



VIKINGS OF THE SMOKIES

WWW.TNVIKINGS.ORG

Fra Presidenten,

March is already here, and Easter is just around the corner - which means that Syttende Mai is rapidly approaching!

This year, we will be combining the annual "Taste of Scandinavia" open house with the Syttendei Mai celebration - and we are inviting the community to join us! There are a few more details to be ironed out - and more information will be available next month - but we will definitely need the assistance of the entire lodge to make this a success!! This event will be a great way to introduce Sons of Norway to the Knoxville area, increase awareness of Scandinavian traditions and culture and possibly even recruit a few new members!

This month we are celebrating the letter "S" - with soup, sandwiches, sweets & sweaters - although if the recent weather is any indication - the "S" may stand for sweating!! Regardless, Bonnie Pederson, Lodge Social Director is putting together a wonderful menu - so please contact her if you will be able to provide a menu item listed on the next page.

Cultural Director Joan Schrader has prepared an outstanding presentation on Rune stones and the language of the Vikings - the history and secrets behind this ancient written language. Should be an interesting and educational program.

Finally, remember to check out the new and improved website www.tnvikings.org and "like" us on Facebook! Tell us what you like - and what you would like to see and do in the Lodge - we can't make the changes, if we don't hear from the membership!

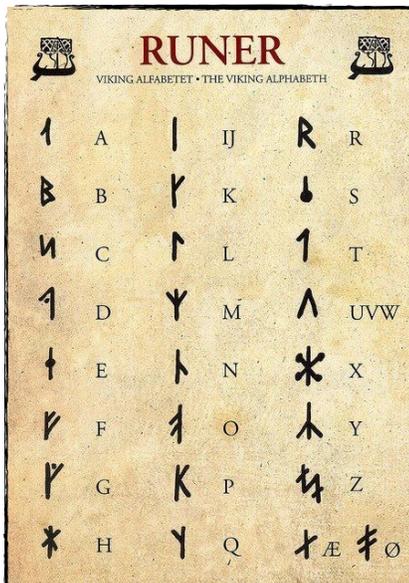
Ha det!

Joleen

Join Lodge members for a Souper March Gathering featuring homemade Soups, Sandwiches, Sweets & Sweaters!!

Sunday, March 20th

Faith Lutheran Church 4pm



**Cultural Director Joan
Shrader will be doing a
presentation on the
history and hidden
meanings of the Runes of
the Viking era.**

**If you are able to assist with providing any of the
following food categories, please RSVP to Social
Director Bonnie Pederson at 865-748-8044 or
bonniepederson@comcast.net**

**Soups (to serve 8 people) – need 5 volunteers (have 2 at this time)
Sandwiches (to serve 8 people) – need 5 volunteers
Sweets (to serve 8 people) – need 5 volunteers (have 1 at this time)**

The REAL reason the Irish celebrate St. Patrick's Day

It seems that some centuries ago, many Norwegians came to Ireland to escape the bitterness of the Norwegian winter. Ireland was having a famine at the time, and food was scarce. The Norwegians were eating almost all the fish caught in the area, leaving the Irish with nothing to eat but potatoes. St. Patrick, taking matters into his own hands, as most Irishmen do, decided the Norwegians had to go.

Secretly, he organized the Irish IRATRION (Irish Republican Army to Rid Ireland of Norwegians). Irish members of IRATRION passed a law in Ireland that prohibited merchants from selling ice boxes or ice to the Norwegians, in hopes that their fish would spoil. This would force the Norwegians to flee to a colder climate where their fish would keep.

Well, the fish spoiled, all right, but the Norwegians, as everyone knows today, thrive on spoiled fish. So, faced with failure, the desperate Irishmen sneaked into the Norwegian fish storage caves in the dead of night and sprinkled the rotten fish with lye, hoping to poison the Norwegian invaders.

But, as everyone knows, the Norwegians thought this only added to the flavor of the fish, and they liked it so much they decided to call it "lutefisk", which is Norwegian for "luscious fish". Matters became even worse for the Irishmen when the Norwegians started taking over the Irish potato crop and making something called "lefse".

Poor St. Patrick was at his wit's end, and finally on March 17th, he blew his top and told all the Norwegians to "GO TO HELL".

So they all got in their boats and emigrated to Minnesota---- the only other paradise on earth where smelly fish, old potatoes and plenty of cold weather can be found in abundance!

Cultural Corner with Joan Shrader

The '79 Thunderbird

Two sisters took their mom's 1979 Thunderbird on a Thelma-and-Louise road trip to Decorah, Iowa, in 1988. Nobody in our family had ever been to Decorah. Nobody had even heard of Vesterheim. But there we were on I-90 heading east across southern Minnesota, clueless but confident, great-granddaughters of Norwegian homesteaders out to find their roots.

It changed my life. What I had always taken for granted became transformed into my heritage and my identity. The handles on my mother's knives and forks, the altar in the church where I was baptized, scroll work relief on cabinets, my grandmother's coffee pot, doilies on the sofa, string for a curtain rod, lefse at every meal, that beautiful blue-gray color -- Vesterheim honored it all.

