



EMBLA NYHETER

EMBLA LODGE NO. 2

DAUGHTERS OF NORWAY

DECEMBER 2010

VOL. 23, NO. 4

Editor — Marie Hayden

Photos: Judith Willison, Marilyn Mahnke,
Carol Kemp, and Sue Bentz

EMBLA CALENDAR

JANUARY 6th, 6pm – Regular program at Bethlehem Lutheran. Installation of Officers.

JANUARY 20th, 11am – Craft meeting at Chris Engstrom's.

MARCH 10th, Thursday; Tuesday the 15th; and Tuesday the 22th – Cooking Classes at PLU.

The Nominating Committee of Janet Ruud, Trudy Sorensen and Harriet Swieso presented nominees for 2011 Officers who were duly elected for 2011.

President, Karen Bell

Vice President, Mardy Fairchild

Judge, Judith Willison

Secretary, Sharon Groeneveld

Fin. Secretary, Joan Anderson

Treasurer, Chris Engstrom

Cultural Director, Melody Stepp

Marshall, Diane Nelson

Asst. Marshall, Julie Touchette

Inner Greeter, Norma Borgford

Outer Greeter, Vonnie Stone Head

Trustee, Judie Miller

2 year Trustee, Kirsten Bell

3 year Trustee, Ann Martin

Candace Brown volunteered to be our new Dotre av Norge Scribe.

**EMBLA DUES OF \$30
NOW DUE FOR 2011**

MAIL TO:

Financial Secretary

Joan Anderson

29614 11th Ave SW

Federal Way WA 98023-8209

President's Christmas Message

Dear Embla Sisters,

What a rewarding 2 years it has been for me as your president. I've enjoyed every minute of it! I especially love how I've gotten to know so many of you better while working together on the board or on



Judith Willison at Embla Christmas Party

our special events. I will miss the January meeting when our esteemed Vice President Karen Bell is installed as president as I will be on a cruise through the Panama Canal. I'll miss you all and think about you – really!

I love how we've shortened our meetings and been welcoming to everyone who attends. Our getting together to bake cookies, plan events (I love the

Senior/Summer Luncheon!), work on crafts (with me providing lunch since I'm not crafty!) and working together at our Norwegian Heritage Festival and at the Scandinavian Festival, have been fun and productive! Don't you just love it when you accomplish so many things while enjoying the company of your dear friends from Embla. Doesn't even seem like work, does it?

My love and commitment to Embla came as a result of my love and admiration for our dear member, Florence Buck, and I always try to remember her and ask "What would Florence do," as I've been honored to be your president. I'll close with a quotation from Florence that sums up how I feel: "The camaraderie that develops among the members of a lodge and other Daughters of Norway lodges is a rewarding and gratifying result of belonging to our organization. Women with similar interests and common ancestral bonds have so much to share."

God Jul og Godt Nyttår!
Love, Judith

EMBLA CHRISTMAS

On December 2, we all enjoyed our wonderful Christmas Potluck, the beautiful decorations by Carol Kemp and her committee of Mardy Fairchild, Carol Erickson, and other members who helped with the arrangement of the birch centerpieces with Marzipan pigs!

We were all delighted with Sissel Barrett, who was our guest speaker. As she described what Christmas was like growing up in Norway, we could all visualize the scene she described while looking out the kitchen window to see the snow falling and the birds enjoying the food her mother placed outside for them. What a wonderful cultural program she presented!

Then we sang Christmas carols in English and joined around the lovely Christmas tree brought by Melody and Bill Stepp as some of us sang in Norwegian and the rest of us listened and loved it!

President Judith thanked her board and presented them with a small gift of appreciation and we had an exchange of Christmas gifts. All in all, it was an awesome evening being with our dear sisters, family and friends.

Embla members enjoying their Christmas Party, December 2nd.



