

Christmas 1970

Century Twenty is seven tenths gone
The eighth decade has started to dawn
The John Jorgensen clan
Now three boys and one man
Have a Mother who's really "Right-On".

It started just ten years ago
Let's review what they now have to show
First examine the sons
The influential ones,
Who keep Mom and Dad on the go.

Gregory the number one Son
Continues more serious than fun.
He's tops in his school
And never breaks a rule
And his projects are a million and one.

His hobbies include "Hot Wheel" cars
Map making and studying stars
The choir at the church
Woodcarving in Birch
And rocks that he stores in large jars.

Greg is a very good brother
To Scotty he's almost a mother
He conspires well with Brad
Which is both good and bad
When there's trouble they each blame the other.

A big year because he was eight
No one really thought he could wait
Baptized in September
A date he'll remember
A Cub Scouting has really been great.

With his rocket he won a first prize
The envy of all of the guys
His covered wagon, just right,
Won two prizes that night
While his head grew two inches in size.

Bradford P. is a much different guy
He has but one gear and that's high
He wakes with the sun
And continues to run
Until bedtime and they argues "Why?"

"Hyper Active" the medicos say
With a heart as big as the bay
He just now turned seven
But wears size eleven
He's a leader in both work and play.

Brad is handsome and right at that stage
When the women, regardless of age,
Seem to melt at his grin
And most men he can win
With his humor and common sense "sage."

At the top of his class he is not
Cause he varies between cold and hot
"Why should I sit still
There's a whole world to fill
With happiness, I'm off at the trot."

The "shrinks" say he has an IQ
In excess of what most people do
And when he slows down
He will conquer the town
And his parents can relax with a "Whew."

With Scotty we're waiting to see
Just what in the world he will be
He climbs and he jumps
He falls and he bumps
Nothing's sacred or even healthy.

In some ways he's much like his brothers
Like Brad he should have six mothers
To chase him about
And when they're wore out
He can easily subdue six others.

Like Gregory he jabbars and sings
Like Daddy he bonggs and he bings
He pronounces each sound
Each verb and each noun
And will argue about anything.

His "cream-cones" he eats with a spoon
His naps he won't take them at noon
But wait until five
Then try to keep him alive
Consequently he ain't napped since June.

From "Raindrops a Fallin-on-a-head"
To "No, I won't go to bed."
And "Schtopy," the dog
His wallpaper's "Frwog,"
For two years he's really well read.

Now for Mommy and Daddy, let's see
About them, there must surely be
Something to say
In a complimentary way
Or something at least rated "G."

Jackie as always is busy
To another, her pace must seem dizzy
Cooking and sewing
She's constantly going
But hers is an organized tizzy.

In Relief Society she's the counselor for work
An activity she never could shirk.
Bazaars, fashion shows
Selling quilts, showing clothes
It's her bag. It's her thing, it's a quirk.

She goes marching for Heart Fund and Cancer
The problem doesn't exist she can't answer
Making girdles or candy
She's really most handy
She's been everything including a dancer.

She does stitchery and decorates cakes
Mends broken lips, bruises and breaks
Changes diapers and tires
Sings sometimes in choirs
But is best when she's mending heartaches.

Her hair is as long as it's been
As for weight, she's still only one chin
She's allergic to grass
But alack and alas
She can still do the work of three men.

As for John it's already been said
Each year brings him a little more head
No, his skull isn't growing
Just more of it's showing
But he's saving his hair! (under the bed)

There is one good report on this date
John at last, matched his height with his weight
As absurd as it sounds
He has lost 40 pounds
Now his pants say three two not three eight.

At work he's entwined with computers
He manages, debugs and he tutors
With programmers talks
While "hardware" he knocks
It's a romance without many suitors.

The Bishopric is his call in the ward
The time he spends serving the Lord
Seems greater than ever
But for this kind endeavor
The sacrifice we can afford.

It has taught us that time is the substance
That makes up our earthly existence
When we are tempted to squander
To waste and to wander
Such service has built our resistance.

So to you on this Holiday
We're sending you from San Jose
Best Wishes and Greetings
Salutations and feelings
For a Merry Christmas and New Year quite gay.

The Jorgensens - John, Jackie, Greg,
Brad, Scott