

## Birth-day

I was born 55 years ago today. As I was pondering the meaning of this, and my gratefulness to my parents, and yearning for someone to remember this day with, I opened a card from good friend-of-my-mom-and-now-me Bonny (she of [Vintage Knit](#)), who thoughtfully remembered the day from her point of view, which was to be taking in my brother while my parents headed to the hospital.

It's a day when I am remembering the sweetness of life, and the quickness of time passing. At 55, I am pretty sure I've passed the half-way point of my life on earth. I am now the last one of my immediate family, and plenty of resources to choose the next things in life. It is a turning moment, a time to glance around and get perspective.

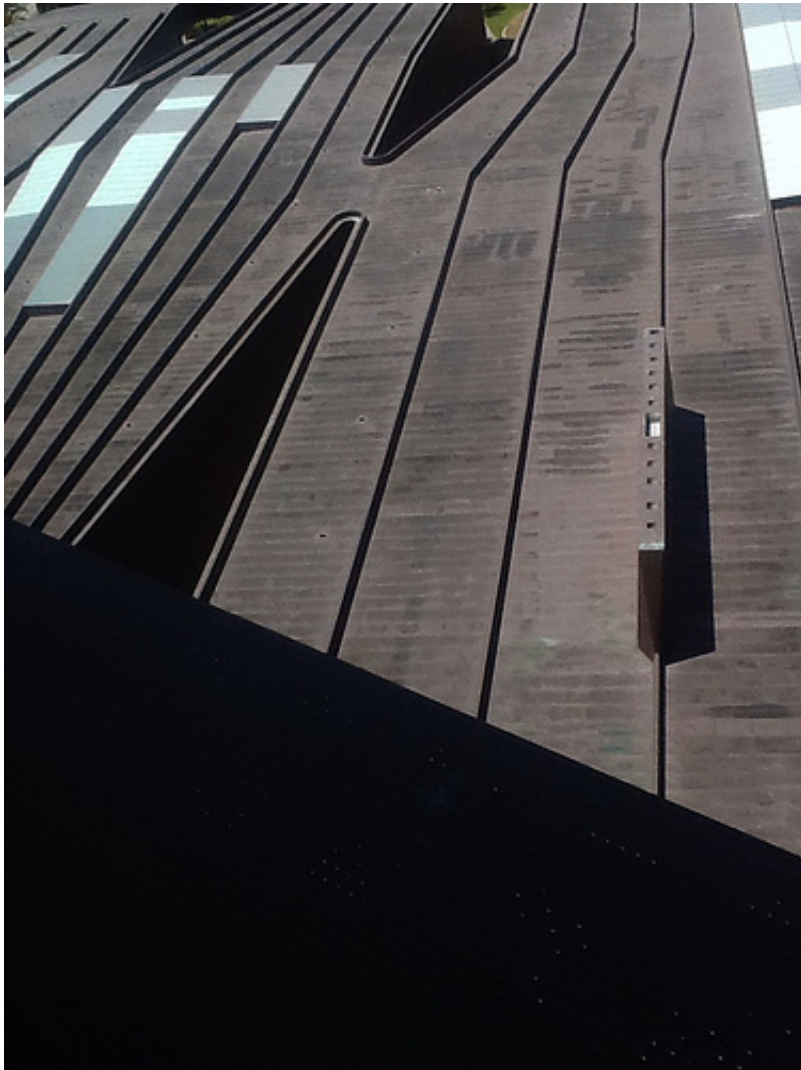
Two days ago I headed to the De Young Museum to see The Girl with a Pearl Earring exhibit - along with an exhibit on Rembrandt and etchings. I confess, I found the etchings to be tedious, and sighed a bit of relief when I got to the paintings with their riot and swirls of color. The room with the eponymous painting in it -- marvelous! I spoke with one of the docents later, and she remarked that with this painting, "you know that you are going to miss seeing this girl when you leave the painting."

Afterwards, I wandered up to the top floor of the museum which has pretty amazing views of the city and environs. And I got perspective:

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Some of the most interesting things I saw were in fact reflections - the indirect way of seeing:





*On this birth-day,  
a day which I will never remember but defines who I am,  
I can only see the reflection,  
but that is enough,  
more than enough.*