

In Celebration of
Suzy Marks's 80th Birthday



February 15, 2017



*Mom, we wanted to create this special book
to reflect back all the love and joy
you've given all of us.*

Lucille Polachek

Suzy once complimented me on an introduction I gave and said she would want me to introduce her sometime. So here goes an introduction I might do:

She is:

- ♥ Beautiful.
- ♥ Funny.
- ♥ Fun to be with.
- ♥ Smart as a whip.
- ♥ A charming and gracious hostess who opens up her beautiful home for all sorts of good causes.
- ♥ Generous.
- ♥ Empathic.
- ♥ Always thinking of others and feeling their pain.
- ♥ A champion for justice.
- ♥ A voice for the have-nots.
- ♥ Devoted to her family.
- ♥ A lover of Hawaii.
- ♥ A thoughtful participant in our meetings who is always ready with the microphone asking the important questions.
- ♥ An outstanding leader.
- ♥ A really good friend.



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She:

- ♥ Wears beautiful clothes, like her jackets and necklaces.
- ♥ Makes delicious deviled eggs.
- ♥ Loves taking notes at our meetings.
- ♥ Was a wonderful co-leader with Debby Stein of our COE (Community of Elders)—working with them, Rabbi Rachel Timoner and Susann Bauman gave me one of the richest and rewarding and yes, fun experiences of my life.
- ♥ She is a truly outstanding person.

And so, it is my pleasure to introduce my dear friend, Suzy Marks.



Jay Jacobs

What do I love best about Suzy?

That's an easy question. I love her best because she's my sister. And of course because she has a great brother.

What are my favorite stories or memories about her?

There were times when we were growing up when it helped, oh so much, to hang out together. She knows what I mean.

There was one time right after WWII was over, and the family drove to Mom's childhood home in Salt Lake City. We all went to dinner with Mom's school friends and we talked and talked and laughed and laughed and laughed. Oh boy, did we laugh!



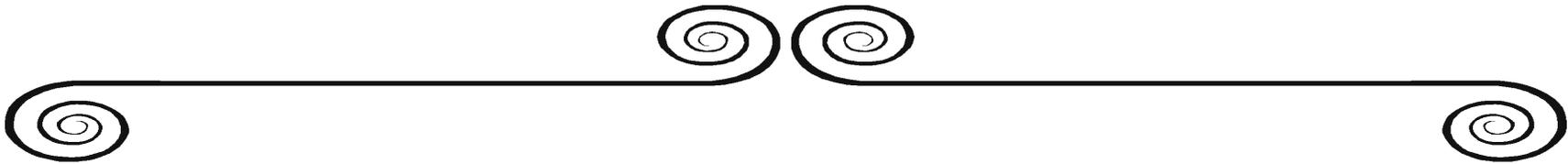
What is my favorite “Suzy-ism?”

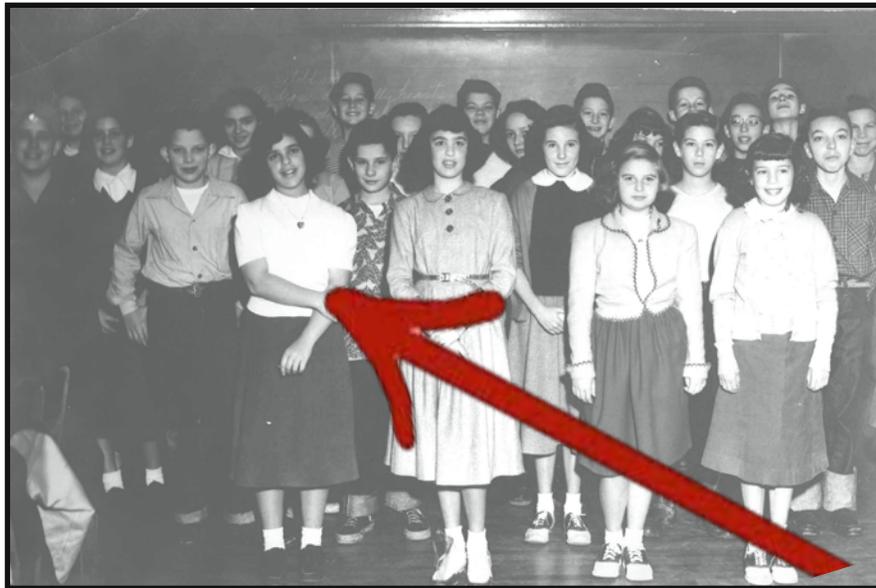
In discussing politics a few years ago, I asked her a very pointed question and she gave me an honest answer. Her answer stopped me short. The answer came from her heart. It was “original wisdom” from deep inside Suzy, and it was between sister and brother and I cannot share it—sorry.

Other thoughts or wishes on this special occasion?

Yes there is. Suzy, I think of Wally a lot. I’m sorry he isn’t here with us to share this special occasion. However, from way up there somewhere, I know he is watching you and smiling.

Love, your wonderful brother and his special wife, Jay and Maxine





Suzy!

Ralph Fertig

(To the tune of If You Knew Susie):

She's telephonic
Fully harmonic
Empathetic
And athletic
Loves her Dodgers
Hollywood Bowl
To us codgers
She's our very heart and soul
If you knew Suzy
Then you'd love Suzy
Oh, oh what a gal!!!

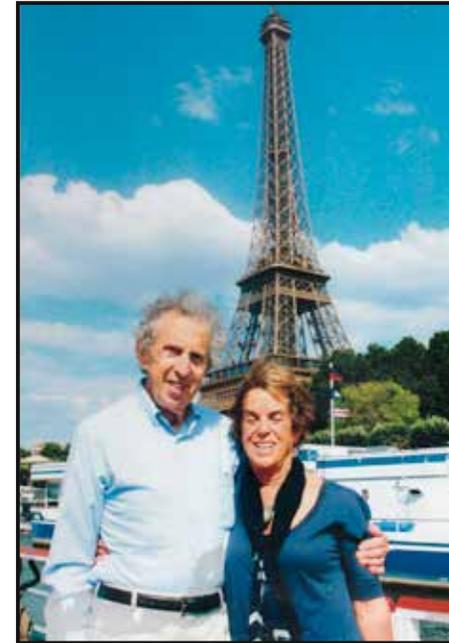


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I love Suzanne Beatrice Jacobs Marks, totally. She is vastly greater than the sum of her parts:

Suzanne:

A common female given name that was particularly popular in the United States in the 1950s and 1960s. It remained in the top 200 most popular names in the United States between 1930 and the late 1980s. It is a form of the Hebrew name שושנה (Shoshannah). This was derived from the Hebrew word שושן (shoshan) meaning “lily” (in modern Hebrew this also means “rose”). However, it has also been regularly used in English speaking countries since before the start of the 20th century. It may also be spelled Susanne, and common diminutives are Sue and Suzy. — Wikipedia



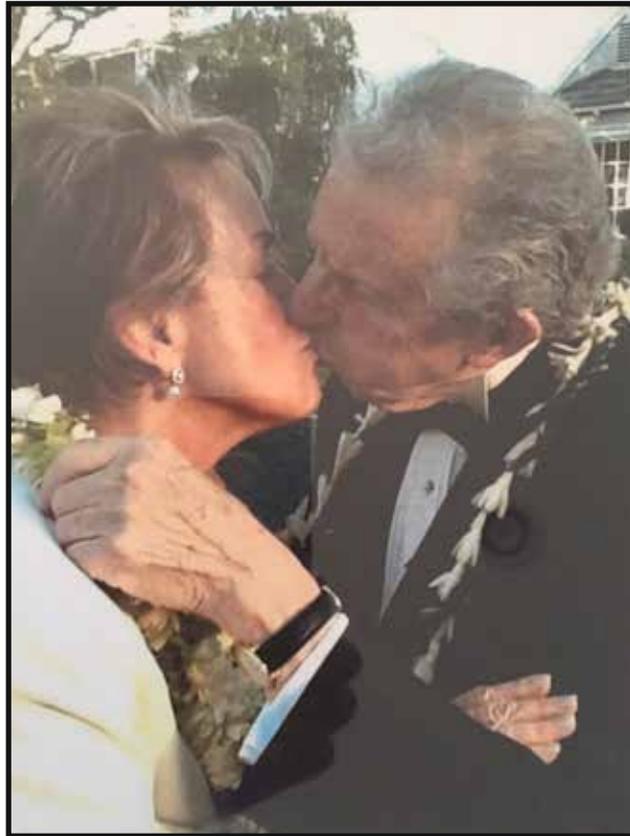
Beatrice:

“Love, which pardons no beloved from loving,
Took me so strongly with delight in her
That, as you see, it still abandons me not . . .” — Dante Alighieri, *Inferno: A New Verse Translation*

Jacobs:

Jacob, later given the name Israel, is regarded as a patriarch of the Israelites. According to the Book of Genesis, Jacob (/ˈdʒeɪkəb/; Hebrew: יַעֲקֹב *standard Yaʿakov*) was the third Hebrew progenitor with whom God made a covenant. He is the son of Isaac and Rebecca, the grandson of Abraham, Sarah and of Bethuel, the nephew of Ishmael, and the younger twin brother of Esau. Jacob had twelve sons and at least one daughter, by his two wives, Leah and Rachel, and by their handmaidens Bilhah and Zilpah.

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Jacob's twelve sons, named in Genesis, were Reuben, Simeon, Levi, Judah, Dan, Naphtali, Gad, Asher, Issachar, Zebulun, Joseph, and Benjamin. His only daughter mentioned in Genesis is Dinah. The twelve sons became the progenitors of the Tribes of Israel.

As a result of a severe drought in Canaan, Jacob and his sons moved to Egypt at the time when his son Joseph was viceroy. After 17 years in Egypt, Jacob died and Joseph carried Jacob's remains to the land of Canaan, and gave him a stately burial in the same Cave of Machpelah as were buried Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Rebecca, and Jacob's first wife, Leah. —Wikipedia

Marks:

Impressions, strong currency, records of everything.

In praise of Suzy:

She's the best, however you spell her, A to Z:
ACLU Activist, Antioch graduate
Bnai Mitzvah graduate
Camper, Council of Elders, Consumer Watchdog
Dodgers fan
Equal rights activist
Fair Chance Coalition
Grandma to Ruby, Aaron, Zoe, Jonah, Samantha, & Jackson
Hebrew Union College
In awe
Jewish, in so many ways
Kitchen denizen
Liberty Hill, LAANE, LA Philharmonic
Mother of Laurie, Wally, Wendy, and Amanda
New Lands founder
Overseer, Old Fashioneds
Peace Now; Public Watchdog, Pierce College graduate
Quality, and how she qualifies for everything!
Rabbis for Human Rights
Seniors at LBT
Toyota Lexis
UCLA & UC-Berkeley alum
Veterans Administration gardener
WATT: Wednesdays At The Temple
Xtraordinary
Youthful
Zesty; Zodiac: Aquarius





Suzy and I with LA County Supervisor Sheila Kuehl, at her victory party, the night she won the election.

Judy Nadel

What do I love best about Suzy?

Loyalty, generosity, enthusiasm, warmth, ability to put herself in the moccasins of another, joie d'vivre, commitment to social justice and making the world a better place.

What are my favorite stories or memories about her?

I was with Suzy when the seeds of "social justice" began to grow. Her parents had their chauffeur drive us to grammar school each day. Suzy was uncomfortable with showing off and being different from the other kids so she had us dropped off a few blocks from school so we could walk to school like the rest of the kids.

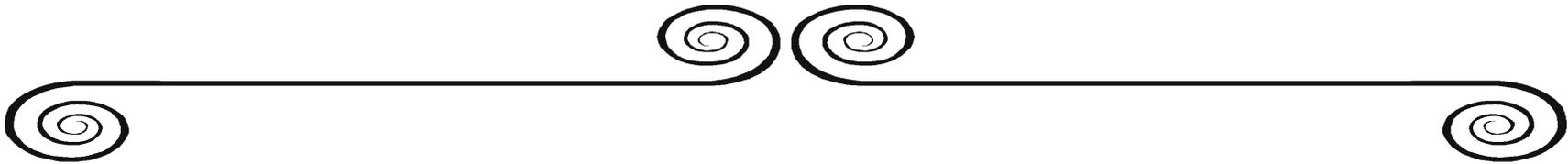
What have I learned from her?

Commitment to social justice and greater involvement in Judaism.

What is my favorite "Suzy-ism?"

"Keep trucking" no matter how difficult the situation.





Harriet Soares



I've known Suzy for a long time, but only in the last few years have I been fortunate enough to spend more time with her and really understand what a remarkable woman she is. She is a loving, warm person, with a hugely generous heart. She is devoted to her family and loyal to her friends. When she is committed to an organization, cause, or a person she is entirely committed, generously giving of her time and herself. She is deeply involved in supporting many important causes—not just casually—giving generously of her time and effort. Her many long-term friends are a testimony to her faithfulness, love and kindness.

Suzy is a devoted Dodgers fan, and I love being at a game with her. She is remarkably knowledgeable about so many of the complexities of baseball and willing to share her knowledge with those of us who are much more ignorant. Her enthusiasm and enjoyment of the game are contagious. She has a new baseball mitt, a gift from her devoted friend Ralph, and waits hopefully and sometimes successfully for a foul ball to catch.

She is a wonderful role model. I admire her leadership of the Community of Elders and appreciate her mentoring me in my attempt to follow in her (hard to fit into) footsteps. Her intelligence and generosity of spirit make her a wonderful person to help me do this.

I am so fortunate to have Suzy as a friend. I send her appreciation, admiration and love.



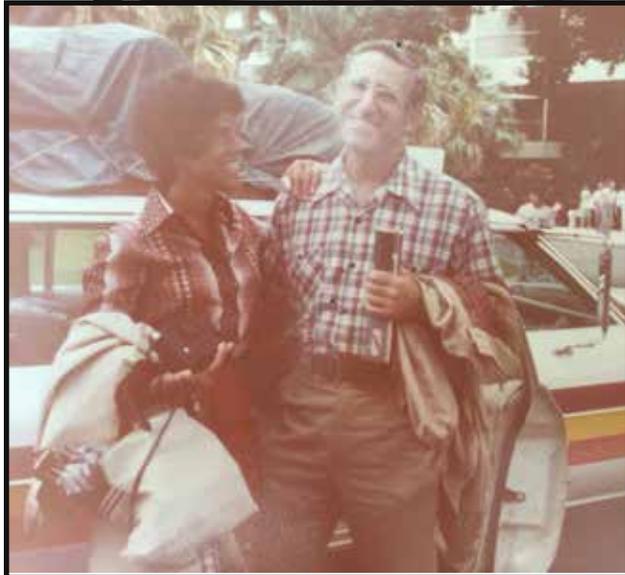
Marlene Louchheim



What do I love best about Suzy?

What I love best about Suzy is that we are sisters and have been for over 60 years. When we were younger, we both had dark hair and poodle cuts, the rage in the early 1950s. People would stop us and say, "What great sisters you both are." We always said "yes" and thanked them.

Suzy has always been devoted to her family and devoted to the lucky people she called her friends, which of course, is her extended family.



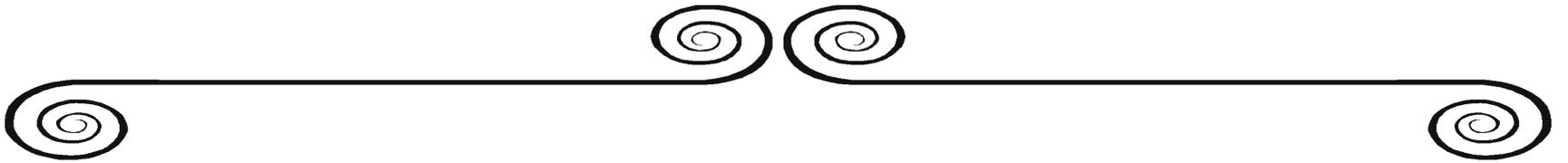
What are my favorite stories or memories about her?

I have two favorite remarkable experiences with Suzy. The first being the unforgettable all-day birthday party that we created for Wally's 50th.

It started at 7am with a bus tour of his early years growing up; then a picnic at Coldwater Park in Beverly Hills, where we used to play; then afternoon tennis; and finally dinner at our home on Beverly Drive—you could sign up for any or all of the activities—to surprise Wally. Of course, it was a total surprise. And it was a huge success; Wally loved every minute of it.

My second favorite memory was when Pat Cohen and I planned a surprise luncheon for Suzy's 50th. She and Wally had just bought an apple orchard in Altos and worked in the orchard very diligently. We all dressed in jeans and tee shirts for the luncheon, because that was the way Suzy dressed.

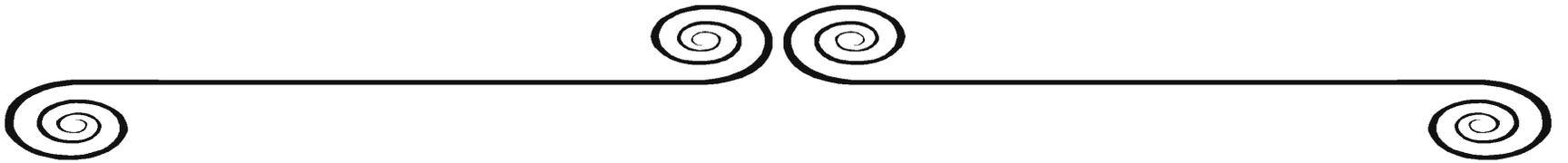
She came dressed more like we did when going to a big birthday lunch for a good friend. She outdid herself and came in a new suit, hat, and gloves. We had a Dr. Ruth impersonator with us as a surprise. Dr. Ruth was very big at that time. The affair was a huge success.





