

# Happy holidays - 1998

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**N**inety Eight as a year is now passed.  
And next year will be next to last  
Of century twenty  
And if that isn't plenty  
The millennium's end - what a blast.

This letter is twenty and eight.  
Nineteen Seventy was the first date  
We wrote the first letter  
We should have know better  
Or stopped it before twas too late.

We didn't, so we're now in a rut.  
We'd like something different but,  
What can we do  
For our message to you,  
I ask you, Can you tell me what?

We haven't moved much around.  
And the kids are still to be found  
Where they were last year  
As reported right here,  
But for Matt who is now Texas bound.

New Mexico has Greg and Scott.  
California has Bradford got.  
Jenny finds Utah exhaustin.  
And Matthew's in Austin  
And Missouri still suits us a lot.

As usual the year started slow.  
Looking back now, where did it go?  
Flying faster with age  
Time is so hard to gage.  
Its value one must come to know.

**J**enny is still at the "Y".  
She's smarter, but is asking why,  
With all of these boys  
And all of the noise  
She still hasn't her one only guy.

She's developed an outdoor persuasion.  
She camps and she hikes on occasion.  
She hiked the Grand Canyon  
And without a companion,  
Came out by herself - it's amazin.

She injured her foot on the course.  
And then to make matters worse,  
New shoes gave her sores  
At night, out of doors  
She came out on an old Indian horse.

The Hava-su-pai had only one.  
One horse to get the job done.  
On foot the old guide  
With nothing to ride  
Told Jenny to go on alone.

"The horse will show you the way,"  
Was the last thing she heard him to say.  
So on into the night  
Without any sight,  
That horse carried her up and away.

Just as the old Indian said  
The horse had instinct inbred.  
When the morning came  
Our Jennifer lame  
On the rim was safely in bed.

Now, Jenny has classes galore  
On religion , about God and more,  
But that night on the horse,  
Up that sightless course,  
Brought her closer to heaven than before.

**O**le Moses" we now need to mention.  
He still demands so much attention.  
This little fat dog  
Lives so high on the hog,  
He's on a perpetual convention.

It is true, he is Jenny's pet.  
But, he lives here with us yet.  
He sings in our trio  
For that he's a hero.  
But, he eats everything he can get.

**M**att and Jana to Texas have flown.  
They are down there all on their own.  
Matt's attending "UT"  
For a Master's Degree.  
As Scoutmaster in Church he is known.

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And Glad Tidings

# Merry Christmas

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His class year will be "Y2K."  
Information will be his main stay.  
Computers and such  
He uses them much.  
He'll get out as a new MBA.

Jana is back teaching school.  
But this time it's a little more cool.  
Kindergarten's the class  
Younger, but alas,  
Fractured families still are the rule.

In Austin, that's near San Antone  
Where the long horned cattle are grown,  
There's places to go  
River Walk, Alamo  
As the state capital Austin is known.

They will be there two years or so.  
The program has that long to go.  
Not sure what to do  
When once he gets through  
But by then he'll hopefully know.

**S**cott and Pam have a new little son.  
So now they have more than one.  
Chase Lee is his name.  
In July he came.  
To Mitchell, he seems really fun.

Scott is still making some chips  
For computers, for airplanes and ships.  
He works at Intel  
He likes it quite well.  
"We're still the best," he continually quips.

Albuquerque, (they call it Duke City)  
Has mountains and mesas quite pretty.  
Volcanoes, though dormant  
Provide more adornment  
A great place by any committee.

Mitchell is now three years old.  
The most active one in the fold.  
Articulate and smart  
He has a good heart.  
Does a few of the things he is told.

Mothering boys fills Pam's day.  
Teaching and helping them play  
On the fort in the yard  
On anything hard  
She must constantly show them the way.

**B**rad and Connie are still in LA.  
Down near Santa Monica Bay.  
The weather's first rate.  
A house that is great.  
But the neighborhood's going away.

Selling computers is Brad's sole vocation.  
He is keeping his unusual relation  
With Hollywood's elite  
Some you'd like to meet,  
Can be glamorous, but not a vacation.

Mike is attending junior high  
The minority population is high.  
White anglos are rare  
In fact, over there,  
Only four can be called a "White Guy."

Annie and Allie, are girls through and through.  
They always have something to do.  
*Beanie Babies* are fun.  
They have fifty-one.  
And they constantly add to the crew.

As Young Men's President Brad's on a search.  
He is constantly caught in a lurch.  
In gangs are his boys  
Real guns are their toys.  
But their only hope is the Church.

**G**reg and Cheryl are in Duke City too.  
They always have so much to do.  
Greg straightens smiles  
Cheryl drives miles and miles  
It seems like they never get through.

Greg's Mission President at the Stake  
You'd think they would cut him a break.  
Last seven in ten  
In Church he has been  
New converts working to make.

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To You and Yours

# Happy new year - 1999

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Brian's investigating this world to see  
Just what he'd really like to be.  
Computers his tool  
But no longer rule.  
His interests are much wider, you see.

Brent knows what he's all about.  
For him there is really no doubt.  
Basketball he will play  
Maybe even NBA  
If determination counts, then watch out.

Brooke is dainty and very demure.  
Too young to be really sure  
What she really wants.  
So her brothers she taunts.  
And the family revolves around her.

**J**ackie and John still remain  
In Missouri, the city's the same.  
The twenty seventh year  
That they have been here.  
We really are glad that we came.

Jackie is a seminary teacher.  
John just an old part time preacher.  
President of the Stake  
At least when awake.  
The Church is still their main feature.

To Moberly, Jackie brings shows,  
Concerts and who only knows.  
Her full time attention,  
We hasten to mention.  
Even if nobody goes.

John manufactures car parts  
For tractors and even golf carts.  
The economy's good  
Bout as good as it could  
It helps him perform as he should.

The family event of the year,  
The thanksgiving that was just here.  
We numbered nineteen  
Everyone made the scene  
We're a group now that really was clear.

We gathered down in Albuquerque.  
Where forty-seven percent of us be.  
Four days in the sun  
Twas mostly real fun.  
Food was great and lodging was free.

We could tell you a whole bunch more.  
That's what this letter is for.  
But something is better  
Than even this letter  
We are on the Internet now for sure.

**W**e have our own home page you see.  
The middle is Jorgensenfamily.  
The last part is "dot Org."  
Cause it rhymes with "Jorg."  
It begins with those "W's" three.

[www.jorgensenfamily.org](http://www.jorgensenfamily.org)  
Will get you the whole family "Jorg."  
There are pictures and stuff  
You'll find it enough  
Information about our small "borg."

You can also send us your news.  
Just click on the person you choose.  
Then follow directions.  
Send your recollections.  
And anything else we can use.

**I**n closing our message to you  
We point out each year as we do  
Remember the reason  
We celebrate this season.  
It is Christ and Our Heavenly Father too.

We know we are children of Our Father.  
Literally a son or a daughter  
Sent here to grow  
To learn and to know  
So, we might return to Him a lot smarter.

Again, we wish you the best  
Of blessings and all of the rest.  
From our home to you  
And your family too  
As we honor that Heavenly Guest.