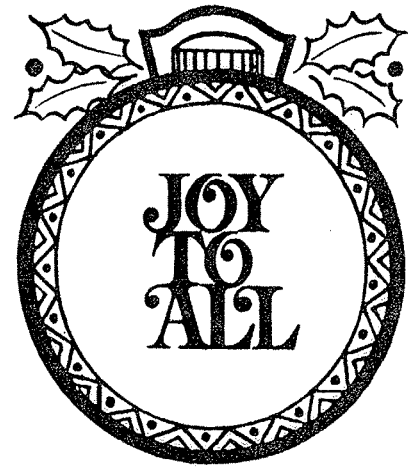


# SEASON'S GREETINGS



It's the bicentennial year  
So to all our friends far and near  
Across this great nation  
We send salutation  
And greetings of comfort and cheer.

We're still here in Moberly, Mo.  
And our family continues to grow  
We've still only four boys  
But in groceries and noise  
We're much larger, at least it seems so.

It's still Greg, Brad, Scotty and Matt  
Who've grown so much lately that  
Their clothes are too small  
Cause they've all grown so tall  
And some are a little bit fat.

Matthew, the fourth, is now four.  
For the family, he is the core.  
His brothers bow down  
To this little clown  
He can handle himself, and much more.

He's developed a mind of his own  
From dressing to using the phone  
He wants his own way  
And won't hesitate to say  
"I don't want to!" with a cry or a moan.

At dinner he's choosy with food  
As fickle a 40 pound dude  
As you'll ever greet  
When selecting his meat,  
His taste changes along with his mood.

Fried chicken can be his forte'  
For the better half of a day  
And then all at once  
For no reason, the dunce  
Will tell us to throw it away.



He's going to nursery school  
There he enjoys every rule  
Compared to the rest,  
He obeys very best  
And with reason he's nobody's fool.

He displays many talents and is smart  
He's always doing his part  
He brings us great joy  
And is our little boy  
Who can easily capture your heart.

Scott Lee, the third, takes the flag  
For him, there's never a "sag".  
He runs his own show  
It's always on "Go",  
When he's around, time doesn't lag.

His projects are varied and many  
As for boredom, there never is any.  
He writes letters and notes  
Copies drawings and quotes  
And tithing slips for every penny.

In school he's now in grade two.  
And we don't mind confiding to you  
He can't wait his turn  
When there's something to learn  
He's anxious with no matter who.

He's sure he's as big as his brothers  
This he conveys to all others  
He learned how to swim  
An experience grim  
Though the effort was mostly his mother's.



On piano he's known far and wide  
But his family is trying to hide  
He plays all day long  
But only one song  
We're sick of "Here Comes the Bride".

Scott will continue to be  
A puzzle to you and to me  
He'll fill you with "huey"  
And then drive you screwy  
His philosophy's simple, "Be Free".

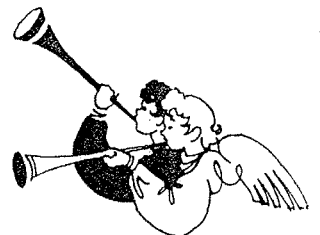
To Bradford, the second, it's clear  
Why the Lord has sent him down here  
A man "without gile"  
He has his own style  
He has not learned the meaning of fear.

This may sound like it might be alarming  
And perhaps it might even be harming  
But with manners and grace  
And a bit slower pace  
Brad's honesty is still very charming.

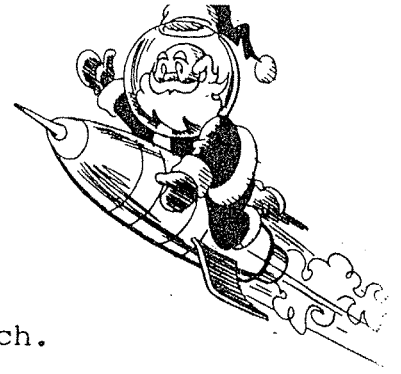
He's good in both sports and his class  
He's popular too, but alas  
His ambition is low  
We must push him to go  
We hope something will give him more "gas".

In church he's our newest primary grad,  
First class scout, which isn't half bad.  
But his morning shower  
Requires an hour  
And work really makes him quite sad.

Piano turned out "not his bag"  
But his musical talent won't sag  
He's trying guitar  
Though he's not very far  
He has already started to brag.



No time for inhibitions and such  
He'll do anything required in a clutch  
Wears pajamas to school  
If he think's they look cool,  
He'd wear "long Johns" if he liked them that much.



Gregory the first is unique  
He continues to ride on a peak  
Grades are all A's  
The piano he plays  
And around home he talks a blue streak.

He argues with all that we say  
If you tell him it's night, he'll say day  
Perhaps cause he's wiser  
Or because he's a miser  
It's black or white, never gray.

As a scout he shortly will be  
An Eagle, the highest trophy.  
It's come record fast  
But he'll make it at last  
His years as a scout not yet three.

He played football on the team  
This required much of his steam  
His fundamentals are good  
Does it like he should  
He's agressive, but not very mean.

He plays the piano quite well  
His technique has started to "jell".  
He practices some  
But is not quite so glum  
Cause the music, he thinks it is swell.

Magic is still his great feat  
An interest he finds hard to beat  
He performs for the folks  
And even tells jokes  
In this area, most folks think he's neat.

Jackie & John continue to be  
Much the same as our recent history  
Vacation out west  
Back home for a rest  
Not really that much of a spree.



Twixed our church, our work and our home  
We haven't much time for to roam  
Jackie's still as she was  
Regardless of what ever she does  
And John still has no need for a comb.

The church continues to grow  
We're sure that the Lord wants it so  
Seventeen members more  
And others in store  
Has given us something to show.

John's work has expanded ten fold  
He has about all he can hold  
Computers and selling  
Manufacturing and milling  
But the challenge is worth more than gold.

We hope that this letter will find  
You happy with peace in your mind  
With lots of good cheer  
For the oncoming year  
May our friendship continue to bind.

As problems continuously evolve  
We've not found one too tough to solve  
We've lengthened our stride  
Look forward with pride  
At what next year's problem's will involve.

So our Seasons Greetings we send to you  
Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, too.  
May your year be blest  
With all of the best  
And many blessings to see the year through.

THE  
ORGENSEN'S  
JACKIE  
JOHN  
JREGT  
BRAD, SCOTT, MATT