

*The Mondy Morning*

# CHRONICLE

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

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Isn't that impressive!!!!

HAPPY NEW YEAR to all of you. My New Year's resolution years ago was that I would not make any more. No need to set up unreachable goals and then at the end of the year have to look yourself in the mirror and say, "See? You didn't make it." But I do promise to do as good a job as I can this year with the Chronicle. Maybe it won't be the best Chronicle ever but I'll try.

I want to begin with an apology to several people who did not get their Christmas package on time. The reason is this. I took the originals to the printer where I had to operate the machines myself. Somewhere along the line Judy Armstrong's Profile got out of line and John's got lost. I stopped the machine, tried to rectify the situation by finding a copy of John's Profile and sticking in the right place and when I started up again the machine started putting out two copies of Judy's profile and omitting some others. Then another profile got out of line and by the time I had finished I had a big stack of profiles all messed up. Some had to be printed over again so you would all end up with everybody's profiles. Some are still out of line but I believe you can live with them.

Now let me make another apology, -- I failed to include a list of the Individual Profile Numbers. (Our family trees list over 200 people and we need a way of keeping up with them.) I will send the list as soon as I can make some

corrections. You need it so you can keep up with who is who. I have a request to make. Go over all of the family trees carefully and add as many bits of detail as you can and send it back to me. On our anniversary this year (May 14) I'll make up new family trees and send them back to you. Also, you have a lot of old profiles in the packets sent you in the past. Please go over them and send me any information about the persons that you know. I would like to be able to record the place of birth and the cemetery where the persons are buried. Also, it would be of great help if you can supply the dates when couples were married and in what county or state.

As I look back over the Christmas Packet I realize what a goof I made of it, and I'm abashed; never-the-less, I will rectify as many errors as I can in the next few weeks.

Now to more pleasant things.

I received a lot of beautiful Christmas cards and I would certainly not deign to be a judge of the prettiest or most impressive but I will tell you about the one I received from Old Ornery. On the front it said, "This Christmas card was made in Santa's workshop. It has been carefully inspected and bears the seal of one of Santa's most trusted elves," and embossed at the top was a great black circle showing that it had been inspected by Inspector No. 16. But, when you opened the card, the inside was printed upside down and at the bottom was a note saying that Inspector 16 no longer worked for Santa. Now my brother-in-law is no fool and I am sure he sent me this card to give me some kind of message. I have spent hours trying to figure out what message this card actually contains. If you can figure it out, please write me.

Speaking of Old Ornerly, he was in total misery while he was here because of his back problem and spent a great deal of time in bed. On his penultimate day of visit we took him to an acupuncturist who made a pin cushion out of him and really made him feel so much better that he decided to go back the next day. After the second visit he felt so good he went home. Of course, as should be expected, he has been spreading the word around the family that, "Harrison hid my medication so I would have to go home earlier than I wanted to". Now he's searching for another acupuncturist.

He spent Thanksgiving with his daughter Linda's family where he reports he had a wonderful time (she probably took better care of him than I did) and plans to spend Christmas with the rest of his family in Lyons. (I sure hope he finds an acupuncturist before then.)

**TO AVA PICKETT and LELA BUCKLEY**

You will not be dropped from the Chronicle mailing list. Neither will any other unless you indicate you want to be dropped or refuse to acknowledge my letters to you. If you enjoy receiving the Chronicle, just tell me. That may take as much as five minutes of your time and a 29 cent stamp, but it takes me nearly a thousand hours per year to put it out. Just say you want to be kept on the mailing list. That's all I want to know.

**FROM THE THORNTONS**

"...Hope you aren't snowed in but are still able to enjoy the snow. I kinda get hungry for a good snow fall and some snow icecream but I don't want to shovel the stuff. *[Jessie, we had one big (11-inch) snow back in early November and 3 or 4 little ones since. The temperature rises to a melting temperature almost every day and there is very little snow on the ground at present. I have a snow shovel but haven't used it.]*

We had our most snow when we were in Greenville, SC and we enjoyed it. Even our dog, Susie, enjoyed it. My neighbor and I enjoyed going to the country club with my son, Jerry, and his friends and sliding down the hills with

them. (Sometimes they even pulled us up the hill.) We loved sitting by the fireplace and watching the snow fall through the big glass doors. I'm not sure I would like it today. Hope you and Margaret enjoy it and have a bit of snow icecream for me.

