

For most people, a birthday is just .

Another year older,  
Some gifts,  
A party, perhaps,  
And greeting cards,

My birthday is ...

The day you were born,  
The day we first went out to dinner,  
The day you promised to marry me,  
The day we have celebrated together  
For almost two-score years.  
A day full of memories, and hopes,  
A day shared with the person I love most.

It makes all the difference.

If you wanted only diamonds, or clothing, or a cruise,  
Finding you the perfect gift would be easier to choose,  
But all you like are things to love, that live and eat and grow,  
So now I've got a life full of all these things, you know.

I used to think you crazy, a really easy touch,  
And then just irresponsible, for taking on so much.  
At times I would get angry, I'm sorry to admit,  
When loving you meant helping you care for all of it.

All these years I've watched you helping God to make things grow -  
The people, puppies, goats and sheep, and many I don't know,  
I know my life is richer because you've let me have a part  
In taking care of all that is closest to God's own heart.