

**Dear friends and family,**

**2015 has so far been full of pleasures, but also some nasty things happened. We are in good mood and send you our warmest Seasons greetings as well as**

## **Inga and Eriks Annual report for 2015.**



We celebrated New Years eve at a fine restaurant in Funchal, Madeira and then went to see the famous Fireworks at midnight.



On January 2 we made a trip to the high plateau Paul da Serra.

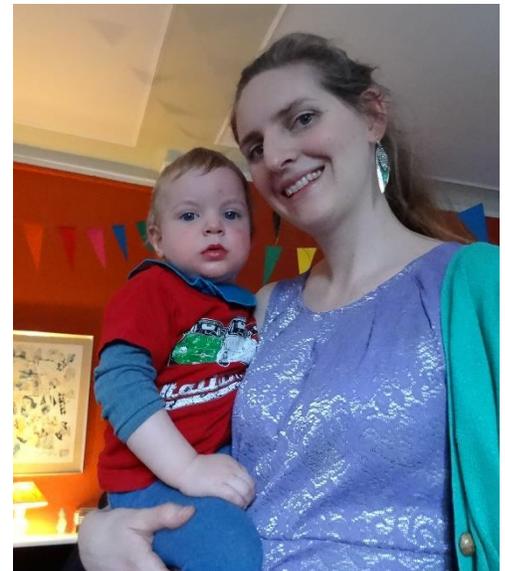


We had the clouds below us. I felt sick and the next day I had a serious pneumonia. Inga got the same trouble. We succeeded to fly home the next day. We got antibiotica from our doctor. Only at the end of January we had fully recovered.



In February we visited my first wife Nete (on the picture (left) together with Inga) in order to celebrate the two year birthday of our common greatgrandchild Jasper and also our 50 year Golden Divorce. Nete and I agree that in the long run we both have felt more happiness after our divorce.

Here Jasper and his mother Rosa at an earlier date.

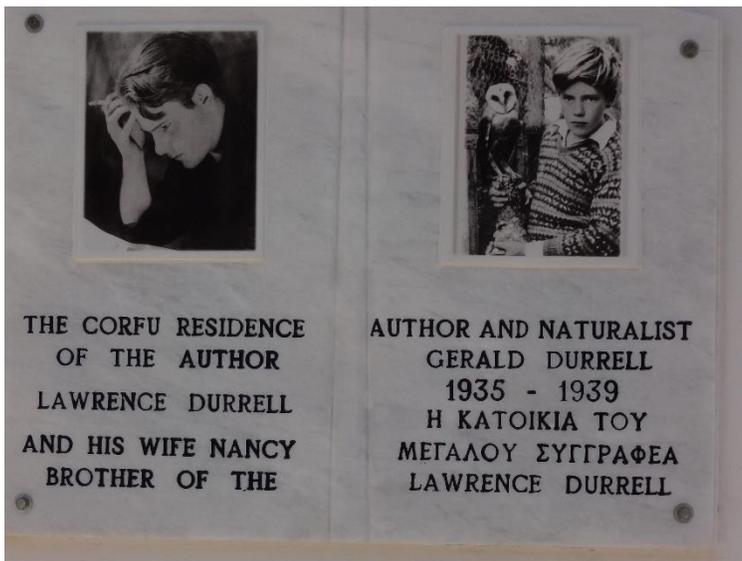


While at Nete I stumbled over a chair and broke my hip. An ambulance took me to a hospital where three screws were used to keep the broken parts together. After three months with a very intensive rehabilitation training at our municipal training center I am fully recovered.



In April, while I still was recovering, Rosa gave birth to her second child, Majka. The picture with Inga and my second greatgrandchild was taken somewhat later when I was able to take the many steps up to Rosa's flat.

In June we went to Corfu, Greece for a week. I was again able to walk for longer distances. Our hotel, Restia Suites was the best hotel we ever have been to.



One of the aims with our visit to Corfu was a pilgrimage to places where two of our favorite writers have lived, both during their childhood and when grown up. Both of them have written books about their stay in Corfu. Gerald Durrell: *My family and other Animals*. Laurence Durrell: *Prosperos Cell*. This picture is from *The White House* in Kalamí, where Laurence lived for several years.

The White house directly at the sea.

We also spent a day in Albania, where we visited the antic site Botrint, founded by Julius Caesar. Here Inga in the theatre.



In the beginning of July it was time to prepare self picked Elderflower cordial. We also prepared lots of black current juice and juice made from our own grapes.



At the end of July our Atlanta family: our daughter Eva, her husband Peter and their two children came on their annual visit to us. Here Inga with Eddie (left), Alex and Peter.

And here, early in the morning, I still in pajamas and unshaved, together with Eva.





Mirjam, who just as her husband Sally, is a retired medical doctor, celebrated her 80 years birthday in the Jewish community house behind the Copenhagen synagogue. We were about 70 participants guarded by heavily armed police. Earlier this year a terror act took place at this site, where a Danish Jewish guard was killed.

Above Sally and Mirjam their three daughters (from left) Bina, Eva and Hanne.

Later in August Inga and I went to Bornholm, our Favorite island, where I just as the year before, celebrated my 89<sup>th</sup> birthday. While we last year in our walks concentrated on Bornholm's history and archaeology, we this time were more interested in Bornholm's very special nature. Here Inga makes a geological survey, looking for a specific type of black slate in the nearly dry river bed of Læså.



Inga, as always is busy knitting models for a woolshop and once a week working in the shop as Knitting Fairy, assisting customers with knitting problems.



She also takes time to handcraft for our own use. Here an about 100 year old armchair with crocheted cover made by Inga.

I use at present some of my sparetime on making blogs about different aspects about Bornholm inspired by our recent trips there. At present I have made 3 blogs –introduction, nature, prehistory. See them on <http://www.erik-somer.blogspot.dk>, where you will find them in reverse order). I am now working on Bornholm’s history. This requires some interesting aspects.

The oldest written record of Bornholm is found in a geographic document from the court of King Alfred the Great, King of Wessex, who besides being a warrior keeping the invading Danes from Wessex, also had strong intellectual interests. The document is written in Old-English, which I find closer to Danish than to present day English. Here a fraction of the document, where Burgendan – the Old English name of the Bornholmers (Burgunders) is at the end of the 4<sup>th</sup> line.

him þone ilcan sæs earm þanon hæc owa se 7 be eastun  
 him riidon owa þaleode 7 aþede beþuan owa habbað  
 beþuan him þone ilcan sæs earm riideda 7 burgendan  
 eam 7 beþuan him riidon hæfeldum . burgendan habbað  
 þone sæs earm beþuan him 7 æron beþuan . be eastun  
 him riidon þan mende 7 beþuan him riideda . æron habbað

In Old-English the sentence starting with Burgendan says: *Burgendan habbað thone sæs earm be westan him & Sweon be northan*. In present day English: The Bornholmers

have the same sea arm (Western Baltic Sea) towards West, and the Swedes towards North. This corresponds to the actual position of Bornholm.



Our ophthalmologist has told us that we would have to get a cataract operation in both our eyes, if we wanted to keep our drivers licences. Both of us have now regained a perfect sight in operations, which are totally painless.

With our improved sight we look with confidence towards year 2016, not forgetting that we are getting older and more vulnerable.

Once again: All the best for 2016 to all of you

Inga and Erik