We sure did enjoy Brecken's report of her travels. I talked to Nell and she said the same. She has been to all the places mentioned by Brecken and said it was a real pleasure to read an account written by a person of Brecken's age. We agreed that she is a great writer and wondered if she inherited something from her grandfather. *[I doubt it. She surpasses me already, but thanks for the kudo.]*

We are becoming very excited about going to spend Christmas with Fain and Jerry. We have had good news from Fain's father. He is now in rehab and coming along fine. Of course he still has a long way to go.

Sorry your siblings didn't get to come to your house for Thanksgiving. Maybe they can come later, after the stormy season is over and you can have a belated "Thanksgiving."

*[Jessie, you mentioned my dropping the Chronicle and how you would miss it. I have no intention of dropping it. It is the one thing I have found that I can do to give pleasure to others and I intend to keep on doing it. Thanks to several people, you included, I received enough "donations" to get out the Christmas edition without mortgaging the mules and house. It will keep coming your way.]*

**TO JEAN THOMAS**

Thanks for the profiles and for the disk containing the data. I have been too busy to run it through but will get around to it soon.

**TO MARGARET BARNHART**

Yep, I'm still at it. I am preparing a full packet for you that will contain a lot more information than I have sent you before. I'm also trying to get information as to where people were born and where they are buried. Hang on, you will

get something one of these days.

### FROM THE SITZES

(Written on the 21st of December)

"...I can't, simply can't wait four more days! Then Ho, Ho, Santa will arrive and I can open my presents. My house is so quiet -- just Cecil and I are here. It has rained all day -- the first such rain we have had in months. Hope it quits before Santa gets here. His sleigh might work up north but he'll need wings on it when he gets here, he'll have trouble with all these mud puddles.

I have my ham cooking at 200 degrees for ten hours and I have baked Bessie's cake and frozen it. We will be leaving Friday night for Connie Lee's family in Tallahassee. She gave us a beautiful daughter twenty-five years ago the day after Christmas. (Connie said she held her breath to keep her from arriving on Christmas.) Tonight she said, "Grandma, I want a Chocolate cake for my birthday". She feels she was cheated by being born so close to Christmas -- who feels in a mood to go shopping for birthday presents so close to Christmas? We solved that problem by buying two presents at a time.

Our son, Bill, has been in Michigan for two weeks of special schooling where he says he learned a lot and has a promise of a job in his line of work, drafting. He will leave Michigan tomorrow noon, stop in Ohio for a night with his in-laws, then arrive in Orlando Thursday. It will be the first Christmas in their new home with presents under their own tree. They will be coming here for three days on Monday after Christmas.

We are hoping that as Santa makes his rounds he suggests to people up north that they need a vacation in Florida. I don't like having vacant rooms. I love hearing my office door open and close with all those travelers coming and going -- I love having money coming in.

I'm thinking about you sitting out there in those mountains of snow by the fireplace watching all those big snow flakes coming down making a

great white blanket of snow. It is beautiful but I had a bit too much of that when I lived in Michigan.

I like your idea of all of us writing what we remember of the great depression. I think I could write a book on it. Might be useful to the younger generation.

I hope Santa comes here before he gets to your place -- he just might leave some of my presents at your house.

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Some one asked how we pronounced "Taos" so my answer was:

"We saw a mouse  
and his spouse  
At our house  
In Taos"

And, by-the-way, we are not Taosians, I am a Taoseno and Marg is a Taosena. (Those "n's" are supposed to have a ~ on top of them but I don't know how to make my computer do it.)

