



Dear Members and Friends of the Danish Social Club of Victoria:

We are now into our 10th month of the Covid-19 pandemic. Many of us, due to our senior years, have been in a very select bubble consisting of family and a few friends. Thank goodness for our electronic devices as we can connect virtually and speak, and even see each other, if we choose! Hopefully, you all were able to celebrate Thanksgiving with your bubble!



*Hans Frederiksen
President*

Now that summer is over, we are now coming into flu/cold season; we are now wondering where and when we will be able to get the flu vaccine. Thinking of the flu vaccine turns our thoughts to a future vaccine against Covid-19 (not even approved and it's causing much controversy!). Such a vaccine sounds like a great way to get our lives back to normal but that doesn't seem likely to happen any time soon. It is likely that we will have to reconcile ourselves to adjusting to a new "normal".

We missed not being able to have our annual garden BBQ; we especially missed our planned October 16th Kro Aften (think of those great sandwiches!). There will also be no Jul (Christmas) with a Store Kolde Julebord prepared by Annemari and her fantastic crew. Because of these cancellations, the Board has tried to come up with a way to connect with you and enjoy good Danish food. Annemari will explain some ideas that are being examined to do this and the Board will work hard to organize some sort of Covid-19 compliant events for next year.

During the last few months we have lost some of our members and also have been unable to help some members celebrate special events such as birthdays and wedding anniversaries. An example of such a celebration is the 50th anniversary of Bent and Shirley Andersen which was on October 17th. There are many milestones that our members were not able to share with us. To these members, please know that we are always thinking of you.

Please remain positive, safe, calm and healthy. All the Directors and I wish you a special Glædelig Jul og Godt Nyt År. Enjoy Hygge with your chosen bubble; don't forget that there are several ways we can keep in contact, one of them being the old-fashioned phone or the new electronic way (skype, zoom etc.).

Venlig Hilsen, Hans

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Ære være deres minde!



HINDLE, Gordon James November 25, 1940 - October 25, 2020 Gordon passed away peacefully at the Saanich Peninsula Hospital on Vancouver Island after a lengthy battle with cancer. He was predeceased by his parents

James and Linda Hindle and his older sister Joan Mellor. Gordon is survived by his loving wife, Hanne, of nearly 39 years, and his two sons from his first marriage, Jeremy (Mary) and Adam, as well as his sister, Norma Bonnett, and nephews, Simon Bonnett, and David Mellor (Yvonne) in Staffordshire, England and cousin, Andrew Fawkes (Jane) in Hampshire, England. Gordon was much loved and respected on both sides of the Atlantic and will be greatly missed by family and friends.



Ingelise J. Sorvin

December 24, 1943 - November 06, 2020

Survived by her loving husband of 54 years, Henning and children Anne-Marie, Flemming, Henrik, grandkids, Tianna, Makenna, Cassie, Carla, Mattius, Elena, brothers Paul and Peter. An Angel now walks among us. Private Funeral



HOOVER, Margaret Eli Margaret Eli Hoover (also known as Margaret Chester), passed away peacefully on August 19, 2020 in Victoria, BC at the age of 88. Margaret was born in Prince Albert, Saskatchewan on July 21, 1932, the first Canadian born child of Danish immigrants, Christian and Kristina Henriksen.



Ellen M Nielsen

June 22, 1934 passed away peacefully on June 19, 2020.

Ellen was born and raised on a typical beautiful farm north of Odense, Fyn and came to Canada 1954, Settling in

Alberta where she and her sister worked together in a hairdressing shop, she met and married a Danish farmer moved to Vancouver where they ran blueberry/cranberry farm. she had two boys Paul and Bruce, following the passing of her husband she sold the farm and married the neighbour who retired and they moved to Vancouver Island where they build a house at Deep Cove North Saanich, where she lived until Oct 2020

Ellen was an early member of the Danish club in Victoria and always maintained a happy connection with Deep Cove/Sidney Danes, she enjoyed driving her own car, lawn bowling and playing bridge. She will be missed.

