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Email from Mom, 7 May 2012

Joyce Larsen <linenlady9@gmail.com>

Mon, May 7, 2012 at 10:20 AM

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

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

Hello, Dear Elder Phillip Larsen,

Well, as usual, Dad has told you most/all of the news. But I'll see if I can find something to talk about :).

Winston is doing much better. He has his insulin every day, 2x. He also has a couple of medications for constipation. It felt really silly and strange (not to mention ridiculous to be spending \$\$ like this) to go to a pharmacy to pick up medicine for a cat, when other people were waiting to pick up heart medicine or something for their own conditions. We're still getting into the routine of what to give him when, especially because one of the medicines is supposed to be given to him a half hour before he eats. Luckily he loves it and views it as a treat. They made it tuna flavored, and he licks it off a spoon. He still keeps getting mats in his fur, and looks a bit scruffy, though now that he is feeling better he looks a bit better.

Dad told you I went to Peterborough yesterday for their meetings and for training, and on the way home I stopped at the Hospice House to visit with Beverly. Lisa, who used to work for her, was there, and Beverly's sister, Dori, was out. Beverly slept for most of our visit, and Lisa and I ended up talking and knitting together. Lisa said that Beverly told her the other day that she was waiting for Maggie's baby to be born. The baby was breach, which would mean a C-section, and a long healing process. But on Thursday, Maggie's birthday, the baby gave her a present and turned itself. So things are in place for the birth, and the baby is due on the 16th. I keep visiting Beverly when I can, and praying for all of them. Ben is in Colorado now, and will be there another week. I'm hoping he will visit with his Mom more, and that he'll be back in time. I think that though it is hard to see her like this, he will regret it if he doesn't.

Last week when I visited on Thursday, Beverly pretty much slept sitting up on the couch beside me. She picked up her knitting and took a few stitches, though I think she was un-knitting, actually, then fell asleep. I stayed for a couple of hours, and knitted and read for a bit. While I was there, a chaplain came in and visited with both Beverly and me, and also a very nice lady with a guitar and a music stand came in and played for us. She played beautiful folk tunes. I had thought I would like to hear "If You Could Hie to Kolob", but didn't know what to ask for, since it's not called that

except in our hymn book. Then she played it anyway! And she also played "Take Time to Be Holy", though the chaplain said he knew different words to that one.

Lately I've been noticing little tender mercies a bit more, and moments of inspiration. I don't think there are more of them, just that I'm noticing them more. One of them the other day is that I was thinking about how busy things have been recently. I've felt very over done, with too many things to do. I have thought of the two or three scriptures that talk about not running faster than you have strength. Mosiah 4:27 says it is not requisite that a man runs faster than he has strength. D&C 10:4 says do not run faster or labor more than you have strength. And Exodus 18 has a good lesson on delegation, and not trying to do so much that you wear yourself out. I've often struggled with this concept. Because I also know the Lord can and will strengthen a person to do things he may not think he can do, when it is required. Maybe that's the answer, though, when it is required. I asked Heather, how do I know if I'm running faster than I have strength? I'm still standing, and I'm not sick. Therefore I must still have strength, right? She said that's not what it means. But in the past couple of weeks, I've visited Beverly, been on call to take care of Caleb when Maggie's baby is born, taken care of the Potters' cats, and done my usual things. Anyway, as I was thinking about all of this, and how we've gradually gotten later and later to bed so that I'm also tired all the time, it came to me that if I'm not doing the basics (reading scriptures, getting enough sleep, eating right), I'm trying to run faster than I have strength. So, my goal now is to make sure the basics are in place, and prayerfully consider the other things going on in life.

I'll have to pay attention and write down more spiritual moments as I have them. I've been trying harder to do my little daily journal, which is helpful. And it's helpful to ponder a bit before writing, so I'm not just writing what was for dinner, how the weather was, and other trivial things like that.

One other thing that happened this past week is that I dropped Julia off at church for mutual, and thought it would be good to call Patty to see if we could still get together to stitch. She sometimes forgets, or something comes up. Anyway, she said she couldn't because it was her night in the Family History Center. I was just going to leave, but then I thought that I might as well go in and at least say "hello", since I was right there. So I did, and ended up visiting with her, and also getting ideas to do Family History. Craig Nelson was also in there, and apparently comes in quite often to work on his. So, I have a few things to do, and Patty and I will meet at the FHC on the 30th of this month and maybe I can actually get started on family history. My Patriarchal Blessing talks about it, and how I'll find names and dates that I need to do this work. But I know it won't happen unless I actually do the work! And I have recently been wanting to do something with it, but don't really know where to start. So Patty will help me, and Tammy Gribble, and my sister, too, though from a distance.

Well, you're on now, and I can't think of anything else to say. Except that I love you very much, and I'm glad you're on your mission. And we're so blessed to have the gospel, and all of the things that help us to return to Heavenly Father, like prayer, and scriptures, and a living prophet, and temples and MISSIONARIES :).

Love,
Mom