

After that, my memories are rich and full — thousands of times together: conversations, meals, events, laughter, knowing glances, unstated understandings, the ability to read things in each other within a syllable, the wrinkle of a brow, or a look in the eye. The constant throughout has been the constance and intensity of your caring and love — and I hope you know that it's reciprocated. The debt I owe you is incalculable, but I hope you know how deeply aware I am and how grateful. For me, Mother's Day is every day. Love, Mark

Dear Mom — May 2012

Some fifty-four years ago you began carrying me. I don't remember the months in utero, but I'm confident that during all that time you took extraordinary care and that our connection began to grow. I don't know exactly when my earliest memories start, but my mind is full of fleeting images — shards of moments. I remember Kenn Street before we moved in. I recall my first day of nursery school, when you drew thumbelina on my thumb to ease our separation. I remember you waking me up every morning, singing "Good Morning to You..." and ending it with kisses.