Christmas Kransekake for Embla's Christmas Party made by the three Carols (Kemp, Spencer and Erickson) and Judith Willison with the support of Harriet Swieso's "Nisser"



Mardy Fairchild and daughter Vonnie Stone put the finishing touches on Embla's table decorations. Birch branches were pruned and bundled by Carol Kemp and her husband, Richard from their "Birch Grove." Carol, Mardy, Vonnie and Julie Touchette tied on the ribbon and attached the moss to the Blue Spruce and Marzipan pig. Carol Spencer made the bows. Twelve tables with red tablecloths, white placemats, Christmas napkins, and Ekte Norsk centerpieces brought the joy of Jul to our hearts."

Birth branches changed to Birch branches

was: Carol, Mardy, Vonnie and Julie Touchette tied on the ribbon, attached the moss, Blue Spruce and Marzipan pig.

now: ...ribbon and attached the moss to the Blue Spruce and Marzipan pig.



HOLIDAY EATING TIPS

1. Avoid carrot sticks. Anyone who puts carrots on a holiday buffet table knows nothing of the Christmas spirit. In fact, if you see carrots, leave immediately. Go next door, where they're serving rum balls.

2. Drink as much eggnog as you can. And quickly. It's rare... you cannot find it any other time of year but now. So drink up! Who cares that it has 10,000 calories in every sip? It's not as if you're going to turn into an eggnog-alcoholic or something. It's a treat. Enjoy it. Have one for me. Have two. It's later than you think. It's Christmas!

3. If something comes with gravy, use it. That's the whole point of gravy. Gravy does not stand alone. Pour it on. Make a volcano out of your mashed potatoes. Fill it with gravy. Eat the volcano. Repeat.

4. As for mashed potatoes, always ask if they're made with skim milk or whole milk. If it's skim, pass. Why bother? It's like buying a sports car with an automatic transmission.

5. Do not have a snack before going to a party in an effort to control your eating. The whole point of going to a Christmas party is to eat other people's food for free. Lots of it. Hello?

6. Under no circumstances should you exercise between now and New Year's. You can do that in January when you have nothing else to do. This is the time for long naps, which you'll need after circling the buffet table while

carrying a 10-pound plate of food and that vat of eggnog.

7. If you come across something really good at a buffet table, like frosted Christmas cookies in the shape and size of Santa, position yourself near them and don't budge. Have as many as you can before becoming the center of attention. They're like a beautiful pair of shoes. If you leave them behind, you're never going to see them again.

8. Same for pies. Apple, Pumpkin, Mincemeat. Have a slice of each. Or if you don't like mincemeat, have two apples and one pumpkin. Always have three. When else do you get to have more than one dessert? Labor Day?

9. Did someone mention fruitcake? Granted, it's loaded with the mandatory celebratory calories, but avoid it at all cost. I mean, have some standards.

10. One final tip: If you don't feel terrible when you leave the party or get up from the table, you haven't been paying attention. Re-read tips; start over, but hurry, January is just around the corner. Remember this motto to live by:

"Life should NOT be a journey to the grave with the intention of arriving safely in an attractive and well preserved body, but rather to skid in sideways, chocolate in one hand, body thoroughly used up, totally worn out and screaming "WOO HOO what a ride!"

Have a great holiday season



**Audun Toven, 2010
Scandinavian Cultural Center
Outstanding Service Award**

Dear Audun,

Along with the entire Daughters of Norway, Embla Lodge #2 membership, I wish to congratulate you as the recipient of the Scandinavian Cultural Center's 2010 Outstanding Service Award! This is a wonderful recognition of your dedication to the Nordic culture and heritage, your tireless volunteerism, and your chosen academic focus in the area of Scandinavian Studies.

Again, please accept our deepest congratulations on this honor.

Warmest regards,
Judith Willison, President
Embla #2 2008-2010
Daughters of Norway

News of Embla -

The Standing Rules, as amended, were passed by the membership and we gratefully thank Chair Mardy Fairchild, and her committee of Emilie Pedersen and Janet Ruud for an excellent job!

Elene Emersen, Tubfrim Chair, reported that she has sent over one-million stamps to Norway. There are 2,800 stamps to one pound. Way to go Elene and Embla!

The Scandinavian Heritage Festival held in October was very successful and we earned \$1,100 on 275 boxes of cookies we sold, and over \$700 on the craft sales.



This is what Christmas is all about...

Better bundle up – the goose bumps will freeze you!! I think we need to read this every year at Christmas.

