

By
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My mother's father, born June 24, 1829



My grandfather was home from Källby and named Erik Käll. He was a portly cheerful man. Early in his early years he also as many others had to seek out their own path. When the Saimaa Canal was built, he became its construction master and in Vyborg found his Lotta and got married soon. They were also living near Vyborg for many years where three of the oldest children were born, including Emma Öhman (Ida's mother), "Janne" Käll, Birgit Käl'd's grandfather. Later they moved back to Källby and grandfather worked at Labbarts timber firm in Jakobstad, but after a while stopped and he moved to Schauman timber firm. At that firm, he was in service as long as he had enough strength. Together with his cousin "Torp Jock" William Backa they traveled around from one municipality to the other, and paying forest lumber leases. The cash coffin was a round coffin about a half a meter tall with a strong lid and a secure lock on. The money consisted of only copper coins and the coffin was so heavy that we kids hardly had the strength to lift it.

For us back home in Terjärv they came so often in his travels. Snuff was their passion. In our village there were so many old women who knew how to cook some good snuff with fragrant drops in. Snuff was stored then in liter bottles in order not to lose its flavor. Over the years he became a wealthy man and had a large farming homestead which was divided among the two eldest sons who did not behave well and let the booze take over. What now remains is owned by Gunnar Käll who still owns the farm and part of it Ture Käll and Valde Käll. The other farm and the newly built house owned by Birgits' grandfather, were sold on auction. The son Adolf married one from Esse who in no way wanted to be a farmer wife. Many years later Adolf died. The sons Osvald, Erik and Sven Käll are now residing in Jakobstad. The girls got nothing of the inheritance, because they were just girls and thus had nothing to expect.

My grandfather lived until he was 77 years and I remember his funeral yet so well. I would then have been about 13 years old. And it was such a strange funeral. Just when people had gathered in the living room and they were bringing the coffin from a heated barn in the vicinity (one barn was always in older times the dwelling of the dead) it was obviously too much for my grandmother, who had been bedridden because of rheumatism for seven years, so she also died. People in the house were ready to start singing when the message came that even Grandma had died. So was it that one was buried alone on Sunday and grandmother on Tuesday. Because of the inheritance matters we had to stay where we were in Källby all week. An unforgettable memory was this event, so touching to see and experience that just those two, who so cherished each other throughout their lives, even in death would be following each other. - Gracious and merciful is the Lord.!

Mia Jansson "What I remember about my grandmother"

Mia-aunt wrote this about 1960, part of a complete collection of what she wrote about her ancestors and siblings. She tried to relate Charlotta to a possibly father, as an engineer, but Paul Granholm has tried to control this but not found anything that would fit into the context. So that speculation should probably be considered quite unlikely. More likely is that Johan Gustav Årenius, who adopted her when her mother died, is her biological father. Other genealogists also concluded that Charlotta was John's daughter. Anyway continues Mia-aunt her story about Charlotta here:

"Her mother died when she (Charlotta) was only 10 years old. But before that a priest with his wife from Vyborg came after her and took her as his foster child. The mother who was weak and sick had asked her little girl to kneel beside her bed and gave her words of advice including particularly the words "I poor, humble, wretched child", so small and humble before God she wished that her children would be. And that she wished that her children would have to carry on to future generations. In this way, I too have partaken of this admonition, and let it go to you all. After this wish she had put her hand on Charlotta's head and called down God's blessing on her and finally, the Lord's blessing, she prayed with her hand on her daughter's head; "May The Lord bless and keep thee, etc."

That way, she came to Vyborg and in this parish house she a good home. According to the customs of those times she learned everything that a priest's daughter had to do, both sewing and cooking, etc.

Grandpa, who had become a building master now that the Saimaa Canal was being built, was now moving to those areas and thus came to know grandmother. A young doctor (LG: Alexander Lindberg) also sought her company and had, among other things, a precious pearl necklace, which he tried to force her to take as an engagement gift, but when he could not let go of strong drinks, her foster parents also refused to accept him. And then when my grandfather came her way she found the right one, but with the result that the young doctor went into a basement and shot himself. And that troubled grandmother so, that she had been the cause of another's death, so even on the day she died, she mentioned it.

She then married my grandfather Erik Käll and I have still another old shrine where grandmother wrote inside the lid "On the ninetieth (19) February, I was a bride which was my day of honor in 1854".

Grandma was a tiny short woman with brown eyes and a kind-hearted person. A few years after they married and the Saimaa Canal was completed, they moved back to Källby where Grandpa still had his childhood home. But grandmother, who was not used with any farm work, had quite difficult times when her father-in-law was drunk, and then it was she who had to do it. Once, among other things, he had taken birch twigs and ran after her around the barn and would spank her because she could not milk the cows. Another time he took the knife and cut the thread on warp-beam just as she would start the weaving. It was no bed of roses there for her to be daughter-in-law and in particular when Grandpa was rarely at home but had work in Jakobstad, as already mentioned in my grandfather's writings.

Grandmother also lived to an advanced age even though she had a troublesome rheumatoid arthritis for many years. For seven years she had to stay in bed, thin and distorted by the aches and pains, but always happy and resilient. As long as she could sit in bed, she sat so often and sang from the hymnal. And when we came and see it was just to continue singing. Last summer she was alive, I got a beautifully blooming oleander, which still after 55 years has been renewed and remains, and should rightly be called a family heritage.

At her funeral it was so many, many who came and asked if they could somehow give help in return for all the kindness she had shown them. At reading-tests and parties it was always she who had to arrange everything. Thanks to her upbringing in her youth she was able to take care of a thing or two as needed. Seven children, she had also given birth to and fostered; Janne, Alexander, Herman, Alfred, the girls Emma, Caroline and Maria, who died at a young age. Perhaps it was also for her as I got my name.

Grandmother and grandfather are buried at Pedersöre old funeral site at the left side of the isle when you arrive.



What I am later found out about my grandmother's mother. She was born in Ingria, Russia and moved away to Finland, settled in Åbo why no further investigation could be of relatives of the maternal grandmother. "