

St. Pauli Lutheran Church
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May 2020 Newsletter



HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY!

Minnesota's stay-at-home order continues in effect through May 13, 2020.
Therefore, no Calendar or News in Detail appear in this newsletter.

April 15, 2020

Dearly Beloved in Christ,

It is my hope that this e-mail finds you well in the midst of what is one of the strangest times that you and I and people around the globe have ever experienced.

All of you are in my prayers. Though you are out of my sight, you are close to my heart. Please feel free to call me (218-289-0170) if I may be of service in any way.

I have enclosed an Easter sermon based on Luke 24:1-12.

Grace & Peace,
Pastor Carl Hansen

Pastor Carl Hansen's Easter Sermon **April 12, 2020**

Easter Morning, Luke 24:1-12

"But on the first day of the week, at early dawn, they came to the tomb, taking the spices that they had prepared. They found the stone rolled away from the tomb, but when they went in they did not find the body. While they were perplexed about this, suddenly two men in dazzling clothes stood beside them. The women were terrified and bowed their faces to the ground, but the men said to them, 'Why do you look for the living among the dead? He is not here, but has risen. Remember how he told you while he was still in Galilee, that the Son of Man must be handed over to sinners, and be crucified, and on the third day rise again. Then they remembered his words, and returning from the tomb, they told all this to the eleven and to all the rest. Now it was Mary Magdalene, Joanna, Mary the mother of James, and the other women with them who told this to the apostles. But these words seemed to them an idle tale. But Peter got up and ran to the tomb; stooping and looking in, he saw the linen cloths by themselves; then he went home, amazed at what had happened."

People go to cemeteries for many reasons. Most of us go to remember a very special person; to pay our respects and express our love for someone who has touched us deeply. Some of us go to give thanks for a blessed, well-lived life. We might go by ourselves seeking to shed our tears in private. Others go seeking closure for a premature or tragic death that has left many loose ends. Perhaps we go to try to untangle in death what was hopelessly ensnared in life. Some go to talk to the deceased and imagine how they might respond to what we say.

But no matter why we go, we experience again the reality that death is the final period on the final page of the book; it is "The End" that is displayed on the screen at the conclusion of a movie.

Almost 2000 years ago, several women went to a new tomb at very early dawn on Sunday morning. They went to care for the body of a man who had died so late in the afternoon that one of his admirers had just enough time to place his body in the tomb before the Sabbath began at sundown on Friday. Jesus of Nazareth had been executed on a cross like a common criminal, based on the false charges of jealous leaders and driven by the screams of an angry crowd. That Sunday morning the women brought the spices and ointments that were a part of Jewish burial tradition so that they might express their love and care for this man.

The women who came to prepare Jesus' body for burial were among those who had followed him from Galilee to Jerusalem. And then they receive a message that is contrary to their experience and ours as human beings. Luke 24 tells us: "They found the stone rolled away from the tomb, but when they went in they did not find the body. While they were perplexed about this, suddenly two men in dazzling clothes stood beside them. The women were terrified and bowed their faces to the ground; but the men said to them, 'Why do you look for the living among the dead? He is not here, but has risen.' And the strange messengers go on: 'Remember how he told you, while he was still in Galilee, that the Son of Man must be handed over to sinners, and be crucified, and on the third day rise again.' Then they remembered his words, and returning from the tomb, they told all this to the eleven and to all the rest."

What is most striking is that the women encounter the resurrection through the message. They are told that Jesus has risen, but they do not see the risen Jesus himself.

You and I are just like the women at the tomb. We do not see the risen Lord, but we are given the message of his resurrection.

How did the first century followers of Jesus respond to the message? The women remembered his words. They believed. And they went as a group—as fast as they could—to tell the 11 disciples and the other followers of Jesus what had happened. What they had seen and what they had heard.

What happened then? Especially, what was the response of the 12 disciples minus Judas, who had followed Jesus around the Holy Land for 3 years? The 11 disciples who heard him preach and teach; heal and perform miracles; reach out to those whom others despised; who heard him say on a number of occasions that the Son of Man would be handed over to sinful men, be crucified, and on the third day rise from the dead.

How did the 11 respond? Listen again to Luke 24:11. “But these words seemed to them an idle tale, and they did not believe them.” The words rendered here as “idle tale” may also be translated in the following ways: “fairy tale, folly, nonsense, crazy talk, humbug.” How’s that for a response on the disciples’ final confirmation test? “Humbug??!!” The word of Jesus being raised from the dead is humbug, say his closest followers?

But there is a postscript. Luke 24:12 says “But Peter got up and ran to the tomb; stooping and looking in, he saw the linen cloths by themselves; then he went home, amazed at what had happened.” Peter was drawn by the report of the women and so with great urgency he ran to the tomb to check it out. He stooped down and looked in; he saw the linen cloths by themselves. Then what did Peter do and what did he think? The scripture says: “then he went home”—not back to his fellow disciples, but home. And what did he think? Peter was “amazed at what happened.” Peter had not yet come to believe that Jesus had been raised from the dead. But he was amazed. He wondered if the impossible was possible.

In the light of almost 2000 Easters, it’s easy to come down on the 11 disciples for their unbelief. But human experience teaches that in the end, death always wins and that even the strongest succumb to it.

Today’s Gospel reading stops with Peter’s amazement and wonder. But the Easter story continues to challenge the certainty of death with the promise of life. Eternal life with Jesus and all who have been grasped by his word and washed in the waters of baptism. That includes the disciples and all those who have said “humbug” many, many times.

In his Easter hymn, Martin Luther puts it this way:

“So let us keep the festival to which the Lord invites us; Christ is the very joy of all; the sun that warms and lights us. Now his grace imparts eternal sunshine to our hearts; The Night of sin is ended. Hallelujah!!!”

NW MN Synod Bishop Bill Tesch’s Sermon

2nd Sunday of Easter

April 19, 2020

John 20:19-23

Dear Ones in Christ of the Northwestern MN Synod,

Greetings on behalf of 223 worshiping communities and over 90,000 Christians of the ELCA across our territory. While we cannot be together face to face, we know that from Wheaton to Roosevelt to Bemidji to Moorhead we have been on this path together. We are church together. Like the disciples afraid and huddled in that room behind locked doors we have been together in our fear—and like those disciples looking up, mouths agape, staring in wonder at their risen Lord, we are together in our faith.

And we are breathing together, sometimes, for sure, with uneasy breaths, but still we breathe together the peace, the peace that passes understanding. Not peace like the world gives, not the easy peace of “this too shall pass,” or “we’ll get that economy humming soon!”—no, the peace that only Jesus can give us. MY peace, says Jesus, I give YOU. You there, in your closet, or your kitchen or your living room, your bedroom —Jesus breathes his peace on you.

Last week with my Holy Week message we seized the truth that the resurrection of Jesus was cosmic in scope, infinitely greater than this global crisis. We affirmed that Jesus is God entering into the very structure of God’s creation, into this dance of death into life —and doing so in the child born to Mary in Bethlehem.

But this week, we move from the cosmic to the personal.

The disciples were afraid. What could be more personal than our fear? We’ve been staying safe at home. We do it out of love, neighborliness, citizenship, yes, but also, let’s be honest, out of fear —maybe not fear for our own health, but fear for loved ones or that if we contributed to the spread it would tear more deeply into the fabric of our society. So like the disciples we stay safe at home. Now I know that not all of you ARE safe at home. Some of you are unsafe because someone in your household makes it so. If that’s true for you, know that it does not have to stay that way. There are safe places. Call, text, email, FB message your pastor — call me. We’ll work hard to get you to safety.

