



GLORY:
A Nation's Spirit
Defeats the
Attack on America

**A collection of thoughts, reflections
and true accounts of the
September 11, 2001 Attack on America**

GLORY:
*A Nation's Spirit
Defeats the
Attack on America*



SANDS Publishing, LLC

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GLORY: A Nation's Spirit Defeats the Attack on America

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FOR THOSE WHO DIED

FOR THOSE WHO MOURN

FOR THOSE WHO CHERISH FREEDOM

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FOREWORD

The four saddest words in the English language are, “We must never forget.” We must never forget the Holocaust, or Cambodia or Oklahoma City. Now we must never forget September 11th.

I went to Kosovo immediately after their war. I flew in on a C130 Cargo plane with the international disaster and humanitarian relief agency AmeriCares. We were the first airlift to be allowed in after the war, officially at least, ended. I will always be grateful to AmeriCares for the life altering opportunity to experience flying into a war-torn city with desperately needed supplies. I learned what it felt like to be hustled at gunpoint by Russian soldiers. I discovered a surprising ability to repress fear as we sat in a van being held at a checkpoint as they exploded land mines in the road ahead. I stood in a thrice-burned house with a teen-age Albanian boy who showed me the burned and rusted springs of the bed he had been sleeping in when his mother saw, from his window, the Serb Paramilitary coming toward their house. That was in Mitrovica, one of the most decimated cities in Kosovo.

The next time I heard sounds like those I heard in the streets of Mitrovica, was on Thursday morning, September 13th, at Ground Zero in New York City. I was with AmeriCares again. This time delivering saline and eye care supplies, which turned out to be part of the tragedy.

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Eyewash for the disaster workers was all that was being used in the triage set up at Stuyvesant High School. It was unimaginable. It did not fit with any of our images. There should have been crowds of people helping or carrying wounded people to the triage and then as quickly as possible to a nearby hospital. “Triage” should have felt like watching *MASH* since that was the only place I really ever heard the word used. It was not like that. It was sober and eerie. The sound was muffled everywhere by sadness, despair and, outside, by about six inches of white ash. Every sound on the street was muted the way it is after a blizzard when the city is carpeted with snow.

We met incredible people. A nurse who had been there since Tuesday the 11th. She came in as a fire fighter but found it was more than she could handle, so she stayed as a nurse! She’s both a nurse and a fire fighter. All this woman can do, apparently, is give. She was tiredly beautiful and embodied determination.

Everyone we talked to at Stuyvesant said, “You’ve got to meet Joey!” We did. He’s a nurse and he reminded me of Dom DeLuise. He’s charming and cute and alive and energetic and transforms everyone around him. He’s like Atlas shouldering all the pain for himself to give someone else a moment of lightness. He got there on Tuesday as well. He saw it on TV and just got in his car. No one told him to go. He, personally, just felt he had to go. Why? Because one time in his life somebody helped him. That’s what he said. He is like that. If somebody needs something that he has...well, he just feels he should give it to them.

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He can always work an extra weekend and he'll have made whatever it cost back anyway. When he walked into Stuyvesant that day, everything was disorganized. Piles of boxes and volunteers just milling about. An official pointed at Joey and said, "You're in charge."

Him, Joey. Just a regular guy. A nurse on Long Island, married with two kids, who had a little DJ business on the side. When put in extraordinary circumstances and set an enormous task, he accomplished it brilliantly, becoming the one piece of gossamer that held the whole web together.

Walking up away from ground zero that Thursday the 13th brought me back again to Mitrovica in Kosovo in 1999. I can only imagine what war itself sounds like, but the aftermath of war sounds like trucks. It is the beginning of the rebuilding. It is the birth of hope. Coming down the West Side Highway on our way out from Ground Zero we saw miles and miles of giant trucks. They came carrying water or tools or construction workers dressed in orange with hard hats and soft eyes.

On the side of road we saw a man with a bolt of cloth printed with American flags. He was cutting them out with scissors and using safety pins to put them on anyone's back who wanted them. Truck drivers and EMTs even sad faced firemen smiled for ten seconds or more when the flag was pinned on. Ten seconds of a smile on September 13th was enormous.

I have been to four disasters: the refugee camps in

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Albania during the war, Kosovo itself right after the war, The Republic of Congo where civil war is only part of the problem, and the World Trade Center after September 11th. In all four places I have seen horror that I had never imagined, but more shockingly, I have also seen unbelievable beauty. Truly, I have never seen anything finer than human beings when faced with disaster.

It IS important that we never forget. We must remember not only the tragedy but also the hope and the strength. We are all in this together, as this book so movingly portrays, therefore we are truly strong. We are not out there alone. We have seen that, in time of dire need, we are one nation and one soul, and we will help each other and that this is how we will win.

Janette Barber

Supervising Producer of The Rosie O'Donnell Show

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“When an American says that he loves his country, he means not only that he loves the New England hills, the prairies glistening in the sun, the wide and rising plains, the great mountains, and the sea, he means that he loves an inner light in which freedom lives and in which a man can draw the breath of self-respect.”

Adlai Stevenson



SECOND CHANCES

Sometimes life, God or fate offers us second chances. These are the stories of those people who were supposed to be on that plane and weren't, who walked into the WTC but for some reason went back out, who were on the 104th floor and unlike their co-workers made it out. Many believe it just wasn't their time. Others think divine intervention played a hand in their destiny. Read their stories and decide for yourself.

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The Twin Towers made out of miniature license plates with names of the missing on them

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The Biggest News Story in the Country

When I got a new job at *The Wall Street Journal* in 1999, I fretted that I would miss the excitement of my general-assignment reporting job in Arkansas, where I had covered natural disasters of every stripe, plane crashes, and, of course, President Clinton.

Tuesday, September 11, unfortunately, I came much too close to the biggest news story in the country. *The Wall Street Journal* offices are in the World Financial Center, just a few hundred feet and directly across the street from the World Trade Center. From the windows near my 11th-floor desk, I have an unimpeded view of the once-imposing Twin Towers.

That morning, I stepped off the subway at the World Trade Center stop about half an hour before the first plane hit. I walked through the basement mall of the World Trade Center, noticing the 50 percent off sale at Victoria's Secret and passing my pharmacy and the place I sometimes buy sushi. Silly things to think about now.

I threw my bag at my desk and was chatting with a coworker. All of a sudden we heard a loud rumbling overhead. We looked at each other quizzically. Jets often fly over, but this one rumbled the floor and rattled the windows. Then I heard what sounded like a sonic boom. I ducked to get a better view of the sky, and the first tower

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exploded in flames. We thought it was another bomb, like the 1993 attack. I grabbed my bag, which contained gym clothes, my cell phone, an apple and a bottle of water (all of which would come in handy later) to run out the door, and my editor said, "Sit down and write the early market story to include the explosion!" I sat.

The fire-safety director came on the intercom to tell us to stay in the building, that there was no danger. Most people were glued to CNN, which told us it had been an airplane, not a bomb. We foolishly thought it must have been a small commercial plane whose pilot fell asleep or lost control. We couldn't fathom that someone would intentionally fly into the building, but looking back we know it would take a determined effort to actually hit the slim, silver target at that angle. Everyone was nervous.

Then I heard more rumbling, and another boom. The second tower was aflame. I thought perhaps the plane had blown up and caught the other tower on fire. At this time, the safety director shouted to evacuate. Everyone ran for the stairs. I grabbed my bag, a notebook and a pen.

Outside, I found two coworkers. We decided we'd get started reporting, as we didn't know the worst was definitely ahead of us. We still were not thinking clearly enough to realize that it was a terrorist attack and not some freak accident. I had no idea until more than an hour later that the Pentagon also had been hit.

There were huge chunks of metal flying out of the

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buildings. Then I saw the most horrific thing I've ever seen in my life: People were flinging themselves from the top of the towers, which are more than 100 stories high.

Men still had their briefcases strapped over their shoulders; women's purses trailed behind them. They looked to be the size of little worry dolls. I cannot erase the image from my head of one man's twisting body, in a black suit and tie, falling.

Before, it had seemed surreal and everyone assumed the workers could escape the towers down the stairs. Women were screaming and crying and falling on the ground. People were running backwards in horror toward the Hudson River.

Many people saw body parts on the ground, some near airplane seats and identifiable as human, in a parking lot. Hands and feet. Two of my coworkers (but thankfully not me) saw a woman's decapitated head.

Police pushed the crowds toward the river. At this point I desperately wanted to find my coworkers, as I was sickened and on the verge of panicking. I ran with the crowd down the promenade by the Hudson River.

Paramedics were propping up the injured on the promenade's park benches. I saw a man who had had part of his head sheared off by falling metal. I got about three blocks away and found three of my editors. They were far enough away that they hadn't seen the body parts or the

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people jumping and falling from the top of the towers. I told them what I had seen, and they sent me to an editor's nearby apartment to call our office in Brussels and give them a firsthand account.

We went into the apartment and I called my mother in South Dakota. Then I called Brussels. Mom had been frantic as I hadn't been able to get through on a cell phone earlier to tell my family I was alive. All the lines had been blocked. Later I found out that people trapped in the rubble of the towers were calling their family from cell phones, but rescuers hadn't yet found them.

A few very long minutes passed, and we were huddled in the living room trying to figure out where to go. A third frightening rumble filled our heads. The apartment's picture window faces the towers, and we watched the first tower collapse only a few blocks away. Metal and glass shot outward, floor by floor, crushing toward the ground.

