

CHRONICLE

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

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When we moved here last August we found that those before us had left 6 half-barrels of rich soil planted with unknown flowers that were choking with weeds and grass and starving for water. We pulled out the grass and such plants that we recognized as weeds, dandelions, for example. Many of the flowers recovered and are now blooming. Along the edge of the portal were scores of hollyhocks, all in bloom but suffering for lack of water. We saved them and now they are just beginning to put out their flower spikes. Interspersed among the hollyhocks were lots of yellow and white daisies (unknown varieties) that we were able to save with a little water. They are just beginning to bloom. We have been very busy digging out the grass and weeds around them. And then there was a row of some kind of flower we did not recognize, but assumed it would turn out to be something beautiful and something we would recognize when it blossomed. It was one of the first plants up after the last snow and we carefully pulled the grass and weeds from around them and Margaret poured Miracle-Gro on them. They were the first to bloom, long spikes covered with purple blossoms. They are still blooming but by now the earlier blossoms have become seeds, and though we did not recognize the plant by its blossoms, we are able to do so by the seeds. We have been carefully cultivating a -- a stick-tite plant with millions of little sticktites on it -- the kind that stick to your clothing and have to be picked off one at a time. Oh well, that's what ignorance produces.

Today is D-day plus fifty years. I was late getting up this morning because I was up late last night watching the D-day doings, but I started recording the programs at 6AM and continued until about 2PM. I'll look at parts of them later. When we went for the mail I found a letter from the Duffers.

THE DUFFERS REPORT (6/2/94)

"...Dear Harrison and Chronicle Readers: This the 26th letter I've written in the last two weeks plus three cards to different people. You see I could almost put out a paper but mine would not be half as interesting and not nearly so full of readable information as the Chronicle. And mine were not six pages of typed material, most were four pages, hand written. So now you see I have little excuse for not writing more often. No, I do not write that much every month but I do write a lot of letters.

Hope all of you are doing real well. We are "fair to middling" as one man said this afternoon. I told him he would be fine if he was on the right side of middling. Now in comparison to a lot of people, we are on the right side of middling and hope you are. We are grateful to the Lord that we can get up, dress, eat, and do all the other necessary and lots of things just because we enjoy it. Of course, it now takes all day to do what we used to do in an hour. However, we have more time to do it. We don't have to get up at five o'clock and go into the field and sit on a cotton row waiting for it to get light enough to see the cotton. I'd haven a bunch for a dab more sleep. The sun would never have come up if we hadn't been out there waiting -- and sometimes freezing. (My goodness, how come me to say that?) I've just been thinking about writing that

letter to Mom, Uncle Edd, or Uncle Lloyd and telling them that daylight does come without our being out there. I will do that in a few days. Harrison, I'm so glad you thought of that.

Jay, our youngest grandson is now in Okinawa with a production from Nashville, TN which he directs and in which he is part of the cast. They will be there until September. He is in the University of Las Vegas. He will get his master's there next year. He teaches in the morning, goes to classes in the afternoon, and does drama in the evening. When does he study? I haven't thought to ask him.

Our next to the youngest grandson is in the seminary in Louisville, KY. He has been ordained to the ministry. Both he and his wife are attending there. They have a baby girl almost a year old.

Bob, our older son, is director of missions for four of the Hawaiian Islands and lives on Hawaii. His wife is the director of pre-school in one of the churches. He received his doctorate from Golden Gate Seminary this spring.

Now that takes care of three of our brags, so I think we need to get acquainted with some of our second cousins, to see whom we wish to claim, or wants to claim us. Now come on and tell us about them. We would just love to meet and know them.

I expect that not all of you are Rocket fans but of course we are, so we sometimes sit up half the night to see them play, especially when they are playing on the west coast. (We don't yell, though)

We have been having a few tomatoes out of our garden -- by the way, Harrison, it is not the winters we have to worry about down here, it is the hot summer. We just can't keep the plants alive. In fact, some of our vines are already dying. The fresh tomatoes are sure good. We are also eating cucumbers and squash out of our neighbor's garden. We were able to get some black berries and have made some jelly. Come

and I'll give you a jar -- yeah, any of you.