Yeah, fear—it is deeply personal, isn’t it? We all have our own unique cast of fears. All of them have been coming out to play these weeks, often in the middle of sleepless nights. And so, this is where Jesus finds us and breathes upon us his peace. Our ancient siblings, the disciples, were staying safe at home. We can assume that the danger was real; they were still in the same

locked room a week after Jesus appeared to them! But eventually the danger passed, the stay safe mandate repealed, and the people who emerged from that locked room were not the same people who went into it.

Siblings in Christ, when we emerge from our locked rooms, when our stay safe at home order is lifted, we will emerge as different people from the people who went in! This time is like a chrysalis, a cocoon in which the holy spirit is breathing in us, breathing for us, shaping us into the beautiful creature she would have us be for the sake of the healing of the world.

For a while now, we have been a church that has been wholly devoted, investing everything we have: our imagination, our time, our energy, our money into sharing this reconciling love of Jesus with our neighbor. When backed into a corner, we found that our Gospel could not be held back. And our will to be of some good use to our neighbor could not be contained by a little pandemic. We have demonstrated that we can be the people of God for the healing of the world that God is calling us to be in this 21st century.

I've seen the love of Christ at work through you. People of peace expressing gratitude for each other. Ordering your lives so that you do not inadvertently hurt our neighbor. Tailoring your message so that it is not so laden with insider language, so that neighbors surfing Facebook or YouTube can walk right in, feel welcome and hear the good news for them. And we are learning anew about the real risks to the vulnerable in our communities: to the poor, to people of color, the elderly, our native neighbors. We confess that we have not always been attentive to the vulnerable ones, the thin places, preferring instead the comfort of our familiar friends and the ways we always did it before. But no more!

And we have learned anew that our work matters most when we keep the main thing the main thing. That there is no question about relevancy of effectiveness when we focus on using our tools -ancient and new -to share the peace of God through Jesus Christ.

Once the stay safe at home mandate was lifted for the disciples, they went out as people who were certain that the risen Christ was with them, and who were completely invested in the reconciliation of the world through the good news about Jesus Christ. He sent them out with good news of peace with God through Jesus Christ to tend to the healing of the world: Forgiving sins or withholding forgiveness for a time, if that was the best way to tend to relationship.

And so he sends us. When we emerge from this moment, we will come out as people who know that Christ is with us, that his faithful love will always find us, that his peace is stronger than fear, and the powerful Holy Spirit will guide us to be wholly devoted to loving Jesus and loving our neighbor.

And now thanks be to God through our Lord Jesus Christ who is risen from the dead and who breaths peace into our lives and into our world even now. Amen.

Pastor Carl Hansen's Sermon

3rd Sunday of Easter

April 26, 2020

Luke 24:13-35

But we had hoped.....

But we had hoped.....

How many fans of the Minnesota Vikings or the Minnesota Twins or the Minnesota Wild have spoken these famous last words over and over again?

How many of us have mourned the loss of relationships or dreams or health?

How many of us have lost hope?

Let's listen in on a conversation between 2 men who had lost hope and a mysterious stranger.

On a beautiful spring day almost 2000 years ago, two men were walking down the road from Jerusalem to Emmaus. They were talking about what had happened over the last few days, when a stranger came and walked with them. He asked the men, *"What are you discussing with each other while you walk along?" They stood still, looking sad.*

After a moment of silence, one of them answered the stranger with an angry put-down: *"Are you the only stranger in Jerusalem who does not know the things that have taken place there in these days?"* The stranger replies, *"What things?"* Their answer pours out with passion and pathos: *"The things about Jesus of Nazareth, who was a prophet mighty in deed and word before God and all the people, ²⁰and how our chief priests and leaders handed him over to be condemned to death and crucified him. ²¹But we had hoped that he was the one to redeem Israel. Yes, and besides all this, it is now the third day since these things took place. ²²Moreover, some women of our group astounded us. They were at the tomb early this morning, ²³and when they did not find his body there; they came back and told us that they had indeed seen a vision of angels who said that he was alive. ²⁴Some of those who were with us went to the tomb and found it just as the women had said; but they did not see him."*

Their hopes were in Jesus; not only for themselves, but for all of Israel. But those hopes had died on Good Friday. Even when they heard the reports of the women that Jesus was alive, they did not believe.

Until this point, the Mysterious Stranger has only asked questions, but now he launches into a mobile Bible study as the three men walk toward Emmaus. ²⁵Then he said to them, *"Oh, how foolish you are, and how slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have declared! ²⁶Was it not necessary that the Messiah should suffer these things and then enter into his glory?" ²⁷Then beginning with Moses and all the prophets, he interpreted to them the things about himself in all the scriptures."*

Did the two men now believe when they heard the mysterious stranger interpret the scriptures? Did they know who was teaching them?

Let's listen in one more time:

²⁸As they came near the village to which they were going, he walked ahead as if he were going on. ²⁹But they urged him strongly, saying, *"Stay with us, because it is almost evening and the day is now nearly over."* So he went in to stay with them. ³⁰When he was at the table with them, he took bread, blessed and broke it, and gave it to them. ³¹Then their eyes were opened, and they recognized him; and he vanished from their sight. ³²They said to each other, *"Were not our hearts burning within us while he was talking to us on the road, while he was opening the scriptures to us?"*³³

That same hour they got up and returned to Jerusalem; and they found the eleven and their companions gathered together. They were saying, *"The Lord has risen indeed, and he has appeared to Simon!"*³⁵Then they told what had happened on the road, and how he had been made known to them in the breaking of the bread.

In their own words, what happened to the two? Their hearts burned with fire when the Mysterious Stranger was opening the scriptures to them. But when is the identity of the stranger revealed? **In the breaking of the bread.** Luke 24:30-31 reads: ³⁰*"When he was at the table with them, he took bread, blessed and broke it, and gave it to them. ³¹Then their eyes were opened, and they recognized him; and he vanished from their sight."*

They said to each other, "Were not our hearts burning within us while he was talking to us on the road, while he was opening the scriptures to us?"

That same hour they got up and returned to Jerusalem; and they found the eleven and their companions gathered together. They were saying, "The Lord has risen indeed, and has appeared to Simon! Then they told what had happened on the road and how he had been made known to them in the breaking of the bread."

I believe that the story of Jesus's Easter encounter with the two disciples is, for you and me, the most important resurrection appearance in all of scripture. The reason that I say this is that we are in the same position now that the two disciples were almost 2000 years ago. We have not seen the risen Jesus. So where and when do we encounter him? He comes to you and me in his proclaimed word and makes himself known to us at the deepest level in the breaking of the bread. Right here! Right now! Jesus moves us from "We had hoped" to "Taste and see that the Lord is good."

Two Sundays hence, we will celebrate Mother's Day. Whether our mother is alive or whether she is among those blessed saints arrayed in white, each one of us has a mother.

When I meet with families after their mother has died in order to plan her funeral, I invite them to share memories of their mothers. Over 50 years of such conversations, I've noticed some patterns in how children remember their mothers—by things that they talk about and things that they do not mention.

Every once in a while I will hear a comment about how beautiful Mom was; but that subject doesn't come up very often. The two things that I have heard more frequently than anything else go like this:

- Mom was so self-giving. She would take care of us and Dad and others before she cared for herself. She lived her faith. And she was a great listener.
- Mom was a great cook! I've heard lots of stories Mom's terrific cooking and baking—of favorite foods to die for. Among many items, I particularly remember my Mom's frosted molasses cookies and her apricot pie. The three males in our household all bore witness to Mom's delicious baking with our ample girth.

Right now, you may be asking yourself, "Carl, I'm glad that you said a couple of nice things about mothers. But what does this have to do with today's Gospel?" Good question.

How does it connect with the story of Jesus and the two disciples on the Emmaus Road? Think of your mother's way of dealing with you as we look back to that first Easter. Jesus came to the disciples where they were at. Then he listened to their story and their distress. He spoke to them and gave them hope. Then he became known to them, when? When they broke bread. When they ate.

