

A Collection of Birthday Poems for

Adam Jacob Manick

Written by His Dad

Steve Manick

Adam's 1st Birthday

by Steve Manick

He was born Adam Jacob on the tenth of July,
The skills he brought with him were eat, sleep and cry.

Being a parent's not easy, "do you think we will last?"
For the days are all hectic, and sleep a thing of the past.

Six months Darlene nursed him, gave him milk from the breast,
She would feed him and change him, and keep him well dressed.

Adding on to the house at that time was a blooper,
Adam braved the construction and came through like a trooper.

He spent his days active, getting larger and bolder,
But each night would poop out, asleep on Dad's shoulder.

How to honor his son was a question to grapple,
Daddy planted a tree, and it's called "Adam's Apple."

Darlene kept him healthy, fed him peas, fruit and squash,
Steve sneaked him ice cream, everyone needs a nosh.

What a cute little boy, and he looks just like Dad,
But he has Mommy's eyes and I don't think that's bad.

Adam has his own Web page, the world knows he's enjoyed,
And Daddy helps keep the photo finishers employed.

We lauded his first tooth, watched him take his first crawl,
He would clap and he'd wave, and he'd stand up so tall.

With that smile on his face and that sweet disposition,
Bringing happiness and joy is surely his mission.

So we'll light up a candle for Adam's first year,
And tell him we love him, we're so glad he's here.

Adam's 2nd Birthday by Steve Manick

In his second year Adam has shown us his style,
Infectiously happy, always wearing a smile.

He learned how to walk and now feeling quite freed,
He keeps us all running with his cunning and speed.

At twenty months old he was half his Dad's height,
And solidly built, he eats all food in sight.

He's got Dad's sense of humor and Mom's carefree ways,
You can tell that he loves life in the way that he plays.

He'll ride in his wagon or swing from the tree,
And read Corduroy books sitting on his Dad's knee.

The computer's a toy and the keys are to whack,
Pushing coins and toy pieces into each slot and crack.

For social instruction Mommy takes him to class,
But he tackles the girls for a kiss as they pass.

Adam knows half the letters and counts through his teens,
He observes and he wonders and says what he means.

When we come home from work, all the stress disappears,
With one look at his face, hear his voice as he nears.

Even times he may scream, dump his food in a heap,
We'll sneak into his bedroom, just to watch him at sleep.

So big for his age, and he's learning so fast,
The baby we knew is now far in the past.

So we'll light two more candles and we'll all sing out loud,
As parents we love him and could not be more proud.

Adam's 3rd Birthday by Steve Manick

The years go so quickly, the progress we see,
It's hard to believe Adam's already three.

In his twos he was testing and learning his bounds,
Questioning all and exploring the grounds.

At forty-five pounds he wears size seven pants,
Too bad there's no preschool with linebacker grants.

He'll correct Mommy's grammar and call Daddy's bluff,
He's caring and funny, and certainly tough.

He plays with computers, he can handle a mouse,
His other toys scattered all over the house.

We took him to Disney, where he'd get in for free,
But the theme park employee said he's older than three.

Mom cooks all his favorites, makes sure he's well fed,
At night Daddy sings him "Goodnight" by his bed.

There's buttons and switches, pushing all he can find,
It's sure that he has a mechanical mind.

Mom brought home a puppy that was given for free,
But she chewed up his toys and then ate up his tree.

To put up with our schedules he wakes up at five,
But no better companion is there on a drive.

It was three years ago that we first met this boy,
And every day since has expanded our joy.

So we'll light up some candles, put some cake in a dish,
For his health and well-being is our ultimate wish.

Adam's 4th Birthday by Steve Manick

Well, Adam's now four, you should see how he's grown,
He's smart and he's funny, with a mind of his own.

We shook up his world when we moved across town,
But Adam adjusted, not a tear nor a frown.

He started in school and he's learning so fast,
Those diapers we changed are now things of the past.

He swims in the pool and gets soaked with the hose,
And loves to be tickled, once broke Daddy's nose.

We've camped in King's Canyon and slept in a tent,
By the end of the day Mom and Dad are quite spent.

He'll walk through the house and dust with a broom,
But we can't seem to get him to clean up his room.

