

CHRONICLE

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

VOLUME V, ISSUE 14, August 15, 1994

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Bismark once said that if you like sausage or laws you should never watch either being made. If you have been watching the time-killing goings-on of Congress this week, you can understand what Bismark meant.

You'll be happy to know (at least I'm happy to know it) that my wonderful, gracious, generous brother-in-law has agreed to put me back in his will if I will run a decent picture of him on the front page of the Chronicle. See it? Isn't he handsome? (What a man will do for money!!!)

Got a call from Bessie this week saying that she and Bertha were wondering if something had happened to me so they decided to call to find out. Two sets of company and the trip to Arkansas, plus my copier deciding not to work all added up to a long break. But now you know that *The Mondy Morning Chronicle* is still alive -- just not on the ball. I do want to apologize if I have left out any letters I have received. I have a poem from Lois and a letter from Pat that I will put in this week's issue.

Just received another card from Brecken saying she was having a wonderful time in Turkey; that she just loved her host family, and was seeing Turkey under the most enjoyable conditions. She will be returning to the US on the 20th. We will be there to meet her. We are leaving on the 18th. It is time for doing several things in El Segundo, seeing the doctors for checkups, visiting, and bringing back some more of our junk.



Our flycatcher, who built a nest over our door and raised 6 chicks about 6 weeks ago, (the ones that came in the kitchen when they found the door open) has now raised another 4 and they are always looking for an open door, too. They are the best fly and mosquito catchers I've ever seen. Yesterday she was sitting beside her nest just looking at it as if trying to decide whether to grow another crop before frost. Our little snakes are still around and on these cool mornings (48 when we got up this morning) they have to lie in the sun for a while to soak up enough heat to crawl very fast. We have a little cottontail that comes into the yard every morning and evening to eat our clover. Gabe calls him "Thumper" because it appears that he only eats the blossoms. We have had a few showers but they have not been plentiful enough to keep us from having to water the lawn about every other day. Lots of thunder and lightning though.

It is now early morning, August 11. Ercil and Lester are still asleep. They arrived yesterday about 4 PM as they had planned. They told us how long they would stay, and when they expected to leave. We already knew what kind of coffee they drank (we keep French roast, regular, and decaffeinated), and the kind of food they like. Now we can make some plans.

Thank you VICKI. When the Whites arrived and started unpacking their car I was afraid they had come to stay -- they had brought enough food to last a month or two. They had been at Vicki's for several days and Vicki, who measures her garden in acres instead of square yards, had sent boxes and bags of all kind of fresh vegetables. There was a huge box of squash, enough black-eyed peas, that when they were shelled by candle light during a black out (because some dumb bloke cut a tree that fell across the power line), amounted to more than a gallon, and an equal amount of string beans, a big bag of onions that measured more than a foot in circumference, fresh corn, a huge bag of young okra, and Vicki and Monty had even thrown in a watermelon and a cantaloupe, AND a dozen fresh eggs. How about that? -- visitors that bring their own food. Oh, yes; there were jars and jars of crabapple jelly, apple butter, canned peas and string beans, and I can't remember what else.

[Two loaves of fresh-baked bread.]

Lester was fascinated by this house; the huge vigas, the herringbone latillas forming the ceiling, and the cantilevered steps to the upper floor. Also the fossilized flora in the flagstone.

Did you see the cartoon that showed a man standing at the teller's window in the bank wanting change for a hundred dollar bill, and the teller was telling him that she could not give him the change in ten dollar bills because the computer was down and they had no way of figuring out how many ten dollar bills to give him.

FROM BESSIE IN SPRINGFIELD

(August 3, 1994) Harrison, it was nice to talk to you on the phone and find out that everything was ok. Bertha and I were concerned lest you or Marg was ill. Sorry to hear that it was your machine that broke down, but better the machine than you.

Our nephew, Joe, and his wife Connie plus Connie's parents are here from Washington and we, along with Ed and Ann, are going to Branson tonight to see a *Andy Williams Show*. We haven't taken the time to go down there to see any of the shows.

It is hard to believe that August is here. I don't know where the months and the years go so fast. I guess time just passes faster as we get older.

Bertha and I and Great Grandmother, Sue, baby-sat last week end with my two great granddaughters. They are ages 4 and 1-1/2, and are real cuties but it is hard for two people as old as we are to keep up with them. The younger one doesn't walk, she runs every where and explores everything, and when you say "No" to her, her eyes sparkle and she is sure that she will eventually win you over.