### CHRISTMAS AT OUR HOUSE

This is the first Christmas in several years that both of our children and their spouses and our grandchild could be with us at Christmas. Brecken got out of school on the 17th and on Saturday the 18th Judy, John, Brecken, and Brecken's boy friend, Jeremy left in one car from Los Angeles and Jim and John's mother Anne left in the truck, laden with Christmas gifts and goodies. They all arrived on Sunday afternoon in time for dinner. Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday were skiing days for J, J, B, and J, then Jeremy had to leave on Thursday for his flight home to spend Christmas with his family. All of us went as far as Santa Fe where we shopped until after noon. When we came out of the Mall where we were shopping, there were a few snow flakes falling and we decided that Jim, Anne, Marg and I would head for Taos. There are a lot of steep grades and I have no snow tires, and no 4-wheel drive. John did have so he, Judy, and Brecken continued on to Albuquerque to put Jeremy on the plane. Snow began coming down so hard we could see only a little way ahead and we began

to dread those hills. Took John an hour to get to the freeway (about 8 miles) from Santa Fe and it was such slow driving they almost didn't make it in time for Jeremy's plane, which, fortunately, was delayed so they made it. I suppose it was a local storm for as we left Santa Fe, the snowfall began to decrease, and by the time we were twenty miles out it had ceased altogether and we came home with no problem.

When I said above that the Californians arrived with a loaded truck, I meant just that. Jim had the side-boards up and the gifts and boxes of goodies, etc. filled it. I think the stores in El Segundo must have felt depleted when Anne left them -- she brought enough food to feed Cox's Army plus gifts for everyone plus stocking stuffers plus green stuff for wreaths, garlands, etc., plus wrapping paper. John had skis on top of their car and the back end full, so it took a great deal of time after they arrived, getting things unpacked. The temperature was about 10 degrees so they appreciated our snug house and the fire in the big fireplace. (Brecken and Jeremy had agreed to get in the sauna, for a while, then take a dive in the snow, but the snow wasn't deep enough for that -- and besides I think they had changed their minds by that time.) On the nights they went skiing, they called to let us know they were on the way home so we would have the sauna going by the time they got here. (We also had the fires going in their fireplaces,)

Margaret got up on Christmas with a grand case of the "Santa Fe Crud", with a fever of about three degrees (later it went up another degree) and was in a daze all day trying to get Christmas dinner ready for five o'clock, and practically passed out afterward. We have a 10-foot ceiling in the living room and our tree reached the top. Around the base stacked high were big and little presents, but the most evident present was one on the long dining room table, an electric train, an old fashioned locomotive pulling a string of cars (N-gauge) around the track, and it was for yours truly. All my life I wanted an electric train, and my kids and wife decided that at age 76 (nearly 77) I was old enough to have one. It is a beaut and I am proud of it. As soon as I can

get some time I'll build a permanent setup for it. (It came with 40 feet of track, switches, etc.)

Geri had to work (in Houston) part of Christmas Eve, then flew to Albuquerque where Jim picked her up. Then, poor thing, she caught the Santa Fe Crud and was sick nearly all week, so she and Jim scarcely got to see Taos.

John, Judy, Brecken, and Anne left for California on the 26th; Jim and Geri left on New Year's Eve. Except for the two illnesses, we had a great Christmas. I have already dismantled the tree and taken down the outside lights and packed it all away for next Christmas.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Sunday School teacher told the Christmas story to her class and described in graphic detail how that Joseph and Mary were turned away from the inn. Then she asked for the children's comments on the situation. One little boy responded, "I think they were foolish not to have a reservation. They should have known that all the motels would be full on Christmas Eve.

#### SOME IMPORTANT EVENTS OF 1993

In June, Jewel and Tom welcomed into their family, their first Granddaughter, Erin Nicole Kirk daughter of Brent and Karen Kirk

Shiloh Baptist Church burned to the ground on July 11, 1993

Margaret and Harrison finally got their act going and moved to El Prado, NM on August 28, 1993

Now that might not be important to you but if I don't write it down I'll probably forget the date

## IN MEMORIAM

To remind us of our mortality, the Grand Reaper saw fit to  
remove from our midst during 1993

Mike Jinks  
Son of Cecil and Helen Jinks  
April 27, 1933

Charles Orbin Buckley  
Brother of Bertha Buckley  
and Bessie Nimmo  
and husband of Lela Buckley  
May 1993

Eula Novella (Goings) Davis  
Sister to Rhoda Duffer  
and mother of Kenneth Davis  
September 3, 1993

Edna Ruth (Campbell) Mondy  
Mother of Holland Mondy  
September 23, 1993

### BIRTHDAYS FOR 1994

#### January:

2 Jessie Pemberton  
30 Jim Mondy

#### February:

11 Cecil Jinks  
28 Herman Reasons  
29 Lillie Reasons

#### March:

3 Tom Kirk  
11 Aaron Mondy  
15 Dewel Mondy  
15 Jewel Kirk  
15 Jamie Mondy  
17 Pat Mondy  
19 Harrison Mondy  
30 Jessie Thornton

