

The Granly News

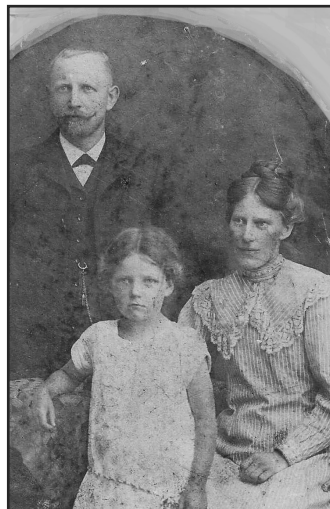
A Publication of the Danish Historical Foundation, Inc., Hurley, Mississippi



Editor: The article below describes the Jensen family move from Iowa to Granly in 1934. It was written by Petrea Jensen in 1943 and published in February 1944 in the Lutheran weekly newspaper, Ugebladet. Some of Petrea's other published works mentioning Granly follow this one. Petrea wrote for Ugebladet over many decades and would cut and paste her works into her personal journal. The journal and family photos are part of the Jensen Collection of the Granly History Archive. Translated from the original Danish.

From Sioux City to Mississippi

One of our church members from Sioux City, Mrs. Edvard Jensen, and family moved ten years ago to the Danish colony "Granly" in the state of Mississippi far down South. When she occasionally told us something about the conditions down there, we asked her to tell us a little more in detail about it; it is so rare that we have direct information from countrymen in the area. The colony was established several years ago under the late Pastor K. Knudsen's assistance and belongs to the Danish Lutheran Church. But now we will let Mrs. Jensen tell it herself. The article, because of its length, has been waiting a while for publication; so it has been almost a year since it was written. Therefore, it may be just as interesting. — Ed.

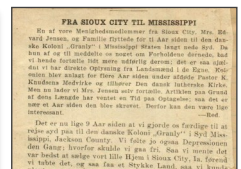
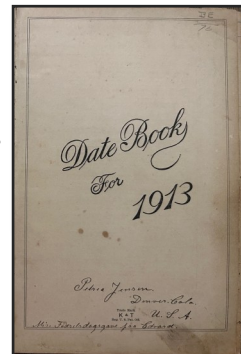


Jensen family portrait from Sioux City circa late 1920s. Financial hardship brought on by the Great Depression forced them to start a new life as farmers in Mississippi.

It is now exactly 9 years since we got ready to travel south to the Danish colony "Granly" in South Mississippi, Jackson County. We also felt the Depression at that time; why should we go free. So we thought it would be best to sell our little home in Sioux City, Ia. before we lost it, and then get a piece of land, so we could plant something to live on, and have a cow so we could have milk and butter and cheese. It was a little hard to give up our little home, which we had just had so cozy and comfortably furnished.

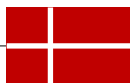
I had a feeling it would be something quite different now, after all we had to lose on the house and had lost in the bank, plus the expensive trip down here with our belongings. And I will not forget the speech that Pastor K. M. Matthiesen gave at the penultimate women's meeting I attended in the church basement. The word fell like dew on my heart. He had advised us not to travel down here; but when it was decided that we would leave, Pastor Matthiesen would say no

more. But then I felt that he had something special to say to me in his speech. "Thank you, Pastor Matthiesen!" And the last women's meeting came, I had to stand for a long time in the room where I put my cloak, because there was a lump in my throat and I had to put it down, and I managed it well. I don't think anyone noticed my movement. For the last time I was in the women's association, where I had been involved in the work with all my heart.



Samples from Petrea's journal — a birthday gift from Ed in 1913 — chronicling over 50 years of her writings. The journal and family photos will be catalogued and handed over to the University of Southern Mississippi archive for digitizing and preservation.

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Granly Officials

PRESIDENT

Jerold Sheperd
4612 Griffin St. Moss Point, MS 39563
jeroldrita@att.net
228-623-3847
Son-in-law of Ejner & Marie Mortensen
Husband of Rita Mortensen Shepherd

TREASURER

Kevin Martin
1127 Del Norte Circle
Pascagoula, MS 39581
kscooterm@hotmail.com
228-623-1861
Grandson of Hans & Herdis Nygaard
Son of Else Nygaard Martin

VICE PRESIDENT

Ejna Mortensen Mitchell
4496 Sardis Church Rd, Buford, GA 30519
770-271-2680
Granddaughter of Ejner & Marie Mortensen
Daughter of Davis Mortensen

SECRETARY

Gina Linton
19 Meadow Wood Trail, Fletcher, NC 28732
missginabee@verizon.net
301-340-2563
Granddaughter of Ejner & Marie Mortensen
Daughter of Joy Mortensen Ask

Future Events

2025 Annual Meeting
October 11, 2025 at 10am

2025 Annual Workday
October 10, 2025

Granly Christmas
December 26, 2025 at 6pm

Visit Our Facebook Page at:

<https://www.facebook.com/GranlyDanish/>

Share your Family Photos and Memories with us to be
posted online and in the Newsletter.

