

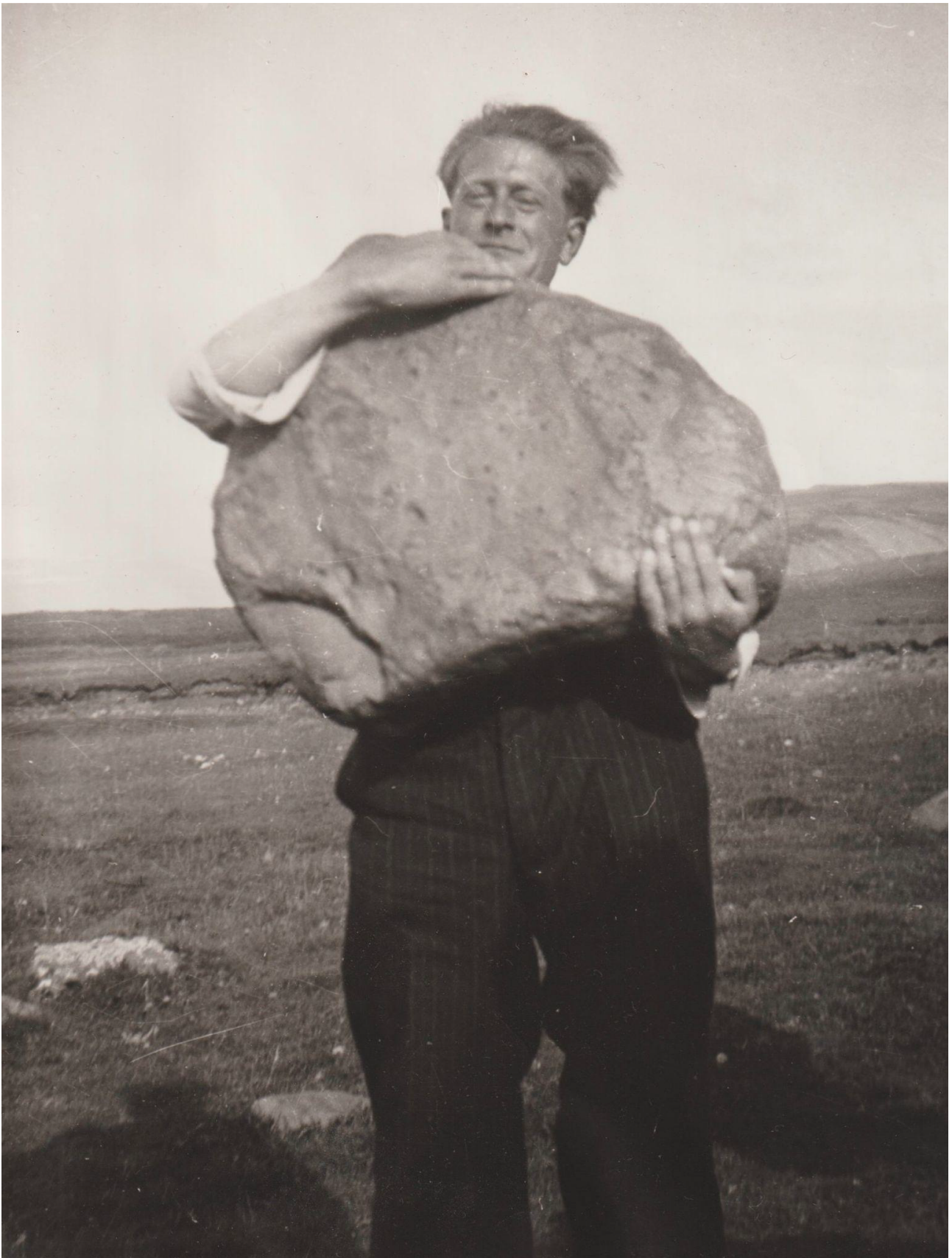
## In Memorium

The memories of the farm were always connected to conservation of nature and kindness to the wildlife. While one can always say that they themselves or others had noble feelings and good intentions it is more substantive to point to actions and sacrifice. One is when I was following my grandfather on a morning "expedition" (which we often did to check the status of Lækjarnes) and found the marks that a small bird had been attacked by a mink (an invasive species) I looked at my grandfather's face and knew that this had to be avenged. It was dusk when we got the mink, we never stopped, the thought that this was a waste of our time never entered our minds. The other is when I heard that my grandmother, in her 80s and had a hard time walking, had the hunch that a poacher had arrived at Lækjarnes to hunt a rare species. She took her cane in hand and set off immediately on the journey from her homestead. The cane had two jobs, one was to support her aging overworked body and the other was to give the poacher a good thrashing... it performed satisfactorily in both tasks.

When I drove up to the farm the day of my grandmother's passing I saw hundreds of Branta Bernicla surrounding the farm. It is a sight one can easily miss since they have a short stay around Lækur every year before going to Canada. This day they decided to come over as to remind me of a promise once given by a young boy to his grandparents. Vilhjálmur Ólafsson.



Vilborg Kristófersdóttir (right) on Independence Day with her daughter and mother.



Einar Helgason lifts Húsavíkursteininn (the Rock of Húsavík). It is 186 kilos and has been replicated for use in strongman competitions around the world. Usually lifted with both hands under it.