Other thoughts or wishes on this special occasion?

One of the things that I have admired so much about Suzy over the years is that she kept all of Wally's beloved charities and interests alive in continuing to participate and support them in every way that she can.



ALL FOR ME?

THE OFFICIAL SONG BOOK FOR SUZY'S

75th BIRTHDAY BASH

February 17, 2012



sung to the tune of MY FAVORITE THINGS

Vodka in orange juice and whiskey on ice cream
Rum Balls in winter and flasks full of moonshine (**wink*)
No party's good without tipping a few
These are a few of her favorite brews

Red Bull for breakfast Frangelico for lunch time
Drinking between therapy is surely a fine time
Sipping her meals is a secret affair Jackie sure wants some but grandma
won't share

When her head aches when she sees stars, when she's feeling strange
She simply remembers her favorite things
And then she thinks she should change.....Bullshit! (*this is shouted*)

Some people find Jesus and some go to AA
Suzy doesn't need it, she's PRACTICALLY OKAY
This girl will die with a smile on her face
Throw in Ciroc, better make it a case!

It's not as bad as we're making it seem
She wouldn't be here if it were too obscene
One thing we know is she likes to have fun
Don't get her started she'll take off and run

When her head aches when she sees stars, when she's feeling strange
She simply remembers her favorite things
And then she thinks she should change.....Bullshit! (*this is shouted*)

sung to the Beatles "Oh Darling"

Oh Suzy, please believe us.
You're the best grandma, we've had.
Believe us when we tell you,
You haven't been all that bad.

Oh Suzy, you're such a cutie.
Everyone you meet falls in love,
With your winning personality
Your originality,
Your sexual mentality we love.

Oh Suzy, don't you leave us.
Life without you wouldn't be the same
'Cause when we get in trouble,
Who would there be left to blame?

Oh Suzy, sometimes we wonder.
If the liquor and red bull has gone to your head.
But then we see you sleeping
With Jackie (*and Ralph) in you big warm bed.

Oh Suzy, please believe us.
You're the best grandma, we've had.
Believe us when we tell you,
You haven't been all that bad.

sung to "A Bicycle Built for Two"

Suzy Suzy
Give us your answer true
We're half crazy over the sight of you
You're not the typical grandma
You're on your knees doing jigsaws
And you'll look sweet upon the seat
Of a bicycle built for 7

Grandma Grandma
Give us your answer true
We're half crazy over the sight of you
We love you more than our parents
It's obvious and apparent
And you'll look sweet upon the seat
Of a bicycle built for 7

Suzy Suzy
Give us your answer true
We're half-crazy over the sight of you
I know that I am your favorite
It's cool we don't need to name it
And you'll look sweet upon the seat
Of a bicycle built for 7

Grandma Grandma
Give us your answer true
We're half-crazy over the sight of you
We wouldn't be half as stunning
Or quite as cute and cunning
We got your genes
They're oh so keen
And a bicycle built for 7

sung to "Oh Susannah"

Oh she comes from old Temecula - where great grandpa's on a rock She was raised up by republicans and gave them all a shock!

Oh Suzannah! Goodness sakes alive,
For three quarters of a century, now she is seventy-five.

She gives her home and telephone for ev'ry cause you've known FOR RABBIS SEEKING HUMAN RIGHTS and kites that just got blown.

Oh Suzannah! Awesome is her drive.
Take notice and attention she is now seventy-five.

From territories occupied to Occupied L.A.
She raises funds and consciousness and her own voice to say.

She's Suzannah! Proud, provocative,
Our Red Plenipotentiary is now seventy five.

She's lighted sparks and made her Marks and built her legacies for brother, sister, motherhood and universal peace.

Oh Suzannah! Spark'ling and alive,
Through natural extension she is now seventy-five.

Her COMMUNITY OF ELDERS trek the way to Leo Baeck but Suzy bikes up LIBERTY HILL, and gives the kids a check!

Oh Suzannah! Just you watch her strive.
Did I neglect to mention that she is now seventy five?

She's fed CONSUMERS (yes!) WATCH DOG; is LAANE on human rights; she found NEW GROUND for dialogue; and lit a thousand lights.

Oh Suzannah! You're ev'rything that I've ever loved and wanted, and now you are seventy-five!

Sung to the tune of PENNY LANE

In ole LA there is a lady sharing recipes
Of every roast she's had the pleasure to have known
And all the people that come and go
She stops and says hello

On the corner is a temple with a friend or two
The congregation hugs her back and forth
And the rabbi always wears a smile in the wooden pews
Very Jew.

Suzy Marks is in our hearts and is our love
True beneath the blue suburban skies
Oh sweet and tom-boy true.

Suzy Marks there is a woman with a cause or two
And in her pocket is a check for the dream
She needs to keep her checkbooks lean
It's a cost of time.

Suzy Marks is in our hearts and is our love
A four o' kids and Jackie too,
In family tom-boy true

Behind the backstop in the middle of a diamond
A pretty gal is catching softballs from a mate
And though she makes the play by a nose
She is MVP.

Suzy Marks, the surfer grabs another forming wave
We see the lifeguard sitting watching with a smile
And the grandchildren rushing in from the searing sand
Very tan

Suzy Marks is in our hearts and is our love
There beneath the blue suburban skies
Oh sweet and tom-boy true

Suzy Marks is in our hearts and is our love
There beneath the blue suburban skies
Suzy Marks

sung to Bushel and a Peck "We Love Sue"

We love Sue, we really really do
We really really do cuz she's such a super Jew
She's such a super Jew just ask anyone it's true
Ask anyone it's true and they'll tell you that they knew
About Sue, About Sue, about You!

We love Sue, we really really do
We really really do cuz she's likes her booze she do
She likes her booze she do, but it never makes her blue
It never makes her blue cause she's able to take a snooze
About Sue, About Sue, About You!

We love Sue, we really really do
We really really do cuz she's oh so good at Shmooze
She's oh so good at Shmooze she talks to animals in the Zoo
Talks to animals in the Zoo, but only if they're a Jew
About Sue, About Sue, About You!

We love Sue, We really really do
We really really do cuz she's such a menschy Sue
She's such a menschy Sue. She gives Dollars away to you
She gives dollars away to you yes the Christians and Jews
We love Sue, We love Sue, We love you!

sung to Hello Dolly

Oh, Hello Suzy
Happy Birthday, Suzy
It's so great we've been good friends for oh so long.

You're looking swell, Suzy
You can tell Suzy
You're still glowing, you're still crowing
You're still going strong.

Your friends are here to fete you
And to celebrate you
For your noble work, inspiring to us all.

So, here's to you Suzy;
We love you, Suzy;
You have such a beautiful heart
You've had it from the very start
That's truly who you are.

Reprise:

You're looking swell, Suzy
You can tell Suzy
You're still glowing, you're still crowing
You're still going strong.

You sure deserve this dinner
You are such a winner
In the work you've done for one and all.

So, here's to you Suzy.
We love you, Suzy.
So look at our old friend now.
Look at our old friend now.
WOW, WOW, WOW



personal statements . . . continued

Suzy Marks

Since I was a teenager I wanted to know what it meant to be a Jew. We had no observances and ceremonies in my home. There was nothing to “hold on to.” I have no memories that mazy have, no nostalgia of grandparents, parents, other family members, friends who came together at holiday time. There were no special foods, no memorable tastes, smells, no stories, no songs. I always have imagined that these shared life experiences help tether an individual, in this case, to their Judaism.

Additionally, assimilation was the goal of my parents and their friends. They didn't want to stand out and be different. Unlike New York or Chicago, Los Angeles in the 40's was provincial and Jews didn't cluster except in Boyle Heights and Fairfax Avenue (Pico-Robertson hadn't yet become a haven for the Jews.) In my parents' circle, referring to these Jewish enclaves I would hear the expression, “those Jews.” I adopted my parents' values.

It has taken me years to loosen my prejudices. Sometimes I wonder if there isn't some still there. There is. And it's not easy to admit. I remember years ago Rabbi Beerman gave a sermon in which he said that it would be an enlightened time when Jews didn't have to depend on organizations to fight our (I wrote “their”) battles. When we could just look at ourselves and handle Jewish defamation. I remember his saying that we Jews make up an array of types: artists, doctors, cheats, swindlers, humanitarians, and on and on it goes. This sermon made a profound impression yet I still go through the newspaper and there are times I hope that the name isn't Jewish.

With these many years of temple-going, especially attending services, it wasn't until I started taking the Adult B'nai Mitzvah class and learning a bit of Hebrew that I realized how much I didn't enjoy the services. In fact I was down-right uncomfortable. I didn't understand the “why's” and “wherefores” of the service, the order of prayers, the davening, covering one's face, facing East, *tollit*. It was foreign. I was turned off. In fact I wasn't sure that people knew what they were doing . . . pure projection.

Have I found out what it is to be a Jew? I'm beginning to think that one doesn't ever find out what it is to be a Jew. What it is to be a Jew . . . finds you. Now that I can read the Hebrew alphabet, can chant my Torah portion, have begun to know the melodies of songs, am a bit more familiar with the order of the service, I'm beginning to stand in awe of my religion. Last week we each were brought to the Torah for the first time to read our portion of the service. Probably like most in our class we had never read from the Torah. I almost cried – I'm crying now writing this. These are the words of my people whose story I still don't know but want to learn. The Torah is our prize. I learned that we cannot touch the parchment. This is a holy book. This is the – our – precious heritage that is passed down from generation to generation. I will be proud to receive it.



Deb Watson

What do I love best about Suzy?

- ♥ Her warmth.
- ♥ Her sense of humor.
- ♥ Her commitment to social change.
- ♥ The twinkle in her eye.

What are my favorite stories or memories about her?

- ♥ I loved the family brunch she gave us at the Swan Mountain Inn the day after our wedding, September 1997.
- ♥ I loved the inside/outside family dinners at her house.
- ♥ I loved the vibrant conversations at dinner when I would spend the night as a teenager.

What have I learned from her?

- ♥ As a teenager - I learned from Suzy the freedom of spirit.
- ♥ In my 20s - I learned from Suzy the joys of a less encumbered life.
- ♥ In my 30s - I learned from Suzy that every family has issues.
- ♥ In my 40s - I learned from Suzy that life paths can look different, but many roads lead to a happy life.
- ♥ In my 50s - I learned from Suzy that it is okay to show the world who you really are.

What is my favorite “Suzy-ism?”

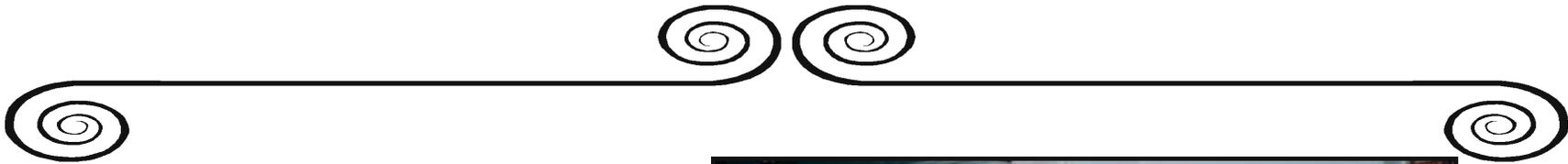
Suzy has been a consistent cheerleader for me. I look back on notes and emails; Suzy makes it a priority to speak or write compliments. I am in awe of her ability to be so selfless and to draw attention to the positive aspects of those she loves.

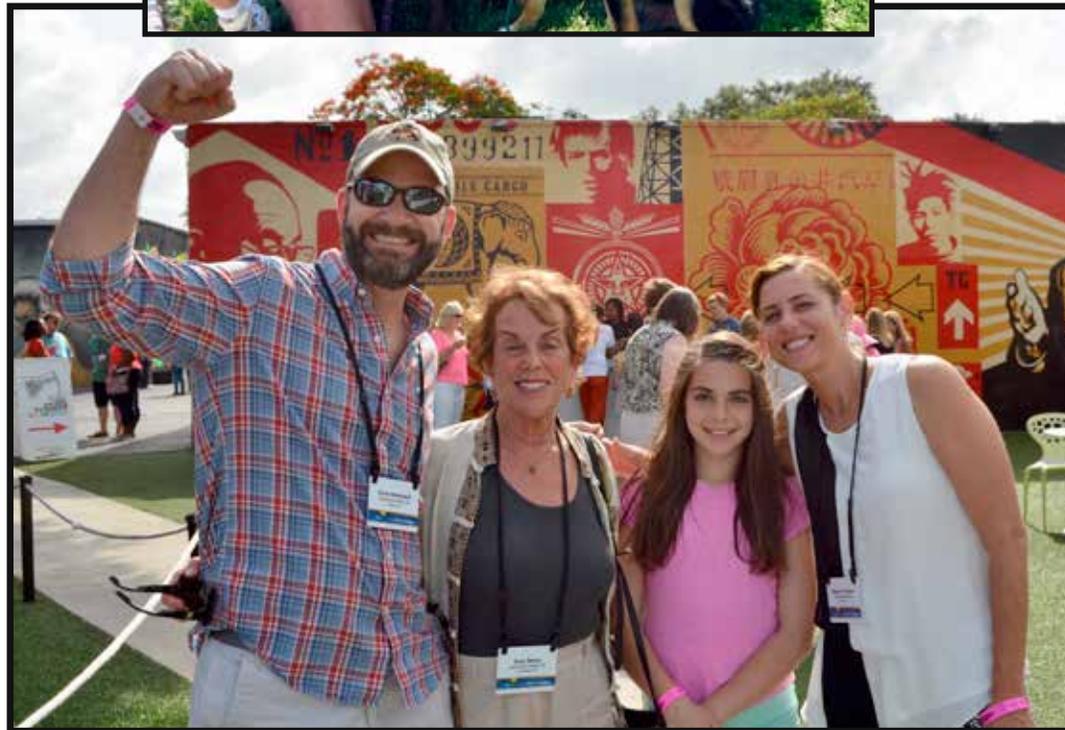
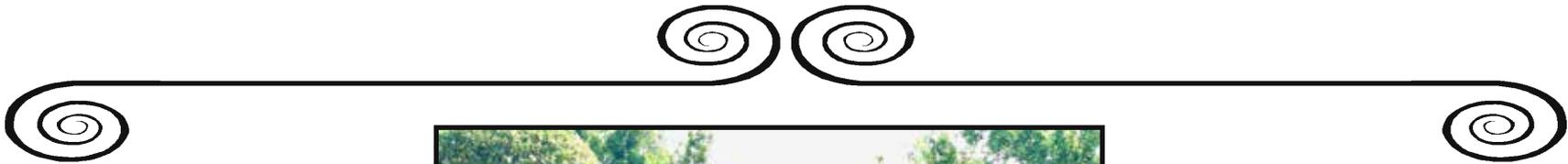
Other thoughts or wishes on this special occasion?

Suzy, you were the family photographer for so many years. We have that in common. I love you. You are a special force in the world and a special person to me.









Terry Gilman

What do I love best about Suzy?

Suzy says it like it is! You never have to guess what she is thinking. She will always tell you. In this way and in many other ways, she is generous and kind.

What are my favorite stories or memories about her?

When I was in high school, she was the coolest aunt, ever! She provided me with a safe place to come and talk and be a teenager. As I got older, and we became friends, she continued to be someone great to talk with. One of my best memories and conversations with Suzy was walking the beach at Mauna Kea. This gift to each other is something we both wish to repeat.

Suzy gives us lovely gifts at the holidays! I cannot go into my kitchen without thinking of her. Suzy: thank you for always thinking of us!





What have I learned from her?

Be generous. Be yourself. Love unconditionally.

Other thoughts or wishes on this special occasion?

Suzy, at every opportunity, you don't hesitate to tell me how much you love me and things that you admire about me. You are gracious and caring and a role model to all of us. On the occasion of your special birthday, know that all of these wonderful things that you say and do are a reflection of the amazing woman you are. I could not love you more.





Mark and Cathy Louchheim

Dear Suzy,
We feel lucky to be able to call you Aunt
Suzy, and have you as a part of our
family.

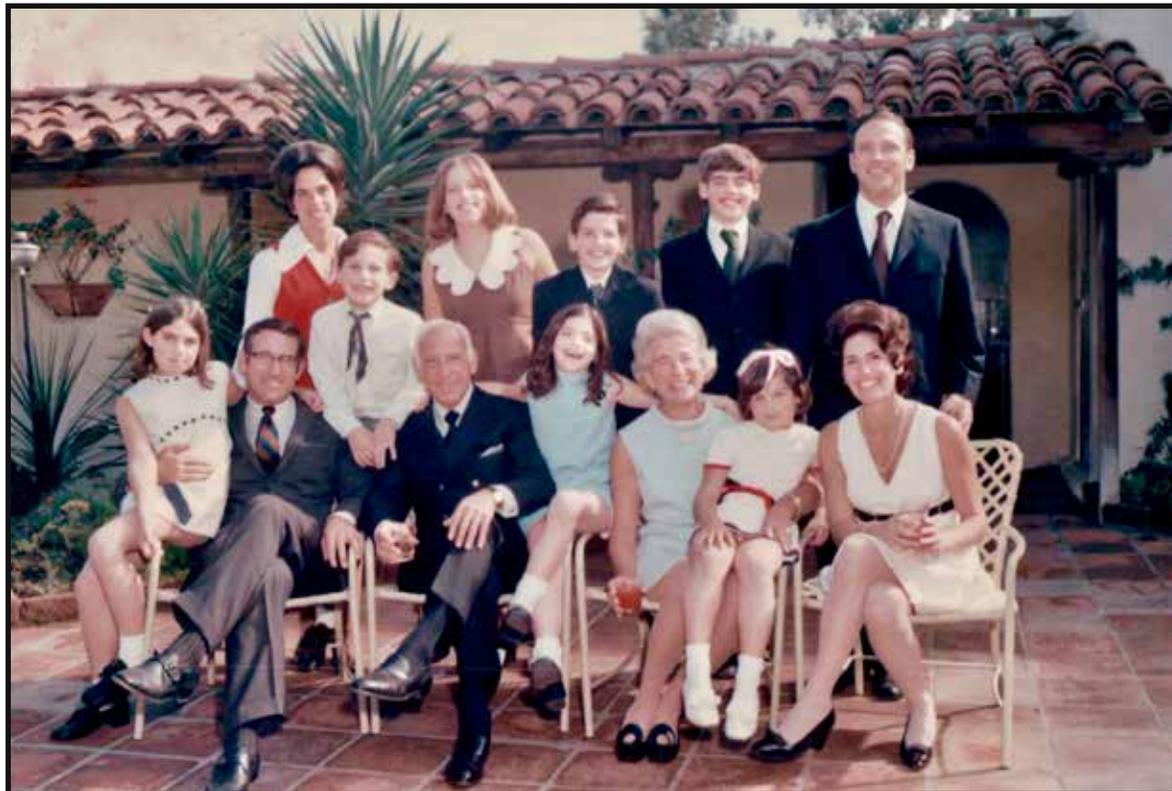
You have enriched not only our lives,
but those in the broader community
and all of those around you.

