

Our Rocks

Those who came before us and emigrated here,
Brought with them their love of Norway and all that they held dear.
They are “Our Rocks” we think of fondly now,
Perhaps never having met them but to whom we owe a bow.
Through a port in Canada’s Quebec or via New York’s Ellis Island they came,
Toting trunks, children, and personal effects, all pieces of a bigger game.
Reconnecting with family already settled was their goal,
They paid additional passage further inland with desires hidden in their souls.
Some were indentured servants, willing to work to pay for their passage,
Household chores or manual labor, the immigrant toiled the best he could manage.
To the Ohio Valley or Fox River area they roamed,
To the Koshkonong Prairie and beyond they established new homes.
With them came their skills, trades, and expertise.
They helped to build America, little by little, and piece by piece.
They purchased land, ran businesses, and provided much labor,
Success came the Nordmann’s direction by generously helping their neighbors.
Takk, Bestemor, for your work ethic and many nurturing ways,
Because of you we still celebrate traditions and our heritage on holidays.
Tusen takk, Bestefar, for your strict guidance and leading by example.
We have shaped our lives, living by every sample.
Today, we honor “our rocks” short or tall, round, or thin, humble, and wise.
Whose generations of guidance now live on through our eyes.
What you do with your rocks is now your call. Feel welcome to trade with one another or
ask for a replacement at breaktime.

Could you use a doorstep?

Flowerbed décor needed.

A paperweight for your desk?

Tent flap or pet anchor?

A heritage shelf piece?

Trail marker?

The possibilities are endless!

***Takk så mye, Amanda Beck, from Cleng Peerson Lodge, who lives in Morris, IL, for creating “our rocks,” fitting mementos of the 2026 D5 Convention.**

