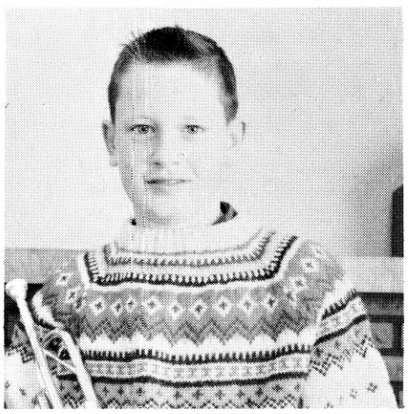
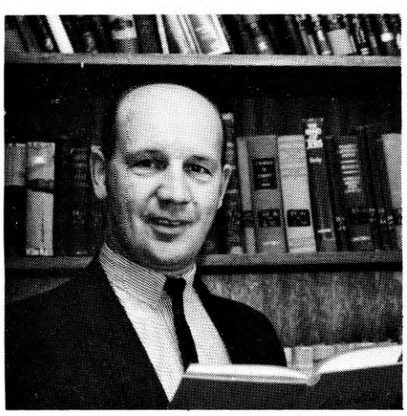
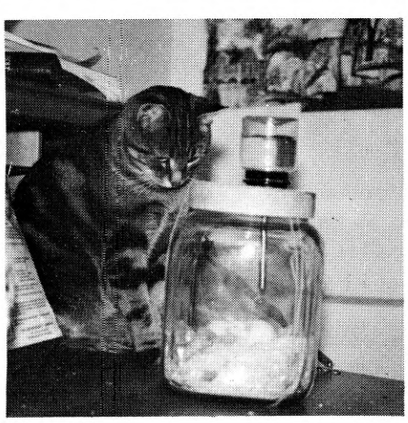


I'm Curtis -- in grade seven and twelve years old. I celebrated my birthday by attending services with The American Lutheran congregation in the Seaman's Centre in Copenhagen. Then we visited & had dinner with Pastor and Mrs. Kloth and their boys. After that we went to see the Schuman circus --- really a good birthday!
How do you like my Norwegian sweater I bought in Haugesund? Man, what a neat trip that was! I saw the King's palace and ate in dozens of restaurants and went to Tivoli in Copenhagen five times. Dad and I were together all summer and I sure met a lot of nice people but I couldn't talk much with them. I'm studying piano and trumpet and play my first solo in church on Sunday with the Confirmation Class choir.

I'm Gertrude and the coffee is on if you can drop in. We are all healthy and refreshed after our trip and just yesterday got our last film developed. As we look at the pictures we enjoy again our visits and wish you could all come and have some Christmas cake. with us. I keep thinking how much sister Randi and I enjoyed having Auntie Bertha with us when we were little girls. Any occasion became special whether it was a birthday or quiltmaking or canning meat or house-cleaning. How nice if our little girls could get to know her too. (She sends greetings to friends from Tichfield and Macrorie and Saskatoon.)



I'm Curtis Sr. and managed to be home long enough to get this picture in my office. In Canadian Missions it's been the best year ever and we rejoice in the progress we have seen in so many of our churches. Our trip to Norway helped me to see the background of one stream in our Church and am happy to report the church there shows much activity, especially in the area of Mission support.
How glad we were to return and find our children all happy and well. Now it is good to be busy and out in the field again.



I'm Tiger and I guess I'm a friend to everybody in the Satre house. When the toys wear out or lose their appeal, they always want to play with me. These two appetizing creatures in the jar are two white mice that Curtis Jr. brought home from the University. I watched them helplessly for hours --- I nearly went crazy -- but I didn't give up. Two weeks after this picture was taken I tipped this jar and got those mice! (You see "I hates Meeses to Pieces")
I used to belong to Auntie Kari so I'm a real smart cat -- and no scraps from the table please -- only Dr. Ballards for me ..... and warm milk.

So you see we are all well and happy and busy. Now as we are making preparations for celebrating our Savior's birth we rejoice that the wonderful news of the Angels' song is meaningful for each day of the coming year. What joy in the midst of the busyness, the fun and the fellowship!

