

We are

A poem by Mark Lawton in honor of John & Beth Lawton's birthdays (70, 85)

We are daisy's keepers and airplanes on the strip.

We are the only Jews in the neighborhood and Dr and Dr Lawton

We are trips to Israel and propellers on the wall.

Eighteen million grandchildren and airplane hangers on fire.

We are psychoanalysis for the patients and unsolicited advice for the spouse.

We are, I cook and he cranks.

We are, I calculate and she volunteers.

We are 'Hey Beth' and "Yes, coming"

We are 'John ,don't complain to me' and 'Who else is handy.'

We are 'we went to a movie' and 'she took me to a movie'.

We are yet another letter to the coast guard and your father is still worried about the coast guard.

We are guests for thanksgiving, Passover, and Rosh Hassahnah.

We are pictures of the grandkids on the refrigerator and emails on the high holy days.

We are letters to the editor and technical corrections to every Tom, Dick, and Harry who thinks he's a technical Tom, Dick, or Harry.

We are Freudian analysis, and error correction codes, and a tree farm in Costa Rica.

We are 'Hey Bumbee' and 'John, I'm right here."

We are walks down the runway and yet another junked airplane to pick up.

We are second marriages, second languages, second airplanes, second cars, seconds that count, and seconds that don't.

We are life line flights, university women that matter, and let's eat right so we don't get fatter.

We are:

'I weighed myself six times today'

'George Bush is a disgrace'

'Bumbee, Don't get yourself all worked up.'

'Daisy be quiet.'

'Beth, they want you on the horn.'

'Stand by.'

'George Bush is a disgrace.'

'Don't excite yourself.'

'Can you sew this on for me?'

'John, listen to the doctors.'

'Ahhh, they don't know anything...'

"George Bush is a disgrace."

"Bumbee, don't excite yourself."

We are donations to good causes.
Donations to Jewish causes.
Donations to kids in the ghetto.

We are picnics by the pond and algae in the pond and exotic species in the pond.
We are love for ten children and love for millions of grandkids and love for one another.
We are one hundred fifty five years of experience, expertise, and excellence.
One hundred fifty five years of youth and getting younger.
One hundred fifty five years of laughter, sadness, and not getting older getting better.
One hundred fifty five years of learning, yearning, and earning.

We are, we are, we are..... We are one hundred fifty five years old.