



John Larsen <theclaw56@gmail.com>

A letter from Dad: 5 Sept 2011

John Larsen <john@larsen-family.us>

Mon, Sep 5, 2011 at 9:03 AM

Reply-To: john@larsen-family.us

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

Cc: joyce@larsen-family.us

Hello Dear Phillip,

FACEBOOK FRIEND REQUESTS:

Thayla Ramonielle - Someone in Teresina

Jordan Meireles - You never responded to this one from last week

COMMENTS ABOUT YOUR LAST WEEK'S EMAIL:

I haven't posted any pictures from the DVDs. I have made copies of them onto zippy's hard drive so there are backups of them all now.

A four inch bee sounds scary. Not quite as big as the mosquitoes in Jumungi but still scary none the less.

NEW STUFF FROM THE PAST WEEK:

Okay now.... where did this week go? It seems like I was just writing an email to you, and here I am doing another one. I'm sitting here trying to remember what happened this week. I know that I had a "perfect" gym week, meaning Monday, Wednesday, and Friday I went to the gym and Tuesday and Thursday I rode my bike.

Let's see... Julia started school this past week but only had classes on Wednesday and Thursday. Monday is Labor Day so there is no school and I also don't work. Bradford and I have a bike ride planned. Hopefully the weather will cooperate.

I spent my free time the past working on yet another song for the band, a song by the group "Chicago" titled "Does Anybody Really Know What Time It Is?" It was a huge hit back in the early 70s. I spent too much time on it, but I got consumed wanting to get it right. This involved writing out the vocal, piano, trumpet, and tenor sax parts. I started Monday evening by downloading several midi files trying to find the best one to start with. Then Tuesday evening I chose the right midi file to import into Noteworthy

Composer and started in. It needed tons of work because it was way off in most places. I probably spent 15 or 17 hours on it and finished up on Saturday just as the missionaries arrived for dinner. It will be an awesome song for the band to play.

Let's see.... I finished listening to the MP3s of the BofM on Tuesday for the second time this year. I also listened to the August Ensign this week. There are a lot of good articles in the August Ensign. One in particular about raising an autistic boy really touched me and got me to thinking about Deborah Carter at work. Her son is autistic. The article had lots of good insight and also had many links at the end of it. The Spirit prompted me that I should give a copy of the article to Deborah. Then later when I got to work the prompting came that I should give a copy of the August Ensign to Deborah with the article marked. There were so many good articles. So when I got home Friday evening I got our copy of the Ensign and put it in my bag so I can take it to work on Tuesday. I'll give Deborah the Ensign with a note explaining why. ::shrug:: When promptings come we just need to follow them.

Speaking of promptings... I went home teaching the Carls Sunday evening and had a nice visit with them. When I returned about 8:15 PM no one was at home. Joyce and the girls had gone to the Potters to take care of their cats. As I entered the house the phone was ringing and it was Sister Curtis leaving a message for Joyce informing her that she was at the emergency room at St. Joseph's hospital. I was in the process of dishing up ice cream and a brownie and also making lunch plates for Tuesday when that call came in. Then while I was in the bathroom Brother Curtis also left a message about the same thing. The prompting came that I should go to the emergency room and check up on Sister Curtis' condition. So, I followed the prompting and went over. On the way I called home and left a message on the answering machine so Joyce would know where I was and what was going on. I kept Sister Curtis company while she waited to be called in, which took about an hour. It turns out that someone stole her cellphone while she was waiting. I called her husband and then arranged that when she was done for her husband to call us at home and we would go pick her up and take her to her home so that her husband wouldn't have to wake up their three boys and go pick her up. We were able to do that. ::shrug:: When promptings come we need to try to follow them or Heavenly Father won't send us very many.

Heather's car is in the shop yet again. This time it is a wheel bearing going in the right front wheel. We dropped the car off Wednesday evening and Heather borrowed the Saturn again. She was unable to get the car Friday, so she's had the Saturn since then. It sounds like a bearing in the transmission of the Saturn is starting to go. It squeals quite loudly at times. We may be nearing the end of the Saturn. I don't know that I want to put a used transmission in it. I might consider it, but I'd need to find out how much that would run me if Hansons finds a used one and puts it on. It's probably more than I want to spend. It would be nice to have it around. It sure has come in handy to have that extra car. Also, it would be nice to have it so Julia could learn to

drive a stick shift.

I'm looking forward to General Conference in a month. I'll start listening to April conference on MP3s again this week getting ready.

I'm thankful that you have this opportunity to serve the Lord full time as a missionary bearing his name to the world. This is a foundational experience for you. This is a once in a lifetime opportunity. I hope and pray that you will use each day well. I pray that your companions will be dedicated to the Lord's service so that you will also have their help in achieving your potential. I'm proud of you and love you very much.

Love,

Dad

DESCRIPTION OF ATTACHED PICTURES:

693-699: A trip to Beaver Brook

700-702: Missionaries to dinner: Elders Jones and Stephens

533-537: This is a tree we pass by on our noon walk that was blown down by Hurricane Irene

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John R Larsen <john@larsen-family.us>

<http://larsen-family.us>

15 attachments

Thayla_Ramonielle.jpg

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Jordan_Meireles.jpg

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