As we join in the singing of the Christmas songs including,

"I am so glad each Christmas Eve!
The night of Jesus' birth;
Then like the sun the star shone forth,
And angels sang on earth."

we think of friends and loved ones we may not see so often but are thankful that we can give and receive Christmas greetings at this blessed time of the year.

here in 1949. But when she hedged and gave evidence of being lost on the trail, our strong men folks set down those two-ton bags and refused to budge until she had aroused the nearest neighbour, a bachelor, who got us the last few rods to our destination. Gertrude's Uncle Georg and Aunt Bertha lived right behind a huge rock, the size of a hill here at home.

You can bet this was the beginning of hospitality! We felt like Royalty ... waited on hand and foot ... given a most interesting introduction to Haugesund area by Magnus Hope ... visited by the press ... invited to all the neighbours ... and shown every courtesy. These were Gertrude's relatives near Skudesnes. In two days we began to uncover mine in Haugesund. Torleif Saetre's first and their children, Torleif being a first cousin to my Dad. Then we found Hans and Elisabeth Satre living alone in the country though he is 96 and she's a spry 88 years. We were fortunate to find this Uncle and Aunt on Dad's mother's side and Aunt Karina who is Dad's father's sister. Then we got together with the Karl Birkeland's (Dad's cousin) and the families of their children and more cousins. What a family reunion we had! We still feel Dad should have been along. We saw where he lived, the Church where he was confirmed, and the school where the kids put unbaked bread dough in the back of their pants when they were scheduled for a licking. History came alive.

We surely enjoyed our trip to Aunt Olga's at Sand, perhaps the most beautiful spot we saw, but our stay was too short. Maybe longer next time, and then we hope we will have time to go to Nordfjord too. Then we went on to Denmark on a huge new ferry that bucked like a horse as it crossed that rough and shallow channel between Kristiansand and Hercholzts.

We saw so much in Copenhagen -- beautiful stores, Tivoli (an amusement park in a class by itself and as downtown as Fifth Ave. is in New York), the Zoo, the Circus, the live theatre, the Concert Hall, guided tours and Gruntvig Church were but the beginning. A rented V.W. and a hectic day at 70 m.p.h. on the wrong side of the road took us across field and forest to Sweden's fabulous Stockholm. Situated on 14 Islands and coupled by a hundred bridges, we learned a fact all tourists should learn, "It's easy to find your way in, but impossible to get out of a big city." Gert read the map, we tried to be calm and collected and we drove til nearly midnight until a kindly old man, who knew some English told us how to get out of a town too big for us!

Two days in Sweden was too little to make an evaluation, but in Stockholm we sensed too much prosperity and an evidence of unhappiness. They have the highest suicide rate in the world and should have the least to worry about. It's worth thinking over when we tend to be discontent with what we have.

The old world has so much to see ... ships like Fram sitting in dry dock in Oslo after reaching both poles. The Kon Tiki raft that floated across the Southern Pacific without any mechanical advantages. The Wasa in Stockholm, sunk on her maiden voyage in 1628 and raised three years ago remarkably intact. But don't try to see it all in one trip. How glad we were to get back to the west coast of Norway for our last two weeks. Nothing brings the rewards of relatives and friends who can enjoy your days with you.

On our way back to Oslo we stopped in Bergen and saw Edvard Greig's home and the Fantoft Stave Church. But on arriving in Oslo we learned our flight was delayed so we had an extra two days. This gave us a chance to visit the Raasok's at Fetsund and to drive his race horse. It was quite an experience to ride a sulky behind an honest go goodness winner at the race track.

It was a long, long night -- but at 3 A.M. August 24 we saw the amiliar lights of Saskatoon. To our Norway orientated bodies we were wide awake at 10 A.M. Everything had been so well cared for by Thor Kleiv and Tom and Randi. By late afternoon we were off to Irma to Uncle Carl and Aunt Eunice's farm to greet our much longed for children. They were almost shy to come to us.

The first trip in the field was a meeting at Abbotsford so the four children who missed the Norway trip got to go west as did Uncle Hans. The slides show that the enchanted forest proved to be a highlight on the way to visit the Coast Cousins. Curtis Jr. stayed on the farm to ride horseback with Harold.

Now three months and thousands of miles later we review our good year. God has blessed with health, joy and adventure as we have pursued with enthusiasm the great privileges He has set before us. May we give Him the Honor and Glory due Him! From our house to your house come warmest wishes for a Blessed Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Sincerely,
Curtis & Gertrude Satre
& Children