

An Old Man from New York

When I came to America I entered a career of "cleaning lady". One of my clients was an old man. He lived alone and occupied the whole floor of a big house. I liked to work there. All walls were full of beautiful pictures in luxurious frames, interesting statuettes were all over, intricate lamps, elegant dishes. Furniture everywhere was matched carefully and revealed refined taste. I had a feeling that I worked in a small museum

One small room however was cluttered. Plenty of books all over the room in a disorder. One of the walls was full of framed papers, telling about the man. According to those papers and taking in consideration the way he treated me, just a cleaning lady, that man deserved all the best descriptions which exist for human beings.

He almost didn't enter other rooms and spent his days in the bedroom watching TV or reading magazines. He was very sick and had heart problems. In a while he left to visit his son in California. When he came back he looked 20 years younger and felt great. He told me about the great climate in San-Diego California, and showed me the house of his son, who was a doctor. House was huge, you needed to use a phone to find each other there. It was a modern well decorated house, but kind of cold, more like a luxurious office.

So I asked the man why he stayed in dirty NYC with a terrible climate and didn't move his only son to California. He said that it is impossible for him, he had to be here, stay in that place. He said that he didn't care much about his health, because he would like to join his wife who died a year ago. I wanted to object with some polite things, which usually are being said in such statements, but the man added.

"We lived together for 65 years and never had a conflict. "

I forgot about politeness and declared boldly: " I don't believe you". I really never met anything like that in real life.

The man's reaction was unexpected

" I don't believe myself, but this is so!"

He looked as if he himself still couldn't believe that this thing happened to him. He started to tell me what a great human being his wife was, he showed me pictures about their life and it seemed so reasonable his desire just to stay still here in that place waiting when time again joined them together.

From that day on I didn't take that place as a museum, but I started to feel the presence of that amazing woman. I started to imagine how they spent time together in that beautiful living room meeting guests in their dining room or having regular meals in a small kitchen. Maybe it was because everything stayed untouched in those rooms or maybe the man constantly thought about his wife and his thoughts passed to me somehow, but I even started to polish furniture or floor more carefully as it wasn't already for a man, who never even looked at my job, but for that woman, who could leave after herself that wonderful feeling of her presence. I think it was the first time in my life when I met True Love in real life.

