REPORTERS

Bessie Nimmo and Bertha Buckley

March 12: "... We have had a beautiful day here in Springfield, -- sunny and warm but with a forecast of rain tonight and the next two days. It's looking more like Spring every day. My jonquils are blooming and other things are budding out.

Bertha talked to Katie yesterday and she reports that JE is doing fine and his tests show that the blood clots in his lungs are dissolving but that he still has some congestion. He is anxious to get home from hospital and she thinks he may get to come home today. Everyone else seems to be doing ok around here.

Harrison, I don't doubt you will have ripe tomatoes before I do because I don't even have any plants out yet. I may get some planted by May. I'm not much of a gardener; in fact I'm not much of anything except a mom, grandmom, and great grandmom, and I am not sure how good I am at that.

We really enjoyed reading Bob Duffer's letter and all about his family and about Hawaii. RA and Russell it is good to hear you are doing well. Hope you planted your potatoes on St. Patrick's day. Did you have corned-beef and cabbage? Bertha always cooks corned-beef and cabbage on the 17th but she does not plant potatoes. I bet that potatoes do just as well planted on any other day.

Harrison, we are grateful to you for putting out the Chronicle. We love reading everything in it and especially all the letters. If it were not for the Chronicle we would not be able to keep up with each other. Thanks, all of us wish you a happy birthday.

Love to all the Chronicle family and may you have the best of health, Bessie and Bertha.

I got a birthday card from my brother that said; "On your birthday, the butcher saved you the juiciest steak; the baker has baked you the tastiest cake; and the candlestick maker has collapsed under the strain". Now what am I supposed to get from that? Don't tell me - I don't want to know.

When Mom was alive an we used to go visit her there was one thing she always wanted to do: eat a donut at a place up in the hills west of Col-



CHRONICLE FAMILY BIRTHDAYS IN APRIL

- (3) GERI MONDY
- (7) JAMES THOMAS
- (10) LINDA PHELPS
- (15) BOB DUFFER
- (17) MARK MONDY
- (27) ERVA DEEN HANSON
- (28) ADAM MONDY

orado Springs called the DONUT MILL. She always had one of the biggest do-nuts with all kinds of goop on it then she would say, "I guess I shouldn't be eating this but it is so good". We told her that at age 90+ she could eat anything she wanted and she did. This morning when we left CS we stopped at the old place and ate a donut and talked about what she would be eating if she were there. She died at age 94 the first of March, 1989, still taking her exercise of walking 20 times up and down the hall with her walker, doing her own housekeeping, and always ready to go somewhere if anyone invited her to go. A few months before she died, she flew out to California to visit us. She had no fear of flying and was always amazed at the fact that she could get from Colo Spgs to our house in about two hours. She was a great lady.

CORRECTION

On page 7 of Issue 2, January 23 I omitted the last names of Martha Keller's sons because I was uncertain of their names. I have just received a letter from Martha that will correct that.

MARTHA SAYS:

Many thanks for the paper. Because of the Chronicle, I and my boys have now met my other cousins (1st or 2nd, who cares). They are my family; the part of my family I have not seen for about 31 years. I have met Kenneth and Willa Davis [*Kenneth is the son of Eula and Bill Davis. Eula is the daughter of Dona (Mondy Goings)*] and found them to be the sweetest and most open hearted people I've met. Our visit was far too short; only four hours because I had to go to work. We talked about the past (Kenneth had not seen me since I was 4 years old) and about the future. I also have talked to Uncle Sonny (Paul Goings, Jr.) and to Aunt Frieda (told her I was up for adoption).

My brother, Michael, and his family are doing well. Harrison you said in the paper that you were not sure of my son's names, their last name is Alves.

Harrison, I am anxiously waiting for the family tree you promised and anything you can tell me about my ancestors and kin folks.

With much love and gratitude, Martha Keller

[Martha, I am sure that you have received a package of stuff from me by now. It will not answer all your questions but will be a start. I am constantly adding information to the family trees and look forward to receiving more from you. Thanks for the kudos.]

