Birthdays

**Man: "Birthdays are about more than just cake and ice cream, you know." After Garfield does not reply but remains silent, the man adds: "Okay, so they're not." Garfield: "You crazy kidder, you." *(Jim Davis, in Garfield comic strip***

**I was administering an achievement test to David, a precocious six-year-old, and I began by asking him when his birthday was. "February 20," was his quick response. Next I asked him, "What year, David?" He looked at me quizzically at first and then hit upon the obvious answer. "Every year." *(Jerry Mintz, in Reader's Digest)***

**The continued emphasis on austerity in government by Harry Moyer, mayor of Lima, Ohio, apparently had its effect on his staff one year. His office workers decided to throw a party for him on his 56th birthday, and accordingly chipped in to buy him a cake -- at half price. The inscription across the top of the mayor's cake boldly proclaimed: "Happy Birthday, Judy." *(Associated Press)***

**Birthdays awaken memories. Just a few months after my twenty-first birthday, I attended a seventy-ninth birthday party that I have never forgotten. It was Charles Fillmore’s. I had finished school and had just begun working at Unity. I went to a workers’ meeting. Mr. Fillmore, co-founder of Unity, was the speaker. He said: “Today is my birthday. I am seventy-nine. Seven plus nine, that adds up to sixteen, doesn’t it? Sweet sixteen is what I am today.” *(James Dillet Freeman)*How old is Baby Jesus? Four, according to my 6-year-old godchild, Shaun. While lighting the Advent wreath, Shaun observed that since Christmas is the celebration of the birthday of Baby Jesus, and there are four candles on the Advent wreath, then Jesus must be turning 4 this Christmas. *(Michael J. Bradley, in Catholic Digest)***

**Former baseball player Carlos May is the only big leaguer to have worn his birthday on his back. His number was 17, and his last name, which appeared above the number, read the same as the month in which he was born. *(Russ Edwards & Jack Kreismer, in The Bathroom Trivia Digest, p. 97)***

**A fellow asked his co-worker why he looked so glum. “Well,” the man replied, “my wife is mad at me. For a whole month she told me not to buy her anything for her birthday. And I still forgot to get her a present.”(James Dent, in Charleston, W. Va., Gazette)**

**Jimmy Carter describes a pet peeve: Perhaps because of my Navy training, punctuality has been almost an obsession. Rosalynn has always been adequately punctual, except by my standards. A deviation of five minutes or less in our departure time would cause a bitter exchange. One morning I realized it was Rosalynn's birthday and I hadn't bought her a present. What could I do that would be special for her? I hurriedly wrote a note: "Happy birthday! As proof of my love, I will never again make an unpleasant comment about tardiness." I signed it and delivered it in an envelope, with a kiss. More than four years later, I still keep my promise. It has turned out to be one of the nicest birthday presents for Rosalynn -- and for me. *(Jimmy & Rosalynn Carter, in Everything to Gain)***

A party without cake is just a meeting. *(Julia Child)*

**My birthday is December 25. Years ago, one Christmas Day in church, the minister asked the Sunday school children, “Who was born on this day?” Very proudly I put up my hand and said, “I was.” The silence that fell over the church made me realize what I had done. I wanted to crawl under the pews and escape out the front door. But I could only sit there and hang my head. After the service, the minister wished me a happy birthday, which made me feel better. I’ve carried this memory for 60 years, and I can laugh about it now. *(Janice Zozzaro, in Reminisce Extra magazine)***

Count your age by friends, not years. *(Submitted by Guideposts reader Susan J. Decuir)*

**Jailer: “Did you call me?” Hagar: “Yes, tomorrow is my birthday and I’d like to request my favorite birthday dishes, if I may!” *(Dik Browne, in Hagar the Horrible comic strip)***

**On the morning of his tenth birthday, our son told me, "Just think, Mom -- I'm in double digits now!" *(Evelyn Nystrom, in Reader's Digest)***

**To celebrate my father's birthday, my relatives gathered at a favorite Mexican restaurant. As we were led to our table, my mother mentioned the birthday to the waiter. Several minutes later, while we were studying the menu, five waitresses and waiters wearing brightly colored native clothing and carrying wands and tambourines emerged from the kitchen and began performing an elaborate dance around the table. When the beautiful presentation was over, one of the waitresses stepped forward and asked, “So who's the birthday boy?” “He's not here,” my uncle replied, “He went to the bathroom.” *(Thea Cooke, in Reader's Digest)***

Birthdays are good for you. Statistics show that the people who have the most live the longest. *(Rev. Larry Lorenzoni, in Reader's Digest)*

