

PART 1
My life began with a-bomb

(1)

Story of My Early Life

I was born on October 28 1931 as the first son with three elder sisters. Later years I had two younger brothers to compose a family of eight members with our parents, which is an ordinary size of a Japanese family in those days. My parents were energetic and capable of making a fairly comfortable living with big family. With the exception of my youngest brother's death by the a-bomb, five of us children are alive with the age of 89, 85, 81, 78 (me) and 75 of age.

My father, Yuuichi, I was told, was so eager to have a son after his three daughters. He never stopped trying to father a son was what my mother later years used to tell me with a smile. Then born a son baby to his joy. He seemed as if he was so happy as if he got a prince to succeed him.

One of the episodes of my babyhood was that I could not get out smoothly from my mother's stomach, stopping with head out because of my shoulders were bigger than an ordinary baby. The baby made a first cry after a moment of the doctor tapping the baby by the hips hanging down with its feet in his hand.

The baby was so vigorous, I was told, that it began some ten months after birth to try to toddle along something with its hands on. It was at around that time the baby got a high fever. Being a prince like boy baby for the parents, its mother dashed to see the doctor, she later years told me.

As soon as she got in the doctor, she asked him, "Don't tell me this baby was stricken by infantile paralysis!?" The doctor denied even with smile in his face. In those days, people in Japan did not even know the name of it. You know why she feared it? She was born in Hawaii and stayed there until she became eleven years old when she came back to Japan. She was far ahead of Japanese for knowing about polio.

The doctor, by the way, in an instant, responded saying, "Never infantile paralysis, only catching a cold. Don't worry." With some doubtful worry in her mind, she returned home with one injection to the baby as if to be eased her fear.

A day after, however, she came to know that the baby still has fever and she noticed that the right leg was not crawling up when she changes the diaper, as if the leg is stretched out unmovable.

She dashed to the doctor like a mad woman and asked the doctor with her face white anger, “Are you sure the baby is never infantile paralysis!?” The doctor, watching the baby’s leg, said, “...I am sorry. It is. But nothing could be made. It is too late. I am so sorry...”

later years when I grew up good enough to understand thing about me, she said about what happened between her and the doctor. I condemned the doctor, she said, “What on earth are you checking my son! I told you so! You have got to have it cured! I beg of you! Please!...” She appealed and begged the doctor by pounding the desk or something, she said to me years later.

I could easily imagine she was like a mad woman at that time. I even feel it was mother instinct what even a doctor could not check what she knew or foresees her baby’s life crisis.

Indeed, it was a tragedy for my parents, especially for my mother. At this age, I really come to think that I have given my parents such sorrow and miserable experience for my own physical misfortune soon after my birth. I even think that I played “an un-filial baby”. This is something that I later years come to believe that everything that comes to me comes from the Will of God, which I need to write far after this.

I was told later years, however, my parents used to spend so much money, trying to make their first son’s recovery in any way they could. One day, my father’s friend doctor gave him an advise to spend no money for depending on anything but try to get the baby well nourished in stead. This made the parents attitude 180 degree turns to the baby, I was told.

After all, I have been unable to walk by myself until shortly before entering elementary school. I used to crawl along on my hands and knees, which made my arms and hands tough and strong, though.

By the way, I used to be told by mother about polio as I grew up. She often said to me, “Yuuki, polio-stricken people are great and clever by nature. Look at the American President Roosevelt and Loo Gerick of New York Yankees! Both of them are polio survivors. So you try to be like those great men!” That encouraging words of hers continued even during World War II, you know.

This admirable mother was born in the Meiji era in 20-century and lived through Taishou, Shouwa through Heisei of four ages and died in 21-century of January 3 in the year of 2001 at the age of 102.