



To Peter, with Gratitude and Joy

In nineteen-sixty-eight, at Göttingen's gate,
Peter sealed his scientific fate.

Fascinados would pop in from near and far,
To crowd the lab of their guiding star.

"*Sehr schön!*" he would cry, eyes lit with delight,
At the data from the still of last night.

"*Guten Morgen!*" he'd cheer, bold and clear,
Spreading good mood whenever he'd appear.

"*Wie ist die Stimmung?*" – a quick check-in call,
Then off he would dash, still inspiring us all.

For fifty fine years, with elegance and flair,
His beams have sliced through questions laid bare.
In Stern's proud tradition, he's lit the way –
A guide, a friend, brightening each and every day.

So Happy Birthday, dear Peter, as tonight,
We raise a toast to you of the warmest kind.
With friendship, with fervor, with good cheer,
You've shaped generations who hold you dear.

Bretislav Friedrich