Like Dad he is stubborn, with a technical mind,
Like Mom he's good-looking, but his keys he won't find.

He breaks up his toys just to see how they run,
And watching you fix things is his idea of fun.

The evenings are spent watching animal shows,
Then a book before bed and he's starting to doze.

Sometimes quite aggressive, he jumps and he runs,
But doesn't like movies with bad guys or guns.

We worry and praise, our love knows no bound,
If we wanted a purpose, that's just what we found.

Four candles we'll light and a party we'll make,
And no doubt see Adam all covered with cake.

Adam's 5th Birthday by Steve Manick

Adam's now five- how the years quickly passed,
That child we once knew has grown up so fast.

An inquisitive mind, independent and strong,
You believe what he says, for he's often not wrong.

An alumnus from preschool, his projects are cool,
The summer he spends splashing 'round in the pool.

We buy Adam toys, they're all high-tech and slick,
But he'll keep himself busy with a box or a stick.

He likes to be helpful and wants to be grown,
But won't miss a Rugrats, knows each one they've shown.

He's way off the charts when you look at his size,
We sometimes forget he's not one of the guys.

He helps his dad fix every toy that he breaks,
And helps out his mom with the cookies she bakes.

When we do something fun he says "do it again,"
We roll around laughing on the floor of the den.

With an energy likely to wear adults down,
Adam laughs and he runs, rarely wearing a frown.

We'll read him a story, tuck him in, say goodnight,
And watch him so peaceful, what a beautiful sight.

As parents we love him, we're proud of this boy,
Each moment we spend is a lifetime of joy.

We'll sing "Happy Birthday," his friends will be there,
The candles we'll light and the frosting he'll wear.

Adam's 6th Birthday by Steve Manick

It's hard to believe Adam's already six,
He's growing so quickly and learning new tricks.

Still huge for his age, he is solid and strong,
A halfback or forward he will be before long.

He wants to be liked and for friends he does care,
He plays long and hearty, with the grace of a bear.

We threw him a curve when we moved from our home,
But the new house he likes and there's more room to roam.

He loves shooting baskets and he swims in the pool,
You should see him near girls, when he tries to act cool.

His homework comes first, 'fore he goes out to play,
He can read us a story at the end of the day.

He loves to help dad fix the things 'round the house,
Or to use mom's computer, clicking 'way with the mouse.

The thousands of questions keep us on our toes,
He's excited to share all the things that he knows.

There's a new school in fall as he starts his first grade,
A stirring adventure, new friends to be made.

And a new role ahead, as he'll be a big brother,
For a better example I could think of no other.

I wish him one day for a child of his own,
To return him the joy and the love that we've known.

We'll eat, light some candles and watch the kids play,
And honor our Adam on his special birthday.

Adam's 7th Birthday by Steve Manick

It's hard to believe seven years have gone past,
Since Adam was born and a family was cast.

He's big and he's strong, also handsome and smart,
And loving and giving, with a sensitive heart.

He was beaming with pride at the birth of his sister,
The first time he saw her he held her and kissed her.

To share our attention was something quite new,
He later discovered there was now room for two.

We help him with homework, he reads every night,
First grade is now over, with second in sight.

And this was the year Adam got into sports,
From learning taekwondo to dribbling down courts.

This age is not easy, he wants to be bolder,
We sigh when we tell him to "wait 'til you're older."

He will sometimes engage an adult conversation,
Then run through the room with a child's elation.

An inquisitive boy with such good observations,
He loves science and magic, wanting good explanations.

Our lives are much brighter, he's brought us such joy,
Dad tells him each night that "I'm glad you're my boy."

But the thing we're most proud of, far from any other,
Is the way he's grown into the role of big brother.

For his birthday he waits every day of the year,
We hope that it's magic and wish him good cheer.

Adam's 8th Birthday by Steve Manick

The time seems so short since Adam entered our clan,
Eight years have gone by and our boy's a young man.

He likes playing soccer, swims all summer long,
Playing catch with a baseball, this kid is so strong.

He loves making magic, performing his tricks,
And doing taekwando, with punches and kicks.

And Adam loves school, he'll be starting grade three,
But what he loves most are the days he is free.

He plays with his sister, she follows his lead,
They laugh and they tumble, they're two of a breed.