We have a down-to-earth God. A God who listens. A God who speaks to us. A God who eats with us and makes himself known to us in the breaking of the bread.

Taste and see that the Lord is good. **Amen.**

Dear St. Pauli Congregation,

Thank you for voting at our annual meeting to use Mission Funds to help support me on my eye mission trip to Panama in February.

I work as an independent contractor optometrist, so when I'm not at work seeing patients, I am not getting paid. The monetary support was greatly appreciated, and little did I know how much more important that financial support would be when our office closed on March 20th due to the coronavirus pandemic.

I also know that many of you were praying for me and our group as we traveled to help the people in San Felix, Panama. We saw 1,103 patients in three days! Most of the patients had never had an eye exam in their lives, so it was a great joy to be there to help them see.

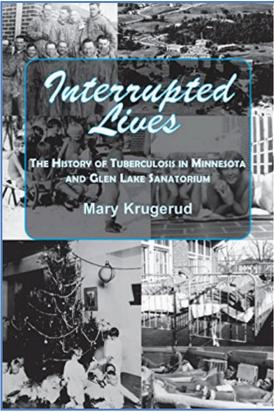
It was a really great trip filled with many memories that I hope to share with you once we can gather together again as a congregation. It is hard to express how much I appreciate your kindness, generosity, and love, but I hope you will accept my thanks in this note and, maybe, a hug when that becomes possible again.

Thank you,

Kari Torkelson



Book Reviews — Returning by Popular Demand



Cindy Cedergren writes: I've just read an appropriately titled book for this time of our lives called ***Interrupted Lives: The History of Tuberculosis in Minnesota and Glen Lake Sanatorium***. Author: Mary Krugerud, Bloomington, MN. ISBN-13: 9781682010655

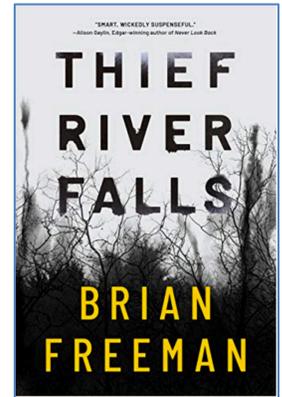
Tuberculosis was once a dreaded disease that cost this nation many worker hours and many lives, and before antibiotics, treating it was difficult. The isolation of TB patients was one of the trends in the treatment of the illness at the time when sanatoriums were established, as were good food, fresh air, and sunshine. The sanatorium era lasted approximately 100 years. This book focuses on Glen Lake Sanatorium, which was located in Hennepin County. You might wonder why I'd be interested in such a book? It's because my mother's sister, Frances (Keuhn) Lange, and her husband Gilbert, were once patients there, and Aunt Fran was interviewed by the author and is quoted a number of times. Fran is an LHS grad (she's now 94) and living in Bloomington. Her memory is as sharp as a tack! Gil entered Glen Lake just before their first wedding anniversary, and Fran became a patient a few months later. Gil was gravely ill and spent a year and a half on strict bed rest, eventually spending close to five years there before full recovery. Fran was treated there for about 3 1/2 years. As I read this book,

I sympathized with those who are now being isolated from their families, particularly those who are suffering and dying from the COVID-19 virus.

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Staci Reay writes: Have you read ***Thief River Falls*** by Brian Freeman? I don't know that I have time to do a review; also, I read it a while ago. I thought the writing was a little "sloppy," but it was interesting to see the local landmarks the author used in the book. (There is a surprise location at the end.) ISBN-10: 1542093368, ISBN-13: 978-1542093361

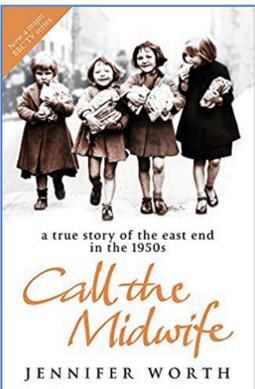
Barnes and Noble overview: Lisa Power is a tortured ghost of her former self. The author of a bestselling thriller called *Thief River Falls*, named after her rural Minnesota hometown, Lisa is secluded in her remote house as she struggles with the loss of her entire family: a series of tragedies she calls the "Dark Star." Then a nameless runaway boy shows up at her door with a terrifying story: he's just escaped death after witnessing a brutal murder—a crime the police want to cover up. Obsessed with the boy's safety, Lisa resolves to expose this crime, but powerful men in Thief River Falls are desperate to get the boy back, and now they want her too. Lisa and her young visitor have nowhere to go as the trap closes around them. Still under the strange, unforgiving threat of the Dark Star, Lisa must find a way to save them both, or they'll become the victims of another shocking tragedy she can't foresee.



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Marisa Benson wonders: How many have seen the BBC series ***Call the Midwife***? If not, it is a must-see. As of February 23rd, 78 episodes have aired over nine seasons.

