Happy birthday, Popi!

I'm writing this on the evening of November 28th, 2011 after having spent a week celebrating Thanksgiving and Julian's first birthday.

For Julian's birthday, we made a carrot cake—the recipe of which I got from my mom who got it from her mom. I also made a little cupcake which we gave to Julian. Being 1, he didn't really understand the whole cupcake thing, so he was more interested in the paper plate the cupcake was sitting on than the cupcake itself. He didn't spit on the cupcake when blowing out the candle, though that's likely because he didn't actually blow out the candle since he doesn't really understand the whole candle thing, either. I've tried to explain to him that this is the last year his age is the same regardless of which base you use (base 2, base 10, etc). He doesn't really understand the whole base thing. In fact, I don't think he's aware of numbers at all, yet. I'm sure things will be different next year.
One thing that Julian's birthday denotes is that I've been a parent for a whole year now. It's an interesting job to have and a role to fill. In some ways it's like other jobs I've had and roles I've filled, but in other ways it's very different. Amongst other things, co-workers at other jobs don't drool on me.

While we've been parenting for the greater part of the last year and doing a lot of work in that role (and it takes up lots of time), I'm cognizant of the fact that we've had lots of help from parents, siblings, grandparents, aunts, uncles, friends, neighbors, and a variety of other people.

Thank you so much for your help. He's too small to understand now, but it's something we hope to impress upon him as he grows older.

We've included a few pictures of the little guy that we thought you would either enjoy or at least find interesting.

We hope your birthday brought with it joy and a cupcake (or at least an interesting plate).

Love,