



Angels are needed ...

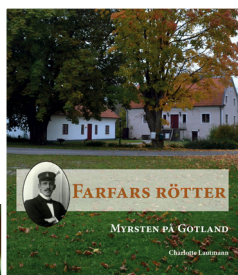
The first Christmas cards have already reached our mailbox and we have happily opened them. A joy of review. We recognize the senders by their handwritings. We meet some time to time, others we have not seen for very long, but these envelopes and cards will keep the friendship, regardless of the time spent between visits.

We were blessed with snow this year for the first Advent. The first half-meter of snow melted to an icy surface - it was not a surprise. On top of that, there is now one more decimetre of snow. Beautiful as a postcard but without confidence. The gym round walk was changed to cleaning the boiler room. There is now practically no dust and all that one does not require from life is emptied.

This year I finished my family research finding the roots of my grandfather on my father's side by publishing a book. "The grandfather's roots" summarize not only the family's questions and concerns about our origin, but also why it became so and how it was said. It is also a journey in time and space in the terrain of Gotland Island with a glimpse into the life and destiny of people from the early 18th century to the post-World War I era. There are men, women and children painting autumn leaves on the branches of the family tree and feed the story.

My grandfather six generations ago is called Nils. He is the son of a "lowest level marine soldier". Nils made the first class trip and became a farmer. His son becomes a merchant and citizen of Visby, a man with feelings who proposes marriage to his wife in written letter because "it is so difficult to make such a question orally".

Among the grandfather's colourful roots and leaves, is his aunt Emma, who made the market, had ends selling illegal beer, her own sister Emmy, who goes to Turkey to save lives in 1912. My grandfather Gustaf goes to sea as a teenager, becomes master and owner of the boats. He abandons sailing in favour of steam.



*Our grandchildren:
Adrian 12, Isak 5, Emma 8, Jakob 7
Amelie 9, Viktoria 13*



Fredrik, who thought he was a retired vicar, was released from work a year ago, found himself re-cultivated from the "compost" when the conditions for skiing were at his best. It was a half-time for his old service at Leksand. He is now almost re-composted and is back in service one day a week for our grandchildren in Leksand.

On the family level, life goes on. Our six grandchildren are between 13 and 5 years old. Amelie made her theatre debut "The Road to Heaven." She also participated in the folklore violin team with her violin at Midsummer, Jacob is playing the trumpet, and is training as a chef when Fredrik prepares dinner. In Dalarö, south of Stockholm, our grandchildren Adrian, Emma and Isak play hockey. Viktoria, who entered the teenage years this summer, spends her free time swimming, riding and like cream on the foam, she is a swimming teacher.

Fredrik's sister, Betty, was hit by a bicycle this spring and had a hard and long rehabilitation. My sister Elise had a brain tumour and is now treated at home. The angels of the Erzgebirge that Elise and the family received as Christmas presents a long time ago, are included in their Christmas preparations. They are more necessary than ever.

Who pulls the threads? A central question both in the theatrical play "The Way to Heaven" and its production (where I am the president), the journey of "The way to Heaven" puppetry in Leksand, and not least in our lives. Who pulls the threads of our lives? Our Lord does not control us like game puppets, he gives us the freedom to choose between evil and good. Puppets, on the other hand, depends on the people who keep the wires, must know what they are doing. The thread must not be broken or getting loose in the scenography.

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

Charlotte och Fredrik

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årgång 45

Alvik Ängstäcksvägen 10
793 97 SILJANSNÄS

Döbelnsgatan 1
111 40 STOCKHOLM

charlotte.lautmann@telia.com
fredrik.lautmann@telia.com

Charlotte +46 70 255 64 91
Fredrik +46 70 580 50 07

www.charlottelautmann.se