A DIFFERENT PERSPECTIVE ON THE COVID-19 PANDEMIC

We fell asleep in one world, and woke up in another. Suddenly Disney is out of magic, Paris is no longer romantic, New York doesn't stand up anymore, the Chinese wall is no longer a fortress, and Mecca is empty. Hugs & kisses suddenly become weapons, and not visiting parents & friends becomes an act of love. Suddenly you realize that power, beauty & money are worthless, and can't get you the oxygen you're fighting for. The world continues its life and it is beautiful. It only puts humans in cages. - I think it's sending us a message: "You are not necessary. The air, earth, water and sky without you are fine. When you come back, remember that you are my guests. Not my masters."



News and a bit of history from Danmark

<http://cphpost.dk/>

New trend: Danes moving wedding parties across the Øresund Bridge.

After the recent assembly restrictions in Denmark, many newly-weds have decided to have their celebrations in Malmö which is becoming a wedding destination for Danes.



Bird flu discovered in Denmark



According to lab results from Statens Serum Institut, the first case of the serious H5N5 bird flu has been discovered in Denmark.

Denmark to assume command of Strait of Hormuz operation

The Defence has revealed that Denmark will take over command of the European-led EMASoH mission in the Strait of Hormuz next year.



The Danish Navy will assume command from France on January 21 in a mission that seeks to protect the world's maritime industry as it moves through the sea passage.

Goodbye South Africa's rose: Zindzi Mandela much missed and mourned.



Zindzi Mandela, the daughter of South African anti-apartheid leaders Nelson Mandela and Winnie Madikizela-Mandela and a diplomat who served as ambassador to Denmark until the beginning of this year, has died at the age of 59.

The South African government made the announcement on July 13, and the South African Embassy in Copenhagen confirmed that she passed away in the early hours of that morning at a hospital in Johannesburg. Although it is believed that she tested positive for COVID-19 in the hours leading up to her death, it remains uncertain whether it was the cause of her death.

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>> Going Home <<

Part 4

Story by Finn Sander

***This is how Part 3 of
“Going Home” published in
the Apr, May June 2020
story ended.***

Carl, however, was alert to the action and quickly reached out, grabbed the soldier's feet, and held on. That afforded him a hold-fast from which to pull himself up, propel his body over the prone adversary, and reach the rifle first. The momentum caused him to roll over once before he could orientate himself and rise to his knees. He snatched the gun in front of him and was halfway to his feet when two other hands firmly grasped the rifle, and he felt the foul breath of his foe in his face. They were now eyeballing each other as they rose in unison to a full stand. Four hands firmly clenched the weapon between them, and they began to match arm strength as each pulled and twisted with all the strength he could muster in an attempt to wrestle the vital weapon loose from the others grip

Part 4

The degree of effort was clearly painted on the Canadian's face, as his nostrils flared widely with each gasp for air. But it wasn't a sign of fatigue, for slowly he began to muscle the rifle loose from Carl's weakening grip. The latter, however, had learned a painful lesson just moments prior, and

this time it was Snodgrass who was overcome with a wave of nausea, as Carl forcefully applied a knee to the former's groin. For an instant, his grip on the rifle faltered, giving Carl an opportunity to yank it loose and punch the butt squarely in the sergeant's face. Compressed and broken cartilage tore through delicate nasal capillaries, and blood gushed out of the soldier's nose. He instinctively brought his hands up to his face which left him momentarily exposed. Carl didn't waste the opportunity and swiftly thrust the rifle butt into Snodgrass's abdomen, thus winding him and causing him to fold over. He then applied the coup de grace to the back of the enemy's neck, who then passed out and crumpled to the floor in a heap. Carl sank to the deck, next to his defeated adversary, and tried to catch his breath again. The struggle had depleted all his reserves and numbed his mind for the moment..

But, indeed, only for a moment, for Carl now realized that the train had already come off the bridge and was moving slowly on the tracks parallel to Bridge Street soon to cross over the Wellington Street underpass and beyond. As such, he wasted no further time, for, indeed, Wellington Street was not only the main street in Point St. Charles, but also the street where he used to reside – next to a cute, little, red-headed girl. And it was in her house he now sought to seek refuge.

