

May 2007

Dear Mom—

I'm not sure whether or not it's entirely appropriate to still celebrate Mother's Day. Of course you're still my mother, but I don't know whether our relationship can be best defined as mother and son. Yes, you're still nurturing. And, yes, there are still meals that you prepare, and advice you provide, warnings you give, support and encouragement you offer. But now I think of us mostly more as equals and friends. Certainly it's an unusual friendship in that ours is an almost telepathic relationship.

We are so tuned in to each other that we can read the slightest inflection of voice, or cast in the eye, or furrow in the brow. And we share laughter and concern, the mundane and tedious in our lives, to the most profound thoughts and deepest concerns.

Come to think of it, maybe Mother and ~~Son~~ son does best characterize the richness of our relationship and what we mean in each other's lives.

So here is wishing you the very best and happiest of Mothers Days, and stating my greatest hope that we spend dozens of more similar ones together.

Love,

Mark