All our love,
Cathy and Mark

Tom and Marcia Louchheim

What do we love best about Suzy?

We love her smile and her laugh. We love the way she laughs. There never seems to be a gathering with family when we do not see both.
(Sorry for the double negative.)





What are our favorite stories or memories about her?

I always loved going over to Uncle Wally and Aunt Suzie's home. It was such an expression of their family. I loved the books in the library, which was an expression of their seriousness about issues of their concern and social activism. I loved that this was the home of my special cousins who I have always adored. I loved that everything seemed so simple and easy for the Marks family. Aunt Suzy was always so loving and gracious in her home.

After Wally had died, she decided to come to Benny's Bar Mitzvah. We were so honored that she would be with us for such a special occasion after such a significant loss to her and our family.



What have we learned from her?

When a serious subject is raised, Suzy's voice lowers an octave, her lips protrude a bit, her eye-brows furrow. I prepare to be challenged to confront a difficult issue which may require me to stand up against an injustice. She is often correct. She has brought to life the verse from Deuteronomy which is on the Sister Mary Corita lithograph commissioned by Leo Baeck Temple, "You shall not remain indifferent."

Other thoughts or wishes on this special occasion?

We adore Aunt Suzy. We are so fortunate to have her as a vital member of our family. Our lives would be so barren without her love, her laughter, her children, and her dedication to others. We love you Aunt Suzy.

Diane and Dick Klein

Our dearest Suzy, first let us tell you how much we love you and wish for you a serene decade enjoying the moment and fulfilling Zalman's call to be a mentor (*Aging and Saging* by Zalman Schechter-Shalomi).

We have so many sweet memories that reach back in to the many, many decades of our friendship. We look around our home and see you (your gifts) in so many places—on the walls, on the tables, in the closet and cabinet. We see Bosnia and a sword (used shell casing) turned into a plowshare, and a glass plate that reflects the most amazing abstract design on the wall and a rainbow on the floor. We see a torn Torah that you and Wally and we tried and keep trying to repair. We see Anais Nin's "I go in to come out" as well as sharing with Tami your very special watercolor of the oak tree between the house and barn (a precious memory of the property).

You have always been so generous and gracious in hosting us on visits to LA. Your social justice and Leo Baeck work have been inspirational. And then we were not only almost lifelong friends but family participating together in life events and weddings—in one case allowing the land to give of itself in love, and in another providing your husband's friend from the second grade the gift of leading a most meaningful wedding ceremony.

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Last, but never least, was our 1993 Capacitar women's journey to Nicaragua and Guatemala. (See photo below). We were roommates. We "witches" circled and chanted in the cathedral in Managua, Nica. We all sat on the roof of the labor union retreat in southwest Guate watching the lunar eclipse and the bats whirling around.

But never to be forgotten were my vociferous questions about factory (maquilador) working conditions when buying jackets for Tami, Marisa, and myself. And you didn't let me or anyone else forget my behavior. I still smile when I think about it, and I still wear the jacket.

Suzy, we've had some good times together and no regrets. And, yes, Ricardo still looks for you every time he watches the Dodgers play. Well, here's to more good times together.

Lots of hugs, kisses and more love,
Diane and Dick

Eleanor Leanse

What do I love best about Suzy?

Her sense of humor, loyalty, energy, and zest for life.

What are my favorite stories or memories about her?

Math class in high school, as well as many parties we have given together.

What have I learned from her?

Reverence for friendship, among other virtues.

What is my favorite "Suzy-ism?"

She laughs at my jokes, which I appreciate mightily.

Other thoughts or wishes on this special occasion?

Thank you for making me part of your life.



Suzy Green



When I think of my earliest childhood memories, they include Suzy (Jacobs) Marks.

Our nurses walked us together when we were still in our prams.

Sometimes we dressed alike at Third Street School. Some people thought that we looked alike.

We went to Camp together during summer break.

We walked back and forth to our homes always stopping in the kitchens to raid the refrigerators. We became foodies young and still are to this day.

And we both loved the ocean, swimming and riding the waves. We loved going fishing. Suzy would bet and she usually won the pot. Sometimes we would go to

the races, each putting in a dollar to meet the \$2 bet. We also loved playing baseball in the streets or vacant lots whenever we could find a game. We loved sports, being outdoors, playing catch with a football, biking in our neighborhood. We were fearless when we were outdoors engaging in an activity.

We went to different schools when Suzy moved to Brentwood but we were able to maintain a connection. We would still go to occasional concerts and the theater together and occasionally see one another at parties.

Of course there were periods of time, gaps, when we didn't see one another during our marriages and parenting years. When we would connect it was always like old times for me. I think that the basic love and trust that we created during those very young years when we were developing our friendship carried us through some misunderstandings into a deep respect for one another today.

Continued on next page ...



While not as frequently, we still engage in adventure together. I still feel fearless when we go exploring or try something new together. A couple of years ago we went in a helicopter into the canyons of the big island at Hawaii. I felt just like I did when Suzy and I were playing baseball: fearless and interested, and fascinated by the beauty that we were seeing together.

I can't believe that Suzy is about to be 80 years old. I don't know anyone else that has so much energy, so much eagerness to be in the world, so actively.

Suzy is amazing and I love her and wish her a happy 80th birthday.

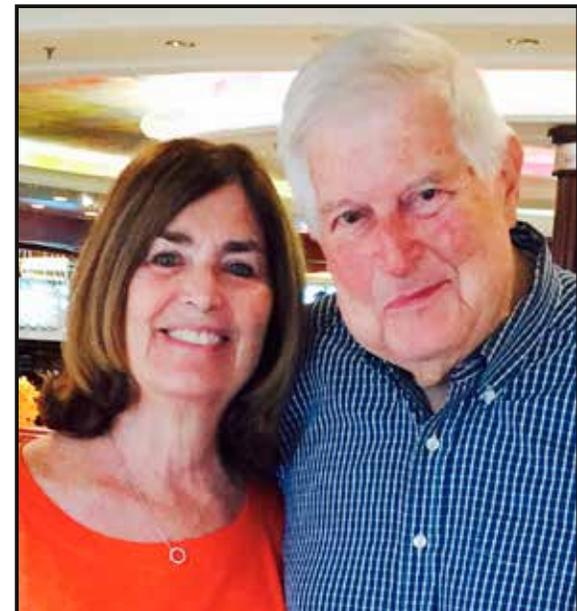
Alan Sieroty and Michele Rykoff

Our Dearest Suzy,

Hey, Girl: As your old friend (Alan, 60+ years) and new friend (Michele, 20+ years), we count ourselves as your dear friends and have special memories to share.

Alan was Wally's best friend forever (BFF as they call it today) since they were six years old, living across the street from each other, going to Hawthorne, Beverly High, and Stanford together, and much more. Alan was in your wedding party and at every party that you had. Michele came along years later and we still came to every party, family event, and fundraiser.

Enjoying Costa Rica's beauties and interesting people with Wally and you was a real adventure. Exploring the Cloud Forest, Lake Arenal, visiting and dining with artistic people living in Costa Rica (Wally's full and spectacular itinerary), culminating in a New Year's dinner where we invited a gentleman from Mexico to join us. He was there to celebrate his anniversary, but unfortunately his wife could not leave Mexico because of upheaval in Chiapas. Thank goodness you speak Spanish and carried the evening!



Continued on next page ...

Ten days in magnificent Hawaii at “Chez Marks” was beyond description. What a wonderful time with our dear friends, Wally and Suzy. Not one site or restaurant was neglected—hospitality excellence. You and Michele shared many hours and glasses of wine on the jetty overlooking the ocean as the afternoon advanced into the spectacular sunset and then into darkness, truly learning about each other, telling stories and giggling a lot.

And then there is our annual Hollywood Bowl evening, with you bringing the entire gourmet dinner. You are so interesting that you even have the most unusual silver-layered container that holds the entire dinner. One of a kind, just like Suzy.

Of course, if an organization or an individual needs support, there is a dinner and fundraiser at the Marks home. You have carried on this tradition with love and hope in your heart. Also, if that person is from out of town or from another country, they are invited to stay at your house. And the people who participate in these dinners are special human beings too. You are the only person we know who thinks it is a privilege to be asked to donate to a worthy cause. Let’s not forget family dinners, which we lovingly attend and are always treated as family!

We have also shared the toughest times, as our dear Wally was taken from us all too soon. The hours that we spent with him were truly blessings and we witnessed the love and support that he received from you and your children, Laurie, Wally, Wendy, and Amanda—and grandchildren, Ruby, Zoe, Aaron, Jackson, Jonah, and Samantha.

Hey, Girl: Today we wish you happy birthday and may we share many joys and build many more sweet memories with you as you continue your life as a loving mother, grandmother, and friend to so many.

With our love,
Alan and Michele



Ellen Graff



It's really hard to point out one trait of Suzy's because she has so many that I love. But I think my biggest love of Suzy's "golden heart" is the most number one! I love Suzy's "golden heart", which is turned warmly to all the people she knows: She listens to people; she will comfort people who are hurting; at a party, she's right in the middle of the party. She's a baseball fan with great enthusiasm and also tennis. Suzy beams to everyone she knows. And I treasure my relation with Suzy for over 50 years! (We were both pregnant with our first babies together and very nearly close births!)

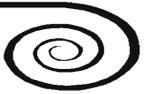
I have known Suzy and Wally (i.e. this Wally's father). Suzy and I met at her engagement because my parents and Wally's parents were good friends. So Wally invited me to his engagement party to Suzy and we have been good friends for a long time. My first pregnancy (John) and Suzy's first pregnancy (Laurie) came at almost the same time. Unfortunately, I had to stay in bed to keep the pregnancy—Suzy called me every day and I loved her for that.

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Last week I spent two pleasant hours with Wally. We were looking at slides of a Shakespeare's birthday party that I gave at my home in 1964! All the media—newspapers, TV, and radio—made a big deal about Shakespeare's 400th birthday! So, I decided to have a big birthday party for Mr. S! I asked every guest to dress in Shakespeare costume! And, everyone did! There were 30-40 people and I think that it was Wally who induced Suzy to memorize and act the scene of Romeo and Juliet at the balcony. I couldn't believe they were offering to act and be these characters, in costume! So, I put out picnic benches for the audience and rented some props—a balcony and stage for those stars! It was the biggest and noisiest party I have given!

Another memory was when Suzy and I were pregnant with our first babies, only four months apart, both born in 1960: Laurie and John. Suzy flew through her pregnancy easily but I needed to do a lot of bed rest to keep my baby safe. So, I stayed in bed and Suzy called me every day to cheer me up—every day! She, then and now—she is a fantastic friend and I still love her for all that care then and now!





Marcia Burnam



What do I love best about Suzy?

I love her unending enthusiasm.

What are my favorite stories or memories about her?

Any time I'm with her it's a favorite memory!

What have I learned from her?

What I know from her is her incredible energy and enthusiasm, even when her heart is aching.

Other thoughts or wishes on this special occasion?

When I took the 14-year-old Ethiopian boy, whose father I knew and admired, Suzy was the only person who reached out sight-unseen to help.

Joann Lautman

***“A friend, is one of
the nicest things you can have,
and one of the
best things you can be.”***

Suzy has been that friend since before we born into the similar type families ... values, religious feelings, parenting skills, and lack of political commitments.

With this background it is obvious why we are connected, and it validates the core of our relationship.

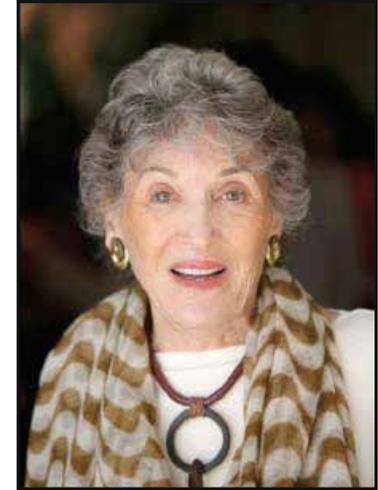
My fondest of memories is a bottle of booze snuck into my hospital room by Suzy to be shared on my road to wellness, and a memory never to be forgotten.

We have been good drinking partners ever since age 16 or younger.

May we be friends forever ... as Suzy is the gift in my life.

oxooxoxox

Joey



Liz and Sam Montez

Dear Suzy,

Throughout the course of everyday life we deal with a variety of people. Much of this routine can be defined as uneventful, even forgettable, everyday life. Happily, once in a while, if fortune smiles your way, you encounter a certain individual who stands out from the crowd. An exceptional person you have the honor of becoming friends with and enjoying an ongoing relationship with that stays positive and inspirational.

This person, to us, is you Suzy! Interesting, caring, and truly significant. And endlessly generous with all of your special and thoughtful gifts which are too numerous to list! We count ourselves truly blessed to be among those lives greatly enriched by your friendship!

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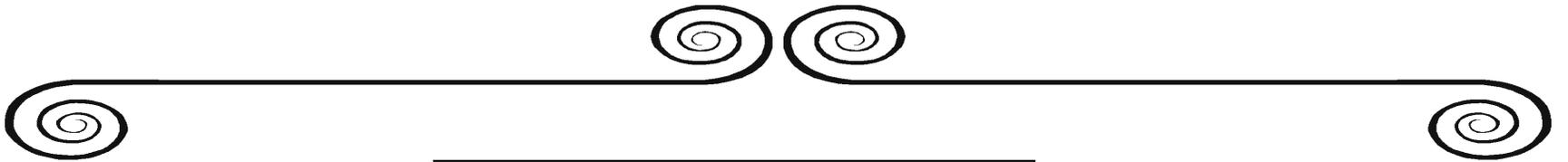
We have had many a political and religious discussion, each sharing our convictions, and respectfully listening and understanding one another though our opinions couldn't be more opposite. I love the learning quality of that!

And all that, because of two adorable puppy dogs! They are the tie that binds—with wet kisses and happy, laughing, smiley, barking, wagging little warm fuzzy bodies that know no bounds with their enthusiasm and love! We have had so much fun together over the years: walks, hikes, people friends, doggy friends, and even breaking barriers with neighbor dogs!

And, so, may you be blessed beyond measure on your 80th and thereafter! We look forward to many more deep, spiritual, political, and light-hearted conversations!

Wishing you lots and lots of love and more special times together,

Liz and Sam



Dear Mama #1,

We love you so dearly! You give us so much joy and special treatment!

We love all the places we go, you even take us to beaches where we aren't supposed to be! (We love running on that nice sand and the ocean breezes). We also get to go to UCLA to see doggie friends, and to chase squirrels, our favorite activity!

And we love being with Ralph, too.

We love all the parties and people you have at our house! The food and the company are great. We get the best food ever, you fill our tummies with treats, Yumm!

I hope we don't scare your friends or make them sneeze too much. If we do, we get to see Liz and Sam. Sometimes she takes us to Santa Monica and we get to check out all the doggie people in the park.

We remember when we went to Malibu and had shrimp at a place called the Reel Inn. Mmmm, woof, woof!! Afterwards we went for a walk down to the beach, but we couldn't go on the sand. (Some people just don't know how to have fun!)

One favorite time with Liz was when she and Kai'ya took us in the pool. We weren't sure about all that water! We are used to showers at the "beauty parlor," but to be surrounded by it was something new.

Jack didn't think it was too bad, but I didn't want anything to do with it!! I don't know why you people like it so much, I'd much rather be running around the pool "laughing" at you silly folks getting all wet!!

And....The best ending to a full day is cuddling up in bed with our favorite Mama #1. Thanks for our happy home!

Anyway, HAPPY BIG BIRTHDAY, Mama. Life is good with you, we couldn't have it any better!!

"All the licks in the world couldn't tell you how much I really love you!" (Jackie)

"I wish I had people arms, then I could give you bigger hugs!" (Jack)



Marilyn Karsten

What do I love best about Suzy?

There is so much to love about Suzy. She is one of the most generous persons I know, if not the most generous. She is a wonderful friend, a wonderful mother. She's the best. And a one-of-a-kind and thoughtful human being. She is loved by all who know her.

What are my favorite stories or memories about her?

I didn't know Suzy growing up. Went to Hawaii with her.

What have I learned from her?

