

MERRY CHRISTMAS 1989

As we approach this last decade's end.
We send this message to you as our friend.
Of our family, now spread
But still moving ahead.
Through apart, we continue to blend.

Our house in Missouri is bare.
Children 'round here are now rare.
Only Jenny is home.
All others now roam.
So come see us--we have room to spare.

For Jennifer this winter is major.
She officially became a teenager.
Her father can't stop it
He'd rather she'd drop it
Cause boys are now trying to "cage" her.

We had teenage boys to worry about
With only our own, we had clout.
But now with a girl
Boys come in a whirl.
And them all we must try to keep out.

So far she's done nothing but good;
Does all that we wish that she would.
But it's still very scary
So her parents are wary.
They would hide her away if they could.

She's active in music and song
With practice, her days are quite long
Her grades are superior.
An attractive exterior.
We are grateful to her we belong.

Matthew graduated this year
At the top, with plenty to cheer.
In grades number four
But by any other score
He left his high school without peer.


This summer, he decided to work.
He wouldn't be some lazy jerk.
Not something too hard.
He became a life guard.
He'd have learned more if he'd been a clerk.

Since fall, he has been at the "Y".
His scholarships made it a "buy".
Academics seem sound.
Young ladies abound.
But, out there he's just some other guy.

Scott finished his mission this fall.
At times it was not fun at all.
A two year camp out
He learned something about
Things that would make most of us bawl.

His health had suffered a mite.
Right now we think he's all right
The most primitive place
In the whole human race
Simple problems don't make him uptight.

He too has returned back to school.
But this time, he's nobody's fool.
His studies come first
His Dad could just burst.
Success is now something that's "cool".



In the desert, just east of L.A.
Brad and Connie spend all of their day.
Riverside is the city.
The climate is pretty.
And after one year, they may stay.

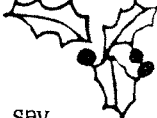
Son Michael still rules over their nest.
When he's up, there is no one at rest.
Though he's just half past two
He looks four to you
He's a knight on a continual quest.

Brad is working in marketing now.
He's anxious to find out just how
To make stuff the best
To out sell the rest.
A goal that he still wants to avow.

For the third time, Greg's finished with school.
Number one, of course, that is his rule.
A dentist at last
That should be a blast
No, two more years will be his accrual.

Orthodontist has been his one aim.
Since birth it was always the same.
Cheryl climbed on the wagon
But for her it's been draggin.
Just how do you score in this game?

Brian, their boy, keeps on talking.
He did it before he was walking.
His brain is so busy
He makes us all dizzy.
Just to hear him, the people come flocking.



Jackie and John" There's not much to say.
Somewhat older, A little more gray.
Still working together.
Awaiting fair weather.
But not postponing life til that day.

To measure success in their life,
That is as husband and wife,
They look at each kid
To see how well he did.
Good kids are the goal of their strife.

So far the kids have done good.
They have done about all that they could.
To do what is right.
Which now is a fight.
Hopefully, they know all that they should.

This year, we've been battered a bit.
Physically, not nearly as fit.
But yet, on the whole
Met most every goal
It will be a long time 'fore we quit.

Merry Christmas to you and your kin.
A Happy New Year may you all begin.
May blessings galore
Be right there in store.
Regardless, the place you are in.

At the start of this brand new decade
While most of the world is afraid
Our Father above
Whose infinite love
Will help us all make the "grade".

THE JORGENSENS
John, Jackie, Scott, Matt, Jenny

