

By

*Maria Johanna Granholm (Jansson)
Gamlakarleby, Finland*

My Father, born March 14, 1866



Karl Johan Granholm, or Kalle, as he was called, was of average height and had unusually blue eyes, and was so serious in his manner that one seldom saw him laugh. He was, however, a person of such a good nature that one hardly ever heard him argue. He always tried to correct everything with understanding and righteousness. "Live and let live," that was his motto, and a principle that he always tried to follow.

He was interested in politics and in learning throughout his life. Through self-study he learned quite a lot, so there was no position within the community in which he did not participate. He was an alderman and a banker for many years.

His career as a merchant began in a store in Kållby when he was 19 years old. The store was owned by Rudbäck (Dagmar Stores' grandfather). Through him my father got a good start in his life. His son, Johan Rudbäck, who was called Janne, became my father's best friend, and that friendship lasted through his whole life. Later, when both of them were married, they moved together to Terjärv. Rudbäck bought the farm at Nybodas in Hästbackasby, and my father opened a store in a little house, but immediately began building his own place.

Janne Rudbäck, who had a wife who wasn't very healthy, moved to Gamlakarleby and began the still-existing Rudbäck's bicycle shop. Many times I was allowed to go to town and to the Halkokari villa to visit, which was a great pleasure for me. Today descendants of the Granholms and Rudbäcks have been joined by the marriage of our daughter Margareta and Dagmar Stores' son Torbjörn.

Let us turn our thoughts back to Kållby where father was working. He was a serious young man who did not care about anything but the gathering of knowledge. At the time he even took lessons in playing the organ, and when we children grew up, he gathered us around for singing and playing. Getting a wife was much more difficult for him. The first time he saw my mother was when she came into the store to shop. He then noticed that she was engaged to be married, but even so he could not stop himself from thinking, "it's her or no one!" She was

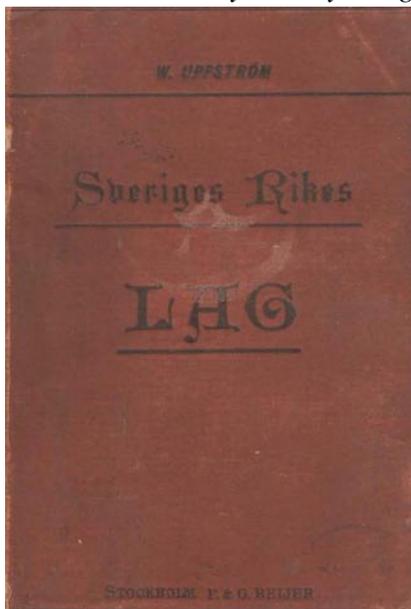
engaged to a farmer who had a big farm in Esse, a handsome man, and in the opinion of her parents, a good choice for a prominent farmer's daughter. When my mother got to know my father and found out what a good head and heart he had, she broke her engagement, and so Kalle won out in the end. They got married, and my oldest brother, Lennart, was born in Källby.

Then they moved to Terjärv. My brother, Teodor, was born right after they moved into their newly built house in Hästbackby. A couple of years thereafter it was my turn to come into the world, and, from what I've been told, because I was a girl I was quite welcome. I was very much "Daddy's Girl," and remained so throughout his life. With him I often walked in the forests and fields, and sometimes even went hunting as a child – memories which can never be forgotten.

In his new home, he got a fresh start for his store because there were no others in the village. He also bought a farm which eventually came to be one of the best in the village. There were good prize-winning cows in the barn and beautiful horses in the stable, some of them good racehorses. Among the first ones I remember were a sire named Hurri, black in color, Hermo, red with a white mane, Tikka, who was black-brown, Halu, who was the same color but unusually beautiful, and Tilly, a young mare who took first price in Vasa, a silver coffee-serving set (which I now own and keep in my cabinet). She didn't get old but died of a cold, a sorrow which I will never forget. After that there were many others – Lento, Råttan, Tappan, a little black mare which we girls had as our own, and Tuska, a red runner with yellow spots who once ran over 35 glass windows, which were all destroyed. No fences or gates could prevent her from going wherever she wanted to when she was in that mood. We also had pig, sheep, cats and dogs, all of which belonged to the farming life. Even in my old age, I remember all these things that made life so rich.

My father was also the village's giver-of-advice in many things, such as the writing of a will or helping sick among people or animals. He always had his medical books and medications handy. Many a night he had to go here and there when needed. He had also seen

poverty, so nobody poor ever left the house without getting help. He was a godfather for the whole village, which mourned him at his death. He died at the age of 54 from diabetes and tuberculosis in the hospital in Helsinki.



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Mia writes about "My Mother"

Karolina Johanna (Lina) Granholm was born Kåll on September 1, 1863. She was a short stout blonde and a daughter of a wealthy farmer who raised her snub nose pretty high. Humorous but rather blunt, liked song and music like my father, so our childhood home was always filled with joy and music. Every Saturday night when she made rice pudding which took a long time to stir, she grabbed the harp and sang to her hearts' content. Some of the maids were also good singers so we had a mixed choir and orchestra in the house. My mother had no difficulty with hired folk for somehow she was a leader type who could decide "where the cupboard should be". Sometimes it seemed to be too much with all the heavy work around the farm. They had to walk the cows the long road to a grazing meadow, 4-5 kilometers morning and night in all types of weather and wind, which probably was more than overwhelming, but to shirk away from that was not in question.



Unnecessary frugal she was, sometimes so that it almost bordered on greed. We were always taught that "nobody thanks a man who lives beyond his means and ends up in poverty." And only later in life, I have found out how true all this was. My parents wanted to teach their children what life had taught them. Especially my father had many words of wisdom to give us which he hoped that we would never forget. Among other things he wanted us to do was to read. For my part I was given a book titled "The thought as a formation of character". Trying to create a foundation for a humble and forgiving heart was a noble goal and considered the best a man should strive for, which can also be expressed in the words "Live and let others live". Quiet as he was he never tolerated much bluster and he quoted the words "empty drums rattle most". Cautioning us in wheeling and dealing he gave the advise "that anyone who buys everything he sees, will eventually have to sell everything he has." Throughout the home was the affirmation "what's right is right". Lies and falsehoods could never occur, neither to

swear nor take the name of God in vain. All maids who came into the home were made aware of these admonitions. Sunday was a holy day, when we were kids we were never going out the door unless we were going to church. Dad played and sang with us, including "Sabbath day how beautiful you are" and "See the bird that sits on the swinging branch", etc. from the song book, and we took turns reading from Luther's sermons. There was never a question that you would work on Sundays unless it was absolutely needed. The Ten Commandments' blessing did one not want to risk to loose, because committing a sin to oneself or another.

At 69 years of age mother had a fairly severe stroke and was paralyzed in her left side, but after three months she recovered again and then lived for two years, a period during which she was hurt that some of the sons did not follow God's ways and paths. But we could only leave them in God's hands and remember them in prayer and that inheritance I got from her.

After two years she sat one morning and listened attentively to the church service; when they sang, she sang with them, when they read the text, she stood up as in church, when they prayed, she clasped her hands in prayer and when it was over she sat down and got her morning coffee, but when she started drinking the coffee, the plate began to tip over, and Aunt May Lovis, who happened to be there that day, rushed and helped her to bed and saw that there was something wrong and said to her "Now she believes that Jesus is coming ". To this mother simply replied "Call me when You please, only in my death I am Yours" from Psalm 287, and so she went to sleep peacefully and calm in death. - The day before she had summed up her life by saying that the flowers and the children were her life's greatest joy, which is how we also recognized her life.