

## Wubie! Autumn missionary adventures of David Motola

WOWZA! I'm so flipp'n exhausted! Being in a walking area without a car is a wee bit harder than I had originally thought. My new companion, Elder Figueroa, turns out was in the Canadian Army before his mission. He has great self discipline. Often times we are required to run to appointments or jog to be able to get there on time. He's usually about 200 ft in front of me and I'm doing everything I can just to keep up with the bugger.

"Come on Elder!! They send only soldiers here! Be soldier!!" he yells.

He's hilarious; we're having a lot of fun together in the work. It will take me a couple of weeks I think to get used to walking so much and for my feet to adapt, but I'm really enjoying being able to talk to so many people.

Turns out I was actually sent to be with Elder Figueroa because he's struggling a bit. He's pretty depressed and feels like he's not a good missionary. He's been out about 8 months now and feels like he isn't helping the mission at all, and is bordering on the line of either staying out or going home.

As far as girl problems...ehh...they still are bad. The second I entered the church all the 16-18 year olds came running up to me saying,

"Hey! Elder Motola! We saw your videos on the internet! You're sooooo funny!"

It didn't help the situation when Branch President asked me to play a piano piece during sacrament, AND with a wink in his eye then also for the entire young woman class! Aghh! I was so scared. Elder Figueroa afterward couldn't stop laughing because in his words, "Your face look as red like tomato!! Ahahah!" Elder Figueroa then pulled me aside after and said in his great broken English, "Hey Elder, you need teach me how to play piano. I working on those girls 3 months now... and none bite. You come play piano...they all bite!" Ohh man, girls scare the crud outta me.

As far as the weather here, it rains EVERY DAY! It will start with a slight drizzle, then no sooner than a couple seconds later pouring rain! I didn't have an umbrella when I first got here so I had to share Elder Figueroa's, with him he kept muttering,

"People think we gay now. You not inspired to come here Elder!"

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### NEW WEEK

Hey! So...last Thursday I finally invested in an umbrella it hasn't rained since I've bought it. Gaer! It's been about 95-100F everyday, finally some sunshine! Surprisingly I don't feel that hot during the day, I'm just trying to adjust to the humidity. While walking last week I had a Book of Mormon tucked in the back of my pants so I didn't have to carry it. When I arrived home and pulled it out I noticed a big blue stain on my shirt and the faint outline of the words, "Book of Mormon" now imprinted onto my shirt. I tried washing it out but it won't come out, oh well, Free advertising I guess!

I lost my mission provided credit card a couple days before I arrived here in New Glasgow, and it takes SLC 3 weeks to get me a new one, so were kind of tight on money right now, heh heh whoops. We ran out of dish soap this week, so I thought of the brilliant idea to use shampoo on the dishes instead. When Elder Figueroa came and saw me using shampoo on the dishes he exclaimed,

"Iiiiiiee Motola! There no hair on dishes! Why you use shampoo on dishes!?"

"I uhh...well we ran out of dish soap..."

"Ohh. Is it ok to use shampoo on dishes?"

"I dunno, It sure makes a lot of bubbles though!"

"Uigh Americanos...."

Anyway, with those inspiring words, I got to go now!

### NEW WEEK

It's hot and humid here at New Glasgow. I've been officially dubbed as the "Missionary Tan Lines". I'm pure white from the middle of my neck down, as well as the middle of my arms and up. It's quite scary.

Anyway, life is going pretty good right now. As far as the missionary efforts here, not so much. The branch here is burnt out with missionary work, and it's hard to get them to do anything to help out. We are receiving little to no support from them which makes things even more difficult.

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So, it was another hot and humid week this week. All my white shirts are fermented and stained. Due to the humidity the dye from my pants leaked onto my tucked in shirt. So now I have gross blue/black marks all down them. Probably have to go buy new ones this week. Anyone have good ideas for getting tough stains out?

So it's been six weeks since I first arrived here in New Glasgow. Transfer notices just came and they are shipping me off to Labrador next week! Actually, I'm still staying here, along with Elder Figueroa another transfer. (6 weeks) I was certain that President was going to transfer Elder Figueroa to another area, but he wants to keep him with me another 6 weeks I guess. We'll see how things go...

I've come to the conclusion that my hair cutting barber shaver thingy is cursed. One of the other Elders came over last week to use the cutter so he could cut his hair without paying a barber to do it. After one-to-two minutes he came out screaming, "WHAT HAPPENED TO MY HAIR!?!"