Generosity, love of mankind. Everyone who knows her loves her. I want her in my life until I have to leave the planet.

Other thoughts or wishes on this special occasion?

What's not to love about her? Okay, one thing not to love: She takes on too many projects, too many things, not enough time for herself.



Norma and Sy Feshbach

From Sy:

On Suzy's 80th birthday:

We are unaware of the dramatic events in Suzy's lifetime.
We know little about her background, whether she still is in her prime.

What we do know is how special she is for a woman of eighty.
She is called upon for her views on matters ordinaire or matters weighty.

Her warmth makes her easy to work with and like,
Her heart goes out to workers on strike,
Her heart goes out to those who have no home,
And to those who struggle to write a poem.

Fortunately she has a big heart with room for the oppressed,
And special space for those who are distressed,
In brief her world is governed by love.

—With love from Sy



Why I Love Suzy ... From Norma:

Suzy is my friend,
A friend I hold dear.
Becoming friends with Suzy
Is one of the highlights of my adult years.

I love Suzy!!
Why?
Because of who she is!!

Because of:

- ♥ Her interpersonal relationships with her family and her friends.
- ♥ Her overall morality.
- ♥ Her specific moral values.
- ♥ Her generosity.
- ♥ Her work ethic.
- ♥ Her charitableness.
- ♥ Her tolerance.
- ♥ Her openness.
- ♥ Her appreciation of others.
- ♥ Her treatment of her children and other people's children.
- ♥ Her political activities in the service of others.
- ♥ Her kindness.
- ♥ Her support of the Brooklyn (oops, Los Angeles) Dodgers.
- ♥ Her sense of humor.
- ♥ All true and more.



That is why I love Suzy. And I am proud and fortunate to call her my friend.

Nan Merritt

A Celebration of Suzy on the Occasion of Her 80th Birthday

Or, How Is This Even Possible?

Being asked to contribute something to this book celebrating you, Suzy, on your 80th (!) birthday is such a pleasure and an honor. How often does one have a chance to express love and admiration so directly and permanently and put it in writing!

What keeps us apart is what connects us: 10 years, one month, one day:

Suzy: February 14, 1937

Nan: January 15, 1947



Unfortunately, I didn't spend a great deal of time with you, our ages and social circles being a bit of a barrier. You were off to Europe and I was off to camp. However, the time we did spend was often rich in laughter and delight.

When one person attempts to describe another, the description or insight only allows a small element of that person to be known. It's as if I only have one small piece of the puzzle that is you. I see you from a certain vantage point. My little sliver of knowing can only paint you in the broadest strokes having never lived under the same roof, gone to the same school, or known the same people.

That being said, what we do share is our parents, for better or worse, and our immediate family. You know how my parents adored you, and you and my mom had a very special bond. I'm thrilled that recently we have made the effort to get together and yak about our families and talk story.

So enlightening! OMG, I've learned so much!

Here are just a few things I love about you:

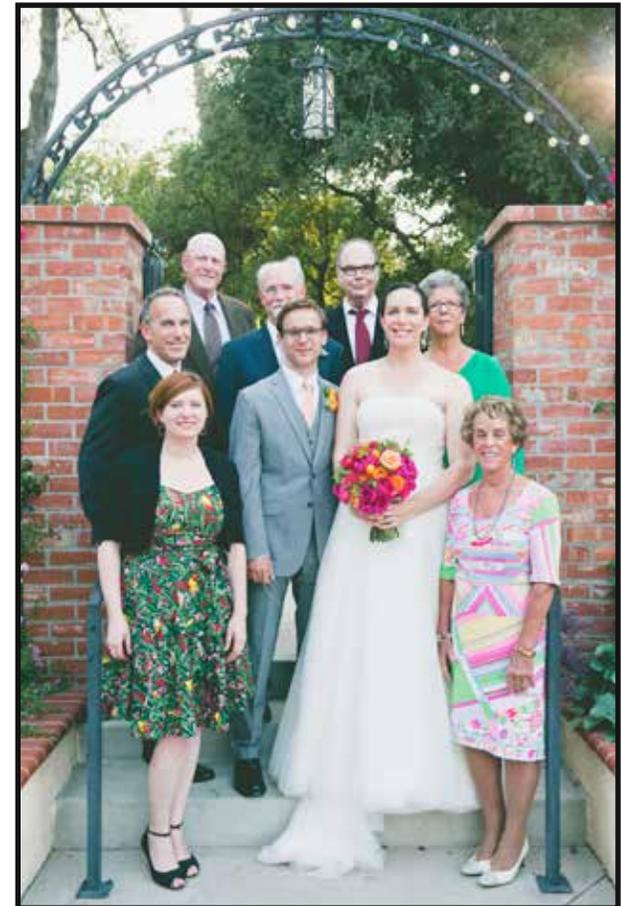
Your great laugh and wonderful 1000-watt smile, your mischievousness—I remember some particularly raucous Christmas Eve at the kids' table—your generosity of spirit and full-on engagement with life. You are a fearless truth-teller, and I feel incredibly grateful to be related to you.

I'm also fortunate to know Laurie and feel a real closeness to her. Circumstances have allowed me to know her better than Wally, Wendy, and Amanda. Though rarely in their company, I know them to be smart, graceful, and charming like their mama.

I have to include Wally when thinking about you. Even from my far perspective, it seemed that Wally helped turn you from a somewhat frivolous girl into a thoughtful, curious woman. I always loved talking to Wally at the various family functions. He was ever-inquisitive and engaging. You and Wally never dismissed me because I was young, green, and confident I knew just about everything.

My favorite memories of you are those of my mom, when you made your epic trip together to Europe. You all were on a barge, sailing down the Loire (do barges sail?) with your mom and dad, the Hartounians and Mom. It's amusing to note that neither my father nor Wally could be persuaded to go.

The second part of the trip, you my mom traveled together in Italy. Mom was in heaven, hanging out with her favorite niece and seeing all the sights she had read about for so long. She sent daily postcards describing your adventures. The coffee! The gelato! The history! When she came home, she talked about that trip with you for years. I'm certain it was the highlight of her life.





*So I'll end my tribute to you with this poem that has a lot to say about growing older:
On Turning Ten, by Billy Collins*

The whole idea of it makes me feel
like I'm coming down with something,
something worse than any stomach ache
or the headaches I get from reading in bad light--
a kind of measles of the spirit,
a mumps of the psyche,
a disfiguring chicken pox of the soul.

You tell me it is too early to be looking back,
but that is because you have forgotten
the perfect simplicity of being one
and the beautiful complexity introduced by two.
But I can lie on my bed and remember every digit.
At four I was an Arabian wizard.
I could make myself invisible
by drinking a glass of milk a certain way.
At seven I was a soldier, at nine a prince.

But now I am mostly at the window
watching the late afternoon light.
Back then it never fell so solemnly
against the side of my tree house,
and my bicycle never leaned against the garage
as it does today,
all the dark blue speed drained out of it.

This is the beginning of sadness, I say to myself,
as I walk through the universe in my sneakers.
It is time to say good-bye to my imaginary friends,
time to turn the first big number.

It seems only yesterday I used to believe
there was nothing under my skin but light.
If you cut me I could shine.
But now when I fall upon the sidewalks of life,
I skin my knees. I bleed.

*Sending you an abundance of love and
warmest wishes celebrating your
extraordinary 80 years.*

Let the rumpus begin!

—Cousin Nan

Sue Miller

Where do I begin to tell what I love best about Suzy? Is it her energy? Her loyalty? Her endless pursuit of justice in our troubled world? Her unselfish giving of herself and her time? Her fun-loving nature? Or all of the above and more?!

Suzy has truly created her own formula for how to be a “*mensch*.” There is no one with more vigor or love of life and people, and no one more willing to explore new options and uncharted horizons. It’s a New York minute between when Suzy gets inspired and Suzy takes action. She is right there pitching in, whether it’s for family, friends, or her favorite causes.

One of my earliest “Suzy memories,” at an LBT retreat at Valyermo: I’m trying to remember the year. Suzy was in her 20s. We all drove through wildflowers and Joshua trees to get to a peaceful Benedictine abbey where the monks took meals in silence. After a tranquil breakfast and a serene morning service followed by a “no talking” lunch, Suzy, brimming over with inspiration, decided to take a walk and explore the wonders of the desert on her own. It was several hours before anyone even realized she was gone. As the afternoon grew later and the sun shifted, Wally began to worry! Wally began to worry a lot! Just as his fretting turned toward action and he began forming a search party, along came Suzy, flushed and breathless as she bounced back to camp beaming from ear to ear and eager to tell her anxious husband and friends about her inspirational trek.



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I have always remembered that story as the perfect introduction to the adult Suzy who was never afraid to explore new territory or try new things, especially ones with a purpose or an opportunity for inspiration.

Some years later, there's another Leo Baeck Temple memory that tells about the true Suzy Marks. In those days, the women at the temple—whether working or not—cooked. For temple events, the food committee members each made a portion of the main dish for a communal pot. Joan Starrels, the first woman LBT president, sent each volunteer a copy of the recipe in her inimitable art historian handwriting. We cooked at home and arrived at LBT with our portions.

I remember one fundraiser when we made Beef Bourguignon. One by one, the cooks showed up at the temple kitchen and dumped their contributions into a huge professional-sized pot. As the pot filled, we crowded around the kitchen island staring at the ever-growing quantity of fragrant boeuf, wondering how in the world we would ever mix it.



All of a sudden, with no warning, Suzy jumped up on a chair, rolled up her shirtsleeves (literally), and plunged her arms into the bourguignon above her elbows. We watched with wide-eyed wonder as she mixed and paddled around in the stew. A golden opportunity for an award-winning video was lost in this pre-iPhone era.

However, video or not, the memory remains as another metaphor for the essential Suzy. When everyone else stands around wondering what to do next and how to do it, Suzy plunges in, up to her elbows, and gets the job done.

Suzy is well known for her leadership and devotion to many causes of great interest and importance, often helping people who are forgotten here and abroad. I have a string of happy memories of following Suzy around to various causes.

As I recall, it all started for me many years ago when Suzy brought a group of Russian “Jews” to LBT, and I got involved with these Russians at the Jewish Family Service because of Suzy. That was a long time ago. Since then, there were years of a series of anti-war involvements, starting via Leonard Beerman and George Regas and their Reverse the Arms Race at All Saints’ Church in Pasadena, and then moving on to Suzy’s West LA connection: Voters to End the Arms Race.

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Her list of caring causes goes on and on, always interfacing with the times and those in need, especially the under-served. She focuses on what is important for people, and what can be done to foster peace, understanding, and humanity—here at home and elsewhere in our troubled world. It has been my blessing to learn from Suzy and her devotion and service to community.

After decades of treasured memories, I can say that, as a friend, Suzy is just a lot of fun! She is always willing to go and do and to try new things. She takes any opportunity to laugh and enjoy. Her generosity is endless. She is an old-fashioned kind of “girl friend” sharing secrets, joyful and painful. Her loyalty and thoughtfulness are enduring.

She is also there in times of trouble, always making time for a friend in need. When you are with Suzy alone, she has a way of making you feel as if you are the most important person in the world. Suzy has the rare capacity to be a good friend to a lot of people, and I have felt blessed to be on that list.

So, to my dear Suzy: a universe full of loving wishes for a loving friend. I hope to be there with you for many more celebrations to come.

All my love,
Sue



Irene and Sid Howard

Suzy Marks is an amazing woman, a force, and in a class by herself. She has a warm heart as big as the state of Texas.

Suzy is loving, sensitive, and always giving of all of her resources. She is the consummate volunteer, especially for jobs to which no one else responds. Suzy knows a world of people of importance in many walks of life, and always seems comfortable asking any of them to speak at a meeting or to assist for the betterment of anyone in need. She makes time for meetings of all types, mostly regarding the homeless, poverty stricken, disenfranchised, and underserved of our city of Los Angeles and beyond.

Suzy never gives up on attempting to make any challenge work out. I don't know how she survives doing all of her jobs on the small amount of sleep that she gets. It's never surprising to receive an email from Suzy written at 2 am.

I remember when Suzy and Wally had only been married a short time. They came to visit Sid and me in our little house in Gardena. Sid and I had just had our 3rd child, a baby girl, and I had the impression that they were checking us out to see if parenthood would be a good thing for them. I think that they decided in the affirmative.

Sid and I are proud to have Suzy as a friend, and that will always be so.

Love,
Irene and Sid



Pat and Ira Cohen

From Pat:

I would like to say: Next to her father's photo, the man with the hat and lei on ... this says it all. Then, along with the other photos, "A friend is the best thing you can have, and one of the most wonderful things you can be."

All of my love,
Pat

From Ira:

To Suzy on her 80th birthday:

Unlike most of the people who know Suzy, I have not had the privilege of knowing Suzy all of either my teen years or my entire adult life. So therefore I am only able to contribute about a brief friendship of about 20 years. However, in that period I am very happy to say that those years have gone by too swiftly. I have known Suzy through good times and some not happy times. Her attitude to all human beings and several dogs has been one of love, respect, and, above all, her commitment to help and support.

Love you Suzy,
Ira





Debbie Stein

Dear Suzy,

We may not be life-long friends, but in these past few years, we have found such a special relationship. I wish we had started earlier. In you, I have found a like soul, a "sistah"!!!! (Actually our very own kinship in action).

You are the most generous, thoughtful person, and fun, fun, fun!!!!

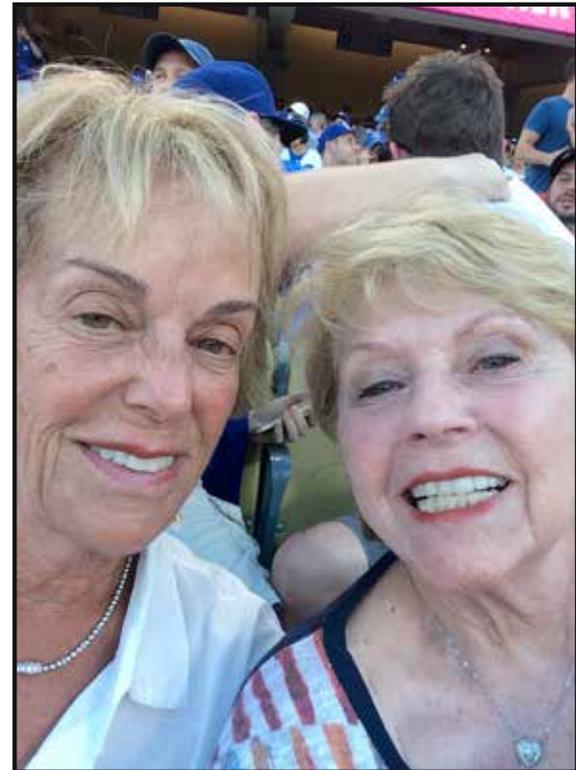
I love that you are so honest, that you are such a family person (things we share).

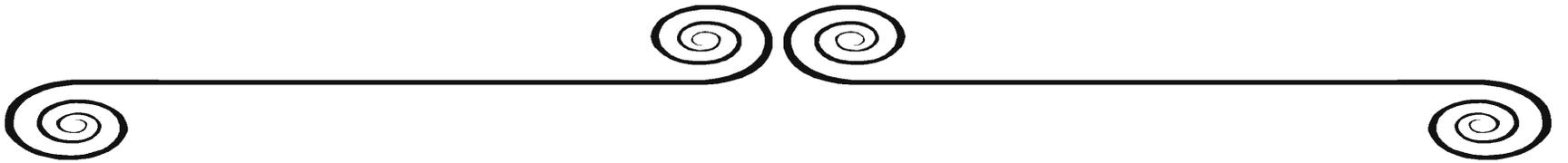
I love that your are (in your own words) a bleeding heart liberal and I love your enthusiasm and humor.

Didn't we have fun writing songs together for the SC party? I loved it. Together we became such a close team, to wit, the dinner we gave together for the SC. I'm grateful that this brought us together and, now we have retired and can just plan more fun times together, I feel like we could talk about anything and you would understand. You are a treasure in my life.

I wish you the best birthday ever, my dear Suzy, (And Manny does also; like me, he thinks you are wonderful).

Love you,
Debbie





Geraldynne for Zehere Patino



What do I love best about Suzy?

I love her heart and sense of humor.

What are my favorite stories or memories about her?

Spending time together in Hawaii; it was my most memorable time with her. Seeing her enjoying a good time and genuinely laughing was very precious to me.

What have I learned from her?

I've learned to be humble, as she is, and a kind human being for others.

What is my favorite "Suzy-ism?"

She is finicky.

Other thoughts or wishes on this special occasion?

I remember a time when I came to work and found spinach cream sauce all over the ceiling and kitchen. When I asked her, she told me she was warming up spinach sauce and "I don't know what happened?!" We laughed together. I found that cute and funny.



Lynne and Don Alschuler



What do we love best about Suzy?

- ♥ Her dedication to causes for which she works and cares for tirelessly.
- ♥ Suzy's sense of fun has never wavered.

What are our favorite stories or memories about Suzy?

We go back to college days in Colorado at C U, 1955. Suzy went to school to have fun!! She could drink with the best of them. Studying was not on her agenda. We transferred to Berkeley and again were together in the sorority house. Suzy still could drink with the best of them. Classes were not as interesting.

In May of 1958 Suzy and Pat stopped in Washington DC on their way home from a long European trip. Don and I were living in Alexandria, Virginia. We invited them for dinner at our apartment. As they were getting out of the cab, Suzy slammed her finger in the cab door. She saw a doctor near our apartment and he stitched her up and told her to come back the next day.

