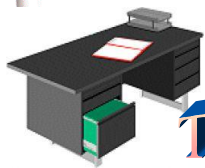


The Samhold Utsikten



Lake Orion, Michigan | Celebrating our 56th Year



From the desk of
The Newsletter Editor

Since our lodge will be merging with the Nordkap Lodge as of January 1, 2020, this is the very last issue of The Samhold Utsikten.

It is hard for me to comprehend that I have been the editor for three and a half years. The first issue published under my leadership was April 2016. The task, for the most part, was enjoyable so I haven't realized the passage of time.

It has been a pleasure to serve you in this capacity especially since I know that my efforts have been enjoyed. I have received numerous compliments of praise and appreciation for the monthly issues. For that, I THANK YOU! The kind and encouraging words graciously offered has helped me to persevere through writer's block, looming deadlines, and other frustrations. Not to mention, that hearing wonderful things said about my work has also helped me to think more highly of my own abilities.

I end my tenure with a grateful and thankful heart,

Kathie Injerd, Editor



Our Last Hurrah! CHRISTMAS PARTY

The last official gathering of our Samhold Lodge was the Christmas Party held at Gino's Restaurant in Keego Harbor, Michigan on December 8, 2019. There were 20 people in attendance.



*Merry Christmas and
Happy New Year!*

Editor Information

Please contact the editor regarding additions or corrections to the newsletter.

Editor: **Kathie Injerd** 586-909-7609

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IN OUR MIDST

We wish Sherry Rose a speedy and complete recovery. She ended November by falling off a ladder while putting Christmas lights on the eaves of her house. As a result, she sustained multiple broken bones and has had at least three surgeries. Please keep her in your thoughts and prayers.



IN MEMORIAM



Catherine Mount (pictured) was a charter member of Samhold Lodge #5-473. As far as I know, her sister Karen Lafnear is now the last living Charter Member.

Catherine Andrea Mount of Clarkston; December 15, 2019; Age 87; born June 5, 1932 in Pontiac, MI. Daughter of the late Carl and Olga Marie Hoff; wife of Clarence D. Mount for 70 years; mother of Patricia Ann Edwards (Gary) and Susan Marie Davis (Norman); grandmother of Daniel Louis Edwards (Jennifer), Troy Louis Edwards (Sarah) and Erica Sue Luhrs (Anthony); great-grandmother of Paige and Braydon Luhrs, Zachary and Jacob Edwards and Oliver and Harper Catherine Edwards; sister of Karen Lafnear (James); also survived by many loving nieces and nephews. She was most proud of her loving family, a member of Sons of Norway and enjoyed golfing and interior designing. Memorial contributions may be made to U of M Multiple Myeloma Research. In Catherine's words, "Love You More!"

Recipe  Corner

One sip of this warm delicious drink, will instantly give you insight into how Scandinavian people cope with the long, cold nights in this winter wonderland. The rich blend of spices, nuts, dried fruits and wine is guaranteed to warm you up and make you happy.



Norwegian Glogg, the Viking Drink

Drink Recipe:

- 5 cups orange juice
- 1/2 cup slivered almonds
- 1-1/2 cups raisins
- 1/2 cup pitted prunes, chopped
- 12 dried apricots, chopped
- 15 whole cloves
- 5 cinnamon sticks (break into smaller pieces)
- 2 pieces fresh ginger, chopped
- 1/8 teaspoon cardamom
- 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
- 2 bottles (750 ml) red wine (or grape juice for those who do not wish to add alcohol)

Preparation:

Pour orange juice into a large pan. Place cloves and ginger in cheese cloth bags* and add to pan. Add raisins, prunes, cinnamon sticks and almonds. Bring mixture to a boil and let steep for 45 minutes. Add wine and heat. A crock pot is perfect to keep this Viking drink nice and hot. Ladle into mugs and serve.

**The bags can be made by cutting food grade cheese cloth into squares; fill them with the spice mix and tie each bag at the top with food grade string or plain dental floss.*

<http://www.norway-hei.com/glogg.html>

Fascinating Norway



The country is about 1100 miles in length, measuring from northeast to southeast.

Norway, with its elongated shape, has one of the longest and most rugged coastlines in the world. Norway's total coastline measures 25,148

kilometers; without fjords and bays, the length is only 2,532 Km. It is dotted with more than 45,000 islands scattered throughout. The largest inhabited island is Hinnøya, which is 2,198 km² in size with mountain ranges, broad valleys and summits over 1000 meters.

Norge does not only have water on the borders, it is blessed with literally tons of water inside the country as well. The country has over 150,000 lakes, with Mjøsa being the largest. Hornindalsvatnet is Norway's and Europe's deepest lake, at 514 meters. Its surface is 53 meters above sea level, which means that its bottom is 461 meters below sea level.