I have two more letters and it is eleven o'clock so I'll stop for this time and as soon as I can, I'll write my letter to "Dear ---- someone. Russell has his letter started but I don't. Good night to all of you and we would so love to hear from you. Thank you again, Harrison, for the Chronicle. Love to everyone, R.A. and Russell.

ABOUT ROGER

On September 12, 1947 three children I know well were born; our Judy, John, her husband, and Cecil's son, Roger. Through some accident during Roger's birth, his brain did not get enough oxygen and certain parts did not develop as it should and Roger became what his sister calls, one of "God's Special Children". It was that part of his brain that has to do with learning to read and learn math that was affected. That part having to do with loving people, and trying to please them was not affected, -- in fact, it appears he has more of this ability than normal. He arrived with Cecil a week ago and it has been interesting to watch him. He has heard about the Chronicle and when he found out about how it worked, how people sent me letters to put in it, etc., he wanted to contribute something for me to put in it so he could see it in the paper. He wanted our guest quarters so we gave him a coffee pot and set up a card table in there for him. He calls it his office. He loves books containing pictures of birds and animals and loves to print pages of words. He prints very well, as you shall see, but prints only those words he can see on a page, and does not know any of the words he prints. He can draw quite well, also. When he submitted some printing and asked if I would put in the Chronicle, I told him I would. Because he saw that this pleased me, he spends almost all his time printing pages and pages of stuff he finds in the books we gave him. He has now given me at least 50 pages of drawings and printed words, each page dated, numbered, and signed (cursively).

He wanted me to let him wash my car and was as happy as could be when I told him he could.

He got a large bucket of soapy water and a sponge and gave it the best wash it has had since I've owned it. He took our little hand vacuum and cleaned every inch of the interior, then asked Margaret for Windex and polished every window inside and out. He must have spent 3 hours on it but he did a beautiful job. He so wants to please everybody that he constantly hunts for something to do.

In his home town of Lyons, Kansas, he is known by almost every body. He cannot pass the test to be a licensed moped rider, but all the police know him and they tell him he can't ride it in town. Cecil lives just in the edge of the city limits and Roger knows of a back alley that he can take that gets him to Cecil's with only a block or so in the city. If the police see him, they just turn their heads until he gets to Cecil's. He is very careful. He loves to run errands for the people in town and is probably the best known and most loved person in the town.

He told me that some of the boys use to tease him a lot and called him "retarded" and stupid, and said he could whip them if he had to, but he did not want to fight for the police didn't like fights and he wanted the police to like him, so he didn't fight.

You can understand Roger if you have read Dale Evans' *Angels, Unaware*. He is very polite, as soon as dinner is over he begins gathering up the dishes and taking them to the sink. He would wash them but does not know how to use the dishwasher. We eat by candle light each night and he loves to light the candles. He is a big eater and will eat almost anything.

I realize this has been a long essay on Roger but if you should become acquainted with him you would love him, but you would not pity him. He is happier than you or I.

WHY? In all of my 77 years I have never understood why people refer to this world as a "vale of tears". It must be because they have heard the phrase and thought it sounded good. My life cer-