A huge, billowing wall of ash and smoke rushed through the street, pushing wreckage and paper in front of it. A horde of people sprinted ahead of it, dropping packages and running out of their shoes. Later an acquaintance told me that his wife and his seven-week-old baby were in this crowd; two men toppled the baby carriage and dumped the baby on the ground. (Both are safe now.)

After a few seconds, we realized it wasn't going to stop before it reached us. We thought it would blow out the windows and sprinted for the inside of the building,

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tumbling down the stairs to the basement.

All of Battery Park, the residential area there, is built on a landfill – made from the earth dug out to build the World Trade Center. I felt very far from safe in the basement as they were warning that the entire area might collapse into the river.

People came running in from outside to the basement we were crouched in, and a girl told me that the whoosh of debris and flames had forced people to jump over the barriers into the Hudson to get away. I met a Texas man, Jeff, who had been staying in the Marriott at the World Trade Center. He was covered in the thick white soot. He hadn't been able to get in touch with his family and knew no one in New York. Since I didn't want to stay there for fear that the towers would come down on our building and flatten all the upper floors on top of us, we ran upstairs to quickly use the phone. He called his family and started sobbing; he had seen bodies fall all around him while fleeing the hotel.

The smoke was so thick outside we couldn't see for about half an hour. No one knew what to do, where it would be safe to go. Then security knocked on the door and told us they were evacuating lower Manhattan. We were hustled outside and were herded onto a police boat to New Jersey. People held dogs, suitcases, parrots. They left us on a pier in Jersey City.

We walked to a park where they handed out hunks of

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bread and processed cheese. I felt like a refugee. Still, I was so grateful that I was one of the ones lucky enough to be offered food, though my roiling stomach wouldn't have accepted a thing.

We went to a nearby apartment building and watched the news; we also spent hours on the phone talking to our friends and families. Later work called and told us they needed us at the Dow Jones corporate campus near Princeton, New Jersey, where I am still working. I couldn't get back to my home in Brooklyn.

A day after the attack, I sent out an email to friends and family describing the events. The email apparently was circulated far and wide, and I've received letters from many people I don't know – in Arkansas, in Oregon, in Iowa, in Nebraska, in Oklahoma City, in Austria, in Great Britain – saying they are praying for New York.

New York says: Thank you.

**Erin Schulte, reporter for WSJ.com
the online edition of The Wall Street Journal**

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With the Help of Total Strangers

Louis Lesce was on the 86th floor of the World Trade Center's north tower when the hijacked airplane slammed into the building that fateful Tuesday morning. After he felt a huge explosion, he began to make his way out of the building along with thousands of other office workers.

There was gray smoke and we could only see the shadow of flashlights. And between the screaming and sirens, which were very eerie, and water coming out of the walls and the ceiling – much like a shower – inches of water cascading down the steps, we started to make our way down. And about 5 or 6 minutes into descending, all the lights went out.

Nobody knew what had happened. Nothing. People were comforting one another. Someone said to me, "You know, you look kind of tired, buddy. Let me hold your jacket." And he did. Someone else asked to hold my briefcase. We made it all the way down.

Mr. Lesce arrived at the mall level and thought he was nearing safety. But then the building began to collapse and he was knocked to the ground and buried under debris.

Finally, a pin of light showed, and after about 10 minutes that pin got bigger and bigger, and then a gentleman picked me up and we walked out.

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Mr. Lesce left the building, and once again thought he had made it to safety. He was in search of a payphone to call his wife when the rest of the building collapsed.

So I threw myself on the ground and waited a second time for the blackness to stop. And finally, there was a little pin of light, somebody's voice asking me to stand up. And I stood up in the dark and I heard the voice say, "OK, this is Nassau Street. Now there's going to be a cross(walk). You're going to go down a curb."

I saw the light get larger and larger. (Someone) came and got me and we went into a store. And there were five or six people there. One guy gave me his T-shirt. I looked like somebody had poured black plaster of Paris all over me. I couldn't swallow. I spit out black. They put me in front of a hydrant, poured water all over me, took me up to a triage center. Police there washed me.

With the help of total strangers, some emergency workers, and some everyday-people lending a helping hand, Mr. Lesce has survived to tell his harrowing and inspirational story. Getting through this is going to be about helping each other in many small but important ways.

Reprinted courtesy Blue Dolphin Group, Inc. with credit to CNN who first broadcast this story of heroism and brotherhood among total strangers.

**Donald L. Nicholas, CEO
Blue Dolphin Group, Inc.**

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Outside Directly Across the Street

It was very sad, tragic, and mysterious, but I was directly across the street standing in front of the Millennium Hotel – something I am still trying to get over that is going to take a while.

I was running late on September 11 because I had to drop off my car for service in midtown Manhattan. My normal route to work from Brooklyn involves taking the X28 express bus to the World Trade Center. I then walk across the street to the 4 WTC, and proceed down to the mall area to Cornucopia (around 8:45 a.m.) to grab a protein shake. I then walk into the lobby of 2 WTC, back outside, across the street, and up the escalator inside the West Side Highway overpass bridge, to the lobby of 1 World Financial Center.

On this day, I was taking the E train into the 5 WTC and arrived at approximately 8:45 a.m. I was trying to get inside the Trade Center mall to grab breakfast and get to work, but we were told we could not enter and were pushed as a group up the Church Street and Rector Street stairwell exit. Someone heard a man got shot. As I was halfway up the stairs, a police officer was screaming, "Excuse me, clear the way." He was escorting another officer who had a jacket covering his right shoulder (looked like he got shot). Getting closer to street level, I saw people pointing and looking up, screaming and crying. Upstairs, I saw 1 WTC

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on fire, with a huge hole on the right side of the building. It was truly shocking. I didn't know what to do, so I found a spot directly on the corner of the Millennium Hotel (approx 25 feet from the front of 4 WTC, 5 WTC and the WTC atrium area). All I could do was stare at the building.

I overhead someone say that a small jet hit the building. I could not comprehend this, nor would I believe it. After a few minutes, I witnessed people taking their lives from upper floors of 1 WTC. These people chose to leap out of windows and plummet to their death, rather than being trapped and burned to death, and I can't say that I blame them. I saw at least 25 - 30 people jump. It seemed like this was going on for an hour, however, the reality was more like 10 minutes. It was a grueling and traumatizing experience for me and will take some time to get over. One lasting image in my mind was four people holding hands all the way down. From where I was, I never saw these people hit the ground. I thank God for that!

A while later the second plane hit the 2 WTC. I don't know if the other people around me saw this the way I did – and I am extremely curious to find out exactly how they saw everything and how they are dealing with it. There was so much black smoke and fire filling the air, and so much noise and commotion, that the second plane could not be seen and was barely heard until it hit the 2 WTC. I remember taking my focus off of 1 WTC to glance over at 2 WTC. The plane just became visible a few inches away from the building. The plane was tremendous! I saw it from the bottom, tilting to the left. It just appeared from the

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smoky air and hit the 2 WTC and caused a ferocious explosion.

This impact sent everyone around me into a frenzy. I did not move. I was too shocked, and I do not know why, but I did not want to run away; I wanted to stay and watch. That lasted for all of 5 seconds (which felt more like 5 minutes) because pieces of the building and debris started falling, and I had to get out of the way. I ran down the Millennium Hotel block. People were running so hard and fast that they literally were running out of their shoes. I eventually ended up, thankfully and surprisingly unharmed, near J&R Music World and Pace University.

I had to turn around and look at these buildings and experience the fear I had run away from. The site of these two buildings, landmarks, on fire and in shambles was really painful to see. I was terrified at this point. After about 15 minutes, I finally ran into someone I knew from my company and we spoke about what we had experienced. He left to go home. I stayed and watched. A few minutes later, I walked towards the courthouse and sat down in amazement in the park area. I started talking to people, heard, then turned around and saw the 2 WTC falling. I again ran from falling debris. Had I not run, it would only have been a matter of time until it made its way in my direction. As I turned around, all I could see was the antenna of one of the trade centers, and finally, I looked away and walked for a while. I had seen enough.

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I ended up in a bar on Broadway and Houston Street. I wanted to get as far away as possible, but I also wanted to get in front of a TV to see what the hell just took place. It was about 10:30 a.m. As I went into the bar, they were showing the 2 WTC beginning to fall. I watched and drank about eight shots of Southern Comfort with other people. Finally, I got my first cell phone connection and dialed out to my mother to let her know I was safe.

While most people tried leaving the city ASAP, I ended up traveling to different bars and locations to stay updated and remain drunk. It wasn't until 8 p.m. that I finally needed to go home, back to Brooklyn. Thankfully, the F train was running again, so I went home.

Throughout that day, and for the next few days, one thing was on my mind – Why was I supposed to be in this building at the time, and why was I supposed to witness this? There may very well be no answer. Thinking long and hard about this, whether I was on time going to work, taking my normal route, or whether I was late from dropping off my car, I still would not have been in the building where I would be harmed. Had I been on time, I would have been in the 2 WTC lobby, just about to walk out and cross the street. I would have probably seen and/or heard the first plane hit. Had this happened, I believe I would have ended up in close to the same exact spot I was because I would have wanted to watch what was taking place.

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So basically, the question is, why was I supposed to be 25 feet away from the buildings, watching this major catastrophe? If I was truly not supposed to be there on this day, then why wasn't I left in midtown, so I could not witness this tragedy in a front row seat? Again, one will never know why they were where they were on this day. I can just be thankful that I was unharmed.

Dan Marino
Brooklyn, NY

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Eyewitness Account from the Pentagon

They missed me by about 30 yards. I heard about the New York WTC aircraft hit(s) about 9:15 a.m. in my Pentagon office. About 9:35 a.m., we heard a loud explosion and the office shook.

