



John Larsen <theclaw56@gmail.com>

Happy Pioneer Day!

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

Cc: John Larsen <john@larsen-family.us>

Hello, My Dear Elder Phillip Larsen,

Happy Pioneer Day, a day late! And Happy Birthday to my Grandma (Papa's Mother), who was born on 24 July, 1887, so, if my math is correct, she would have been 124 yesterday. Amazing. We have our days and years in this life. I remember her, yet no one lives to be 124, so of course she is gone now. She used to say the parade that is held every year for Pioneer Day in Salt Lake City was to celebrate her birthday :).

Did you get transferred? How is daily life? Any new wildlife sightings, or interesting food eaten? How is the teaching going?

Well, as you have seen from Dad's emails and the pictures he sent, we are back now from New Mexico, and we had a wonderful time. The weather was actually better in NM than at home. Heather posted one day that in Teresina that day (Thursday or Friday?), that it was 88 degrees, and felt like 88. In NM, where we were, it was about 94 or so, and felt like 94. And in Concord, NH, it was 94, and felt like 108. So, I guess you can be glad of your weather on that day, as well as us in NM that day!

I loved visiting with the Wilsons. It felt like being at home, it was so comfortable. Our families get along so well, as you know. Andrew said he emailed you, and I can't remember if you would have gotten it last week, or today. He misses you. And Sis. Wilson really misses you, too. She said Andrew is anxious to be on his mission, and is taking the steps he needs to take to do that. So is Miranda, which is really neat.

Dad told you in his email about how we visited with the Youngs and talked with them. Leslie Young showed us all around her yard and garden, and they have been really busy with putting in a vegetable garden in raised beds like what we have, also putting in rocks to make a creek bed in the front yard where the rain washes things away anyway. It's very pretty, in a different way than pretty in NH. And when we were inside as it got later talking, we talked about Stanford, and about Jeremiah. Leslie and I talked, and the others listened. We both described how our boys left us, and I felt the Spirit strongly, and tears were shed. That's always hard, but sacred. I imagine one of these days, when we are reunited with them, we won't shed tears, but will only rejoice to be together again.

When we were at the zoo on Wednesday, I paid attention to the animals you might see in Brazil. You might see some blue frogs that are beautiful but poisonous (so don't eat them!). There were snakes and bugs, and monkeys and an ocelot or some other kind of cat thing that you might see. It was really fun to see the things from your point of view.

Oh, and we had a couple of wildlife sightings, too! On the way to Santa Fe, we saw a real, live roadrunner cross the street in front of the car! And there were buffalo in a herd in a penned-in area. I think they are used for meat, maybe.

We drove through Indian Reservations, and on the first day we rode up a tram to the top of the mountain, where we ate dinner in celebration of Miranda finishing High School. The area is amazing and beautiful in a very different way than NH. I felt quite at home there, amazingly. But I do not want to move, never fear!

I'm getting ready to take the girls to EFY now, so this needs to be shorter than usual. I love you very much. I miss you, Phillip, and I think about you a lot, but I'm so proud of you! I love seeing the missionaries at church. Missionaries are doing a great work, the Lord's work! What a blessing!

Love,
Mom