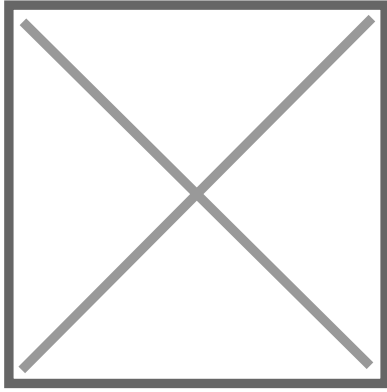




Birthdays, Synonyms of Love and Kindness

Description

I've always loved birthdays. And because my mind remembers little details such as birthday dates, I'm usually able to remember the most important ones and I like to.

If you know me, you know how positive I am and it just makes sense for me to be excited about birthdays: how much more lively and happy than a birthday can you get? It seems like a little thing, it's just one person's special day, one might say, but let's think about it for a second (okay, maybe a little more). Is it that little?

A birthday means **life**. A birthday means that **x years ago**, you made someone's day, maybe two people's days, probably more people's days, just because you took your birth breath, your first cry, and were on your way to doing *your first everything*. **X years ago**, on that very same day, you made people happy. You came into the world. Another human life came into this world, and it was a miracle.

Or maybe you didn't make anyone happy, which is probably a lie, but let's say you didn't. You cannot just deny the fact that **x years ago**, you came into this world, and it was a miracle. The union of two people allowed you to be created. Flesh and flesh made more flesh, mind, and mind made more mind, and that's you. A human life made out of other human lives.

You are life. And your birthday needs to be celebrated for this very reason.

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My sister and I for her 16th birthday. Sheâ??s about to blow candles on her â??[Merveilleux](#)â??, a delicious home every time one of us in the house would turn a year older until I moved out.

Another important reason why I love birthdays is because on those particular days, people always **always** *always* show how kind and thoughtful they can be. Birthdays are filled with love, laughter, and positivity.

Iâ??ve received messages and calls from 5 different continents, I received *mate* from Argentina, a card from France, jasmine tea from China, virtual and real hugs and kisses from all over Europe and each little gift I was given all contained at least one thing: **love**.

Love. On all five continents, in all hearts, thereâ??s kindness and love. People willingly take a few minutes, maybe even just seconds (3â??³ to click on the link given by Facebook to post a 3-word message that will take 10â??³ to write, and 1â??³ to move the cursor and press *enter*) to wish someone else a happy birthday, or say congratulations, or maybe something else, depending on the language used by and the personality of the sender.

Maybe thereâ??s Facebook, youâ??ll say. Maybe itâ??s just because itâ??s there and so people click the button. And maybe they donâ??t know you but write to you either way because itâ??s there. But thatâ??s not what Iâ??m talking about. Iâ??m not talking about motivations. Whatever your reason for writing a birthday message, for writing anything positive, any good thought â?? what matters is the

intention. People clicked on the link Facebook gave them. People can click. People can write good things. People can do acts of kindness.

It warms my heart â?? not because people thought of me specifically, but because people can think of others and take time for others. Kindness. Love.

Kindness. Love. If I have a drink tonight, Iâ??ll raise my glass to humanity, and to kindness and to love.

Category

1. English
2. France
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Tags

1. kindness
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