We had just moved into new spaces on the top floor of the Pentagon facing Arlington Cemetery. I immediately figured a simultaneous strike by terrorists. What bothered me, was their planning. They were way ahead of us and knew what they were doing so I was a bit reluctant to just panic and run out of the building. I figured two hits in New York meant two Pentagon hits, and the follow-up would likely be meant to cause greater casualties.

We had no idea at the time it was an airplane impact. I thought it a bomb/rocket of some sort. We cleared out of our office. Most folks exited without panic, walking and waiting their turns on elevators to get to the building exits despite the presence of dazed, stunned and injured folks in our midst. I was curious and took an indirect route out. In the section one over from mine, I saw damage and injured people with burns. I pitched in to help where I could. Found a fire extinguisher and followed some Army guys going back in after their comrades. We pulled our T-shirts off and wrapped them around our noses. Lots of smoke and confusion. One burn victim told me about a room where people were injured and left behind. I wrote it on my arm

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and tried to get back there. No way. Fire and smoke too heavy. We tried another route and got into the first outside ring. Fire burning, spreading, water from broken pipes filling the courtyard (up to my ankles . . . shoes and pants ruined) glass buckling above us, no way to get at victims, smoke acrid from burning asbestos and aviation fuel.

I'll never forget seeing a towering general (I believe it was the Vice Chief of Staff) go striding down the worst damaged corridor into the smoke with no protection and just two aides calling out for victims. The worst hit area was mostly Army. I figured he might need help and followed for a bit until someone said there was another way around to get to the location I had written down – that was the burning courtyard – no luck there.

Pentagon medical staff did a great job. They set up triage units and treated victims. I left the fire as there was nothing to do and didn't want to become a victim from a collapsing building. I went to the health clinic and tried to help out there by getting supplies/stretchers back into the inner Pentagon courtyard. I tagged along with police and wound up in the inner courtyard sort of sealed off with about 100 to 150 medical staff and volunteers. I assumed the outer entrances to the building were sealed tight. True as it turned out.

We were a mix of generals and privates, all services. But I can't think of a better group to respond to a crisis. All were cool and calm. Many of the folks had been under fire over the past 30 years. We had SEALs and Special Forces

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too. Very poised. A few civilians, all ex-military. No one postured. All were leaders and knew how to take charge but realized there could only be one chief and good followers make things work. The stretcher team next to me had a 2-Star Air Force General on it. The junior officer who had the lead asked him if he wanted to take charge – he said, "No, I'm just a volunteer on the team, Major." Classy.

We deferred to the medical staff and set up teams of stretcher bearers. Fire staff arrived with breathers, and we planned to go in with them to bring victims out. We were hampered by continued reports of another inbound suicide plane. We were warned several times to take cover or go to the center of the courtyard away from the building. I wasn't sure about that approach. In the back of my mind the next strike would try to get as many people as it could, and we were all milling in the courtyard – the center of the Pentagon and famous "Ground Zero" for top Russian nuclear target.

It was interesting. Pieces of wreckage were all over the ground. Twisted chunks of metal and some looked like aircraft pieces. The word got out that it was a plane that had hit. Later the FBI arrived in force and started the crime scene evidence procedure as we waited to get in. Fire units were on scene now. Firemen with breathers going in/coming out but little luck with victim finding.

The building was burning heavily, the firemen were having trouble getting around. Around noon we were sent outside the Pentagon to go in the other way. It was then we

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saw the hole in the building and the devastation. We had no idea of the extent of the damage all morning. We had seen only the other side.

We all hoped to call out so family knew we were alive. One in ten guys/gals had cell phones and they shared as we tried to get through. Fortunately I got a cell line and got word out I was okay.

By now there were plenty of fire and police and we were not needed, really just in the way. I caught a ride home with some Army officers on my team. Quite the sight with a surgical mask and wet T-shirt around my neck, shoes ruined etc.

I'd say we were a very upset group. Not bellicose at all, but thinking that the sender of the suicide bombers deserved an unfriendly visit from us, the U.S. military. I still think that. As I'm sure the nation does. It won't be gleeful, either. But you have to defend your home and that's why we're around. We were/are all serving staff tours in the Pentagon, but you would have had 100 percent instant volunteers for any combat mission planned. A really fine group of people.

An Army captain was assigned us – he knew the areas we were to go into. I joked with him that he was our leader, and he would take the blame for a failed stretcher mission. He joked back that as a junior officer he was used to it. I wish the citizens who know less and less about their military could see this sort of thing. They'd be inspired.

GLORY

Lieutenant Colonel Hugh G. Gray, U.S. Air Force Assistant/Advisor to the Deputy Secretary of Defense

Editor's Note:

Lt. Col. Gray was kind enough to allow us permission to use part of a personal letter he sent to a comrade just days after the Pentagon attack. Gray is an Air Force helicopter pilot with 100 rescue missions and 85 "Saves" (lives saved) recorded. His career is quite impressive, yet, as he said, "Always with a great bunch of (dare I say it) real unsung heroes."

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I'M SAFE, September 12, 2001

I am having trouble using the phones, but I am present and accounted for. We are at work today, preparing for the market's opening tomorrow.

Yesterday was the worst day I've ever lived through. I got to work around the time the second plane hit – we immediately had only scattered communications, but our Avistar system delivered CNN's feed, so we could understand what was going on. The incredible thing about the day was that all of our New York communications are transmitted from transponders on top of the WTC, so if you didn't have cable, you had only sporadic news. From the south side of our building in midtown at 53rd Street, we could see what was going on. Mostly just incredibly billowing smoke from downtown.

On the streets, everything was fairly calm as people started walking around noon, trying to figure out where to go. People who had walked up from downtown were wandering around in a daze, covered with cement dust. Mayor Giuliani had been broadcasting a request for everyone to just start walking north and stay out of downtown. I went to my friend Simon's office and we ate sandwiches and listened to the radio. We heard that the midtown tunnel was open, so I actually went and got my car and drove home through streets that were, at that point, 3:30 p.m., deserted.

GLORY

I took Polly to the park, and we sat in a big field with the plume of smoke over us. It smells horrible, that burning chemical smell. And papers and folders, partly burned, kept floating down around us. People are collecting these papers, more from a sense of disbelief than morbidity, I think.

That's the predominant emotion, disbelief. To look at lower Manhattan and not see the World Trade Center is distressful beyond imagining. I have not been anywhere near the location except to ride underneath on the subway at a crawl (probably so as not to disturb the mess above). The platforms are covered in the white dust and look very spooky; some debris, but nothing too frightening. We can't get anywhere down there.

I have heard of two colleagues and two fellow church members who are missing, but I'm afraid there will be many more. On the good side, all of my former colleagues who worked at 7 WTC had been evacuated and are accounted for today. Susan Venezia sends word from friends at Lehman that that building will have to come down, as well. I'll keep in touch once we get things sorted out for tomorrow's opening. For what it's worth, our bright lights are saying that this will tip us into recession.

I want to beg everyone to pray that our country will not retaliate with some purposeless action that just serves to ignite hatreds further.

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Update: September 20, 2001

New York is rainy today, very gray, but warm. It's like living in Florida.

You have no doubt heard that things are getting back to normal, which is oddly true. The trains are all running now, even under the WTC site, though they go slowly so as not to disturb the wreckage. The trains are only half full, however, and I have no delays whatsoever, so I suspect some people are not yet coming back to work. Of course, down in lower Manhattan many buildings are not open. My train goes right under the site. The paper announced today that all buildings are sound and can eventually be re-opened after cleaning and repairs.

I continue to learn of acquaintances, former colleagues, etc., who did not get out. On the other hand, many did escape. All I can say is that it seems cruel and random who got out and who didn't. I don't have to tell you that the stories are heartbreaking because you are reading them for yourself. People who escaped saw things that will mark them for life.

I have gone down to the site twice. Once I couldn't go any further than Fulton and Broadway – my heart knocking so loud and my voice quavering when I tried to speak to a policeman. All I could see is the wrecked hulk of WTC 4 (I think, or maybe it's 5). The next day, I walked down to Liberty and Fulton. From there I could see the famous view

GLORY

of the piece of building facade (WTC 2) and the pile of smoking wreckage. The sun was behind it and the smoke appeared golden. I stood with about 25 people, just two and a half blocks away. Police told us we could take a couple pictures, but then had to move on.

The downtown area looks like what I'd picture from a war zone. All streets west of Broadway are closed off and on the east side, there are cops and national guard (in fatigues, no guns) at every corner. The shops are mostly closed and in the windows you can see the ash covering everything. Many buildings have broken windows. The smell of garbage is so overwhelmingly awful in places that you can't imagine. This is the same thing that happened after the WTC bombing in 1993, the smells coming from food left in restaurants and stores. At the downtown Fulton Street stop on the 4,5,6 (which is at Day and Fulton, directly under the Millennium Hotel, across the street from the WTC site), when the doors open, everyone on the train looks down and it becomes very quiet.

Everyplace you go, people are still very quiet. No pushing, no yelling. People are not effusive in their greetings, but more solemn. Loud noises make everyone jump. When they tested our PA system at work today, I almost threw up from fear when I heard it click on. Same thing with planes going overhead.

Still no TV for the un-cabled ones, alas.

We have had no Arab/Muslim backlash in my

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neighborhood and I hope it stays that way. Of course, some things were planned from near me –. Arabs were everywhere, but I am closing my mind to any negative thoughts about the people I see and talk with every single day. Most of the conspirators seem to have been open and vociferous in their dislike of America. My foreign neighbors are just cautious and so distressed now. The word went out over the internet that the Arab-American Center near my house is looking for volunteers to escort people shopping, etc., because they are afraid to go out.