Send to Else Martin
elsejensinemartin@gmail.com

The Granly News

*A Publication of the Danish
Historical Foundation, Inc.,
Hurley, Mississippi*

Larry Martin, Editor
1012 Breeden Place, Bay St. Louis, MS 39520
228-343-2941 — eldm2x@gmail.com

We want to hear from you!
Send your family photos, current news,
comments and suggestions to the editor.

Publishing Dates & Deadlines:

Issue: Fall-Winter 2025
Deadline: November 1, 2025
Mailed: November 15, 2025



From Sioux City to Mississippi cont.

Then came the day of moving. I had never been so sorry to move before. Having to rush to get everything out of the house when you would rather stay there was something I had never experienced before. My dear friend, Mrs. Axel Boe, offered to let us stay with them for the last night. It is often the case that those with the largest families can always do more for others. She made a great deal of trouble for us. The next day, a lovely spring morning in March 1934, we drove south in our car. I said to myself: Now I will always remember how lovely it can be in Iowa in March. We spent the night in one of these tourist camps; most of the cabins are such that you can see out through the walls. When we were in such a camp up in the Ozark Mountains, there was a terrible storm with rain, thunder, lightning, snow and finally ice. When we wanted to open the door after the storm, it was frozen solid. The screen door was a single block of ice, and so was our wagon. But the next day the sun shone so beautifully, and the layer of ice on the trees sparkled as if they were covered with glass and diamonds. It was a beautiful sight, and the ground was white with snow. We had to stay there another day, it was too dangerous to drive over the hills. Our little Edna amused herself in the snow, and by drying wood on the stove; she said she was making "toast." My husband had the radio hooked to a clothesline and we had some music, though faint. Then we went over to the shop and warmed ourselves by the big stove, for our home was certainly cold; one side was freezing while the other was being heated. It was a Sunday, the people had a good time, and we sat and talked with the pleasant family. One of their girls asked us to write to her, she thought it would be so funny to get a letter from another state. I wrote to her afterwards and received letters again a couple of times. But then one day a letter came from her mother saying she had died. I will never forget what a sweet girl she was; she wanted so much to hear about the outside world. They probably lived a lonely life up there in the Ozark Mountains. I saw no houses around.

Finally we reached our destination, the Danish colony "Granly". Here we were kindly received and here was sum-

mer weather. And soon we were again sitting under our own roof.

First I must tell you that when the land agents in Sioux City found out that we wanted to buy land in the South, they came and recommended land in Louisiana near New Orleans. But we still did not like to travel so far and not know a person or know anything other than what the agents told us. Then we heard about this Danish colony, and wrote

"It is a beautiful and healthy human life. We came to like these Danish people here a lot. They are also very careful about the sick, and help each other where they can. If someone has a silver wedding anniversary, the colony has a party in the community hall"

to Pastor K. Knudsen, who at that time lived and served congregation here, and to the agent and got some news. The land here was cheap. But we also found out that you can buy cheap for expensive. But how hard it was in those days! It soon became difficult, because the expenses were greater than the income. But they were also up North. It was hard for all farmers across the country. And we were not farmers either. It was also at that time when the sandstorms destroyed many good farms in different states.

Once when I was very depressed, I wrote a letter to my dear friend in Denver, Mrs. Lund, the mother of Pastor James Lund. I received the following reply: "Don't you know that it is written in the Word of God that it is not for the wanderer to direct his own steps!" Yes, I had believed that too, but now it did me so good to be reminded of it, and the Lord was near with His comfort and help. Now I also found out that God's promises are true: "Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver you, and you shall praise me," and many other promises. We also found that the life of the settlers is still as we had heard it was in former times; what one has and another lacks, they share with each other.

It is a beautiful and healthy human life. We came to like these Danish people here a lot. They are also very careful about the sick, and help each other where they can. If someone has a silver wedding anniversary, the colony has a party in the community hall, and makes it as solemn as they can; and there is always a nice gift. We had our silver wedding anniversary in complete silence in S.C. But since we could not celebrate it twice, they arranged a party for us on our 35th wedding anniversary. I must tell you a little about that. Yes, it was supposed to be a surprise. They used various tricks to get us away from home and out on a visit, although I guessed that something was afoot.

