

Nineteen-Eighty is just about o'er
Of the eighties there still are nine more.
Of the years that have past
We'll look at the last
As we've done in ten letters before.

He finished his high school on top
Valdictorian, the best of his crop
G.P.A. was "Four-0"
No higher, you know
He really was sorry to stop.

Some feel that this letter's a bore
To read it's too much of a chore
If you're one of those
Just pass up this prose
The minute it comes in the door.

Scholarships and grants did abound
They came from schools all around
Scholastics and sports
They came in all sorts
Not easy to choose one he found.

Our intent is simple and clear
To our friends and family all dear
We want you to know
How with us it did go
As we worked as a family out here.

The "Y" was high on his list
For something he really had missed
Cause LDS girls
Are more scarce than pearls
Out here, Oh my how we've wished.

It really will not take much reading
To understand our message and greeting
We wish you the best
And all of the rest
Couldn't send it with any more feeling.

So far college has been his forte'
He went for it in a big way.
President of his hall
Each weekend a ball
And his grades remain near straight-A.

During nineteen and seventy-eight
Our family number was eight.
Roxana was here
For almost one year
Now eighty is even more great.

Bradford's a junior in school
He still thinks that lessons are cruel
Above average grades
An eye for the maids
For the latter he still is a fool.

This summer she visited us here
She'd been back home for a year.
Then in November
The date to remember
She was married with her own family near.

In most things he works very hard
'Cept for studies and work in the yard
He likes to sleep in
But cannot begin
Cause activities "fill up his card".

In August we dropped down to six
As Greg left us here in the sticks.
He was off to the "Y"
Our first college guy
For a college he had many picks.

Like Greg, he is active in choir
He sings with about the same "fire".
Had a role in the play
Stole the show some folks say
About as much acting as he could desire.



He's big man on the campus just now
He really is showing them how
President of his class
Of friends there's a mass
He only comes home for his chow.

In athletics he still is first rate
In wrestling he fights heavyweight
Rated top two or three
In all Missouri
And in football he's ranked as All-State.

Scott comes from his very own mold
With energy no one can hold
Football like his brothers
But not like the others
It's band on which he is sold.

Basketball, choir, and band
For him every moment is planned
Seventh is his grade.
He could have it made
But studies are too much demand.

His interest in scouting is
He doesn't do all that he could
Other interests so grand
Make scouting look bland
But he'll get out of it all that he should.

He's the brightest in all of our clan
Insists on being his own man
Plays sax in one group
Bass drum in a troop
He's still developing his plan.

He's now in his thirteenth year
And always has something to cheer
Above average grades
Marching in parades
The size of his brothers we fear.

Matthew is nine years of age
With him "Star Wars" still the rage
Almost had him cured
Somehow it endured
With "Empire" it's all "re-engaged".

In "cubbing" he's one of the boys
But finds it tough leaving his toys
Wherever he goes
From his head to his toes
His pockets are full of kids joys.

He wrestled at school back last year
He went undefeated-so cheer!
Played baseball and such
Has a natural touch
As a batter he filled them with fear.

He hasn't had much chance to show
His talents and "get up and go"
He's quick on his feet
So soccer's a treat
And none of his shoes have a toe.

In the past he has been rather quiet
But now he is part of the riot
That we call routine
It's hardly serene
Now confusion and noise are his diet.

Jennifer Ann is now four
Behavior-wise really much more
She's vieing with mother
Controlling each brother
And takes over dad at the door.

Has no use for little girl's toys
It's not that she plays with the boy's
If it isn't real
With a genuine feel
She'll ignore it without any noise.



Normal girls' dollies? Too light!
Toy dishes and such? No not quite!
But a bag full of flour
She'll tend by the hour
Our kitchen's her domain and delight.

Dancing school she attends once a week
It's ballet and not, "cheek to cheek".
There's tap and plie'
She try's everyday
Her activity would make most of us weak.

Our home has been properly girled
Tho' her hair is more straight than it's curled
She brings different joys
Than all of the boys
And has created her own little world.

For Jackie and John things remain,
Except for the family, the same.
The travel is more
Than ever before
But together it's more like a game.

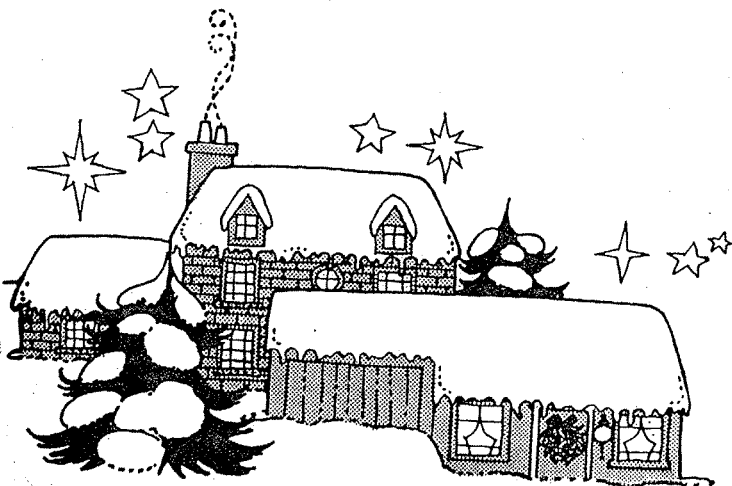
Assignments in Church remain fixed
They, of course, bring blessings mixed.
Scouting and such
Require their touch
And athletic games they're always betwixt

The economy has been very bad
Has added more grey to old dad.
He can't stand to loose
But he still wouldn't choose
To exchange all the blessings we've had.

The whole world around us looks grim
But we still keep on counting on Him
Whose message sublime
Is cause for this rhyme
For guidance and light through the dim.

We're blessed much more than we should.
And so, in closing, we would
Wish you the best
As you meet the test
May your blessings be many and good.

Season's Greetings to each one of you
We send along from each of our crew
May we find the love
That's offered above
To see us the whole next year thru.



JOHN
JACKIE
JORGENSEN
GREG, BRAD, SCOTT, MATT, JENNIFER