



# Mike Berlin

Son, brother, father, uncle.

Grandfather!

This is your life  
after 70 years,  
in pictures and stories,  
as seen and  
experienced by your  
family and friends.

*May your life be filled with joy, friends and family, and margaritas!*

*May you live as long as you want, and never want for travel mates.*

*May your life be filled with joy, as you have filled ours*



*On* the occasion of your 70<sup>th</sup> birthday we, your family and friends, send our love. We want to show you how your generous spirit, and unflagging optimism and cheerfulness, has lifted our spirits and warmed our hearts over the years — impacting our lives in a wonderfully positive way. You have given so much and enriched all our lives. The pictures and remembrances in this book are but a small glimpse into how we recall all the good times we have had together with you. Your family and friends have shared their pictures and stories, sharing a tiny glimpse into the life of Michael Berlin as seen through their eyes.

**Happy Birthday!**

*and may your balloon never go down*



*Author's note:* Bro, when I conceived of this book project and asked our friends and family to send birthday wishes and pictures and stories of time spent with you, I received so much that I could have tripled the size of this book - you are that loved. Any omissions, typos or other errors, such as the Hebrew being displayed backwards, is entirely my fault.

*From us all  
Happy 70<sup>th</sup>*

“Cakes are special.  
Every birthday, every celebration  
ends with something sweet, a cake,  
and people remember.  
It’s all about the memories.”  
— Buddy Valastro



From an early age, we remember that you always loved a silly hat!



We have always enjoyed and appreciated your playfulness and whimsy.

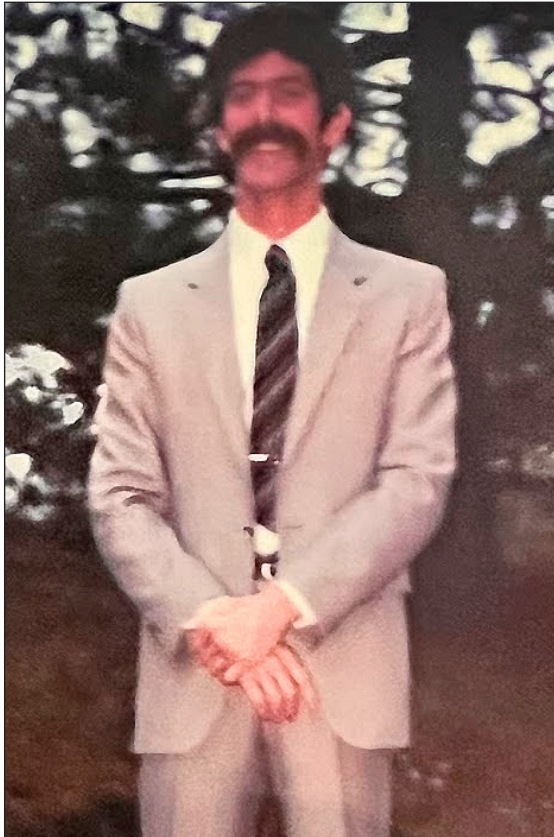
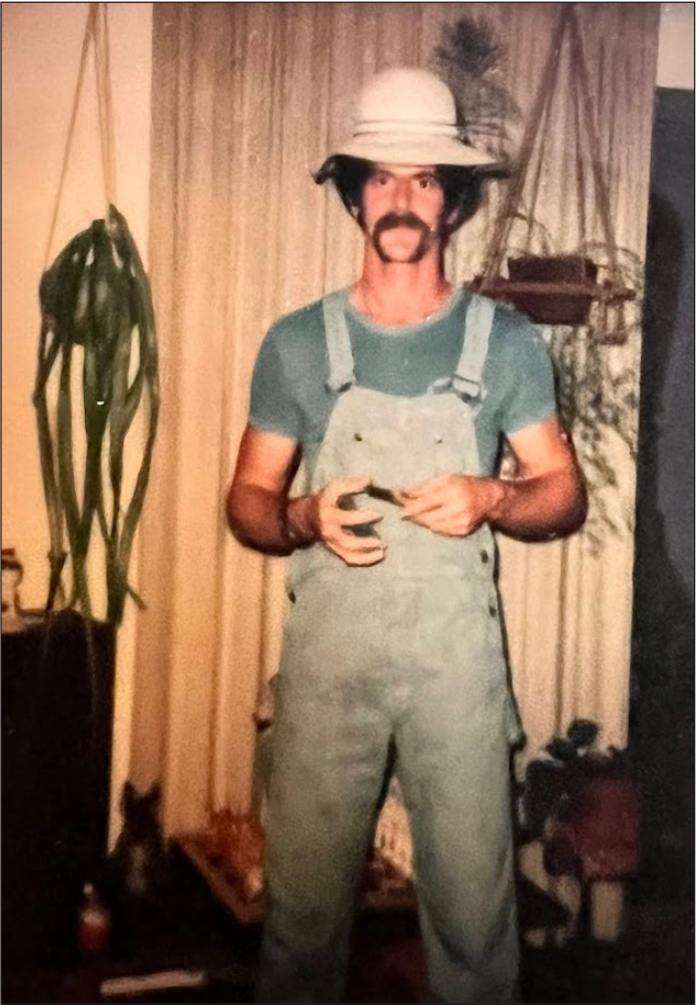


Massachusetts, June 2019, with Dad, Noa and Roy, photo from Tali.





Young at heart, always.  
But also young once, a long long, very long, time ago.



*Photos courtesy of Lee, who remembers all the Shenanigans you and your brother have gotten into over the years.*

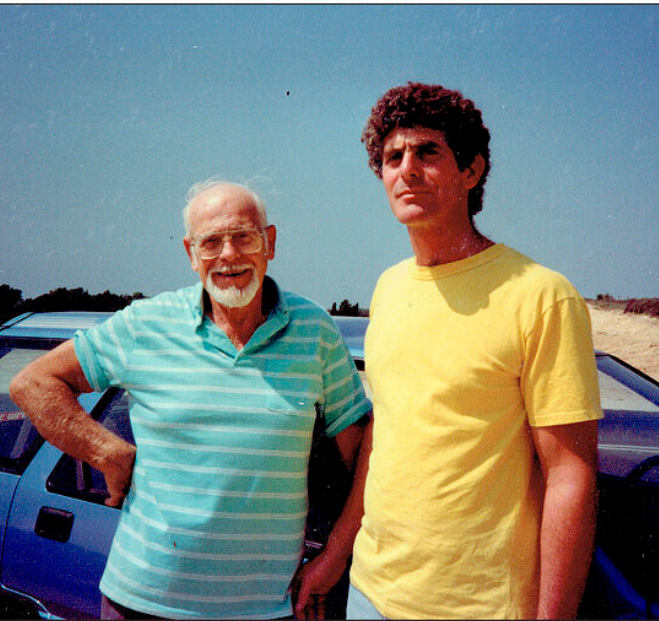


I got to know Mike in his role as “the younger brother” when Judy and I became friends. He was a pudgy thirteen-year old and mostly worked to get our attention as we tried to ignore him. Sparky, the farting dog, was his buddy and Mike would try to get us to notice when the two of them were playing in the backyard.

