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### SHSK Officers

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Jenny Berens  
*Jenny.hilding@gmail.com*

**Vice-President**

Kristen Eubanks  
*kristen.eubank@gmail.com*

**Treasurer**

Asmund Vego  
*asmnundvego@insightbb.com*

**Newsletter Editor**

Anne Keating  
*(859) 537-6942*

**Archivist**

Craig Olson  
*(859) 252-2072*

## 2014 Event Schedule

Date	Event	Location	Contact
4/19/2014, 6 p.m.	Annual Business Meeting	Gethsemane Lutheran Church	Jenny Berens
5/17/2014, 5-7 p.m.	Syttende Mai	Immanuel Baptist Church Picnic Shelter	Jenny Berens
6/28/2014, 5 p.m.	Midsommar	Anne Keating's Home	Anne Keating
10/25/2014, 7 p.m.	Fall Banquet	Spindletop Hall	Jenny Berens
12/7/2014, 3-5 p.m.	Lucia Rehearsal	Gethsemane Lutheran Church	Jenny Berens
12/13/2014, 7 p.m.	Lucia	Gethsemane Lutheran Church	Jenny Berens

## Fall 2013

The St Lucia Celebration was a great success. Thanks go to:

**Program**

Jenny Berens, Director  
Annette Mathy, Accompanist  
Richard Ehrenborg, Narrator

**Chorus**

Margaret Readdy  
Kathy Blomquist  
Monica Udvardy  
Jenny Berens  
Anne Keating

**Other participants**

Ida Samnegard, Sweden  
Berit Gibson, Norway  
Suzanne Sullivan, USA  
Emma Sophia Pousette, Sweden  
Geneva Emmons, USA  
Layla Angeles Plakosh, USA  
Isaac Angeles Plakosh, USA  
Theodore Ehrenborg, Sweden  
Thomas Ehrenborg, Sweden  
Ryan Cooley, Norway

As always, special thanks go to Marion, Don and John Soule for organizing and decorating the dining room along with help from Joseph Vandenberg, and from the Blomquists. Thanks to Dan Lindskog for preparing the glogg, and to all who brought delicious traditional dishes to share with everyone. Thanks to the Playkoshes for bringing a snack for participants and helping to get everyone ready for the event. This is truly a group effort and if I have failed to mention anyone in particular, I hope you will forgive me.



The Scandinavian Heritage Society Fall Harvest dinner took place at Spindletop on Saturday, November 2, 2013. Thomas Hakasson and Monica Udvardy were our special guests and spoke on The Globalized World of the Vikings. The course syllabus on the Vikings that Thomas teaches is available on our website to tempt us all!

<http://www.shsky.org/doc/VIKINGSYLLABUS2008.doc>

## Karin Kristiansson

By Anne Keating

At the Luciafest in December, I was shocked to learn that Karin Kristiansson, 95, had passed away a few days earlier. The Obituary which may be found in the Advocate Messenger stated that Karin died in her sleep on December 4, 2013. Karin grew up in Lidingo, Sweden. Did you know that Karin was the national high jump champion in 1936, 1938 and 1940? After World War II, Karin moved to the United States where she married Gunnar Kristiansson. In Vermont, Karin was a TV producer and editor with the University of Vermont Extension Service and raised three daughters. Karin and Gunnar travelled widely in retirement. Lucky for us, Karin moved to Danville, Ky. In the '90s and became active in SHSKY as well as in many other activities in Danville. Karin was gifted at many things including needlework and many of us were the lucky recipients of her beautiful work. You may have seen the portion of the Bayeux Tapestry that Karin recreated showing King Harold Godwinson, son of [Godwin](#), the powerful [Earl of Wessex](#), and [Gytha Thorkelsdóttir](#), sister-in-law of King [Cnut the Great of England and Denmark](#). Our book club met each year at Karin's and enjoyed a wonderful assortment of Swedish cookies and cakes. Karin had many great ideas for our meetings and her friendship and interest in others will always be with us. Our thoughts go to all of her family, especially Chris and Mike Barton whom we know and to whom we send our sincere sympathy.