He too, put the shaver on the lowest setting thinking it was the highest one. So now yet again we have another bald missionary roaming the streets of the Canada Halifax Mission. I hope President isn't going to make me send that shaver home, I've grown quite fond of the sneaky little thing.

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Hello people!

Sorry it's been a couple weeks since I've had time to sit down a little and write. I don't have much time right now, but I'll do my best.

The "thugs and gangsters" of New Glasgow were hosting a Basketball Tournament last week. There were about 10 teams of 5 who signed up for it. We decided to get a group of us missionaries and sign up for it as well. When the day of the tournament came, the Zone Leaders drove over here to give us some backup support, our teams name was the "Mormons". The other teams ranged from "The G' Unit" to the "Black Tap Gangstas" etc...When we walked into the stadium for the first time the whole place went silent as they watched 6 missionaries in white shirts and ties step on their turf. They thought it was hilarious that we were going to play in our pros clothes. It was pretty sweet! We played like 6 different games and we won 5 and lost 1 of them. Luckily, 3 of the missionaries on our team played a lot of basketball back home and had some mad basketball skills! The announcer on the loud speaker was really getting into it!

"AND THE MORMONS TAKE THE LEAD WITH A 3 POINTER!!"

"MOTOROLA STEALS FROM JANKINS, OHHH AND ITS GOOOOOODDD!"

"THESE MORMONS ARE DEFINATLEY NOT MORONS!"

"DANG! THESE GUYS ARE ENDOWED WITH DIVINE AUTHORITY!"

I decided to opt out most of the games so that we'd actually have a chance of winning.

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Again, not much time to write, so I'll get as much in as fast as I can!

I've been sick most of this week and last. I woke up early in the morning last Wednesday to a stuffy nose and clogged sinus. The inevitable Flu had caught me. I was out of it for a couple of days, not being able to go out and work. When Sunday rolled around I had had enough and attempted to go out and work. After about 8 miles of walking I was so sick and exhausted that we were forced to call the day quits early and turn back for home. The travel back to the apartment was hell. I didn't think I would be able to make it all the way back, so I took a couple of moments to offer up a prayer to Heavenly Father and requested that some passer by would be humble enough to give us a ride home. About five minutes after I had ended the prayer, an older gentleman pulled over and offered us a ride home. The fellow drove us home and I ended up sleeping straight for the next 10 hours.

While I was sleeping during the day, the other set of missionaries stationed in New Glasgow decided to allow Elder Figueroa some time to go out and work rather than being cooped up in the apartment all day. One was going to stay with me, and the other go on exchanges with Elder Figueroa. He didn't like that idea because he was enjoying his extra sleep time. He protested to them in his broken English saying, "No Elders! It my day of rest! Read Genesis! 7th day he rested! I rest now!" That didn't fly with them. Soon enough he was out the door and work'n!

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It's been a bit of a frustrating week. A couple of nights ago we headed over for a dinner appointment at one of our member's houses. She's a recent convert at the age of 24 and on fire with the gospel! When we went over there we found her in tears and she could barely talk. She kinda fluffed things off when we came and tried to make things seem fine for dinner, but I knew something was wrong. So I gave her a call later that night and she was telling me how a couple of guys her age were stalking her all day at work. They would stare at her or just walk by her just to freak her out. She told me that the reason why this bugged her so much is because they had gang raped her the year prior to her conversion. After hearing this I was so freaking pissed off! My natural guy mind set is, "What's their names and addresses, and where's my baseball bat!?" But amazingly enough, I just found myself weeping bitterly.

I couldn't sleep all that night. I was so angry, frustrated, sorrowful, and weary. I found myself helpless on my knees praying bitterly. The young women here have a hard time keeping high standards. All they have around them is friends who go out and party and drink. So it's up to the missionaries, oddly enough, to keep them out of trouble and give them support and guidance. That is why the girls up here get so attached to missionaries...we are the only ones they really have to turn too, the only ones in their age bracket that have the same beliefs, and moral standards. Or you have the girls who aren't members that see the missionaries and say to them selves, "Hey! Those guys are different, I like how respectful they treat girls!" So then they ask you out to prom or on a date.

To top off the stress, I'm being transferred tomorrow morning to Truro, Nova Scotia. President is decided to call me as a new District Leader. Ahh, more stress! On top of my own area, I'm now responsible for 4 different areas now. I leave early Thursday morning. My new companion will be Elder Freeborn. He's about 3 months old as a missionary, and like Elder Figueroa is struggling pretty badly with some things. So, hopefully I'll be able to help him out for the better. I'm excited for the new branch I'm going to in Truro. It's supposed to be doing pretty good, and it should have a little more member support.

