

Masa & Jack, Now & Long Ago



A lot had happened since our last breakfast at IHOP in Lake Forest. Masataka Usami was just back from weeks in Japan, and I had made a trip to Florida, New England and Niagara Falls. We talked about many things over his bacon and eggs and my cheese blintzes. Then we retired to an outside bench where I could have my smoke and a charming young girl could take our picture. Our mothers came up. When we got home, we searched out old photos. In a Japanese passport photo, below left, baby Masa rests in his 23-year-old mother's arms, with his father standing behind. My mother, below right, was also 23, or close to it, when she embraced daughter Faye and son Jack in the glare of Kentucky's sunshine.

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