Maria Johanna Granholm (Jansson) Gamlakarleby, Finland

My Grandfather, born October 25, 1841

My grandfather's name was Anders Granholm, but he was called Jonnas Ant. He was of average height and had dark, curly hair with unusually clear blue eyes. His disposition was good and happy, and strong coffee was his favorite drink. He was a sober and fair-minded person. In Granö village, he owned a country store and had a small farm with a horse, a few cows and some sheep. In the red house were the store, a kitchen and a bedroom.

Wheeling and dealing was in his blood. Sometimes in the summer he would pack up his goods and leave to wander all around the country. Vindala appears to have been a particular favorite of his. That is where my father also was a shopkeeper's apprentice in his teenage years, and where he had to go through many difficult times, especially amidst jealous gangs of boys, because of his honesty. Among other nasty tricks played on him was an incident, which occurred when a wire was strung across a lake where it was known that he skated. In the darkness he did not see the wire and came toward it at a fast speed with his neck on a level with the wire. He was thrown head over heels (the Swedish reads "hand over fist") onto the hard ice. He lost consciousness but not his life.

He also went to Confirmation School in Vindala, and because of this he learned Finnish in his youth, which later in his life was of great benefit to him.

Earlier when the war in Turkey took place, my grandfather took my father along for the trip to Petersburg, nowadays called Leningrad, where they were making and packing ammunition boxes which were to be sent to Turkey. My father was then only a child of 11, but he still got to go along on that trip. (This was when Anders Granholm bought the pocket watch, which John my son has, according to my father) A rich Russian military family tried in every way to adopt him because he was a clever boy, and they promised to let him study and get as much education as he might want. Finally he was himself allowed to make the choice, but it was impossible for him to leave his close ones and friends (God perhaps intended it thus for the Granholm family).

They traveled via Helsingfors on the way from Petersburg. My father, who was then 12 years old, stayed there and worked. He began to stamp boards in Sõrnäs lumberyard in order to buy new shoes, which he badly needed with all his wanderings. He had a pair of beautifully made boots in mind which he would have to work hard to become the owner of. Finally that day arrived. He could never forget how happy he was that day when he got his new shoes. But that pleasure didn't last long. In three days he noticed that something was wrong, and when he looked to see what the problem was, he discovered that the soles were made entirely of bark, only a thin, thin sole and the rest was bark. That's where all his earnings had gone. That day the 12-year-old sat down on a stack of boards and cried the most bitter tears he has ever cried, according to stories he has told.

My grandfather once went to Vasa, also on some business, and took my father along, who was then 17 years old. My father, who had always been interested in horses, was allowed in the company of some other boys, to bring the horses' home from the field when evening came. He rode the lead horse but fell off its back, and the other five ran full speed behind him and jumped over him without even touching him. My father remembered "those kinds of God's wonders" often.

My grandfather was unusually fond of children. When I was about seven or eight years old, I spent a whole week there and learned to skate at Risback Lake. When that week was over my legs were so sore that I couldn't walk. My grandfather had his Pålle (a horse) that was much better than the busses and cars in the world today. My grandfather died at the age of 60 of a stroke.

My Grandmother Brita Kajsa, born July 5, 1840

My grandmother Brita Kajsa, or Brita-Kaj as she was called, was from Djupsjõ, in Terijärv. *She was a distant relative of President Per Svinhufvud, Mannerheim (also a President and a famous General in the Finnish army) and Runeberg (a well-known poet and author) but how far back has not been established with certainty. She was a rather small woman, dark, with big, clear blue eyes, fond of children and good natured. Her good "fil" (yogurt), which was prepared in large wooden containers, was the best thing children could think about. Often when Saturday night came, we walked-Lennart, Teodor and I- the long road to Gräneby, 8 or 9 kilometers, to stay a few days at grandfather and grandmother's and sister Regina, who at the time was unmarried. There were beautiful flowers and berries in the yard, wild strawberries in abundance, and one could hardly think of a more pleasant place to play, among big boulders and sandpits, could exist than that yard.

Grandmother died at the age of 60, a couple of years after grandfather, and left unforgettable memories in the hearts of their grandchildren which warm the heart and memory even in the autumn of my life.

We are all very fortunate to have something tangible to connect us to our distant past, and to pass along. In John's case, it's the pocket watch that his Great-Great-Grandfather Anders Granholm bought in Russia, on his trip there with his son Karl, my grandfather. In Kristofer's case, it's a certificate given to my father, Anton, from the Central Bureau in Finland in Charge of Stores, on the occasion of his 20th anniversary of owning AB Granholm & Kåll, the 1st of June 1945. In Karin's case, it's some pencil sketches made by my mother Karin, appropriately signed Karin Granholm. I have the Bible that my greatgrandparents gave to my grandparents for their wedding gift. All these and other numerous things connect us physically and spiritually to our past, items which can never be replaced, and thus must be held dear to our hearts, until it's our time to pass them on.

Kaj Håkan Granholm

^{*} See Lars Granholm's "Famous Relatives and Ancestors" in the Genealogy Section for more information of the lineage of President Per Evind Svinhuvud, Carl Gustaf Emil Mannerheim. Also see Kaarlo Juho Ståhlberg the first President of Finland, another of our relative.













