

7/02

Dear Mom—

I can't believe you're sixty-five—I suspect you can't either. Obviously, you don't look it, but that's not why, rather, it's that you don't act it. In fact, in some ways, you seem younger to me than ever. Not childish, but child-like—in your humor, your enthusiasms, your playfulness, love of fun. You exhude youthfulness. And this is not to deny an appropriate gravitas when required. And certainly your talent has ripened and deepened.

But I think you've gotten this: enjoying life to its fullest, down pat.

You are an exemplar of many things, and I hope that I follow in your footsteps as time goes on — aging, not graciously (though you've done that too), but to become more deeply my true self.

You bring much pleasure and wonder to Lois and my lives — and to all who encounter you and know you. We bask in the pleasure and honor of being part of your life. May we share decades more of happy and healthy ones. Happy sixty-five and counting. Love, Mark + Joie