

Grandchildren's Memories of Asta & Frederik

(a work in progress - please feel free to send more memories)

From Linda (Bauer) Easthope

Memories of Morfar:

- * I remember his træsko (wooden shoes) sitting inside the back door of the house, kept near the place where the stairs went up to the attic.
- * I can still hear the sound of the spring on the door squeaking as he went in and out.
- * The only time I ever saw him angry was one day when he caught Brenda and I fighting in the living room: that was the end of the disagreement!
- * And then there was his long pipe (I didn't like how it smelled, and the women in his life didn't like cleaning the soot off the ceiling in the den, but he smoked it anyway), his collection of walking sticks, and how he played the violin (it was pretty squeaky!)
- * He used to love to walk through the trees at home, and then on hiking trails over here, carefully looking at the plants and flowers, and talking about each one. I remember on a hike around Lake Louise, much later in life after he had passed away, Birgit and I caught ourselves doing the same thing.
- * He liked buttermilk for breakfast. He also liked REALLY strong Danish cheese. Once, when he visited us in Canada, he (of course) brought along his cheese in his checked baggage on the airplane. That bag went missing in transit, and wasn't recovered for a few days. When they went to pick it up at the airport, the official there said it smelled so strong, he was surprised it hadn't flown down all by itself! The story gets longer, because we went on a camping trip and brought that cheese along with us in a metal cooler. Although the cooler was complicated to open, one night a small black bear visited the campsite and managed to get it open. In the morning, we found the bear up a tree near the campsite, eating all our food, with the wrappers strewn around the base of the tree. There was only one item remaining in the cooler, that the bear wouldn't touch: Morfar's stinky cheese!

Memories of Mormor:

- * She was so curious about everything! I think she had a database in her head about every person she had ever met: who they were related to, where they went on vacation, everything about them. I think she would have loved the Internet! We have missed her good memory many times already, since she passed away.
- * She was also interested in me: I could tell her all about my life, all my friends, what I did on my last birthday.

- * Every morning she got up & lit the fire in the old wood stove in the kitchen. This would cook food later in the day and also heat the hot water for the bathroom, so that Morfar could wash when he got up. I always thought she was a morning person but maybe that was just when she had to get up to get things done, because Morfar was definitely not a morning person!
- * She laughed often and well.
- * She liked to watch boxing on TV. I don't think she often missed a match.
- * She kept sodavand (pop) in the root cellar across from the kitchen door. Torben was very good at getting permission for all of us to have sodavand.

From Birgit (Christensen) Venborg Hansen

I have many of the same memories as you Linda. Mormor was interested in everybody's life and she was quite old before she stopped calling on our birthdays.

She never complained. She had an ability to adapt to the present circumstances. Only shortly before she died she asked me why she was still sitting here. She was tired.

I remember one time we talked and she mentioned that she thought we had a tough everyday life with 3 children and jobs. I mentioned that she had it just as tough with 5 kids and living on a farm. But she said "no, we had lots of help".

The other day we talked about World War 2 when Mom visited us and she mentioned that during the war they lived at Bjørnekær in Hornstrup and they didn't feel the war very much. Morfar slaughtered pigs at night because it was illegal, in order for the Germans not to discover it.

Mom also remembered that when the small pigs died they separated them and took out the internal organs and boiled them in "gruekedel" (could not find the word in the dictionary, but it's the "container" they used for washing clothes). Some chemicals were added and it turned into soap which they used for washing clothes.

They also had a Jew at the farm, Hermann. Apparently a lot of farmers were hiding Jews. One night the Germans came and woke up Mormor and Morfar and Morfar was forced at gunpoint to show the Germans to Hermann's room and they drove away with him. Mom doesn't remember that they ever heard from him again.

Mom says that Morfar was a very good farmer. He experimented with many different kinds of crops. (Note from Linda: sometimes he brought small samples home from North America to test in his forest & fields.)

He was also very economical. He always tried to find ways to save money and he did not like spending it. I remember that after he died, Mormor got a lot of new clothes and also a pair of new winter boots. She wanted some good ones that could last many years – that's being optimistic; she was after all 86 years old.

Morfar bought the farm in Eltang in 1947 from a Nazi. Mom has some papers with the price and she will try to find them.

I remember that Morfar liked the Danish kind of roast beef with very strong horseradish gravy – and of course his strong cheese.

Both Mormor and Morfar were very sociable. They liked having people over and had strong family ties. I remember that Morfar always sat at the end of the table. He was not very talkative, but just dropped a remark from time to time. Mom remembers that there was always lots of laughter and talking when they had company.

You could also see that people liked visiting them. Family and friends often dropped in. And also when Mormor was at the retirement home she often had visitors.