



SEASONS GREETINGS - 1987

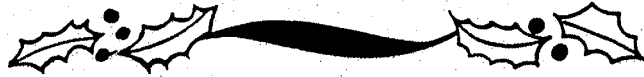
NOTICE: FOR THOSE WHO FIND THESE POEMS A DRAG.  
WE KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, SOME PARTS OF THEM SAG.  
BUT IN THIS LETTER IS A SPECIAL REQUEST.  
PLEASE READ IT - IF YOU CAN'T STAND THE REST.  
OUR NUMBER THREE SON, SCOTT LEE, IS THE NAME,  
HE NEEDS YOUR ATTENTION - QUICK ACTION'S THE GAME.  
SO, IF THIS WHOLE RHYME, YOUR MIND IT DOES BEND,  
HURRY, RIGHT NOW - JUMP DOWN TO THE END.

With seasons greetings and a yo - ho - ho,  
We send you Glad Tidings from Moberly Mo.  
Now sixteen years since we arrived here.  
Yes, sixteen years full of joy and good cheer.  
Sure problems come up, of that rest assured.  
But, for the most part each one has been cured.  
So, now looking backwards 'bout all we can see  
Are the long lasting successes that continue to be.  
Sure things could be better, of this there's no doubt,  
But, we've been so happy, we can't figure it out.

Since writing our letter, last year this time,  
A great deal has happened to report in this rhyme.  
Only minimal changes came to Jackie and John.  
There's not very much about them to write on.  
But, at their age, changes are not always good.  
It's hard to predict they'll turn out as they should.  
In titles, the change is excelled by no other.  
Poor Jackie forever will be known as GRANDMOTHER.  
Not so for John, he's decided to wait.  
He's still way too young to participate.

Gregory and Cheryl, they started the "madness".  
To them the whole thing was just full of gladness.  
Brian Gregory was born on March twenty - three.  
The very first grandchild in the whole family.  
John said he'd allow one. (What else could he do?)  
But by "half past June" there turned out to be two.  
On June sixteenth, Brad and Connie were done.  
Michael Bradford became the second grandson.  
To Jackie, being Grandma is really exciting.  
John won't give up, he will "go down" fighting.

Other than grandkids, Scott's news is most grand.  
He's traded "his world" for a handful of sand.  
Like his brothers before him, he's gone on a mission.  
But, for him it turned out more a "war of attrition".  
We all dreamed of going to places unknown.  
For Scotty this wish was way "under blown".  
In The Republic of Kiribati, he's "serving his time".  
Haven't heard of it? Don't worry, that's hardly a crime.  
It's where the equator and date line come together.  
Two million square miles of just water and weather.



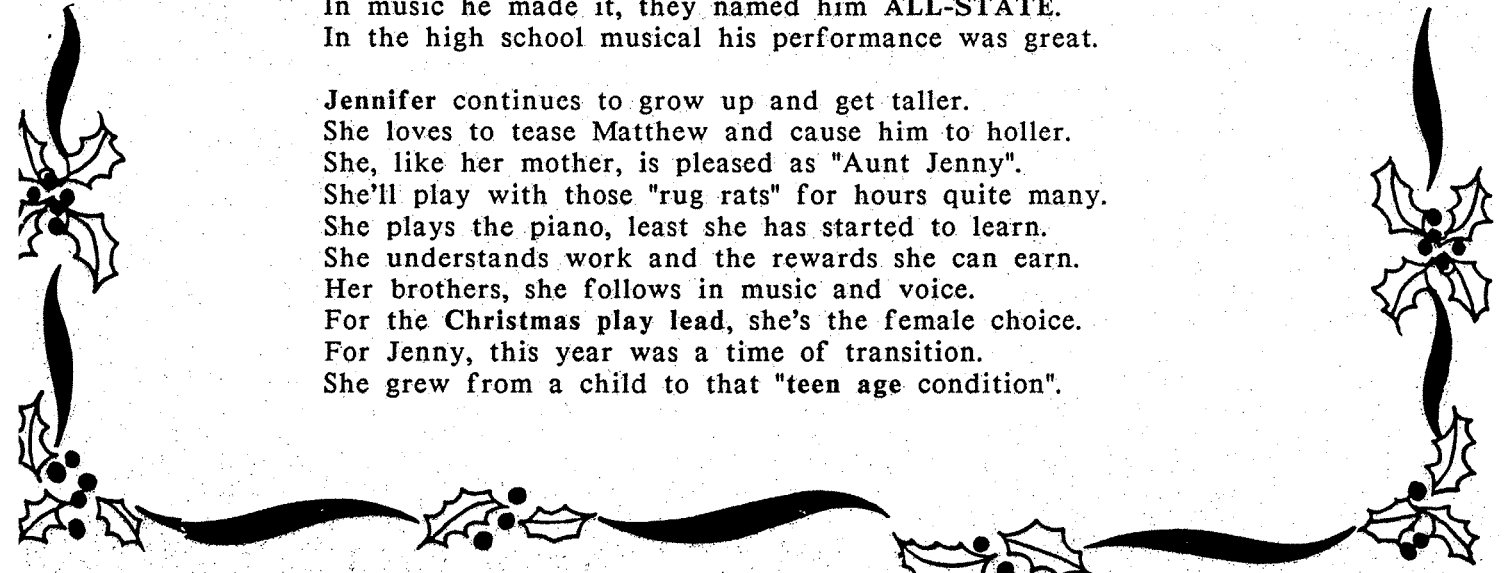
Regardless of spelling, it's pronounced Keer-A-biss.  
The first rhymes with Cheer and the end rhymes with Kiss.  
The islands are tiny, too small for most maps.  
Elevations so low, they're below the white caps.  
There is no electricity or water or sewer.  
And of other conveniences, there are even fewer.  
Just like the camp-outs he had as a Scout.  
Except this one's two years before he gets out.  
As for food, it's the worst! There is none out there.  
So, to Scott, send a package and label it C.A.R.E.