(August 5) Wasn't able to finish this yesterday. The kids came by and we went to Branson to see the show. Afterward we went to Lambert's for dinner. This is the place where they throw the hot rolls to you -- and boy, are they good. We are going back to day to see a daytime and a night times show.

Bertha has talked to Herman and Lillie and both are doing ok. The doctor told he was doing real well and that he was proud of him. He told Lillie she was doing real well for a woman of her age. J.E. has had to have his foot rewired again. He went to the hospital on Monday and came home of Tuesday. They are getting ready for their trip to Hawaii about the middle of the month.

Son, Buster, is having trouble with his back again; had to have another big shot in it. Son-in-law Dick will be going to the doctor next

Monday to see if he will have to have surgery on his back. He has something pressing on some nerves causing him to have a lot of pain in his hips and legs. He got along well with his heart surgery.

Hope all of you cousins and friends are in good health and enjoying life. We send our love to all of you.

Received a nice letter from Brecken. It was mailed on August 3; we received it on August 9; just 6 days from Turkey to El Prado. That is less time than it takes to get a letter from Los Angeles, most of the time. I have been printing all of Brecken's cards and letters for I find them interesting and not many of the Chronicle readers have ever been to Turkey. The Armstrongs gave us a book on Turkey and we have been able to read about the places Brecken has visited. It was in Turkey where the early Christians debated (and fought) about Christ; was he just a super human as Arius taught, or born human and became God as the Nestorians believed, or was God from the beginning as the Monophysites believed. The Roman Catholics finally settled it by deciding what should be believed, what books should be in the Bible and what should be left out, and what scriptures should be "corrected" so now we have the Bible. Paul spent more than two years in Ephesus, preached in Miletus, Pergemun and other places; Peter and Phillip were both well known preaches in Turkey. Anyway, Brecken's letters make me feel like I know more about the country. Here is her letter:

Dear Grandmom and PopPop: First, I must say I am sorry it has taken me a month and 5 days to write you a letter. There is really no excuse. I guess I just thought you would be getting all the letters I wrote to my parents, so I only wrote postcards. Anyway, I won't start from the beginning as I assume you have read most of my adventures up until now.

Since we have gotten back from Bodrum we have spent most of our time resting, reading, swimming, and cooking. Typically, we wake up

between 10 and 11 am, eat breakfast, watch all of of Munerver's music programs, go to the market, cook lunch, sleep until 5 pm, then go to the hotel for dinner. This average day changes slightly from day to day but is the general pattern. Sometimes we go to the hotel to swim after lunch, or go to visit friends. We spend 23 hours and 45 minutes out of every day either at home or at the hotel, and as little time as possible on the streets because my host family does not like this town. They consider all of the 50,000 inhabitants evil. The reason is that this town is extremely religious. The women, most of them, cover their heads and my family came from Izmir, a very "open" city and they do not like this "closed" city and these very religious people. Though I would like to be able to explore this town some more, I, also, have become distrustful of its people, especially the boys who are not at all gentleman-like. Because Munerver and I walk the streets in shorts and sleeveless shirts, we often attract the attention of these boys and receive pinches. The other day I almost had to use a hairbrush I was carrying as a weapon against one of these boys but he saw me start to swing at him and walked quickly away. Pinches aren't harmful but I would still like to avoid them if possible.

Recently we have been doing most of our touring at night when Baba (her host father, manager of the hotel) is able to leave the hotel. Once we went to Red Valley to watch the moon as it rose and a while ago we climbed the rock castle to watch the sunset. About a week ago we went to Urgup, a local town where people still live in the rock dwellings that were built thousands of years ago. These dwellings now have electricity and running water and appear to be normal houses until you realize they have no windows. One very elaborate house just had a new garage added when the owner bought a new car. All the man had to do was dig another hole in the mountain and call it a garage. We shopped for rugs and sumocks while there, then returned to the hotel.

Most days are filled with Turkish cooking lessons from "anne" (mother), then sleeping

after we have filled ourselves up with all of her wonderful food. I have also been reading a lot; finished *Jane Eyre* and *The Prince of Tides* since I got here. It surprises me that I have a lot more free time here than at home. I had to go half way round the globe to find time to read. Munerver and I also spend a lot of time at the hotel trying to swim off all the weight we have gained since I got here.