I hope all you good people will forgive my many typos. I have just read an earlier issue of the Chronicle and found that I spelled Sherma's name Sherman. I can't blame the error on the computer; after all, it is not even human. It simply cannot catch errors in proper names, it just assumes I know what I am doing -- which is not necessarily so. I'm not a very good typist so I make lots of "mistakes".

As to my worst recent error of reporting that Lois had a stroke, --- well I don't know the root of that one. But now you will know the truth.

For the benefit of new subscribers, Lois Sitz is the daughter Earnest Mondy, the son of James Campbell Mondy.

FROM THE SITZES

"... I am sorry I have been so long in writing you to tell you about my operation, but I'm sure you understand how I did not feel up to writing for several weeks afterward.

A couple of years ago my family doctor said that I had a heart murmur and that I had a partial blockage of the aorta, the larger artery to the heart. Also that the only cure would be an operation but that he and a specialist that daughter Connie insisted I see, were reluctant to recommend it because of my age, 83 years. So it was decided that I would watch it; observing how it affected my walking and if I had black out spells. I almost waited too long. I got through Christmas ok, baked a lot, had no trouble. We ate at Connie's on Christmas Eve and at my house on Christmas. The day after Christmas Cecil and I took down the Christmas tree and came to the motel. A few nights later I was sitting in a chair when I felt faint and dizzy. I told Cecil to get a wash cloth and wash my face and for someone to call the ambulance. It arrived quickly and the crew went to work on me. They kept saying, "Mrs. Lois, stay in there, we are not going to let you die," while all the time I thought I was dying. They took me to our little hospital and kept me for three or four hours, and soon I was feeling quite well with no pains so they let Cecil take me home. They wanted me to go to a heart specialist but the fog was so heavy that I did not want Cecil to try to drive to Tallahassee that night, so we made it through the night and went the next morning. When they examined me they wanted to perform the operation that morning. I made all kinds of excuses as to why they should put it off but to no avail. They took me into a room and began the preparations for performing the operation on the morning of January 19th. My granddaughter sat with me all night. My room mate was having the same operation the same morning.

I don't remember seeing the family, or the doctor, or anyone until about the time I was put into a private room after the operation. Later the doctor saw me walking to the bathroom and told me that I was doing a better job than some of the fifty year old patients. I told him that maybe I was not as old as I had told them. He said, "well you must have inherited some good genes". I told him I did not know what they were but I was sure glad I had them."

Later I had some internal bleeding and they had to open me up and stop that. Since then everything has gone smoothly. The doctor says I'm doing great. I have had home care and it has been great for me and Cecil too. Cecil says that every man should have the experience of having a wife that can't cook. I thought for a while that food would never taste good again because of the dry and horrible taste I had in my mouth but now that I am improving food is tasting better. We went out today to eat and it was good.

I had three bypasses; the large artery and two smaller ones. If I begin to squeal like a pig, it will probably be because they used a pig's artery for the large artery bypass. The two smaller ones were made from veins they took from my legs.

I have slept well flat of my back for six weeks now. Cecil wonders how I can sleep flat on my back for the entire night without moving. It is hard for others to understand how that I have had no pains in my back, my legs or anywhere. Sister Jessie thinks I must be immune to pain.

I want to thank everyone for the cards and phone calls and letters I received while I was recovering.

Harrison, I don't believe in Ghosts, but when I walked across the floor at the hospital I had the illusion that Aileen was trying to get hold of my heels. It was so real, I looked back twice to see whether she was actually there.

I am still weak but I feel much better. Harrison,

maybe you got me mixed up with Josie, Thomas' wife who had a light stroke. I had a triple bypass.

Love to all of you, Lois and Cecil.

[Thank you Lois, now I remember getting two or three phone calls in quick succession and maybe I just got my notes mixed. I'd rather think that than I'm entering my senile years.]

FROM THE THORNTONS

[Jessie spent several paragraphs straightening me out on Lois' operation; assuring me that it was a triple bypass and not a stroke. Then she adds as follows:]

"...She has help with her house work, the cooking, and taking care of her. Hope she is following the doctor's orders. She says she is and Cecil and Bob are there to see that she takes it easy. The nurse comes to help her bathe and to supervise her exercises.

