



John Larsen <theclaw56@gmail.com>

A letter from Dad: 11 July 2011

John Larsen <john@larsen-family.us>

Sun, Jul 10, 2011 at 11:27 PM

Reply-To: john@larsen-family.us

To: Phillip Larsen <phillip.larsen@myldsmail.net>

Cc: joyce@larsen-family.us

Dear Phillip,

This Facebook request came in. Should I accept it?
Cleiton Santos

Jake Carroll is now in boot camp for about 12 weeks. If you want to dash off a quick letter, here is his address:

Rct Carroll, Jake D
3rd RTBN PLT 3078 CO K
Box 16335
Parris Island, SC 29905-6335

COMMENTS ON YOUR EMAIL FROM LAST WEEK:

You expressed some worry about Rachel might feel like she had wasted 2 years by waiting if things don't work out. I don't think she will feel that way, but I haven't talked with her directly about that. I know that she is very involved in many many things. Those are all good things too, like activity in the church doing various things, stuff related to school, etc. Heavenly Father cares about both of you and things will work out the way they are supposed to. You're both doing good things now and the things that you should be doing. You will both receive blessings.

I set your Facebook profile picture to be the one from Texas. A few people made comments after I changed your picture.

Mike Scott commented on your photo.

Mike wrote: "Love this THE PHIL-INATOR"

Robert C Parker commented on your photo.

Robert wrote: "Missionaries on FB who would know !!"

Elizabeth Fitzpatrick-Merrill commented on your photo.

Elizabeth wrote: "LOVE IT! Now get off Facebook! lol"

To their comments I posted this:

I am the one who posted the picture. Phillip asked me to change his profile picture to the one he put in an email. Phillip knows the rules! He isn't getting on Facebook. :)

NEW STUFF FROM THIS PAST WEEK:

So, on Monday, July 4th, we drove down to Bradford's apartment. The timing was such that Heather joined us there on her return trip from Connecticut visiting Mandy and Jason. Joyce, Bradford, and Heather went to the Stop and Shop across the street from his apartment and bought food for dinner, a rotisserie chicken, salads, etc. We ate while watching the movie "1776." We then walked about 15 minutes to a park on a hill in Arlington that has a good sight line to Boston. At 10:30 the fireworks show started, running about 30 minutes. We were about 4 or 5 miles away, so we didn't really ever hear anything, just an occasional low boom greatly delayed from the light that caused it. It was a fun time. The attached pictures are from this activity. We've decided that next year we're going to make a day of it and actually go to Boston for the show. We'll take food with us and go early and stake out our place.

The Stake Youth Conference this year was to the Hill Cumorah Pageant. Julia said the whole trip was "Awesome." Heritage Park Ward also organized a trip there. Heather borrowed our van. At first she had 5 people signed up for the trip including herself, but 2 of them cancelled as the date got closer, so there were only 3 in the van. Rachel was one of the three. Rachel had an absolutely amazing time. She said she's going to write you an email all about it, so I won't comment any more on it, except to say that it was really fun to hear of her excitement through Heather's phone calls. They checked in several times over the two days so we would know that they arrived safely, etc. They called from the pageant before it started. They were sitting not too far away from the youth conference kids. The van worked perfectly for the whole trip, which is always my worry. I was praying that they would have no vehicle troubles, and that prayer was answered.

With Julia gone and Heather out of town too, Joyce and I were home alone for the first time in probably 29 years. It was a different feeling. Of course, we knew that it was only for one night, but it was weird. When Julia and Emmy go to EFY and YW Camp, we will be home alone for many days in a row. I guess that is the season of life we're in.

Joyce and I went to the Brazilian BBQ on Canal Street for dinner Saturday evening. As we opened the door to the restaurant it sounded like a fight was going on inside. It turned out to be about six men eating, drinking, and watching soccer from a satellite sports channel on the big flat panel TVs. A Sao Palo team was playing some other team, and they were VERY LOUD as they watched. The same man that was there when we went 10 months ago was there Saturday. I mentioned to him that Joyce was learning Portuguese. He was really pleased that she was doing that. He talked with her slowly several times during the evening and wrote some things out. It would have been a lot easier to understand had the place been more quiet. It was so loud that I couldn't hear anything he said unless I put my ear right up near his mouth. He was very friendly. When we first arrived he asked if we had been there before. I said that we had been there about ten months earlier when we came with our son who was

going to Brazil soon. He remembered that and asked if you were there on vacation or what? I said you were a missionary and he asked for what church. When I said, "The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints" he perked right up. He has lived in the USA for 11 years, but he is from Sao Palo and lived very near the temple. He knew about the church and the members and said they were very nice people. It was a fun time for us to go there.