tainly has been anything but a vale of tears and I thank God I have had such a wonderful life and I don't look forward to a departure. Every day I am faced with a series of WHY's. Why does the bumble bee collecting nectar in my yard have two yellow and one orange stripes on his abdomen instead of three yellow ones like those back in Los Angeles? Now Mother Nature does not do anything without a reason so WHY? Yesterday I went out to my ant hill to see how they were getting along. As I have reported before, the mound is about two feet high and at the surface of the ground is about four feet across. It is a marvelous piece of engineering constructed to shed water. When an ant carried a tiny gravel to the top of the mound, he "spits" on it and puts it in place. His saliva is like glue and the tiny stone is cemented in place. When did she (all worker ants are she's) learn to do this? As I was watching there came a small blue-black wasp that hovered around the nest for a while. I thought it was the kind that destroys ants but it was not. As I watched, it seemed to decide where the entrance to the nest was located, then flew to the back of the cone, chose a point about six inches above ground and started digging a hole in the back. Then I understood. It was digging a hole where it would deposit a small caterpillar, lay an egg on the caterpillar, anesthetize it, and leave it so that the young wasp would have enough food to feed it until it developed into a full size wasp. Why did it choose the ant hill for its nest? Because once the ants find the entrance to the place where it buried its egg, they will reseal the entrance with their bits of stone and the rain will not be able to drown the young wasp. Closer examination revealed that there were three such burying places on this one mound. It's worth a new day's life to me to learn how nature had worked this all out. Maybe some day I'll find out why the bumble bee here has that orange stripe on it's tail.

Her she is! I knew we would hear from Jessie T. for Lois reported in her letter that Jessie and Jerry had visited her. That meant that Jessie was feeling better and would write when she returned home. Please don't tell Jerry that there were six

pages but I won't say how many were written on both sides. I'm sure you have heard how mean Jerry treats her, how he limits the amount of paper she uses, and how he sometimes takes away her pen so she can't write. And how much we miss her letters! Her writing arm is better, and that gives me hope that we'll be getting more letters from her.

JESSIE T. REPORTS

"...It has been quite dry here until the past week, now we are in that season when we get showers every afternoon. It is welcome for it cools off the air a bit and lets our air conditioner rest a while which it needs from time to time. **Harrison** do you still have snow there? When does your summer start.

[Jessie, we still have snow on the tops of the mountains and in the valleys at the higher altitudes. There are quite a few passes around that are above 10,000 feet and if you want, you can have a snowball fight in any of them. I don't think you would want to, though, for the snow is dirty. We drove over five of them (some two or three times) during the past week to show Cecil and Roger our beautiful scenery.]

Harrison, I loved your letters to Grandpa. I am so happy you had the privilege to live near him and was able to do things with him. I wish I could have been with him more when I was little but I am grateful I knew him as well as I did. He is the only Granddaddy I ever knew and I only knew him for a short time. I never had the pleasure of knowing either of my grandmothers. I was kind of jealous of some of my friends who had grandparents. Next time you write, tell Grandpa I love him and wish he could be here with us.

Lois's granddaughter's beautiful wedding in April provided us with an excuse for a family reunion. All of Lois's children and grand children were there and all of my family, husband Jerry, son Jerry and his wife Fain. Also, the Shusters, Doris and Paul, plus Steve Mondy and his wife, Melisa. (Steve is Doris's son by Houston Mondy.) After the wedding, we went to Talla-

hassee for a couple of days. On Sunday morning after the Saturday wedding, the bride's parents, Connie Lee and George Erwing had us all out for a brunch which gave us a little more visiting time before starting home.

The weather for the wedding could not have been better. The Shusters came home with us and stayed three or four days which we enjoyed very much. They went onto Houston, TX to visit with Steve and Melisa before returning to Thayer, MO.

We were sorry we could not return to Florida for Lois and Cecil's 60th wedding anniversary but we were not able to do so. We got President Clinton to send them a card and we all called and talked to them.

I will start my letter to someone one of these days when I decide who to write to. Jerry thinks he may write one also.

We have friends who grow tomatoes and we have been enjoying them. I seem to be a failure in growing them. I had two last year that came up and grew like Jack's Bean Stalk but never did produce any tomatoes. Lots of blooms, though. The growing season is so short here in Louisiana. I love fresh tomatoes -- they are so much better than those you buy in the stores. I don't have room for a vegetable garden; most of my gardening is done with flowers, and I don't do much of that any more. It's too hot to do very much. I really enjoy those that can take care of themselves like the hibiscus with all colors and some blossoms as big as plates. They might grow in your area; I don't know what kind of climate they require and what you have. May be too dry there.

