



MERRY CHRISTMAS

Season's greetings from "old Ridgemont Court",
The J.C. Jorgensen's very own port
This season's the time
For our annual rhyme,
Season's Greetings, and things of that sort.

This last year has been a milestone.
Our family has continually grown.
Our number's now eight,
That is of this date,
The last wasn't born, she was flown.

Roxana Pineda's her name.
From Guatemala she came.
She's eighteen years old,
Fits right in our fold,
She's here only a year, that's a shame.

A student exchange brought her here
It started with confusion and fear
But with patience and love
She now fits like a glove
When she leaves it will really seem queer.

Roxana now fits in just right
And our family must now be a sight
With all the blonde hair
And boys big as a bear
She's small and her hair's like the night.

She's now a big sister to Jenni
The things that she's taught her are many
Painted fingers and such
That girls like so much
From the boys she doesn't learn any.

"Roxan" is Jenni's favorite sound
And she says it at times that abound
From her bedroom she calls
Has named one of her dolls
After Roxan, when she's not around.

To "Chaos Corner" Roxana brings content
Our routine is now slightly bent.
The men now must dress
And cut down the mess
While Jennifer has an accent.



Gregory has now reached sixteen
So dating is now his big scene
But his girls live so far
The cost of the car
Is taking the bulk of his "green".

His record in school is unmarred.
In classes, regardless how hard,
His grades are "straight A"
What more can we say
His is a dull report card.

His growing has slowed down a bit
So now he has clothes that will fit
For more than a week
Before they fit sleek
Perhaps pretty soon he will quit.

Well over six feet without shoes
He still finds it's necessary to use
Enough food for a state
to maintain his weight
In "hundred weights" he's up near the "twos"

His interests have started to narrow
Athletics are still in his marrow
But girls and hi-fi
Have now filled his eye
This is just about all he can "harrow".

"Pumping iron", football, and track
Are the cause of most of the lack
Of interest in life
Or in work or in strife
We wish "teenage" would give our son back.

Bradford's behavior's the same
As it's been since when he first came
He sets his own rules
In sports and in schools
To him life is just a big game.

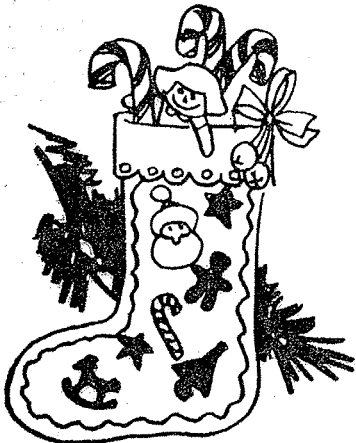
In athletics he stands out the best
He continues to meet every test.
Football, wrestling and track
Fit well on his back
In body he's very well blessed.

In football he was ranked number one
In wrestling he's continually won
He fights heavyweight
Has really done great
Because he hasn't lost, it is fun.

Like his brother he stands over six feet
But he carries a little more "meat".
He's "nuts" over maids
Cares much less for grades
The latter keeps him from conceit.

Voted most popular boy in his class
Has had many "girls" but alas
Although he's the rage
Because of his age
In dating he still has to pass.

Brad's life is "valleys and peaks"
He can't even muster short "streaks"
His highs and his lows
His ebbs and his flows
Cycle in minutes not weeks.



Scott Lee is growing like a weed
He is usually prone to succeed
If he likes what he's doing
Or what he's pursuing
If not he ignores it, indeed.

Cub scouts and school fill Scott's
But his life is far from sublime
His projects are vast
Each "happening" a blast
His finances amount to one dime.

"Star Wars" put Scott in a daze
He really is caught in the craze.
He owns every "doll"
And posters his wall
Put together his room is a maze.

He can't sit still for a thing
He really assumes he is king
Of all that's around
From sky down to ground
Everything is here for his fling.

Organizing remains his forte
He loves it much more than play
He'll plan you a trip
Or cook you a dip
And mimick whatever you say.

Matthew C. has started to grow
For years he seemed rather slow
But now he's expanding
And becoming demanding
He's taking his place in our "show".

For years he's been "meek and mild"
A perfect sort of a child.
But now he's a boy
And still brings us joy
But now it's a little more wild.

Matt does just great now in school
He's good to follow the rule.
He's got many friends
At all he attends
And he surly is nobody's fool

Matt is Jenni's best friend
And also Scott's in the end
He's right in between
A nut and a queen
The hurts are varied he mends.

The way it looks at this date
Matt will not need to wait
To stake out his claim
And play in our game
In the family his stature is great.

Jennifer's a miniture Matt
At two she's now convinced that
She's a teenager now
And she really knows how
And she has everything really down pat.

Somehow she knows she's a girl.
Even though her hair has no curl
But she plays well with dolls
Uses lipstick on walls
And likes dresses with pleats that unfurl.

As helper, Jenni's mom's best
She's more willing than all of the rest
At dishes and dusting
Her mother is trusting
After Jenni, things are usually more "messed".

Shoes are her favorite toys
She likes even those of the boys
She'll wear any size
Either girls or the guys
Though they clatter with very much noise.

Jenni gets so much attention
That she's spoiled to the point of contention.
So feminine and cute
And fickle "to boot"
But she gives back a bunch of affection.



Jackie and John are the same
Though perhaps a little more tame.
We feel we've been blest
For having the rest
To share in our family fame.

The Church remains a large part
Of our lives, our work and our heart
We're all active and busy
The pace remains "dizzy"
We rarely know where we should start.

In the Church John has a new residency
He now is in the Stake Presidency
He travels so far
He has "ingrown car"
But he does it without any hesitancy.

We send this epistle to you
Again as we normally do
We send you our love
And ask that above
That He will send His love too.

THE JORGENSEN'S

Roxana

Lucy

BRAD

Scott Jorgensen

Matt

Jenni (JENNI)

Jackie

John