Then Mike moved to Israel, became a handsome young man, and visited me when he was twenty-one and I was living in San Francisco. We spent an afternoon exploring the City, and there were definitely some sparks....but luckily (for both of us) nothing ever came of it: we each had different futures ahead of us.

Happy 70th!

*Barbara Tobin (Bear)*

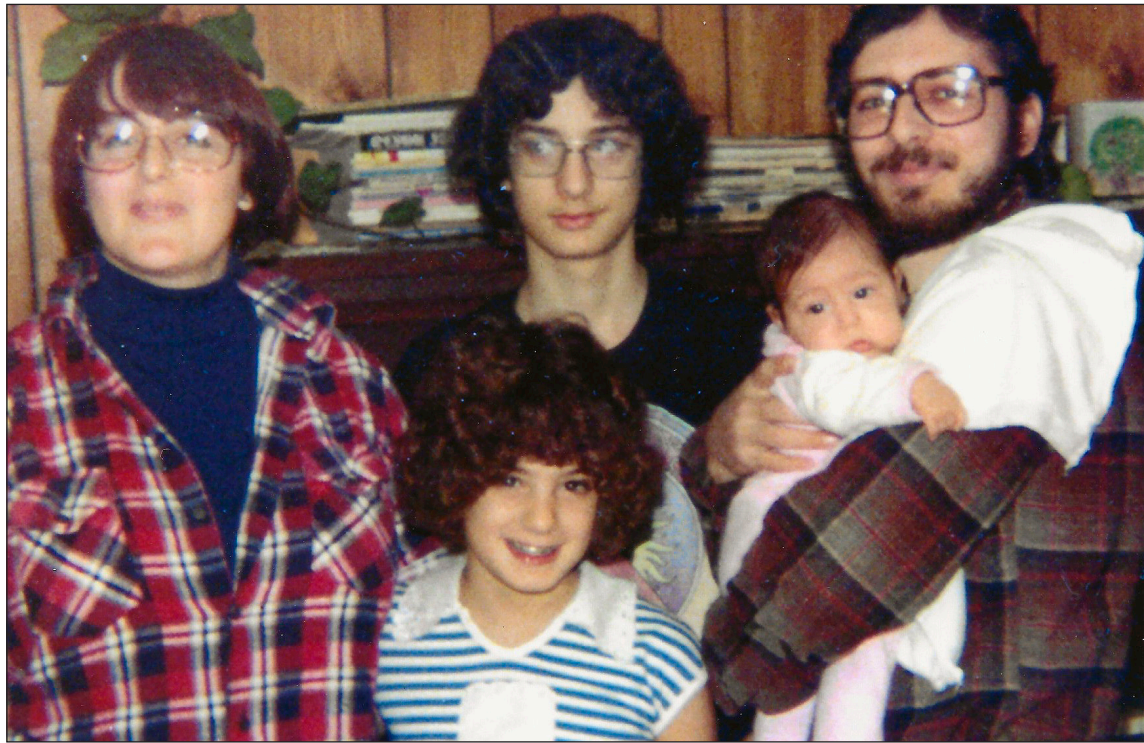
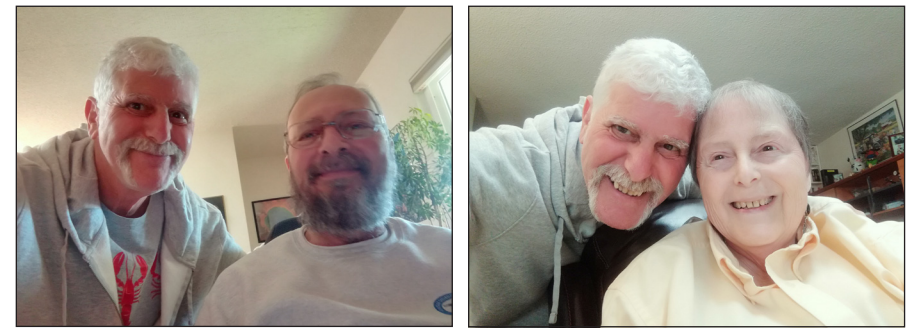




# Warmest Birthday Wishes

Dean and I have a lifetime of wonderful memories of traveling and spending time with my little brother, including many trips to Yosemite and family trips. One of the many incidents from our youth that highlight Mike's impetuous and daredevil attitude is a hike we took in the Castro Valley foothills one sunny Saturday, circa 1962. Mike, Steve and I hiked up into the nearby foothills and along the way we saw some vultures circling. Mike lay down on the dirt trail to see if they would come down to investigate. Steve and I stood back about a hundred yards and sure enough, one huge vulture swooped down for a look. Suddenly it dawned on us that this might not be a great idea for Mike, so we ran to him, yelling at the top of our lungs. This story ends happily, as we saved Mike. You're welcome, little brother! May all your travels end well. Much love and Happy Birthday,

Judy



1978 - Judy, Dean, Jennifer, Mike and Hope Levy.

I first met Mike when I and Judy started hanging out in 1970.

I remember being at the Berlin house in Castro Valley when Mike came down the stairs from the bedroom level. Judy introduced us and Mike held up one of his hands with a small, white box in it. He asked me to open it and inside was a bloody finger (his, stuck through the bottom of the box, covered with ketchup and laying of some ketchup soaked cotton). I thought it was brilliant!

Things just got better from there. I've always enjoyed and admired Mike for his humor, intellect, and insightful thoughts. I feel blessed to have been brought into the whole Berlin family.

Welcome to the 70s Mike!!

Love and hugs, Dean



Dorothy, Mike and Art in 1975.



1987. Mike, Noa and Shai.





Saba Mike,

Happy birthday to the real GGOAT (greatest grandpa of all times)!

