

Part 4
The third stage of my life as business consultant
(6-Story 11)
I was known of the death of Mrs. Ann Adams at SC&R

Whereabouts of Mrs. Ann Adams, who appeared earlier, was always in my mind. She used to live in Greensboro, North Carolina, at the time our correspondence began in 1953. I would like to add something more because she was deep in my heart with friendship each as the polio stricken.

In the mean time, she moved to Jacksonville, Florida, about a hundred mile from Orlando where the ATA convention was held. During the term of the four-day, I tried to look for her residence through the hotel one way or others, but in vain. I left Orlando with painful reluctance.

I returned again to the ATA headquarter office in Virginia, where Mr. Schaeffer made the arrangement for my next visit. It was SC&R, Specialized Carriers and Rigging Association. I wrote about the two men of the association in the Mikado. Mr. Brymer, executive vice president, told me at that time that his elder brother was also polio so that he could try to find Mr. Adams.

As soon as I stepped into his office room with joy of reunion, he handed me some papers prepared in advance with no words urging me to read it. He stood leaning himself to the window with his arms folded, and cast down his eyes. By the way he behaved, I knew something not good was there.

I opened the papers and began to read. It said, "The person, Mrs. Ann Adams, has been dead in Jacksonville, Florida in May 11, 1992. She was 65. It was acknowledged to have been stricken by polio in 1950. Her son, lives in Jacksonville. The phone is....."

The moment I read the first few lines, I move it and bent with my hands on the head, and said "Oh, my God! No, no!" I could not help crying out. Mr. Brymer handed me a couple of paper articles, which reported her death with photo of her.

As mentioned earlier, she was a faithful Catholic Christian and wrote me "Since I became in bed all the time, I have been thankful for being able to read and learn and think what I was unable to do before. This is my deep thanks. I believe God is trying to make me do something by giving me this environment."

I had a picture she sent me in which was Ann in bed with her son, Kenneth, beside the bed. I still remember his name. More than half a century has passed ever since. There are some episodes about him, which come out later. However, I would like to write one thing ahead of it. The walking cane and the papers about her were among the cargo I lost in the

process of transportation to the Philippines. It has been my worry ever since then that I find no more way to get in touch with him.

In the process of translating this part of the page into English, January 1st, 2010, I tried to put in her son's full name in the Google search, and to my joy, I found where he is, and what he is doing!