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So yesterday we had quite the experience. Elder Freeborn and I went to go visit one of the less active members in our branch, Donny Boss. When we arrived at his apartment we were alarmed to see his door wide open. As we stepped inside the door we saw him laying on the ground motionless and stiff with clothes strung all over. I instantly got to my knees and checked for a pulse. There was none.

EM: “HEY DONNY! WAKE UP BUD! IT’S ELDER MOTOLA! CAN YOU HEAR ME? HEY DOONNY!” Elder Freeborn was a bit paralyzed with fear. He knew Donny a lot better than I did. I went to give him CPR, but as I neared his face I saw how white and stiff he was. I figured it would be pointless. Donny was dead.

“Aww darn! Elder Freeborn call 911.”

Elder Freeborn spent the next 10 minutes on the phone with 911. They kept telling him to tell me to start do’n mouth to mouth. My reply was, “Heck no! Rigor mortis has already set in! I’m not going near that with my lips! He’s gone!”

All that was going through my head was CSI. So I busted out my digital camera and started shoot’n pictures. Whooha!

Well the paramedics arrived and it took them 2 seconds to say, “Looks like he’s been dead for over 8 hours.” Pfft I coulda told them that. They get paid for this?

Well anyway we spent the next flipping 3 hours giving an account of the

WHO

WHAT

WHEN

WHERE

WHY

And HOW to the officers in charge. Since we were first on the scene we could have been the murderers. So they had to get a separate detailed testimony from both of us.

Luckily I didn’t know Donny too well, so I wasn’t too shaken up about it. My companion needed some time though, so we headed back to the apartment and took some time out of the day for him. He’s doing fine now. The dumb police people are bringing us in again today for investigation...and they still have my camera! Grr!

So other than finding a dead body on the floor and getting my new SONY 3200 7.1 MP spiffy camera selfishly taken from me -- sorry a bit bitter still—...this week has been pretty good.

Elder Freeborn is all right. He spent his years prior to his mission 10 hours a day on video games. So his people skills aren’t the best. But were work’n on it. He’s pretty humble and teachable so that’s always good. It’s always awkward OYM-ING (opening our mouth) to people on the street, cause he’ll

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say the most off the wall stuff and without fail the anti “awkward pause” sets in as both parties try to make a scene of what he just said.

There are two colleges in town, so beautiful daughters of God are on the prowl! And Elder Motola is still having a hard time over coming his fear of WO-Man.

Anyway, so being a District Leader is pretty much the coolest thing ever. I get to call up other areas each night and exercise unrighteous dominion! Mua hah hah! (J/K). Naw, but I really do love it. I have a set of Sister Missionaries in my district that are pretty cool. One of them is a New Missionary, Sister Wheatly. I haven't seen her yet, but apparently –as NSYNC would put it- “God spent a little more time on yooooouuu”. She's making my Elders here girl sick. Come on Elders! LOCK YOUR HEARTS!

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Hello Everyone!

Wow what a hectic week! Elder Freeborn and I are getting along pretty well. He hates my driving though. So far I'm somehow managed to run 3 stop signs, 2 red lights and go straight down two "one way streets." The Canadian street system out here is so messed up! I want my grid system back! You could be driving down a road and all of the sudden it turns into a one-way street. If the driver fails to turn left or right he soon finds himself with a slightly raised heart rate...sigh~ I can still remember the high pitched screams of horror proceeding out of the mouth of my companion.

Elder Motola: Humm silly people, why are they all coming towards me?

Other Driver: "HEY BUDDY YOU'RE ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE RO..."

Elder Freeborn: AHH! ONE WAY STREET!! TURN AROUND!

Elder Motola: huh? But I thought....OH DARN!

Elder Freeborn doesn't fall asleep anymore while I'm driving anymore. I haven't the slightest idea what made him stay so alert now.

I received a call from President Jacobson a few days ago:

President: "Hello Elder Motola. This is President Jacobson."

Elder: "Hey President! What can I do for ya?"

President: "What's this news I hear about your finding a dead body?!"

Elder: "Ohhh yeah, I was going to write you about it this week in my L.T.P" (weekly letter to president)

President: "Well, Elder Motola you're on the news down here in Dartmouth,

President: So Elder I kind of need to know details sooner."

I had no clue we had been on the news; we had no reporters inquiring about the sorrowful event or interviewing us. News must have spread fast by word of mouth. They are still investigating his death. If it turns out that it was a murder, we are told we'll be the prime suspects. Oh Great!