Today we went to the Ilhara Valley. It is a very deep and a very beautiful canyon that houses beautifully painted rock churches and orhet rock dwellings. We went with a group of French tourists so I got a chance to practice my French by translating for Munerver. The place was beautiful and we had a lot of fun there.

I hope you enjoy your visit to Uncle Harold. I wrote him a letter. Make sure he gets well. Give mylove to all of them.

Everything here is great. Munerver and I get along well and have become very good friends. Anne and Baba are overly nice and overly generous as usual. So, my life here in Nevsehir, though it may be a little slow at times, is really fun. I better go now; Munerver hates it when I write letters or read because it leaves her out. That's whhy I do most of my reading and letter writing late at night after she has gone to bed, or before she wakes up in the morning.

PopPop, you have my permission to use my letters in the Chronicle. Give everyone my love. Brecken

Margaret is an avid ad reader and our little local paper called **The Taos News** provides her with a lot of fun. She knows what all the homes are selling for, and who is having a yard sale. The trouble is, the directions for finding direction to anywhere is impossible to follow unless you have lived here all your life. Last wee she found the following and said it must go into the Chronicle

Real Estate
1 full bedroom set also
dressers and chester
drawers 751-3499.

Up to two acres, w
HOR small hom

Lois Sitz sent me a poem written by Ova (Sitz) Hurst in honor of her mother. Now I have gone and lost Lois's letter and can't find out what kin she was to Cecil. Anyway, here is the poem:

Did you ever have a Mother
That was gentle, kind and true?
Did you ever have a Mother
That would talk to God with you?
Was her life a shining light
That would guide you day or night
Even after her dear soul had flown away.

Yes, my mother prayed each day
That God's spirit with her would stay
To guide her feet o'er the rugged way.
She would neither fear nor frown
Though she wore a thorny crown
And her face was always bright
When she would say:

"Though it is rugged herebelow,
The sun shines brightly where I go
God has promised and it's true
If you love and trust each day
And keep the straight and narrow way
He will enter in your heart
And guide you too.

Though my mother is not here
Her memory is so dear
The light of her dear life I still can see
My burdens are not few
But I'm praying and trusting too
That when my trials are o'er
With Mother I will be

When my trials become a snare
And my burdens I cannot bear
And the evil from my heart I cannot keep
Then her smiling face I see
Holding out her hands to me
And the message in her face I plainly see

Don' let sin in your heart enter
Don't despair, at trials here below,
There is a home where there is no winter
And the cold winds never blow
No pain or harsh words spoken
There your days will happy be
Take your cross and daily follow
I'll be waiting there for thee."

Pat's letter was dated July 16 and came too late for me to get it in the last issue. Sorry about that, Pat. *[Now Pat, Ercil and Lester say they read everything you write and get a big kick out of it. Cecil says the same thing. Don't get your hopes up for an increase in salary, though, -- I've doubled it twice already. But we do thank you.]*

PAT SAYS

We had a wonderful time in New Mexico and Colorado and our only regret is being unable to get together with you two. *[We regret it too, Pat.]* But we will do it another time. We hope the weather in Arkansas was not as hot as it was in Albuquerque (106 degrees) or Carlsbad on our way home, where it was 107. Although my girls live at higher altitudes, it was still very warm and especially uncomfortable in areas where no one thinks about the need for air conditioning. The only place we were cool was on top of Engineer Mountain but we didn't linger long there. The sign at the pass said we were at 12,800 feet; -- quite a change from sea level. I must say that I like the oxygen content of the air around Corpus Christi better than that on the mountain, but I did try to soak up the little dabs of snow I saw on the passes we went over from Wolf Creek, Slumgullion, Engineer, and Cinnamon. I believe one could enjoy the scenery even if he was blind.

After staying in Cedar Crest for several days and enjoying Lisa's family and the scenic views from her home we went to Los Alamos where Krista's family lives, for a day or two, then on to Lake City Colorado for about five days. We nearly always go the Wolf Creek Pass route because it is so beautiful and exciting. But we remember the first time we went over it before that nice wide road had been cantilevered on the sides of precipices and it was a little hard on the finger nails and toe nails because of the death grips we had on parts of the car. Once we had to wait a little while until the pass was opened. It had been closed because of ice and snow, making for a real possibility of plunging 1800 feet or more off the road onto some unsuspecting elk below. I had always wondered why Colorado,

with its breath-taking drop offs along major highways had never learned to put up guard rails while other states put them up over every three foot embankment. Then I was told that it was so the snow plows could just push the snow over the brink. I wonder how many snowplows and their drivers went right along, too. MAMAS, don't raise your boy to be a snowplow operator!!