Susan Craig
Brooklyn, NY

GLORY

OK HERE, September 12, 2001

I am okay. Thanks for asking. This morning there is complete quiet outside. I hear for the first time the sound of the tree out my window swaying in the breeze, nothing else. The only other time it's been this quiet was the blizzard in '95.

Last night I went for a bike ride in my neighborhood which by then had been officially shut down by the mayor. It was so empty. Some people wandered the streets, seemingly in a state of shock. A woman sat at the steps of Grace Church weeping. There was a guy shooting video of a building at 11th and 1st Avenue – The Islamic Council of America. I saw a handwritten sign saying St. Vincent's needs clothing donations. I rode by and asked where to bring clothes and they said they don't need any more, "people aren't leaving." I tried to venture south of Houston and was stopped by a group of police. I asked if they needed volunteers and they said there's no room for more people down there.

Everybody wants to do something to help but there's nothing we can do. 500 people were in line to give blood at St. Vincent's yesterday. All day there were a hundred doctors and nurses waiting outside St. Vincent's – just standing in 7th Avenue where the ambulances were to pull up – but they had nothing to do because they couldn't get to the bodies yet. The only activity was a guy from Starbucks

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bringing huge trays of coffee over. When he arrived everyone wanted to help pass out the containers just to have something to do, some way to help. Businesses are all closed so people really have nothing to do which makes it worse.

It is hard to believe this started only 24 hours ago. Besides wandering the street I spent most of yesterday glued to the TV or on my roof watching the plume of smoke less than a mile away. I am lucky the wind carried it toward Brooklyn. Throughout the day people tried to call. I was speaking to my brother in Macon when the second tower fell. I said "Oh my God it's falling" and the phone cut off. He watched the tower fall then tried for the next two hours to get through to me again. Finally a friend got through and I asked her to call family members to let them know I was fine.

It's another gorgeous sunny day today. I do hear an occasional siren and truck pass, which is probably a good sign. I'm going out now to get today's paper, and try to figure out what to do next.

John Allen
New York City

GLORY

Witness, 9/11

My second day of jury duty started out with the Metro North train conductor forgetting to collect my ticket. Well, this is my lucky day, I thought. But the day was Tuesday, September 11, 2001 and I was heading into Lower Manhattan.

One of the great things about being a writer is that you can practice your trade almost anywhere. I found some captured moments coming down the Hudson on that gleaming late summer morning. I was working on a World War Two set novel featuring a Navaho Codetalker. The scene was of my hero translating some Navaho words into English.

He wasn't sure where to start. I wasn't either. I let the writing flow. His questioner says, "Start with something international. How about the distress call: SOS?" I wrote "SOS" then thought about what it meant: Save Our Souls. I stared at the letters wondering, why did I write that? I put the pad away, confused and disturbed over how frantic my handwriting looked. The train was not rocking that badly. But of course, something terrible was happening in the skies above our heads.

At Grand Central Station, I headed for the Number 6 subway downtown to Foley Square and the Federal Court House. I was coming up the subway stairs at 8:45 a.m. The

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woman beside me said, "Wow, that plane is flying low." Then, the explosion. She said, "That must have been a sonic boom." But we walked on and saw black smoke.

On the courthouse steps my fellow jurors and I got a view of the World Trade Center. I remember utter silence. We started reaching for each other's shoulders. Our jury was made up of folks from Manhattan, The Bronx, Westchester, Rockland, and Putnam counties, so we were quite a diverse mix of America: where the world lives. Suddenly, an array of papers sprung out of the gaping hole that the plane had made in the Tower. The wind picked them up so they sailed across the incredibly blue sky like white doves. Save Our Souls, I thought – there are their souls, springing loose, in flight.

We went into the courthouse. Everybody was trying to call home via their cell phones, which were not working. I ran for the pay phones and after two tries, managed to get through. My husband, who was napping because he's on an evening shift at work, picked up the phone. "I just wanted to let you know I'm all right," I said.

"What do you mean?"

"Put on the TV. A plane just hit the World Trade Center."

"Really? Just like when the plane hit the Empire State."

"No, not like that. This was an American Airlines jet."

GLORY

He was watching TV, marveling, then said, "There's another plane."

A crash shook the courthouse. An announcement was coming from the gathering room, so I hung up with my husband saying, "They have to send you home, come home."

We were told to evacuate the building and were excused from duty. As I was following my fellow jurors out I found a man with a large rosary around his neck, and I asked him if I could touch it. We said a short prayer together.

I got outside not realizing that it was a different door than the one I'd come in. I headed for a patch of green that I thought was Foley Square, where the subway stairs were. But I had turned myself around. I looked up – I was going toward the twin towers, not away from them. There they were, both burning with unbelievable ferocity, so close that they were all I could see. And I was lost. I asked for help.

What came to my mind was they are both going to collapse. Retrace your steps and get out of there. I did, and found my way to the subway station. I boarded a train heading uptown. On the train was a dazed young man, his arms and clothes flecked in black soot. He said he had to go to his arraignment at the courthouse. I told him I was a juror and we were all excused. We smiled and wished each other well in our strange circumstances, juror and defendant, saving judgments for another day.

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At Grand Central Terminal, everybody seemed to be hovered around the newsstand watching the unfolding events on TV. I didn't join them. I got on the next train heading North – the 9:58 – one of the last ones going that got off Manhattan that day. When we pulled out I kept hoping that my older daughters were safe – hoping that Abby hadn't taken a day off her teaching job to show her Irish guest around Manhattan because that's the first place she takes her friends – the World Trade Center. (I later found that that's exactly where her friend had gone . . . the day before). And I was hoping that Marya hadn't been sent downtown by her magazine on a photo shoot.

The train became packed, and kept picking up more passengers who were trying to get into the city and were told to turn around. We bonded as we never would have on an ordinary day – washerwomen from Harlem, a few members of the audience from Rosie O'Donnell's show cut short, businessmen, a poet from Yonkers. Somebody had a radio. He kept us informed as the first tower collapsed, the second, the Pentagon assault, the crash in Pennsylvania. One lady started screaming and we did our best to calm her down.

The beautiful Hudson flowed by, the Palisades gleamed . . . while the tremendous plume of smoke gave proof of the terrible devastation behind us. At Yonkers, policemen boarded the train and we were told to stay with our bags as they inspected all cars. Further upriver we stopped to take on more stranded passengers from Amtrak

GLORY

and other trains.

Finally, we reached my Hudson River town of Cold Spring. As I got up, my fellow passengers said goodbye, and we all reminded each other to hug our families and take care of ourselves.

The Lakota people have an expression that is also a philosophy: *mitakuye oyasin*, we are all related. When I walked through my deserted town and into the house that afternoon, my husband and youngest daughter almost knocked me over. My other children were on the phone, assuring us they were fine. We hugged each other very hard, once for ourselves, and once for all the souls who would not be coming home.

Eileen Charbonneau
Author

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Thanks for Your Concern

Dear everyone who has written to check on me – thanks for your concern. We are in complete shock. That is, even those of us who had expected something horrible to happen, something that would be so devastating that it would reach a place beyond our imagination.

At nine in the morning on September 11, I left my beach house in the Hamptons toward my home in Port Washington which is 20 miles outside NYC. My writing group was to meet that night. I was listening to Books-On-Tape, when, 45 minutes into my drive, I needed to change a cassette. That's when I heard the news. Two planes, one after the other, crashed into the World Trade Center. "Here we go again," I thought. "Those small planes. I hate them. They are prone to accidents, flown by amateurs." But two? The gears engaged in my brain. Sabotage. An act of terror.

The feeling of déjà vu – the events I've witnessed in Israel from close and far – settled on me with some strange remoteness. The wait was over. It had finally happened. I called my husband, Ron, whom I had left behind at the beach house, and told him to turn on the TV. There was an odd utterance of sounds coming out of him as he watched with disbelief. Then he became more coherent and proceeded to give me visual account of what he was seeing.

"Oh, my God!" he suddenly called out. "Oh, my God!"

GLORY

The building is falling down.”

“Falling down?” It’s just a small plane.”

“It’s a jetliner!” On the radio they told of a fireball 30 stories high.

This is the moment that would change my life, our life, the world’s life. Yet I was too calm. Five of our kids work in Manhattan, two daughters and three sons-in-law. I should panic. Something was terribly wrong with me.

On the cell phone, Ron insisted I return to the beach house. His voice told me he was shaken. “They’ll block all the roads in and out of the city,” he said. “You may not be able to return for a long time.”

“This is the beginning of a war,” I said after driving for an hour. The notion that the Long Island Expressway would be closed due to a terrorist attack was absurd. Yet, that was how things worked in Israel. Nothing was absurd anymore. Not if the World Trade Center tower fell down. Fell down? I still thought that only the top floors had collapsed, from the spot where the plane had hit and upward.

I pulled out at the next exit, rode on the bridge over the highway to the south service road, and stopped on the shoulder. There was no one around. It was eerily quiet; the radio turned down so I could gather myself. Again I examined the calm with which I handled the news and knew that, as in other crises, the impact would hit me later

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with force that would leave me reeling for a long time.

I engaged the gear and began driving back, calling the kids. They had to evacuate all the tall buildings. My youngest daughter was in the street when she answered her cell phone. Her office is located in a basement, and people in her company stayed put. But since her wall borders the 86th Street subway station, which is one of the largest intersections of subways, I was concerned and ordered her to leave. She wanted to go in to inform her staff, but I told her to use her cell phone. “Just go home. We haven’t seen the last of the surprises.”