Despite the distance, you have been able to build such an amazing relationship with Maya, and we are all so thankful that she gets to grow up with such a cool, fun-loving, grandpa that is very much present in her life.

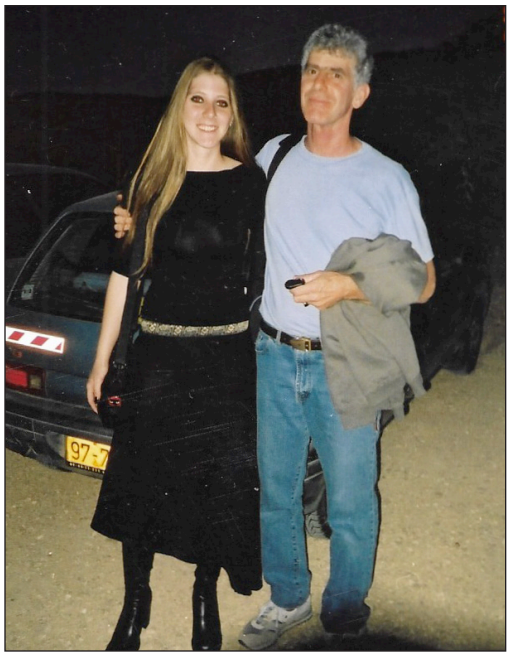
We wish you many more years of good health, crazy adventures, and quality time with family.

Keep on traveling the world, having fun, and living life to the fullest. You are truly inspirational in that regard.

Love,  
*Noa, Roy & Maya*



Grandpa holding his granddaughter, Maya, for the first time. Pics courtesy of Roy, Noa and Maya.





I want to share a story I like of my dad and I. It sheds light on my father’s persona. The family was visiting Las Vegas in 2015. One day, after lunch, Dad and I take a taxi to a grocery store 30 minutes from our hotel. When done, and wishing to catch a taxi back, we discover that in Vegas you can’t just stop or even order a cab. After a combined three minutes of brainstorming we settled on the perfect plan! We know that our hotel is next to the Las Vegas Ferris wheel. We’ll just walk back! What can go wrong...

The problem was that it was 104 degrees and we had no water or hats. After about two hours of walking in the sun and the wheel staying at the exact same distance as we started, I realized that this wasn’t our best plan.

Let me remind you that my dad has a bad leg and is 60 at the time. Lucky for us we finally catch a break when we spot a McDonald’s. We run in, bask in the AC and I ask dad what he would like to drink. Silly me, I expected the answer would be water but my dad just said CHOCOLATE MILKSHAKE. I tried to talk him out of it but he insisted and he is 60 and my father. So CHOCOLATE MILKSHAKE it is. And then out we go again into the sun. After half an hour dad realized that maybe the milkshake wasn’t the best idea but we kept on going and after 2 to 16 hours of walking we got to the hotel. Dehydrated, sunburnt and tired.

Now why am I telling this story? Because my dad never stopped, never complained and that evening he still went to see David Copperfield with everybody when I stayed back licking my wounds. This is him for me. Mentally strong like no other. With no fear and a child at heart.

Love you Dad, Happy birthday! To many more crazy experiences together,

Shai



יום  
הולדת  
שמח  
אבא





אבוש היקר,

בעמוד הזה נמצאות תמונות שלנו מהעשור האחרון, מאז שעברתי לגור איתך ועד היום. בתמונות מתועדים זיכרונות משותפים שלנו מטילים רבים בארץ וגם בחו"ל, חגים שחגגנו יחד או סתם סופ"שים שבילנו יחד בבית.

אני מודה לך על 29 שנים של אהבה, תמיכה, חינוך לערכים, הקשבה וייעוץ, על זמן איכות ובילויים משותפים שלנו. אני אוהבת אותך מאוד ומעריכה את כל מה שעשית ועדיין עושה עבורי.

ליום הולדתך אחלל לך שנים רבות של הרפתקאות, שתמשיך לגלות דברים חדשים, שתהנה מהחיים ושתהיה בריא ומאושר.

אוהבת מכל הלב,

בתך טלי

Dear Dad,

On this page you'll find photos of us from the past decade, since I moved in with you until today. The photos capture our shared memories from many trips in Israel and abroad, holidays we celebrated together or simply weekends we spent together at home.

I thank you for 29 years of love, support, education in values, listening and advice, for our quality time and our shared pastimes. I love you very much and appreciate everything you have done and are still doing for me.

For your birthday, I wish you many more years of adventure, that you continue to discover new things, enjoy life to the fullest, and stay healthy and happy.

With all my love,

Tali



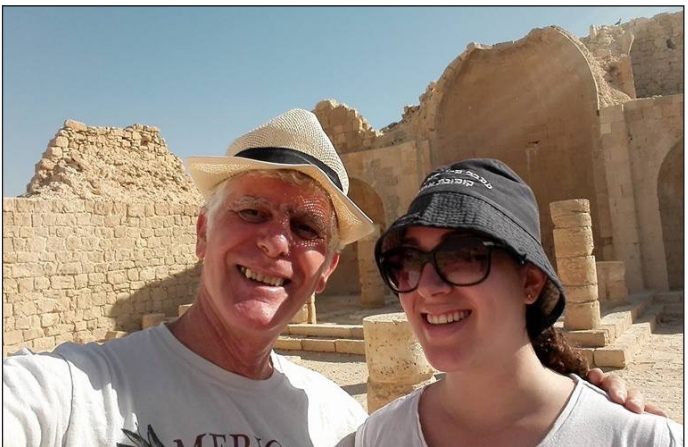
Mexican dinner in Tel Aviv, October 29, 2021. Half of us had a bad stomach the next day!



Goofing around in San Francisco, May 2024.



Geocaching with Dad and Laora, 2024.



Rosh HaShana, October 2016, Ein-Avdat.



Coffee in the rain in Vienna, Nov. 2022. A wonderful trip!



July 2019, hiking with Dad, Roy & Noa in the White Mountains.



Hiking the Banias River, July 2018.





## *My abush,*

I am so lucky that I have you! You are the strongest, smartest and kindest person I know. I've learned so much from you. I consult with you on every major decision in my life. I am so proud of you and especially love you!

Thank you for taking me traveling with you. I had a great time and many wonderful memories.

Also, I want to thank you that you love me more than any one (its our secret, don't tell my brother and sisters...).

I wish that you continue to enjoy trips and experiences, meeting new people, eating interesting and yummy food. I know we will continue have fun together with all the family!

