

A man was known by the place where he lived, that's why we heard Petter på Altörp, Petter på Gata, Petter på Bjätöm and Lisa i Cossara. Too, a son took his father's first name and added son to it — a daughter did the same, adding dotter — therefore, Carl Henrik's-son and Katrin Petters-dotter, you see? All this must have become quite confusing as families branched out, and I believe this practice has been discontinued except perhaps in the more remote areas.

Religion played a great part in the childhood of our parents. The catechism was drilled by their stern but loving folkskolläraren, and they not only knew the answers — they knew the questions by heart, too. Their assignments included much memory work and I can still hear the folks talking about school mates who never had their lessons prepared.

They had to läsa för prästen one day a week, from April till November. Two ministers served 4 churches so there was Church School only every other Sunday, but on alternate Sundays Dad's Dad, Henrik Magnusson, read from the Bible to the family. Mother's Church was Ödsköld's Kyrka and I very well remember she told me the tone of its Klöcka was even more melodious than that of the one in the King's Palace. This would never do, so in order to retain it, the townsfolk cracked it to mar its tone. Mother, as a young girl, sang in the Choir and it wasn't till later years that her singing voice failed. Hedvig tells of her first recollection of her Master Katrin and here are her words —

It was a Sunday afternoon and I was about three years old or so. Master came to visit us on her way home from church. She was very happy because she was singing in the choir and her voice was considered better than that of some of the other members. She had her hair in long blond braids and she wore a tan shawl with some peculiar fringes I liked to play with. They reminded me of the tail on a little lamb, somehow, curly and wooly. She also had on a black short coat with enormous leg-of-mutton sleeves and buttons the size of a small saucer. She was young and rosy,

Larkspours