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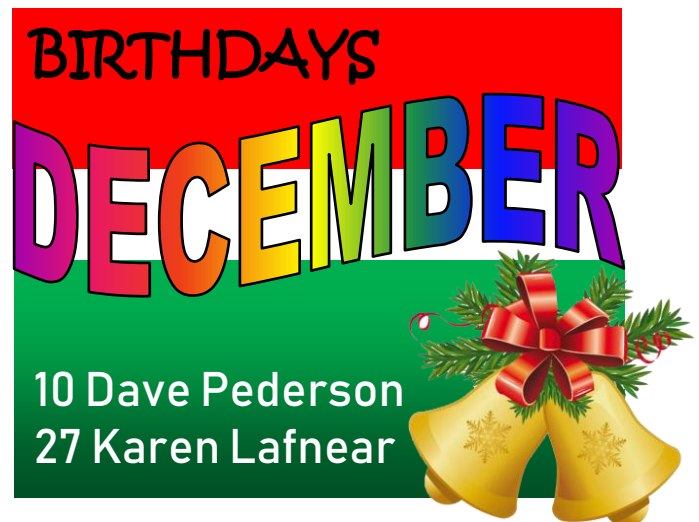
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Don Eickholdt

(vacant)



10 Dave Pederson
27 Karen Lafnear



LUTEFISK LAMENT

'Twas the night before Christmas,
with things all a hustle,
As Momma got set for the Christmas
Eve tussle,
Aunts, Uncles and Cousins were all
coming here,
To fill up their stomachs with
Christmas eve cheer.

I sat alone with a feeling of dread,
As visions of lutefisk danced in my
head.
The thought of the smell made my
eyeballs start burning,
The thought of the taste set my
stomach to churning.

For I'm one of those who Norwegians
rebuff - - -
A Scandihoovian boy who can't stand
the stuff!
Each year, however, I play at the
game,
To spare Momma and Papa the
undying shame.

I must bear up bravely; I can't take
the risk
Of relatives knowing I hate lutefisk!
I know they would spurn me, my
presents withhold
If the unthinkable, unspeakable truth
they were told!

Soon from the kitchen an odor came
stealing,
An odor that set my senses to
reeling.
The smell of lutefisk crept down the
hall and wilted a plant,
in a pot on the wall.

The others reacted as though they
were smitten,
While the aroma laid low my small
helpless kitten.
Uncles Oscar and Lars said, "Oh, that
smells yummy!"
While Aunt Olga just beamed as she
patted her tummy.

The scent skipped off the ceiling as it
came through the door,
And the bird in the cuckoo clock fell
on the floor.
Momma announced dinner by ringing
a bell,
And they rushed to the table with a
whoop and a yell.

I lifted my eyes to heaven and
sighed,
And a rose on the wallpaper withered
and died.
With unhurried pace I went to my
chair,
And sat down in silence with an
unseeing stare.

Most of the food was already in place,
There only remained the lutefisk
space.
Then in it came - - - you could just
hear the drools,
You would think that the bowl held
Norway's crown jewels!

Then
Momma
lifted the
cover on that
steaming
dish,
And I was
face to face
with that
quivering
fish.



"Me first!", I heard Uncle Sven call,
While I watched the paint as it
peeled from the wall.

The plates were passed for Papa to
fill,
I waited, in agony, between fever and
chill.
He would dip in the spoon and hold it
up high,
It oozed on the plates - - - I thought
I would die!



Then came my plate, and to my
fevered brain,
There seemed enough lutefisk to
derail a train.
It looked like a mountain of
congealing glue,
Oddly transparent, yet discolored in
hue.

With butter and cream sauce I tried
to conceal it,
But wouldn't you know, the smell
would reveal it!
I drummed up my courage; I tried to
be bold.
Momma said, "Eat it before it gets
cold."

I decided to try it - - - "Uff da", I
sighed.

"Uff da, indeed", my stomach replied.
Then I summoned that courage for
which Norskies are known,
My hand took the fork with a mind of
its own.

With reckless abandon, that lutefisk I
ate,
Within twenty seconds, I cleaned up
the plate.
Uncle Oscar then flashed me an ear-
to-ear grin,
While butter and cream sauce
dripped from his chin,

Then to my
surprise, he said
in my ear,
"I'm sure glad
that's done for
another year!"
It was then that
I learned a
wonderful truth,
That Swedes and Norwegians from
young men to youth,



Must each pay their dues to have the
great joy,
Of being known as a good
Scandihoovian boy!
And so to you all, as you face the
test,
Happy Smorgasbord to you, and to
you all my best!

<http://www.uffdahhh.com/ole---lena-jokes.html>





Ole & Lena CORNER

Lena and Ole and Little Ole were invited to the Swenson's for Christmas. Stuffed roast turkey was on the menu. After dinner, Lena asked Little Ole how he liked the dinner. Little Ole replied: vell, da turkey was purty good, but I vasn't too crasy about da stuff da turkey ate."



May da ruts always fit da wheels in your pickup.
 May yur ear mufs always keep out da nort wind.
 May da sun shine varm on your lefse.
 May da rain fall soft on your lutefisk.
 And until ve meet again,
 May da Good Lord protect ya from any
 and all unnecessary Uff Da's.

Sons of Norway, Samhold 5-473 Lodge

c/o Kathie Injerd, editor
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