She started walking. As did my other daughter. Soon after, most phone lines to the city were partly disconnected or overtaxed. Our son-in-law who lives in Long Island walked across the bridge to Brooklyn. He hitchhiked home.

Ron’s niece, a mother of three, the youngest of which is only six months, works in the building across the street from the WTC. She managed to flee when her office was hit hard by debris. In the confusion and black cloud, she found herself on the Staten Island ferry, shoeless and bagless. Ron’s two cousins who work on the 80th floor of the World Trade Center happened to be out of the office. One was away on a business trip, the other took his parents to the eye doctor today! Her husband’s progressive blindness had saved this son’s life . . .

Talia Carner, writer
Port Washington, New York

GLORY



Photo memorials of missing firemen were present at stations that lost Brothers

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*“There is nothing we cannot live
down, rise above and overcome.”*

Ella Wheeler Wilcox



ANGELS

Among the thousands of professionals and non-professionals that were there to help and those that were caught by the hand of fate walk thousands of angels. The firefighters and police officers who risked their lives to get people out of the burning buildings, an office worker who carried a stranger down hundreds of stairs, the doctors and nurses who worked around the clock to tend to medical emergencies, the news crew members who often had to muffle uncontrollable sobs to continue their reporting, the woman who offered a jacket to a shivering survivor in shock, the outpouring of food and drink and support. It is these people who offered a bridge of trust that linked the victims with hope and recovery.

GLORY

The call for "Medic" ran through the air . . .

I thought that the quickest way to let everyone know I am safe and what happened was to send an email. This is all very stream of consciousness, but I need to put this down and get it out. Maybe this will help you get a sense of what it was like:

First, let me say that the sense of everyone I come in contact with, the desire to help in any way, is so strong it is palpable.

I was on the train when the first plane hit the World Trade Center. We saw it from the window. The man sitting next to me asked if they were filming a movie in New York. I said, "No sir, that was real. At that moment we did not know what had happened. I thought maybe it was a news helicopter. By the time we pulled into Penn Station 3 ½ minutes later we had news through someone's cell phone that it was a plane.

As a paramedic, I knew I had to get down there as quickly as possible. Since it was all just unfolding, all subway lines were still running. I jumped on the downtown express and as we were pulling into Chambers Street I heard an announcement that the train would not be stopping. We were being taken to Brooklyn and safety. I was distressed, since my goal was to get to the scene, and trying desperately to think of how I could get back when

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there was a loud rumble and then a crash and debris started to rain onto the subway car. Tower Two had just collapsed.

Overhead we heard the conductor say, "Oh my God, the building is coming down!" We were trapped in the tunnel, smoke was filling the cars and there were no lights to speak of. After what seemed like an eternity, but was really only a matter of a minute or so, the conductor announced that they were able to get the first door of the first car open, and that everyone should move forward and out. There were people crying, people praying and, miraculously, no one had been injured.

I then witnessed New Yorkers coming together as they do in true emergencies. People assisted each other and everyone was taken off the train. As I moved through the tunnel to the stairwell, there was another rumble and debris came cascading down the stairwell, followed by a huge cloud of dust. People began to panic, but I called to people to turn around and move toward the other stairwell at the opposite end. The stairs were also covered in debris, but it was passable. Many people chose to stay in the station. After I established there were no injuries down there, I opted to try and make it to the street. Tying a scarf around my mouth and nose, I navigated the steps up.

When I got to street level I was stunned. Debris, papers, pieces of clothing and dust were raining down. Already a thick layer of dust lay on everything, and the sun was completely blotted out. The city had an eerie sense of quiet. I couldn't see, and it was difficult to get my bearings.

GLORY

I heard a voice call out, "Move toward the sound of my voice. There is a building here."

I had another woman, her name was Annie, with me. She was hysterical, and I couldn't leave her in the station. We found our way into the lobby of the Pace University dormitory. After assessing people as they came in, coughing and scared but otherwise physically okay, I established that all residents had been moved to the seventh floor, to the apartment of the RA. Annie refused to go upstairs in the building, and she refused to leave the building. She was frozen and quaking in the lobby. After about four minutes, one of the building employees came and asked if there was anything he could do. I asked him for water and he produced a gallon jug and some cups. Finally, I persuaded Annie to go upstairs in the building, and we landed in the offices of an accounting firm. Amazingly, they still had lights and phones.

I called the office and spoke with Sarah Ockler and let her know that I was okay, and asked her to please let my kids know. I was also able to send an email to my daughter (who, unfortunately, never checked)! And, I called a friend and asked her to get my kids and look after them for me.

After about an hour, the office lost phone service. We discussed evacuation. I knew we would have to leave and make plans to get everyone out of the city. Since we were so close to the Brooklyn Bridge, I suggested that everyone stay together, walk over the bridge, and find transportation from there. I made packs for everyone to carry. The office

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had bottles of water, and pretzels and candy bars.

After the packs were prepared, I advised everyone I would not be going with them. I knew I was needed as a medic. Another member of the staff was trained in first aid and volunteered to come with me. I asked the others that they look out for Annie and make sure that she had a way home. I was assured she would be taken care of. I made sure everyone had a pack, and comfortable shoes and we walked down. At the corner I said good-bye to my new friends.

I went directly to New York Downtown Hospital. From the hospital, we could see the burning remains of WTC up the block. Having worked there in the past, as soon as I arrived I met lots of old friends. Donning a respirator mask I did patient triage for the next five hours. To triage, one makes quick assessments of illnesses or injuries, separates them, and then treats in the order of severity. Since New York Downtown was the closest hospital, but only a Level 2 trauma center, patients were then transported to St. Vincent's, Bellevue and Hospital for Joint Diseases. I kept a list to be sure we knew who we had seen, and where they went.

When the number of patients started to slow down, I began making lists of all staff, when they came on duty and how long they could stay. It was important to determine when to give people relief. Once you get tired, mistakes can happen. We knew relief staff would be difficult to get since access to the city was limited. During the course of the day,

GLORY

many volunteers came down to offer assistance. Medically trained personnel were absorbed immediately. Other volunteers were utilized to push wheelchairs and stretchers to incoming ambulances, and transport people within the hospital. Also, changing sheets and helping hose down incoming firemen and policemen who were covered with the debris that was blowing everywhere.

As the day wore on, staff and volunteers began to outnumber patients. Residents in the area came to the hospital to donate blood and, finally, were so numerous that they were redirected to St. Vincent's or Bellevue. The hospital ran out of blood collection sets.

A small ATV would periodically arrive from the scene to transport personnel and supplies to the site itself. I worked at the hospital until approximately 3:00 a.m. when the ATV came in for supplies and said he needed assistance. I went with him to off load supplies and arrived at the site for the first time.

I was struck by a sense of surrealism. In order to get there, we had to negotiate this little vehicle over fire hoses, down blocks that were impassable to any other kind of vehicle. Burned cars were tossed about like children's toys. Directly across from the site the upended twisted remains of a fire truck leaned against a building. Next to it, a burned out City Bus. Small fires burned everywhere, and mud was ankle deep. Papers were still flying in the wind as were pieces of twisted metal and shards of glass.

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We went directly to the site between the two towers, only to find that they needed O Negative blood immediately. A victim had been found, trapped, and was bleeding internally. They needed to stabilize the patient while working on the tedious job of extrication. I ran back to the vehicle and we went to Bellevue Hospital for the blood and administration sets necessary. It took forever to get there and back because the vehicle could only go 15 miles per hour. Upon returning with the blood, we were dispatched to return to Bellevue and get an amputation set.

It had been determined that the only way to extricate him was to amputate his legs.

Negotiating the small vehicle through Ground Zero, I said we needed to get a faster vehicle to make it up to Bellevue and back. We went to the closest EMS station and I had an ambulance take me to the hospital. The plan was to use the ambulance to get to Bellevue and then come back for the ATV to make it to the site. After getting the equipment and drugs necessary for the amputation, I returned to the ambulance and asked how close they thought they could get the ambulance to the site. The crew was willing to try to get as close as possible. We got within a block and then I jumped out and ran to the site. I brought the kit, and had to climb the 60 feet down into the hole to deliver it.

Just as they were preparing to amputate, a beam shifted and we were able to pull him out without removing his legs. He was lifted out onto a stokes stretcher and passed down the long daisy chain of volunteers to the awaiting

GLORY

stretcher and ambulance a block away. Cheers went through the crowd when he was placed upon the stretcher. We had gotten one out alive almost 21 hours after the explosion!

Later, I helped in the arduous task of slowly sifting through the wreckage in the hopes of finding other survivors. The call for "Medic" ran through the air as dogs sniffed and barked. I bagged body parts as they were found. Oddly enough, the physical aspect of the reality, seeing the actual remains of the victim, was not nearly as bad as the strewn rubble. The opened date book with the words, "Lunch with Mary." The family photo in the crushed frame laying the mud. A coffee cup with the name Steve lying on its side. The eyeglasses frame. Evidence that these were real people with real lives just like you and me.

The temperature dropped and everyone was cold and wet. Overcoats and raincoats were pulled from the large Brooks Brothers Store across the street and distributed. It was the best dressed rescue crew I ever saw. Armani suits and Burberry overcoats.

