



John Larsen <theclaw56@gmail.com>

Email from Mom, 10-24-11 (Happy Birthday to Elder Ian Schow today :)

Joyce Larsen <linenlady9@gmail.com>

Mon, Oct 24, 2011 at 10:45 AM

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

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

Hello, my Dear Sweet Phillippe, Elder Phillip Larsen,

How are you doing this week? How has it been, getting used to a new area? I looked up the city online, and it is beautiful. I also looked in a book at a bookstore Heather and I went to on Tuesday for a book signing. It sounds like it is on an island. It was first seen by the French and was named after a French king, but then was conquered a few years later by Portugal, and renamed. I sounds like it is a tiny bit cooler (2-3 degrees), and you actually had a "cold" day on Friday, about 80 degrees! How did you get there? How long did it take you to get there?

Did you ever get back your suit coat? Or your Portuguese scriptures that you lent out? I dreamed that you did not, and had to buy new ones. I'm just wondering what ever happened to them.

Is the post office still on strike? Whenever you get mail again, you'll be getting letters from the Primary. I think I mentioned that to you. Also, Ian asked for your address a few weeks ago, so I sent it to him.

This past week has been full, and I think I filled it up with anxiety and stress as much with activities. I have felt quite tired (from not getting enough sleep), and I find it interesting that before a big Relief Society event, I don't sleep well, and I'm anxious about many things, even things I can't control, like how many people attend.

We had our Stake Relief Society Temple Day on Saturday, and it turned out very well. Fewer sisters came than in past years, and we had already decided to take a year off, and have the wards do their own Relief Society Temple days, so next year we're doing different things. But this year was good. There is always a good feeling in the Temple, and it was wonderful that Heather and I got to do a session together (though I fell asleep, could not stay awake, and I'm hoping the sister whose name I did was able to get things out of the session anyway). Heather and I did two sister names, who were twins, or at least were christened on the same day. They were names Sis. Gribble gave me for us to do. Before the actual day, I was doing several emails, trying to make sure we had adequate Priesthood coverage, and also Ordinance Workers

from our Stake. Bro. Berrey, from Littleton, is now the member of the High Council with whom I work. So he was actually doing more than I was, as far as phone calls and emails, for which I was deeply grateful. And I have a mental list (soon to be an actual list) of things to do differently/better/sooner for the next time we have an event like this.

On Tuesday Heather and I went to a bookstore near Boston, in Brookline, MA, for a book signing by a knitting author. She writes books on knitting humor, with a few patterns and knitting tips sometimes. I really like her. It was so much fun to see her, and really fun for Heather and me to have an evening out like that, doing something we both enjoy. We drove down to Alewife (hello, the Temple! as we drove by) and parked the car and rode the train in, then back. We knitted through the book reading, as did most of the women there. There were a couple of men, and I don't know if they were knitters, too, or just supporting the women they brought, but they seemed to be enjoying themselves.

On Friday, I drove down to Bradford's apartment, and we went out to lunch together. That was fun, and nice to do something like that to keep in touch with him, to keep a good relationship. We ate at an Indian restaurant, where we have eaten before. I do not know much about Indian food (from India, not American Indian), so we just ordered some things, and made sure they were not too spicy. So, I did three trips down to that area in a week.

On Saturday, I left around 6:45 am, and Julia was gone before I returned home, to a dance in Weston. Then I went to bed before she got home, so I didn't see her all day on Saturday. We lead very busy lives.

Here is a scriptures for you: Alma 8:20 (the last half): "Therefore, go with me into my house and I will impart unto thee of my food; and I know that thou wilt be a blessing unto me and my house." I just thought of missionaries coming to dinner, when I read that scripture. Maybe we should put it on the missionary calendar that gets passed around at church!

Dad told you a bit about Melanie, Ammon's wife, also forwarded to you the email from Gwendolyn. Please keep her in your prayers. She is in the Lord's hands. We just have to have faith that the Lord is in control, and things will work out for good, even if it is not the way we would have it.

I love you, Phillip, and I'm so glad you are preaching to the people in Brazil. I hope your first week in Sao Luis has been a welcoming week for you and your companion, and that both of you can do the things you need to do to teach the people and love the people. I miss you, but I know you're on the Lord's errand, and what better thing to do?

I was thinking about Karen Ogden writing every day for a year, before she even went out on her mission. She would write about daily miracles, so that by the time she was on her mission, she was in the habit of writing down the Tender Mercies of the Lord. Then she was also in the habit of looking for those tender mercies. So, keep looking for them. And writing them down. One other thing, in the email Leslie sent to Ian this week, she mentioned a family in her ward who is praying for Ian by name, and how someone else (maybe their son) could feel it when they prayed for them, so they decided to pray by name for each missionary from their ward. I know some people can tell when people are praying for them. I have not been able to tell, but I think that was because I wasn't paying attention or something. So, now there are two things to work on: pay attention to things like that, spiritual experiences. And pray, by name, for missionaries, and other people who need to be helped and uplifted.

I will be glad to read your email, and hope you are doing well. Love you!

Love,
Mom