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From Sioux City to Mississippi cont.

And when Edna and I came home one day the living room had been wallpapered and painted, the tiled stove plastered, the floor swept and everything was so cozy. It moved me so much that I didn't know whether to cry or laugh; I chose the latter, the table was then set and coffee served and we had a lively party; then they invited us to a little party in the community center on Saturday evening. They picked us up, and the room was full of happy people and the tables were beautifully set with a very nice lunch. A beautiful program was performed, alternating with songs from our songbook and the reading of a beautiful story and some verses. Our organist played my favorite tune "Traumerei." It was all so solemn. We had never experienced anything like that before. But that was not all. When Mr. Jacobsen finished his speech, he told us that there was a gift for us in the corner. It was an oil stove with an oven; which we have since had a lot of use for. They also gave us linoleum for the kitchen floor and wallpaper for another room. I think now that it was the biggest and most glorious party we have ever had here; but perhaps it was because it was for us, I hope all the others think theirs was the best.

But now I should probably tell you a little about agriculture here. Now most of them work at the shipyard and earn well. So now they are building the houses bigger or improving them inside and out. They also grow sugar cane, both sweet and regular, potatoes, cotton, corn, different kinds of beans for feed; they have also grown tomatoes on a large scale, as well as all kinds of vegetables. But with luck or bad luck, prices go up and down. It takes time to get to know a different climate. It is quite different from farming up North. So it is a special kind of poultry farming that we do here; there is also much to learn from it. There are so many diseases among chickens here, so those who do it on a large scale must always be on the alert. Last year there was a good profit from poultry farming. Artificial fertilizer must be used

on the soil, it takes a lot out of the profit. But now the dairy business is good, and there are some here who have acquired more cows, so perhaps in time the soil will improve. They used to often burn the grass, as it is so tough that it is neither possible to cut it off nor to plow it down when it gets dry. Now some of the people have got tractors, so they help those who have none.

Here is a Danish congregation and a women's association. Without a women's association what would have happened? We scraped together a meeting house, which stood for a long time as a mere shell. It was decorated so beautifully at our parties with branches and flowers from

the forest that it almost hid the bare posts. But for our tenth anniversary celebration of the colony's foundation, the building was finished inside and we were delighted with it. We had Pastor Clemens Sørensen as a guest and it was very solemn. Anyone who has heard Pastor Sørensen will know that. We haven't had a priest here yet, but have often had visits from different ones. The congregation belongs to the Danish Church. To my own regret, I haven't really been able to get along with the congregation, and that's why we're not registered. There's a big difference. The United Church goes much deeper into the spiritual. The Free Mission, as I knew it in Denmark, was even more spiritual than the Inner Mission; that's where I felt most at home. Perhaps I belong to those who are called spiritual wanderers, sometimes so high up and sometimes in the valley of tears. But there's a lot of good to be had everywhere, and if we don't get that much, it's good if we've gathered a



Petrea Jensen in garden. Undated photo from the Jensen Family Collection.

supply to give away on occasion.

What interests me greatly in the world of nature, or plants, are the beautiful evergreen trees and shrubs here. In the forest grow palmettos, they look like fan palm leaves but become only shrubs; they are beautiful, however. Magnolia trees also grow in the forest, although not so abundantly. I have heard that there are many kinds of oak trees, up to 60 different ones. Some lose their leaves in the fall,



others are always green. Bananas can also grow here, but they tend to freeze in the winter; they can become very tall and have a strange shiny trunk, which is similar to the trunk of a canna plant, but is very thick; if they can be preserved from frost for a winter, they can bear fruit, but they tend to be small. Of the beautiful shrubs I would like to mention the "Japonica"; they grow so nicely into a top and bloom in January. A teacher told me that she planted one when she was a child, and had now sold it for \$30; it is large and beautiful. Azaleas are also very beautiful; they bloom in March and are so full of flowers that they hide the leaves. Last year I was in our nearest town, Moss Point, just before Christmas. Then I saw the beautiful Christmas flower "Poinsettia"; it almost reached the roof of the house.

