

5/8/05

Dear Mom—

Forty-seven years ago—almost half a century—you were pregnant with me. When I think about how very young you were, it boggles my mind. And it being the 50s, and you being the daughter of Esther + Joe, I know how naive and innocent you were. As a result, in an odd way, you and I have grown up together, almost more like comrades or siblings than mother and son. Not that you haven't always been the epitome of nurturing, caring + loving, but that's in the universe of the home; it's in relation to the world "out there" where we have learned + grown together, supported + applauded together, and most importantly, questioned, wondered and laughed together.

I guess what I'm trying to get at in this Mother's Day card is something slightly different to the focus of previous efforts. I want to tell you what a constant and meaningful part of my life you've been—and thank you for it. Not for giving birth, + diapers, and the countless meals + loads of laundry, + chauffering (though I do of course thank you for those things)... But I want to thank you now for being my best friend and strongest supporter as we face the world together. It's from you that I've learned to truly observe the world + people with their idiosyncracies + foibles + psychology. From you I learned that humor + laughter are never out of place and always make things better. From you I appreciate the senses—tastes, textures, colors, proportions, elegance + grace. You are my touchstone for all of those things and no son could be luckier or more fortunate in his parentage than I have been with you. In all of the most important ways you have formed and informed the best of me. So on this, our 46th mothers day together, I give you my gratitude and love,

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