

Nasturiums



I can see her this minute leaning against our fireplace talking to my Mother - I even remember the song she had practiced "Gode herde, led och bär oss, lys oss med ditt Klara ord, Ut i nödens stund bliv när oss, duka oss ditt rika bord. Dyre Jesus, dyre Jesus vårda själv din egen hjord"

Mother told me many stories of her father - he must have been a jovial little man, much as we remember Uncle Carl of Pittsburg. She told me how he would hold her brothers Gust and little Anders, one on each knee, while she stood in front, and tell his brand of fairy tales by the hour. They listened wide-eyed to his stories and singing. He'd roll his eyes and hold his breath and spring a surprise ending on them, and the next time they would wait breathlessly to hear the same stories - Like the "historia" of the little girl who was out looking for her bull, over hill and dale she called "Min tjur, min tjur", å rätt som då va svåra tjuren "Moo-coo! Moo-coo!" å då hikksta papa, said Mother, å då blev tössa så gla så hon sjöng en liten trall så här - tromm, tromm, tryddlee, tromm, tromm, tryddlee da!" And the kids were amazed.

Here's another one, really not so nice, but Mother told it to me, so why not pass it on? There was a horse on his way to a party at the Master Estate - on the way he met a duck who asked "å var ska du gå?" å, ja å på väg te Herre Gården på Kallas," replied the horse. "Får ja gå me dej?" the duck asked. "Ja, du," svara hästen, hoppa bara på ryggen min sa går vi tit tilsammans." By and by, they met a goat, a chicken, a cow and a pig. Each asked the same question and each received the same answer. Presently, they came to Herre Gården and one by one the animals got off the horse's back - "å då piäka hästen å drynkna ill ihop!"

Mother's little brother, Anders, died at 2 yrs. 3 mos. and 18 days his age stood out in her memory - she was eight at the time of his death. He was such a bright lad she heard older people say he was too good to live long. Grandpa Petter took him along