



The century is over
It's come to its end.
Our thirtieth message
To you we now send.

Not only the century
Is ending just now
The millennium's close
Is starting to bow.

This calls for excitement
To do something great.
A momentous deed
To commemorate.

A new era dawning?
Wow! How will it be?
Lots of new stuff?
Is that what we'll see?

But thinking about it
Why all the fuss?
The world will not change
We can only change us.

The rules are immutable.
Yes, it is true.
Only I can change me.
Only you can change you!

So, let's look at this start
As we have those before
And try to improve
Just a little bit more.

Within in our own family
We have shuffled a bit.
Parenting is not over
We really can't quit.

Last year at this time
Our home was real quiet.
But this year, right now,
It's more like a riot.

Brad and his family,
They're now six in all,
Stopped by for a visit
at the beginning of fall.

Like so many others
In this economy strong
Brad was *downsized*
Isn't something wrong?

Brad lost his job.
For this we are sad.
They escaped from *LA*
For this we are glad.

It all worked out well.
Couldn't ask for much more.
They sold their home
For double and more.

The company committed
Moving expenses to pay.
They not only escaped,
They also made *hay*.

The kids are in school
In Moberly here.
After *LA Unified*
Things seem a bit queer.

All are doing so well
In about every way
They have all decided
It would be great to stay.

Brad's taking classes
At *M-A-C-C*.
Computer graphics and such
It's his same industry.

Connie is watching
And trying to see
Just how crazy
This situation can be.





Merry Christmas 1999

Grandma and Grandpa
Take it all in stride.
When they've had enough
They just go up and hide.

There's Annie and Allie
And Michael the boy
And then there is Aryn,
To all she brings joy.

Except for old Grandpa
He goes round and roun.
He gets nothing done
Cause he can't put her down...

Having grand kids around
Suits them just fine
It could be a lot worse,
They've a total of nine.

As is now the tradition
We met to have turkey
On Thanksgiving Day
In cold Albuquerque.

Gregory and Scott
Their kids and their wives
Are a half mile apart
As they're living their lives.

The other five grand kids
Are in families there
We were twenty in all
It caused many to stare.

Greg and Cheryl's routine
Appears stable, but
With three active kids
It is hardly a rut.

Brian's a teenager
He has *adolescence*.
Brent's right behind.
He makes known his presence.

Brooke just turned four.
What more need one say?
There is rarely a time
She doesn't get her way.

Cheryl is wrapped up
In schools - P T A.
President of Brent's.
In Brian's all the way.

Straightening out bent teeth
Remains Greg's forte.
He's now well established.
He likes being that way.

Scott, Pam and the boys
Continue to be
Trying new animals
It now is a kitty.

Scott is still with *Intel*.
Making *Pentium Chips*
Keeping every thing clean.
There can be no dust blips.

Pam takes great care
Of her two little boys.
Mitchell makes it interesting
Chase just makes noise.

Mitch just turned four.
Quite mature for his age.
It appears he is reading
From his Daddy's old page.

Chase appears to come
From the very same mold
He jabbars and jumps
And his manners are bold.

Matt and Janna
In Texas remain.
Janna's switched work.
But, Matt studies the same.

Happy New Year 2000





From the Jorgensens

Janna was teaching
For this she was trained.
But of outside problems
The kids mostly complained.

Still working with students
She continues to do,
But their average age
Is now twenty-two.

Matt's in his last year
At great *Texas U.*
An *MBA* he'll have
When he gets all through.

Job offers are coming.
For that Matt is glad.
It's West Coast or Texas
The choice is not bad.

Jenny's finishing school
As you read this epistle.
She'll have her degree
About this we all whistle.

She'll be staying on,
Out there in the West
Seeking new training
For her real interest.

A *BYU* graduate
She agreed she would be.
Now that's accomplished
It's old history.

Now, she'll move on.
We could not outguess her,
Cause her career choice
Is to be a hairdresser.

She will train there in Utah.
A year it will take.
BYU doesn't teach it,
Other plans she will make.

This year for Jackie
Is now number four
Of seminary each morning
As the three years before.

For the concerts here
She still is in charge.
The crowds however are
Seldom that large.

But this year was great
She filled up the hall.
Hello Dolly came here
And Jack had a ball.

John continues to be
In charge of the Stake.
After twenty three years
The Saints need a break.

His regular day job
Continues to be
Making car Parts
It's his whole history.

Then there's *Moses*, the dog.
His manners are bad
He thinks only of food.
Which makes humans mad.

As we approach
All these new beginnings
A good strong resolve
Can lead to new winnings.

But, if there is change
If it is so to be.
All of my future
Is up to just me.

Merry Christmas to you
And Happy New Year.
We wish you and yours
From all of us here.

Jackie, John & Jennifer