Karin left a short written memoir of her childhood which Chris has kindly provided for us, which we have included on the next page.

## News from Geggy Ryen

By Anne Keating

I have news from Geggy Ryen in Boston. With Geggy's permission, I am sharing most of her letter with you.

I was in Norway last summer and with my sister-in-law and her daughter and 2 children; we visited Bjornsen's (the author) home, "Butestad" in the valley of Gansdal (north of Lillehammer). We sat on the veranda (with awnings) for coffee and snacks. The home is a museum and runs a café with a gorgeous view. My 3 weeks in Norway is a time I never will forget. The family members took me around to see places I spent with my sister when we were growing up and I went to many places with memories of my husband during the 11 years we lived together in Norway before we came to U.S.A. in 1949. I met about 30 of my relatives and thoroughly enjoyed (again) the beauty of the country. I stayed part of the time on my home-farm where my brother (80) and his wife live in a retirement home. It is the same house that my mother lived in as a retiree. My brother and wife have modernized the home - very functional but with the old traditional charm. They have several raspberry bushes and my brother, with help of a young man, picked 200 lb. and most of it went into the big freezer for use all winter. Their son runs the farm and a dairy (30 milkers) with only 1 or 2 helpers. In my time growing up, there were 20 helpers and mother had a cook and maid because these 20 had to have 3 meals a day. Times do change most of the time for the best - but not always.

Have you ever been to Norway, Anne? It is so beautiful! But there is so much beauty in this country also. I am fascinated about New Mexico. My son, Dag, lives in Santa Fe and I have visited him 3 times. I am limited now how much I can travel. At 92, I do not like to travel alone. I did last summer to Norway, but airlines give you wonderful support, and family took me to the airport, and family met me on arrival. For the time being I am happy here in Belmont. I have my own apartment and in daughter Vera and son-in-law John's house. Belmont is a small, quiet town-on the border of Cambridge and is about ½ hour drive from bustling downtown Boston. I go to concerts once in a while. Vera sings in 2 choruses. Theater is out for me since I have hearing problems. There are so few good movies. I did enjoy "Philomena" with Judy Dench. We have a 2 year old new Senior Center here in Belmont. I attend twice a week, an exercise class -have done that for 12 years now. Besides knitting and crocheting for my 5 great-grand children, reading some every day and walking when weather permits. I am never bored. I feel fortunate with good health. Wishing you a kind New Year 2014 with love from Geggy.

It is wonderful to hear from Geggy who was one of SHSKY's first members and who helped so much to get the organization up and running! We miss you Geggy, and love hearing from you.

## Childhood Memories from Karin Kristiansson

By Karin Kristiansson



*Den blomstertid nu kommer med lust och fägring stor...*

*"The nature is awakening with flowers' fragrant bloom"*

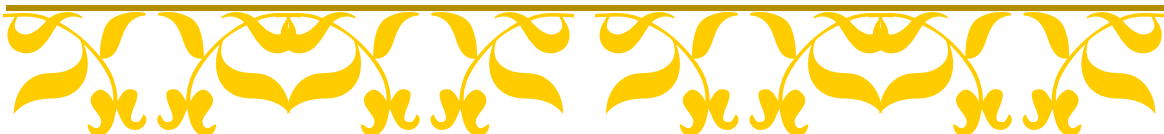
The top line is a beginning of a hymn, celebrating the arrival of spring. It is sung in June in the Swedish churches, and also at the commencement of most high schools in Sweden. We grew up with this lovely song, and even at 95, I can still sing it to my heart's content.

