This biography was written for one purpose only! That my children may know something about the history of their parents from the beginning to the present time. Families have a history, and as called family trees are constructed, tracing their history from its earliest beginning, as far as historical data is obtainable. I attempted to construct such a family tree on my family, but I failed because source of material was not available beyond the second generation. For that reason my biography will begin with the story of the life of my grandparents or the great-grandparents of my children. That story began in Sweden to be continued in the United States of America.

ORIGIN
The history of my family has its beginning in Sweden in the seventeenth century, in Landskrona in the province of Skåne. Sweden is known in history as the land of the Vikings, with its stony soil, majestic pine trees, and white furred birches, its flam- ing blackcock (corvus), flourishing maple, and crowing cuckoo (gök), and its watchless nightingale (nattsångare), and not to forget its midnight sun. One who has seen this country longs to see it again. Its people though pugnacious by nature and slow moving, they are a lovely class of people to associate with. They love their own country which compares favorably with other sister countries in the world. As the land in which I was born, I have a warm spot in my heart for Sweden, though I lived in it only the first eight years of my life. As a member in the family which had its beginning in Sweden, I owe much to it as my native land, because it was my first love.
I regret that I know so little about my grandparents. What I know is mostly from hearsay, and this applies to my grandparents on both my father’s side and my mother’s side. They came from different groups. On my father’s side it was Fasfar and Farmor, and on my mother’s side it was Morfar and Morner, and they lived in different places. The name of my grandparents on my father’s side was ANDERSON, and they lived in Åseda, Jönköpings län where they were farmers. They had four children, three sons and one daughter, Jonas Peter, Axelander, Algot, and Lena. Jonas Peter was my father. Rosander had charge of father’s farm. Algot went to America where he lived in Chicago, Illinois. I do not know what occupation he had. He married an American woman and I do not know if they had any children. When our family came to America, all nine of us spent one night in Algot’s home in Chicago, where we were received as though we had belonged to the family. We could not converse with the hostess because we knew different languages. Some years later Algot committed suicide and we never heard from his widow. The daughter Lena married a man by the name of STRAND and they made their home in Vårby, not very far from my parents home. They had several sons and daughters, which were my cousins. All of their children married and lived in Sweden, where one is a pastor in the Church of Sweden and another is a school teacher. One of their sons, Axel, came with us to America, and he located in Chicago and became a mason contractor. He married my youngest sister, Anna, and became my brother-in-law.

This brings the story of my grandparents on my father’s side to a close. I don’t remember that I ever met my father and mother or that they were ever in our home. Transportation was a problem in Sweden, and we children did not get very far from the coast.

The story of my grandparents on my mother’s side is much like that of my father’s side. The grandparents on my mother’s side were my Morfar and Morner. They were known as the JONHANSSON, and they made their home in the province of Skaraborg, in Sweden, some distance from Vårby. I do not know that I ever met my Morfar, but I knew my Morner, his wife, very well, as she made our home with us for several years after her husband passed away. They had two
III

My Parents

I have already given the names of my parents: Jonas Peter Anderson and Gerda Lisa Johansen. Jonas Peter, the son of the Anders,
son family of Aveda and Gerda Lisa daughter of the Johansen family of Valslanda. The two families never met face to face, yet fate had decided that two of their children should meet and make their home together. About the days of their early childhood and youth we know very little. We know that they were born in Christian homes of Christian parents and were baptized as infants and reared in the Lutheran faith in the church in Sweden. In due time they were confirmed in the Lutheran faith which was all the schooling they had. The home was their only school and their parents were their teachers. Here they spent the days of their childhood and youth. He was 23 years and she 21 years when Providence stepped in and brought them together. They met and loved and decided to spend the rest of their life together as man and wife. They were married March 4, 1869, and they made their home on a farm which they called "Viktigur." They were so well rated and faith in the Lord was the bond of union between them from the very beginning of their married life. They prayed together and worked together and prospered. They made the church their spiritual home and they made a place for themselves among the people of the community. Though their own efforts they mastered the art of reading and writing and were efficient in both. Father served as an auctioneer and clerk at public sales and auctions, and his advice was sought by many in the neighborhood. And mother did her part. She was an excellent housekeeper, and when her children began to arrive she taught them to pray and sing often while she was sitting by the spinning wheel making cloth for the clothes of the little ones. The Lord blessed them with a big family of children, three daughters and nine sons. The first two children died in infancy and also the last born. The names of the children were as follows:

