

Dear friends

This very special year started with plans of finishing and publishing my next book about my Fathers families shipping history. A yearly mammography-control ended by having to take another road-trip I couldn't choose. Parallely to the corona-pan demy I have got treatment for breast cancer (hormonal) – chemo, radiation and anti-hormones for ten years. I went through this 15 years ago, so I did know what the road-trip could look like. The doctors encouraged me to walk as much as possible – don't sit in the sofa too long! As our sofa is both ugly, old, not up to date, but very cosy, I had a short thought to skip it but realised that I also need to rest. I have managed to go through this treatment rather well, better than last time.

Both our mothers have died this year.

Fredrik's mother, Dagmar, died in May, 95 years old. She lived in an elderly home, got the diagnosis Covid-19. Died some days later, peacefully but no one at her side. Fredrik talked to her via his mobile-phone for more than an hour, talked about life, singing psalms and giving her the blessing virtually. He could hear her breath, getting calmer and calmer and then there was silence. She died while having the phone by her ears.

Charlotte's mother, Britt-Marie, died just after mid-summer, 100 years old! She has lived in her own apartment until Easter. The last time, she was not able to stand up, so she had to go to an elderly home. That was not her choice and will. She had to be isolated in her room for two weeks without any visits or help from the family to have this move to be as smooth as possible. We celebrated her 100 years day outside in the garden. We had to divide us in two groups. We were about 30 together, children, grandchildren and grand grandchildren. Our Amelie played a folksong with her violin. She played even at her funeral a month later.

Britt-Marie died normally by age. The last week she went to hospital and there she was allowed to have visits. That was so stimulating for her that she survived one more week.

All this together, pan demy, breast-cancer treatment and two mothers ending their lives are more than enough. In between we have had to do all papers work you have to do when a person dies. Than we have spent hours and hours sorting out all belongings. My mother's apartment is now empty and is for sale. Letters and photos are in boxes by us to be sorted.



Farmor Dagmar
19250408-20200516



Mormor Britt-Marie
19200524-20200623



I do hope that this coming year I will be able to complete my research, text-writing and layout of the coming book about my families shipping story. One of our ships, DALHEM, went in commission for the British and US Navy transporting in secret Spitfires/Hurricanes from USA to Cape Town/ South Africa. Dalhem sailed luckily outside Sweden 1941-1945.

We are preparing Christmas. We do hope that we can see our family in one or other way.

We wish you a merry Christmas
and a Happy New Year!

Charlotte och Fredrik

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årgång 48

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