



# KOKOPELLI KRONICLE



ANASAZI CHAPTER FMCA

April 2022

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## ANASAZI's On The Road...

By Carole Eells

### A Time to Relax!



10 ANASAZI coaches arrived at Verde Ranch RV Resort in Camp Verde on **Thursday**, March 31st. After happy hour, the hosts, Mel & Amy Jones and Tom & Carole Eells, provided a dinner of salad, cornbread and chili con carne. Thanks to Kathy Abbott for the yummy Thin Mint

Brownies for dessert! We sat outside and enjoyed visiting until it got too cold to enjoy.

**Friday** morning Mel and Tom manned the griddle to serve up fresh breakfast burritos with all the trimmings accompanied by fresh oranges and grapefruit from the Eells' trees. Then



free time allowed for puzzle building (good luck on getting it done Betty), Pegs and Jokers games, walks thru the park, just visiting, taking naps, etc.

We carpooled to Camp Verde for an early dinner at



"Moscato", a 5-star Italian Restaurant. We all raved about the food and great variety. Some people even managed



to squeeze in those great Italian desserts! Thanks to Mel and Amy for choosing this place. Back at camp it was still early enough to sit around outside and visit for a while.

the pool area and made sure we placed everyone that wanted to be out of the sun, into the shade. Among the usual



topics, we discussed when to hold a roving rally

**Saturday** morning Mel and Tom were back at the griddles - this time with fluffy pancakes. these were served with scrambled eggs, yummy bacon and more fresh fruit.



At 10 am we had our semi-annual meeting on the patio of the clubhouse conducted by President Wayne Cernie. We had a small hiccup as the meeting hall was not ready for us so we had to have our meeting outside. We moved chairs from



(which month) and if a roving rally was wanted in 2023. The consensus was to have a roving rally in 2023 and to modify the ANASAZI standing rules to have the Spring annual meeting in March so we can have a roving rally in April. In those years that there is no roving rally, the Spring meeting will be held in April.

After the meeting there was some more free time allowed for games, puzzles, walks, drives, naps, etc.



At 3pm we gathered for the "White Elephant



Game". Each person had brought a wrapped white elephant gift. Tom went around with dice in a bowl. When you



rolled a "6" you could get a gift, unwrap it, sit



back down with it at your feet. Then "stealing" became an option, with no limit on the number of "steals". Some people (like Randy) seemed to have a real knack for rolling that 6, while others (like Anita) never got a 6! Some got rid of their "trash", while others gathered up new "treasures" to enjoy. But fun was had by all. Saturday dinner had Mel at one grill and thanks to David Ridley for providing and manning the second grill, as everyone brought their own meat to grill. Hosts provided salad, baked beans, and potato



salad. Then we had double desserts with Klondikes and brownies! What a sugar high!! Again, we just visited enjoying the company of old and new



friends until the cool temperatures drove us inside the coaches.



Can you guess who these two ANASAZI's are?



Bring your own wine tote bag

Sunday morning fresh donuts, sweet breads, hard boiled eggs, fruit cups, bananas, apple juice were all out for breakfast. We saw many of the ladies

sharing craft ideas (maybe for future rallies?) Thanks to those who helped push in the slide for the Hancock's so they could get on the road, to Wayne and Mel for installing a new water pump for the Eells, and to Larry for helping load Garmin



maps for Eells. Then well wishes and safe travels until the next rally!!

Speaking of safe travels, thanks to Wayne and Larry for stopping along the road on the way home to help Wanda and De get their awning in enough to get safely home.

We love our ANASAZI family!!

## Presidents Message



I want to send a special thanks to Tom, Carole, Mel and Amy for jumping in and hosting this month's rally on short notice. Camp Verde turned out to be a wonderful place to hold a rally and have our semi-annual Chapter meeting. The restaurant the hosts picked for Friday evening was worth the drive all the way to Camp Verde!

Now with our calendar set for the remainder of 2022 we must start looking for places to hold the ANASAZI rallies for 2023. As we discussed at the meeting, it would be fantastic if members could offer suggestions/locations to help our Wagon Master plan the Rally locations for the coming year. We all know that the parks are filling up months in advance, and some simply don't have the capacity to accommodate the number of spaces we need. So put your thinking caps on, and I hope everyone can email David with some great ideas. I am excited about an email I received from Kathy Abbott, she is developing a detailed list of RV parks across the state and it should become an outstanding resource for planning rallies in the future.

