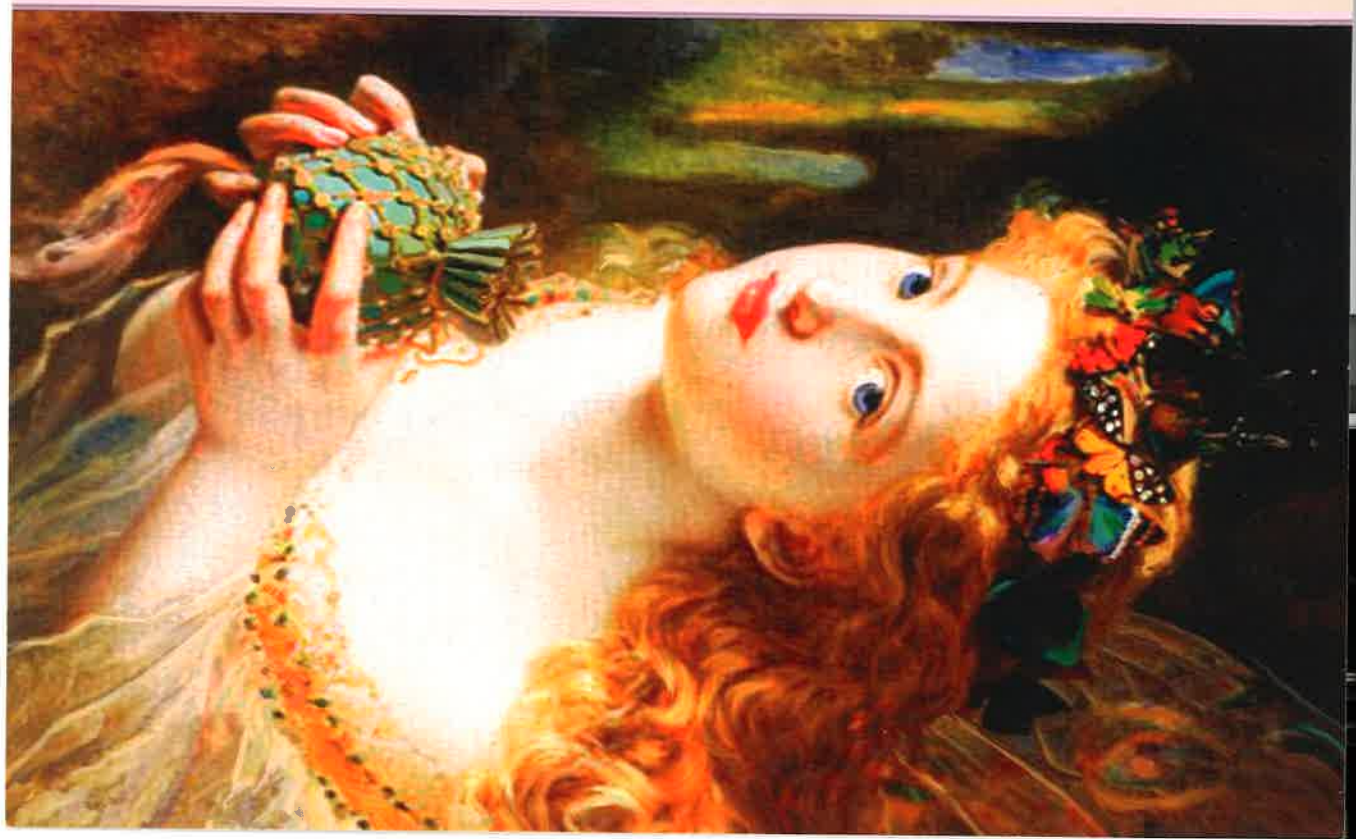
# Happy Birthday *Wishes*



7/07

Dearest Mom —

I don't really believe that this is your 70th birthday. It's simply not possible. There are many reasons: I can't be as

for someone Special...

Happy Birthday!

old as that would make me; you certainly don't look to be anywhere near that; but mostly because it's so entirely against your nature. You have always embodied (to me anyway) a certain type of youth. You have retained a wonder about the world — an innocence — that partly defines the best of you... and me, too, I hope. It's one of the many gifts you have given me and for which I am always grateful. Neither of us is particularly brave, but I credit your early encouragement for pizza and ice cream as starting me on the journey of discovery. You taught me to appreciate, to savor, to be aware, to notice! That has probably

been your most enduring legacy in me. It's true, your eyes are those of "beauty with the power to see within." You have the eyes of a painter, a poet, and a psychiatrist (the three Ps?). In so many ways you gave me the world — both literally, but equally in making me notice and appreciate all the aspects of it — to catch the subtlest inflection, word choice, sidelong glance, and to reason and intuit out the meaning.

You make the world a rich and full place. I no need for Taj Mahals and Great Walls, there's as much adventure in an overheard conversation or a chance encounter in a checkout line. But this card shouldn't be about me, it's about the blessing of you. You talk of life enhancers and life diminishers, You are a life magnifier! You enrich the world with the endless depths of your humor, caring, attention, interest, fascination and love. You possess innumerable special talents, not only as an artist with pen and paint, but as a mother, and friend. All who know you are blessed — me more than anyone else. In return I wish you, not only the happiest of birthdays, but decades more of pleasure, joy, and pain-free child-like wonder in our shared world!

Love, Mark