Love you forever,

*Tamar*



*Photos courtesy of Tamar*

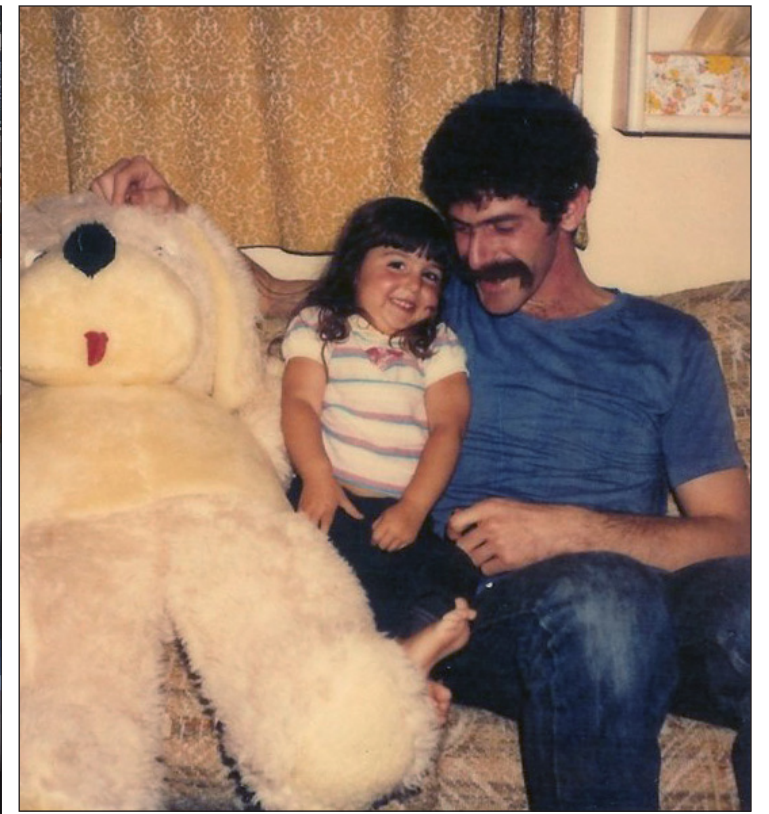
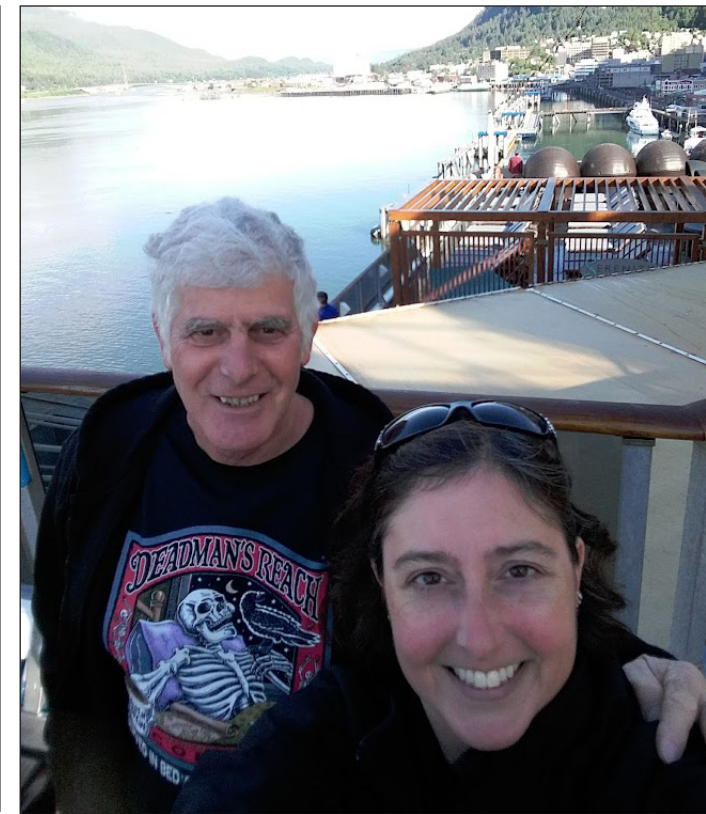






*Happy birthday* to my fabulous uncle, traveling buddy, and one of the best people I know. There are so many memories and stories to share but the one that keeps me laughing, and telling to others, occurred once upon a time, while walking through the jungle, in Mexico. We were on a tour of the Yucatan and had just visited a set of ruins when all of a sudden, we heard howling monkeys, off in the distance. The guide explained to us that it was good that they were far away, since they could be dangerous if provoked. We were walking, single file, down a slope, when Uncle Mike throws up his left arm and declares “my brethren, I shall call them to me” and shouts out his best Tarzan yell “Aahuaaa uaaa uaaaaaaa!” Needless to say the group laughed until they cried. Thankfully the monkeys did not answer his call. Here’s to many more trips, with tons of love and laughter.

*Cheers! Jen*





It can be said that the Berlin clan has an adventurous spirit, one which I’m sure was stamped onto my uncle Mike at an early age when my grandfather Arthur Berlin took the family on a journey across Europe on their way to Israel in 1971. Little did Art know that his son would someday be the world traveling Renaissance man whom we all know and love today.

As a child, I always loved when I got to see my two wacky uncles, especially when it was both at the same time! Their zaniness and ability to bounce off each other, (and to bring out the silliness in my mother as well!) can bring a smile to any child.



It was later in life, however, when I started traveling on my own, that I really got to know and admire my uncle. He was (and still is) constantly on the move. If someone asks, “Where is Mike now?”, all you can do is smile and shrug, because it is an impossible task to try to keep track of his wanderings.

I tried coordinating with Mike, however as someone who is unfortunately not retired, I found it impossible to book a vacation with a man who is constantly spontaneously travelling. I remember Mike calling me to ask if I wanted to go to Mongolia with him. I couldn’t say “yes” fast enough! When I asked when we were going, he said “next month,” and I regrettably had to cancel that “yes,” as I couldn’t get off work that soon. After a couple of these conversations, I finally convinced Mike to plan a trip 9 months ahead (really!). We were off to travel down the Rio Negro in the Amazon, trek around Iguazu Falls in Argentina, then cap it off with Carnival in Rio!

