

Merry Christmas!

The seventies are now at their close
So now we are writing to those
Who although they're not here
Remain to us near
And are interested in us (we suppose).

Her dancing lessons are new
The steps she has learned are but few
But despite all the boys
And their masculine toys
She still knows what little girls do.

This is a message of our information
To our friends throughout this great nation
Of the events of this year
And of comfort and cheer
Sent with greetings and warm salutation.

She loves to help her Mom sew
And always wants to be on the go
She also is glad
To be "nurse" to her Dad
And she dresses herself just so.

Seventy-nine passed rapidly by
Amazing how quickly years fly
Eight years in Missouri
Have passed in a hurry.
It's easy to understand why.

This was Matthew's eighth year
And because he has grown up out here
Was baptized in a pool
At dawn it was cool
With his family and friends standing near.

Our lives are filled to the top
The activities and work never stop
Organizations involved
And problems unsolved
Cause us all to feel we could drop.

Matt has progressed in his wants
And abandoned some of his haunts
Star Wars is now out
But, Buck Rogers has clout
For equipment he constantly taunts.

Even Jenni although she's just three
Is busier than most kids should be
In song and in dance
She won't miss a chance
To perform all her songs to a "T".

Sports is catching his eye
Even though he's still a small guy.
First he's Dorsett, then Swann
Then Largent and so on
Though small he really can fly.

She's active in Primary and such
Which she really enjoys very much
Singing's her best
But enjoys all the rest
She's really the joy of our "hutch".

He finally got his own room
Not as clean as one might assume
His room is too large
To leave him in charge
It's proven too much of a boom.



He started in Scouts as a Cub
For his den our home is the hub
His Mom is his leader
You'd think he'd be sweeter
But she keeps him in line with a club.

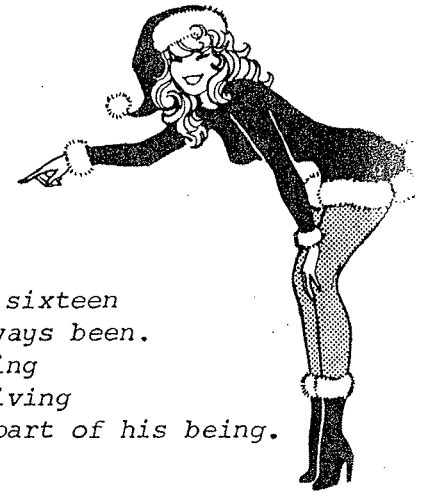
Eleven years now for Scott
Conforming to norms he is not
While he is obsessed
And teachers depressed
He'll do anything til he is caught.

There's nothing that Scottie can't do
And his activities are never a few
His hobby is space
So he's in the race
With Star Wars, Wookies and Artoo.

Like both of his brothers before
His voice has opened the door
To special choir at school
And although that's "cool"
His talking his teachers abhor.

He's playing a "sax" in the band.
He still only plays with one hand.
But practice is slow
And he wants to go
He's looking for music that's "canned".

In scouting he's just underway
Right now it's more like just play
With Indian lore
And camping and more
Adjust to the rules? Hard to say!



Bradford is "sweet" sixteen
In spirit he has always been.
Now dating and driving
After years of conniving
Will become a real part of his being.

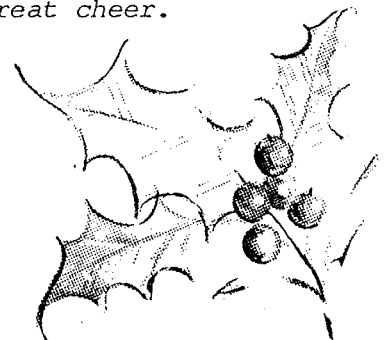
In romance he's moving quite slow.
The "one and only" to know.
He's had three this year
While not even "in gear".
He still has all three in his "tow".

His school work has started to perk
Remember last year? What a jerk!
Does homework now
Has begun to learn how,
The world only "gives" when we work.

In athletics he plays in three sports
As a freshman, a record of sorts
Two varsity letters
(though we bought the sweaters)
He spends most of his life in gym shorts

From football, to wrestling, then track
They never give him "some slack".
Two hundred pounds plus
He can handle the fuss
And must eat all his food by the pack.

This is Greg's senior year
It's hard to believe that it's here.
Everything he has done
Both for work and for fun
Is now a source of great cheer.





Still number one student at school.
He appears to have every tool
From Harvard to the "y"
The offers they fly
The "bucks" make his daddy's mouth drool.

Consumption is all the kids know
We guess that they need it to grow
How little they earn
But expect in return
To have everything turn out just so.

At football he proved one of the best
Did better than most people guessed
All-conference, both teams,
And all-district, it seems
He can get anything in his quest.

Jackie and John slipped away
To Mexico the other day
First time in years
Away from their "dears"
For this we thank Grandmother J.

Now he moves on to wrestling and track
He never has time to look back.
His patience is nil,
But his strength is his will.
Get in his way, you'll catch flack.

Grandma Abbie is with us this season.
With the temperature down below freezin
She'll miss the southwest
While she's here as our guest
We hope that our needs are good reason.

Outside of studies and sports
He loves his music (of sorts)
He's in choir at school
And at home as a rule
His stereo "blows" out the ports.

While the world has it's problems galore
We continue to find good rapport
With the Father above
And those that we love.
Gives our family peace and much more.

The family is doing quite well
But "teen-age" has started to tell
On Mother and Dad
Who know they've been had.
We wish "it" would quit for a spell.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year
May the season be filled with good cheer.
May Christ be the one
Who in addition to fun
We remember most while this season is here.



The
JORGENSENS