Spring was magic to young and old. I can remember sitting at the window, watching the huge icicles dripping from the eaves. Carefully my brother took them down and we threw the ice cold spears high up in the air to watch them crash in the ditch where little rivulets hungrily consumed the Nordic cold. And soon after the ice was gone, very soon, we would see a glimmer of yellow from the sides of the ditch. These early spring flowers were not dandelions, but "tusselago" the early spring bloomers that we called "horses' hoof." The single little hairy flower grew up from a single stem. Only later would the leaves grow and develop. Carefully we picked three or four of our golden treasures and brought them home with pride. Mamma put some water in an egg cup, and our tusselago would spend a few days on the window sill basking in the sun.

Springtime in Sweden always brought more treasures to be found as the five of us children trod through the woods. Once the frost was gone, we would look under the wet leaves, left from the demise of the fall foliage. If lucky, we found some little buds that bravely opened to a heavenly blue. "Blasippor," we shouted - "The anemones," according to the botanists, but to us they were little blue things that dared open their eyes so soon after winter. We all knew the song about the children who asked their mother if they can go out without socks and shoes, because the blasippor were abloom. "No," said their mamma, "there is still winter around." Soon after the first blasippor blooms, we eagerly anticipated the vitsippor, the white anemones, spreading their blooms in a white carpet throughout the woods.

Summer vacation was great. There was, however, one cloud in the sky--"Vaxtsamlingen"..the collection of plants. Every student had to collect some twenty flowers, with roots and all, press them and identify them ( with Linneaus' scientific names). Our pressed specimens were graded and then added to the school's herbarium collection and we had to memorize both Swedish and Latin names.

The customs around Christmas were a lot of fun and work. The ambitious girls took out their "syapse", or sewing bag, where they had knitting needles and embroidery floss'. Popular homemade Christmas gifts included oven mitts, coasters, and little embroidered squares. On Saturday nights, we would gather with mamma, in the living room, and while we were stitching and maneuvering those slippery knitting needles, mamma would read to us. My favorite book was Oliver Twist ( a Swedish translation) Two weeks before Jul, or Christmas, the baking started. King of the cookie table was the ginger cookie. Mamma made a big batch of cookie dough, and part of it was portioned to the girls who loved to make hearts, stars, little men and ladies. One of my more ambitious productions was to take my dough to the first step of the staircase and roll out some gingerbread boys. We all got our own little cookie jars; and we could sample the cookies in our own jars as much as we liked. Before julafton, nobody was allowed into the large cookie containers that held with mamma's best selections, including dream cookies, almond wafers, brandy rings (my favorites) and of course the fruit cake.



## Names

By Anne Keating

It is startling to realize that certain individuals and groups travelled at a time when to do so was daunting and difficult. **Recently, I ran across a short treatise on my mother's maiden name, Tate, in family archives. Reportedly the name is derived from an old Scandinavian personal name, Teit, brought very early to Scotland by a Norseman. Later the name (in various forms) appeared in early records of Scotland, England, and Ireland. My maternal grandmother's maiden name was Nilsson (Nelson in this country). Some of my father's forebears came from Ireland, and may also have run into the Vikings, a possible triple heritage from Scandinavia.**

The historical sketch, apparently produced in the 1930's by the Media Research Bureau in Washington, DC, gives a short history of how names developed. Originally only first or given names were used. Surnames came later, added for more specificity and to indicate family relationship or descent. Generally, (according to the unnamed author/s) surnames fall into four categories: those taken from the name of the sire, those related to personal characteristics, those based on locality or residence, and those derived from occupation. The Greek and Roman forms of naming descendants did not survive the fall of the western empire, according to this source. Reportedly the ancient Scandinavians had only individual names which was true generally for Germans and Celts.

