

On Having a BIG Birthday

☒ I turned 50 Friday.

It was a BIG birthday. I wanted it to be BIG. I invited friends to the house. My husband ordered wine and practiced smoking pork three times to make sure it would be perfect for The Day. We hired a Yard Guy to clean us up. I bought potted flowers to make believe I can keep plants alive. Despite threats, I was given lovely wine, books, cards and a cane with a rear view mirror. My parents, all three of my brothers and both my kids contacted me to wish me happiness. We laughed in very large quantities. After taking aspirin, I went to bed at 1:30 a.m., a time I hadn't seen in years. It was a blast (outdated boomer expression.)

I feel very thrilled with life. I am loved, life is more than a tad interesting, and I wish there more hours in every day to read, work on this site, sit mindlessly in the sun with appropriate sunblock, and talk to people. I only have one real regret in my life and that is that I didn't take touch typing in high school.

I'm a little embarrassed to be so happy, but everything's not perfect. We don't live close to our kids or our parents, our retirement account is pitiful, and the rental house we live in does not allow us to have pets. People we know and love are sick and are suffering, someone just lost a job, we wonder how we will ever be able to live through losing any of our parents. We're overweight.

But perfection is not what I'm looking for. I'm looking for satisfaction, meaning and an authentic life. I'd love to hear about your 50th birthday, and what you're looking for.