

#30 Ronda's 41st Birthday

My wife today is one year older.
She's the girl I love, I've always told her.
She's the proverbial apple of my eye
So I wrote this poem and I'll tell you why.

God told me Himself this is the girl I will marry
When she came down the steps after washing her hair. He
Made this girl to be my helpmeet
And it took her love to make me complete!

Because a man without a wife is like
A singer in a band without a mike
Who can't tell the world how much to him she means...
Especially when she's wearing her tightest blue jeans!

The funny thing is that the one year has added
A certain charm to her rear end that's now padded
With maybe an inch of new cushion for daddy...
Who's really so grateful she could never be called fatty!

She's kept herself in such marvelous shape.
When she walks in the room I long to close the drape
And make mad passionate love to her...at least for a while.
Although to do it I'd probably have to chase her a mile!

LOVE,
Your husband forever...
RICHIE

This card came on a card that read...
Don't think of it as having another birthday!
Think of it as I do...the anniversary of the day
The world was graced with your presence!

Rich Kovatch
3-7-2000