We had dinner in our home and went for a driving tour of the area, on very bumpy cobblestone streets. We took them to their hotel, came home to a sink full of the dirty dinner dishes—just too tired to wash them.

Suzy and Pat returned to our home the next morning and found our front door covered in pink ribbons. And found our sink full of dirty dishes. Our daughter Melanie was born that very morning. (She's 58 years old now).

We move on to 1960 and, lo and behold, Don and I bought a house in Brentwood Glen only a block away from Suzy and Wally and Laurie. Our kids became life-long close friends and so did we, along with the Walzers and the Leanses. We may not be in touch on a regular basis, but we remain close friends with a lot of history together—some sad, some happy—real life!!!





What have we learned from her?

Suzy could have written the book on "Liberal Politics for Dummies" and also written the book on how to seek contributions from friends for so many causes.

Other thoughts or wishes on this special occasion?

Suzy was a fabulous soft ball player for Leo Baeck and the ultimate hostess and chef. We have had many delicious and fun times together.

We want to wish her a wonderful, healthy, and happy birthday.

Love

Don and Lynne



David and Beth Meltzer

When we first met, long, long ago, I'll never forget your promise to make those wedding bells ring. That was for you and Wally and the life you wished to lead.

But it seems to me now on a grand scale as a progressive activist those bells continue to ring loud and clear at your front door welcoming so many to help make this world a fairer, more just and peaceful place—to brighten the day to bring a better life to so many.

Ah, that we could clone the likes of you, we'd have it made!

Love you forever and ever,
Beth





You mend the world; I hoe my garden.

A – Affectionate
B – Beyond Belief
C – Courageous, Curious, Caring & Candid
D – Dedicated
E – Energetic & Elegant
F – Fabulous – Just Ask Her Friends!
G – Genuine, Generous
H – Honest, Honorable, Happy
I – Inimitable, Intelligent, Individual
J – Joyful & Brings Joy To Others
K – Keen, Kind – One Of The Kindest I Know
L – Loving, Laudable
M – Magnetic, Magical, Methodical
N – Non-Judgmental, Natural
O – Open, Not Old!
P – Patient, Protective, Persevering, Passionate
Q – Questioning, And She Remembers!
R – Respectful, Receptive, Refreshing
S – Strong, Special, Serious In Her Intentions
T – Trustworthy, Tender, True, Tasteful
U – Unabated By Life's Cruel Jokes, Unaffected
V – Valuable, Versatile
W – Wacky, Warm, Welcoming, Willing, Weary*
X – She Is No Xerox!!
Y – Youthful –Forever
Z – A Zealot In Her Enthusiasm, Her Zest For
Living Is Contagious!

Patricia Rosenburg

Happy Healthy 80th Birthday---
Dearest Suzy, People Write Books About
Folks Like You And The Alphabet Isn't Enough
To Describe You!

Happy 80th Birthday!
I love you.



Judith Farber Weissman
and Jerry Weissman



I love, I mean really love Suzy.

I feel bad that I don't have more pictures of us together.

I thought I would send all the songs Jerry and I have written for Suzy over the years!





I found a button with red, white and blue ribbon on it that says "Wally for President." We met by Suzy and Wally's, boarded a large bus, and went back to Wally's roots. It was glorious.

Suzanne Marks (Tune: Alice Blue Gown)

Suzy Marks, she's the toast of our town
She and Wally, their fame is renown
She is soft, sweet and smart
With a giant-sized heart
Her kindness to strangers, it sets her apart.

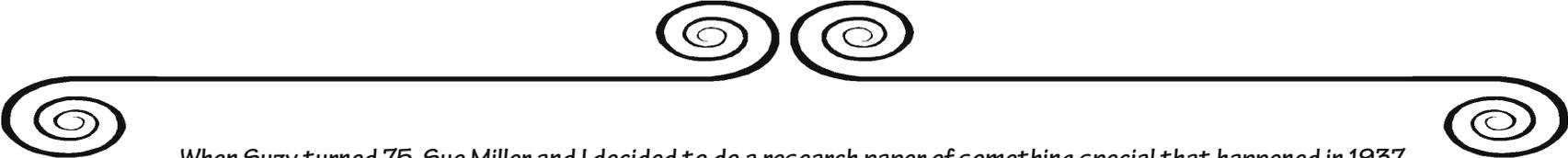
She's a wonderful mother and wife
Yet herself leads a dynamic life [but still leads an independent life]
Drives the grandkids, she's happy
Though cell phone coverage is crappy
Gives great strength to others in life.

Elder Hostel on Bolas for sure
People come with their issue galore
Muslim, Christian, and Jew
Students more than a few
Come to speak and to fundraise
Suzy feeds them all too.

In a manner of grace and delight
She continues to strive in her fight
Though there might not be answers
Personal freedom's what matters
Deuteronomy tells her "choose life"

We celebrated Suzy at 70. In front of family and friends Jerry and I sang the following song to the tune of Alice Blue Gown. This song summarized some of the many qualities that make Suzy Suzy.





When Suzy turned 75, Sue Miller and I decided to do a research paper of something special that happened in 1937, the year of Suzy's birth. Our research provided information on Bakelite and its qualities, which were created in 1937. This was read at Marlene Loucheim's luncheon.

2/2/12

Bakelite Suzy Stands the Test of Time

In 1937, just prior to World War II, during the culmination of the art deco period of invention and creativity, Suzanne Jacobs was born. Like Suzy, the influence of art deco would be significant through the present day. In 1939, when Suzy was only two, the New York World's Fair ushered in a new technological era. Picture little Suzy Jacobs, always precocious and ahead of her time, entering life in an age of new thinking about materials and industry—an era of unbridled enthusiasm for what man, woman, and technology could do.

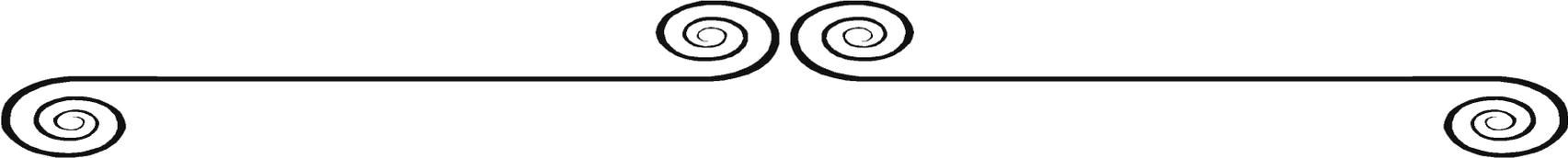
One new material of this era was Bakelite, the first manmade plastic invented and patented. Like Suzy, who always keeps her cool, Bakelite has a specific resistance to melting. Bakelite immediately became a main staple of the electronics industry.

Soon the Bakelite Company was selling resin, castings, and moldings to companies everywhere. By the late 1930s it is said that it would be hard to formulate a list of forty industries that did not use Bakelite. Like Bakelite, Suzy is involved in everything important. Objects such as plugs, electrical boxes, handles for electrical units, and telephones were the first offspring of this new resin.

Most of these were in either brown, black and, occasionally, clear amber. Through experimentation with pigmentation, Bakelite took on a completely new family of colors. Kitchens, which had been mostly white in color, now featured reds, greens, and oranges. In addition, pot handles, spatulas, eggbeaters, bowls, dishes, cups, and saucers were composed of multicolored Bakelite. We can imagine little Suzy crawling around the kitchen gazing at the colorful Bakelite.

That's our Suzy ... colorful, fun, ready to take on new things.

Continued on next page ...



Suzy is also practical, useful, a “doer,” involved in all the essentials of the world. She strives for world peace, a sense of fairness, and human dignity for people of all colors.

The “Roaring Twenties” found the American woman enveloped in Bakelite jewelry featuring bright colors and geometric shapes. Suzy is shapely, colorful, and of high luster. With multicolored beads and bangles, the “flappers” of the day went off to the “speakeasy” of their choice to dazzle their friends. Suzy, your presence in any social setting lights up a room. With and without the booze, you sparkle and always possess an “ease with speaking.” (Is that what they meant by “speakeasy”?).

During the 1930s, fantasy bracelets and necklaces, as well as geometric and dangly jewelry, were created. These Bakelite pieces hung from metal or celluloid chains. That’s Suzy: trendsetter, popular, swinging, and living life in the moment. These fantasy pieces are rare today, are of a more delicate nature, and have withstood the test of time.

Suzy, you have stood the test of time. You have developed such patina, such luster, and have grown better and more fun with age. It seems fitting today to give you this 1930s Bakelite gift, reminiscent of the era from which you sprang, which in so many ways resembles the remarkable you and your essence.

With our love, admiration, and everlasting friendship,
Sue and Judy

— The Story of Suzy and Bakelite for her 75th birthday from Sue Miller and Judy Farber Weissman.

Suzy Marks-Baseball Lover (Tune: The Old Ball Game)

You're a lover of baseball
You've a yen for the game
Love for the Dodgers is in your blood
You go to a game, even trudging through mud

Gilmore Field with your Daddy
Paved the way from the start
It's a love-fest for the stick-and-the-ball
You'd pinch hit, if only they'd call

When you're there with the family
Life for you seems complete
You miss the greats of so long ago
When Koufax and Wills were the stars of the show

You share stats of the players
With kids and grandkids galore
It's the roar of the crowd
And the crack of the bat
Keep you coming back for more

Happy birthday Suzy.
February 17, 2012

There is so much one could say or sing about the praises of Suzy Marks. She is warm, caring, and generous of self, supportive, loving, and non-judgmental. Her interests are varied and many reflect her values of justice for all. On the lighter side, Suzy is a lover of baseball. For her 75th birthday, Jerry and I wrote this parody for Suzy!



You're the Top (Tune: Cole Porter, You're the Top)

You're the top, you're a Brahms concerto
You're the top, wearing clothes of day-glow
You're a person who spreads love, delivers hope
You are chunky jewelry, Russian Jewry, you're Davy Lopes

You're the top, you snap gobs of photos
You're the top, and deserve the kudos
On the road, with heavy load, no stop!
And, our Suzy, you're the greatest, you're the top

You're the top, you're our Pearl Mesta
With your mate there is no-contesta
A latka maker, big chance taker, and ham
A piano player, no nay-sayer, you're six kids' gram

On a bike, you perform like Armstrong
What you like, is a Porter love song
You're a symphony, a melody—don't stop
And our Suzy you're the bestest, you're the top

When you work, you're an eager beaver
With a glove, a line-drive receiver
ACLU, LBT—pay your dues
Coalitions and expanded visions, it's yours to choose

You're the top, you're a hot tamale
In your bed, you're a hit with Ralphie
You fight for peace, and never cease to stop
And our Suzy you're the hottest, you're the top

You're the top, and you rode the AIDS ride
Fishing too, and Pilates inside
Motorcycles and ten speed bikes, that's you
You're a hot-shot gardener, you're a super partner, apple farmer too

You're the top, you're the queen of e-mail
Don't you stop, there's no way that you'll fail
Keep your good connections, your good intentions—don't stop
'Cuz our Suzy you're the greatest, you're the top

Suzy's 75th Birthday Celebration. Suzy had events for her 75th birthday: luncheon, and dinner at UCLA Conference Center. Jerry and I handed out the words for everyone to sing. We sang it through once. We were very proud of this parody because it was tricky. It is always a pleasure to sing-a-toast to Suzy.



In 2014, Suzy and Debbie Stein became co-chairs of Community of Elders. Suzy always felt that the supportive nature of the Steering Committee is what contributed to the program's great success. We all agreed. Suzy and Debbie were a dynamic duo and were able to model the benefits of two capable people running the expansive programs. At a party honoring the stellar job by Suzy and Debbie, Susann Bauman and I wrote the following parody. We sang it through once and then everyone present joined in for this tribute to both women. September, 2016.

Here's to Debbie and Suzy (Tune: Love and Marriage)

Deb and Suzy, Deb and Suzy
What a splendid and amazing two-zee
You are like no other
You work so well with one another

Deb and Suzy, Deb and Suzy
Even if you are a little bit boo-zee
You've led us for two great years
So tonight we offer you our best cheers

Try, try, try and separate you
You're such a two-some
Try, try, try and you will only come
To this conclusion

Deb and Suzy, Deb and Suzy
You've been great for all of us old Jews-zees
Now you deserve a long rest
Thanks for giving us your best yet

– Written by Susann Bauman and Judith Weissman for Suzy and Debbie at the celebration party as retiring chairs of the Community of Elders.



Eve Beerman

Suzy,

Was it really over a half a century ago that I was a guest in your home for lunch and you served me *consommé with caviar*? What a magnificent journey it has been!!

Throughout the years you have always offered me guidance, friendship, love, and comfort. You continue to be my surrogate mother as well as a lifelong friend and confidante. My life would have been very different without you.

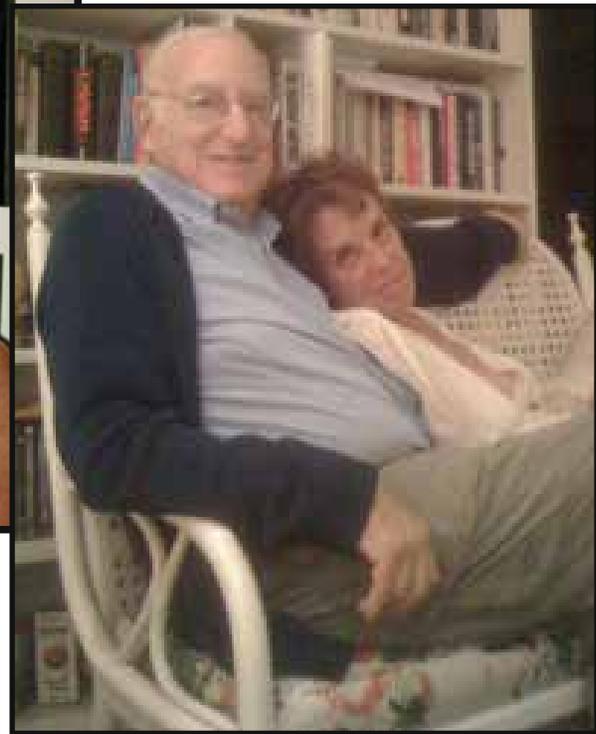
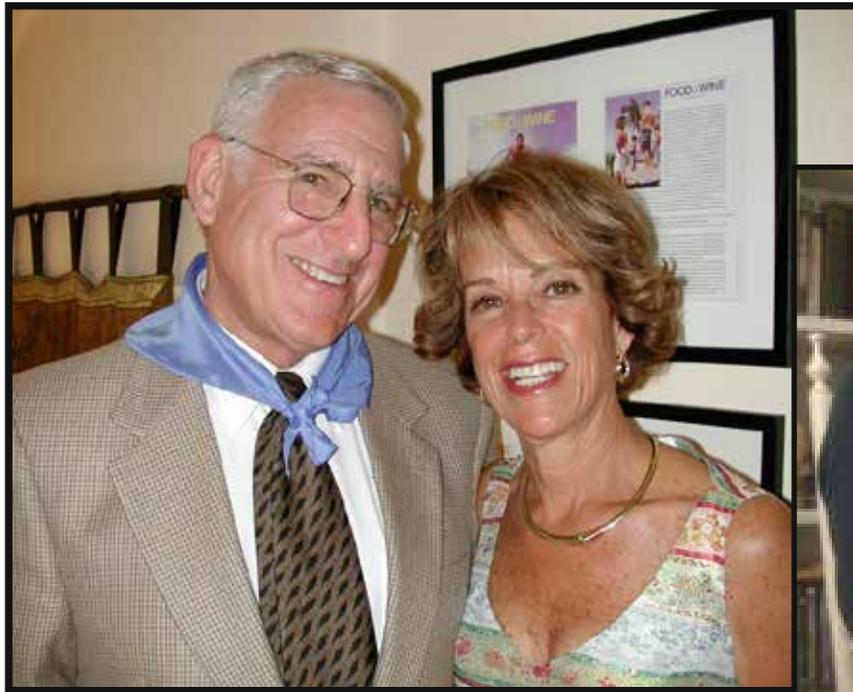
You are someone I always tried to emulate, but no one could ever do that. You are the very best!

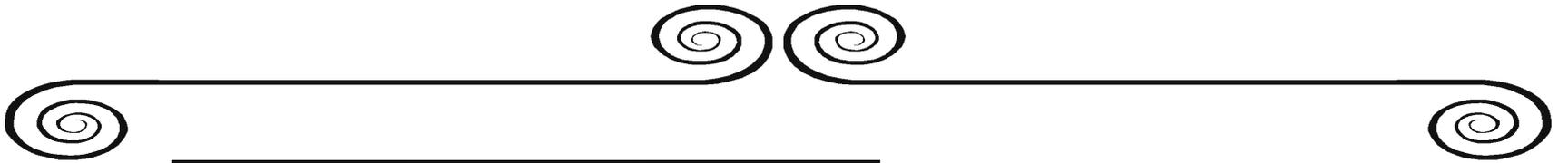
A toast to you, my dear Suzy, for all that you have accomplished and will accomplish in the years to come.

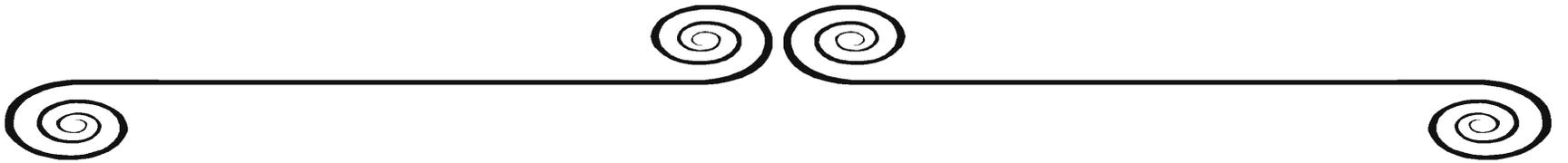
All my love on the very special occasion of your 80th birthday!!