As the sun came up, heavy machinery was brought in to lift the large debris and begin the digging toward the basement levels. I then moved back to the street in front of the building to treat firemen and rescue workers who would become temporarily overcome by the smoke and dust that whipped through the air. I performed lots of eye irrigations and administered oxygen. As the day began to unfold, many more volunteers arrived. Poland Springs – bless them

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– arrived with truck loads of water which was distributed liberally. Everyone was encouraged to drink to avoid dehydration and soothe scratchy throats. Red Cross and many other volunteers brought in food – sandwiches, pizza, rolls. Food kept arriving. Unfortunately, it had to get eaten quickly since everything was continually being covered in dust. I had the crunchiest cheese sandwich I ever ate. Packaged candies and granola bars appeared everywhere.

The sun began to beat down and heat the scene up even more. Thousands of volunteers were milling about, hoping to find ways to help. Heavy machinery was now everywhere, since they had succeeded in clearing up some of the side streets. Medical teams that had been stationed in the building at One Liberty Plaza began to move outdoors, and that space was converted to a makeshift morgue.

I was treating a fireman for smoke inhalation when suddenly there were three blasts from the sirens, which was the code to evacuate immediately. It appeared One Liberty Plaza had begun to buckle and the building was going to come down. Placing the fireman and oxygen tank on the stretcher, we pushed him down the block through ankle deep mud to a waiting ambulance, eager to depart as quickly as possible. Unfortunately, my bag with all my identification and money and clothes was left behind.

People began to run and fear was high. No one wanted to suffer the fate of the initial rescuers. When we were about half way up the street, a small Cessna plane passed overhead. The street was lined with army personnel with

GLORY

M-16's. When the plane came into view they all dropped to their knees and aimed up. Since radio communication was limited, it was a very tense moment. Then I heard the shouted order to stand down. The Cessna was an approved aircraft, brought in to make a building assessment from the air.

They kept pushing us further north, up to Chambers Street. I stayed near the fire and police chief so I could listen to their radios. The building inspector was due to arrive any moment and make a determination. I ran into some medical personnel who said they were setting up a medical area on Chambers and West Street. I was heading in that direction when I ran into some firemen I knew. I wanted desperately to get back to the site and retrieve my bag. They already knew that the building was going to be declared stable and I went back to the site with them.

Many of the volunteers did not return when the all clear was given. Of course, no one wanted to intentionally put themselves into harm's way. When I arrived back at the scene, they had moved all the medical supplies to a corner and were bulldozing the site where I had left my bag. After an extensive search, I realized that my bag must have been bulldozed into the rubble and was unrecoverable.

I helped to set up a new site for on-site medical treatment and decided that after 34 hours it was time to go home and hug my kids.

My only problem was how do I get there with no

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money or identification? I knew that the LIRR was running so I asked some friends in a St. Vincent's ambulance if they would be willing to drive me up to Penn Station. They said sure. When I arrived at Penn Station, in paper scrubs, a hard hat, a respirator mask around my neck and covered in dust, I realized that the rest of the world had been going on as usual. I knew I looked a sight but was too tired to worry about it. I was approached by two police officers who were anxious for news from the site. I gave them a quick run down and then explained my plight. My commuter ticket was also in my lost bag. They told me, "No problem" and escorted me down to my train. The conductor said, "Hop on, and thanks for helping."

As I stepped onto the train, people looked up at me and stared. I began to feel self conscious, and then someone stood up and started clapping. Suddenly everyone was clapping and saying things like, "Thanks so much for doing what we wanted to." Everyone wanted so badly to help in some way, they just didn't know how.

I took the train home and realized that my car keys were also in my bag. I walked over to the cab company who generously sent me home in a town car. When I walked in my door, my daughter ran to me and collapsed sobbing into my arms. My son rushed out of his room and hugged me and kissed me in relief. I had been able to get only two messages out in two days and they were worried sick. I heard about all the messages and calls from people I know, worried and anxious to hear. I can't tell you how loved I feel. I have spent the day making phone calls (when

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I can get a line out) and sending emails.

This morning, I got a call from Gigi who said that a woman had called and she had my bag. I went up to the Bronx to retrieve it and thanked her profusely. She said she saw it just sitting there when everyone began to run and figured it might belong to the crew that was moving the patient. She had gone to the medical station on Chambers and West Street but didn't see me. So, she found one of my business cards and called the office.

I have heard people say that I am a hero. I don't think I have done anything anyone wouldn't have done, given the circumstances. I was just in a better position to help than most. There are thousands of volunteer heroes out there right now and my thoughts and prayers are with them. And, with all the families and friends of those who are the victims of this horrible tragedy.

Debi Ryan
Paramedic
Port Washington, NY

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I Can't Even Describe The Damage

The September 11 tragedy bent New York, but it didn't break it. In the end, said Gerald Brewster, "I think the city will be stronger because of it." Brewster should know. He is a San Diego Firefighter who immediately left that fateful day for duty with the Federal Emergency Incident Support Team who were called out to help the New York fire and police departments on orders from the Federal Emergency Management Administration (FEMA).

Brewster, a Battalion Chief in the City of San Diego, has served on the support team many times, answering the call for aid after disasters like hurricanes and storms but never before on anything like this. "I can't even describe the damage," he said. "Or the enormity of the worksite. You just feel so small." He described his job as developing a plan to be used for the next 12-hour shift to get the most done without endangering the firefighters further. "We work directly with civil engineers who understand the structure of the building and what it can be expected to do."

Although he was constantly surrounded by devastation, he had to maintain a positive outlook. "I never get hardened to it," Brewster admitted, "but I try to maintain a clinical approach knowing that I am providing a much needed service for the survivors and the other workers. My job is to be as supportive as possible." Brewster said quite frankly that not all of the victims'

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remains will be found. “I think people are beginning to accept that fact.”

The thing he remembers most about the experience is the wonderful human spirit of the people, both the New Yorkers and those from outside the city. “They just couldn’t do enough to help us,” he said. “The local people showed up with their own shovels and tools, begging for a chance to help dig out the victims. They brought us food, water, everything we could want.

I remember the young kid from Orange County, California who rode a bus all the way to New York. He told us he didn’t know a thing about rescue work, but he wanted to do something, and he absolutely did anything we’d tell him to do. Some of our own San Diego firefighters paid their own way across the country to get there and help. Part of my responsibility was to use the volunteers in back of the lines, performing jobs that needed to be done and yet were not dangerous for untrained helpers. Down deep the building is still burning and will be smoldering for quite awhile, so that can be very dangerous.”

Brewster admits that the first few nights in New York he averaged about two or three hours of sleep. “Later, I think we might have averaged about five or six.” Because he was working the night shift, he was billeted in the Marriott Hotel instead of the Jacob Javits Convention Center where three floors were used as the unit’s base camp. It was too noisy and busy for daytime sleeping.

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The support team travels with complete equipment and enough supplies to be self-sufficient for the first 72 hours, but New York was quite able to supply all their needs. The men had hot showers, plenty of food, places to sleep, medical care, laundry service, and replacement for clothing and working equipment as needed. Even the sturdiest boots did not last long climbing through the broken steel beams. “We just turned them in and got new ones,” said Brewster with a laugh, as he remembered how his steel-toed safety boots set off the airport security buzzers on the way home.

“This disaster was different in many ways,” he explained. “Every member of the team is urged to attend two sessions of debriefing, and mental health counselors are available to us both on the work site and afterwards at home. That’s always true. But this time we also had sessions on increased security for ourselves and for our families.” Brewster believes firmly that American life will never be quite the same, and we must all be aware that more terrorist activity may take place at any time. Still we must go on with our normal lives as best we can.

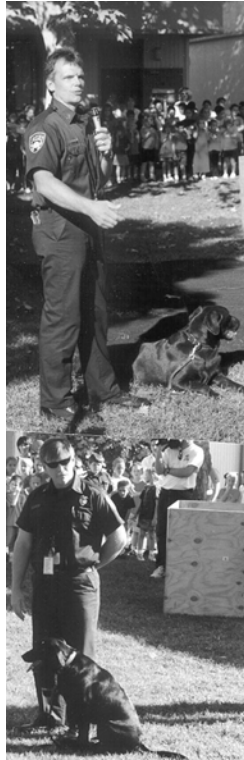
The experience wasn’t all grim. Although Brewster had no chance to sightsee in New York, he had a night off and a pleasant evening the last week. The cast and crew of *Kiss Me Kate* chipped in generously to provide a block of tickets for the rescue workers. “I’d never been to New York and never seen a Broadway show, so this was a great evening. We were all able to forget the worksite for a few hours. It meant a lot to us.”

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Arriving back home after four weeks of hazardous duty, he got a rousing airport welcome from family, friends and San Diego firefighters. In his hometown he was greeted by large, welcoming signs along the road and hanging over his garage door. He insisted, however, that he and his team are not heroes. “The real heroes are the fire fighters of the New York Fire Department,” he said.

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**Captains Swaney (top) and Scott with
rescue dogs Sherman and Billy**

GLORY

Man's Best Friend A Rescuer in New York

In the outpouring of “hero” stories since the tragic events of September 11, one very special group needs to be applauded. The dogs that work with the USAR (Urban Search and Rescue Team) that had the daunting task of helping to look for bodies in the WTC rubble.

Fire Captains Steve Swaney and Michael Scott are two USAR members from El Cajon, California, who responded with their team to New York along with their rescue dogs, Sherman and Billy. In the daily training of Sherman and Billy for search and rescue, these specially trained dogs see their role as a game – *find the live human* buried and be rewarded. Sherman and Billy love to find, be rewarded and then receive the loving praise from their handlers Swaney and Scott.