Karl Johan, Ida Christina, Peter August, Oscar Leonard, Adolf Fredrik, Anna Billie, Agnes Theodore, Otto Ferdinand, and Johannes Gustaf.
Our parents loved good books and they used them, especially the Bible and the Swedish Poem Book and other devotional books. Grace was said at the tablecloth before and after meals. Family devotions were held morning and evening of each day conducted by father. The children were taught to say their own prayers after they had gone to bed. Every member of the family was gifted with the gift of singing, which made ours a singing family, and our pew in the church was unusually well filled. Growing up in that environment and under the loving care and wise parental discipline left with the children a mark which follows them through life as a most valuable gift of the Heavenly Father and a heritage from their parents. The 26 years in the home "outside" in Alto, Redland passed by leaving the family intact and united. The children were growing up and there was no thought of any change taking place except the change which is natural to all family life and which would come in its time. All the children could not remain under the parental roof always, the oldest were finding employment outside the home, which made the family circle smaller. Then all of a sudden the family was faced with a problem which they never could have dreamed would arise. And then came:

THE GREAT CHANGE

In the middle of the eighteenth century the American fever struck Sweden. Everybody was thinking and speaking about America as the great land of promise on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean. In our family two of the sons could not resist the glowing reports from the new world, and Charlie and August insisted on making the adventure and they found their way to Colina Mills in Minnesota (Minnesota) in America, where they secured work with farmers near the city of Minneapolis. Their letters to the family in Sweden had such glowing reports of all the adventures in the new world and the American fever became irresistible among the other children in the old home. The next two in age insisted on permission to join the two who were there already. My parents soon realized what would happen if they would permit others of their children to emigrate to America and leave the old home. They would be left alone in Sweden with all their children gathered in the new world.
And so they finally decided that the whole family would set out for the new world. It was a hard decision to make, but it had to be made if the family should remain united. The old house in Sweden was sold and the whole family set out together to join the two who were there. What all this meant to our parents they alone could know. But the sacrifice had to be made at all cost, if the family should remain united. And our parents were willing to make the change. It meant much also to the children. At that time I was eight years of age and attending my first school in the ”moderskola” (small childrens school) near our home. The day when I came home from school and was told of what was to be done, I went alone behind the old mound where I cried as though my heart would break. I would have to leave the land in which I had been born and the playgrounds in the school, and never see them again.

It was too much for the little lad to take. He was too young to understand and realize that a kind Providence had His hand in all of it, shaping the destiny of our family according to His will and wisdom. My memory is rather hazy about everything that followed upon this decision. But the plan was sold, and then after all the planning and packing and the farewell of relatives and friends, the family began the journey for the new world. For us youngsters the journey across the ocean was a lark. None of us were troubled with seasickness and we all enjoyed ourselves immensely.

But to our parents the pleasure was elided with reality. Mother never complained about anything. The thought of a united family and the new home in the new world made her heart rejoice. She was prepared for anything. Her large lunchbasket had been stuffed with enough homemade bread to last for us across the ocean and kept us satisfied with our lot. But Father had to carry the heaviest part of the burden. He had to finance the whole enterprise and responsible for everything and keep an eye of his flock. But as a good shepherd and head of the family he met every problem as it came. Whatever he thought and felt he kept mostly to himself, sharing everything with the Lord and with the women God had given him. And every problem was solved. We children were blissfully ignorant about that part of the journey.
The family arrived in America in the summer of 1884. The past was behind them and their connection with the land of their birth was now broken. They were without a country and without a home in which to live. They were young no longer, for father was 57 and mother 49 years old, and they had a family of nine children to provide for. The old had passed away and they had to make a new beginning.

Their first destination in the new world was Berendo in the state of Minnesota, where they knew a family by the name of Samuelson, who was a distant relative of my father. In this home home on a farm our family was welcomed as though we belonged there. We made that home our headquarters until we had a home of our own.

The older children found employment with the farmers in the community while the younger children were sent to the public school and began to learn the language of the land. Our parents had their problems waiting them, the preparation of a new home for themselves and their children.

There was plenty of room in the new country and father bought a quarter section of the prairie land in that part of the state of Minnesota. It was located five miles west of the little village of Winthrop in Sibley county. The work on the new place began at once. The next morning my father and brothers Abil, equipped with the necessary tools and a lunch basket, set out on foot for the new homestead to take possession of the place, and for weeks and months the same process was repeated by these builders, until a well had been dug and a house and barn had been erected on the premises. My father was a good carpenter and a good planter, and everything was made by his own hands. When the time came, the family moved on to the place in the fall, and the family was united together in their own home.