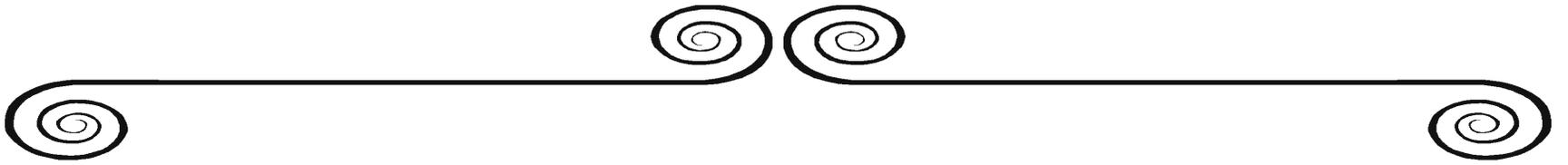


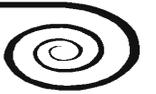
In Memory of Wally Marks

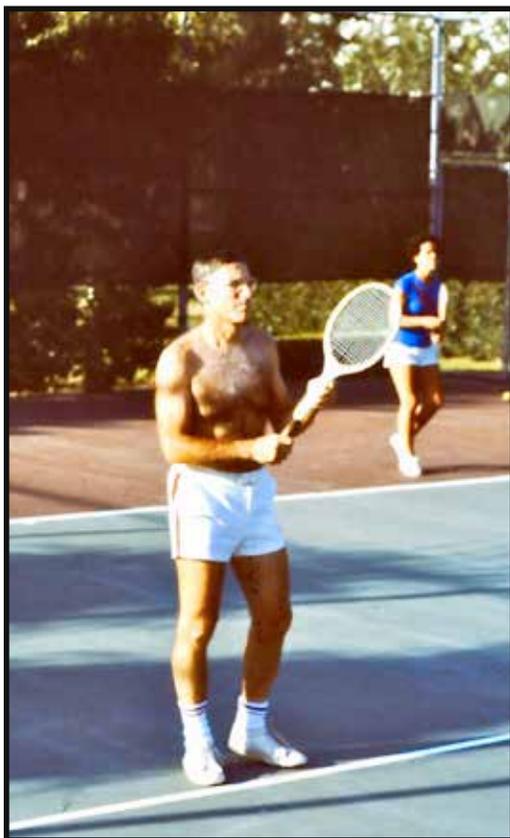














PEACE

*Wally Amanda Laurie
Suzy Wally Wendy*

Jonah Rondash



Dear Sissy,

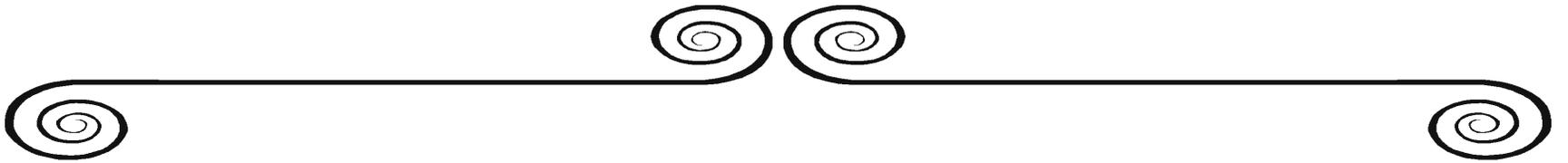
The most memorable moment I remember having with you is probably the first memory we had together. This is when we went to the fishing pond in Malibu and I caught a fish. This is very vague to me now, however I remember how much fun we had that day.

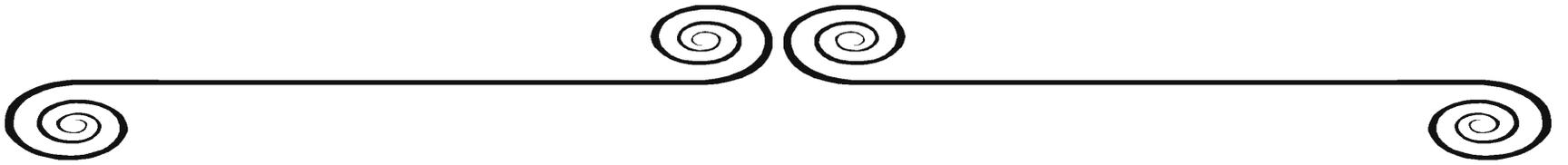
I also loved the times we had at the zoo — and I'm sure that it is the reason for many of my current interests such as marine biology, zoology, and oceanography.

You are an amazing grandma and I hope you have an awesome birthday.

I love you so much and I can't wait for the multitude of memories to come.

Love,
Jonah





Sammy Rondash

Sissy, you are so special, for many reasons. I'm going to explain here in the form of a story.

When I was younger I loved going to places like the aquarium and zoos, I still do to this day. I always had such a fun time at either of these places. This gave me my love for animals. During our fun adventures we would go see all of the animals while Sissy would push us in this carriage so we wouldn't have to walk.

Being 70 and pushing a four and six year old is very difficult, but she did it anyway because of her love and kindness. My grandma is one of the most generous people I have ever met.

Every time we hang out she gets me in and out, Pink Berry, and takes me to 3rd street. Now, that is generous!

Now back to the story. I remember Grandma taking my brother Jonah and I to the shark area, but of course I chickened out, and this created my fear of sharks. But, my grandma stuck her hand in that water and touched a shark and a six-foot-long stingray. That is bravery.

Suzy is bold and full of passion. She is not afraid of what people think; her best attribute is being herself. Back to the zoo, after the sharks we would go see the birds. Being the generous person she is she let us purchase the bird feeding part of it. There were birds everywhere, they landed on our arms and our head. Looking very weird and laughing super loud and getting weird looks we still had a great time. I still have a great time with sissy.

She just took me to the Grammy museum, which was amazing. This shows how supportive she is to everyone. Personally, my passion is music, specifically piano, voice, and guitar. She took me to this amazing museum in awful LA traffic just for my love for singing.



Continued on next page ...

My grandma also loves taking pictures, and I love photography, and she got me a Polaroid so we can experience our times together and remember them.

One time at the zoo again, my brother and I were being pushed in the animal cart down the strip where there were gift shops and food. She got the two of us cotton candy, and she was taking a picture of us, and Jonah and I decided to throw cotton candy at her/the camera. She laughed, which shows the silly side of her.

My grandma is someone I can laugh and have fun with. My grandma is known throughout the community for her kindness.

We sometimes go to Hawaii all together or just my mom, brother, and I go, and the Hawaiians always ask about her, and tell us how great she is.

My mom, uncle, and two aunts were raised very well. They had an amazing role model to look up to. Now my brother, cousins, and I have learned from our parents who learned from the one and only grandma.

I could go on and on about all the amazing things, you, grandma have done for me.

How much you have done for everyone.

How amazing you are.

But then I would write about 300 pages.

So, I'll wrap it up:

Suzanne Beatrice Marks is a healthy and upstanding 80 year old who has many more amazing years to come. So I hope Sissy will have more fun then she can possibly have for the years to come.

Happy Birthday to the best grandmother in the world.
I love you.



Amanda Marks

Happy 80th birthday Mom!
Here's to our memories ... and some Suzy-isms!

Dodgers Baseball



"If I go..."

"Hey guy"!

Fun Grandma!!!

*Italy-France-England
journey together*

Energetic Mama!

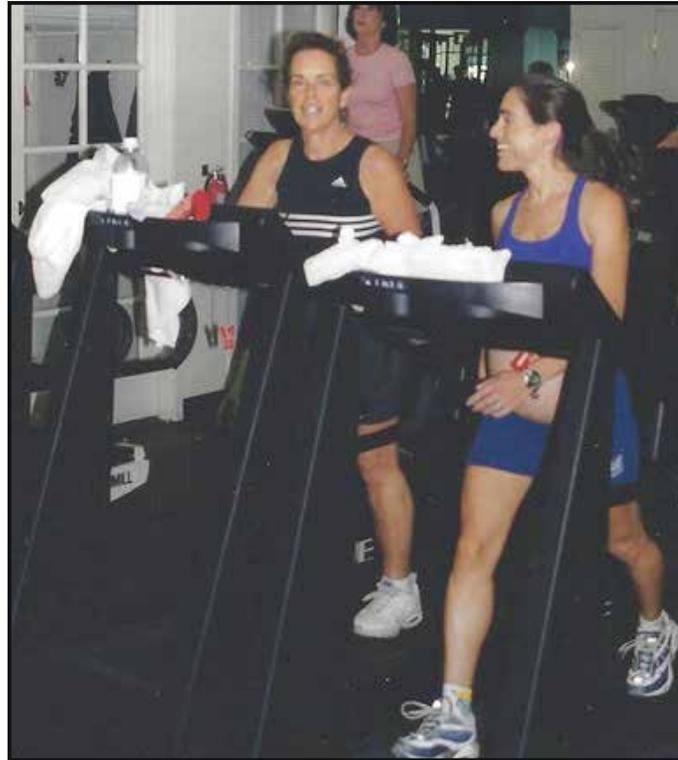
AIDS Ride SF to LA



*Mom and I drinking our cappuccinos in
Sienna! Skuma...per favore!!!*

*Mom, Dad, and I –
snorkeling cruise in
Hawaii! Aloha!!!*



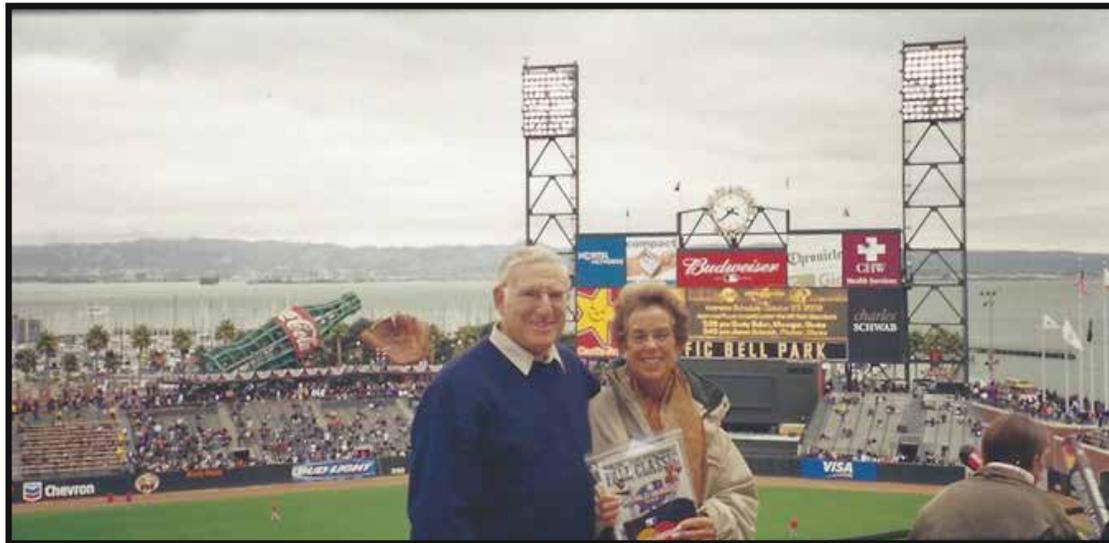


Mom and I on the treadmill at Joe's Gym during my pregnancy with Jonah. Good memories!



Mom and Dad in Hawaii

*Mom and Dad at Giants
baseball game in SF! Dad's
favorite team!*

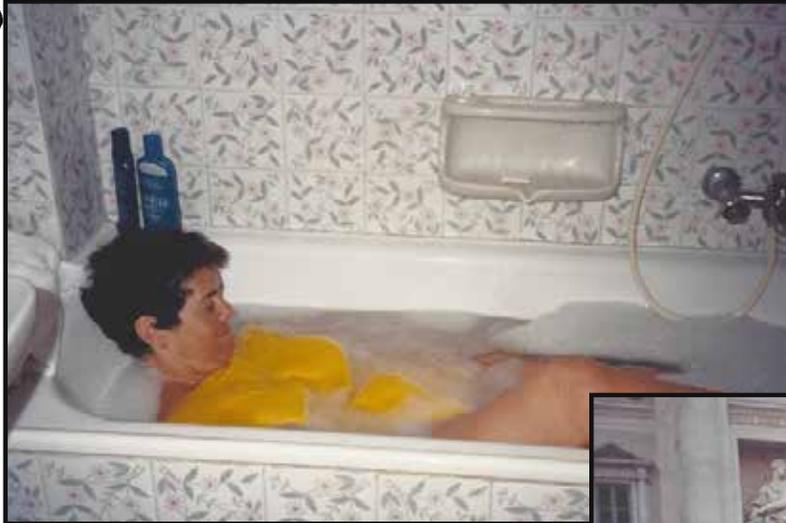




*Mom in the hill town of San Gimignano!
Buying wine of course and making an
impression with the Italian men!*



*Mom ... post race 5K. Always
a champion and staying
physically fit!*



*After much walking in Positano,
Mom lounging in the tub at Hotel
California!*

*Trevi Fountain in Rome: Mom, I
hope all your wishes have come true!*



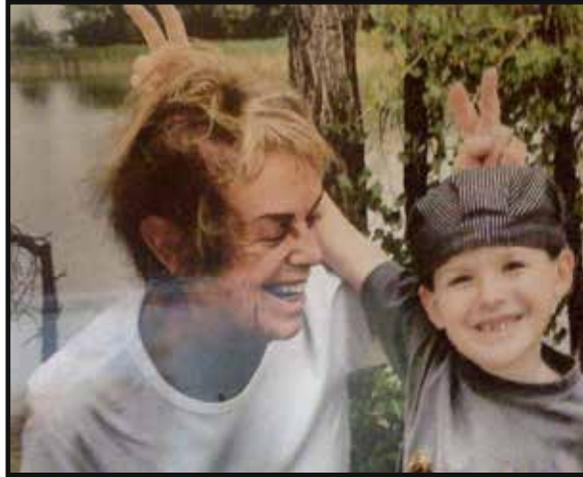
*Mom getting a tan, what she does
so well and feeling relaxed in
Positano!*



Mom, you are extremely supportive, generous, and loving. I love you and wish you an amazingly fun 80th birthday!

xoxo
Mans

Jackson Miller



What do I love best about Suzy?

What I love about Suzy is that she is so giving and happy all the time. She always wants to hang out and be playful. She is a great grandma and I never want her to stop being one. That is what I love best about Suzy.

What are my favorite stories or memories about her?

My favorite memory of being with Suzy is when we went out to Culver City and hung out with Ralph there. That was great. We even ran into your friends there.

What have I learned from her?

What I have learned from Suzy is how to read somewhat when I was younger. She took me in her car and we would read signs across the road and I in some ways learned how to read from Suzy.



What is my favorite “Suzy-ism?”

Bull**** is a phrase Suzy always uses. When she says this, she very strongly doesn't agree with whatever she is being told. For example: Ralph says “Donald Trump is running for president,” and Suzy would say, “Bull****.”

Other thoughts or wishes on this special occasion?

Suzy is always a friend I can come talk to whenever I need to and that is why I love Suzy and am proud to be her grandson.

Gary Miller

What do I love best about Suzy?

- ♥ She is one of the most generous people I've ever known.
- ♥ I love to talk politics with her and I can list the number of people on one hand who I care to do that with.
- ♥ She has a good, dark, sense of humor, which I can definitely relate to.
- ♥ Plus, she's a Dodger fan!

What are your favorite stories or memories about her?

- ♥ Getting a natural high with her, Wendy, and Mark when we took our early morning drive to watch the sunrise at the top of Mauna Kea.
- ♥ Fluming the Ditch.
- ♥ Rafting down the Middle Fork of the Salmon River in Idaho.
- ♥ Climbing to the top of the falls on the rafting trip.

What is my favorite "Suzy-ism?"

Has to be ... "Awww, come on!"







Wendy Miller

What do I love best about Suzy?

There is absolutely nobody like Suzy on this planet.

- ♥ She is a force of nature.
- ♥ She has the most keen, creative mind.
- ♥ She has an absolute can-do attitude.
She puts her mind to something and you can consider it done.
- ♥ She is mushy and gushy and emotional.
- ♥ She is childlike, playful, and sinful.
- ♥ She can be devilish and is at her best when she is breaking rules.
- ♥ She looks on the bright side of life and spent most of her life being a good girl, but, when you really get down and dirty with Suzy, she's all about the dark side.
- ♥ She is a trickster.
- ♥ She still believes that when she is buried there is a chance she can come out of it alive.

What are my favorite stories or memories about her?

We are on a road trip. We are in Arizona and we are tipsy-buzzed at a large banquet type restaurant. We go to the bathroom and Mom invites a complete stranger to dinner. Seemed right to me.

