

**Part 4**  
**The third stage of my life as business consultant**  
**(6-Story 6)**  
**My 63rd birthday in Ne York**

I enjoyed the first train trip from the Union Station in the Washington DC to New York! I was in the line of the people awaiting for the sandwiches in the buffet car. A gentleman behind me spoke to me saying, "I understand you are polio. My father is polio, too. I will bring your breakfast to your car." He moved to my car with his all baggage, and we began to talk. I told him about my pen friend American polio lady whom I am looking for.

According to his talk, his polio father belongs to the polio stricken people's association, so he may help find her. We exchanged the business cards. He is the vice president of a system engineering company. He once stationed in Japan in the marine service. He got off the train at Pennsylvania. I enjoyed the traveling companionship.

The following day of December 28 happened to be my 62nd birthday. It became an unforgettable day in New York. Early in the morning, as I always do, I began to make physical exercise with my recitation of some six English poems and speech and others. Among them was the "Youth", which begins with the phrase of "Youth is not a time of life. It is the state of mind. It is not a matter of rosy cheeks and supple knees....."

Fortunately, Junko's sister has a Japanese friend in New York, who is the president of a travel company. He served me a wonderful supper for my birthday in a luxurious restaurant. I bought good enough souvenirs at his shop as a token my thanks for his service the night before.

The morning next, I took again the sight seeing bus. One of the places we dropped in was WTC, World Trade Center. The first time the terrorist attacked the building was the year before of March 26, 1992. The six dead and a thousand injured with total damage loss of 5.5 hundred million dollars. It was some seven months after the incident, but not a single remains of it. Who ever thought of that awful terrorist attack again on September 11, 2001!

Oh, by the way, the sight seeing bus had a Japanese woman guide, with whom I had a talk while waiting in the bus. She came to New York to work alone. She seemed she really had a hard time getting used to the life there. She even thought of committing suicide, she confessed. I encouraged her in a way a crippled man like me could make his life

meaningful, to say nothing for a normal person like her to be strong enough to live on. She seemed deeply moved by my simple words. I wonder what she is doing about two decades ever since.

I dropped in at “TIFFANY & CO., which is famous for Audrey Hepburn’s American movie “Breakfast in the Tiffany” (1961). I tried to take a picture and with the moment I made a shut, the shop assistance stopped me too late. I did not know that the photo taking in the shop was prohibited. To my sign of “sorry, what should I do?”, she shrugged her shoulders with a wink of OK. The picture turned to be the scarcity than the necklaces for Junko and her daughter.

When I returned to Washington DC at Union Station, I was supposed to have the limousine operator, Jamey, to meet me. When I was walking the home, a young man stranger came close to me with a smile and said “Yuuki?” For a moment, I was given a start. Who on the earth knows me in Union station among so many people, was my question. The young man said, “I am Jamey’s nephew partner. He happened to be unable to come suddenly, so I came for him. Let me take your bag.” I thought my crippled walking made him catch me easily. They are team owner operators for 24-hour operation.