



resonated so with me, was that her character's use of the "spoonfull of sugar" to "help the medicine go down," reminded me of the joy + fun you tried to imbue all activities with. As a result, my memories of you are full of laughter and song, and sweetness mixed with devilment.

You gave me a rich and full childhood, and you continually warm and enrich my life. One of the luckiest facts of my life is being born your son.

I wish you my gratitude and love this Mother's Day and every day. Love,

Mark

Dear Mom —

5/9/04

In thinking back on all the cards I've written you over the years, I don't recall one that dealt exclusively with my feelings about you as a mother. Perhaps because you married so young, I think our relationship has always been one of both parent and child, and friends. No one could have been more nurturing or protective, and nurturing in every sense of the word — food and environment, but also education and culture, books, art, music. And both high + low culture — from Rembrandt to Disney, Rachmaninoff to Rodgers and Hart, artichokes and lobster to pizza and ice cream.

But as a friend, you were also something of a playmate. I think one of the reasons Mary Poppins