So he jumped off the flatbed wagon, bent his knees on impact, and curled up in a ball hugging his head with his arms and hands, thus allowing himself to tumble through the thick bed of weeds he had chosen for his landfall – just as he was taught to do as a recruit in the Wehrmacht training camp before the war. He incurred a bump or two and a scratch or three, but no lasting injury. As such, he got up right away to check that he hadn't been spotted. That seemed unlikely, for it was in the middle of the night, and the sky was solid with menacing, low-lying, dark clouds. As well, the large storage sheds nearby shielded him from the street lights on Bridge Street. So far, so good.

Still, it would be tricky to avoid detection, even in the middle of a dark night if he were to reach his destination in the street-lit residential area of Wellington Street farther south. As such, he had to try to make himself a little less visible. He had long since lost his big fly boots, cap, and leather jacket to the Mediterranean Sea, and the shoes and bluish-grey Luftwaffe pants and shirt were both nondescript without any Luftwaffe symbols. However, his jacket posed a small problem as it displayed bright chevrons on the sleeves and yellow piping on the collar. As such, he stuffed it into an empty rabbit hole nearby and rolled a sizable rock over the opening. As

for his hair, it was light brown but sufficiently dark so not to be very noticeable compared to some of his Uebermennen blonde Luft-waffe comrades.

His plan was quite simple. Since the first block along Wellington Street had attached residential housing units on the west side and contiguous, forwarding company, truck-loading ramps and well-lit sheds on the east side, he chose to quickly cross Bridge Street directly to the rear side of these sheds where box cars had been lined up for unloading in the morning. Here, he moved along with alacrity between said cars unnoticed by anyone. "So far so good. Now for the tricky part," Carl mumbled to himself. Indeed so, for passing through the next two blocks to his house of destination, he perforce would take his chances reaching it via street side. The alternative was negotiating umpteen backyard fences, thorny bushes, and, possibly, one or two testy pit bulls along the way that surely would wake up the neighbourhood. So Carl chose to emerge from his comfort zone amongst the box cars and step directly onto the residential sidewalk.

But if not the biblical God, then the weather gods were on his side, for now the sky opened up with volumes of rain which soon drenched him to the skin. This gave him reason to instinctively hunch over, which under different circumstances might suggest he was trying to diminish his profile for more furtive motives. But he needn't have worried, for in the few minutes it took him to negotiate the two blocks, no-one appeared on the street except for a

speeding, yellow, prewar Buick fastback lurching from one side of the street to the other, suggesting the driver had probably downed more than a few Molsons at a local tavern. Soon, it disappeared into the Wellington Tunnel. "Phew!" Carl uttered, but perhaps this wasn't going to be a walk in the park after all, for now a police car came screeching around the corner immediately ahead of him with sirens blaring and heading straight for Carl. It came to a grinding halt right next to him, and an officer stuck his head out of the passenger side window and yelled, "Did you see a yellow car driving by just now?" Carl stood frozen to the spot, but did manage to point down the street and utter "Wellington Tunnel." Burning rubber, the police car shot down the street soon to disappear into said tunnel. "Was all that really necessary, God?" Carl muttered under his breath.

Two minutes later, he stood in front of the house where the cute little red-haired girl and her family used to live – and, hopefully still did. Like a good Catholic, he crossed his heart and rang the door bell. Was he making a huge mistake? On the one hand, the two immigrant families, the Schwerdtfegers and the O'Haras, both had roots in the Old World - Germany and Ireland, respectively; had been best of friends and neighbours for almost 18 years;

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were tightly bound by their common faith and attended the same Catholic church, St. Gabriel's Parish Church on Centre Street; had sons, Carl and Daniel, both born within a week of each other and who were inseparable friends; and Daniel's cute little red-haired sister, Loretta, two years his junior, had been totally infatuated with Carl as long as anyone remembered. The feeling was reciprocated, for Carl could not recall a time when he didn't feel the same way about her. Of course, it was only in the last year before Carl's family re-emigrated to Germany that the hormones kicked in and the two teenagers, fourteen and sixteen, capitulated to their mutual, genuine love and affection for each other. As such, both had been totally devastated when the Schwerdtfeger family departed for Europe.