But now my story is getting too long. I must tell you a little about the climate. Yes, it is very pleasant at times, but it can also have its unpleasantness. It is nice when we can enjoy the lovely sunshine and the pleasant warmth in the winter days. However, it can also get cold here when the wind blows from the north, and because the climate is humid, it goes through the marrow and bones; otherwise it would not be so bad. You don't feel the heat as much in the summer as you would think. It is always cool here in the shade; it wasn't like that in Iowa. I have never heard of people dying of the heat here. When we came here, we had orange citrus trees in our garden—"Satsumas." They were lovely, the skin peels off easily and they are sweet and juicy. Then one year we had several nights of hard frost and then our trees froze, and probably most of them. There have been larger plantations of them here, and they used to have a little fire pan under them in frosty weather. I don't know if it was oil they burned or what. We saw so many pans standing in the plantations that had been used. "Satsumas" are grafted

plants, just like "Persimmon" trees, which bear large fruits, weighing about half a pound each. But if they are not "grafted" they are only about the size of the large pecans. So last year I kept accounts of our little persimmon tree and counted over 500 of these lovely large fruits. Plum trees and apricots do not thrive here; insects destroy them, but pecan trees grow here.

Many improvements have been made since we came here. The telephone line is here, but none of the Danes have yet purchased it. Electricity has also been installed, and most Danes have had radios, lights, washing machines, electric irons, and everything that can be obtained in the electrical direction is now seen in their homes. However, we have not yet become so wealthy. The gas pipeline has also been laid, but what was wrong I do not know; we did not get any gas. The main road has been paved with "Petroil" I believe it is called. I think it is more pleasant to drive and walk on than cement. There is an enormous traffic here morning and evening with the workers for the shipyard in Pascagoula; about 10,000 people are employed there. Buses run all the way up from and past Lucedale. From there it is about 45-50 miles to the shipyard. The town of Pascagoula has also grown, probably more than doubled in size. The government built several hundred houses, but it was not enough. People have moved there in trailers and inns and hotels are full. Yes, Danes have also come. A family from South Dakota lives in their trailer by our community center and we are happy to have them with us.

Yes, now money is being made; but those poor soldiers! Our young men here in the colony have also been called up. One can almost be glad now that one has no sons. I thought it was hard enough when our girl went to the Business College in Meridian about 100 miles from

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From Sioux City to Mississippi cont.

here. She would have liked to have been at Dana, but the trip was too expensive.

The Danish children have done us much honor here. A Southern girl who went to the high school here told me that "the Danish children were very smart," they always win prizes in school and receive honors at graduation. If not, it was because they had not gone to that high school all four years.

For some years I belonged to "The Home Demonstration Club" and became somewhat acquainted with the Southerners. They are very friendly and welcoming, and one must marvel at their enlightenment and intelligence.

Most of the people here are Methodists and very religious. They have a resident minister here in the middle of our colony. We also went to their services for a time, when theirs was our nearest church. How astonished I was when I saw this church for the first time. It had never felt a painter's brush and it was shabby; the door could not be closed and the window panes were missing. But we enjoyed the sermon, the organ music and the songs; many of them were the dear familiar tones from the revivalist movement in Denmark, and therefore they resonated right into my innermost heart. Around the church is the churchyard. One could see that there had once been wealth here, at the time when they felled trees here. The grave monuments were precious and we read the inscription on them. On one mother's tombstone the following was written: "She was the sunshine of our home." Wouldn't it be nice if it could fit on many mothers' tombstones! On a large stone that covered the entire grave, we read: "Remember, Friend, when you pass by, as you are now, so once was I; as I am now, you soon shall be. Prepare for death and follow me!" This very verse my husband had cut out of a newspaper many years ago and kept in his album. When we got home, we were going to see if it was really from here; but it was from another state, Nebraska, I think.

Now that may be enough for this time, otherwise it

will probably go in the wastepaper basket, and my time will be wasted. But I must say one thing: There are many pages to a story. But now I don't feel the economic pressure, and therefore my heart is lighter, and then one looks more at the bright, the good and the interesting, and forgets the sorrows and the gray days. And one should, for Christians should be happy people. So a warm greeting to friends and acquaintances who read this.

Mrs. Edvard Jensen, Lucedale, Mississippi, Rt. 1, Box 201.

Christmas at Granly

Excerpts from "Greetings from the South" another of Petrea's articles published in Ugeblad. This one describes Christmas at Granly in the early years, probably 1945.

"Now I will begin with Christmas. On Christmas Eve we had a storm with rain, lightning and thunder. But Christmas Eve is the feast of the home, so I guess not many were out. On Christmas Day we had a good weather and

many came to the Community Center to hear the old but eternally new Christmas Gospel.

Pastor Alfred Jensen from Des Moines came all the way down here to celebrate Christmas with us. It was wonderful to listen to the peace sermon. Pastor Jensen really explained that peace must come from within the heart. First peace with God, so that there can be peace in the world.