I have a special nurse, too, and I love him. He is one of the best. He is also becoming a good cook, -- maybe better than I (which might not be too hard). I thank God for sending him to me. Did I tell you that I caught a fall just before Christmas? I started for the bathroom and slipped and fell on the floor. I guess I bumped my head and knocked myself out. Jerry was worried but when I woke up I couldn't remember the fall and wondered why I was on the floor.

[Jessie, I can sympathize with you. I have about 4 hours missing out of my life. Once I raised up under an open cabinet door and did not regain my memory for about two hours. Although everyone said I appeared to be more or less rational, I said several things that made no sense. I cannot remember any part of those two hours and when I came to my senses, I was in the back of a car on the way to the doctor. A few years later a ladder fell over and I bumped my head on a brick border and the same thing happened. When I "came to" this time, Margaret had

patched up all my skinned places and I could not remember anything from the time the ladder began to tilt. Maybe you and I just have soft heads! Now, whenever I get a large bump on the head I say to Margaret, "Honey, I bumped my head. If I become irrational, just wait about two hours and I'll be ok."

I'm sorry I have been so slow in getting out more letters to the Chronicle. I'm trying to get Jerry to increase my allowance so I can buy more paper and stamps. Maybe soon you will be getting my letters once again.

I'm glad Margaret's operation was a success and that your car problem turned out to be a non-problem. Glad you were able to attend Brecken's piano recital and see her in her play. Glad Jessie P's operation is over and was successful.

Thanks again for the Chronicle. Jerry and I fuss about who gets to read it first. I love all the letters from all the cousins. It makes me realize there is lots of love in the world and especially in our family.

Love to all of you. Keep writing letters to Harrison so the rest of us can learn more about you. Jessie and Jerry.

I suppose you have read in the papers about that huge iceberg that is floating out to sea from Antarctic. Now a chunk of ice that is 48 miles long, 23 miles wide and 600 feet thick is BIG. I think that is bigger than the state of Rhode Island. I suspect that some scientists are already figuring how to mount sails on it and sail it over to the Sahara or up to Yemen or some place where it can be used. It will pose a real threat to shipping so I suppose it already has beacons mounted on it. Be interesting to follow it for the next few years.

One of my Birthday Cards said: "On your birthday, remember that shopping is much better than sex." Then on the inside it said, "At least after shopping, if you are not satisfied you can ex-

change it for something you like." I don't get it; what is sex?

I want to express my thanks to the following members of the Chronicle Family for their generous donations to the Chronicle welfare::

Jerry Thornton (I'm thinking of sending part of it back so Jessie can buy some paper and stamps) Lois Sitz, Jewel Kirk, Bessie Nimmo and Bertha Buckley, and Jessie Pemberton. It came at exactly the right time so I could buy a new cartridge (\$119) for my copier. Thank you, one and all.

* * * * *

My birthday card from Mary Jean made me think. She wrote: "Yesterday was your birthday or, as Leon would say, 'You discovered America'. If you hadn't been born, just think what you would have missed! For one thing, you would not have become a part of this big, loving, noisy Jinks clan. We would have missed you, and alas, there would have been no *Chronicle*! I hope your special day was SUPER and that you have many more.

I enjoyed the FAX from Judy you included in the paper so very much. You have every right to be proud of your granddaughter. She is special. Please continue to let us know how her career develops; she has a bright future ahead of her.

Your winter sounds perfect. Ours is typical Texas weather; hot, cold, wet, dry, -- you name it.

[Thanks, Mary Jean, for reminding me that every one of us has a role to fill, and if we do not fill it, the hole remains. I think the Chronicle is a useful adjunct to the lives of many and if I didn't publish it, it probably would not be published.]

Many thanks to all of you. If this issue is late, it will probably be due to the late arrival of a cartridge I have ordered for my copier. Some day I will get a better computer and surprize you with a better paper. Now I will simply say
I love you all

Harrison