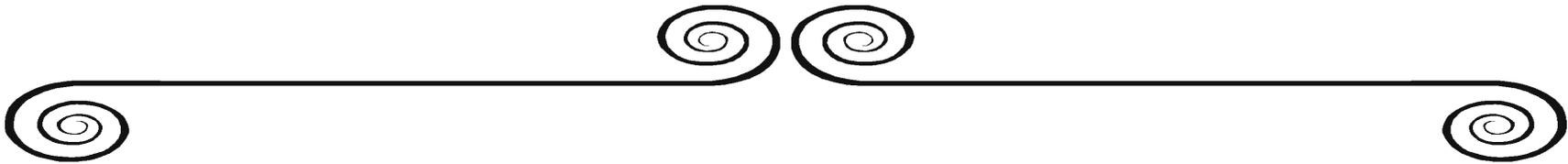
Wally is in Mexico (on the California/Mexico border) with his cousin and friends on a fishing trip. Mom and I decide it's a good idea to pay them a surprise visit. We drive down to Mexico, get to his hotel, we jump in his bed and pretend we are prostitutes. We dial Wally up from the hotel room, and, with a heavy Mexican accent, and we invite him and his friends to his room. He comes up to the room and we pull off the covers with a big "Surprise!" I know, very sick! That one goes to therapy for sure.

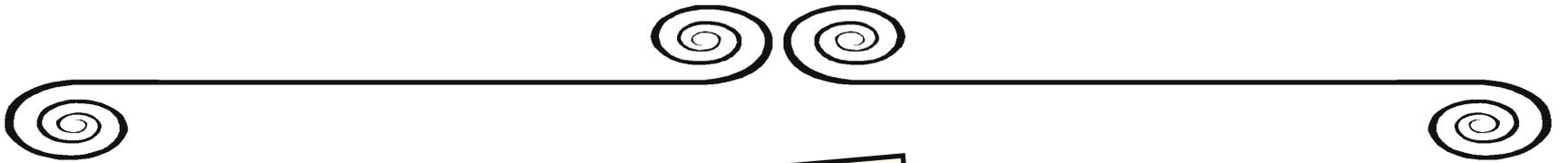
"Live, OJ, live!" OJ is driving up the 405 Northbound, trying to escape from the 20 police cars and 15 helicopters chasing him. We are glued to the TV, watching the chase from my parents' television set. As OJ is nearing the Sunset off-ramp right by our house, Mom and I look at each other, nod, and say, "Let's go!" We jump in her Audi and drive straight to the Sunset off-ramp, get out of the car, and run to the bridge. OJ gets onto the Sunset off-ramp, drives right in front of us, and we yell, "Live, OJ, live!"

Getting arrested in the Nevada desert. Mom and I got arrested for trespassing on military property in the Nevada desert. We insisted (along with the 1,000 other protesters) that we were on sacred land owned by the Shoshone people. As we get on the bus to be taken to the "prison" the driver asks for our names. I was so politically and spiritually centered I humbled myself by telling them my name was "Mother Nature." I didn't need to make this about me (ha!). Mom, on the other hand, didn't believe in anonymity and chose to tell them she was "Suzy Marks."



I just love her! She is so damn human. So real. None of this holier-than-thou bullshit for her! You gotta love Suzy!! She is still waiting for the FBI to find her and arrest her for all her political shenanigans. They will come someday! I am sure!!





What have I learned from her?

My mom is so smart. She looks at things from every angle and just when you think she is done ... she comes up with yet another idea. Something no one else had thought about.

- ♥ I learned who Sister Corita was and why she was important. "And a spirit is characterized ..."
- ♥ I learned how to be a political activist and fundraiser.
- ♥ I learned that I can do anything. I learned that anything is possible.
- ♥ I learned to be a tomboy. I learned how to hit a forehand.
- ♥ I learned to be playful.
- ♥ I learned how to spend money and enjoy it.
- ♥ I learned to laugh like her: "The Wenzly laugh" (Wendy + Suzy = Wenzly).
- ♥ I learned to be childlike.

I learned to love musicals and that turned out to be a big plus in my life. Jewish Broadway much? She turned me on to "Guys and Dolls" and "A Chorus Line" and these are my favorite musicals to this day (currently singing "I Can Do That" in a show). She showed me how to take "Hello Dolly" and convert it into a song for a special birthday someone. "Well Hello Suzy!"

I have her knuckles, her messed up feet, and her thin, easily-bruised skin! (Thanks mama Ginny!) Yummy.

Let's face it ... I am her.



What is my favorite "Suzy-ism?"

- ♥ "Get out of town."
- ♥ "Get out of here"
- ♥ "Bullshit!"



Other thoughts or wishes on this special occasion?

I just love that I got you as a mom.

How lucky am I?

You are a fabulous person.

I love to laugh with you. We both are in denial that you are going to die. It's a good thing the rules don't apply to us.

You are incredibly generous. Not just for me and my family, but for so many people out there.

I love you beyond measure.

You are such an important person in my life.

Happy 80th birthday Mom!!





Aaron Marks

Dear Grandma,
Happy 80th birthday!

In perusing a journal that my parents kept for me I found this: While you were reading a book to me in August 2001, when I was four years old, you made a comment about being “too old.” I replied, “You aren’t too old Grandma, you have lots of birthdays left!”

Those sentiments are apt even now.

Your sense of humor and your sense of fun keep you young. You chased garbage trucks back then with me, we boogie boarded in Hawaii together, you came to my school events, and now we talk politics.

We’ve come a long way.

I love that you are my biggest fan and always express your love for me and want to be with me.

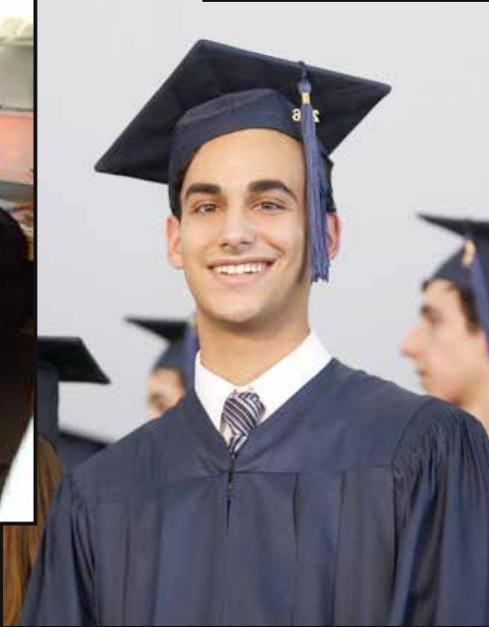
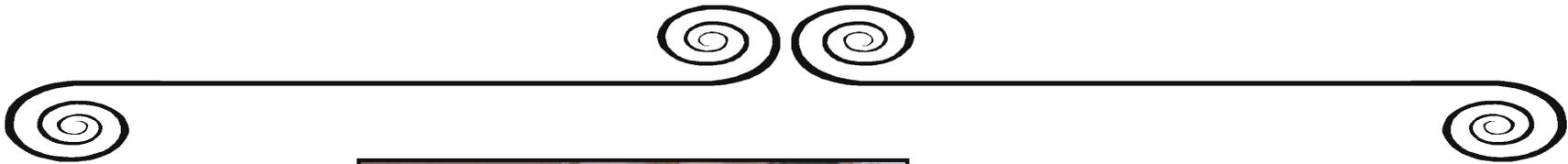
I am honored that you bequeathed Grandpa Wally’s old Stanford yearbooks to me, wrapped and housed in special boxes—I will care for these cherished items. Go trees.

I love that you bring all of the family together.

Some of my most memorable quotes from you:

- ♥ “Drinking Red Bull at night isn’t always a bad thing.”
- ♥ “I’ll sleep when I’m dead when sleeplessness kills me.”





Carol Marks

Dear Suzy,

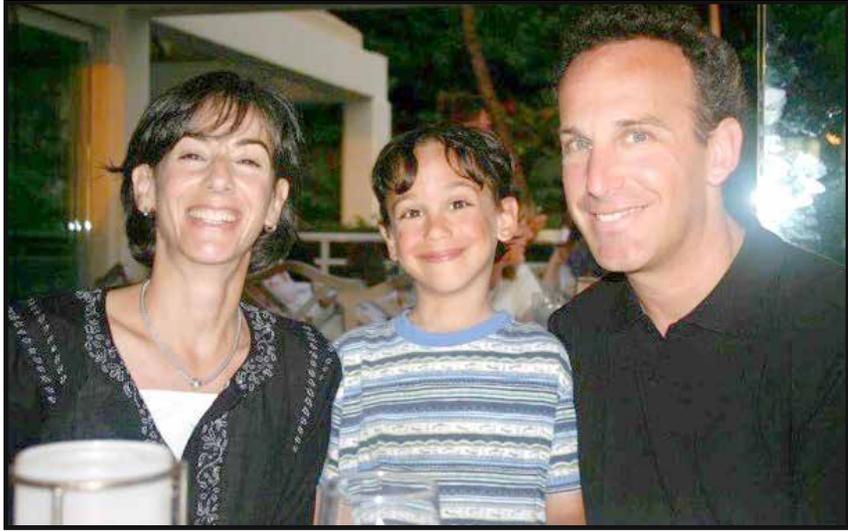
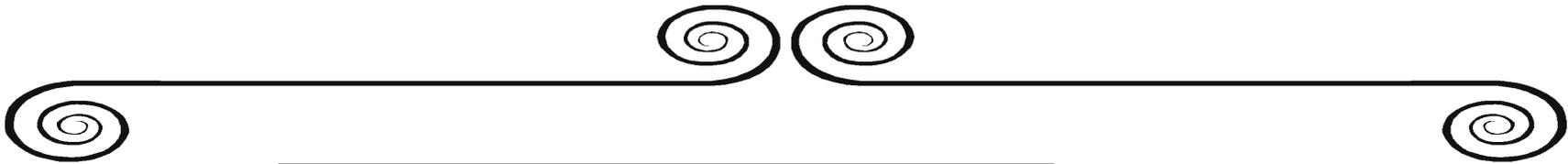
I celebrate you on your 80th birthday! How blessed I feel to belong to this marvelous family you created! How blessed I feel to have you as a mother-in-law—your depth, warmth, wit, wisdom, generosity—and your laughter.

May we continue to enjoy laughing so hard together!

“You don’t stop laughing when you get old. You grow old when you stop laughing.”
— George Bernard Shaw

I love you,
Carol





Wally Marks

When we were small,
you watched us sleeping,
waves of breath
filling our chests.
You loved carrying us between
your own body and the world.
Soon, we were sharpening pencils,
entering the forest of
lunch boxes, little desks.
People you never saw before
called out our names
and we waved.
Now I understand history.
Now I understand my mother's
deep brown eyes.

— Adapted from
“What is Supposed to Happen” by Naomi Shihab Nye from *Red Suitcase*





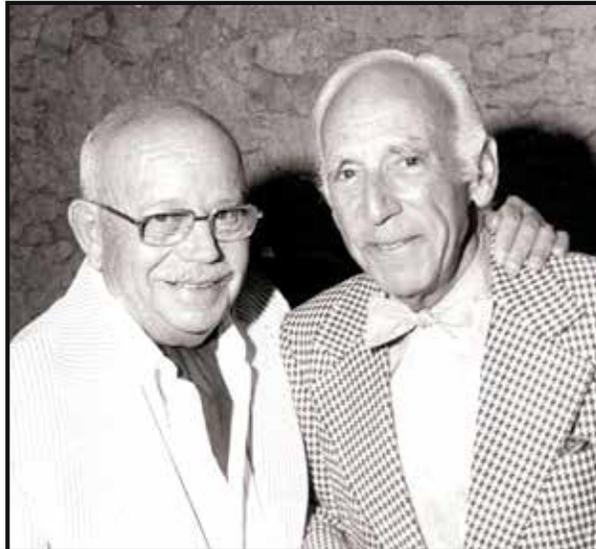
Mom, you've done good!

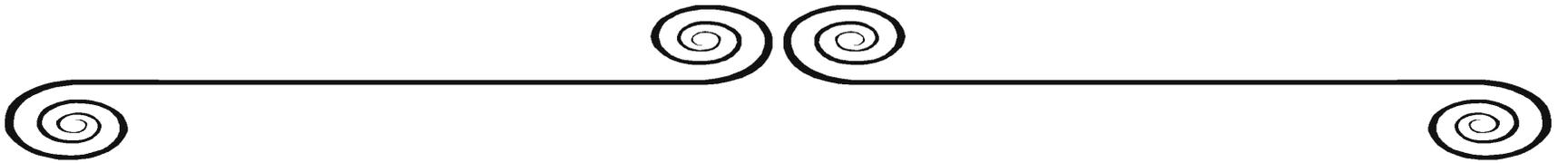
You brought love and laughter into our hearts. Your precocious spirit invades our every move.

Now, the tables are turning.

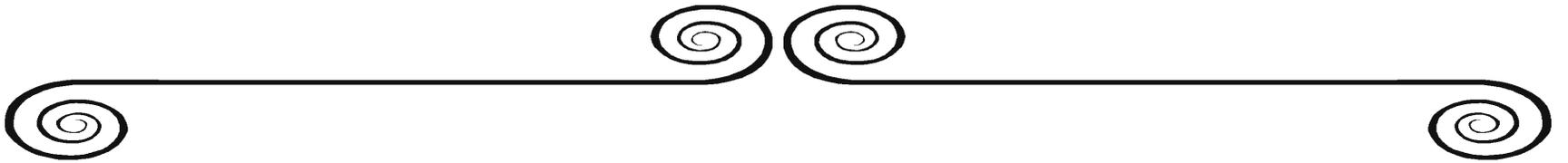
As one of your four children, and with my own family, comes of age, I appreciate more of what being a parent means—that full embrace while letting go; watching your offspring aloft, making their path between the trees, certain and sure-stepped.

You've done good.









Zoe Wagner



What do I love best about Suzy?

Suzanne Marks is the “bad” grandma who always appears in the kids’ books and movies. She’s the one who will take you out for ice-cream at 10 AM, slip you a five dollar bill, let you stay up way past your bedtime, all the while whispering, “Shhhh, don’t tell your mother!” I tell all my friends about my grandmother, the one who got arrested for protesting, used to always keep a carton of Red Bulls in the fridge, and attempted to get her motorcycle license after the age of 65. She’s never too old for anything, even hiking up a cliff to see a waterfall, going on a safari in South Africa, or simply keeping up with her rebellious grandchildren.

What are my favorite stories or memories about her?

I have this distinct memory of playing the card game “BS” with her and my sister one afternoon around the dining hall table in our house. The game goes that if someone thinks you’re bluffing (or full of some *****) they cry out “BS!” Of course, we all knew what it stood for, but playing the game itself was enough rebellion in our youthful years than admitting to it.

Just as it became ol’ Grandma’s turn again, she throws down her cards and yells “Bullshit!”—total Freudian slip on her part, total game changer for us.

Another memory is from two summers ago, river rafting down the North Fork of the Salmon River in Idaho. Suzy and I were paddling together in a double inflatable kayak or a “ducky.” I sat in the back, doing the majority of the steering, while Suzy sat in the front,

the “muscle” of the ship. The day was supposed to be an easy day—no major rapids, just a pretty straight shot from A to B. And it was pretty easy, except for the rain . . . it poured, let me tell you, water coming down where it felt like it didn’t matter if you were in the river or on top of it.

So the tension was high, but despite that it was a really lovely sail. Suzy and I had some beautiful conversations. I may have told her about the philosophy classes I had been taking, or even read her a poem. Real bonding. Sometimes, to conserve energy, you could set your paddle down, and just let the river carry you. However, Suzy and I were on different wavelengths with the current, because, although I could see when she took a break, only occasionally did she know when I would stop. And oftentimes she would look back, see my paddle out of the water and yell, “God damn it, pull your weight!”





What have I learned from her?

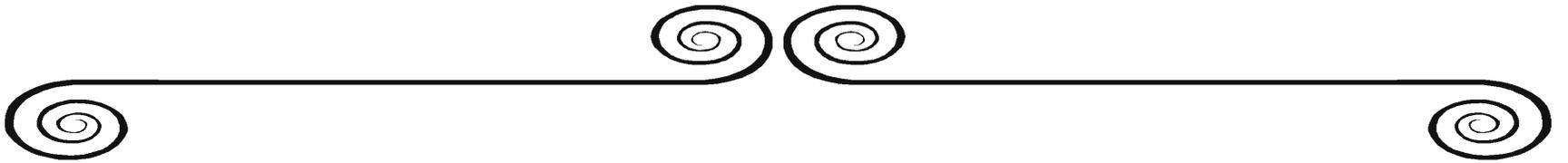
She broke the boundaries and, by doing so, she eliminated the age gap between us, letting us be on the same level. Before I was 13 I felt like I was having the some of the real-est conversations of my life: about death, religion, purpose. She taught me to love to wonder, and also that beauty is in the eye of the beholder, and, man, she sees a lot of beauty in the world.

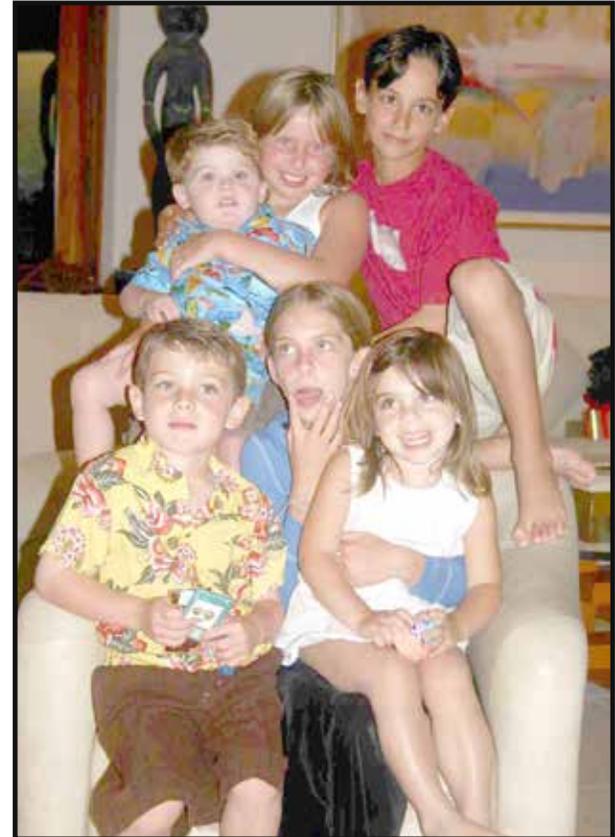
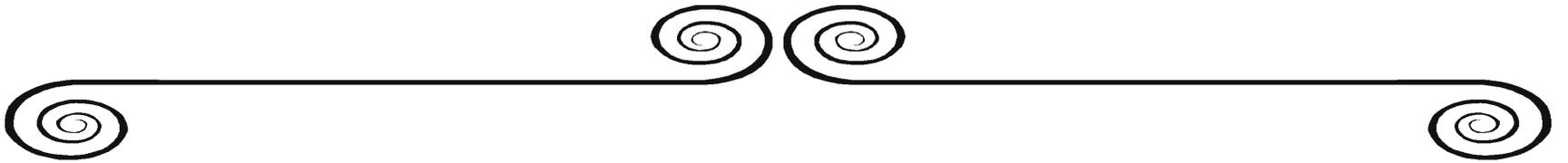
What is my favorite “Suzy-ism?”

