

Let's Not Ever Speak Of It Again

The Festivities of my birthday week has come to a close. I would like to thank everyone who took the opportunity to make fun of my age by leaving me messages like, "Welcome to the dark side." And also by sending me emails like this one from young Erik:



Larry took me out for a very nice dinner at The Anaheim White House. Though I was tempted by the Gwen Stefani Ravioli—I got the Lobster.

My friend, Eve, hosted a birthday breakfast for Jana, Jill and I. It was lovely, just like Eve herself.



You need to know these things about Eve; she is French Canadian, she has exquisite taste, she has five kids and she is the best hostess you will ever meet. She does everything beautifully and to the inth...



I have tried to convince her to start her own blog, so she can enlighten us on how she does what she does so well, but, as I mentioned, she has five kids.

My Mom hosted a family birthday party for me. We had a dinner, followed by cake and ice cream. My Mom always makes me a pink cake. This one has the cherry ice cream inside.



The night Larry and I went to dinner, we go back and something brought us to YouTube and we started looking up old 80's videos. We spent over an hour watching ABC, Haircut 100 and Split Enz. I made an iMix and uploaded it to iTunes, just in case anyone wanted to see it or download any of those 80's memories. Search in "iMix" for "Suz loves the 80's" and you

can see it.



I am now firmly 40 years old. Let's not ever speak of it again.