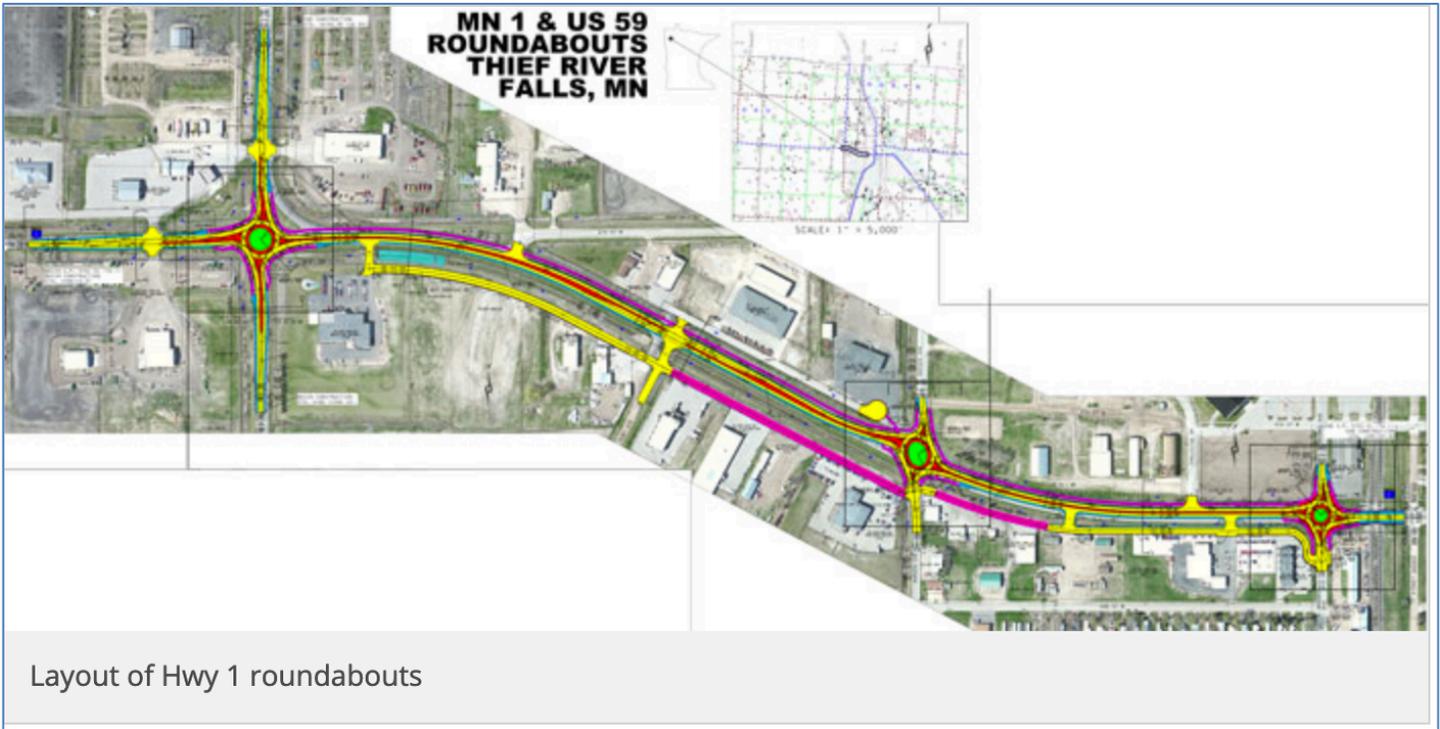
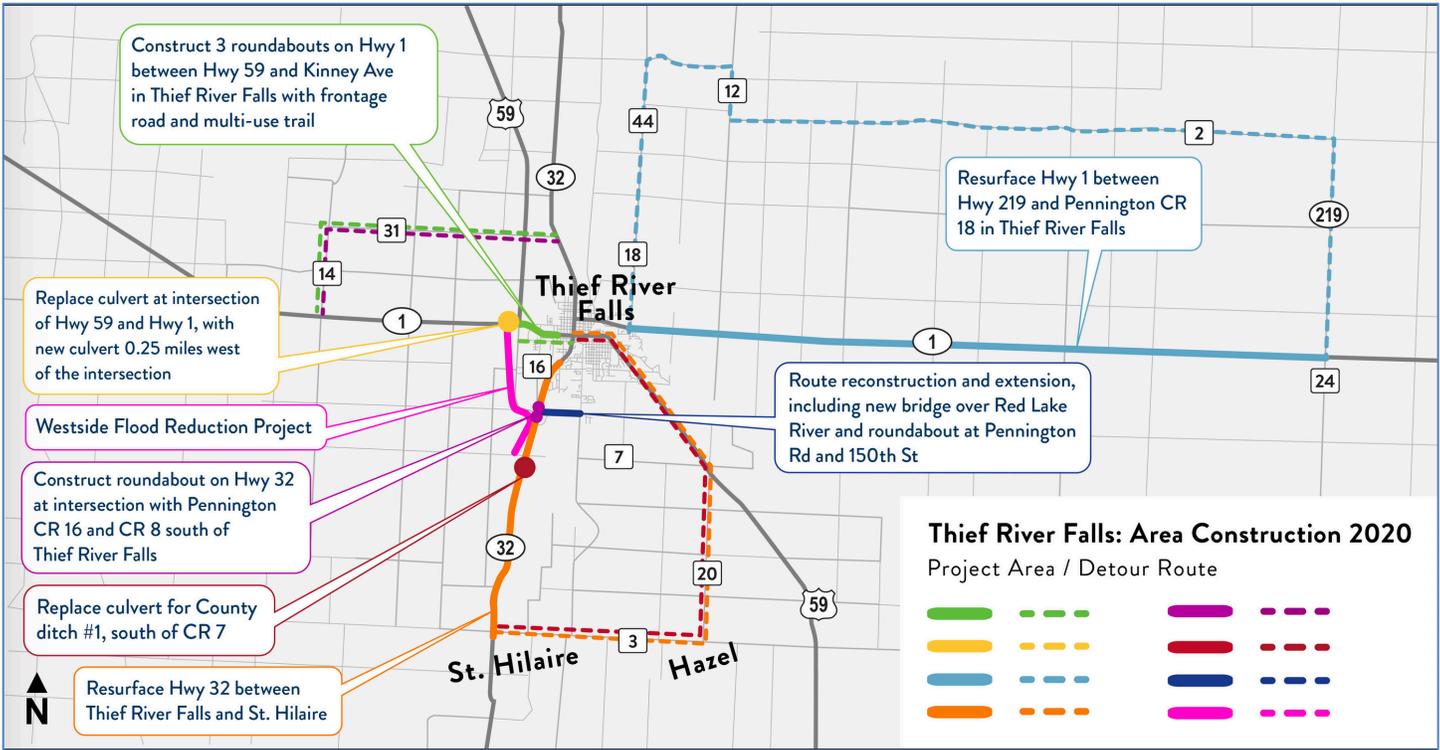
The complete set of four *Call the Midwife* books on which this series is based are the true stories of Jennifer Worth, a midwife in the East End of London in the 1950-60s. In the preface to Book 1, Worth writes: "In January 1998, the *Midwives Journal*



published an article by Terri Coats entitled "Impression of a Midwife in Literature." After careful research right across European and English-language writing, Terri was forced to conclude that midwives are virtually non-existent in literature. Why, in heaven's name? Fictional doctors grace the pages of books in droves, scattering pearls of wisdom as they pass. Nurses, good and bad, are by no means absent. Yet midwifery is the very stuff of drama. Every child is conceived either in love or lust, is born in pain, followed by joy or sometimes remorse. A midwife is in the thick of it, sees it all. Why then does she remain a shadowy figure, hidden behind the delivery room door? Terri Coats finished her article with a lament for the neglect of such an important profession. I read her words, accepted the challenge, and took up my pen." ISBN-10: 1407251260, ISBN-13: 978-9766705091

In 2012 when the series began, *The Telegraph* published an article titled "Nuns from the order that inspired 'Call the Midwife' never miss a show." Every Sunday evening as the clock strikes eight, the Sisters of the Anglican Community of St John the Divine take a vow of silence. For one hour, they sit in quiet contemplation, huddled in a circle in the living room of their shared house. But this is no religious ceremony. Instead of prayer books, the Sisters clutch mugs of tea and plates of custard creams. In place of the altar is a table strewn with sepia photographs, letters and biscuit crumbs. And in the corner stands a huge flat-screen television, tuned to BBC1, where the most sacrosanct of rituals is about to begin. Sisters Margaret Angela, Christine, Elaine, Ruth, Ivy, Shirley and Teresa have more reason than most to watch *Call the Midwife*. Jennifer Worth was a lay midwife who lived and worked with these very nuns in Poplar, east London, more than 60 years ago. And each week they tune in to reminisce about the happiness and heartbreak of midwives bringing the miracle of life to the grimy streets of London's East End."

Summer 2020 Road Construction in Our Area



Mayday! Mayday! Mayday!

Mayday is an internationally recognized radio word to signal distress. It's used mostly by aircraft and boats, and most of us are happily only familiar with it through TV and fiction. But in some countries local organizations such as firefighters, police forces, and transportation organizations also use the term.

It appears as both an interjection ("Mayday! Mayday! Mayday!") and to modify a noun ("a mayday signal"). The May Day that refers to the first of May has been in English use for a very long time—back to the 1200s, in fact—but it's not what inspired the call for help. The "mayday" procedure word originated in 1921 by a senior radio officer at Croydon Airport in London. The officer, Frederick Stanley Mockford, was asked to think of a word that would indicate distress and would easily be understood by all pilots and ground staff in an emergency. Since much of the traffic at the time was between Croydon and Le Bourget Airport in Paris, he proposed the expression "mayday" from the French *m'aider* ('help me'), a shortened form of *venez m'aider* ('come and help me'). It is completely unrelated to the holiday May Day.

Procedure calls for the mayday distress signal to be said three times in a row — Mayday! Mayday! Mayday! — so that it won't be mistaken for another word or phrase that sounds similar under noisy conditions. A typical distress call will start with mayday repeated three times, followed by all the relevant information that potential rescuers would need, including type and identity of craft involved, nature of the emergency, location or last known location, current weather, fuel remaining, what type of help is needed and number of people in danger.

Sometimes a mayday distress call is sent by one vessel on behalf of another vessel in danger. This is known as a mayday relay. A mayday relay is sometimes necessary if the vessel in danger loses radio communications. If a mayday call is repeated and not acknowledged, another vessel hearing the call may attempt to relay it again and again until help is reached.