In Lake City we rented cabins just behind the Silver Scene photography shop, owned by Holland's sister Mary Dee and her husband, Bob Stigal. The cabins were quite nice, but there was one drawback -- they were down wind from a thriving barbecue business which nearly smoked everyone out. Fortunately, we didn't have to spend much time in the cabin.

Bob Stigal is a professional photographer and does beautiful work. Inside the shop or outside, no matter in what direction you look, there are wonderful mountain views. And the wild creek that runs down through the town just refuses to be completely dammed up when Slumgullion Slide skidded tons of mountain earth, rocks, and trees down into the valley to close up the little creek and create Lake Cristobal. Actually there have been two gigantic slides after particularly wet winters, one seven hundred years ago, and the second only three hundred and fifty years ago. (Can we assume it is now time for another?) The Indians living in the area at the time left to winter in the low lands and when they returned they found a beautiful lake where the little creek had been. The landslide is still moving somewhat and at times wobbly tall pines leaning at odd angles look strange as they march drunkenly down the mountain side. Believe-it-or-not, people are still building homes right on the slide! I hope they keep change of address cards handy

A friend who summers in the mountains out of Powderhorn and winters near us in Rockport, TX invited us out to her cabin where she fed us a lovely picnic lunch, showed us around her lovely cabin, clamored with me over a peak covered with cacti (one of which sort of took up

with me and insisted on going home with me), and showed us the best biking trails.

Perhaps the highlight of the visit to Colorado for me was getting to go over Engineer and Cinnamon Passes again and really being on top of the world. A couple of years ago I was inspired to rough out a novel about the area, the abandoned mining towns, and the historic past but got back to it. Maybe, just maybe, this jeep ride was sufficient to get me started on it again.

I can't remember if I told you about my dishwasher dying just before we went on vacation. Anyway it up and had so many problems we decided to replace it with a new one and since it was still working, we thought it might be suitable for someone's cabin and advertised it for sale for \$35. One of the two people who called must have missed the part about it being a dish washing machine and only saw that it was a "Kitchenaid". All she wanted to know was what a "kitchenaid" could do and I had a hard time explaining to her that it only washed dishes, that it was not a human, that it was not a scullery maid, that it did not do windows, or sweep, or dust, or clean toilets. Anyway she didn't want it.

Our nine year old granddaughter Catherine Steele came home with us and we have just put her on the plane to go back to Los Alamos. All next week she will be attending a music camp and hopes to learn to play the saxophone. Somehow, I am relieved that Los Alamos is far enough away that I won't hear her practice. We have done all the things a nine year old likes to do and a few she didn't like, but mainly we went to beach. I like going to the beach; I hate coming from the beach looking like a Cherokee because of the sun and wing and regardless of the amount of sun screen I've used, and bring with me all that sand and sticky salt water crud. I try to avoid the sun but with a nine year old, that is not possible. I think nine year olds just attract the hot sun. But I will survive. Cheers,. Pat.

* * * * *

And there were beets, and cucumbers,too., in the boxes of food from Vicki.

1944

1994

In honor of the
Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary of
Mr. and Mrs. James Mondy
their children and grandchildren
request the pleasure of your company
at a Reception
on Sunday, the twenty-eighth of August
Nineteen hundred and ninety-four
from two to four p.m.
Macedonia Baptist Church
3110 West Sunshine
Springfield, Missouri
Omission of gifts requested

Congratulations to Jay and Katie on their 50th. It goes to prove what kind of material you are both made of. Sorry all of us fifty Chronicle cousins and friends can't be there to help you celebrate -- but aren't you glad you don't have to feed us? We are all wishing you many more years of happiness, good health, and all that goes with it.

I left the above space for a letter somebody didn't write. The space is expandable; in fact the whole paper isexpandable. Just YOU write!! We are leaving for California on the 18th for a ten-day visit. The next Chronicle will be delayed so this will give you time to write.
Love you all, Harrison