#### April:

7 James Thomas  
10 Linda Phelps  
17 Mark Mondy  
28 Adam Mondy

#### May:

4 Ina Hall  
5 Amanda Mondy  
11 Vicki Roberts  
17 Alma Thomas

#### June:

3 Susan Vycital

#### July:

18 Stephanie Mondy  
22 Dick Mondy

#### August:

15 Fonda White  
17 Bertha Buckley  
17 Margaret Mondy  
20 Brecken Armstrong

#### September:

12 Judy Armstrong  
12 John Armstrong  
18 Holland Mondy  
28 Lester White

#### October:

10 Lois Sitz  
12 Judy Washburn  
17 Cona Mondy  
22 Anne Armstrong  
27 Nell Mondy  
28 Bessie Nimmo  
30 Mary Jean Jinks

#### November:

2 Joyce Powers  
3 Ercil White  
15 R.A. Duffer

December:  
7 Bill Withers

**Jake** -- I'm sorry I didn't get this in the mail in time for people to remember your birthday but I just couldn't make it.

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Several weeks ago **Dick Mondy** called me and gave me the phone number of a Jason Mondy in Florida who was trying to trace his ancestry. It seems that he has a lost brother with the same name as Dick and thought that perhaps he had located him. I have been so busy that I just didn't take time out to contact this Jason Mondy and now I am sorry for during the holiday season I tried calling him and was told that his number had been disconnected. **Dick**, if he ever calls you again, give him my number. I would like to talk to him.

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**Brecken** wishes to thank you for the shower of kudos you gave her reports and says she will send in the report on her trip to China as soon as she can complete it. This is her junior year a Poly High which is one of the toughest high schools in the nation, and her free time is limited by her school requirements.

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**TO JEWEL** and others. Two packages were received by UPS in Taos addressed to our PO Box 1696 on December 22. Now when UPS gets such a package, they can only fill out a postcard and mail it to the postoffice saying that I have a package at the UPS office. Because of the Holidays, I did not receive the postcards until Dec 28 and they said that if I did not contact UPS by the 29th the packages would be returned. I called and gave them the correct address (374 Hondo-Seco Road) and the packages were delivered. Remember, The post office and UPS are in competition and neither will deliver the other's mail. In the future, if you send something by any carrier other than the US Mail Service, you must use our street address, 374 Hondo-Seco Road. I almost missed your delicious peanut brittle, Jewel. (I'm kinda glad it got here late, if it had ar-

rived before Christmas the crowd would have devoured it and I would not have had very much.)

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Last Friday (I think it was Friday, I'm kinda lost these days) the telephone rang and when I answered it, there was the lovely voice of **Pat Mondy** on the other end saying that she and **Holland** would like to pay us a short visit. We agreed that it should take place on Monday, 3 Jan. They came shortly after noon and we were delighted to have them. Before they arrived Margaret and I talked about what we expected them to look like and after they left, we compared their real appearance with our preconceived ideas and found that we were not too far off. We agreed that we have never met a more congenial couple and that if we were choosing neighbors to live nearby, they would be tops on the list. They praised our decision to move to this beautiful location and liked our house. (I think we sold them on the idea of coming up and spending time with us so that we can jointly explore this region when the weather warms up.) Margaret had made a delicious sweet potato pie, so over slices of pie and cups of coffee we solved a lot of the world's problems and re-hashed bits of our past lives and had a very enjoyable time. Pat even admitted having met "Old Ornery" but I'm not going to repeat what she said about him. (Might go to his head, and he is ornery enough as it is.)

We loved the Mondys and are glad we finally got the chance to meet them in person.

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Speaking of Old Ornery; did you know he is having a birthday on the 11th of February? Yep. He will reach the age of the big EIGHT-OH. Frankly, I don't think it will make him any smarter but you can bet he will try to act like it; claiming that becoming an octogenarian increased the grey matter in his skull. As is customary in the Jinks family, he will be toasted by a big celebration in Houston, with all his siblings, neices and nephews and others attending. Hope I can dream up something nice to say about him at the toast..