

6/20/09

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Aug.

1896

A memory wreath on my Dad's grave.

My dear Dad was born Oct. 1817
and died June 28 - 1896. His presence in
the everyday world has been really un-
eventful. His life was uneventful. Altho
this, he had many friends. Not a circle
of friends, but in his last years he
~~became~~ had salvation and was so
loving

His family of 4 children (2 that died
in their 20's were happy in Jesus). Was
never be forgotten. He was wife loving man
& a great father. His eye contact was
enough for me to know what he wanted and
when he spoke I knew right away what he
was telling me. As a young lad I left

home early & went study in Wadstena
elementary school (I think that was catholic?)

Under my father's watchful eye I at 22
years of age I went to seminary in Stock-
holm to become a minister. I followed
to Wadstena to the ~~the~~ steamboat
area, and his words were: "God be to you"
When my eight & trip later went towards
China, he then said: "It will probably
be the last time I see you here on ^{earth}
We are old & I say, that I will be happy
to see you in Heaven. No

Now he has gone to the per-
lasting port & I was not even able to
give him even a small flower!
After all flowers at his grave had died
his "knitted wreath, here on earth