

## **2002-2005: About the Way of Destiny and a strange Stone**

### **Part 1, the family research**

Just before Easter 2002 I received an e-mail from a woman who turned out to be a long lost cousin of my father.

She had found my great grandfather's name in the family research side of my home page when she was looking for brothers and sisters of her grandmother. By her I got a mail copy from a Marianne Lindén, which contented lots of names starting with my great grandfathers' parents. I, who didn't know anything else but his name Otto Renius Nilsson and that he, was born in Högsby, Småland, of course became very interested. When found unusual and interesting names further down in the letter I really got excited. When I searched the internet I started to realize that, behind my predecessors of farmers in Småland, there were others than poor crofters and poor peasants.

So I became a member of the family society and I and my husband participated in the meeting of the family society in Bråhult 2003.

### **Part 2, the migration**

We moved from Stockholm to Småland during the late summer of 2005. But we started to look for a proper sized farm already four years earlier. We started to look in Södermanland and further on down in Västergötland. Then my husbands' parents bought a forest farm in Östergötland and then we also glanced in this direction. But the perfect farm didn't show up. In the summer of 2004 we drove our sun to a camp outside Kalmar and we had a mini holiday at the same time We decided to travel up along road 34. When we passed a little village named Ruda I, for the fun, asked my husband if we should move to this area. I thought it was a funny name and the village was so small that we had passes before pronouncing the sentence.

After a few kilometers we were reaching Högsby and we were stricken by the beautiful landscape. When we had been in Bråhult last year we had been passing north of Högsby on road 23. I immediately fell in love with the neighborhood and was thinking of moving to the village in which my predecessors were born, but my husband rather was looking for a more open landscape and wasn't interested to look for in this place. The landscape south of Högsby is far more open and now he got interested.

In the middle of May 2005, when we almost had given the dream of finding a small farm up, I saw an ad of a house in Ruda in the community of Högsby. Because of the more than interesting looking photographs we made an appointment with the real estate broker to have a look.

And now we are living here, just a few Swedish miles from the old manor of the Sabelskjöld family called Bråhult, and only a few kilometers from Åsebo, the manor of Carl Sabelskjölds first parents in law. His first wife is by the way buried in the Högsby church.

### **Part 3, the stone**

When I found out about the society of the native Högsby I became a member at once. When I visited the society for the second time, in the middle of November 2005, I got curious about a piece of lime stone, with hew out ornamentation, which was placed in a window sill, partly hidden by the curtains.

The week after I asked about this stone and got the answer that they didn't know much about it, just that it had been found in the garden behind the confectioner's shop of Wickberg in Storgatan (Main street) in Högsby. It was found 1973 when the former owner was digging in the garden. When they sold the confectioner's shop and moved to Öland the stone was given to the native society.

Ever since the stone was found there have been questions about the interpretation. An older man who has been very interested in the stone thought the double S in the upper part meant "Staby Skvadron" (Staby Squadron) which once was placed just some kilometers from the building of the native society.

I had already seen the two big S and had made jokes about them, saying maybe the two S should be interpreted as SabelSkjöld. Then the stones were lifted forward and I saw that there was a coat of arms on it and that it corresponded with the coat of arms of the Sabelskjöld family, except one corner of the stone, where the sword was supposed to be placed, was missing. I hardly believed my eyes. Even though it's just a small stone there is no doubt about what the stone presents. I took my card of membership for the Sabelskjöld Society and showed the coat of arms, and everybody agreed that it was corresponding.

A man from the native society had his digital camera at hand took some pictures and e-mailed them to me, and when I got them I sent them to the cashier of the family society, Marianne Lindén, who got very interested.

I invited Allan Olsson (the chairman of the family society at that time) and Marianne Lindén to have a look at the stone. And the chairman of the native society, Margareta Bäck, contacted the local newspaper, which came and wrote an article about the finding.

Marianne and I are now making research trying to find out where the stone from the beginning may have been situated. So maybe, if we are lucky, the story will be continued.

You can really start to think about the ways of destiny after all these curvy roads in the end leading me to the stone with the coat of arms of the Sabelskjöld family.



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Translated by Thomas Linderöth.