**Mildred and Patty Hill, two school teachers in Lexington, Kentucky, wrote the music for “Happy Birthday to You” in 1893. They originally called the song “Good Morning to You” for a classroom greeting. Later, they changed the words and the title to “Happy Birthday to You” – and the song became world famous. It’s possibly the most widely sung song in the world today, but its two creators – Mildred and Patty Hill – are pretty much forgotten. *(Charles Reichblum, in Knowledge in a Nutshell, p. 81)***

**Success is like reaching an important birthday and finding you're exactly the same. *(Audrey Hepburn)***

**It was little Laura's birthday and she happily called out to her neighbor and told him so. "Happy Birthday, Laura!" he called back. "And how old are you?" "Six, but I don't feel it!" she replied, and blithely skipped away. *(Milwaukee Journal)***

**I would like to abolish the idea of keeping track of birthdays so that none of us would know how many years we’ve lived. Throw away the records and forget all about the years. One of the saddest songs that ever escaped the lips of man is this: “Oh, I’m too old for that.” Why do they ask a man or woman applying for a job, “How old are you?" What difference does it make? It would be more sensible to ask, “How old do you think? How old do you feel?” There would be some sense to that. Your state of mind determines how old you are, so tear up the record of your age. Brush all the dust off yourself and look upon the world as new, as if it was born today, and you with it. Forget the lie that years make you old! *((Tony Wons, in Smooth Sailing)***

Party Politics: On March 26, retired Supreme Court Justice Sandra Day O'Connor turned 83 years old, and in a 5-4 decision, the Supreme Court wished her a happy birthday. *(David Letterman, as it appeared in the December, 2013 issue of Reader's Digest on page 104)*

**When my daughter-in-law did her practice-teaching, in a rural elementary school, her fifth-graders were given a special writing assignment on the anniversary of Lincoln's birthday. They were to imagine that they were living in the 1800s when Lincoln was President and were to write him a letter for his birthday. At the end of the school day, the letters were read. There were the usual happy birthdays. However, one boy felt compelled to add a postscript to his otherwise routine letter. It was: "P.S. Please, Mr. Lincoln, don't go to the Ford Theater." *(Mary Hopkins, in Reader's Digest)***

Dolly says to her Grandma: “I’m five now, but on my next birthday I start my age on a whole new hand.” *(Bil Keane, in The Family Circus comic strip)*

When a woman I know turned 99 years old, I went to her birthday party and took some photos. A few days later, I brought the whole batch of prints to her so she could choose her favorite. "Good Lord," she said as she was flipping through them. "I look like I'm a hundred." *(Helen B. Marrow, in Reader's Digest)*

Woman to husband looking at garden tools: "I want you to pick out the best. You gave me such a lovely ironing board for my birthday." *(Al Kaufman, in Weekday)*

Soon after my son's first birthday, I was sorting laundry and came across the pin he had worn to his party, which said "I Am One." When I unfastened the pin I noticed the small print around its rim: "Not suitable for children under three." *(Joanne Peters, in Reader's Digest)*

CHEERS ... to folks in Jackson, Mississippi, who threw a birthday party for a pothole. "I have been here over a year!" read a cheery sign posted above the chasm. "My little brother potholes, too!" Local Eddie Prosser hit on the idea after requests to the city went ignored. A TV news crews showed up, and the fissure got the birthday gift every pothole wants: a truckload of asphalt from city workers. *(AARP Bulletin / Real Possibilities)*

**Dennis says to Mr. Wilson: “Only three more shoppin’ days till my birthday, Mr. Wilson.” *(Hank Ketcham, in Dennis the Menace comic strip)***

**After photographing my client for a few minutes, I felt compelled to stop shooting and say, "I gotta tell ya, that's a great smile you have." Beaming, he said, "Thanks. I got it for my birthday." *(Beverly Guhl, in Reader's Digest)***

**When my wife celebrated her birthday recently, there were the usual jokes from family members about the number of candles on the cake. But she was able to blow out every candle in the customary single breath. As she beamed triumphantly at her hecklers, a piercing sound brought the festivities to a halt. When we realized what had happened, the teasing started anew -- the smoke from all the birthday candles had set off our newly installed smoke alarm. *(J. Tom Badgett, in Reader's Digest)***

**An office manager asked his employee why he was late for work again. “It’s not my fault,” said the man. “It’s that woman across the street. She’s so fastidious that when she goes skiing she wears a complete ski outfit; when she goes jogging she wears jogging clothes; and when she leaves for work she wears a business suit.” “So what?” asked the manager. “Well, today was her birthday.” *(Jerry Bryant, in Reader’s Digest)***

**On the morning of my birthday, my 6-year-old great-grandson came downstairs and wished me a happy birthday. "Do you know how old I am today?" He looked a little puzzled, then said, "Well, how old were you yesterday?" *(Madeline Tusing, in Country magazine)***

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