

Part 4
The third stage of my life as business consultant
(12)
My Mother died at 102 of old, natural age

While my articles were under publication in the trucking journals in an exceptionally big scale, my mother died on the third day of the New Year of 2001 at the age of 102. She was born in Hawaii. After coming back at the age of eleven, she married and had six children. She lived through the Japanese era name of “Meiji, Taishou, Showa and Heisei to the era of 21 Century. She sure lived a wonderful life.

As the oldest son of the Yoshida family, one thing that I was told often by my three elder sisters was that when they come home from school, they saw Mother often sitting with me in her arms crying and crying for my physical deformity. She was so sorry about her first baby boy stricken shortly after his birth by polio. She seemed to be so desperate that she wished to die with the baby.

She was so worried about me until her death. It was at the time I was divorced with my former wife and was ready to leave the companies. In a sense, I had been an undutiful son to her for what I gave her that sorrow.

However, right after I lost our father, I pioneered my way of living as a technician without asking her to work to support her and a younger brother. I could console myself with a pride that I had done the responsibility as the oldest son of the family. This is the typical philosophy of the Japanese family system.

My mother was a person of the so called “a person of unyielding spirit”. She used to say to me while becoming sympathetic to me of my divorce and leave from the companies, she used to say to me, “Yuuki, live strong and good in a way you could revenge your wife!!” It was her encouragement to his son when I was 60-year with my unhappy retirement. It was quite a declaration story about her and me, the former the making the declaration and the latter being made.

I have a mysterious and miracle-like real story about her death. It was in the end of 2000, when we were ready to face her death at any time because of her physical condition. I went to see her in the hospital some three miles from home. It was on my way home after I was told by doctor that she would last more so that I should go home with my youngest sister left by her side.

I was driving the highway headed for home. I suddenly

got a car phone call from the sister, who said to me with trembling yellowing voice, “Yuuki, mother is not breathing and the oscilloscope shows flat with no heart wave! Come back here!” I said OK, I’ll be there!

At the moment of my hanging the phone, trying to make a U-turn in the next interchange, I began to yell out something as if I was talking to mother going to Heaven. Such a big voice I never made before! I yelled, “Mommy, thanks for having born me to this world! I am so thankful to you for making me born here! When you go to the heaven, be sure to tell Daddy and Yuusaku (my youngest brother who died by the a-bomb a couple of weeks after the bomb, though not single injury in his body) that Yuuki is OK and he is living in a way never ashamed of as the eldest so of the Yoshida family. Have a happy life together with Daddy and Yuusaku! Thanks again and again for the birth you gave me!! ” I recall that I never said, “Don’t die or live more or the like whatsoever.

It was in a car on the high way in high speed. Nobody could here my unbelievably huge voice! I really never yelled out that big! You know what!? A moment after that, the sister called me again and said, “Yuuki! Mother has lived back again! You need not be back! I will care of her. So you could go home!”

Well, this is a true story. Calling from the depth of heart with desperate utmost burning voice does reach to the Heaven has been one of my beliefs up until this moment of my life. That is indicative of the fact that there is a spiritual world.

This happening prolonged her life for another few days until January 3rd, she passed away as if she lived into the 21 Century. We brothers and sisters did wish she could live in the new Century, and she did make it to our expectation and desire.