



As we send this epistle to you,
Each year as we normally do,
We hope all's gone well
This last annual spell,
And will carry into the year that is new.

It hardly seems 83's done.
Time flies when one's having "fun".
Even more when one's older,
When more life he must shoulder
Continuously "under the gun"

We continue to look for the day
Of relief in some modest way,
From our hectic pace.
Is life always a race?
Exciting! What more can we say?

No world wide trips this past year.
The action's been right around here.
Family's now down to five,
But home still is a hive.
The commotion still deafens the ear.

Greg returned to school in "Month One".
But, this time it wasn't much fun.
After his time away,
His memory was grey,
So, he struggled but finally he won.

He's scrambled back up to the top.
But, his peers are such a fine crop,
Competition is tough.
The "going" is rough.
So, his studies continue non-stop.

Next year comes the Dental School Test.
So, now there is no time to rest.
Though his grades are just right,
It'll still be a fight.
Entrance only will go to the best.

He'll be home for Christmas this season.
A visit for a real special reason.
He's bringing a friend.
She may spell the end
Of his bachelorhood, and they don't seem teasin'.

Bradford's mission is now two-thirds o'er.
For him it has not been a bore.
He has jumped right on in
With his hypnotic grin.
He was running when his feet hit the floor.

Though he has served in only two places.
He has left them with more than just traces.
He has met with success.
Much more than we'd guess.
As ever he's "off to the races".

In Antioch, California, he started.
As in athletics, he worked there whole-hearted.
He surpassed all his goals
In winning new souls.
Leaving dozens of friends, he departed.

Downtown Oakland would be his new home.
"Downtown Oakland!", we said with a moan.
But, Brad wasn't sad.
In fact he was glad.
Through millions of "contacts" he'd roam.



Cambodians are his primary job.
In Oakland there must be a mob.
Two feet taller than they,
They think he eats hay.
But they're joining the Church in a "gob".

When not teaching "small folk" to submission.
He has another commission.
International Zone leader,
Now, what could be neater?
His zone covers all of the mission.

For Scott, it's his sophomore year.
He's getting it more "into gear".
He'll bring home a book.
And he might even look,
But, his homework is nothing to cheer.

In tennis, a varsity letter.
He still has some room to do better.
He has three more seasons.
So, there's plenty of reasons.
He can have four awards on his sweater.

In August, he reached another plateau.
In Scouts he's as high as they go.
He became Eagle Scout.
That's worth "crowing" about.
So, that's why we're letting you know.

Perhaps Scott's most pleasing cause,
Because he's so good with his "jaws",
Came in the school play.
Scott really made hay
As the Wizard, in "The Wizard of Oz".

For years we have sought an invention
Which would hold Scott's fickle attention.
He's a videophile.
But, just for awhile.
Now computers are his new dimension.

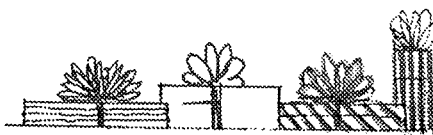
Matthew continues his quest
To find out what for him is the best.
He's watched all his brothers,
But not just like the others,
His path won't just follow the rest.

Like some he likes sports and the game.
Like all he hopes maybe some fame
Will be his reward,
He'll work very hard.
When it comes it will be his to claim.

In school, he's in his eighth year.
Grade seven, at the junior high here.
Does great in his classes.
Still young for the lasses.
And in sports he will "get into gear".

His trumpet he plays in the band.
This summer he broke his right hand.
His teeth now have braces.
His shoes no more laces.
His humor - original, not "canned".

In Scouts he's now ranked as a Star.
At his age that's really quite far.
We'd like him to go
A little more slow,
He's young to be where his brothers are.



Jennifer is a real girl's girl.
Though she keeps our lives in a whirl.
She's sugar and spice.
And everything nice.
In our family jewels, she's the pearl.

You'd think surrounded by boys
And all of their equipment and toys,
A "Tom-boy" she'd be,
But believe you me,
She is feminine in all she enjoys.

Like "Annie" they fashioned her hair.
Short and curley, made some people stare.
She's known 'round the town,
Both uptown and down,
"Hi Annie!", they say everywhere.

In dolls it's now "Barbie and Ken"
If she could she would like to have ten.
With "hand-downs" and gifts
You could work two whole shifts
Sorting clothes if you knew where to begin.

After all of these years, a Girl Scout.
Why's that worth shouting about?
Six years with her mother.
With each new big brother,
In Boy Scouts she'd carried great clout.

For Jackie and John, things remain
Pretty much nearly the same.
Their courtship is stronger
As it gets a bit longer.
Could age be fueling the flame?

We still find Church service is blessed.
We help out, not much time for rest.
We like helping others,
Cause compared to our brothers,
Our problems most usually seem best.

It's time that we close this Yule Greeting.
So, to you who we will not be meeting
This holiday time,
Please accept this rhyme
As best wishes, though they may seem fleeting.

Please remember why we pause now to read
Of Christ's birth and that ultimate deed.
He gave up His life,
To save us from strife.
Obedience to Him's now our need.

To you and yours, we now send the best.
May we all be prepared for each test
That comes down our way
Throughout every day.
And rely on the Lord for the rest.

HAVE A...
Merry Christmas!
1983

THE JORGENSENS