

# Christmas letter 2002!

December 22, 2002

Dear Friends,



Another year has passed by, although it seems like yesterday that I was sitting here by my computer typing the Christmas letter for 2001. Time surely flies by. When I look back at the year, which just has passed by, there are a few things I especially remember:

First of all, I have been riding at [4H Årsta](#) with Christoffer for 10 Sundays during the autumn. 4H is a farm with lots of animals like goats, rabbits, pigs, chickens, ducks and of course horses. In the beginning I did not think that Christoffer was going to be able to ride that he was too small or not ready for that. But I was wrong. In the end he was able to ride the little pony by himself in circles across the field, and handle the horse like a "real cowboy"... Believe it or not, Christoffer, who is 4 years old and around 105 cm tall, is even taller than some of the horses. Every time we came to 4H we played with the animals, feeding or petting the chickens, playing with the rabbits or why not having a "chat" with a huge pig called Pettersson.

This winter we all went on a trip to the Tenerife, Canary Islands, in the end of January. It was nice to get away from the cold climate in the north for a week to enjoy the sun. We stayed in a two-room apartment hotel in a small town called Puerto de la Cruz in the north of the island. Last year when we were at Crete Christoffer could swim around in the pool with the supervision of an adult, but this year he learned how to swim with the help of a flotation device around his arms by himself. An interesting thing about the island is that there are no real sand beaches. Instead all natural beaches has got black sand from the volcanoes in the area. The largest one is called Tilde and of course you can go skiing there if you want to because it is over 3.000 m high. One day we meet Edith's sister, Rozalia, and her family in Santa Cruz, the capital of Tenerife. They were staying at a hotel in the south of the island. Later that day Tibbi, Edith's brother came on a cruising ship with his wife, Renate, and we all had a wonderful day together at a normal beach (they had shipped in the sand from Sahara to Tenerife). But, I had to admit that it was strange meeting my relatives on an island outside the coast of Africa... When we came back to Sweden, the bitter cold and ice winter said literally "hello" to us. It took me 45 minutes to get into the car and try to clear the ice from the windows before I could start the car and drive back to [Uppsala](#) again. I just wished than that we had stayed for another week or two in Tenerife.

Our second trip this year went of course to Romania. This year all three of us went to visit Edith's relatives in Cluj. The airplane trip from Stockholm to Budapest took around 2 hours and the drive from Budapest to Cluj took 8 hours! I hate that drive! It is small roads and you never know what to expect around the next curve. But, it was fun to finally meet Edith's relatives again. The first time I came to Romania, only Edith could speak English. But now her brother Tibbi and her sister Hanna are starting to learn some English. Of course the kids, Christopher's cousins, all know some English. Christoffer can not speak to them at all, but he think they are just fun to play with no matter what language they speak. One thing I like about visiting my relatives in Romania, is my father-in-laws garden. He grows tomatoes, cucumbers, corn, and so on. The vegetables are something totally different than the ones we can buy here in our stores. This year Tibbi and I had a project during the 10 days when we were in Romania, we build a little bridge across a creek for my parents-in-law. It was fun to do something constructive and not just relax in the sun.

I could go on writing for a very long time about different things that has taken place during the last year like our trip to a zoo called [Furuvik](#), 6 weeks of holiday this summer in Romania and with my mother, all small crazy events with Christoffer, and so on. But instead of telling you various stories, you can look at the pictures found here on our [homepage](#).



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On a personal level – [Edith](#) is continuing her work as a nurse, at the [university hospital](#) here in Uppsala, and I am working as a probation officer for [Kriminalvårdsverket](#). Last Friday my mother called and told us that Hasse, her older brother, 69 years of age, had died of cancer. Sad, but true. Whether we like or not, life goes on and it is up to each one of us what we do with the life we are living. One day we will meet our Savior and I hope and pray that we all will be ready for that day. Thank you Lord for the year, which just has passed by, and thank you for Your guidance during the year which lay ahead of us.

[/Peter](#).

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