A mayday call is not something to be taken lightly. In the United States, it's illegal to make a fake distress call. Doing so can land you in jail for up to six years and subject you to a \$250,000 fine!

For situations that are less than life-threatening, one of several other urgent messages can be conveyed. For example, "Pan-Pan" — from the French word *panne*, which means "breakdown" — can be used to signal an urgent situation involving a mechanical or medical issue.

Another signal is "Securite"—from the French word *sécurité*, which means "safety." Securite is often used to convey a message about safety, such as bad weather or navigation hazards. Like mayday, these phrases are usually repeated three times to avoid confusion.

Mayday first came into English in 1923. There was a lot of air traffic between England and France in those days, and evidently there were enough international problems over the English Channel that both parties wanted to find a good distress signal that everyone would understand. But surely there already was a distress signal that everyone

understood? There was—*S.O.S.*—but there were some problems with it:

Owing to the difficulty of distinguishing the letter "S" by telephone, the international distress signal "S.O.S." will give place to the words "May-day," the phonetic equivalent of "M'aidez," the French for "Help me." —"New Air Distress Signal," *The Times* [London], 2 Feb. 1923

SOS was most commonly used in telegraphic communications, where the unmistakable pattern of *SOS* in Morse code (...---...) was easy to remember and easy to decipher. *SOS* was used predominantly by ships that were in distress. Aircraft, by comparison, used radio and not telegraph as their primary means of communication, and when in distress, a pilot wouldn't have time to clarify to anyone listening that they meant *S* as in "Sam" and not *F* as in "Frank." A short, easily understood word that couldn't be mistaken for something else was necessary.

The *Times* article goes on to say that the new distress call was tested by an RAF "flying-boat" whose engines had failed over the Channel. They gave the signal three times and said their engines had failed, and radio operators in Croydon and Lympne received and transferred the signal to Dover, which sent out help.

The call spread well beyond the Channel; the new distress signal's use was reported as far away as Singapore. In 1927, the United States formally adopted it as an official radiotelegraph distress signal, helpfully explaining in Article 19 of their resolution that *mayday* corresponds "to the French pronunciation of the expression *m'aider*."

Civilian aircraft making a mayday call in United States airspace are encouraged by the FAA to use the following format, omitting any portions as necessary for expediency or where they are irrelevant (capitalization as in the original source):

Mayday, Mayday, Mayday; (Name of station addressed); Aircraft call sign and type; Nature of emergency; Weather; Pilot's intentions and/or requests; Present position and heading, or if lost then last known position and heading and time when aircraft was at that position; Altitude or Flight level; Fuel remaining in minutes; Number of souls on board; Any other useful information.



Flare guns may also be used whenever someone needs to send a distress signal. The flares must be shot directly above, making the signal visible for a longer period of time and revealing the

position of whoever is in need of assistance.

May Day

In contrast to the “Mayday” distress signal, “May Day” is a spring holiday and, in some places, a celebration of working people. The terms sound similar, but they have different origins. And they are not spelled the same way.

May Day is a May 1 celebration with a long and varied history, dating back millennia. Throughout the years, there have been many different events and festivities worldwide, most with the express purpose of welcoming in a change of season (spring in our Northern Hemisphere). In the 19th century, May Day took on a new meaning, as an International Workers’ Day grew out of the 19th-century labor movement for worker’s rights and an eight-hour workday in the United States. May Day 2020 is celebrated on May 1, 2020.

Beltane

The Celts of the British Isles believed May 1 to be the most important day of the year, when the festival of Beltane was held. This May Day festival was thought to divide the year in half, between the light and the dark. Symbolic fire was one of the main rituals of the festival, helping to celebrate the return of life and fertility to the world.

When the Romans took over the British Isles, they brought with them their five-day celebration known as Floralia, devoted to the worship of the goddess of flowers, Flora. Taking place between April 20 and May 2, the rituals of this celebration were eventually combined with Beltane.

Maypole Dance

Another popular tradition of May Day involves the maypole. While the exact origins of the maypole remain unknown, the annual traditions surrounding it can be traced back to medieval times, and some are still celebrated today.

Villagers would enter the woods to find a maypole that was set up for the day in small towns (or sometimes permanently in larger cities). The day’s festivities involved merriment, as people would dance around the pole clad with colorful streamers and ribbons.

The maypole never really took root in America, where May Day celebrations were discouraged by the Puritans. But other forms of celebrations did find their way to the New World.

During the 19th and 20th centuries, May Basket Day was celebrated across the country, where baskets were created with flowers, candies and other treats and hung on the doors of friends, neighbors and loved ones on May 1.

International Workers’ Day

The connection between May Day and labor rights began in the United States. During the 19th century, at the height of the Industrial Revolution, thousands of men, women and children were dying every year from poor working conditions and long hours.

In an attempt to end these inhumane conditions, the Federation of Organized Trades and Labor Unions (which would later become the American Federation of Labor, or AFL) held a convention in Chicago in 1884. The FOTLU proclaimed “eight hours shall constitute a legal day’s labor from and after May 1, 1886.”

The following year the Knights of Labor—then America’s largest labor organization—backed the proclamation as both groups encouraged workers to strike and demonstrate.

On May 1, 1886, more than 300,000 workers (40,000 in Chicago alone) from 13,000 business walked out of their jobs across the country. In the following days, more workers joined and the number of strikers grew to almost 100,000.

Haymarket Riot

Overall, the protests were peaceful, but that all changed on May 3, 1886 when Chicago police and workers clashed at the McCormick Reaper Works. The next day a rally was planned at Haymarket Square to protest the killing and wounding of several workers by the police.

The speaker, August Spies, was winding down when a group of officers arrived to disperse the crowd. As the police advanced, an individual who was never identified threw a bomb into their ranks. Chaos ensued, and at least seven police officers and eight civilians died as a result of the violence that day.



The Haymarket Riot, also known as the Haymarket Affair, set off a national wave of repression. In August 1886, eight men labeled as anarchists were convicted in a sensational and controversial trial, despite there being no solid evidence linking the defendants to the bombing. The jury was considered to be biased, with ties to big business.

Seven of the convicted men received a death sentence, and the eighth was sentenced to 15 years in prison. In the end, four of the men were hanged, one committed suicide and

the remaining three were pardoned six years later.

A few years after the Haymarket Riot and subsequent trials shocked the world, a newly formed coalition of socialist and labor parties in Europe called for a demonstration to honor the “Haymarket Martyrs.” In 1890, over 300,000 people protested at a May Day rally in London.

The workers’ history of May 1 was eventually embraced by many governments worldwide, not just those with socialist or communist influences.

May Day Today

Today, May Day is an official holiday in 66 countries and unofficially celebrated in many more, but ironically it is rarely recognized in the country where it began, the United States of America.

After the 1894 Pullman Strike, President Grover Cleveland officially moved the U.S. celebration of Labor Day to the first

Monday in September, intentionally severing ties with the international worker's celebration for fear that it would build support for communism and other radical causes.

Dwight D. Eisenhower tried to reinvent May Day in 1958, further distancing the memories of the Haymarket Riot, by declaring May 1 to be "Law Day," celebrating the place of law in the creation of the United States.

A Forgotten Tradition: May Basket Day



First lady Eleanor Roosevelt receives a May basket of flowers from young children in 1938.

Maybe there really was a time when America was more innocent. Back when May Basket Day was a thing, perhaps.

The curious custom — still practiced in discrete pockets of the country — went something like this: As the month of April rolled to an end, people would begin gathering flowers and candies and other goodies to put in May baskets to hang on the doors of friends, neighbors and loved ones on May 1.

In some communities, hanging a May basket on someone's door was a chance to express romantic interest. If a basket-hanger was spotted by the recipient, the recipient would give chase and try to steal a kiss from the basket-hanger.