Thursday evening, December 27th, we had a Christmas party. It gives me great pleasure to sit and watch the children, how happy they are on such an evening. The big girls sang a beautiful song for us, otherwise the program was left to Pastor Jensen, who spoke to us and told an interesting story. Then there was dancing around the beautiful

Christmas tree, the most beautiful we have ever had down here, for it was a real fir tree.

Many Christmas carols were sung and other songs. It is also strange about the dear Christmas carols, they seem

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to be as new every year; one never gets tired of singing them over and over again, even if one is getting old. A good and thoughtful man had given a whole box of apples to distribute. Chocolate and candy were also served, and finally the dear coffee cup with accessories.”

Passing of Husband Ed Jensen and the return of Widow Knudsen

Another excerpt from Petrea's "Greetings from the South" Published April 2, 1949.

To my dear readers of the Lutheran Weekly: As I sit down here quite alone and abandoned, though not by God, and read the magazine,—now it is the sermon for Mid-Lent Sunday in No. 12,—then this becomes quite alive to me.

My experience tells me that such is the Savior, He helps us in all circumstances and pays attention to us poor sinful people. He knows our frailty, but He looks at the will to see if it is for good. It is so blessed to be able to put everything in God's hands and then experience that His promises are trustworthy. How often has He not helped me when I was at a loss. I also dare to put my future in his hand, for “all my times are in the hand of the Lord.” Psalm 31:16.

For now I am alone. On February 26, my dear husband died of a stroke. It was so hard to see him suffer, but worse for him who suffered. So death came as a deliverer from pain. And I know that we shall meet again on the great resurrection morning before the throne of God, when the books are opened and the names are called out. (We did not know that Mr. Edvard Jensen had passed away, but our deep sympathy goes out to his wife and loved ones, we know they know the comfort of God. Years ago they were members of our church in Sioux City,



Portrait of Edvard Jensen. Ed and Petrea married in Skanderborg, Denmark in 1906 and emigrated to America in 1910, first settling in Denver. On his emigration paperwork and on that year's US census his occupation is listed as photographer. Over the years he made a living as a sailor, photographer, repairman, mechanic and farmer. He gained US citizenship in 1941, Petrea in 1945.

Ia., Ed.).

We have had an unusually mild winter this year. Only a couple of days of frost, which did no harm. This is a contrast to the northern states, where they have had so much snow, cold and flood. Dairy farming has now really taken up here and how beautiful it looks with the many green oat and clover fields, where the fat cows lie down so contentedly and chew their cud.

Pastor K. Knudsen's widow came back here to Granly Colony last fall after a five-year stay in Iowa. She loves this mild southern climate. Mr. Christensen, who bought her house before she left here, has now built a suitable little house for her with all the conveniences. She has the most lovely little home; we saw that when we were there the other day for her birthday. Several elderly women from our Danish congregations have been here in the winter in the past, and we have talked about having a retirement home here. Now I go and think: Could my place be used for that? Because this is a hermit's life for me. But my home nonetheless.

Warm regards to the friends and all the readers!
Mrs. Petrea Jensen, Rt. 1, 201.

A Letter from Mississippi

Another of Petrea's published works. This one tells about her fondness for the local Methodist congregation (Rosedale).

Lucedale, Miss., Feb. 10, 1948.

I once wrote about the old Methodist church here, how crooked it was and the door wouldn't close, the windows were missing and it had never been painted; but how blessed it was to come there. Now it's been repaired, painted and looks good. I was there last fall, we got an invitation from the congregation. A minister was there for a whole week and held meetings twice a day, where they could sing and pray! It was nice to see an old man come and greet the minister; they had known each other many years ago and embraced each other for a long time. The minister spoke from many years of experience and life with God. He really touched hearts. You could feel it behind you, the warmth among the congregation.

But now we Danes, we are only so few; here is a small congregation (Granly—belongs to the Danish Church). The women's association tries to keep together and get a

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Jensen Letters cont.

Danish Lutheran priest here once a month. It is so solemn, however, to see the priest in person, as opposed to hearing a sermon on the radio and one joins in the singing. It is also good to get together with one's own people; we have so much in common. When a priest is here, we like to have a lecture on Saturday evening, and Sunday school and a service with altar service on Sunday; then a lecture again in the afternoon and coffee afterwards.

We still feel the difference between the people of the country and the Danes. The latter are more cordial than we Danes and quicker in mind. They get together a lot and when someone comes to visit them, they always have a good time, even if it is Wash Day. They are capable and energetic people, full of many interests.

