

NOEL

1985

We've come to the end of this year
Can hardly believe that it's here
Eighty-five is now gone
Eighty-six will "turn on"
But, they're making them shorter we fear.

This year started out sorta slow
So much of it out there to go
Seems more like six weeks
Yet all of the "peaks"
Demonstrate there were 50 or so.

Time flies when one's having fun.
But, why can't we ever be done?
The older we get
And it's not over yet,
The harder that we have to run.

With only three kids in the "nest"
We should have 2/5ths now to rest
But time isn't enough
It's even more rough
When will this turmoil crest?

Like last year, that is eighty-four
We have gained us one daughter more
Connie's her name
She's Brad's latest claim
Eighty-six won't have another "in store".

Cause Scott Lee our number three son
Only 18 will be when year's done
Planning a mission
The only decision
For him girls can only be fun.

Brad and Connie, in July, were wed.
Really, too much cannot be said
Again, way out west
Where girls must be best
Cause again we came out way ahead.

Nampa, Idaho, Connie's old home
No complaints, cause it could have been Nome
Was where it took place
With great style and grace
And we saw where the buffalo roam.

Brad and Connie went back out to Ricks
That college out there in the sticks
Brad bought his first car
To haul his bride far
And a hobby with something to fix.

For football, this year was his last
The excitement and challenge are past
It's no longer just Brad
Nor even his Dad
Now Connie must come first and last.

Perhaps they'll return to Missouri
Brad's finished with half of our worry
Well married indeed
So there's less of a need
Now it's schooling alone he must hurry.

Brad and Connie are making their way
Building each block day by day
They started out small
They're having a ball
Working together makes it like play.

Greg and Cheryl are in St. Louis, MO
In miles one fifty or so.
Come home when they're able
They both love Mom's table
Yet, too far to just come and go.

Greg was graduated from college this spring
Pre-Dent at Brigham Young was his thing
Worked the summer right here
His goals remain clear
Dental school would become his next fling.

Washington U is his school
It's tops by anyone's rule
He struggled a bit
Again didn't quit
Now back number one, he is cool.

Washington was their selection.
Twas money that brought this election
Tuition was free.
How can that be?
Greg is the best in his section.

Cheryl is plying her trade
With her job they've bout got it made
Advertising, her love
Job "fits like a glove".
Together they'll both make the grade.

Greg and Cheryl have accomplished a lot
They've worked hard for all they have got
A well balanced team
Both sharing a dream
They have but one pace and that's hot.



Greg and Brad with their wives, "Rang the bell!"
Our family average did swell.
Two daughters that quick
What a fabulous trick
And someone else "growed" them as well.

These ladies have brought new dimension
To this home full of fuss and contention
Now we must act our best
Cause they are our guest
They have brought us a bit of convention.

For Scott now three years in a row
He has managed to "steal the whole show".
Second year as a king
It's becoming his thing
But this time his head didn't grow.

"Pirates of Penzance" was the play
Pirate king was Scotty's forte.
The part's not the lead
But Scott was indeed
Again he has carried the day.

In his studies, Scott's given us pause
But he's finally accepted "the cause".
Straight "A's" he has earned
So we're not so concerned
Not bad for the "Wizard of Oz".

Scott has finally started to try.
He was always questioning, "Why?"
But he couldn't "hack" rules.
They were just for the schools
Now suddenly his limits seem high.

Scott is now in his senior year.
With girls, the picture's not clear.
In Moberly a few.
Missouri - a slew.
We're grateful he holds numbers "dear".

Scott is the first in our clan
To be student and professional man
He works with computers
About which he tutors
Electronics?-You betcha he can.

Matthew has started to grow.
This year, six inches, or so.
His baby fat's gone.
He even looks drawn.
And, he still has some inches to go.

Matt is our steady achiever.
He's never given cause as a griever.
He works extra hard
Except in the yard.
In rewards he'll become a receiver.

Matt started high school this fall.
To sports, he has given his all.
Football is now done.
And wrestling's not fun.
But, he's not afraid of each call.

Matt in his studies is good.
So far he's the highest one could.
Straight "A's" for him too.
A tough thing to do.
He does almost all that he should.

In music Matt's followed the crew.
He's involved in all he can do.
Though just a beginner,
He sings a "mean" tenor.
He could be the best when he's through.

Matt keeps up a pace that is dizzy
He always at something is busy
His sports and his studies
Boy Scouts and his buddies
From here he appears as a tizzy.

Jennifer has grown like a weed.
A tall one she'll be. Yes, indeed.
Not only in height
But personality might.
It appears she will likely succeed.

As a girl she is different to us.
She's feminine, no need to discuss.
She can still make a mess.
Much more than you'd guess.
Her stuff must be hauled by a bus.

So conscious of clothes that it hurts.
She's got a ton of blouses and skirts.
But her eye's on some others
That belong to her brothers.
She keeps on stealing their shirts.

A great help for Mom she can be.
She can do any job to a "tee".
But, has her own way
Both in work and in play
Which can drive her Mom "up a tree".



Jenny's friends are her special treat
She would rather be with them than eat.
Her favorite play
An overnight stay
An activity she really can't beat.

Jenny's favorite hobby is still
Driving Matt to the point "he could kill".
She'll copy each action
Pushing Matt to distraction.
When she wants to, she's really a "pill".

Matt insists that we mention his cats
Though to Mother they're a couple of rats
Pandora and Yangtze
Neither one of them fancy
If they mess - No way are they Matt's.

For the family twas year twenty-five.
Though two have now left our "hive".
They'll be home this year
All nine of us here.
Our home will then be alive.

Mom and Dad would like to forget
How long they've been married, and yet
Kids and friends wouldn't wait
Come on. Celebrate!
Twas a gala event, you can bet.

The whole thing was planned on the sly
So secret they even had to lie.
But it worked like a charm
So, there was no real harm
Clandestined as the ol' FBI.

Surprise parties usually fall flat
Cause "out of the bag is the cat".
The surprise was complete
They were "white as a sheet".
Can't get any better than that.

Mom and Dad really haven't changed much.
A little slower, more forgetful and such.
More thankful than ever
That they are together.
Successful in a world the treats "Dutch".

This epistle has become wordy now.
As we search for a way to say how...
How grateful we are
That we've made it thus far.
Though we seem to be stuck to the plow.

Perhaps there is no better way
Than to close by remembering the day
When our Father above
Gave his great gift of love.
It's Christmas! What more need we say?

THE JORGENSENS

Jackie, John, Scott, Matt, Jennifer
Greg and Cheryl Brad and Connie

