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Email from Mom, 23 January 2012

Joyce Larsen <linenlady9@gmail.com>

Mon, Jan 23, 2012 at 9:39 AM

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

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

Hello, My Dear Elder Phillip Edward Larsen!

Monday is among my favorite days of the week, because it's P-day, and you get to email! I love hearing from you! I also get emails forwarded from Ian, which also has Leslie's email to him at the bottom, and from Ricky. So, it's missionary letter day!

In the one Leslie sent to Ian for this week, she mentioned the death of Carol Wallace, who is my Uncle Glen's wife. I don't know if you remember her at all, or the situation, but Glen is Papa's next older brother, and he and Carol, whom he had been dating for as long as I remember (I think they met when I was a year old), got married a couple of weeks before he died in 2006. Then a few weeks after that, Carol and her daughter, Wendy (from a previous marriage) were sealed to Glen. Anyway, Papa called a few days ago to tell me that Carol had died, and I couldn't remember the exact date, but in Leslie's email, she said Carol died on Thursday. I just thought you'd like to know that. So now she and Glen, who were only married in this life for about two weeks, are together again.

This has been a pretty full week for me, with some days being gone most of the day and other days of being home all day, but busy with tasks at home. On Tuesday I went down to the Temple for Temple Service. I don't usually sign up for this time of year because I want to avoid winter driving, but they needed someone for that morning, and I figured if the weather were really bad, the Temple would be closed. It wasn't bad, but the traffic was terrible, and it took me nearly two hours to get there, so I was quite late. It was the first day open after the winter shutdown, and they had no laundry to do, so everybody was in the cafeteria. I had never been there on the day after the shutdown, so it was kind of fun to help out with making new food to stock everything. I baked cookies, and could smell soup cooking. I helped out with all kinds of little things, things that needed to be done to get the cafeteria up and running again. It was quite fun, and also nice to be in the Temple.

On Wednesday I visited my friend, Karen Buchanan, and we relaxed and knitted/crocheted. I get together with her every month, and quite enjoy it, even though it's a bit of a drive, to Raymond. And in the evening Patty and I got together to stitch. Then the next couple of days I ended up doing favors for people, plus a project for my

calling, which took a fair amount of time. So my one day this month without anything scheduled on it (Thursday) turned out to be quite full with things, and I didn't get much of my own projects done. However, I'll keep on trying, and little by little it will happen. The favors were small things, but each took time. One was to write a letter for Sis. Lopez to read in Seminary about my calling and how I knew it was from the Lord. I think I'll save that one for my journal, and I could send it to you, too. Another was to do some calligraphy for Gayle Deibert on some fabric squares she was going to sew on quilts. And for my calling, President Coopride asked me to be in charge of getting volunteers for the Bishop's Storehouse for February, which is our Stake's month. So I made a schedule for the wards, and drafted an email, and sent it back and forth to my counselors and secretary, and finally sent it out. I need to contact the wards to be sure they got the email, because I've only heard back from three of them. I wish people would reply! Oh, well, I guess that's part of the job.

I mentioned to Elder Stephens, who is serving in our ward, about how you had not done any tracting or door knocking/clapping since you got to Brazil. He said his Dad (I think it was) served in one of the South American countries, and had the same experience. And in his case, he and his companion one day cancelled their teaching appointments so they could spend the day doing contacts and finding, just to see what it was like! I thought that was funny. It's amazing how different different missions can be.

I had a mixed-up Sunday with the meetings, attending Merrimack's Relief Society, then Nashua 1st Ward's Sunday School, then Nashua 2nd Ward's Sacrament Meeting. The last speaker for Sacrament Meeting was Samuel Lopez-Mayta. Do you remember him? He is going on a mission, leaving tomorrow, I believe, and he is going to St. George, Spanish Speaking! It's very cool. And I sat next to Tona Hagen in Relief Society. The Littleton Ward had someone slide off the road and into their transformer, and they had no power in their building, so their members were visiting other wards in the Stake. That's why she was in Merrimack yesterday. Anyway, she said their oldest son was awaiting his mission call any day. He has been assigned, just not yet received the call. She said he is out at school, and when the call comes they are to Fed-Ex it to him, and he'll open it on Skype. Missionary work, in all its phases, is very exciting. Tedious, too, at times, I know. And sometimes maybe scary. But it is definitely the Lord's work.

Heather got a new calling, which she can tell you about. She is the new Gospel Doctrine Teacher in their ward. I'm assuming she was sustained yesterday.

Well, that's all I have for today, except for forwarding the email I wrote for Jeana. The gospel is such a blessing to our lives, and I'm so glad you have the chance to teach it to the people of Brazil, and help them to feel the Lord's love for them. I love you, and I miss you, but I love the weekly emails (Reta Brown said that's one thing she missed

when her kids returned home from their missions.) Keep on doing the Lord's work,
and doing what you need to to feel his Spirit!

Oh, and Happy Chinese New year :).

Love,
Mom