

MEMOIRE

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Prologue

Memoire means memory in French. I wrote this essay in the hope that I would be able to successfully capture the memories of my deceased grandmother and aunt in a poem or essay. This work is meant to mourn the dead. They say that an important factor for human beings is the pain of separation from love. In other words, the pain of separation from those closest to us follows us through life. With condolences.

Memoire

Of all the novels I have read, the one I thought the basic setting was impossible was “Shirobanba” by Yasushi Inoue. The main character, a boy named Kosaku, lives with his “grandmother” named Nui. However, this “grandmother” is actually the mistress of his great-grandfather, with whom he has no blood relationship. The story takes place before World War II, and at the time, I thought that the boy’s adoration for his grandmother, a woman who is not related to him by blood, and the mysterious exchange of affection, which could be called a “contractual relationship,” with Grandma Onui, who calls him “boy” and loves him dearly, had nothing to do with me. However, literary masterpieces are able to draw out the truth from fiction, even from settings that at first glance seem impossible. Like “Shirobanba,” I would like to compile my last memories of my grandmother. The last memory I have of my grandmother, when I can remember, is when my younger sister was born. At the time, my younger brother was only one year old, and my sister was about to join our family as the fifth child. So my grandmother came from a certain prefecture in Tohoku, probably by plane. In short, she came to take care of us temporarily. She came over a distance of about 700 kilometers. I have heard that my grandmother used to work near Yokohama when she was young. She then married my grandfather, who was probably from the same village, and they had six children, the youngest of whom was my father. My father was the youngest. My father’s family has always been engaged in farming, producing rice, yams, leeks, and garlic. My uncle, the eldest son in my father’s family of birth, took over Ye, and my father went to work after graduating from high school in a certain prefecture in the Kanto region. I was three years old when my sister was born. After that, our relationship continued for another quarter of a century. The last memory I have of my grandmother is at my grandfather’s funeral. In his living room, there was a curtain with a motto for longevity, “When you reach 110 years of age, it’s time to give up the best in Japan,” and I thought that my grandparents would live to be at least 100 years old. However, my grandfather passed away when he was around 90 years old. When my grandfather passed away and the family gathered, I asked my grandmother, “If you were to travel abroad, where would you like to go? I asked my grandmother,” “If you were to go abroad, where would you go? “Overseas? I don’t want to go abroad. I don’t like airplanes. I’m afraid of dying.” I was surprised to hear my grandmother, who was almost 90 years old, say with a straight face that she was afraid of falling out of a plane or of dying. About a year later, my

grandmother left to join my grandfather. When my grandmother passed away, or rather when my grandfather passed away, I was quite shocked. My grandfather's death was the first time I lost a relative. It was also quite a shock that my grandmother, who had said with a straight face that she was afraid of dying, went to live with my grandfather after only one year.

When you grow up, the only time your relatives get together in the countryside is for weddings and funerals. Most of my cousins had already married, so I hadn't seen them for about three years, from the time of my last cousin's wedding in the country until my grandfather's death.

After I heard that my grandmother had cancer, my father and I went to visit her a few months before she died. Despite our desperate attempts to hold her hand, she never regained consciousness. The next day we held her hand and she regained consciousness. When she woke up, she suddenly handed me 30,000 yen. I tried to refuse to accept the money, but she said, "If you don't accept the money, you will be married to my granddaughter. If you don't accept the money, I will disown your grandchildren. In the end, I don't even remember what I did with the 30,000 yen, but in hindsight, I felt a little bit saved if that was the reason for my grandchildren's connection to me.

In my grandparents' time, there was the Pacific War, and my grandfather went to war and came back. Sometimes in the middle of the night, he would suddenly have nightmares because he remembered the war. I would like to think that times have changed a lot since my generation became good friends with foreign students from Asia.

Japan's rapid economic growth after the war was due in part to the long period of peace. After that, the world is changing from the postwar period to the post-disaster period.

It may have been a blessing in disguise that both of my grandparents died a few years

In my grandparents' time, there was the Great Kanto Earthquake and the Pacific War

I don't know where my grandfather went to fight in the war. The question was somewhat

My grandmother, who was almost 90 years old, told me with a straight face that she

NonName-An unnamedobituary

I thought you would live longer, you were still young, you had a personality that was loved by all, you were never angry with me with a straight face in all the years we knew each other, more than 30 years, and now I understand half of your point of view, I was once like you, now I'm like your nephew from my point of view. I know from our parting that there is no such thing as heaven, but instead there is a paradise, and your faith has taught me that if there is a place as far away as heaven, you must be there, too. The funeral procession that followed said it all. All the photos of the potential departed were smiling. The only problem with all the photos was that they showed you with your favorite bag slung over your shoulder. You can't wait for this summer, because you got to see the cherry blossoms with your beloved one for the last time.

I'll be there sooner or later, your gravestone, now I just hold your hand with my heart. Some say, they want to plant a tree for you, surely a cherry tree would be nice. No, I won't mention your name, a nameless memorial, thinking of your face in my heart.

Farewell my grandmother.

I considered you to be my true grandmother.

In fact, my grandfather had remarried.

But you loved me like a true grandmother.

This time last year, you were still alive.

It has been about 15 years since I lost my relatives for the first time.

I am no longer as hurt by the loss of my relatives as I was then.

I was able to bear it even when you went to heaven.

You wished to be at home at the end of your life.

And you who suffered from dementia.

I thought of you as my real grandmother.

The father died.

The father died.

But he was not my real father, but my mentor from my master days whom I adored as my father.

The father was a bossy man and a great authority on asian economics and development economics.

He loved sake (awamori) and cigarettes more than anything else.

When I visited my father's laboratory for the first time, he instructed me to start by reading "General Competitive Analysis" by Arrow and Hahn and "The Theory of Monetary Economy" by Keizo Nagatani.

Economics is the study of choice. If you seek everything, your efforts will diverge.

Japanese should not leave Asia.

Want to learn a foreign language? Start with English. The clue to learning a foreign language is hidden in learning English, the first foreign language that Japanese people come into contact with.

My mentor who wrote my graduation thesis and sent me to graduate school.

My mentor, whom I adored as the father when I was a master.

Furthermore, the doctoral degree that was examined by three people, including the boss who was the chief examiner, and three people who had experience as deans of faculties and graduate schools.

I am glad that I was awarded the doctorate when the father was alive and well.

I will never see the father again.

Now that a month has passed since my father died, I am rereading "Development Economics" and "Contemporary Asian Economy," which he wrote.

I will never see my father again.

However, I would like to make an effort to repay the father's debt of gratitude for his education, even if only a little.

MEMOIRE

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