With an innocence left but a wisdom unfurled,
It's a difficult task making sense of this world.

He eats with a gusto, with each growing spurt,
But the question that's constant is "what's for dessert?"

At times it appears Adam's deep in a trance,
Then we notice he's playing his Gameboy Advance.

He reads books in bed till we tell him "lights out,"
An attempt to read longer is never in doubt.

It's science he loves, working late many nights,
Electronic kits built with motors and lights.

He emulates dad nearly all the day through,
If dad doesn't do it then Adam won't too.

Eight years have now passed and he's gotten so far,
In eight more he'll be asking for the keys to the car.

So we've a reason to gather and all celebrate,
Cause it's Adam's birthday and we all think he's great.

Adam's 9th Birthday by Steve Manick

It's hard to believe Adam's already nine,
He's handsome and smart-- he's grown up so fine.

He's now starting tennis, just to see if he'll hack it,
We know he'll do fine, he's at home with a racket.

The girls seem to like him, he's funny at school,
But he won't seem to notice, 'cause that's just not cool.

With electronic kits he will wire and build,
To learn about science he's certainly thrilled.

He teases his sister and gets her to scream,
Then hugs and protects her-- they're quite a good team.

We go to the mountains, so nature he'll know,
Taking photos like Ansel, and playing in the snow.

As a boy he gets wet, sometimes covered with dirt,
He dives and he tumbles, but rarely gets hurt.

With dad he is learning computers and tools,
And mom is involved with his various schools.

He loves to go bowling, the thrill of a strike,
And learning 'bout magic, and riding his bike.

His knowledge is broad and convictions are strong
If you think you know better, you're probably wrong

He's one of a kind and they've since broke the mold,
A generous boy with a heart made of gold.

We want him to know that we're proud how he's grown,
With his family and friends and a day all his own.

Adam's 10th Birthday by Steve Manick

It was ten years ago on the tenth of July,
Adam entered our world and brightened our sky.

He's grown up so handsome, sometimes we just stare,
If only he'd get used to combing his hair.

You'll see in his heart he is gentle and kind,
A more loyal friend you're not likely to find.

On his Mac he will work, making cards for his friends,
And surfing the Web, learning all the new trends.

When electronic gadgets have gone to their doom,
They enjoy a new life strewn across Adam's room.

His sister adores him, she follows him 'round,
They tease and they giggle, and roll on the ground.

His questions are rapid, creatively thought,
You can bet that you're going to be put on the spot.

He bowls spares and strikes, throws a baseball with ease,
A sensitive boy, Adam's eager to please.

He loves watching programs that rebuild a house,
And learning 'bout science with a click of a mouse.

He sees the new gadgets and wants one of each,
Those cell phones and iPods are just out of reach.

And soon there'll be girls but for now they're enigmas,
He plays with his pals, to avoid any stigmas.

At times we will push him, be strict or too loud,
But always we love him and tell him we're proud.

So his birthday is here and we hope he has fun,
But the gift to our family is a wonderful son.

Adam's 11th Birthday by Steve Manick

Eleven years old, and we knew from the start,
Our Adam would grow up so handsome and smart.

He's done with fifth grade and now middle school's here,
It won't be too long 'til he's buying a beer.

Supportive and loyal, and not into trends,
He plays with his sister and hangs with his friends.

He's got all the gadgets and none seem too tough,
It seems two computers just aren't quite enough.

A cell phone he wants and the reasons he'll tout,
To him it's a wonder you could grow up without.

For vacation he'll pack, but his clothes will stay here,
His suitcase is filled with electronic gear.

With dad he will go and do errands all day,
They'll eat and shop hardware, they're two guys at play.

His well thought out questions are frequent and tough,
'Bout science and life, and all kinds of stuff.

His parents will beg him to clean up his room,
But the look is as though he's been sent to his doom.

He's sometimes impatient, he wants something new,
Yet a project for school will wait 'til it's due.

Mom makes him a breakfast, and packs up his lunch,
But a hot dogs are best, or some popcorn to munch.

He's thoughtful and kind, he will make you a card,
Or bring you a drink when you work in the yard.

Celebrating his birthday is always a joy,
You should know by now that we're proud of this boy.