Traveling with Mike is a joy, and I recommend that anyone who gets the chance to do so jump on it! He truly has an adventurous spirit and can find wonder anywhere he goes. Here he was in his sixties, rappelling down a waterfall, fishing for piranhas, paragliding, and so much more! Our first night in Rio, it was raining heavily, yet Mike still talked myself and two girls whom we had just met into joining a parade and dance in the rain. It was a magical moment, and I can’t imagine the trip being the same without it!

In addition to his sense of adventure, Mike has a story, a joke, or a song (or all three!) for every occasion. I’ll never forget how flabbergasted our tour guide in Brazil was when Mike started singing opera in front of him, or how embarrassed Mike’s daughters were when he did the same thing on stage at the amphitheater in Caesarea in Israel.

Mike once told me that he wants to do all of the adventurous travelling now while he still can, and that he’ll do some of the slower vacations when he’s older and can’t explore any more. In his own words, “the European cafes and beaches will still be there.” I’ve taken inspiration from Mike and his ethos. Although I’ve only gotten to travel with him a few times, he’s inspired me to have more adventurous vacations such as white water rafting in Costa Rica and Peru, going on a 4-day hiking trip to Machu Picchu, climbing to the top of the Sydney Harbour Bridge, and most recently, going on a road trip through Morocco and the Sahara Desert with my wife.

Although it’s getting harder to coordinate trips as my life gets fuller with new additions to the family, I look forward to our next meeting and to many more adventures together!

Mike, I wish you the happiest of birthdays! May you never grow old, and may those beaches and European cafes continue to wait!

Josh, Yana and Lev







Honduras, 2021

Mike climbing a pyramid while on excursion on the Mexico/Honduras cruise. 2021

June 2021 underground kayaking



# Warmest Birthday Wishes, Bro

Ah, little brother! You have reached an important milestone in your epic life's journey – 70,000 bottles of Scotch consumed - or 70 laps around the old sun - however you prefer to measure it, a palpable victory!! Bravo!

We have become such great friends over the past few hundred decades that sometimes it seems like I have known you my whole life!



It seems like much of our activities together have centered around water. I fondly remember inner-tubbing with you and our families down the Jordan River, which I believe you will agree is neither chilly nor wide... but fun! Well, except for Catherine who as I recall, didn't want to be photographed with us. Ah, teenagers - what can we do? C'est bien ça?



You introduced me to white water rafting, which I love! THANKS! Our rafting adventures across the globe have been brilliant....



Well, that is, most of the rafting trips were brilliant. This one, I think you will agree, left much to be desired. Oh well, we gave it a go.



My ability to express how much I have enjoyed traveling the world with you is insufficient to the task. We have literally circumnavigated the world together. We have been to so many fascinating places, done some amazing things, and made new friends.



Thank you also for patiently attempting to teach me how to play a proper game of golf.



I also wish to thank you for all your efforts to teach me the subtle art of disguise. You are the master when it comes to truly hiding in plain sight. Well done, bro!



Finally, thank you for dragging my sorry ass around the world and introducing me to so many fine people. Truly, I highly value all our time together, and I appreciate all you have done to enrich my life. Love ya, bro!





# Happy birthday, Uncle Mike!

Ever since the day I was born, you’ve always been like an uncle to me. Both quintessential and quixotic, in the best way possible: funny, adventurous, and always up for making great memories.

Some of my favorite moments have been on our vacations, both big and small. Whether we’re on a grand adventure or playing board games in a rental house, there’s always fun to be had, and of course, plenty of jokes. I’ll never forget the time we drove by a hospital and you joked it was our last chance to crash for 20 miles (I’m still about 80% sure that was a joke).

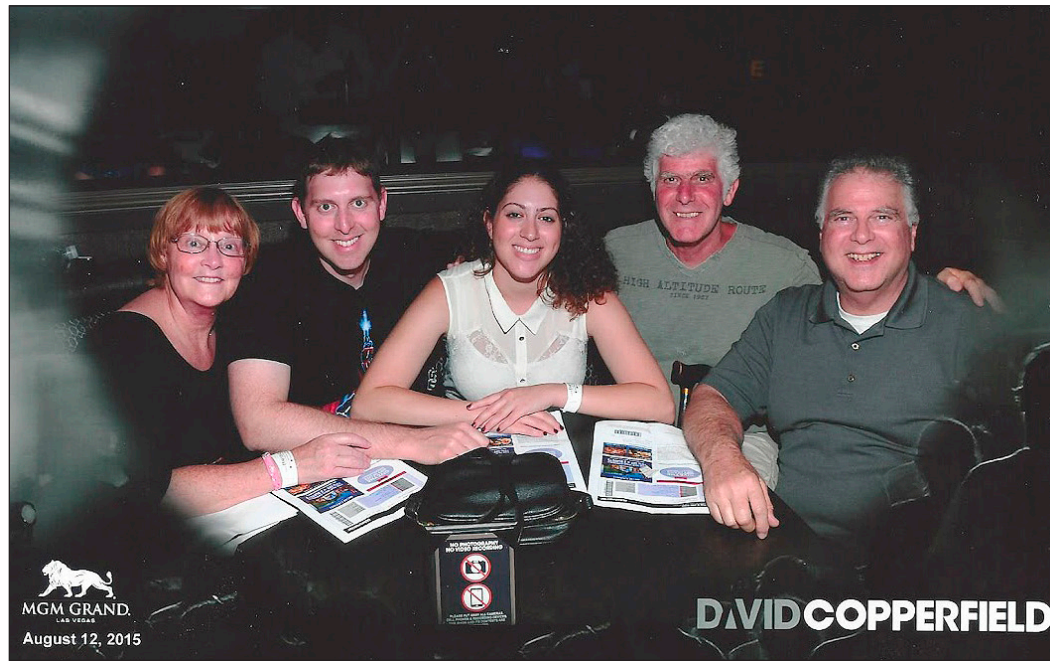
And then there was our famous RV road trip, where us kids watched Ace Ventura: Pet Detective on VHS so many times I’m surprised nobody threw it out the window. You put a bounty on Alaskan license plates at \$5, and \$10 for a Hawaiian license plate. I still remember the excitement of spotting that Hawaiian plate in the Luxor parking lot in Las Vegas. Ten dollars was a fortune back then!

You’ve traveled halfway around the world to be there for our special occasions, and your love of travel and living life to the fullest are truly inspiring. Thank you for being such a wonderful uncle, for sharing so many laughs, and for taking my dad on vacation so he doesn’t spend the entire offseason complaining about football.

I look forward to more adventures together and aspire to embrace life with your same humor, zest, and generosity--when I’m much older, of course.

