

Inga and Erik's Annual Report 2024.

Both of us are burdened by our age. Particularly I, who now am 98 years old. Inga is 16 years younger. Without her loving assistance to me, I would not be alive now. I can still walk in- and outdoor either arm-in-arm with Inga or with my rollator which was given to me by our municipality Gladsaxe. The municipality has given me excellent service both with necessary equipment and nurses and physiotherapists day and night during my prolonged illness in February.



Early in the year we could still enjoy oranges from the tree in our conservatory.

This is the latest picture of Inga and me





In February I fell at home. I got a discus prolapse, heavy pain in my right leg and had to stay in bed for more than a month. Gladsaxe converted our sitting room into a hospital room, gave me an excellent sickbed and a lot of other equipment. Nurses from the municipality attended me day and night.

At the end of March, I was invited to the annual prize-giving party at the National Museum. The prize was originally called the Esso prize. I got it in 1965 and am now the oldest recipient of the prize, which now is called the



Kalundborg Refinery Prize. Here I sit together with the new prize winner, who is Austrian by birth just as I. As always, I was asked to give a short lecture. This time I talked about the Danish Rococo architect Nicolaj Eigtveg, who amongst others was the architect of the wing of the National Museum, where we were sitting.



At the end of April, the tulips in our garden were flowering.

Our daughter Eva, who lives in Atlanta, GA, USA has visited us several times this year. On one occasion together with her husband Peter and their two grown-up sons Eddie and Alex.



I am particularly fond of Alex, who goes to high school at present and who wants to study mechanical engineering in Denmark. On his visit this year he and I worked together to bring order in my workshop.



My son Steffen and me. He is an IT consultant and assists me all the time with my frequent computer problems. He lives in Aarhus together with his wonderful wife Marianne.

A typical picture of Steffen sitting at my computer and solving problems.



In August the grapes in our greenhouse begin to ripen. Inga picks a bunch every day for our breakfast. When they all have ripened, Inga picks them. This makes several buckets full. We eat as many as possible, give our neighbors some. With the remainder we make grape juice.



The swans in our lake have got a next generation



Later in the season they cannot find enough food in the lake. They move up to our lawn and eat grass.



We had snow for a short time in the middle of December. The next day the snow was gone. I wonder if we will have white Christmas this year.

This is the end of our story.

Seasons greetings to you all.