

Happy 60th Gary

Gary, we celebrate your 60th
with the energy of a pep rally,
except instead of a stadium
we're here in the Napa Valley!

What a tribute to your success,
your skills and expertise.
Born with a silver spoon in your mouth,
you now wear the Golden Fleece.

As a kid you wanted to be
a hero wearing a tie,
which suits your personality
since you're a formal kind of guy.

When you were little you met
Roy Rogers in Tennessee.
What an incredible omen:
Happy Trails for a VIP!

You've always been my hero,
my strong supporter, my bookmark.
At Appleby Jr. High you picked me up
in your Studebaker Lark.

You were three years older
and always very late,
but I got to sit with a six-pack of boys -
a girl couldn't ask for a better fate.

In Florence, Alabama, I remember
how you sweet-talked every meter maid.
You would roll up all their change,
looking for coins that were top-grade.

You would pick watercress and mint
from Aunt Huldie's backyard,
then sell them right back to her:
A's for *savvy* on your report card.

At Vanderbilt you fixed me up
on dates with your ZBT brothers.
You'd go out on the dates with us,
talk about the Smothers, brother!

You dated all the cutest girls
and I could go along,
as long as I paid everyone's way.
I was Fay Wray, you were King Kong.

You've reimbursed me tenfold,
all those wonderful visits to Dallas,
spending time with your family
in your comfortable Texas palace.

Under your yearbook picture it reads
The wisdom of many, the wit of one.
What a prophecy for your future -
you were destined to be a *top gun*.

You possess the wisdom of years,
you'll pass it along to your sons.
Michael and Grant, cherish your dad—
his character is always *well done*.

You're a Southern gentleman, generous,
with a heart of gold that's strong.
A mover and a shaker,
your passion for dark chocolate is lifelong.

Henry and Linda and I recall
a particular game of strip poker.
When our parents came home we were naked,
except for you - Gary the Joker.

You always kept a survival kit,
everything smoked and gourmet.
To my brother - a man ahead of his time,
you'll survive your 60th birthday.

Dorothy and Melvin would be so proud
to be with us today.
Their spirits fill this room with love,
though both are far away.

A lucky man is measured
by the woman at his side.
Patty is your genuine fortune,
your beautiful new bride.

Claire, your precious granddaughter,
shining star with the gorgeous blue eyes.
Shopping with her at Neiman's
is more fun than the jets you fly.

*You have passed your most difficult test,
your friend is the man in the glass.*
I love my fabulous brother.
Gary, you'll always be first in your class!!

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