In the basement of the Vesterheim museum, my sister and I walked among hundreds of rosemaled trunks. Each one was unique. Every one had been used and loved. I was learning how to see patterns, colors, texture, style. A graduate of Augustana, I had never had an art class of any kind, never considered it, probably because farmers just don't have much time or enthusiasm for the impractical and my family hadn't changed much since homestead days. But that's another story.

I went back to Tennessee and signed up for a painting class at the YWCA. The instructor, Lissa Heverdys, didn't know it but she was my ticket to rosemaling. Lissa became my friend and my mentor every Tuesday morning for several years as half a dozen of us learned folk art technique in her basement studio. Eventually I convinced the group to do a tray with a Gary Albrecht design and I made sure we all changed any purple strokes to Norwegian blue because my mother would be turning over in her grave if we loaded our brushes with purple. It's just not Norwegian.

The Thunderbird is long gone. However, the tack room in my barn has shelves loaded with brushes, paint, and wood just in case I ever get enough spare time to rosemal a little more. For some reason my sister never caught the fever. And that's yet another story.

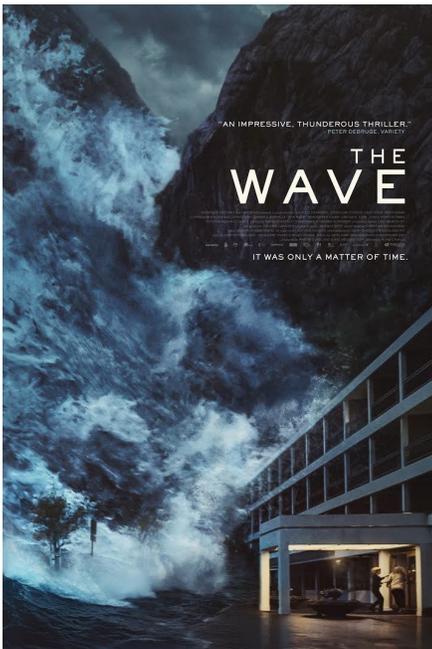
Hiking with the Vikings! & Earn a Sons of Norway Sports Medal!

Sports Director Clark Brekke and VOTS Vice President Wendell Liemohn are looking to schedule some hikes in the Great Smoky National Park this spring and summer. The hikes will be tailored to match the needs, experience and fitness levels of the participants.



This is a great way to work towards a SON sports medal - If you are interested, please e-mail Wendell with your hike interest & date(s) to wliemohn@gmail.com or contact Clark Brekke at cjbrekke@gmail.com

Catch the newest blockbuster from Norway now showing in the States!



The Wave is a 2015 Norwegian catastrophe drama film directed by Roar Uthaug.

Norway's official submission for the Academy Award for Best Foreign Language Film. Wave is the highest grossing film in Norway.



A small Norwegian village, called Geiranger, is threatened when a huge mass of rock tumbles into a fjord, setting off a huge 300 foot tsunami. With only 10 minutes to escape the approaching catastrophe, the villagers must rush to the mountains before the wave engulfs them all.

Based on a rock-slide tsunami incident which destroyed a Norwegian town in 1934 and killed 40 people, and a similar incident in 1905 which triggered a tsunami killing 60 people, the film has received positive reviews from critics, with praise aimed at the performances of the cast (mostly the two protagonists), cinematography, score and visual effects.

The movie is showing in select theaters across the country and is available on iTunes and Google Play. [Click here to view movie trailer!](#)

Board Member Spotlight Joan Schrader

Your Cultural Director, Joan Shrader, is descended from ancestors in six different geographical areas of Norway. If she ever gets around to making her bunad, she has several choices!

Born in the Minnesota township where her mother, her grandmother, and her great-grandmother were born, she grew up third generation homesteader. Her interest in "the Old Country" started with a postcard that her grandfather received from his cousin Havard Eide in Norway when she was in high school. That led to a lifelong interest in family history. Joan is a Daughter of the American Revolution genealogist, and yes, there is one set of great-grandparents that traces back to 1776 patriots.

She admits that for the past twenty years, Wednesday has always been Goat Cheese Lunch with Aase Brynestad in Oak Ridge. Homemade bread, salmon, and cloudberry, have steered them through graduations, weddings, illness, joys and sorrows, and many, many hand knitted Norwegian sweaters.

Joan is married to one of our Lodge's trustees. He is Norwegian-by-Marriage and learned everything he knows about Norskies from Garrison Keilor when they used to listen to the radio every Sunday afternoon in his Jeep Scrambler, driving from Kona through Kamuela and down the Hamakua Coast to Hilo.

Sons of Norway Cultural Skills are one of her passions. She would love to see our members carving spoons, stitching wool, reading Laxness, singing Ole Bull songs, dancing to fiddles, and speaking dialect over strong coffee and sugared lefse. For now, Joan says that life is good in a log farmhouse in Greenback as long as God's willing, the creek don't rise, another trip to Bergen is planned, and the John Deere cranks up without a fuss.

The Norwegian Vocabulary word of the month is:

Hakk for sist.

Literally "thanks for last time" but not translatable, no English equivalent. We would say "Good to see you again."