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Email from Mom, 25 June 2012

Joyce Larsen <linenlady9@gmail.com>

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

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

Hello, Dear Elder Phillip Larsen,

Wow, the weeks just fly by. I think you've mentioned that, how time seems to pass quickly, because we know the end time of your mission, but at the same time I know some weeks seem to last forever. Rachel said yesterday that Damon is so excited to have you coming home in a few months. She said, "Phil is the brother Damon actually likes."

Well, as you can tell from Dad's email about the funeral, Beverly died this past week. I'll describe the last day for you (and for my own journal). So if you want to skip this part until later, that's fine. I put it in different font, so you know what part it is.

When I was emailing you last week, I had been to the Hospice House already that morning, and planned to go again later. I had thought I would go later in the evening, maybe drop off Julia at Gwynne's graduation party then go to the Hospice House for an hour at that time. But then Dori, Beverly's sister, texted me, asking me to bring the CD we had talked about, which was a Mormon Tabernacle Choir CD called "Peace Like a River", that Carol (Glen's wife) had given to us after Stanford died. I thought for a moment that I would just bring it that evening when I came, but then I felt urged to get it to her right away. So, I went to visit again after doing a few things at home, and stayed for maybe an hour. During one of these visits, I talked to Beverly and told her about one of the talks from Stake Conference. The speaker quoted Bruce R. McConkie, saying that when we pass through the veil, nothing would surprise us more than to see how well we know the Father's face. I told Beverly about that, and said that she would probably be less surprised than other people because she already has great faith. But I told her I knew it would feel like coming Home. I don't know if she could hear me, or understand what I said or not. Then Julia and I took care of the Hawkins' rabbit, and the Potters' cats. Then went to the graduation party, where I stayed for a half hour or so. We thought we would come home then and

spend time with Heather at home. But when we were about ready to leave and Julia was saying her good-byes, Dori texted me again to say that Beverly had just passed, and would I like to come? At first I thought there was no point because she was already gone. But then I realized I would definitely like to come. So, I quickly asked Kendall Hood to bring Julia home, and headed to the Hospice House.

When I arrived, Dori had the CD playing, and she and a nurse were washing Beverly. Maggie was nursing the baby. Lisa, a friend who has been there several times when I've been there, was taking things out of the cupboards of the Hospice House and putting them into bags so that Dori could leave that night and sleep in Beverly's cottage. We hugged, and cried. I helped to put things in bags, and unpacked the fridge. The nurse and Dori arranged Beverly in the bed, and one of the nurses, Henrietta, folded Beverly's hands on the covers. "Look at these beautiful hands," she said. "They have made so many beautiful things." They asked if I would like to comb Beverly's hair, and I said I would. When all was ready, including loading Dori's car with things for her to take back to the cottage, we sat and waited for the man from the Crematorium Society to arrive. Maggie sat in a seat by the window with the baby. Dori and I and Lisa sat on chairs surrounding the bed. Dori hummed to herself beautiful hymns of faith, as she wrote on the Caring Bridge website the news of Beverly's passing. Lisa and I knitted quietly. The candle they burn at someone's passing was still lit on the nightstand. A nurse brought us each a cup of herbal tea. After about 45 minutes a nurse came in to tell us the man from the Crematorium Society was there, and Dori asked her to give us five minutes. We stood, surrounding the bed, holding hands, and Maggie and I, each at Beverly's head, rested our hands on Beverly's. Dori offered a prayer, including a request for blessings on Maggie, a young mother. Then she told the nurse we were ready and the man came in, dressed with respect and elegance in a dark suit. It was about 11:45pm by now. He asked if we would like to leave while they transferred Beverly to a gurney, but Dori said no, the only thing to fear is the unknown. So we four women and one tiny baby stood there by the window, our arms around each other, while the man and two nurses (one of whom is a knitting friend) transferred Beverly to the gurney. He zipped up the body bag, but left Beverly's face free, and they put a lovely quilt on her. Then he wheeled her out, followed by the four of us with Maggie holding the baby, and with three nurses. The evening was perfect, quiet and peaceful, and we stood there, and each gave Beverly one last kiss on her cheek and said

goodbye. The man loaded her into a mini van that had been set up to hold two gurneys, and said he would take good care of her. Then he left, and Maggie stood crying on the sidewalk, and I stood there with my arms around her and Solomon.

What a sacred time, a special time. I was able to spend time like this at the end with Beverly and her family, that if I had known and we had been in the place emotionally and mentally to do it, I would have liked to do for Stanford. One other special thing is that the nurse who attended Beverly's last hour is the same nurse who attended Stanford.

We had several days of very hot weather, about as hot as what you experience every day. I posted on FB what Accuweather.com said for Teresina and for Nashua for weather, but then pointed out that it was the first full day of summer for us in Nashua, but the first full day of winter for you in Teresina. Happy winter! I'm sure you're glad to have the nice winter weather now! ❄️

Julia and I went to visit Karen Buchanan and her daughter, Ashley, on Wednesday. We had a lovely little picnic in their back yard, and got to swim in their little pool. It was a fun time, and we were very glad for the air conditioning in the new van! 😎 We've also very much enjoyed the AC in the house.

Kemper Ure and Julia and I began painting the room on Thursday evening. I need to work on it more, and it will take a few days, I think. The ceiling and one wall will be white, and the other walls will be a bright green, called Celery, or something like that. It will be very cheerful and fun! I'm excited! Then, I was thinking that your bedroom could be a sort of pale taupe, which is a sort of grey/brown. That description sounds bad, but I have seen that color several places, and it's really a nice neutral, but with personality. Unless you have another idea. But what will probably happen is that I will organize the room nicely and such, but the painting might wait until you get back. I'll see what I can do, and let you know how things go!

Dad also mentioned our Temple visit on Friday night. He said it was Ward Temple Night, but it wasn't, that was the week before. But we did have more people on Friday night from our ward than on other times. I think one reason might have been because Kelsey LaDue (I think that is her name) from the Heritage Park Ward took out her Endowments that night in preparation for her marriage this coming Saturday. It was really nice. I had a terrible time staying awake, though, especially during the film part of the session. I think I need more sleep!

Oh, and Julia and I went to the Grand Buffet on Friday for the regular end-of-school lunch. It was fun! She and I made a list of fun things to do for the summer, and that was on the list. Today she is at Tracey's house, where she and Melanie Nelson spent

the night. That is another thing on the list.

Other news: on Monday, the same day Beverly died, Savannah had her baby! She had a beautiful little girl, and named her Judith. And on Saturday, Ryan Rainey got married! So, I guess life goes on, with many things happening that are pivotal points in life. And it's all part of the Plan! I love that When I think of all of these changes, it sometimes becomes overwhelming, then I think of how it all fits into the Plan of Happiness, and I am greatly comforted.

Well, my dear Elder Larsen, I love you, and I miss you. But I know you're right where you're supposed to be at this time. And still loving it, I hope, and still growing your own testimony day by day, as well as teaching the people of Brazil. How blessed we are to have the fulness of the Gospel in our lives.

Love,
Mom