After three years of intense training and certification, the dogs and handlers finally had a chance to put their training to use, but sadly, at this horrific moment in history, Sherman and Billy were not able to find live victims. This was very disappointing to both Captains Swaney and Scott. Knowing that Sherman and Billy would eventually become frustrated and even depressed, they and fellow search canine handlers would, from time to time, hide themselves, allowing the dogs to find them and receive their reward and praise. This practice kept the canine searchers motivated to continue the search process at ground zero.

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The dogs have to know obedience and agility so they can climb a fire service ladder onto the roof, be put in a harness and repel out of a ladder truck or down the face of a building. “If I filled an area with boards with nails sticking out of them, the dog could run across the boards and not have a single nick on his paws or legs,” Swaney explained. “That’s how agile they are. They’re like four wheel drive in that if they step on something that’s going to hurt them, they hold the pressure off that one leg and keep going.”

There are only 50 USAR trained dogs in the United States. The team consists of about 64 people with nearly \$1 million dollars worth of equipment. The teams traveled by way of flat bed trucks of equipment and two Greyhound buses full of people, each section transported to military bases to board cargo planes and be escorted to New York City by military fighter planes.

Although no one was found alive through the dogs’ efforts, the search and rescue handlers left New York knowing if someone's loved one was buried and still alive in the rubble – they would have found them. But that was not to be.

**Monica Zech, PIO (Public Information Officer)
El Cajon, CA Fire Department**

GLORY

Let Me DO SOMETHING!

Four days after the WTC attack I got over being catatonic. Saturated with news and not getting much work done, I went down to our Community Bookstore. I'd heard they were accepting donations for the rescue workers. It's a homey place with a café and lovely garden. When I arrived, I became witness to a spontaneous combustion of goodwill. The owner had provided an outlet for all who needed to DO something, to feel useful in some way.

A dozen people stood reading notices posted on the window and another dozen inside busied themselves accepting and sorting mounds of power bars, saline solution, work gloves, flashlights, sweatshirts and dog booties. Display shelves had been cleared of books and replaced with Gatorade, socks, batteries and kneepads. In front of the store volunteer drivers waited to deliver these goods to drop-off points in Manhattan. More people helped load up the cars.

I grabbed a phone to give a friend a break and began answering calls and fielding questions. For the next four days hundreds of us kicked ass. Calls came in telling us what was needed; we posted the needed items in the window, got some flyers around and . . . poof, the donations flooded in. People's generosity astounded us. We hardly had room to walk around the store.

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After a few days of this level of giving from all over the City, most needs were met, so we had to abruptly stop receiving donations. But how to stem the tide! People kept responding to the flyers we'd posted. At first it was impossible to turn away boxes of brand new work boots, respirator masks and dog food. We thought aloud we'd have to store the overflow and within hours had a list of people offering basements or empty storefronts. Fortunately we were able to get the goods to a local councilman who delivered them to Ground Zero with the help of a police escort.

Those needs having been filled, once again feeling helpless, some firefighters came to our rescue. One of the firehouses in Brooklyn had become a staging area for all the firefighters from Brooklyn and Staten Island. From there men were sent to Ground Zero to work 12 hour shifts. They had to be fed, and the firehouse cook was overwhelmed.

In no time we mustered up donations from local restaurants. People came in with roasted chickens and homemade soups. Our drivers delivered these meals to almost 200 firefighters a day. With a database of about 200 volunteers, we were prepared to keep the meals coming indefinitely. Once more all of us had something constructive to do.

In the midst of all this activity, I witnessed people inventing new ways of helping one another. One volunteer, an ex-marine making deliveries to the firehouse, stopped on

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his way to pick up some homemade soup from a young woman who lived in a run-down apartment. She'd put the hot soup in an aluminum container, and when he arrived it spilled all over her floor and out to the hallway. Her effort to help thwarted, she was crushed . . . in tears.

When he told us the story later, he said he wanted to take her some flowers. We offered him money from some donations we'd received, but he refused.

“Nah” he said in his heavy Brooklynese, “I’ll get ‘em.”

Sarah Sills

Brooklyn resident/Volunteer

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Am I ready? Will my training be sufficient?

My wife, the love of my life is always the one who puts everything into perspective. Writing this story, she says, will be good for you.

I am a member of California Task Force 8, a special Federal Government Rescue Team called USAR (Urban Search & Rescue Task Force) run by FEMA (Federal Emergency Management Agency). We are made up of Rescue specialists, Heavy Riggers, Dog Search Teams, Building Specialists, Logistical Personnel and Communication Experts. We all work as a cohesive unit that is deployed during major emergency incidents

The shock and anger at the horrific loss of human life of September 11 was staggering. I was proud of the countless acts of bravery by complete strangers helping each other that made one shudder with emotion.

In my 26 years as a San Diego City Firefighter, most of them with a heavy rescue squad, I felt I had a responsibility to be there. All of the rage and frustration watching the events unfold abated somewhat when I got the call that our team was to be deployed to New York.

September 19, dawn, my wife and children are in safe hands, all is in readiness, our equipment loaded on

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transports and we are on our way. The nine-hour flight from San Diego to New Jersey gives us time to reflect. Am I ready? Will my training be sufficient? I know I will do my best – it is almost as if I was bred for this. If a fireman is not somewhat apprehensive or does not feel a certain amount fear, he is either a liar or crazy because that is what keeps me focused to deal with the dangers around me.

We arrive in the evening. The following day we arrive in Manhattan. The team is divided into two groups – night and day 12 hour shifts. I luck out (yeah right) and pull the night shift. At least it's more challenging not to mention dangerous.

We are instructed to rest during the day to be ready for the night, but there is too much to do. Our equipment cache has to be set up. Communications are established and our two doctors and medical crew set up our aid station designed to take care of team members.

The day crew returns from their first day on the pile. The faces tell the story of disbelief. The bus ride is noisy at first until we get to the sight and there is absolute silence. The dusk has turned to evening, and by the time we get there it is night. We are broken into two squads.

Our first glimpse of the sight is a complete overload on the senses. Our sight, hearing, and olfactory nerves are assaulted all at the same time. It's like a scene from Dante's Inferno. If ever there was a vision from the story this would be it. The entire scene was lit up by bright generator driven

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lights. A latticework wall that reaches about ten to twelve stories high is all that remains reaching to the sky like a macabre sculptor molded by the devil himself. The openings in the latticework combined with the smoke rising from the rubble and the harsh bright lights bend the beams of light to add the most bizarre and surreal image I have ever seen in my life.

What makes it so unbelievable is that this is not a nightmare that wakes you with your wet clothes clinging to your body and leaves you gasping for air. This is real. We receive via radio that we are needed for our first assignment. We need volunteers. Guess who?

Our first mission is to escort two engineers five levels down into the bowels of a ruined building so they can take water samples. There are ten of us, three are engineers. We head for the building and a New York fireman stops us inquiring, "Where do you think you're going?" Once the assignment is confirmed, we continue. The smell of body decay is everywhere. We soon learn that it permeates everything.

It is a miracle no one is hurt on the streets as huge earthmovers go about their assigned tasks seemingly oblivious to the rescuers on foot. Stay on your toes or you're toast. The ruined building looms gigantic. We find the entrance. Our breath rasps through our mask filters. There is the way down, stairs disappearing into the blackness. A mark on the cracked wall tells us the void has been searched and no bodies have been found. We continue

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and get the sense that the walls are constantly shifting because of the heavy machinery working above.

Huge blocks of masonry block our way. We walk around and down some more stairs. Suddenly my breath catches in my throat. Where a wall should have been, there is only empty air. My flashlight shines on an enormous crater. The walls are made of giant twisted girders scorched and blackened. It almost resembles a river of steel flowing into the darkness. I am dwarfed by the immense scene of destruction. How many floors does this pit go down? My flashlight beam does not even reach the bottom.

We find the staircase again, and the sight is passed. Breathing is fast – now slow it down. We are at the fourth level down. Now the fifth we are finally here. The water lies at our feet and the staircase continues below the level of the murky oil-streaked water. The engineers slowly unpack their water testing equipment. The sounds from above are now muffled by distance. Dripping water and harsh breathing are all you can hear. There are a few attempts of nervous humor. In my mind I say hurry up. Minutes drag. We slowly get used to our environment. Breathing slows to normal.

Finished, we head back up. The walls of the space bulge ominously. A strange and disturbing sight greets us. A car sits covered with dust and eerily a red light pulses on the dash. Inside the burglar alarm is still activated waiting for the owner that will never show. This assignment is finished successfully. We trace the route to form up with

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the rest of our team. The streets are lined with New York firemen resting between shifts or working the pile. Our gear is a dead giveaway that we have just arrived. Everyone else is covered with the now familiar gray muddy silt that coats everything. Tired fatigued eyes follow our progress. I get the feeling that they are just tolerating us.

I walk straight to the largest group I can find. "I am sorry for your loss." They accept my condolences. From then on, our team worked feverishly to uncover whatever we could find to not only establish our credibility as fellow firefighters but to gain respect from the members of what I would regard as one of the greatest fire departments in the world.

It was later rumored that that first mission was given to establish credibility to be able to work on the pile with the rest. If that was true then maybe we passed. It wasn't until the second evening that our credibility was achieved. It was mostly as a result of several incidents of entering dangerously unstable voids to retrieve those unfortunate ones at great risk to ourselves.

The mode has changed from rescue as the days go by. Whenever an emergency worker is found, a most heartrending scene is played out again and again. The work ceases on the pile, the body is carefully recovered and put onto a litter. Two lines form and the litter is carried down the middle. Hand salute. Unashamed tears course down our cheeks streaking the gray grime that covers our faces. They died making the ultimate sacrifice of their profession.