Next month's rally is co-hosted by Larry and Virginia, and Barry with newer members Cris and Randy Higgs co-hosting for their first time. Randy and Cris couldn't have a better couple to host with to "learn the ropes" than Larry and Virginia, I'm sure it is going to be a great rally.

As we travel from point A to B remember: Leave Sooner, Drive Slower, and Live Longer!

Respectfully,  
Wayne Cernie



### April

Faye Kennedy	2
Anita Hancock	5
Barry Stallings	5
Chuck Livens	6
Shirley Ridley	6
David Ridley	10
Wanda Wieters	14
Larry Morrison	26



### April

No April Anniversaries





## Andes "Thin Mint" Brownies

Submitted by Kathy Abbott

Prep: 10 mins Cook: 25 mins Additional: 4 hrs  
Total: 4 hrs 35 mins Servings: 20

### Ingredients

1 (18.25 ounce) package brownie mix  
2/3 cup vegetable oil  
1/4 cup water  
2 eggs  
20 chocolate mint layer candies (such as Andes®), or more as needed, unwrapped

### Directions

**Step 1** Preheat oven to 350 degrees F (175 degrees C). Grease bottom of 9x13-inch baking dish. (I use parchment paper to make it easier to remove from the pan to cut the brownies.)

**Step 2** Stir brownie mix, oil, water, and eggs together in a bowl until well-blended. Spread mixture in prepared baking dish.

**Step 3** Bake in preheated oven until a toothpick inserted 2 inches from the side of the dish comes out almost clean, about 25 minutes.

**Step 4** Transfer baking dish from oven to wire cooking rack and while still hot, arrange mint candies across the top about 1/4- to 1/2-inch apart. Let sit until candies melt, about 3 minutes. Spread melted mints evenly over brownies with a spatula. Cool until top layer hardens, 4 to 5 hours. (If you put the brownies in the refrigerator to cool even for a few minutes, the candy will harden and will crack more when cutting. If you just let them cool on the counter, the brownies will cut with less cracking of the candy.)

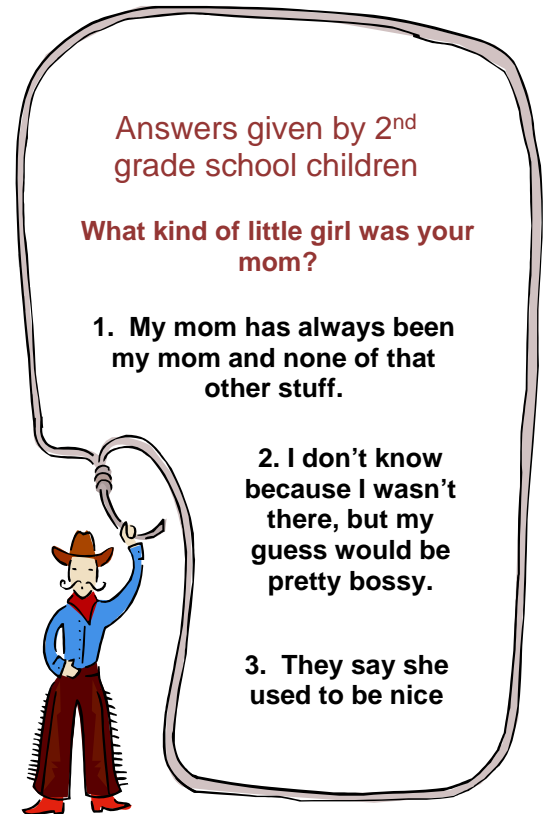
For a thicker mint layer, place mint candies closer together. I find that one box of 28 Andes works well.

For a thinner layer, place them further apart.

For a fun variation, cut up some mint candies and sprinkle them over the top of the brownies after they have cooled. If still hot, the candy will melt

This taste great paired with vanilla ice cream,

especially if the mints have not hardened yet.  
Nutrition Facts Per Serving:  
208 calories; protein 1.8g; carbohydrates 22.6g; fat 13.1g; cholesterol 16.4mg; sodium 87.8mg.



Hmmmm?

A girl was visiting her blond friend, who had acquired two new dogs, and asked her what their names were. The blond responded by saying that one was named "Timex" and one was named "Rolex"

Her friend said, "Who ever heard of someone naming dogs like that?"

Welllllll....., answered the blond. "They're watch dogs!"



*The Answer to last  
month's question  
The Bear was White*

## ***The Black Telephone*** (Author Unknown)

When I was a young boy, my father had one of the first telephones in our neighborhood. I remember the polished, old case fastened to the Wall. The shiny receiver hung on the side of the box. I was too little to reach the telephone, but used to listen with fascination when my mother talked to it.

