DEAR READER: For us who live in the Western world this has been a week of moving anniversaries, celebrated in homes, churches and synagogues.

Last Saturday I went to Senator Lehman’s 75th birthday party. Herbert and Edith Lehman are two of the finest people I know. They are sincere, unassuming, warm-hearted. Without pride, arrogance or self-righteousness, with their strong moral fiber, they set a shining example for all who have eyes to see. I was proud to be included among the small group of relatives and friends who had been invited to their New York apartment on March 28.

When I arrived I found the Senator, who bears his years lightly, showing off the birthday present his wife had given to him with the glee of a boy receiving his first bicycle.

The present was most unusual. Unless you had already heard about it, you would never be able to guess what it was.

Believe it or not, Senator Lehman had never had a room of his own in their large duplex apartment on Park Avenue.

Mrs. Lehman explained that, when they moved in, there were 3 children living at home. Later, after the grandchildren came, the bedrooms were in more demand than ever for the little visitors. “He never had a place where he could spread out his papers and things. Of course there were rooms in which he could see people. But if he was working in the library, I would say to him: ‘Hurry up, and tidy the room. Company is coming for lunch!’ And he never complained,” Edith Lehman confided to me.

“So we decided to give him a room of his own for his 75th birthday. He didn’t know a thing about it until last night. We opened the door and had him cut the ribbon we had put across the entrance, just as he used to have to do when he opened bridges and things when he was Governor!” Mrs. Lehman was happy and excited at her husband’s delight and surprise when he entered the ‘upstairs room and saw his favorite books and Rollin Kirby cartoons decorating the walls.

Cards from the children and friends were tied to the lamps and ornaments, and a “poem,” written by Mrs. Lehman, was tacked to the door. It was addressed to “The World’s Best-Natured Guy.” Tears came to my eyes when I read the unsentimental verses, especially those reviewing their first 43 years of marriage and expressing hopes for the next 43 years.

Mrs. Lehman is an excellent artist. She had always wanted to paint but never had time until a few years ago. While I was in their apartment I sneaked off and looked at her work, portraits and flower paintings, hanging in a room near her husband’s study.

What full lives these two have created for themselves, I thought. Usefuly busy at a time of life when most people feel lonely and unwanted. No wonder they are forever young, happy and beloved.