Adam's 12th Birthday by Steve Manick

Our Adam is twelve and he's grown up so strong,
He's handsome and true, and he knows right from wrong.

A middle school year has brought changes indeed,
A safe place to learn is what all children need.

Electronic kits he assembles with pride,
He took 'part his laptop to see what's inside.

He'll speed down the street on his skateboard or bike,
And if you'll persuade him, he'll go on a hike.

He's quite a good camper but what he desires,
Is roasting marshmallows and stoking the fires.

He teases his sister, she'll tattle and scream,
But with common goals they can make quite a team.

His questions are frequent and challenge the mind,
You need to stay sharp or you'll fall far behind.

A collection of toys can be found 'cross his floor,
No carpet can be seen from his bed to his door.

A house for the cats he would build near his bed,
But Luna and Tigger sleep right at his head.

A cell phone, a laptop, he sure wants them all,
Long gone are the days of a quarter a call.

Dad loves the moments they're shopping for tools,
And mom rolls her eyes when he's bending the rules.

Frustrating it is that he wants to grow fast,
Yet wisdom will say to make each moment last.

Our love has no bounds, and we all feel so proud,
As a son and a friend he stands out in a crowd.

Adam's 13th Birthday by Steve Manick

At thirteen years old, Adam's almost a man,
From child to adulthood he's starting to span.

He loves taking pictures and working with tools,
And trying new root beers and swimming in pools.

A pack-rat by nature, he collects and he stores,
You know where he's been 'cause you can't see the floors.

He hunts down the cats and they run and they skitter,
But he doesn't like having to clean out their litter.

Their eight-mile walks are the height of dad's week,
A quick stop for coffee and for hours they'll speak.

Though Adam's impulsive, he knows wrong from right,
And strangers have praised him for being polite.

He really loves camping, you'd see him perspire,
As he's chopping up wood and stoking the fire.

His mom is his chauffeur, with rarely a pause,
She's there to defend him, and fight for his cause.

He doesn't like homework or doing his chores,
But he'll jump right to action for ice cream or s'mores.

And when he's inspired, to his workbench he darts,
He'll look through dad's boxes of electronic parts.

His collection of gadgets would awe most adults,
You'll question the need 'til you see the results.

He fights with his sister, they tattle and shout,
Then cheers and defends her when she's down and out.

As he enters his teens we just want him to hear,
Happy birthday, Adam, have a wonderful year.

Adam's 14th Birthday by Steve Manick

At fourteen years old Adam's quite a young man,
With thoughts of his future and starting to plan.

A middle school grad, he's done more than just pass,
Respected by teachers and all of his class.

He's big and he's handsome, and smart as a whip,
And taller than Mom, plus he has quite a grip.

He had his Bar Mitzvah, he made us so proud,
With confidence standing in front of a crowd.

Intelligent questions that don't seem to end,
He wants to keep up with each gadget and trend.

He knows high-tech toys and he's got all the apps,
Inventing new things that are salvaged from scraps.

A robotic camp made him quite a constructor,
He knew more bout 'lectronics than did his instructor.

His signature look is his hair tossed about,
But girls will soon change that beyond any doubt.

He likes taking pictures and has the best gear,
From Yosemite's snow to Santa Monica Pier.

His long hikes with Dad give them time to relate,
And Mom will encourage, and tell him he's great.

He teases his sister, they pass 'round the blame,
Then sits down to teach her to win at a game.

He's taught us so much in the last fourteen years,
We love Adam dearly, to that we say "cheers."

Adam's 15th Birthday

by Steve Manick

At fifteen years old Adam's big and he's strong,
From a child to a man sure doesn't take long.

With feet of size twelve and a voice more mature,
The girls will soon notice, he's got that allure.

He's teaching robotics to children at camp,
When finished they battle, to see which is champ.

He knows all the gadgets, and websites he'll surf,
When talk turns to high-tech it's right on his turf.

He lives for his Apples, his iPod and Mac,
An iPad and iPhone will soon be on track.

His teachers adore him, his grades are quite good,
Respected by classmates, he does what he should.

With his sister he'll tease and push to her limit,
They'll argue non-stop, 'til he's sure that he'll win it.

With Dad he'll go walking, six miles or more,
Then go to hang out at the 'lectronic store.

When Mom needs some help with her iPad or phone,
He's there to explain 'til the answer is known.