Perhaps considered quaint now, in decades past May Basket Day — like the ancient act of dancing around the maypole — was a widespread rite of spring in the United States.

May Basket Tales

Through the 19th and 20th centuries, May Basket Day celebrations took place all across the nation:

A reporter in the Sterling, Ill., *Gazette* in 1871 explained the seasonal ritual this way: "A May-basket is — well, I hardly know how to describe it; but 'tis something to be hung on a door. Made of paper generally, it contains almost anything, by way of small presents you have in mind to put in it, together with your respects, best wishes — love, perhaps. It is hung after dark at the door of anybody the hanger fancies. — Which done, the said hanger knocks and scampers."

The writer went on to say, in the spirit of the times, that if a boy hangs a May basket on a girl's door and the girl catches him, "it's a great disgrace." If a girl is the hanger, "it disgraces the boy again not to catch her."

In St. Joseph, Mich., the *Herald* reported on May 6, 1886, "little folks observed May Basket Day custom in hanging pretty baskets to door knobs."

The Taunton, Mass., *Gazette* in May 1889 told the story of a young man who got up very early and walked a mile and a half to hang a basket on his sweetheart's door, only to find another basket from another beau already hanging there.

"With the young, in rural communities especially," the St. Louis *Republic* reported on May 1, 1900 — in archaispeak, "it is May Basket Day — when the youthful fancy manifests its turn to thoughts of love by surreptitiously leaving baskets of spring flowers on the stoop appertaining to the home of the one adored."

Two bold children hung May baskets on the White House front door on May Day 1925. The Indiana, Pa., *Gazette* reported that first lady Grace Coolidge found her admirers and gave them flowers she had picked.



First lady Grace Coolidge receives a May basket from young children in 1927.

In Dunkirk, N.Y., the *Evening Observer* observed on April 30, 1932, that young people were collecting samples from wallpaper dealers and "creating baskets of all sorts and varieties as to size, shape, and color, and will hang them on the doors of their friends at dusk on May Day."

Writing in the Humboldt, Iowa, *Independent* in May 1976, the local extension home economist reminisced: "What a gallant occasion Mother made of May baskets. Lists were made and rewritten. It became almost as exciting as Christmas." Her family used old milk cartons for containers and they made popcorn and Boston cremes for each basket. People in her community returned May baskets to their owners at Halloween.



Basket Cases

Here and there you can find recollections of May Basket Days past. Marci Matson, former director of the historical society in Edina, MN, writes: "The practice has a long history, stemming from the European pagan festival of spring, Beltane. The more raucous elements were toned down after the continent became Christianized, but the May pole dance and May baskets survived in a more G-rated form."

She points to other reminiscences: Joan Gage in *A Rolling Crone* remembers making baskets as a child in Milwaukee and leaving them for old folks in the neighborhood, just for the kindness of it.

And *Old Fashioned Living* recalls that Louisa May Alcott wrote about May Basket Day in New England in her 1880 children's book *Jack and Jill*.

From Alcott's story: "Such a twanging of bells and rapping of knockers; such a scampering of feet in the dark; such droll collisions as boys came racing round corners, or girls ran into one another's arms as they crept up and down steps on the sly; such laughing, whistling, flying about of flowers and friendly feeling—it was almost a pity that May day did not come oftener."

Fade Away

Eventually, May Basket Day — like the spring flowers arranged in the baskets — began to wilt and droop. Though vestiges of the sincere ceremony still pop up on the Internet, the in-real-life event has pretty much evanesced.

Observing May Day traditions on May 1, 1963, an Associated Press reporter in Providence, R.I., wrote that there were only a "few May baskets hanging from door knobs" that year.

So what happened? Maybe the ritual receded because of a national fall from innocence. Or an increased desire for get-off-my-lawn privacy. Maybe modern innovation overwhelmed the May basket tradition: A household-hint adviser suggested "May Baskets from plastic bottles" in the *Belleville, Kan., Telescope* in 1976.

Whatever the case, Madonna Dries Christensen, a writer in Florida, is not totally sure she wants the habitual ritual to flourish again. "I harbor a fear that some major company will rediscover May Basket Day and mar its simplicity with commercial baskets, cards and trinkets," she writes in her 2012 memoir, *In Her Shoes: Step By Step*. "To ward off that calamity, please do not share this ... with anyone who might be in cahoots with such a manufacturer."

May Anniversaries

May 7 Craig and Sally Torkelson



We have two very special St. Pauli students who will be graduating from Lincoln High School this year:

Josie Cervantes
Devin Haugen

May Birthdays

May 3	Barb Smith
May 8	Inez Mathson
May 8	Shelley Mathson
May 13	Jodie Torkelson
May 15	Tammy Haugen
May 18	Becky Stickler
May 21	Virginia Anderson
May 28	Ivette Garrett

Mum's Clothes Line Rules

The clothes line must be wiped before hanging clothes.

Socks must be hung by their toes.

Hang sheets and towels on the outside line so you can hide your 'unmentionables'.

Clothes must hang in order - whites with whites and hung first.

Shirts must always hang by the tail - never the shoulders.

Lining up the clothes so that each item shares one of the clothes pegs with another item.

It doesn't matter if it is sub-zero outside, the clothes will go out and just freeze.

Pegs must be gathered up when taking down clothes - never leave them on the line.



Norwegian Rural Customs and Costumes

Written by Thomas B. Wilson, M.A. ca 1900 – transcribed by Børge Solem 2006

HARD though the life of the Norwegian Bønder (farmers) is, it is not all work. For they, like other folk, have their festivals and merry makings, which are enjoyed all the more because they are comparatively few in number.

The great national festival is on May 17, in honour of the drawing up of the constitution at Eidsvold in 1814. It is observed all over Norway, and evokes an immense amount of enthusiasm.

Of recent years, there has been a return of the ancient commemoration of St. Olaf's Day (July 29). The patron saint of Norway represents to the people the independence of their land, which the great monarch achieved; and although after the Reformation its observance was discountenanced, and indeed, forbidden, yet it was never quite lost sight of in the country parts, and is now, within the last few years, gradually resuming its ancient place both as a religious and national festival.

The even of the day, or Olsoks, as it is called, is observed by the lighting of bonfires on the mountainsides, and on rafts or islands in the fjords, somewhat in the same way as St. Hans aften (June 23), which in Norway, as in so many other countries, is thus commemorated.

Of the religious festivals, Christmas takes easily the foremost place in social rejoicings, and the pretty custom of placing a sheaf of corn for the famished birds on one of the outbuildings of the farm is everywhere observed, and the domestic animals have also their extra share of good things.

Weddings were the most festive occasions in Norwegian country life, and in some parts the feast extended over two or three days. Many of the old customs are dying out, but still a Norwegian country wedding is an event of great importance and the opportunity of seeing one is much prized by visitors.

Most marriages among the Bønder are a matter of arrangement between the parents of the bride and bridegroom [!], but at the same time it must not be imagined that love-matches are by any means unknown. When a young man wishes to get married, negotiations are opened, usually through the medium of a friend of both parties. If all questions as to dowry, etc., are satisfactory, then the principals appear upon the scene, and the date of the marriage may possibly be arranged. For when the financial part of the matter is reached, the actual wedding is not far distant.

Of course, there are many instances of long betrothals, where the marriage is a love one, and where the parties are obliged to wait for want of means, or the intending bridegroom is without a farm. But we are now dealing with the immediate preliminaries of the wedding.

When the important day draws near, great are the preparations in the bride's home. Supplies for the feast are laid in, and the guests are invited. It is usual for the guests to bring contributions in the way of provisions to the feast, like butter, fish, sausages, etc., as well as beverages, beer and aquavit. Of course, in the more prosperous farmers' families, this custom varies very much.