*Love, Dave*

P.S. Additional love and birthday wishes from Jessica, Mason, and Carter!





# Happy birthday Uncle Mikey!

Wishing you a fantastic day filled with joy, laughter, and all the things that make you smile. You've always been there with wisdom, kindness, and a sense of humor that brightens up every room. I'm so grateful for all the wonderful memories we've shared, and I look forward to making many more. May this year bring you nothing but happiness, good health, and endless travels. You truly deserve the best, today and always!

*We love you, Cat, Izy and Willow*



# Happy 70<sup>th</sup>

When I first met you, Mike, you were a serious, curious young man with a purpose, arrogant in the way we all were in our youth, with a wide streak of silliness. So much like my brothers that I loved you right away. Of course you are more well-traveled now, with a large list of experiences most of us will never get to try. You are unique and a little crazy, but I admire you enormously and cannot believe you could be 70!

Thank you for the love and laughs over the decades.

*Lee*





## Happy Birthday, brother!

What a journey it's been from CV to kibbutz Sdot Yam where we were bunk mates back in 1971!

Then on to Amsterdam and Denmark with mom and dad. Since then I've cherished our visits and the memorable weddings.

I'll never forget when we went to the outdoor theater Cal Shakes in Orinda and the King came to the front of the stage, pointed at you a few rows away and delivered a threatening rant. It occurred to me your dramatic white mustache and steady appearance might have convinced him you too were an actor and were critiquing his performance!

*Travel on Mike!  
Betsy and I wish you all the best!*



## Happy 70th Birthday, dearest cousin Mike!

My earliest memory of you is so full of fondness & fun...and it still holds true today. I remember being 3 or 4 years old and you came to visit us all at our Holmby Ave. home in West Los Angeles circa 1970? My brother Michael and I immediately found you as someone who may have looked like an adult but was the most playful adult we had ever met other than our grandpa Sam Berlin, that is! And you looked so much like Grandpa Sam. I will never forget how much fun we had with you and the time you took to play with us and engage on our level which included rolling around on the ground in our back yard as you let us attack you but I remember you getting us back by tickling us!!!! This was right before we moved up to Marin County...I remember crying when you had to leave that day. We didn't want you to leave!

Cut to 44 years later and I finally got to see you again when you came down to Los Angeles with your girls... and I got to show you around Hollywood Blvd. I believe it was August 2015 after our mom had her brain tumor removed... she wasn't up for visiting sadly but I remember my son Sam and I played tour guide along Hollywood Blvd. showing you the famous "Stars" on the ground and getting some delicious frozen yogurt at our favorite place also on Hollywood Blvd. at La Brea.

I wish I could find that photo we had of you coming to visit us in Los Angeles circa 1970 and I wish I could also find the photos from when you came to visit in 2015 but I have no idea what happened to them... Anyway, love you and here's to your newest decade of adventures and fun. xo

*Hope*



## Two memories of Mike Berlin from Mike Levy (with help from Bob Levy)

**#1** — Before Mike and his folks moved to Israel, I remember he stayed with us for a couple of weeks at our house on Holmby Avenue in West Los Angeles. This would have been probably around 1970-ish? I was around 8 and Mike was probably 16 or so? We had lots of fun, it was kind of like having an older brother around! Mike went to Disneyland with us and I remember there being photos taken of our day there with him wearing mouse ears (wish I knew where those photos ended up), I always thought that was funny! I remember we heard that Mike loved to drink milk and so my mom bought two half-gallon cartons and we were astonished that they were completely gone in a couple of days (he would swig it from the carton itself). It was a magical Summer and the last time I would see Michael for a few years!

**#2** — A few years later Mike returned and he joined my dad, myself and my friend Jon as we drove up from LA to our house in San Rafael (probably around 1976). I remember we were all in my dad's pickup truck so close quarters. My friend Jon who was around 13 was being kind of difficult on the whole drive up. At some point we pulled over at a rest stop and I went to use the men's room. When I got out I saw from across the way Mike (who was a lot bigger than my friend) had picked Jon up (who was pretty scrawny) and was pretending to stuff him head-first into one of the outside garbage cans. I think he was just being playful. My dad thought it was one of the funniest things he'd ever seen and to this day still recounts the story amid tears of laughter.



# *A most happy 70th to my best buddy Mikee*

In Pirkei Avot, it says: בן חמש שנים למקרא, בן עשר למשנה, בן שלש עשרה למצוות, בן חמש עשרה לתלמוד, בן שמונה עשרה לחופה, בן עשרים לרדוף, בן שלשים לכה, בן ארבעים לבניה, בן חמשים לעצה, בן ששים לזקנה, בן שבעים לשיבה

At five years of age the study of Scripture; At ten the study of Mishnah; At thirteen subject to the commandments; At fifteen the study of Talmud; At eighteen the bridal canopy; At twenty for pursuit [of livelihood]; At thirty the peak of strength; At forty wisdom; At fifty able to give counsel; At sixty old age; At seventy fullness of years; At eighty the age of “strength”; At ninety a bent body; At one hundred, as good as dead and gone completely out of the world.

Thank goodness times have changed, seventy is the new fifty-nine, and you’re just getting warmed up.

We’ve had a lot of fine trips together—the jazz festival in Eilat numerous times, you dragging me out of my cocoon to Iceland with Steve. You’re the best travel partner I can imagine—it’s always so calm and mutually comfortable, so different from traveling with a wife. I hope there’ll be many more (trips, not wives).

We’ve shared quite a number of creative pursuits—writing, singing, acting. I believe I got you involved in LOGON in the first place. I hope you’ll forgive me for that. Seriously, I know how demanding and difficult that producer’s role is, and I’m full of admiration for the great job you did there. You have skin as thick as an elephant’s and the patience of Job.

One of the most enjoyable aspects for me of our 20-year long friendship has been you helping me as a sounding board in my writing projects. You’re the person with whom I share emerging ideas, give voice to nascent notions. Talking to your sympathetic and perceptive ear has done me an invaluable service in enabling me to formulate my thoughts coherently and communicatively over many, many projects. That’s been an immeasurable help to me over many years now, so here’s a chance to thank you for that.

These days I have to schedule my brainstorming sessions with you on your occasional תדלום רוקיב (home leave). That’s okay, my brain isn’t storming as much as it used to. You keep chugging away out there with your globetrotting, we’ll grab dinner when you get back.

Rock on, boychik.

