Terry Horowitz

From: "Mark Eden Horowitz" <mhor@loc.gov>
To: <tfhjeh@comcast.net>
Sent: Tuesday, December 29, 2009 6:43 PM
Subject: from Mark

Dear Mom and Dad:

I am still reeling a bit from your extraordinarily generous birthday gift. And I'm still torn about how to respond to it. I don't question your intent, but I do question the need and the logic and the appropriateness. While I have no idea whether you gave a similar amount to Evan for his birthday (not that it's any of my business, and I truly do not want to know), I fear that you feel that you are under some obligation to treat us equivalently in these matters. This is not the case. Our situations and obligations are so vastly different, I think any generosity you extend in his direction makes far more sense, particularly as it might provide comfort, security and opportunity to Jason and Brandon. Please re-think your kindness to me in light of what might be best for the two of you as well as Evan and the boys. I did deposit the check today, simply because I felt uncomfortably leaving it laying around, but say the word and I will happily write a check back to you in the same amount.

When I stop and think (which I do often) how much I owe you both, I'm staggered and overwhelmed by the immensity of the unrepayable debt. The years and years and years that you slaved providing shelter, clothing, food, education, books, lessons (piano, Hebrew, guitar, etc.), experiences (trips to Disney World, New York), camp, and how you constantly underwrote various opportunities (like paying for the arrangements, performers, and recording of "The Crowning Touch"), getting me a car, letting me live at home while interning at Arena, your emotional and fiscal support after the fiasco with Will, the uncountable gifts. The hours both of you dedicated to helping me with various projects – writing, editing, proofing, encouraging, guiding. Not to mention the shopping, the cooking, the cleaning, the laundry, the chauffering, the doctors appointments, the teaching of multiplication tables, the moral compass, the history, the education you provided on so many subjects – both actively and subtly. Not to mention your own shining examples of how to lead a good and productive lives. Your overall menschness (if that's a word).

I know that I have a tendency to go on, but there is no way to thank you truly commensurate with all you've given. And I know it wasn't for the thank yous, but simply because you always did (do) the right thing, and you just assumed so much responsibility on your own shoulders, never acting as though you regretted or were resentful for how much it took out of you, or how much you could have done for yourselves with the same amount of time, effort and expense.

I am and will always be incredibly grateful, and feel quite undeserving.

But in the back of my mind, any time I do anything remotely good or kind or nice or generous, I think: it's not really me doing it, but a small way that I can equal the balance in the universe for all I was given by you – unearned, undeserved, but NOT unappreciated.

So I close with boundless admiration, appreciation, gratitude, and love,
Mark