

# Merry Christmas

Seventy-six has been quite a year  
But the Yuletide finds us still here,  
In Moberly, Mo  
Sixth year in a row.  
For us, a record, quite clear.

Another year quite unique.  
It has passed us by like a streak.  
Round the world in a whirl,  
A new baby girl,  
But we haven't yet reached our peak.

Greg started it off in month two.  
In Scouting his name's in "Who's Who".  
His Eagle Award,  
A citation from Ford,  
An example for the entire crew.

Since Greg is our subject right now,  
We should also tell you just how  
He succeeded in school,  
Straight "A's" was the rule.  
There's only one word for it. "Wow!"

He is also active in sports,  
On fields, diamonds, and courts.  
In football he's best,  
But enjoys all the rest.  
And he now looks quite thin in his shorts.

In football he tried very hard.  
Cause he doesn't "pack enough lard".  
Forty pounds too light,  
But makes up with fight.  
He's Moberly's offensive guard.

He plays his piano each day.  
In his own inimitable way.  
He bangs & he pounds  
Out those new modern sounds,  
He's driving his father quite gray.

Brad started organized ball.  
He's lucky because he is tall.  
He packs lots of beef.  
The fans say, "Good Grief!"  
"Beside him the coaches look small."

His team made six touchdowns this season.  
And Brad was part of the reason.  
He scored all but one,  
So you know he had fun.  
And to Dad and Greg it was pleasin'.

He is also active in Scouting.  
But for him it's more like an outing.  
He'll prob'ly do well,  
If we just wait a spell.  
To him work comes after the shouting.

In school he's not quite the scholar  
As Greg, but he has "room to hollar".  
A "B" student for sure,  
And many times more.  
To him homework is more like a "collar".

Brad still scurries this way and that.  
He has all the moves of a bat.  
But now with his size,  
It isn't real wise,  
He smashes his landing place flat.



Both boys are as tall as their dad,  
Though each of them still can be sad.  
Though Greg is the taller,  
In girth he's the smaller.  
He gives way ten pounds to old Brad.

For Scottie, this year was eight.  
He certainly thought it was great.  
Baptized in September,  
A date he'll remember.  
And for Cub Scouts he hardly could wait.

He plays the piano quite well,  
If only he could sit for a spell.  
Cause playing's okay,  
But practice, "No Way!"  
If you push him, he'll let out a yell.

In school he functions okay,  
But he does things his own private way.  
Academically good.  
His behavior could  
Improve just a bit every day.

Scott made lots of firsts thru the year.  
And he made it abundantly clear  
He's no longer a child,  
Tho he still isn't mild,  
He faces the world without fear.

"Organizing" is Scottie's forte.  
He'd rather do that than play.  
With lists of instructions,  
And brilliant deductions  
Which drive all his brothers away.

Matthew has started to school.  
He is certainly nobody's fool.  
The youngest in class,  
And small but alas  
He's as stubborn as Missouri's own mule.

He helps Mom all that he can.  
A very thorough young man.  
He sits on the table,  
So he's always able,  
To participate in every good plan.

As yet he is not quite as loud,  
As others we have in our crowd.  
He does get his way  
Or he'll quickly display  
A temper that does him quite proud.

Bionics are a very big thing.  
And he still is happy to sing.  
At the drop of a hat,  
He'll sing this or that.  
To all, he gives his whole being.

His Mom has brought him concern.  
But he really is trying to learn.  
That she doesn't mean maybe  
He won't be the baby  
The thought has caused him to squirm.

Our Christmas greeting is late,  
For a reason that really is great.  
We wanted to tell  
You something quite swell.  
We're sure it's well worth the wait.

On Tuesday, 14 December  
A date we're sure to remember  
Our first little girl,  
Complete with a curl,  
Became our seventh family member.

She arrived here 10 pounds to the ounce.  
She's hungry and ready to pounce  
On three meals a day.  
Or, even baled hay.  
With her it's volume that counts.

In naming we usually see  
What a person she's likely to be  
At 22 inches long  
Maybe I'm wrong,  
But she looks like Big Bertha to me.

No, we'll call her Jennifer Ann.  
We're sure she'll be star of the clan.  
Twixt four brothers and Dad,  
No girl has yet had  
The love and attention she can.



"She'll surely be spoiled", you say.  
Our answer to that is "Okay,  
Why shouldn't she  
Be spoiled as can be  
Would you have it any other way?"

This summer our Dad took a trip.  
He moved at a very fast clip.  
The whole world round,  
At the speed of sound.  
For over six weeks he did skip.

He went to Australia, Japan  
In Hong Kong he rode a sampan  
To Taiwan and Russia  
Then Denmark and Prussia  
Over 100 hours on Pan Am.

Business is why he went there.  
An opportunity really quite rare.  
He got the job done.  
But it wasn't all fun.  
And of travel he's now had his share.

He still maintains a routine  
That others regard as "real mean".  
Twixt work and the Church  
There's never a lurch  
Activity keeps his world keen.

Mom was the star of the year.  
She maintains her usual cheer.  
With two teenage boys,  
Two others, pure noise,  
You'd think that a fifth would cause fear.

But all year her priority plan  
Was to expand the size of the clan.  
But she didn't go slow,  
As you probably know,  
Just try to keep up if you can.

Jackie now has a girl of her own  
We all know that before she is grown  
She will have more clothes  
Than anyone knows.  
Jackie's waited for years to start sew' in.

Jackie's still real active and so  
She remains very much on the go.  
With her new addition  
An expanded new mission  
She's the same dynamo that you know.

With our family expanded to seven,  
A girl now added for leaven,  
We send you our best  
And all of the rest,  
From our little portion of heaven.

And so to our friends far and near  
We send you our very best cheer.  
For this Christmas time  
With this annual rhyme  
We wish you a blessed New Year.



THE

JOHN JORGENSEN'S

JACKIE, JOHN, GREG, BRAD, SCOTT, MATTHEW, JENNIFER ANN