The first winter in America was perhaps the most trying in the life of our parents. It was a new beginning. It was a long and hard winter. Everything was covered with snow, even up to the roof of the house.
in which they lived, and the drive was blocked and shut them off from the rest of the world. The house was big enough for the family, two stories and a cellar, a living room, a kitchen with a stove, and bedrooms. The big tall grass that covered the endless prairie was used for fuel, and it kept the place warm without cost. They had a table in the kitchen and the living room with sufficient chairs to sit on, and beds for the whole family to sleep on. The barn was soon stocked with cattle and a pair of horses, and they owned it all. It was their new home. They were alone for neighbors were few and far between, and it was five miles to church and the little village was there for their use when they could get there. The family was happy and satisfied and they thanked the Lord for all that they had. They learned what it means to pioneer and they survived. They had God and his word with them in their new home, and that was enough. They joined the church in the village, and it became their spiritual home. The whole family took an active part in the work of the church. Father soon filled the office of deacon and superintendent of the Sunday School. In the absence of the pastor, he had charge of the service and read the sermon from a pulpit. Mother was active in the Ladies Aid and the young members were active in the Luther League and the church choir.

One change was made almost as soon as the family had arrived in America. Up to this time they were known as the ANDERSON family. From now on they became the LUNDBLOK family, which name the two sons had taken when they had first arrived in America. There were so many ANDERSONS there. How they happened to chose LUNDBLOK, we do not know.

Father was a good farmer and he began at once to work the soil of his land. He plowed the soil and converted it into a field which waited to be sown. He made it into one of the best farms in the community. Soon the farm had paid for itself. His sons helped him with the work so that he did not have to get paid help. 

The years began to roll on our parents so they decided to rent the farm to one of their sons. August and his wife made it their home for a number of years, and our parents built a home for themselves
in Winthrop where they could get some rest. The children were now on their own and had homes in which they lived. Charley was a farmer, Joe married a farmer near our place, August was a farmer, Oscar a building contractor, Adolf was an organist and music teacher, Anna married a mason contractor, Otto was also a farmer, and Gustaf was an organist and music teacher. All had children of their own and all loved the Lord and his church. I served the Lord as a pastor.

Of all the nine children, only three are in the land of the living. Alf, Otto, and Gustaf. Alf and Gustaf are in the Augusta Home for the Aged in Minneapolis, and Otto is in the Green Acres Home for the Aged in North Branch, Minnesota. All three have attained to the retirement age of ninety. The other six have passed away.

My parents continued to live in Winthrop for the rest of their days on this earth. In good health and happy, they walked together until the parting came. Their home was the meeting place for all the children and their grandchildren through the years until the parting came. Father had to go first. After a short sickness he passed away at the age of 79 years and 11 days in August 12, 1912, on Sunday evening as the bells in the church tower tolled the end of the Sabbath. He closed his eyes in the last sleep, with his faithful helpmate at his side. For the two, a happy married life had come to its end after 58 years together.

His death left mother alone. She continued to live in the house for the following 23 years. Physically and mentally well and alert, she lived alone with her memories, her children, her old Bible, and her grandchildren, loved by all of them to the very last. Through all of these years she corresponded with her children by letters written by her own hand to the very last. Her greatest joy was to have her children gather around her home, which meetings left memories precious to them all. She was called to her eternal reward July 13, 1935 in her home, in the evening at the shadows lengthened outside the house. Her weary body went to its rest, and her spirit joined all the loved ones who had gone.
before into the eternal home. Her last words as she closed her
eyes in the last sleep were these: "God bless my dear children! At the time of her death she was
99 years, 8 months, and 26 days of age. Had she lived until Oct.
ober 29th, she would have been an even hundred years old. Her
mind was clear and she was conscious through the days shortly
before she died. Her daughter-in-law, Jennie, Ducas LUNDHOLM'S
wife, was at her side when death came. The mortal remains of
both of our parents were laid to rest side by side in the family
cemetery in Winthrop, there to wait for the day of resurrection
of the dead. They were pioneers of the old school, loving their
creator and the church and life. They left a heritage to us
children which shall follow us through life and which we shall try
to pass on to our children. "Blessed are the dead who died in the
Lord. Yes with the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors,
and their works do follow them". Rev. 14:13.