
M.V.W.
Gatlinburg
6.11.1932

July 2010

Dearest Mom~

I've decided that the focus of this Birthday card should actually be a Thank You card. There's such an infinite amount of things to be grateful and thankful for, that this can only skratch the surface, but just tell yourself for every thing I specify, the reality is a million per (all ratios are approximate). Of course I am grateful that you gave me birth, but much of that was pure biology, it's every thing after — the things I recall — that perpetually touch me. All the nurturing, the care, the feeding, the humor, and the joy. The waking me in the mornings with "Good morning to you..." — song + followed by kisses, the rubbing noses, the patty-cake, the three little piggies..., the games and toys and coloring books, and crayola crayons. the reading aloud, and introducing me to

ice cream and pizza, and lobster and crabs, and artichokes, and pomegranates, hot fudge, + hundreds of other dishes and morsels. For teaching me how to look and see and appreciate beauty and art, pattern and design, balance and tension, underpainting and glazing. For filling my childhood with your beautiful singing voice and heartfelt piano-playing. For surrounding me with music and songs, movies and plays. For the love of reading and literature. For making me aware of subtext and personalities and behavior and psychology — and how fascinating it all is. For making me laugh, and showing me the value of play and humor, tongue and cheek, the subtle side-long glance, the subtlest line reading that can say so much.

Whether nature or nurture, most of who and what I am is due to you and Dad. Now whether anyone else is appreciative of the result is not for me to say. But I can never thank you enough for the boundless riches you provide. So on this Birthday, I celebrate the prism and facets of my most extraordinary mother. With Love and wishing us decades more of happy and healthy Birthdays together — Mark