

LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT MICHAEL

Michael came into my life on May 27th 1962, and he was a joy to me everyday since then. Even as a child he was always loving, giving and generous, and smart too. When he was in first grade his teacher took me aside and said that Michael was so special that we should expect great things from him, and he didn't disappoint us.

When he was three his sister Rhonda was born. He held her tenderly, like a little doll. That didn't last too long, but they grew and loved each other very much.

Michael and I had a very special relationship. He always thought of me with gifts and cards for every occasion and for no occasion.

He adored my parents and Jay's father, and they are all today watching over him. He loved his Grandmother ^{Celia} ~~Celia~~, who just recently finished painting a picture of the water view from the back of his home. That painting and many others cover the walls of his home, all painted by his grandmother with love.

Michael was modest and unassuming and would never say he was somebody's boss. Rosita who took care of his house and him, and Grace and Jerry who drove him to work everyday were like family to him, and have done everything they could to help us in this difficult time, crying with us too.

Let me tell you about Michael. One of his clients, Alice Weiss, who considered him her best friend, recently needed surgery.

Michael sent a car for her and waited during the procedure and took her back home.

That was Michael.

When he was in a movie theater in New York with his friend Cathy Baron, suddenly there was a shout that someone had a gun. Michael immediately wrapped himself around Cathy to shield her and quickly led her out of the theater to safety.

That was Michael.

Michael loved his home and shared all the construction projects with us. He opened his home to friends and family and we shared many holidays and parties with him. His friends Chris and Beth even got married at his home.

That was Michael.

This week I received a call from Michael and Rhonda's friend, Paula Pearlstein. She told us that when Michael found out that she had cancer, he immediately went to his staff and raised ~~A~~ ^{SIGNIFICANT AMOUNT} ~~for~~ for the Jimmy Fund. Michael himself made a large donation. Michael never mentioned this to me, that wasn't his way. He also raised more money than anyone else in a bike-a-thon for Multiple Sclerosis.

That was Michael.

This past July Michael rented a home on the Cape for a two-week vacation. He shared this time with us, his sister, his grandmother and his friends. It was almost magical, like a gift given us before this terrible tragedy.

The outpouring of love from Michael's friends, neighbors and total strangers, who anonymously have left flowers, food and condolences has sustained me and reflected the kind of person Michael was. And when I wanted to thank one of his friends for his kindness, he said, "You have to be a good friend to have good friends, and Michael was the best."

And I know Michael would want everyone to remember all the other people who have lost loved ones in this terrible tragedy.

I'll always treasure the thirty-nine years I had with Michael, the most wonderful son.