



John Larsen <theclaw56@gmail.com>

My 2nd letter to Phillip

John Larsen <john@larsen-family.us>

Wed, Sep 22, 2010 at 10:26 PM

Reply-To: john@larsen-family.us

To: joyce@larsen-family.us

Missionary Name: Elder Phillip Larsen

Mission: Provo MTC

Date Submitted: September 21

Hi Phillip,

We just got home a few minutes ago from the youth temple trip. Like usual I went to the temple from work and met everyone there. Joyce drove down and had Sister Potter, Julia, two Tyler girls, the youngest Olson girl, and Garrett Hawkins. Rachel was unable to go because she didn't know about it in time and had RA duty.

A youth group from Worcester showed up. It turns out that they messed up and were actually supposed to come next week. So, it was quite crowded with over 30 youth there plus all the leaders from both wards.

Mike Scott was able to baptize Amy Taylor for family file names. That was really neat. There was a lot of family file work done this trip. I was one of the witnesses at the font the whole evening.

We went to McDonalds as usual, but Joyce missed the exit and that made them quite late. I was all done eating by the time they showed up. I sat with Mike, Amy, and John Robert to eat. We had an enjoyable time talking. Amy said that last Sunday she cried a little because you weren't leading the music. It puzzled them at first and then they remembered that you weren't there. Mike said he was sad too.

Your patriarchal blessing has arrived. Julia's arrived in the mail yesterday. I'm assuming that Rachel's has been sent to her home. I texted her about that so she will be looking for it when she comes to Nashua this Friday. We need to photocopy yours and send the copy to you.

Amy Taylor said she is planning on going on a mission. She got her patriarchal blessing in August and apparently there was a lot about serving a mission in there. So, she is planning on taking out her endowment when she hits one year of

membership, and then preparing for a mission when she hits 21. I told her about how long it took for you, Julia, and Rachel to get hard copy of patriarchal blessing so she won't keep being disappointed when it isn't in the mail. It could take several months before Sister Farar has opportunity to get Amy's done.

Your room still looks the same as when you left. Actually, it is worse now because more attic stuff has been shoved in there. Eventually we'll get started on that. Right now we're just trying to figure out what the new "normal" routine is.

Julia is getting used to early morning seminary, but she seems to enjoy it. She's also getting used to high school. She said there is a lot more work than in middle school. I have encouraged her to write to you, but she's still trying to get a handle on all her classes and teacher expectations. I hope she will write soon.

I finally got Stanford's saxophone repaired. There were several things wrong with it, but it finally became essential that it be fixed because the band is playing a song that needs the note that didn't work. We're playing a version of "Stray Cat Strut" that has the Pink Panther Theme in the middle of it. For Pink Panther I need the low C#, and that's the note that had a missing spring on the key. So, I contacted the instrument repair guy, David Bailey, who lives off of Broad Street and arranged to have it fixed with a one day turn around. He fixed seven things. The next day I cleaned the horn really well and polished it up. It plays a lot better now. I'm sure Stanford would be pleased that I'm taking care of his horn for him.

I have been listening to more pod casts from radio.lds.org. I enjoy hearing the gospel experiences of others. I listened to several interviews with returned missionaries. It is interesting to hear their experiences. I'm happy and feel greatly blessed to have a son on a mission. This is one of those pivotal times that I talked about. Your mission sets the foundation for the rest of your life.

I remember being a missionary. I remember the feeling I had when I was on the airplane returning home. It was a very strange feeling. I looked back on the two years and realized that it was all over. There was nothing I could do to change anything. I couldn't go back and try to work a little harder, or be more dedicated. It was done, like chapters in a book that now could only be put on a shelf. I wished then that I had been more dedicated. France was hard, but I could have done a better job. I hope you will be dedicated and keep the perspective that you only have a short time for full time missionary service. Two years may sound like a long time, but that is only 104 weeks. So, each week is roughly 1% of your mission. The one percents will keep adding up and before you know it ten percent will be done, and then more and more. Please let the Lord bless you by being dedicated to his service. It can be awesome.

Well, it's getting late here and I need to get to bed. I hope things are going well for

you. I'll write again soon.

Love you,

Dad

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