



John Larsen &lt;theclaw56@gmail.com&gt;

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## Email from Mom, 21 May 2012, part 2!

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Joyce Larsen &lt;linenlady9@gmail.com&gt;

Mon, May 21, 2012 at 10:31

AM

To: Phillip Larsen &lt;phillip.larsen@myldsmail.net&gt;

Cc: John Larsen &lt;john@larsen-family.us&gt;

Hello, again, Dear Elder Phillip Larsen!

Well, somehow I hit "send" before it was ready, so you have a part of an email. Here is the rest 😊.

Anyway, about the address, does it matter if we put 2321 Caixa Postal, or Cpx: 2321? And does the zip code (I'm assuming it is the zip code), which is Cep: 64001-973, go on the line above Teresina, or the line below? I see it both ways, and maybe it does not matter? Please clarify! I want to be sure your package gets to you!

Dad didn't mention the Greek Food Festival that we went to on Friday night. It was a bit late when we went, and we didn't really know what to expect, but it was fun to try it. Heather went last year, and the Hawkins go every year, as do other people we know. We waited in line for a long time, over an hour. There were tents with people eating in them, also doing Greek dancing. Oh, and all of this is at the St. Phillip's Church, near the high school, that one with the gold roof. Anyway, there was a huge amount of food to choose from, and we basically got one of everything in the line we were waiting in. Dad and Julia read their books while we waited, and I didn't, but did bring mine. We got the food then brought it home and watched *My Big Fat Greek Wedding* while we ate. Another time we could get Gyros (sort of a sandwich), which would cost less, and spend time looking around at booths with crafts and pastries. I would like to do that next year. Heather joined us to eat the food and watch the movie, but because of her car adventures, she got home too late to join us at the festival itself. If Heather had come with us, we would have known to look at the booths, and she would have enjoyed doing that with me. Dad was a bit nervous ("You go first. I'm scared!") about the newness of it all, not knowing what to expect. I think his sense of adventure is less than mine, at least when it comes to new food like that! Though he tried all of the things at the International Food Festival at church, and enjoyed it a lot. Maybe because the surroundings were more familiar. Interesting how our comfort levels are, with different things. Your comfort level with familiar things has been tested and tried these past 20 months!

On Friday the weather was just beautiful, and I went to the beach with some ladies

from church. There were 11 of us, and Ramona Burgess (whose birthday is this week, and I think she will be 53, like me) was the youngest. Well, maybe. I don't know how old Deb Stevens is. I was the only one of the group with a child still at home. We had a lovely time, going to Hampton Beach for a bit, then to lunch to a tavern in Hampton, then to Rye Beach after. I was looking forward to going all week long. But then that morning, I thought of all the things I want to do at home. And how EVERY day lately when I think I will be able to do things, something comes up and takes hours (like the day before, when I babysat the Blanchette kids for three hours while Jenn took the cats to the vet). And I thought about how Dad was going to be home during the day, and how the garden needs work. But at the very last minute I decided to go to the beach after all, so I did, and had a lovely time. And I feel closer to the sisters with whom I went, and that's a very good thing. It's easy to feel distant from people in our ward when I'm always visiting other wards, and often too busy to join in on things like the monthly potluck. I also feel distant from the group of ladies who have young children, who do things together, because I'm not in that stage of life anymore. But these ladies (Pam Eberhard, Ramona Burgess, Gail Fletcher, Karen Henkel, Maida Sengupta, Margaret Brown, Jan Bates, who is moving, BTW, Dominique Favey, Gil Favey, and Deb Stevens) are also my friends, and it was so nice to get together with them!

While we were at the beach, I got a text message from Dori, Beverly's sister, that Maggie's baby was born! It is a boy, Solomon Eli, and weighed 8lbs, 8 oz. He was born after 36 hours of labor, and they ended up doing a C-Section after all, which makes recovery take longer. But all is well there, and the baby is just beautiful! I've seen pictures, but have not yet visited. I'm planning to give a big box of diapers, I think, for a present. Not glamorous, but helpful. Now to see what happens with Beverly. Dori said the people at the Hospice House said the baby would be born, then Beverly would linger for two more days. That has been their experience with similar situations, with a resident there waiting for something like that. However, Beverly has been surprising them all along, so I would not be surprised if she stays for a bit longer. I'll let you know. We keep her in our prayers, for peace and comfort, and to feel the love of Heavenly Father. I keep wondering if I should be talking with her about the Plan of Salvation, but I think at this point just visiting is the right thing. I think she'll learn more about the Plan of Salvation from people on the other side of the veil soon enough. Maybe even from Stanford! I just wish I could sit in on those discussions!

Heather's friend, Joanna, is using one of the garden beds. It's fun to see it with things in it like that. She came over last night to plant some things. My goal is to spend 45 minutes or an hour each day that is not raining or Sunday in the garden. But it's hard to do that regularly before school gets out, I've found. But I keep trying.

We have new neighbors, in both the Richards' house, and in Beverly's old house. I have not met either, but intend to bake cookies or something and welcome them to the

neighborhood, and introduce myself. Hopefully this week. After more than a year of having no neighbors in either of those houses, it seems strange to hear people there again. Julia said the house next door has a girl in high school, but she doesn't know her. But she has seen her getting off the bus. I suggested she introduce herself, but she has held back, then the girl wasn't on the bus.

Russ Noel has been called into the Bishopric at Heritage Park. This happened . . . last Sunday? Anyway, I think he'll do a great job with it.

I went to two Relief Society meetings yesterday, and in one we had the lesson on prayer, and in the other it was the lesson on scripture study. Both good basic things, and both good lessons. We are so blessed to have both of those things. I love you, and I'm glad you get to teach the people of Brasil. The gospel is true!

Love,  
Mom