As a dental student, Greg is in his third year.  
Cheryl has retired - Brian Gregory to rear.  
They are still in St. Louis, right here in Missouri.  
Greg's working his hardest to get out in a hurry.  
As always, he remains number one amongst peers.  
Quite possibly the finest they have had there in years.  
Because in this country his performance stands out,  
He might specialize, good grades give him clout.  
So, another decision is thrust down upon us.  
Should he just get done or become orthodontist?

Bradford is still way out there in the west,  
Completing the degree that suits him the best.  
While Connie stays home with Michael B. J.  
She doesn't want studies to get in the way.  
Next semester, she'll return as student and mother.  
So, Brad will also share little Mike and the other.  
Another year to be finished out there at the "Y".  
The work will be tough but they will get by.  
Next year by this time they must make their decision,  
Of where they will go to continue their mission.

For Matthew, his sixteenth year turned out "banner".  
He completed some goals in meritorious manner.  
He finished his Eagle after five years of waiting.  
And at "sweet sixteen", he is legally dating.  
He's still among those in the top of his class,  
But he got his first B+, oh alack and alas.  
He lettered in football, in track and what's more,  
Won the Coaches Award, that's an honor galore.  
In music he made it, they named him ALL-STATE.  
In the high school musical his performance was great.

Jennifer continues to grow up and get taller.  
She loves to tease Matthew and cause him to holler.  
She, like her mother, is pleased as "Aunt Jenny".  
She'll play with those "rug rats" for hours quite many.  
She plays the piano, least she has started to learn.  
She understands work and the rewards she can earn.  
Her brothers, she follows in music and voice.  
For the Christmas play lead, she's the female choice.  
For Jenny, this year was a time of transition.  
She grew from a child to that "teen age condition".



So it goes with the Jorgensen clan at this time.  
And we don't want to bore you with more of this rhyme.  
We've told you about us. We're pleased with our lot.  
We hope that you have most things you have sought.  
This season is special to us cause we know,  
That the Savior can help us be happy and grow.  
To say this just now at this time makes no sense.  
We believe it all year, but it's not as intense.  
So, our wish to you is to give it a try,  
Remember the Savior as the whole year goes by.

*THE JORGENSENS*  
*JACKIE, JOHN, SCOTT, MATT & JENNIFER*

**THIS IS THE END** - Yep, this is the place.  
For Scott we're appealing for your help and grace.  
Scott literally lives at the end of the Earth.  
There is nothing but fish. How much are they worth?  
We're not seeking money, out there it's worth zip.  
It's your time and your talent Scott needs for this trip.  
It's cookies and candy and goodies and such,  
He needs to sustain him. You needn't send much.  
So, make up some goodies with caring and love.  
Elder Scott will pray blessings from Heaven above.

A few simple rules you're required to know.  
If out to Kiribati your package will go.  
It must be sent **AIR MAIL** - no other will do.  
If you don't, he won't get it 'til Ninety and two.  
Wrap every morsel individually with care.  
If not, it is crumby when it gets way out there.  
In what ever quantity convenient to fill,  
A **ZIP-LOCK BAG** must be sealed with great skill.  
The bugs are so bad, they go everywhere.  
Right into the mail, so take extra care.

We normally don't ask for a handout like this.  
But, we've not had a son out in Ole **KIRIBATI**.  
It's not for ourselves, but for **SCOTTY**, we cry.  
Won't you take time right now to help out the guy?  
If you're too busy for goodies, then send him a letter.  
It beats sending nothing, but a package is better.  
He'll thank you forever out there in that mess.  
We'll thank you now - **NOW HERE'S SCOTT'S ADDRESS.**

**ELDER SCOTT JORGENSEN**  
**P. O. BOX 217**  
**BIKENIBEU, TARAWA**  
**REPUBLIC OF KIRIBATI**  
**MICRONESIA - CENTRAL PACIFIC**  
**(GILBERT ISLANDS)**