This month potatoes are being planted here, while ice and snow lie in the northern states. We had ice when the cold wave came the other day. Everything was trapped in ice — trees, grass, bushes. It alternates with spring weather and cold. Immediately after New Year's, butterflies flew out here, but they must have frozen, because we haven't seen any recently.

Greetings from Mark. 2:48. Mrs. Edvard Jensen.

Letter describing Christmas, New Year's and Granly chicken farming

Excerpts from another letter from Petrea, published in 1950

"Now we have celebrated Christmas again. A minister from Des Moines was here and held a short Christmas Eve service with the singing of the dear old Christmas carols. Then there was a church service on Christmas Day, and on Christmas Day the Christmas tree in the evening, with hymn singing, and the priest told a story to the great amusement of the young and the children, yes, all of us. Then we walked around the Christmas tree while hymn singing, then we played Danish games with Danish songs, the old with the young. A sweet little girl of 3 years old was with us the whole time, she was tireless. The evening ended with song and prayer. On New Year's Eve we were together again; we sang, and saw slides, which were shown by one of the colony's residents, who was on a trip to Denmark with his family last summer. Then pictures were taken, and while they were being taken, two of the colony's

ladies gave us an insight into the colony in 15 years. Then the pictures were handed out in envelopes with names on them; but how surprised we were to find a clipping from an old catalogue. Again the young, big and small, played and danced. It was heartening to see the happy youth.

They are all doing well down here. There is great progress for those who have chickens, and that is what most people are doing. There were not a few who came to the community center in a new car. We are delighted with the lovely climate. The thermometer has been at 10 degrees - no fire in the stove today! We have only had a few cold days, and then we freeze; we are so spoiled with warmth. Now the farmers have begun to plow, and soon potatoes and vegetables will be planted."

Reflections on life

Excerpts from one of Petrea's last published works, a letter from a nursing home in Greeley, Colorado from January 1963.

"Since I am on the sick list this week, I have time to think about the past. When you are 83 years old and suddenly become ill, it is not so much that life may soon end, and then it is good to turn your thoughts upward to the home of God. It gives you courage to face whatever happens. I am full of thanks to God for all that I have experienced, good and bad. It has all been for my upbringing.

Although it was hard to move from our cozy home in Sioux City, I am now glad that we came to Granly Colony in Mississippi. There I got to know so many of those whom I now read about in *Kirke og Folke* Without this, the magazine would not have as much value to me as it does now.

Then my thoughts go back to my childhood days, to the cozy evenings when the Jørgensens would visit my home. Jørgensen always had his violin with him and Mrs. Jørgensen had an unusually beautiful singing voice, and then we would sing and play. And when I can't sleep, these songs still sing in me, and I thought I would share one of them that I love very much. Perhaps others might be interested in it. I think it gives me a sense of flight.

I am now well on my way to recovery and I thank God for that. I would like to have accomplished a little more. It is so little good that I have accomplished in all these years. 'Only for blessing, O Father, that is my prayer, I must be.' Thus begins one of my father's songs, and it is also my prayer."



Update on work completed and planned in the next few months

Jerold Shepherd, President

We have mulched the bushes and undergrowth on the west side of the main gate down the fence to the cemetery. The azaleas are coming back and hopefully we will be able to keep the plants trimmed and in control.

In March we had a storm at Granly and we lost a sec-



Forsamlingshus roof damage caused by March storm. Full roof replacement on both buildings followed soon thereafter.

tion of shingles on the east end of the building. Lee Heda-gard and I evaluated the situation and Lee found a roofer and he evaluated the roof and it was determined that we needed to replace the roofs on both buildings. The roof was replaced on both buildings.

During the roofing the tractor broke an old septic tank that was a 55 gallon barrel. I have contacted a plumber to come and determine where the kitchen sink drains so that if there is another barrel buried, we will not have another surprise. I hope to meet him in the next week or so.

The damage inside the building was staining on the ceiling as a result of water coming through the roof and minor damage to the floor. Mike Philips, (Minnesota Mike), was down here and he primed the stained area and repainted the ceiling on the east end of the building.

In the next few months:

- We need to repaint the front porch and do some repair on the handrail.
- We need to work on the electrical situation in the front of the building to get power to the two receptacles and the two lights on the wall by the altar.
- As an annual project, there is always trimming that needs to be worked on.
- The Annual Work Day will be October 10 and Annual Meeting October 11 at 10:00 AM

Granly participates in social media project with Danish Consulate

The Consulate General of Denmark in Houston, Texas contacted Granly for participation in a social media project highlighting Danish-American relations in each US state. Else and Brian Martin provided photos and brief video clips on behalf of Granly for Mississippi's contribution to the project.