Conclusion to follow in the First Edition of the Nyheder in 2021.

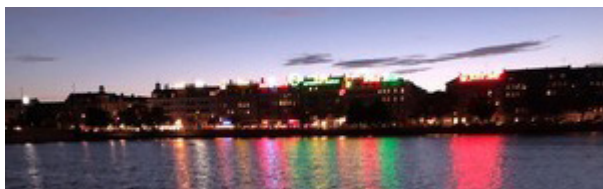
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Copenhagen named among world's most innovative cities



According to a new index from Ambreyewear.com, Copenhagen is among the most innovative cities in the world.

The Danish capital ranked seventh overall, behind leaders Paris, Barcelona, Lisbon, Washington DC, Amsterdam and Boston, while Tokyo, Milan and Atlanta completed the top 10.



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Global Denmark: The art of threading the needle



The more families I speak to – whether they are located in Copenhagen, San Francisco or Shanghai – the more I am convinced that providing bilingual education (Danish/English) in Denmark provides a unique platform for giving expat and repat families mobility, continuity, stability and flexibility in one swoop.

This has a direct impact on mitigating the factors that make moving to and from Denmark less attractive ...

Decades of research have documented the gift that bilingual education is. Students participating in bilingual education have improved memory function, greater awareness of the nature of language itself, the ability to identify ambiguity to a greater degree, and improved inter-cultural skills.

With benefits like these, why hasn't bilingual education taken on a more widespread role in Europe?

Time to go Dutch!

It has! Bilingual education is certainly not a new idea in the educational sector. It is spreading in countries like Sweden, Italy and Spain. In addition, the Netherlands has over 150 bilingual schools with instruction both in Dutch and English.

However, to date, Denmark has not overseen the spread of bilingual education as a viable alternative to standard monolingual education.

This lack of choice has put many expat, repat and multicultural families in the difficult position of having to choose between a Danish or an international school.

Many times, this choice has felt like, and has been, a choice between assimilation or segregation in the expat bubble. This has the consequence of making it more difficult for Danes to internationalise and global Danes and expats to integrate.

Potpourri



Well, this is not how I had expected the world to be at this time.. We are missing all of you, and there is a need to connect. Annemari inquired about being able to process sandwiches for pickup. Covid restrictions made it impossible. So, we must wait. In the meantime, I decided, to put a Nyheder together. The pictures are how I see our great club.

The ladies that produce the greatest sandwiches, an incredibly good reason to come and enjoy a meal with friends. Men's dinner was a tremendous event, the ladies voted for a reprise.

Victoria Royals hockey game attended by a group of cheering Danes. Very well organized by Ben Andersen, to watch a young Danish player and to meet his parents visiting from Denmark..

Finally, Lily, a magical young lady, amazing to see her enjoying Fastelavn.

“Vær venlig, vær rolig og sikker”

Jan-Evert Nyheder Editor

ON THE BRIGHTER SIDE OF LIFE

due to coronavirus my
summer body will be
postponed until 2021.

Thank you for
understanding



FROM ROLLS-ROYCE STAFF MAGAZINE

Sometimes it DOES take a Rocket Scientist!! (true story) ..

Scientists at Rolls Royce built a gun specifically to launch dead chickens at the windshields of airliners and military jets all travelling at maximum velocity.

The idea is to simulate the frequent incidents of collisions with airborne fowl to test the strength of the windshields.

American engineers heard about the gun and were eager to test it on the Windshields of their new high speed trains..

Arrangements were made, and a gun was sent to the American engineers.

When the gun was fired, the engineers stood shocked as the chicken hurled out of the barrel, crashed into the shatterproof shield, smashed it to smithereens, blasted through the control console, snapped the engineer's back-rest in two and embedded itself in the back wall of the cabin like an arrow shot from a bow.

The horrified Yanks sent Rolls Royce the disastrous results of the experiment, along with the designs of the windshield and begged the British scientists for suggestions.

You're going to love this.....

Rolls Royce responded with a one-line memo:
"Defrost the chicken."

I've started investing in stock:

Beef, chicken and vegetable...

One day I hope to be a bouillionaire.



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