“Pa never had much compassion for the lazy or those who squandered their means and then never had enough for the necessities. But for those who were genuinely in need, his heart was as big as all outdoors. It was from him that I learned the greatest joy in life comes from giving, not from receiving.

It was Christmas Eve 1881. I was fifteen years old and feeling like the world had caved in on me because there just hadn't been enough money to buy me the rifle that I'd wanted for Christmas. We did the chores early that night for some reason. I just figured Pa wanted a little extra time so we could read in the Bible.

After supper was over I took my boots off and stretched out in front of the fireplace and waited for Pa to get down the old Bible. I was still feeling sorry for myself and, to be honest, I wasn't in much of a mood to read scriptures. But Pa didn't get the Bible, instead he bundled up again and went outside. I couldn't figure it out because we had already done all the chores. I didn't worry about it long though, I was too busy wallowing in self-pity.

Soon Pa came back in. It was a cold clear night out and there was ice in his beard. “Come on, Matt,” he said. “Bundle up good, it's cold out tonight.” I was really upset then. Not only wasn't I getting the rifle for Christmas, now Pa was dragging me out in the cold, and for no earthly reason that I could see. We'd already done all the chores, and I couldn't think of anything else that needed doing, especially not on a night like this. But I knew Pa was not very patient at one dragging

one's feet when he'd told them to do something, so I got up and put my boots back on and got my cap, coat, and mittens. Ma gave me a mysterious smile as I opened the door to leave the house. Something was up, but I didn't know what.

Outside, I became even more dismayed. There in front of the house was the work team, already hitched to the big sled. Whatever it was we were going to do wasn't going to be a short, quick, little job. I could tell. We never hitched up this sled unless we were going to haul a big load. Pa was already up on the seat, reins in hand. I reluctantly climbed up beside him. The cold was already biting at me. I wasn't happy. When I was on, Pa pulled the sled around the house and stopped in front of the woodshed. He got off and I followed. “I think we'll put on the high sideboards,” he said. “Here, help me.” The high sideboards! It had been a bigger job than I wanted to do with just the low sideboards on, but whatever it was we were going to do would be a lot bigger with the high side boards on.

After we had exchanged the sideboards, Pa went into the woodshed and came out with an armload of wood – the wood I'd spent all summer hauling down from the mountain, and then all fall sawing into blocks and splitting. What was he doing? Finally I said something. “Pa,” I asked, “what are you doing?” “You been by the Widow Jensen's lately?” he asked.

The Widow Jensen lived about two miles down the road. Her husband had died a year or so before and left her with three children, the oldest being eight. Sure, I'd been by, but so what? “Yeah” I said, “Why?” “I rode by just today,” Pa said. “Little Jakey was out digging around in the woodpile trying to find a few chips. They're out of wood,

Matt.” That was all he said and then he turned and went back into the woodshed for another armload of wood. I followed him. We loaded the sled so high that I began to wonder if the horses would be able to pull it. Finally, Pa called a halt to our loading, then we went to the smoke house and Pa took down a big ham and a side of bacon. He handed them to me and told me to put them in the sled and wait. When he returned he was carrying a sack of flour over his right shoulder and a smaller sack of something in his left hand.

“What's in the little sack?” I asked. “Shoes, they're out of shoes. Little Jakey just had gunny sacks wrapped around his feet when he was out in the woodpile this morning. I got the children a little candy too. It just wouldn't be Christmas without a little candy.”

We rode the two miles to Widow Jensen's pretty much in silence. I tried to think through what Pa was doing. We didn't have much by worldly standards. Of course, we did have a big woodpile, though most of what was left now was still in the form of logs that I would have to saw into blocks and split before we could use it. We also had meat and flour, so we could spare that, but I knew we didn't have any money, so why was Pa buying them shoes and candy? Really, why was he doing any of this? Widow Jensen had closer neighbors than us; it shouldn't have been our concern.

We came in from the blind side of the Jensen house and unloaded the wood as quietly as possible, then we took the meat and flour and shoes to the door. We knocked. The door opened a crack and a timid voice said, “Who is it?”