With growth of family and tribal groups, a need for more complex designations developed. Among the first designations, **were descriptive terms such as "\_\_\_\_\_the Strong." One of my favorites is "\_\_\_\_\_the Dreadful-in Battle," but perhaps that does not mean what I first surmised! The practice then developed of adding the name of the father to that of the son, such as "Oscar son of Ossian."**

In England, hereditary designations date from around the year 1000. My source suggests that they were introduced from Normandy although there are some records of Saxon surnames prior to the Norman Conquest. Reportedly the oldest known surname in England is that of Hwita Hatte, a keeper of bees. His daughter was Tate Hatte. The author notes that the Domesday record of 1085-1086 includes combinations of Saxon forenames with Norman family names which suggests that surnames had gained more general use. While hereditary names were fairly common in England by the end of the twelfth century, they were not universal even as late as 1465. During the reign of Edward the V, a law was passed to **compel Irish outlaws to take surnames, "They shall take unto them a Surname, either of some Town, or some Colour, as Blacks or Brown, or some Art or Science, as Smyth or Carpenter, or some Office, as Cooke or Butler."** A similar decree occurred in Germany at the beginning of the nineteenth century to compel Jews in Germany and Austria to add a German surname to the single names previously used.

Among the four general classes of surnames, reportedly the largest is that derived from the name of the father first given the surname. **Either a prefix or suffix could be added designating "son of" or a diminutive. English names ending in son, ing and kin stem from the Norse sonr, ingr, kyn; other names may be preceded by the Gaelic Mac, or the Norman Fitz, the Welsh Ap and the Irish O' (which means descendant of). Accordingly, Williams may be followed by Williamsons, or Wilsons; Richard may be followed by Richardsons, Richards (abbreviated form), or Richardses. Other examples include Neill's sons, MacNeills, Herbert's sons, or FitzHerberts; Thomas's sons by ap Thomases, with the ap dropped by many names of which it used to be a part. Reilly's sons became O'Reillys. These names, the author indicates, are common in the British Isles, and also in Germany, the Netherlands, and Scandinavian countries as well as in many other parts of the world.**

Names that came from personal characteristics often came from nicknames such as Peter the Strong becoming Peter Strong. John of small stature became John Small; someone black-haired might take the name Black; a blond might take the name White. Other examples include Long, Hardy, Wise, Lover, and Youngman.

**Many names relate to the family's place of residence or habitat. Popular in France, these were introduced into England by the Normans. On the continent, many took titles based on their estates, and later by the titles of English possessions. Surnames adopted by nobility comprise many of this type and used de, de la or del (of and of the). The Saxons used atte (at the). While this has largely disappeared, there are a few names where the preposition remains as in Atwood, and Atwater. The "de" has also disappeared from some place names such as Wood, and Lane. The author notes that some of the**

## Names, continued

By Anne Keating

Pilgrims had place names such as Winthrop (which means from the friendly village) and Bradford (at the broad ford) and Standish (a stony park).

Names based on occupation reportedly arose during a period of comparative peace in England under Edward the Confessor. Early ones include official names such as Bishop, Mayor, Alderman, Chamberlain and Parker (park keeper). Other names reflect trades or crafts such as Webster (a weaver), Wainwright (a wagon builder) and Baxter (a baker). Other names, the author indicates, are corruptions of ancient forms such as Longfellow which was originally Longueville and Troublefield which was Tuberville. **This is not uncommon. Apparently Shakespeare's name may be found to have some twenty-four variations and most English and Anglo-American surnames have from four to over a dozen variant spellings.** Among my relatives, some had their surname changed in the Swedish army when told there were too many Nilssons. Nordquist ensued. Then upon landing in New York, for one branch, Nilsson became Nelson. The unknown author summarizes in part, **"While the name, in its origin, may seem ingenious, humble, surprising, or matter-of-fact, its significance today lies not in a literal interpretation of its original meaning but in the many things that have happened to it since it first came into use. . .the name itself borne through every event of life and through the lives of scores of one's progenitors, became the badge of family honor—the good name to be proud of, to protect, and to fight for if need be. As the valiant deeds of the marching generations have clothed it in glory, it has become an institution, a family rallying cry, and the most treasured possession of those who bear it."**



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Asmund Vego  
715 Franklin Ave.  
Lexington, KY 40508