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it to mar it's tone.

Mother as a young girl sang in the choir and it wasn't till later that her singing voice failed. Hedvig tells of her first recollection of her Moster [Aunt] Katrin and here are her words:

"It was on Sunday afternoon and I was about three years old or so. Moster 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 blonde braids and she wore a tan shawl with some peculiar fringe I liked to play with. They reminded me of a 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. 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 bar oss, lysa oss med ditt Klara ord, Uti nodens stund bliv nar oss, duka oss ditt rika bord. Dyre Jesus, dyre Jesus varda sjalv din egen hjord". [As far as I can tell, this is a song about Jesus, the good shepherd.]

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 she 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