Thomas Lee, I was happy to see a letter from you in the Chronicle. I think it was the first one from you I have seen. I hope to see some more. Remember when I used to give you a penny every time I found you with clean finger nails?

Aunt Ina, I'm sorry I let your birthday get by



60th anniversary

Cecil and Lois Sitz will celebrate their 60th wedding anniversary Thursday, May 12. The couple was married in Detroit, Mich., 1934. They have lived in Perry for the past 22 years.

I thought you would like to see what a lovely couple that call themselves our cousins look like. I have found that newspaper pictures reproduce quite well on my new copier. I will go back through the pictures you have submitted over the years and try to reproduce them for you. Pictures with light backgrounds reproduce the best. I hope you will send me more pictures. I won't promise to repro all of them for you but I'll use them for fillers instead of my stuff.

without sending you a birthday card. Please forgive me and remember that Jerry and I wish you many more.

R.A, sounds like you and Russell have a nice garden. Wish I lived close enough to help you enjoy it.

It is good to see so many letters from all of you in the Chronicle so we can find out how every body is doing and what they are doing. Keep sending those letters to Harrison so he will have something to put in the paper and not tell Jerry how many pages I write and how much paper I use. To all of you whose birthdays I missed and whose anniversaries I forgot, I hope they were great ones and that you have many more. I have great intentions, it's just some how they don't always get carried out.

Harrison, thanks for the Chronicle. We are happy that you got your new copier. I think Margaret had a great idea and I think you ought to be good to her and keep her around. Love to every body, *Jessie and Jerry.*

* * * * *

Well we took him home - I'm talking about Old You-Know-Who. This is the second time he has come to see us and got sick. I suspect it is the altitude -- he is not used to the shortage of oxygen at 7500 feet. Also, we contributed to his back problem by taking him on rides in the mountains above the snow line so he could get an idea of what winter is like. Roger tried to get him into a snowball fight but he was a coward. He said that the brave die young -- that he wanted to live a long time.

One of his quotations is that 'fish and company begin to stink after 3 days' so I began asking every morning when he was going home but he would say, "not today, Brother-in-law" so we took him on another drive in the mountains -- once into Colorado.

Seriously now. Cecil enjoyed the first 4 or 5 days, then became ill. Each day he thought he would be better the next but felt worse. Finally, on Wednesday we took him to the doctor who diagnosed his condition as a heavily congested chest and gave him some pain pills for his back and some other medicine for the congestion. On Thursday he felt better but on Friday he felt dizzy and consulted the doctor again who told him it was the pain pills that caused it. By Saturday he was feeling even worse so we decided it was best to get him down to flatland altitude and back to his doctor. On Sunday morning we loaded him into the back seat of my car with Margaret driving, and I took the lead in his car and we headed for Kansas. It was nearly 500 miles and we arrived there about 6PM their time. We visited with Helen for a short while, took Cecil to his house, and went to our motel. About 4PM on Monday, we were back home. Cecil had been to his doctor and was feeling better.

While they were here, Roger drew a lot of pictures he wanted me to put in the Chronicle and copy-printed at least 50 pages of text from an Australian Animal book he wanted me to include. You will find samples on the last two pages of this issue.

I intended to get this issue out on the 13th but couldn't finish it in time. I have received some more letters to those who have passed on and will include them in the next issue.

* * * * *

Do you know what you get when you cross a cricket with a refrigerator? Well I don't know either, but I have a cricket that is trying to mate with my refrigerator. He is the scnd to try it in the past couple of months. The first one died about a week ago, now the second is trying it. I

suspect the refrigerator puts out an inaudible sound that sounds like the mating call to the cricket. They are territorial so there is room for only one behind the fridge at a time. I am afraid there are too many differences in the genetic codes of the fridge and the cricket for successful mating but I will keep an open mind and hope to get up some morning to see the kitchen floor alive with little black refrigerators hopping around.

