

Please join me in celebrating yet another dance around the sun. This party is not only about celebrating life and loving life, but also about raising awareness for HIV/AIDS awareness. It's my passion to dispel the lingering stigma that has plagued it since the early 80s and blanket it with a more positive overture.

I want to celebrate my birthday this year by giving people the opportunity to give in the name of something bigger than us. Simply put, what better reason is there to throw a party and allow the ones you love to collaborate in creating a special memory? God's Love We Deliver is an organization I hold very close to my heart. They have been pioneers since the early '80s in helping AIDS afflicted people by providing individually tailored meals to those too sick to nourish themselves. That they are now able to do so for all people suffering in such a way is a testament to their staying power and dedication.

Here's the opportunity for you to give a few dollars – for this year, for next year, for every year you would give me a gift ... give to this organization: God's Love We Deliver.

My introduction to God's Love was augured by way of a man named Ike in early 2005. To describe Ike in words does little to represent the largeness of his likeness to life. In a rocker-tough, tattoo-inked beast of a man, there beats a golden heart. This man drove a truck around delivering meals to harrowing parts of the city.

One day, I was gifted the opportunity to personally deliver meals with Ike along his delivery route. This was a window into a world that I am constantly surrounded by, yet hardly ever get to glimpse through. Imagine an older, broken-down apartment building, where we were welcomed by a bright-souled man with a life-altering illness. Here is a man so ill he cannot reasonably feed himself; yet, he spent the entire morning preparing for Ike to stop by with this delivery. To witness the joy on this man's face when he received Ike handed him his home-cooked food renders me speechless to this very day. Ike wasn't just delivering food—he was delivering LOVE.

It is a full circle act of humanity to see a person being given something so basic as food, and yet so profound as love, want to give back.

As many of you don't live in New York City, you will be with us in spirit (OF COURSE); please, give a part of who you are, who I have come to know and love, to this broader community. Give to a cause that I hold dear. And for all those of you who will be able to join us, please expect nothing shy of the classic, enchanted, NY, eclectic experience full of joy. A party is after all nothing less than the sum of its participants. And to be clear, there will be a setting worthy of the most lovely people: hosted at La Colombe, lit with candles, displays of cheese and crudité will abound. There will be live music brought by some of my dearest, most talented friends, and a DJ creating a mellifluous backdrop. We will have a couple of raffle packages, a silent auction, and a celebration of this community.

The story of this soiree is the story of giving. This is a celebration of love (VALENTINE'S WEEKEND), music, food, love, life AND CAKE. As much as you have contributed to the community that I call home, I hope you will be able to contribute to God's Love We Deliver.

You can find more information on the night's event [here](#). You can also see the promotional video for the event [here](#).

Love, Jason Patrick (Bearded Yogi)