The submitted materials describe Granly's history and the community's ongoing connections to Danish culture and traditions. We'll share a link to the finished product on the Granly Facebook page once it becomes available.

Granly Christmas 2024





Obituaries

Glenn Laursen Brinkman

October 29, 1934 - March 3, 2025

Glenn Laursen Brinkman, beloved husband, father, grandfather, great-grandfather and brother entered his walk with our Lord on March 3, 2025. Glenn was born on October 29, 1934, in Minneapolis, Minnesota. He spent his formative years in Harlston and Pascagoula, Mississippi. Glenn graduated with a degree in forestry from Louisiana State University where he earned the Xi Sigma Pi Outstanding Sophomore Award and the forestry department's Outstanding Senior Award.

Glenn spotted the woman who would become the love of his life at the Twix and Tween Restaurant in Centreville, Alabama. After an introduction by the pastor of the First Baptist Church, he and Carolyn Leslie were married there August 15, 1959. Their love story lasted for over 65 years.

In Centreville, Glenn worked for the Gulf States Paper Corporation as a forester. He moved with his family, including daughters Leslie and Katherine to the Dallas metroplex in 1962 to work for his brother Lloyd "Brink" Brinkman in his plastics manufacturing plant. In Dallas, Glenn and Carolyn's son Paul "Pablo" was born and their family was complete.

Glenn moved his family to the Texas Hill Country in 1969 where he began his impressive career as a cattleman beginning with the establishment of Brinks Brangus in 1968 when his brother, Lloyd, purchased the Riverby Herd. Lloyd opened operations at Prison Canyon Ranch which included purchasing the Camp Verde store. Glenn became the manager of their cattle operation and initially officed at the Camp Verde store where he had additional duties as postmaster. From their first sale in 1970, Brinks Brangus achieved unprecedented records. Glenn devoted himself totally to the endeavor of making Brinks Brangus the best in the industry with a concentration on genetics. Their motto was "Breeding the Best, Better".

Recognized as an innovator, Glenn secured a place in the history of beef cattle with the development of a superior animal. This striving for excellence led to many rewards and achievements. In 1970, he was chairman of the committee that formed the Hill Country Brangus Breeders and

produced the first Top of the Crop Sale in Kerrville. In the early years, he was on the board of the Performance Registry International (which preceded the Beef Improvement Federation).

Glenn's interest in genetics led to his studying different Zebu breeds and their contribution to Brangus. He visited every major Brahman breeder in the United States and many Nelore herds in Brazil. As a result of this study, he started a breeding up program from Angus and Zebu.

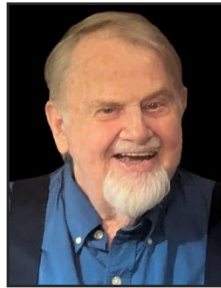
Glenn was the first Brangus breeder to utilize embryo transfer beginning that work in 1977. He started in-depth carcass evaluation with Kansas State University using ultrasound technology. This data was seminal in developing Expected Progeny Differences (EPDs) for ribeye for the Brangus breed.

Because he was a perfectionist where keeping records was concerned, Glenn developed a tagging system with a year code to identify all embryo transfer progeny. This system is known as the GB International Measuring System and is used by all Brangus breeders.

Glenn was past president of the Texas Brangus Breeders Association, the International Brangus Breeders Association (IBBA) 1983-1984 (also chairing the Brangus Publications, Inc.), and Beef Improvement Federation. He was the first to be named Brangus Breeder of the year by the IBBA in 1982, proof of his peers' respect for him and his record. In 1997, the Beef Improvement Federation honored him with the Continuing Service Award. In 2005, Glenn was the first recipient of the IBBA Pioneer Award.

In 1984, Glenn and Lloyd moved Brinks to the Flint Hills of Kansas. Glenn felt he came home to these rolling hills where he made lasting friendships. Following the sale of the cattle herd in 1993, Glenn and Carolyn purchased a ranch outside of Athens, Texas where he created a pristine environment for his new project, Angus Plus. Glenn's grandchildren shared his enthusiasm for the ranch despite his penchant for putting them to work as "thistle grubbers". The ranch was a special place for his extended family. After selling the ranch, he and Carolyn, called Pop and Numa by their grandchildren, moved into Athens and continued building their community centering around the First Presbyterian Church where Glenn served as an Elder.