The Norwegian bride is in some districts a very imposing-looking person, as for the first and only time in her life she wears a crown. These bridal crowns are often of considerable antiquity, for they are preserved in families for generations, but often, indeed generally, it happens that they are hired (rented) from someone who has purchased one, and who derives a small income from the hire. Some parishes possess a crown which is lent without charge.

The shape of the crown varies in different parts of the country; usually it is circular and worn like an ordinary crown, but in some places it is of a crescent shape and fastened under the chin like a bonnet. The bride's dress is black, with rows of coloured (usually red) braid round the bottom. (Editor's note: With the return of regional bunads, the dresses may be other colors.)

A belt of silver plates is worn, and lappets of ribbons, embroidered with coloured bugle beads, hang down from the crown. The bodice is also elaborately embroidered with beads, on red or green cloth. Silver chains are often hung round the bride's neck. Her hair on this occasion hangs down her back, which it has never been allowed to do since her childhood, and will probably never be allowed to do again.

When all is ready, the procession starts for the church, headed by that indispensable person—the fiddler. If the route is by road, the bride and groom drive together in a "stolkjerre," followed by their friends. If by water, as is common in the fjord districts, the procession of boats makes a very attractive picture, the boat in which the bride and groom travel being naturally the central point of attraction, with the fiddler seated in the bow and the national flag waving in the stern.

The bride is not attended by bridesmaids, but by brudekoner, or brideswomen—usually the mothers of the bride and bridegroom, who when the party reach the church put the finishing touches to the bride's apparel and carefully dust the bridegroom's garments.

The marriage ceremony is a tolerably long one, and ends with an elaborate sermon addressed to the couple. The return home is a very joyful procession, and all along the road the people turn out to wish the happy pair good luck.

Then comes the feast. And here a very important functionary must be mentioned, and that is the kjøgemester, or, as the word might be translated, "governor of the feast." This important person played a prominent part in former times, but the old race is now almost extinct.

He had to be a man of ready wit, and always see that everything was right at the feast. He went round to make sure that everyone had plenty to eat and to drink, and was ready with his jokes to smooth over any difficulties which may arise in the course of the festival.

The toasts are numerous, and there is no lack of beverages wherein to drink them - sometimes rather too many, and quarrels are not unknown. As late as the seventeenth century the women in Sætersdal and Telemarken were accustomed to bringing their husbands' winding-sheets to weddings so as to be prepared for emergencies. (A winding sheet is a cloth in which a body is wrapped for burial.)

In recent years there has been less drunkenness, owing to the efforts of the many "totalafholdsforeninger" (total abstinence societies), but anyone who has been present at a wedding in the country, will know that the drinking of healths is a very arduous undertaking, and requires a strong head to ensure safety.

After the feast has been partaken of, the dancing begins, and is kept up with extraordinary spirit for hours; and to dance with the bride is the honour and duty of all. This, in former times and in many places still, was an honour which had to be paid for, and the sum paid varied according to the wealth and position of the dancer. The result was often a comfortable little sum of money for the young couple to begin housekeeping with.

If the feast is spread over more than one day, the bride appears the second day without her gorgeous crown. Probably the bridal crown will eventually become a thing of the past, like so many other old institutions, but it survives at any rate for the present, and is an interesting and picturesque adjunct to the wedding costumes.

The Norwegians of all classes are fond of dancing, and among the country people they have very curious dances, such as the halling, which takes its name from the Hallingdal, a large and picturesque valley which lies south-west of the beautiful Valdres district.

It is not everyone who can dance a halling. Bjørnson in "Arne" gives the following description of one: "He [Nils, the dancer] squatted on the floor; hopped sideways in tune with the violin; swung to and fro; sprang up again and stood as though he was going to take a leap, and then went on hopping sideways as before. The violin was played by a skillful hand, and the tune became more and more exciting. Nils bent his head backwards and suddenly kicked the beam, so that the dust from the ceiling came scattering down upon the guests. They laughed and shouted around him, and the girls stood almost breathless. The sound of the violin rose high above the tumult, constantly egging him on by wilder and wilder strains. He did not withstand their influence either, but bent forward, hopped in time with the music, stood up as if about to take a leap, but shirked it, and swung to and fro as before; and then just when he seemed as though leaping was the furthest thing from his thoughts, leaped up and gave a thundering kick upon the beam again and again. Next he turned 'cart-wheels' forwards and backwards, standing up quite straight after each. Then he would do no more. The tune passed through some wild variations, quiveringly sank, and at last died away in one single, long low note." [From "Life by the Fells and Fjords," by Bjørnson (English edition).]

Such is the famous halling, which still survives in parts of Norway, and is, of course, only a man's dance. The "spring dance" is for both sexes, and is a very bright and pretty one.

These social gatherings greatly help to enliven the tedium of the long winter months. When the snow comes, the young people often have a merry time on ski, and in skating and sledging.

Where there are a considerable number of farms near together, meetings for religious and social objects are often held. Foreign missions, and especially those in Zululand and India, receive hearty support from the people, and also the Seamen's Mission, for which bazaars are often held. In the

rural districts, the parish priest naturally takes an active part in supporting these missions, and he is glad to enlist the sympathies of his people in all good works.

The Bønder are a very intelligent race of men and take a very keen interest not merely in politics, but in all social movements—very much more, perhaps, than the same class do in other countries.

It would be a surprise to many to stand in a country post office after the mail comes in, and, when the letters and papers are being distributed, to note the great variety of papers taken regularly by even poor farmers. Every household takes two or more - mostly weekly publications, though the well-to-do have their daily paper. There will be found journals about home life, agriculture, missions at home and abroad; all sorts and kinds are regularly subscribed for, and find their way into often very remote districts, thus keeping the people in touch with the life and doings of the towns, and of the wide world beyond. Each country district has also its local paper, sometimes partly, or wholly, written in *landsmaal*, and, in these papers all the local events are duly chronicled.



Photo: Knud Knudsen / University of Bergen Library, Norway

Varieties of costume [bunad] are still to be found amongst the Bønder of Norway, but the disappearance of this characteristic dress is only a matter of time.

Not long ago each large district had its own peculiar costume, but the gradual spread of the means of communication and the closer connection of town and country, as well as the return to their homes of those who have been to America, have all tended to discourage its use. Even in the towns a certain amount of costume was often to be seen only a few years ago, but it is now almost extinct.

For example, in Bergen unmarried girls of the working class had a curious headdress - now rarely or never seen - made of red coils of a kind of thick cord, twisted two or three times round the head.

Costumes may, indeed, be noticed in the streets of the town, but they belong chiefly to the inhabitants of the outer islands of the coast who bring their fish to market. It is curious that it is in the south and west that costume peculiar to the district is mostly met with. In the north and in the country around Trondhjem there is little or none, except, of course, among

the Lapps and Finns, who, however, cannot be said to be of Norwegian race.



Headdress once worn by Bergen unmarried girls of the working class.

The most interesting of the peasant costumes in the south and west are those of Hardanger, Telemarken, and Sætesdal. The first-named is the most picturesque, and the last, one of the quaintest to be seen in any country.

What is most commonly noticed in the various hotels, where the waitresses, as in Switzerland, wear national costumes, is generally the Hardanger dress, with a red embroidered bodice over a white shirt with full sleeves. A belt embroidered with beads is also worn, and a short, full black skirt, with red braid round the hem.



But it must be remembered that this costume only prevails in the inner parts of the Hardanger Fjord, and is not the dress of the inhabitants of the outer districts, which is much less fanciful and of more sober hues. The Hardanger costume will be seen up to Vossevangen, but between that and the Sogne Fjord a quite different costume

is sometimes seen, especially in the wilder valleys to the north of the main road.