* * * * *

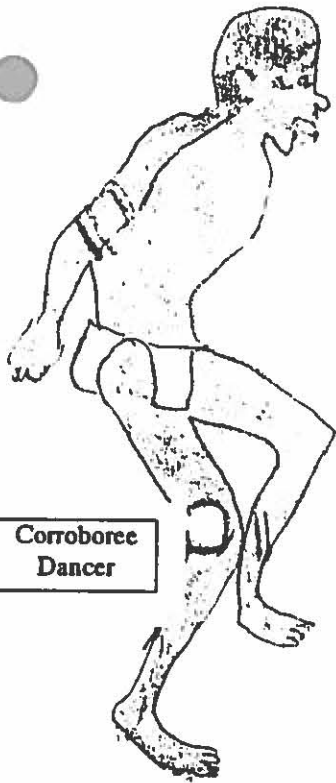
We have some beautiful flowers -- wild ones -- that I have never seen before. There are four plants here that all look alike at first, but when they bloom they are very different. One is what we called 'yellow clover' at home, one looks lie it except it has white blossoms, I think the one with pale blue blossoms is alfalfa, but another, exactly like it has deep purple flowers. They make a rather pretty bouquet, I think. (I'm not sure Margaret agrees.) We have some other flowers too. Our columbine (one small plant) is beautiful, our hollyhocks are about to take over the place, and the yellow daisies are blooming. Lots of other flowers with which I am not acquainted. Something that looks like miniature 4 o'clocks that bloom all day.

Jean Thomas, have I thanked you for the packet of info you sent a couple of weeks ago? Thanks a lot. I have been too busy to study it but will get around to it soon.

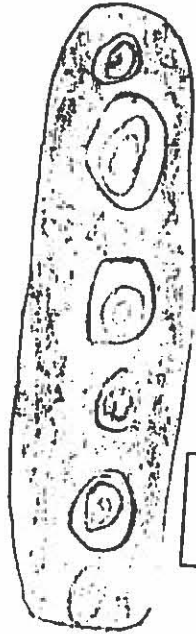
Harold, Cecil J, Lois, and Geri, -- thanks for the contrbutions to the Chronicle. I appreciate them. I hope to get back to a weekly edition soon. Things have been rather hectic since we moved and I have simply not had the time (and YOU have not written enough letters) for me to do a weekly edition.

Jewel, thanks for your call. I thought I had lost contact with my siblings. Can't figure out why none of you have come down for a visit. Except for the last two weeks in August, we have an open schedule.

