

Surprisingly, I have attended two lefse making parties this year yet only consumed 2 bites of one lefse. I am not a big fan of the Norwegian delicacy. It just doesn't suit my palette, whatever that means. My mom, as many of you know, made some really good lefse, at least that's what I'm told. She was lucky I didn't like it as she would not have had as many to give away or have on hand to serve at holiday gatherings. I would stand there by the flour covered kitchen table and watch them being made and just kind of quiver at the thought of having to eat one. Many people like them with butter and brown sugar. You couldn't find enough butter or brown sugar to suit my liking. And it's still burned into my retinas, watching my dad roll up a lefse full of lutefisk. The melted butter and fish just oozed out both ends of that Norwegian burrito. That image along with the smell is something a kid should just not experience. But some of us did and went on to lead normal lives.



The pile of fresh made lefse.



My sister Sylvia and I attended the St John's Lutheran Church lutefisk dinner this past October in Kasson. They served 1830 meals this year. In 2018 they served just over 2000. In 2018, they went through 1700 pounds of lutefisk and 464 dozen (that's 5,568 lefse). For the non-lutefisk eaters, they also went through 550 pounds of Swedish meatballs. They also went through 315 dozen Scandinavian cookies. I did not like lutefisk for the first 57 years of my life but went to a lutefisk dinner in New Hope 9 years ago and actually tried it and liked it. I did not, however, roll it up in a lefse.

At the Kasson dinner, they hold back quite a few lefse for the dinner but then they sell the remaining several dozens starting at 11 o'clock in the morning. People line up extending down the parking lot and on to the street in hopes they can buy a dozen or two to take home. The women and men of the church start making lefse for this event in August. They just keep filling up freezers until they have enough, or so they think they have enough. The remaining stockpile of the flat potato tortillas sells out quickly. I'm thinking I should set up a brown sugar kiosk next door to this event.



So now you know, I now like lutefisk and still don't like lefse. On Facebook a while back there was one of these questionnaires that have you tell things about yourself that others may not know. So here it goes:

Top things You May Not Know about Me

- Favorite Childhood Game: Duck, Duck Grey Duck. I never played Duck, Duck Goose.
- Things that drive you crazy: One would be not being able to park between the lines. Another is drivers not having lights on when it's raining or when it's dark outside. Also, people hitting their brakes first instead of hitting the turn signal. Basically it's stupid drivers.
- Do you talk to yourself? Yes, I need the expert advice
- Favorite color: Sky Blue Purple
- Favorite number: 5,281
- A job in your younger days: Depallitizer operator at the Kenyon Canning Company
- Dream job: Skittle taste tester
- All-Time Favorite Movie: The Sting
- If you could, would you go back to school? Yes but only for the Bumstead sandwiches. (Only grads from West Concord will get that)
- All-Time Favorite TV Show: M*A*S*H.

- I hold the Wasioja Conference basketball record for scoring for 3 different schools while yet attending only one my whole career. It seems I shot at the wrong end of the court two different times. But in my defense, I was open and I shot 100%. Byron and Pine Island were the other high schools that have me listed in their scoring annals. Fortunately most of my points were for West Concord.
- First Car: 1971 Ford Maverick Grabber. My second car after the Grabber was totaled in a collision with the Mobil gas delivery truck driven by Hank Freerksen was a 1973 Blue Mercury Comet.
- Guilty Pleasure? Watching the Brazilian Women's Volleyball Team.

Have a safe and very Merry Christmas and may 2020 be your vision and your best year yet.

Note: Emery is a 1971 graduate of West Concord High School and a 1959 graduate of kindergarten at West Concord Elementary. He was President of the National Association of Farm Broadcasting (NAFB) in 2005. His email is emery@roadfarming.com

Here's my first car, the Ford Maverick Grabber