In Kvindherred (Hardanger) a very curious sort of headgear is still worn by some older women. It is called a *regnhat*, or rain hat, and answers the purpose of an umbrella, as the rim of the hat is very wide and made of tarred felt, and completely shelters the shoulders, so that the wearer can walk about in very heavy rain without being much the worse for it. A curious thing about this hat is that it is almost identical with a hat worn by the natives of Burma in the rainy season.

The Sætesdal costume is certainly more curious than beautiful, particularly that worn by the men when they are at work. It practically consists of an enormous pair of buxer [bukser], or trousers, which come up to the neck, back and front, and are kept in position by straps across the shoulders.

The breastplate, if one may so call it, is embroidered, generally, on green cloth, and has rows of silver buttons down it, and at the ankles it is somewhat the same, though less ornate.

The back view is extraordinary, as there is an immense patch of leather sewn over the seat of the trousers and going partly down the legs. This is intended to make this strange garment last the longer, and it doubtless fulfils its object. The *vadmel*, or frieze, of which it is made, is of a dark brown colour, and when seen from behind and at some little distance the effect produced is very much like that of a bear standing on its hind legs. On Sundays and festive occasions a jacket is also worn, which practically consists of a pair of sleeves, with a band connecting them at the back. The Buxer and a white shirt, often fastened at the neck by very handsomely chased silver studs about the size of a florin, form almost the whole costume.

The Sætesdal women wear very short skirts, fastened at the waist by a leather belt with silver buckles, and a white bodice, worn full, and fastened at the neck and wrists with very handsome silver studs, more beautiful and elaborately chased than those of the men. Long stockings of dark knitted wool are worn to above the knee and are supported below it by silver garters. The shoes are curious, and turned up at the toes, somewhat after the manner of the Lapp shoes. The head is almost entirely covered with a scarf, which shows but little of the hair.



The costume of Telemarken is more picturesque, especially the men's, and approximates to that worn in Hardanger, though of a more neutral tint.

It is curious that the practice of smoking prevails very much among the women both in Sætedal and Telemarken; and not merely among old women, for I have seen quite young married women walking through the fields with their pipes in their mouths, and their little children toddling contentedly after them.

From what has been said, the reader will now be able to form a fairly clear idea of the life of the farmers of Norway. They are in the truest sense the Norwegian people, and, as we have seen, they possess an absolute and overwhelming majority of the Parliamentary representatives; and they are still, as they have always been while Norway was a free nation, the controllers of the policy of their country.

The towns, and especially the capital and Bergen, exercise a just and increasing influence, but the man who is to rule Norway must possess the confidence of the freeholders in the country parts.

These Bønder of Norway form a class which stands almost alone in Europe. They have never known anything of feudalism, either its advantages or its drawbacks. The towns never exercised any control over them, and they are today, in the main, what their forefathers were centuries ago - an honest, hardy, independent race of men, proud, and legitimately so, of their ancient lineage, though they trace it

not from noble blood, but from men who stood firm by the kings whom they themselves had chosen, and according to their lights served God truly - and faithfully. "The Northman's way," as their old song has it, was to "be true to God and their king."



*Haymaking. Ringsaker, Hedmark.
Photo: Kristoffer Horne - Anno Domkirkeodden cc pdm.*

Norwegian Bridal Crowns



The bridal crown came in use at the end of the middle ages, with the Virgin Mary's crown at the forefront. The crown was undoubtedly the most expressive part of anything the bride would wear. It would be a symbol of her purity and virginity. Women who did not qualify in that category or who were pregnant or who were widowed were not allowed to wear the bridal crown. In some districts pregnant brides were allowed to wear smaller crowns or a modified version of the *hodeplagget* – a head covering that married women wore with their *bunad*.



Bridal crowns varied from district to district. They, as a rule, would be richly decorated with detailed silver work and, of course, would be very valuable. Some crowns could be so heavy that they would have to be sewn into the bride's hair in order for it to sit properly in place. A very strong neck was necessary to carry this honorable head piece the entire day! Some crowns were owned privately, but many were owned by the church. Usually the crowns would be rented out and the price was usually one "daler"- Norwegian money unit prior to 1875.



Top of Hardanger bridal crown from the area of Voss.



Ingebritsen's in Minneapolis carries two Norwegian crowns that are available for rental. They measure 3.5" at the base and flare to 5.5" in diameter. The height is 2.5". Each crown is sterling silver.

One crown has a white finish with gold spoons and the other is a silver (oxidized) finish with silver spoons. These crowns are handmade in Voss, Norway.



The Bridal Crown Tradition never died, although the wearing of traditional folk costumes called *bunad* plummeted drastically during the 1800s, although bunads were still worn in rural areas.

Hulda Garborg was instrumental in reviving the bunad tradition in the late 1880s. She was considered a rebel for challenging the elite of the era and thus the union with Sweden. For the culture radicals, wearing the bunad became a symbol of the true Norwegian identity. Hulda Garborg took elements from old pieces of clothing and designed the first bunad as they are known today. She was especially inspired by richly embroidered folk garments from Sunnmøre, a region in Western Norway.

Every region of Norway has their own bunad today, based on elements from local clothing, furniture or building. Most Norwegian women, and many men own a bunad, and will typically wear them to festive occasions, such as Syttende Mai (Norwegian Constitution Day of May 17th), weddings, confirmations, and gala dinners, even at the Royal Castle!

The Back Page

THIS IS WHY WE LOVE CHILDREN

NUDITY

I was driving with my three young children one warm summer evening when a woman in the convertible ahead of us stood up and waved. She was stark naked! As I was reeling from the shock, I heard my 5-year-old shout from the back seat, "Mom, that lady isn't wearing a seat belt!"

OPINIONS

On the first day of school, a first-grader handed his teacher a note from his mother. The note read, 'The opinions expressed by this child are not necessarily those of his parents.'

KETCHUP

A woman was trying hard to get the ketchup out of the jar. During her struggle the phone rang, so she asked her 4-year-old daughter to answer the phone. "Mommy can't come to the phone to talk to you right now. She's hitting the bottle."

MORE NUDITY

A little boy got lost at the YMCA and found himself in the women's locker room. When he was spotted, the room burst into shrieks, with ladies grabbing towels and running for cover. The little boy watched in amazement and then asked, "What's the matter, haven't you ever seen a little boy before?"

POLICE #1

It was the end of the day when I parked my police van in front of the station. As I gathered my equipment, my K-9 partner, Jake, was barking, and I saw a little boy staring in at me. "Is that a dog you got back there?" he asked. "It sure is," I replied. Puzzled, the boy looked at me and then towards the back of the van. Finally, he said, "What'd he do?"

POLICE #2

While taking a routine vandalism report at an elementary school, I was interrupted by a little girl about 6 years old. Looking up and down at my uniform, she asked, "Are you a cop?" "Yes," I answered and continued writing the report. "My mother said if I ever needed help I should ask the police. Is that right?" "Yes, that's right," I told her. "Well, then," she said as she extended her foot toward me, "would you please tie my shoe?"

SCHOOL

A kindergarten teacher was urging a student to get down to work, when he looked up and said, "You do know that I didn't sign up for this. My dad did it."

CHILD-PROOF

An uncle opened a bottle of bleach. His nephew asked, "How did you open it? I tried but it didn't open." Uncle: "Oh, it's because it has a child safety lock. Children can't open it." Nephew, with a look of awe at the bottle: "How did it know I was a child?"

ELDERLY

While working for an organization that delivers lunches to elderly shut-ins, I used to take my 4-year-old daughter on my afternoon rounds. She was unfailingly intrigued by the various appliances of old age, particularly the canes, walkers and wheelchairs. One day I found her staring at a pair of false teeth soaking in a glass. As I braced myself for the inevitable barrage of questions, she merely turned and whispered, "The tooth fairy will never believe this!"