

## A Few Words on My Birthday by Jeremy Pinson

Today is my 27<sup>th</sup> birthday, let's begin with a joke:

Three women are in a locker room dressing to play racquetball when a man runs through wearing nothing but a bag over his head. The first woman looks at his penis and says "Well it's not my husband". The second says, "No it isn't", the third says, "He's not even a member of this club."

☺ Smile, you know your laughing. So I guess it's clear I am in a good mood today. Exactly 27 years ago my 27 year old single mother brought me into this world. She left my allegedly abusive father soon after my birth and I never saw him again. I hear I was a cute baby who never cried. The silence before the storm maybe? Ah, but I say it in jest. My life has been a portrait of turmoil. But in the last few years I've grown calmer, more contemplative, less materialistic and despite my environmental hardships more content with myself. I no longer worry what others think of me, I love myself for who I am. My opinions, my beliefs, my sexuality, are all my own and I am happy with them.

My 26<sup>th</sup> year of life brought me this blog, minor repairs to my relationship with my mother, legal

victories and defeats, a man who for a time I thought I loved but who now may be a friend for life, new insight on the world and the actions of those who inhabit it. Like Zen buddhists I believe the last year a satori has come to me, that's enlightenment for those of you unfamiliar with philosophy. Speaking of philosophy here are two philosophy jokes:

1. Define Existentialism? "You haven't lived until you think about death all the time."

2. A sadist is a masochist who follows the Golden Rule.

⇓ Too stuffy? Can't help myself; my 20<sup>th</sup> year was also spent reading the works of Plato (The Republic), Aristotle (Nicomachean Ethics), Machiavelli (The Prince), Descartes, Pascal, Kant, Nietzsche, Sartre and Camus. Is it any wonder I am crazy?

This year had its bad moments but that is life. We live, we love and we learn. Behind every tragedy is a cause. In front of it is inevitable joy. What seems hopeless today will seem trivial tomorrow. Now let's toast to the next 27 for me and for us all.

- Jeremy Dinn  
2/6/2013