Much love,

*Jeffers*



What I know is that when I think of Mike I remember happy times, laughs, jokes and warmth. And the occasional adult tantrum.

Mark Rollings



## Best birthday wishes

to the ‘Great Adventurer’ - here’s to more of the same. Nikolai ☺

The ‘Nikolai’ comes from a crazy Russian woman we met on our travels who couldn’t pronounce my name so called me Nikolai, it tickled Mike and he would often refer to it.

Of all the places we’ve been together Mike seems his happiest in India, or ‘Mother India’ as he calls it, and the three pics, with him in, capture some of what he loves about the place, street life, (street) food and temples. Bottom right, touring London with Brother Steve, 2022.

*Carl Griffiths*



## With love and good wishes

Mike Berlin is my first cousin once removed. I first met Mike and his siblings on my initial trip to California in the late 1950s. I was visiting my California relatives including Mike’s parents, my first cousin Arthur and his wife Dottie. I remember taking pictures of Mike, Steve and Judy because they were so adorable. I no longer have the pictures as I gave them to their grandmother, my aunt Mollie, who was making a family scrap book.

Eventually Arthur and Dottie left California and moved to Israel. Mike made Israel his home as well. As time went on Mike became one of the more mysterious and adventurous Berlins. Word had it that Mike was involved in an Israeli operation, which after 50 years has remained secret. Whatever it was might have something to do with Mike having a new car every year and being able to travel to exotic places a couple of times a year.

Being friends with Mike on Face Book enables me to “visit” all the interesting places Mike travels to when he posts his pictures and videos.

Once my son and his family made “Aliyah” to Israel I had opportunities to get to know Mike. He met my Israeli son and his family on one of our visits to Israel. On another trip Mike showed Meryl and I around Beersheva and took us to one of his favorite restaurants. While driving in the Negev, I remember we went to investigate a strange very bright light. It turned out to be a GE solar installation with dozens of reflective mirrors aimed the top of a tower which was heating water for steam that was turning turbines for electricity. The manager on site was very proud to tell us how it all worked.

Mike came to my grandson’s bar mitzvah celebration in Ramat Beit Shemesh. Mike was the only male not wearing a kippa, white shirt, black pants and black jacket, but he took it all in in good humor. Meryl and I were able to host Mike and Steve when they came to our home in Scotch Plains, NJ. We could not convince them to stay overnight, but we did enjoy good food and conversation.

Mike’s warmth, sense of humor and generosity of time combine to make him a very special person. Our wish is for him to continue his adventures in good health and spirits, on his 70th birthday and many years beyond.

With love and good wishes,

*Conrad and Meryl Nadell*



*Pictures courtesy of Conrad and Meryl Nadell.*



Once you retired, there was no stopping you!



No putting you into a cage! No sir!



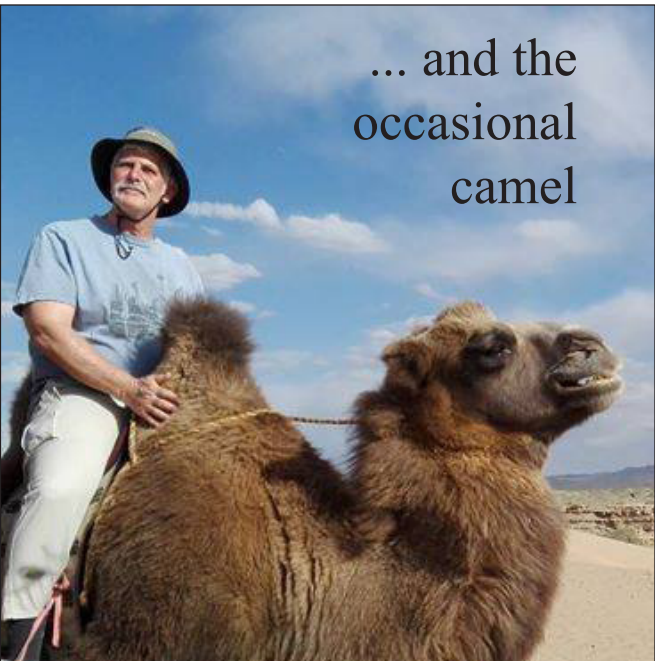
The sky's the limit....



You are as free as a butterfly!



Traveling the world with friends and family . . .



*Pictures courtesy of Dave, Lee, Tali and Steve.*





You made friends all round the globe, and brought joy into our lives . . .



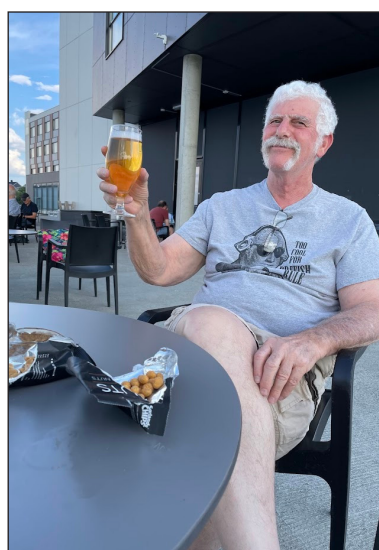
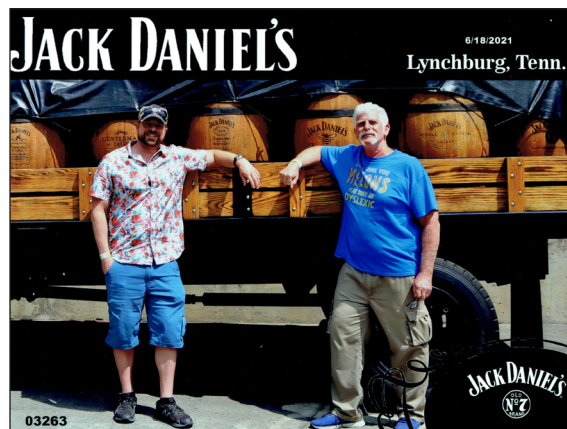
Some of the friends you made might be a bit odd, but we're not judging







And, since it's your birthday, we won't say a word about all the drinking!



Some of us have chipped in to upgrade your wardrobe . . . gift card attached. Just cause you're old doesn't mean you have to dress like this! Really!



Photos courtesy of the entire West Coast Meltz clan who are worried about your wardrobe choices, and implore you and your brother to dress nicely - not like Laurel and Hardy!

Oh, and help your brother out too. He dresses worse than you!





