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Thank you!
h all my love,
Mark

May 2014

Dear Mom,

You have cared for me for 55 & 1/2 years now — no, actually more. And when I say "cared," it's meant in more than one sense: cared as intended, cared as in treasured, cared as in worried over. And I've felt and recognized all of it; and those feelings have been reciprocated. In many ways you are the constant of my life — always there, always loving, always believing in me (far more than I deserve), and always and uniquely yourself. You are the cause of much of my view of the world — the ironies, the humor, the subtext, the noticing, the psychological insight, how to treat other people... or rather recognizing how everyone wants to be treated. And Yes, there have been a few shared negatives — mostly worry and anxiety — but that, too, has a blessing to it. It's being sensitive to the world and its fragility and dangers,

but it also makes you appreciate everything all the more. You've nourished my body, my mind, my senses. More than nourished - you expanded and deepened them. Made them rich.

I can't imagine what or who I would be if it hadn't been for you, but whatever it would have been, it would have been lesser. It sounds corny, but as much as you've been a light and a beacon, you've also been my rainbow - giving my life color, and magic, and wonder. And, of course, more than anything, there's been the infinite amounts of love - which are absorbed but also reflected back to you... another miracle. Thank you!

With all my love,

Mark

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