Glenn is survived by his wife Carolyn Leslie Brinkman; his children and their spouses Leslie Brinkman-Greer (Paula), Katherine Sutherlin (Brad), Paul "Pablo" Brinkman (Colleen); his grandchildren Kasey Sutherlin, Sam George,





Aaron George (Jenna), Josh Sutherlin (fiancé Megan Lafleur), and Tucker Brinkman; his great-grandchildren Isaiah George and Eden George; his siblings Roy Brinkman (Jean), Carolyn Gordon (Wendell), and Harvey Brinkman (Carol); numerous nieces, nephews and their children and grandchildren.

Glenn is preceded in death by his daughter Ann Marie Brinkman; his parents Astrid Laursen Brinkman and Carl Harvey Brinkman (Naomi); and siblings Lloyd Brinkman, Jeanne Brinkman, and Margaret Brinkman Roberts.

Glenn Laursen Brinkman was a man of integrity and faith who gave freely of his knowledge and supported the life goals of his children and many in the Brangus industry. A celebration of his life will be scheduled and communicated at a later date.

In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the development of the International Junior Brangus Breeders Association: Glenn Brinkman Memorial Scholarship. Donations may be sent to Pablo Brinkman, 3928 Oak Park Drive, Kerrville, Texas, 78028.

Catherine “Kitty” Schmitz

October 10, 1946 — March 29, 2025

Catherine “Kitty” Schmitz, 78, passed away peacefully on the morning of March 29, 2025, held in prayerful song by her daughters. She was a joyful and dedicated member of the Bahá’í faith community throughout her adult life. Her family humbly requests prayers as she wings her flight to the spiritual realm.

Kitty was born in Santa Ana, California in 1946, the eldest of four children of Caroline “Babs” Markwood and George Dolan. She spent most of her childhood and youth in Manhattan Beach, California. As a young woman, she served at the National Bahá’í Center in Wilmette, Illinois. Kitty married Anthony “Tony” Schmitz in 1972, and soon after they moved to Costa Rica where they raised their three daughters. Over the course of nearly three decades, the family lived in Filadelfia, Bagaces, and Tilaran, Guanacaste; Santa Barbara, Heredia; and Rio Oro de Santa Ana, San José, creating community with those around them.



Kitty worked for many years as an educational administrator at her daughters’ school, and it is rumored that it took at least three people to replace her. Outside of her work career, Kitty was a dedicated volunteer, organizer, convener, facilitator, and connector. She worked with many local and international non-governmental organizations in the areas of peace, human rights, and environmental protection. Kitty worked closely with the United Nations University for Peace, hosting an international radio interview show called “Peace Talks,” and organizing international conferences that included religious leaders, community or-

ganizers, and political dignitaries. In these roles, she met with several Nobel Peace Prize laureates including Rigoberta Menchú Tum, Oscar Arias, and the Dalai Lama.

Kitty was an active servant to her local, national, and international Baha’i community throughout her adult life. She served for twenty five years on the National Spiritual Assembly of the Bahá’ís of Costa Rica, many times as its chairperson, and on the Continental Pioneer Committee for the Americas. She served as a member of the Auxiliary Board for the Continental Counsellors for the Americas, and as a Deputy Trustee of the Board of Trustees of Huququ’lláh.

Upon returning to the United States in the early 2000s, Kitty and Tony lived in Picayune, Mississippi; Manhattan Beach, California; and Albuquerque, New Mexico. Kitty retired as a civil servant and focused on helping to care for her mother, grandchildren and great grandchildren, as well as volunteering with several nonprofit organizations. In her retirement, Kitty continued to spread a message of peace through her passion for music, as a member of the New Mexico Peace Choir.

Even after being diagnosed with dementia, Kitty continued to radiate joy and kindness until her last days. She is survived by husband Tony; her brothers Michael, John, and Charles Dolan; her daughters Erica, Samantha, and Carolina; her sons-in-law Daniel Wallace, Sergio Schwartz, and Patrik Nkouaga; her grandchildren Akeva, Shanti, Alma, Gadi, Matthew, Sergio, and David; her great-grandchildren Noah, Iz, Rowen, Maya, Acer, Elio, Kira and Rio; her sisters-in-law Frances and Anne; and her nieces and nephews, Abigail, Rebecca, Maya, Oliver, Sarah, Rachel, June, Finn, April, Bianca, and Rosemary.

In lieu of flowers, the family has requested that donations be made to the New Mexico Peace Choir. <https://www.nmpeacechoir.org>.



Annual Meeting Moved to October 11

The Granly Annual Meeting is now scheduled for
Saturday, October 11 at 10am.
The annual workday is on October 10.

THE GRANLY NEWS
The Danish Historical Foundation, Inc.
C/O Larry Martin
1012 Breeden Place
Bay St. Louis, MS 39520