*The family rivalry is on!*

It's the first quarter of 2025, and the score is tied one-one! Roy & Noa presented Grandpa Mike with Sweet Baby Maya, and Josh & Yaya delighted Grandparents Judy & Dean with Lev - a perfect, wonderful son. Who will win the Great Baby Race?

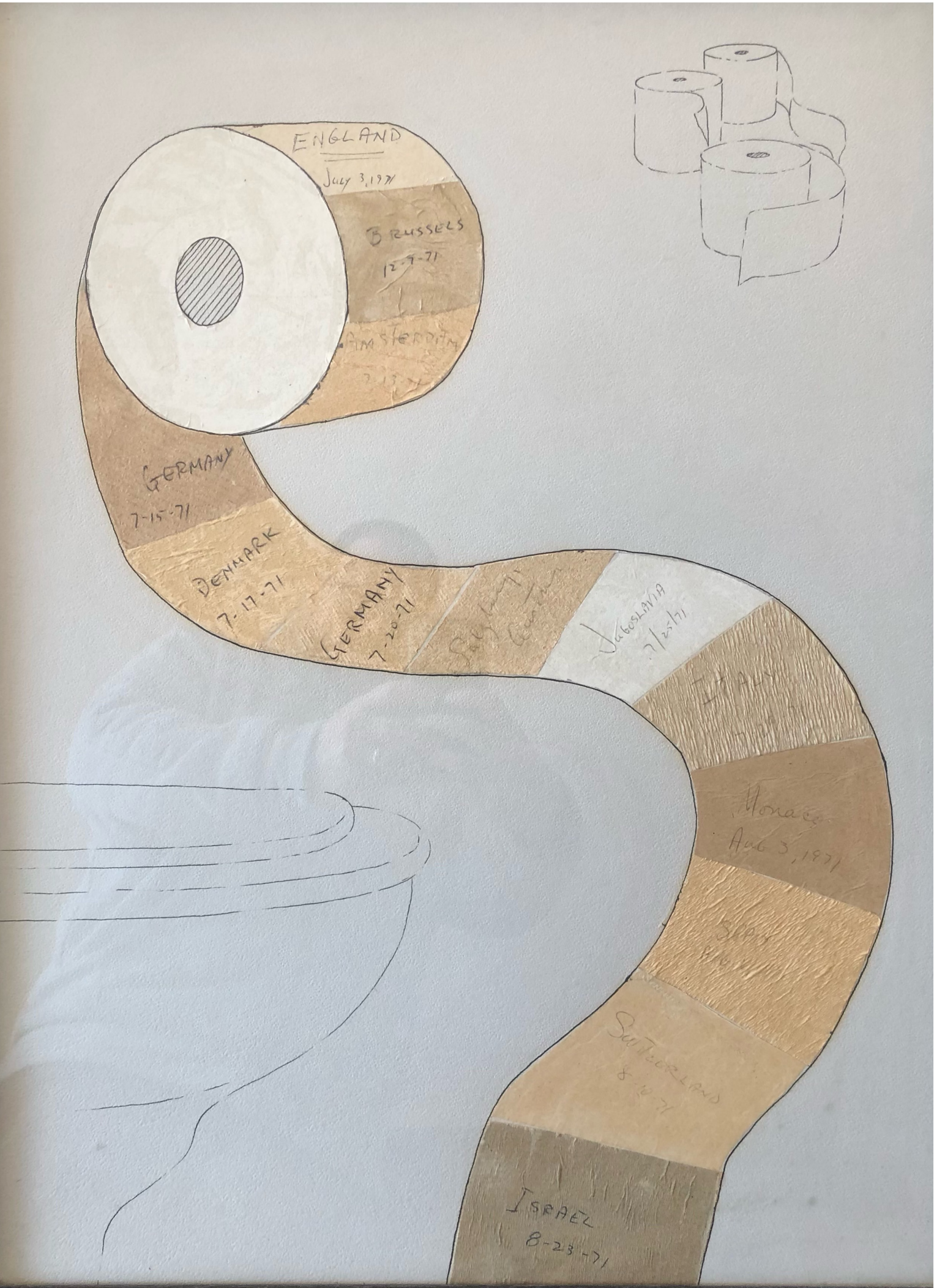


Photos courtesy of the East Coast Berlin clan.



*Mazel Tov*  
מזל טוב

Photos courtesy of the West Coast Meltz clan.



Uncle Mike,

I'm not sure if you remember that I've got this masterpiece at my house...

The story is that your dad, Arthur, sent a piece of toilet paper (along with a letter) to Evelyn Buderass.

One piece from each country visited on the way to Israel.

Evy's husband then made this awesome artwork out of it.

*Josh*



While you are great traveling alone, even if, at times, you get a little bored, you will agree, we believe, that it's more fun to travel with friends.





## *The Legacy Tours*

This excellent family tradition, started by your father, Arthur, continues to this day, although some misguided soul (It's okay, we won't spill the beans and tell everyone that it's you!) tried to rename this as: King Lizard Tours! רעקאק עטלאַ

We wish you, and us, many more family trips and adventures!



Legacy tour II



Legacy tour III



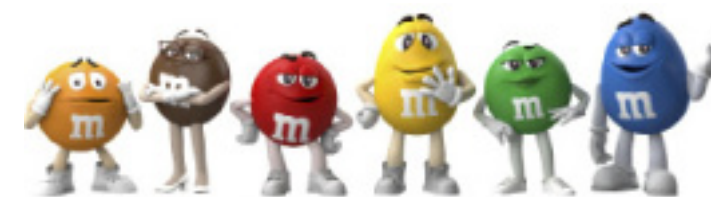


*Live life for those unscripted moments of sheer joy with your family and friends, for life is not about appointments and work — it's about the moments you share with one another. It's the smallest moments with family and friends that make the biggest memories. Always remember, Mike, that it is good to have an end to journey towards, but it is the journey that matters, in the end.*



## *Parting Bithday Advice*

Because you are so very, very, very — did we mention very? — old we, your caring family and friends, decided to end this birthday memory book with some helpful advice. We give you this valuable and sympathetic guidance in a format we know you will be able to easily understand — speaking your language as it were.



## *Contributors*

This book was a colaborative effort by all your children, the West Coast Meltz clan, the West Coast Berlins, the Wood-Berlins, and the East Coast Berlins. Also contributing was Barbara Tobin, Conrad and Meryl Nadell, Jeffers, Carl, Mark, King Lizard Tours LLC and The Camel.