The Blanchettes blessed their twins Sunday. Casey came up while I was playing the prelude music and asked me to be in the circle. It was a privilege to be asked and I was honored to do that. As usual I recorded the blessings and made a CD of them today. I'll give it to them in a couple of weeks when we get back from NM. Today I gave a CD to Meesa Jeans of the blessing Andrew gave their baby boy, Liam Andrew Jeans, on June 27th. People are always so grateful to get the CD. It is something most don't remember to do until it's too late.

The McFaddens found a house this past weekend. Becca flew to California Thursday or Friday with the goal of actually finding a house. While she was there the realtor suggested they go to a development where they were building new homes. Becca said they couldn't afford to wait the months it would take to build a house, but the realtor said they should go and at least check it out. So they went. It turned out that a sale on a brand new home had fallen through just that week and there was a brand new home ready to move into that was available. They went to look at it and Bishop McFadden said that Becca felt the spirit tell her that this was the home, so they made an offer and it was accepted. That is really awesome for them, but sad for us. Bishop McFadden's last day in NH is July 31st. He will be permanently in California after that. I asked him today if he knew when the bishopric was going to change. He said he didn't know anything definite. The only thing he does know is that a name has been submitted to SLC and that President Coopridge is just waiting for approval. I suppose the change could happen the weekend we are in NM. I hope it is the week after that, because I would really like to be in Nashua when the change happens.

The missionaries called us Sunday afternoon and asked if they could come over to give us a message. We said to come at 4:00 PM after Joyce's nap. They said that their mission president had told them to go to the families in their ward and teach them about the restoration. They said we could do it one of two ways, as a message to members, or we could role play and be non members. I chose to role play and really started giving them some zingers as they presented their message. I became a very difficult investigator. I'd speak my difficult stuff and then glance at Rachel with a questioning look on my face. She would start to laugh and then Joyce and Julia also started to laugh. Joyce didn't do well being an "investigator." She always slipped back into member mode. It was a fun time and they were with us for over an hour. Elder Jones said that when the mission president told them this that they wanted to start with our family because we were their favorite family. :)

I am so glad that things are going well for you with the language. That is awesome that you are even picking out mistakes in grammar from the natives. That means you are really getting into the language. We always have to do our part, put in the effort and struggle if necessary, then the Lord pours out his blessings.

I love you. I hope your week goes well.

Dad

AN EXPERIENCE I HAD THAT WOULD MAKE A GOOD TALK:

Sunday morning I was running a little late leaving for Sacrament Meeting. I drove to the intersection of Conant and Main Dunstable by the fire station and stopped. I noticed some movement in the grass to my right. I glanced over and saw a little bird wrestling with a large strip of packing tape. At first I thought it was trying to get something off of it. Then I realized that the little bird was stuck to the tape and was struggling to get free. I only had a moment to process this sight and then had to move because there was a car behind me. As I moved out I had the thought that I should help the bird, but I was running late and kept going.

As I drove I pondered on the bird. How did it get stuck? It probably flew down looking for seeds or something to eat. Maybe the tape smelled good or maybe there were bugs or seeds stuck to it. Out of curiosity the bird drew closer and closer. The it got too close and became trapped. I thought how this is like people. We sometimes get interested in things or get curious about things that we shouldn't. Temptations abound. People get closer to these temptations and then get trapped, just like the bird on the tape. Like the bird they can't free themselves. They need someone to free them. They need the Savior to free them from their sins.

What happened to the bird? I don't know. I was in too much of a hurry to stop and help. I should have pulled over and gone back. Thankfully, the Savior is never in too much of a hurry. He is always there.

James 4:8-10 **Draw** nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you. **Cleanse** your hands, ye sinners; and **purify** your hearts, ye double minded. **Be** afflicted, and mourn, and **weep**: let your laughter be turned to **mourning**, and your joy to heaviness. **Humble** yourselves in the sight of the Lord, and he shall lift you up.

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<http://larsen-family.us>

5 attachments



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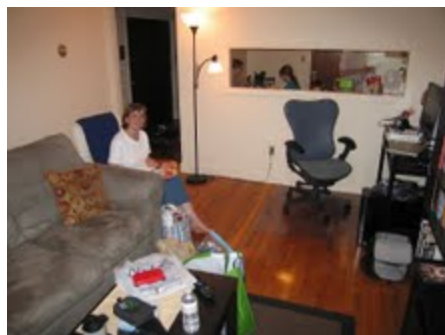
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