But cleaning the litter for five cats is rough,
And chores are a nuisance, boy life sure is tough.

He's learning his cameras, and how to create,
Of nature and people, the photos are great.

A Sagebrush burrito: it never can hurt,
But dinner's not over 'til after dessert.

Sometimes he's a mentor, sometimes he's a goon,
It's scary to think that he'll be driving soon.

He thinks to the future: a college degree,
His life is a canvas, just what will he be?

And at fifteen years old, he sure speaks his mind,
We're proud of our Adam, he's one of a kind.

Adam's 16th Birthday by Steve Manick

At sixteen years old, Adam's quite a young man,
From crawling to driving in such a short span.

Just two years of high school then college is next,
But which one to go to—it has him perplexed.

His grades are quite good and his test scores are high,
Passing exit exams on the very first try.

A technical problem at school can be solved,
By seeking out Adam to get him involved.

He went to State Finals by building a car,
He guided his team and he stepped up so far.

Still teaching robotics but thinking of more,
Perhaps there's a job at a technical store.

He has a new bike and he's riding 'round town,
His new sense of freedom will never go down.

He can't wait to drive and he's ready to leap,
Rehearsing the words "can I borrow the Jeep?"

And just like his dad there's a camera in hand,
He loves taking pictures, they all come out grand.

He builds at his workbench, inventing new things,
We see the fulfillment and joy that it brings.

Polite and well-mannered, he knows how to act,
Yet teenage defiance is sometimes a fact.

He still won't admit that he notices girls,
But it won't be long 'til his interest unfurls.

His sister adores him, and seeks his advice,
He'll get her Mac running, or fix a device.

Soon he'll be shaving, maybe combing his hair,
To say he is handsome I think is quite fair.

This summer is busy with classes in school,
But camping and Maui will make it seem cool.

We're all proud of Adam; we wish him good cheer,
With wonderful memories throughout the next year.

Adam's 17th Birthday

by Steve Manick

At seventeen years, Adam's almost a man,
To look to his future he'll soon need a plan.

He'll graduate high school in just one more year,
His grades are quite good, with college so near.

He's up doing homework 'til well past midnight,
When I look from the bed I can still see his light.

His teachers rely on his technical mind,
To fix their computers, get out of a bind.

He teaches robotics to young girls and boys,
And uses his income to fund all his toys.

For hours he'll sit at his iMac and surf
Technology being his personal turf

He loves to go camping and does what he should
Like starting the fires and chopping the wood

We photographed stars in Yosemite's night,
And stood in the cold just amazed at the sight.

He loves to eat sushi, and spice doesn't hurt,
His daily routine ends with "what's for dessert?"

It does take some prodding in doing a chore,
Just look in his room and you won't see the floor.

With new independence, he's all over town,
In busses he travels, you can't keep him down.

He's learning 'bout cars and is ready to drive,
For most teenagers it's a must to survive.

So Adam's last days as a child are here,
We wish for his birthday a wonderful year.

Adam's 18th Birthday

by Steve Manick

It takes eighteen years to become an adult,
And Adam is worthy, just see the result.

The teachers and students respect him at school,
They voted him Prom King because he is cool.

At school graduation he gave us a speech,
And now bound for college, the heights he will reach.

It was a tough year with his parents' divorce,
But Adam was focused in staying the course.

He's learning to drive, putting miles on the Jeep
He'll need to save money, 'cause gas isn't cheap.

He did earn a license for Ham radio,
And even got Dad to go with the flow.

He bought a new camera, a pack filled with gear,
His photos are stunning, artistic and clear.

He knows how to use every gadget around,
The hardware, the software, the hot and the ground.

He's now into sushi, and coffee and teas,
He makes quesadillas, with chicken and cheese.

Political issues are now on his mind,
And now he can vote so a voice he will find.

We went to Kings Canyon and camped by a creek,
Took photos, did puzzles for most of the week.

I'll never forget all the late nights we share,
With popcorn and Scrabble and talks so aware.

Marching a beat from his own special drum,
I'm ever so proud of the man he's become.

So be an adult but please keep this in mind:
Don't ever let the child get too far behind.

My wish for you now is a life full of joy,
But always remember: you'll still be my boy.