Then I discovered that somewhere inside the wonderful device lived an amazing person. Her name was "Information Please" and there was nothing she did not know. Information Please could supply anyone's number and the correct time. My personal experience with the genie-in-a-bottle came one day while my mother was visiting a neighbor. Amusing myself at the tool bench in the basement, I whacked my finger with a hammer, the pain was terrible, but there seemed no point in crying because

there was no one home to give sympathy. I walked around the house sucking my throbbing finger, finally arriving at the stairway. The telephone! Quickly, I ran for the footstool in the parlor and dragged it to the landing. Climbing up, I unhooked the receiver in the parlor and held it to my ear.

"Information, please," I said into the mouthpiece just above my head.

A click or two and a small clear voice spoke into my ear.

"Information."

"I hurt my finger..." I wailed into the phone; the tears came readily enough now that I had an audience.

"Isn't your mother home?" came the question.

"Nobody's home but me," I blubbered.

"Are you bleeding?" the voice asked.

"No," I replied. "I hit my finger with the hammer and it hurts."

"Can you open the icebox?" she asked.

I said I could.

"Then chip off a little bit of ice and hold it to your finger," said the voice.

After that, I called "Information Please" for everything. I asked her for help with my geography, and she told me where Philadelphia was. She helped me with my math.

She told me my pet chipmunk that I had caught in the park just the day before, would eat fruit and nuts.

Then, there was the time Petey, our pet canary, died. I called, "Information Please," and told her the sad story. She listened, and then said things grown-ups say to soothe a child. But I was not consoled. I asked her, "Why is it that birds should sing so beautifully and bring joy to all families, only to end up as a heap of feathers on the bottom of a cage?"

She must have sensed my deep concern, for she said quietly, "Wayne, always remember that there are other worlds to sing in."

Somehow, I felt better.

Another day I was on the telephone, "Information Please."

"Information," said in the now familiar voice.

"How do I spell fix?" I asked.

All this took place in a small town in the Pacific Northwest. When I was nine years old, we moved across the country to Boston. I missed my friend very much.

"Information Please" belonged in that old wooden box back home and I somehow never thought of trying the shiny new phone that sat on the table in the hall. As I grew into my teens, the memories of those childhood conversations never really left me.

Often, in moments of doubt and perplexity I would recall the serene sense of security I had then. I appreciated now how patient, understanding, and kind she was to have spent her time on a little boy.

A few years later, on my way west to college, my plane put down in Seattle. I had about a half-hour or so between planes. I spent 15 minutes or so on the phone with my sister, who lived there now.

Then without thinking what I was doing, I dialed my hometown operator and said, "Information Please."

Miraculously, I heard the small, clear voice I knew so well.

"Information."

I hadn't planned this, but I heard myself saying,

"Could you please tell me how to spell fix?"

There was a long pause. Then came the soft-spoken answer, "I guess your finger must have healed by now."

I laughed, "So it's really you," I said. "I wonder if you have any idea how much you meant to me during that time?"

"I wonder," she said, "if you know how much your call meant to me. I never had any children and I used to look forward to your calls."

I told her how often I had thought of her over the years and I asked if I could call her again when I came back to visit my sister.

"Please do," she said. "Just ask for Sally."

Three months later I was back in **Seattle**. A different voice answered, "Information."

I asked for Sally.

"Are you a friend?" she said.

"Yes, a very old friend," I answered.

"I'm sorry to have to tell you this," she said.

"Sally had been working part time the last few years because she was sick. She died five weeks ago."

Before I could hang up, she said,

"Wait a minute, did you say your name was Wayne?"

"Yes." I answered.

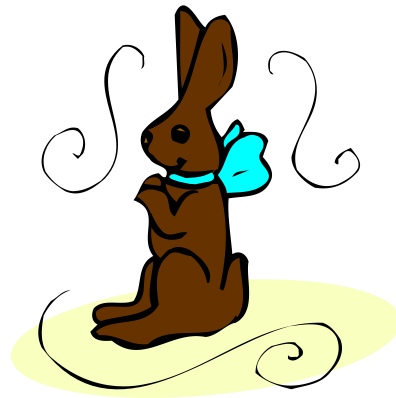
Well, Sally left a message for you. She wrote it down in case you called. "Let me read it to you."

The note said, "tell him there are other worlds to sing in. He'll know what I mean."

I thanked her and hung up. I knew what Sally meant.

*Never underestimate the impression you may make on others.*

# Wishing You A Happy Easter



Larry Morrison and Ron Woodworth  
Co-Editors Kokopelli Chronical