



Dear friends

Early this morning when I slowly woke up I was in some dream world on rocking seas. The night before, I had gone through my grandfather's annual reports for the shipping I am currently studying. It was like a roller coaster of ups and downs where hope does not go out and where you constantly see the light in the tunnel. It starts hopefully in 1910 and then extends over two world wars. In the annual reports I get a mini course in that time's history. It is a time struggling with not only grunts that can sink ships; Mines, submarines, strikes, lockouts, and shattered coal prices are other threats that affect profitability. In the middle of the slopes when anyone would have liked to jump off and maybe invest in something more down-to-earth and less cyclically sensitive, they put in the highest gear and venture out of the setbacks. No less than three new vessels get water under the keel and Slite in the stern.

In my deep dives in grandfather's preserved documents, I start with the sails, continue with the steam, and will, hopefully, land with the first trip to the isle of Åland. My hope is to launch the book project next year. To go ashore with the project I am quite geeky and live in my own little bubble.

Fredrik has changed the pastor's collar to the kitchen apron. Instead, he is bubbling into the bread cultures of sourdough. In between, he joins the Brazilian Carmelite monk Carlos Mester's Bible studies which he translates. He hopes to get them out in book form through Bible Society. For the fourth advent he will be preaching in Adolf Fredrik's church in Stockholm. That is where we got married 48 years ago! But Christmas and New Year we celebrate in Leksand. We do not want to miss the early morning service (6 am) Christmas Day in Leksand with its 700 candles.

- We have celebrated 70 + 70 with soup and cakes. We realize we are not having half our lives left. It contributes to our focus on writing and not to postpone what is of priority.
- We celebrated Easter at Gotland, Mass on Palm Sunday in Stenkumla Church where my grandfather's grandfather was baptized; We brought palm leaves and daffodils from Stenkumla to my fathers and grandparent's grave in Othem - a circular reminder of my roots.
- Fredrik reads aloud from old letters when he is seeing his mother at the retirement home. Some she remembers, others are more in the world of oblivion, but it is fun.
- My mother has turned 99. We are waiting for her 100th birthday and hoping that she gets a birthday-card from the king. She has full control of all 15 grandgrandchildren.
- Pictures above: Viktoria has been confirmed in the cathedral of Uppsala, and Adrian has fixed driver's license for recreational boat. Jacob and Isak take a break during a kayaking trip. Emma and Amelie are fascinated by the hot underwater springs in Bath, where we visited good friends over the years when our own children were learning English.

We wish you all a

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

Charlotte and Fredrik

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