When her eyes get big, a little glassy, and the breath comes out of her mouth, forming around her tongue and lips into a glorious “Wow” or “Oh my God,” followed by an exclamation.

Other thoughts or wishes on this special occasion?

You were probably the first role model I ever had. Thanks for the beauty and spunk. Rock on Suzanne.





Ruby Wagner

First of all, happiest of birthdays to you! I cannot believe you're 80—I guess it's time to kiss that dream of youth goodbye, and realize that, yes, you are a part of the Community of Elders. I'm only kidding, Suz. You're obviously one of the spunkiest, sassiest, funniest, and lively women I know, and I feel lucky every single day to be able to call you my grandma. Ever since I was young, you were always the "cool, bad" grandma who fed me ice cream for breakfast and cursed at the dinner table—I thought you were too cool. As the years have passed on, I have only continued to have outrageously fun experiences with you. You've inspired me, taught me how to find the beauty in the simple things life has to offer.

For example, do you remember in Cape Town when you, Laurie, and myself were gazing over the penguin colony, and through the chilly morning air and aroma of fresh feces? You uttered, "This makes me believe there is a God." Laurie and I had no idea you were so devout, Grandma!

I will never forget exploring South Africa with you—it is a memory I will cherish for the rest of my life. One that, I felt, solidified our bond more than ever, and one that I think of frequently. Remember, we're "yup, ya, uh-huh," in reference to you, Laurie, and myself and our shared branch on the family tree for being trouble.

Continued on next page ...



And you are Queen Trouble, Suzy.

I loved those early sunrise and sunset game drives, us sitting bundled in the back, while watching Laurie ask question after question. Who knew she was so passionate about animals? One night, probably after our second gin and tonic, you leaned over and said, "Do you do Kegels? I'm doing them right now." Maybe you shouldn't be a part of the Community of Elders after all?

Do you remember another cold night's drive; you couldn't find your blanket. I shivered under mine, too cozy to offer much assistance, until we realized I had been sitting on yours the whole time! Ha ha ha, right?!

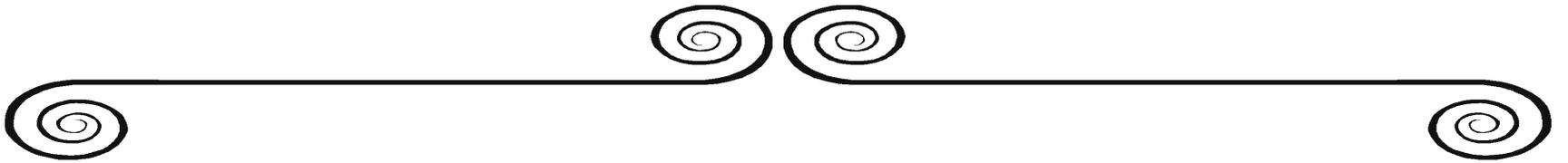
As a kid growing up, driving down Bolas' dead end and arriving at your beautiful house was the most exciting feeling. I always loved it there, knowing when I knocked on the door you'd answer. And I still feel that excitement when I drive down to the end of 11443 Bolas Street today.

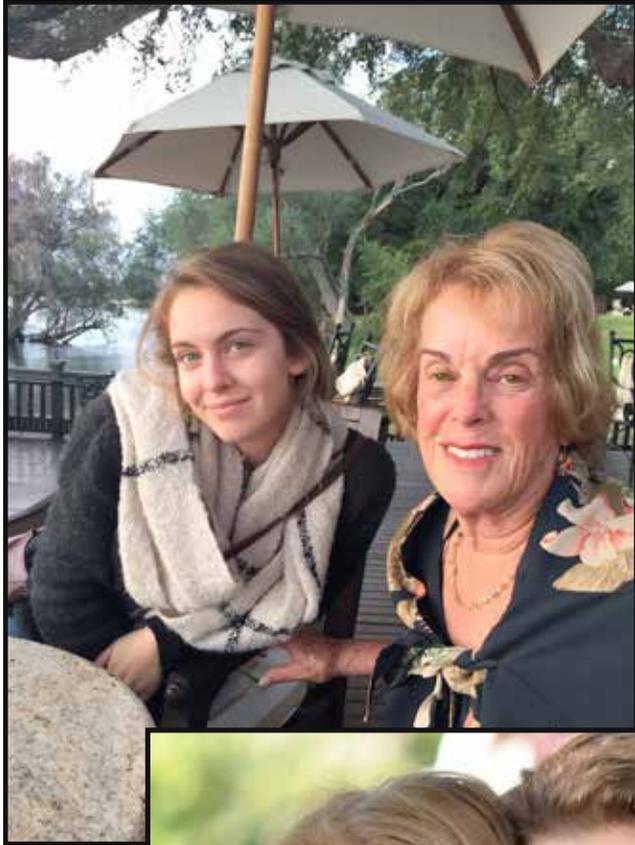
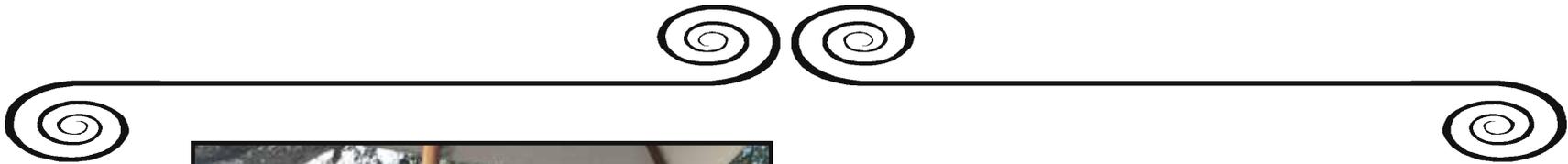
You are truly one of a kind, and I am so blessed to have you. I love you infinitely. You are one extraordinary woman.

Happy birthday.

Love,
Your first, and favorite, grandchild
Ruby Grace







Mark Wagner



Dearest Suzy,

Best mother-in-law ever (actually my only one). You were the mother I always wanted, someone who I could have a “real” conversation and who did not at all mind going deep. I love and appreciate that about you and always have and will. Even if I hadn’t seen you for a long time, or even wasn’t married to your daughter anymore, we always easily hit the ground running in being curious about life together . . . you know, like really being alive with all the stuff in between and sharing from there.

I just really appreciate you on a deep soul level. And I admire you for the work you have done and do in the world and for your more-than-awesome relationship with your daughter and your beautiful granddaughters.

Continued on next page ...

A moment in time I remember, and I know you do too, because you often recall it was our first meeting. We were in Berkeley for dinner and you and Laurie sat across from each other. Something happened and you both got triggered and started to stare a hole in each other. I think I said, "Ahem . . . you know, there might be a better way, you don't have to do this." And I sense the spell was broken; maybe it took someone outside to see it more clearly.

Another recent moment was during a thunder and lightning storm in the middle of the deep, deep wilderness of Idaho when we rafted down the Middle Fork of the Salmon River for five days with 11 family members. I heard noises coming from your tent—it was the sound of five grandkids and a grandma all in one tent.

Another image, same trip, late afternoon, one grandma and two grandsons sitting in lounge chairs practically in the middle of the river, waist deep, just talking away for hours. I saw the younger one right afterwards, he was blue-cold. The time and body heat must have just whisked by in the pure joy of it all and being with you—you kept his heart and mind warm.

You are a generous, beautiful, thoughtful, sincere, heartfelt human being. When you become my girls' ancestor, please look over them and their kids' kids. That will be a good thing. I will always love you dearly.



Laurie Wagner

More than a mother, more of a trouble maker, more like a fiery can of whoop-ass.

A whippersnapper, a tomboy, a rascal of a woman who is happiest when she's breaking the law, crashing a gate, or hopping a fence.

No martini is too strong, and it's best to drink it on an empty stomach so you don't waste it. A woman who brings her mitt to the Dodgers game in the hopes of catching a ball—which she's done. A gal who has broken her nose three times—two times playing baseball, the other when she's climbing a tree and an apple falls on it.

A mom who'll grab your hand and run straight into the ocean with you on a summer day. She'll teach you how to body surf, and when a big wave is coming she'll shout, "Now! Now! Go get it!"

An imperfect, perfectly lovable, brave human being with a big heart who believes that the only way to do anything is to do it full-out—who plunged her arms up to her elbows into a big vat of chili once because the long spoon just wouldn't do. The oldest person on the 600-mile AIDS bike ride who refused to rest on those 100-mile days because she didn't want the pick-up van to have to scoop up some old broad who was lagging.



A woman who, when I accidentally put the wrong contact lens solution into my eyes on the second day of the breast cancer marathon walk in LA—and which left me temporarily blind—led me through the streets of LA with 1000 other women, guiding me around trees and fire hydrants so I wouldn't crash into them.

A woman who whispered into my ear when the medic was checking my burning eyes, "Don't tell them you can't see, they won't let you finish the walk!"

A woman who wanted to finish the walk, who carried the pride of being a finisher, a gal who would cross that line, but who decided to be a mother instead, calling for backup and taking me home.

Suzy, Suzy, Suzy, oh how I love you. Not because you took me home but because you are my home, my original beginning. My true mama.

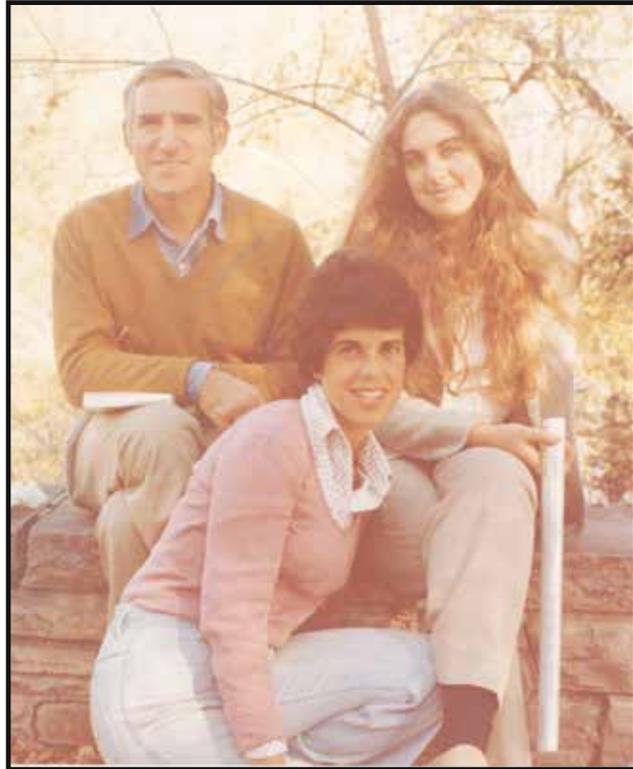
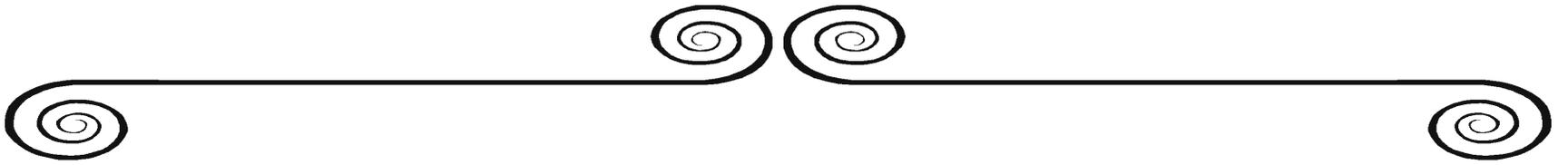


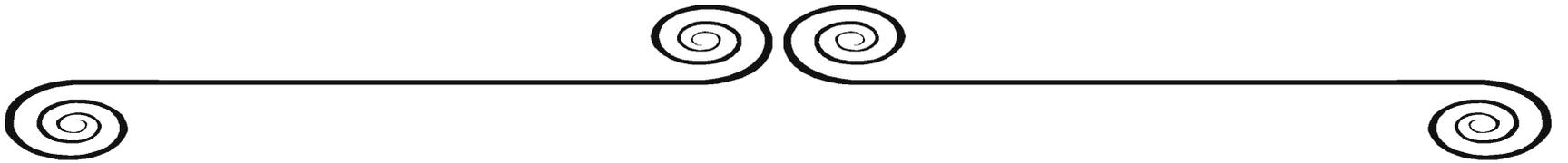
I love you until the end of time — which is probably a long way off, since at 80 you're just hitting your stride.

Happy 80th you awesome human being.

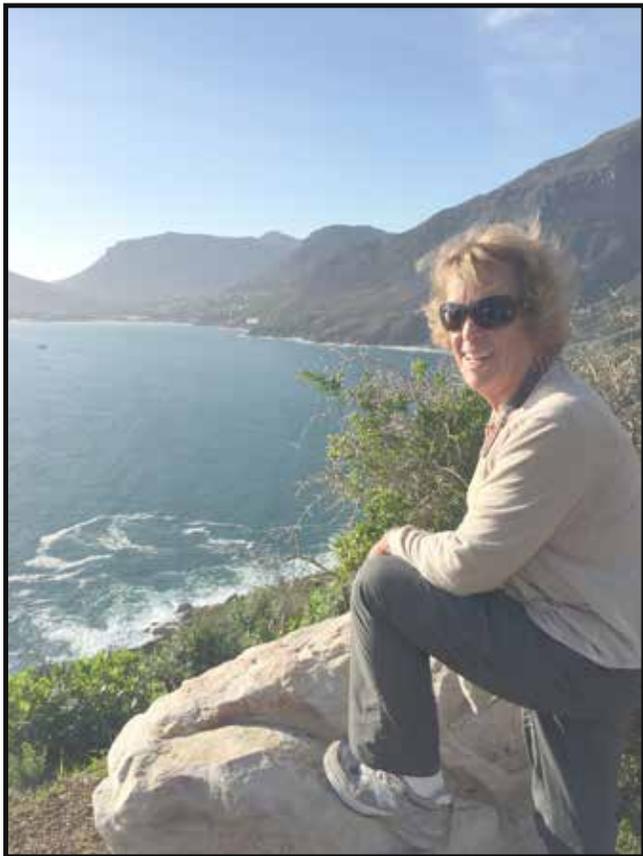
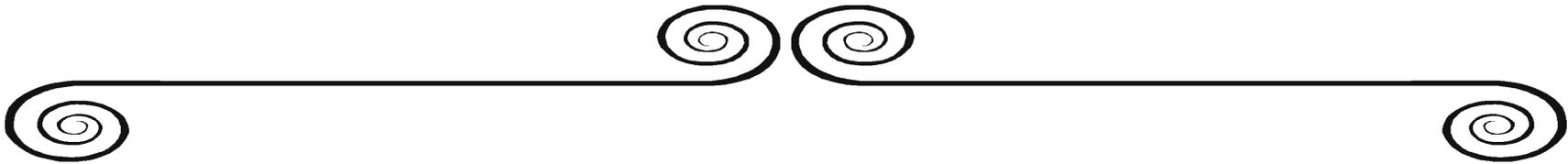
I love you,
Laurie











That's me, on a swing . . .

I am an optimist and that's such a good thing.
It gives me lots of energy and hope.

I'm a little like my Dad in that way. He used
to sing "Life is Just a Bowl of Cherries" — a pop
tune from the 40's — even though his cherries
went sour in his 60's — the result of several
severe strokes which humbled him to his knees.

But he still kept humming that sweet song of
optimism.

Me too. I don't think my fat lady ever quits
singing.

—Suzy Marks (2016)



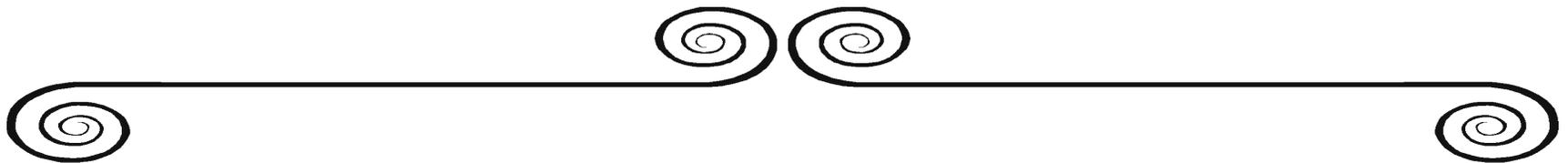


Happy Birthday...
You've come a long way, baby.
Here's to all the good stuff yet to come!



We all love you so
doggoned much!

xo



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