

The Half-Century Club

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This morning, while Rick was outside cleaning the car, I was inside assembling the ingredients for a Greek salad, which was our contribution to a surprise birthday party we were going to this afternoon. This was the second fiftieth birthday party we were attending in as many weeks and we are still a little stunned, simply by the number 50. Rick and I both turned that half-century age earlier this year and are quite fine with being 50 but it still seems hard to believe we are that old. Now don't get me wrong, I am not implying that fifty is old; it just seems to have crept up on us because we really just don't feel like we are a half century old. It isn't until we actually see the number in such big print on birthday cakes that it actually sinks in that it is describing us too.

Murray and Barb Brown, our good friends from Newmarket have a cottage at Orkney Beach and we have attended many parties held either there or at their house in the city. 10 years ago, Murray managed to pull off a surprise 40th birthday party for Barb, which we attended and it just feels like yesterday. Now here we are, attending her 50th birthday party, something Murray has been planning since May and something he managed to keep her totally unaware of. Her birthday isn't until November but Murray wanted to celebrate the event when the weather was still nice enough to use the great outdoors and their cottage.

There were over 70 people in attendance including family members, other "1955er's" and many people we had met before at previous parties. Murray had assigned each attendee with the task of bringing a tasty dish and he provided a large roast "pig-on-a-spit". Barb was overjoyed to see that so many friends had come together on her behalf and everyone enjoyed the "birthday party reunion". Hopefully, by years end, we will be used to the fact that we and so many of our friends are all members of the half-century club.