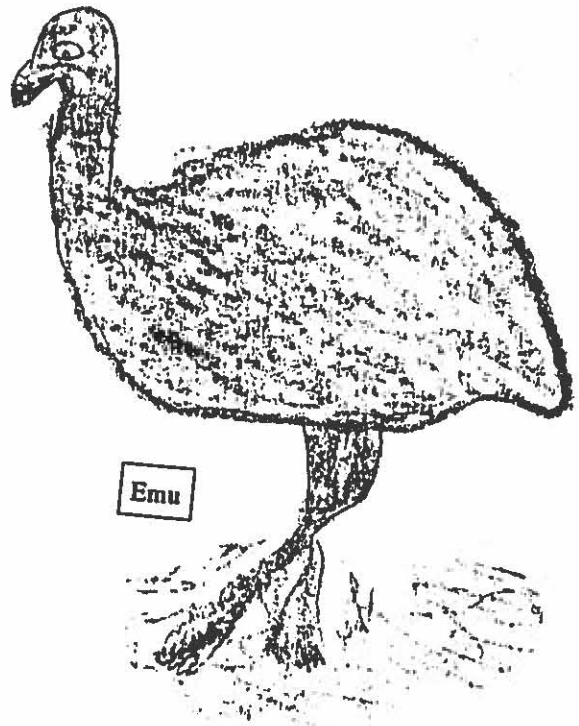
Love to everybody, Harrison



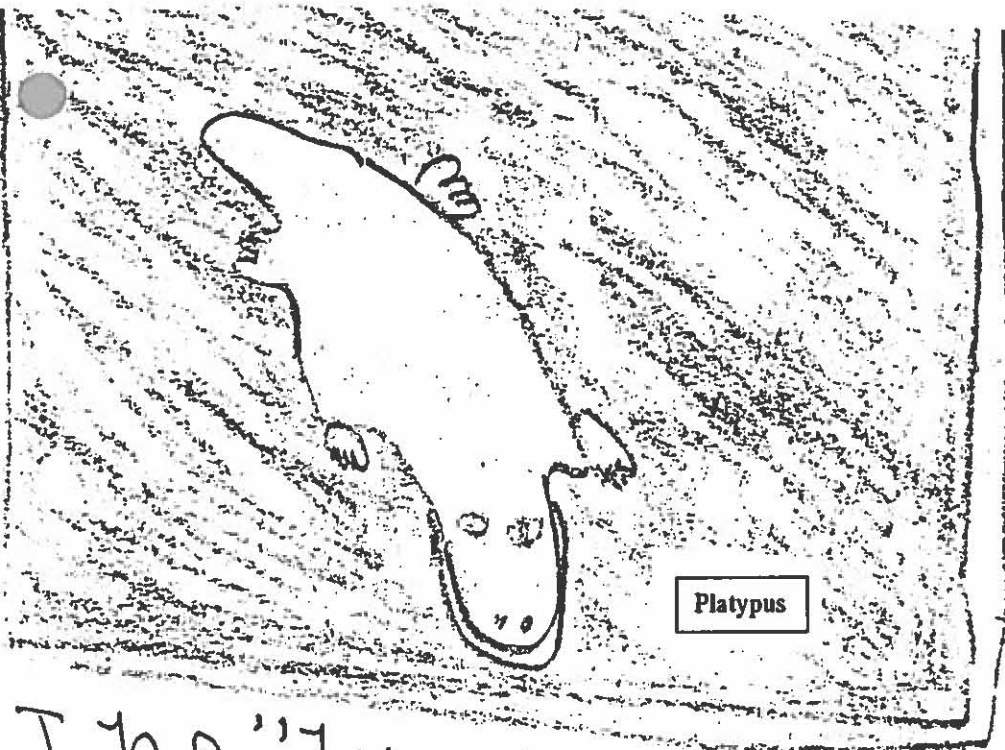
Corroboree
Dancer



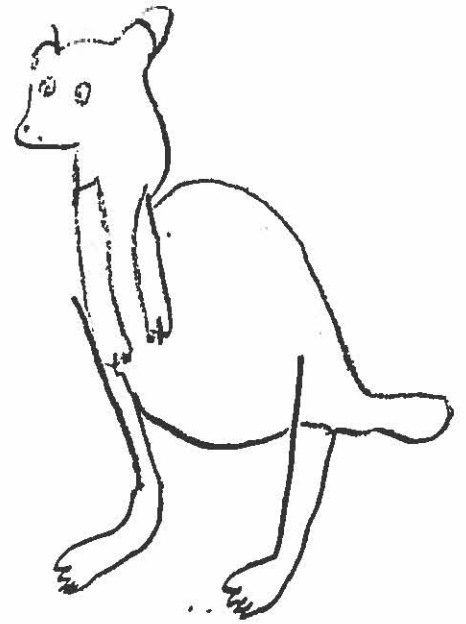
Tribal
History
Board



Emu



Platypus



Kangaroo

The "duck-billed",
platypus.

The Echidna burrow
in the earth, either in
search of ants and termites
or when it is alarmed. Then
its tough spines resist attack
It is found throughout
Australia. page 13

A sample of Roger's printing
Note his signature

WEDN 8-1994 1:05 Roger Jinks