“Lucas Miles, Ma'am, and my son, Matt, could we come in for a bit?” Widow Jensen opened the door and





let us in. She had a blanket wrapped around her shoulders. The children were wrapped in another and were sitting in front of the fireplace by a very small fire that hardly gave off any heat at all. Widow Jensen fumbled with a match and finally lit the lamp.

"We brought you a few things, Ma'am," Pa said and set down the sack of flour. I put the meat on the table. Then Pa handed her the sack that had the shoes in it. She opened it hesitantly and took the shoes out one pair at a time. There was a pair for her and one for each of the children – sturdy shoes, the best shoes that would last. I watched her carefully. She bit her lower lip to keep it from trembling and then tears filled her eyes and started running down her cheeks. She looked up at Pa like she wanted to say something, but it wouldn't come out.

"We brought a load of wood too, Ma'am," Pa said. He turned to me and said, "Matt, go bring in enough to last awhile. Let's get that fire up to size and heat this place up." I wasn't the same person when I went back out to bring in the wood. I had a big lump in my throat and as much as I hate to admit it, there were tears in my eyes too. In my mind I kept seeing those three kids huddled around the fireplace and their mother standing there with tears running down her cheeks with so much gratitude in her heart that she couldn't speak.

My heart swelled within me and a joy that I'd never known before, filled my soul. I had given at Christmas many times before, but never when it had made so much difference. I could see we were literally saving the lives of these people. I soon had the fire blazing and everyone's spirits soared. The kids started giggling when Pa handed them each a piece of candy and Widow Jensen



looked on with a smile that probably hadn't crossed her face for a long time. She finally turned to us.

"God bless you," she said. "I know the Lord has sent you. The children and I have been praying that he would send one of his angels to spare us."

In spite of myself, the lump returned to my throat and the tears welled up in my eyes again. I'd never thought of Pa in those exact terms before, but after Widow Jensen mentioned it I could see that it was probably true. I was sure that a better man than Pa had never walked the earth. I started remembering all the times he had gone out of his way for Ma and me, and many others. The list seemed endless as I thought on it.

Pa insisted that everyone try on the shoes before we left. I was amazed when they all fit and I wondered how he had known what sizes to get. Then I guessed that if he was on an errand for the Lord that the Lord would make sure he got the right sizes. Tears were running down Widow Jensen's face again when we stood up to leave. Pa took each of the kids in his big arms and gave them a hug. They clung to him and didn't want us to go. I could see that they missed their Pa, and I was glad that I still had mine.

At the door Pa turned to Widow Jensen and said, "The Mrs. wanted me to invite you and the children over for Christmas dinner tomorrow. The turkey will be more than the three of us can eat, and a man can get cantankerous if he has to eat turkey for too many meals. We'll be by to get you about eleven. It'll be nice to have some little ones around again. Matt, here, hasn't been little for quite a spell." I was the youngest. My two brothers and two sisters had all married and had moved away.



Widow Jensen nodded and said, "Thank you, Brother Miles. I don't have to say, May the Lord bless you, I know for certain that He will."

Out on the sled I felt a warmth that came from deep within and I didn't even notice the cold. When we had gone a ways, Pa turned to me and said, "Matt, I want you to know something. Your ma and me have been tucking a little money away here and there all year so we could buy that rifle for you, but we didn't have quite enough. Then yesterday a man who owed me a little money from years back came by to make things square. Your ma and me were real excited, thinking that now we could get you that rifle, and I started into town this morning to do just that, but on the way I saw little Jakey out scratching in the woodpile with his feet wrapped in those gunny sacks and I knew what I had to do. Son, I spent the money for shoes and a little candy for those children. I hope you understand."

I understood, and my eyes became wet with tears again. I understood very well, and I was so glad Pa had done it. Now the rifle seemed very low on my list of priorities. Pa had given me a lot more. He had given me the look on Widow Jensen's face and the radiant smiles of her three children.

For the rest of my life, whenever I saw any of the Jensen's, or split a block of wood, I remembered, and remembering brought back that same joy I felt riding home beside Pa that night. Pa had given me much more than a rifle that night, he had given me the best Christmas of my life."

Don't be too busy today. Share this inspiring message. God will bless you!

GOD BLESS YOU!!!



***In Memoriam
to our Embla Sisters:***

***Olive Rudsdil –
initiated Sept. 2, 1943
deceased Feb. 25, 2010***

***Wanda Jones –
initiated May 4, 1967
deceased April 6, 2010***

***Kristine Rivenes –
initiated Sept. 19, 1991
deceased July 7, 2010***

***Phyllis Melton –
initiated Oct. 4, 1979
deceased August 1, 2010***

***Doris Runbeck –
initiated July 2009
deceased Oct. 22, 2010***

***Emilie Pedersen -
initiated May 1, 1975
deceased Dec. 16, 2010***

Past Presidents Club

has been selling raffle tickets for a \$100.00 drawing for several months. The ticket was drawn at the December meeting. The lucky winner was Judy Weiss – Judy was one of four guests of Judie Miller. They came to the meeting with their genealogy and plan on joining Embla.

The PPC raises money to provide flowers to the incoming President, flowers for the table for Embla's birthday in April and gives to some of the local charities. We thank you for all your wonderful support.



Grand Lodge Delegates (minus Norma Borgford) in Rosemaled shirts bought at Convention. L to R: Janet Ruud, President Judith Willison, Sharon Groeneveld, Karen Bell, Diane Nelson, Carol Spencer, Julie Touchette and Marilyn Mahnke.



Past Presidents monthly meeting. Back row l to r: Delphine Johnson, Karen Bell, Mardy Fairchild, Judith Willison, Harriet Swieso and Carol Kemp. Front row: Esther Van Noy, Janet Ruud and Marilyn Mahnke

Baking at Normanna Hall for Scandinavian Heritage Festival at Puyallup Fairgrounds. Left to right with their hairnets: Chris Engstrom, Ann Martin, Melissa Severson-Hampton, Karen Lynn, Mardy Fairchild, Karen Bell and Esther Van Noy.



New members received into Embla at November meeting: Barbara Dildine, Mary McGoran and Camilla Rico

EMBLA COOKING CLASSES
Scandinavian Cultural Center at PLU



*Diane Nelson demonstrating
 Three Grain Brown Bread*



*Aase Running demonstrating
 Kringle*



*Chris Engstrom and Janice Kelly
 (Janice with her Red Hat on)*



*Cooking Class with 27 people attending with
 everyone especially liking Esther's Nov. Mice
 and Turkeys. L to R: Esther, Sharon Groeneveld,
 Janice Kelly, Sue Bentz, and Diane Nelson.*



Red Hat ladies in Purple at October Baking class



Marilyn Mahnke, Aase Running, Janice Kelly and Judith Willison



*Embla Scholarship winner, Anna McCracken
 with her grandmother, Alice Govig, mother
 Ellen McCracken, Anna McCracken and
 Embla Scholarship Chairman, Sharon
 Groeneveld.*



*Julie Touchette
 demonstrating Potato Soup*

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Daughters of Norway
4010 North 36th
Tacoma WA 98407

ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED



Scandinavian Cultural Collection
PLU Mortvedt Library
12180 Park Ave S
Tacoma WA 98447-0013

9844730013



Annual Leikarring Christmas party at a Tacoma restaurant.

Back row l to r:

*Melody Stepp,
Diane Nelson,
Judy Earle,
Carol Voigt, and
Joan Anderson.*

Front row l to r:

*Judith Willison,
Eleanor Baker,
Leikarring teacher,
Marta Berg,
Janice Kelly,
Trudy Sorensen
and new
Embla member
Mary McGoran.*

GRAND LODGE FUNDRAISER on "CARNIVAL GLORY"

Grand Lodge Daughters of Norway is sponsoring another "Fun/Fundraiser" – this time it will be a cruise aboard the "Carnival Glory"! The ship leaves from New York City on Saturday, October 8, 2011 and returns on Saturday, October 15, 2011. **** For anyone who books their cruise before January 1, 2011, their name will be entered into a drawing to win \$250 – so please don't wait too long to book your cruise, as reservations fill quickly and you just might win the drawing! ****