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My time at Ground Zero is a roller coaster ride of emotions from feverish digging and cutting to a lethargic automaton sunk into the depths of despair. What am I doing here? I find mostly fragments. No one is alive. Tons and tons of material have been removed. Five thousand people have died here. Where are they? The horror of it all. I wonder in the last few moments of life what they were thinking.

Contemplating this reminds me of my own mortality. An interesting thing happened to bring meaning to this whole mess. On the way from our base of operations to the sight every day, tirelessly no matter what time of day or what the weather, a long line of New Yorkers would line the route with signs calling out encouragement, “We thank you for what you are doing. God bless you.”

Another observation – everywhere in the city where there is room on a wall, there is a computer generated picture of a loved one with a caption, missing, have you seen this person? A fire engine, every available space on it covered with pictures of the missing.

Those last few days I’ve went back to the pile with a new resolve because with every artifact I can find and the faster I can dig, in a sense another victim can be identified and laid to rest. And another girlfriend, boyfriend, mother, father, sister, brother, wife, or husband can have peace.

I would like to express my deep respect for the firemen and rescue workers of New York. How proud I was to have

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worked with them even if it was only for a brief period of time.

I have found that the interaction between myself and my family and coworkers has been forever changed by this tragedy. It has given me a new outlook, to cherish what I have. And to understand that the balance of fate is so fragile since events can change so suddenly and control can be so quickly taken from us.

A final and important note. I am home now with a new appreciation for the things I love – my family and friends. And there is a deeper bond with the people I went with. To this day some two weeks later those firemen and rescue workers – if they are not at their jobs, – they are on that pile.

I Salute You.

Rene Nurse
San Diego Firefighter

GLORY



**San Diego members of the USAR team on the
job in New York City**

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Canal Street was the Dividing Line . . .

On Saturday, September 15, my friend Elizabeth, her sister Ellen and I decided we had to make our way back into the city from a countryside house in Pennsylvania. We were feeling helpless, feeling like we needed to SEE IT. We loaded up the SUV with miscellaneous supplies, thinking we'd find some place to donate . . . someone to take our things . . . the latest request was for office supplies. The drive into the city was clear. No traffic on a Saturday afternoon.

Canal Street was the dividing line . . . now laced with blue wooden police barricades and green camouflaged National Guardsmen. We parked the car in SoHo and headed to a checkpoint. The only identification Elizabeth could find indicating her New York City address was the label on a glossy fashion magazine. We were fortunate to meet with an accommodating police marshal . . . he brightly laughed as well . . . “that's what you're showing to me as ID?” And once she explained that she'd had to flee her apartment on Tuesday and showed her passport, he agreed to let us pass.

Walking down into the "frozen zone" was tremendously scary. My knees were shaking, my breath short. The three of us held hands walking in silence. The streets were empty but for the numerous dump trucks rushing past, some empty, some debris laden. As we got closer to the apartment, we walked past bombed out vehicles, a huge Con Edison truck, a police car smashed to

GLORY

bits, flattened. People had been laying flowers on the vehicles. Others were walking around snapping cameras. But no words were spoken.

In front of the apartment were workers' vehicles, cars and trucks belonging to rescue personnel – many with people sleeping in them, their feet sticking out the windows, their faces covered. Fireman were disrobing on the corner, taking off their wet, ashen coveralls. Someone stood on the street corner passing out tiny little white face masks, though we hardly believed those masks could make a difference against the piercing, wretched smells.

Amazingly, the apartment was fine. That was almost eerie in itself. The hard rains the night before must have cleaned off the sky lights and the back terraces. The appliances once again whirred with life. The sink was full of dishes, food still on the counter. With all the windows and doors shut, it was so completely quiet and still we could shut out what was going on six blocks away.

But when we cautiously stepped outside, the sounds of helicopters and building alarms raged in the air . . . alarms still ringing after days. The smoke was heavy at times, white and dark gray plumes filling a giant skyline hole. Nobody was around, though we saw one other person on an adjacent rooftop sitting calmly with a video recorder in hand.

We walked outside to the corner of Reade and Greenwich, the closest place to "Ground Zero" just five

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blocks away. Most of the reporters were working from there (look behind their heads as they broadcast. You'll see the Reade Street sign and a large McDonald's tractor trailer brought in to set up an emergency feeding station). We stood in that area for several hours just staring at the wreckage. As firemen and other rescue workers walked by, we cheered and whistled, and they truly loved it. Several came over to shake hands and say thanks to all of US. How crazy was that? Many tourists were around and we wondered how THEY got through, scrambling over police barricades with their cameras, many of them taking pictures of each other in front of the wreckage, the cops constantly yelling at them to clear the streets. We overheard one reporter remarking that it had turned into a morbid carnival-like atmosphere.

We were desperate to find some way to help or contribute. Up around the corner, at Reade and West Broadway, a bank lobby had been turned into a supply station. We asked what was needed . . . extra large sweatshirts and boots. We immediately hiked back uptown, across the Canal Street "border," not sure if we'd be able to return, but determined to find sweatshirts. At the same time, we called friends who had purchased boots two days prior and couldn't find any place to take them. They were so excited, we set up a rendezvous point just above Canal Street. Finding shirts turned out to be easy. We bought as many as we could carry.

We made it across with the shirts, but when Elizabeth went back to get the boots, a police officer stopped her.

GLORY

After 20 minutes of desperate pleading, while Ellen and I stood nervously a block away with overstuffed shopping bags, the officer let Elizabeth and our "boot" friends through (the cop humorously asking if that was it . . . were all her friends over now?). By this time it was dark outside as we walked with our donations, adjusting bags and shifting about the garbage sacks of boots. At the supply station Salvation Army workers were surprised to see that we'd actually made it back. They thought we'd never get through with that stuff and seemed thrilled with the shirts and boots. We were comforted to see one of our shirts actually going out to a rescue worker.

We had to return to Pennsylvania, but first we stopped at Washington Square Park. There was a beautiful memorial with candles circling the grand arch and people gathered singing John Lennon songs. Because the arch is under renovation, a chain link fence encloses it. Someone had put up huge white sheets. People were leaving messages, thoughts, poems. Flowers were strewn about. Children's drawings hung on the fence. Photographs of the missing were everywhere, making it all so real. We saw faces of all nationalities, all ages. It was the most amazing tribute, so beautiful and so respectful. We walked to the local firehouse, on Blecker Street and left sunflowers and lit candles. Others had done the same and the city firehouses have all been turned into memorials.

I'm back home today in Brooklyn. As I sit at my desk with the front windows open, I'm still getting whiffs of smoke.

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My friend John is also home, sleeping. After a relentless drive to find somewhere to help, he was able to volunteer at a Greenwich Village public school. John had acted as our local on-the-street reporter. At one point early on, I saw a news bulletin that cold cuts were needed at Pier 61. I tracked John down on his cell phone and he immediately dashed off to the store, filled his backpack, then couldn't find anyone to take his lunch meat! We tracked his progress from Bucks County, laughing at his absurd plight. He so whole-heartedly tried to find someone, anyone to take his food! After two days, he called to tell us that the public school wanted his meat. It was being made into sandwiches as he spoke. We clapped and hollered into the phone, all of us laughing hysterically.

John had been working night shifts at PS41. They'd turned the gym into a shelter, and he was making up beds, organizing incoming donations and answering phones. And in an ironic twist, one of his duties was to tell others not to bring anything else over. He said it was so strange to go from wanting to help so badly, to finding a place to actually help, to then being assigned the role of telling others that *their* help wasn't needed. Knowing John, he did it with sincerity and grace.

Shelly Westerman
Film Editor

GLORY

The Other Casualties

My son Dave works for an international aid organization. Seven weeks ago they sent him to Herat, Afghanistan. His task was to set up food and medical stations for Afghanistan refugees. On Thursday, September 13, Dave was evacuated to Peshawar, Pakistan. We spoke to Dave on Friday, urging him to return to the United States. This is some of what he told me:

The streets here are usually crowded and noisy. They were quiet and nearly empty the day I left, as if the people were waiting for something to happen. A very eerie feeling. Most of the men had gone home to be with their families. Five of my Afghanistan friends stayed with me to be sure I got out safely. At the last minute, I looked into the eyes of those brave men I had worked with so closely, these men who had spent the last months helping others in the face of danger. I saw fear but also the same prevailing gentleness I had become so used to. I was leaving my friends. I would be safe. They expected to die. Mom, it was the worst moment of my life. These people are gentle. They are not sinister.

I asked Dave again if he intended to leave Pakistan. His answer was quick and firm.

I'll check with the embassy tomorrow and get their take. But if I am not ordered to leave I'll stay and help. I

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have friends here. I can't turn my back on them. If things get bad, don't worry, you know I speak Russian and can drive north to Uzbekistan. Now, Mom, turn off your TV and stop worrying about me. I took care of myself in the Peace Corps and I will now. I love you and will call when I can.

At noon on Thursday, September 14, I received a call. I was told that Dave had been evacuated at 11 p.m. "He is an angry man," his boss said. "He didn't want to abandon his friends."

I'm a very grateful mother. I have my son home. I grieve and pray for all the wives and mothers who lost their dear ones on September 11 and for those who may lose them in the months to come. I also pray the war will be over soon and my son can return to help feed his Afghanistan and Pakistan friends, the other casualties of terrorism.

Karen Riehl
Author

Editor's note: Dave remained at home for only a few days before returning to the Middle East. As of the date of this printing, he is somewhere near the Afghanistan/Pakistan border where he continues to help *The Other Casualties*.

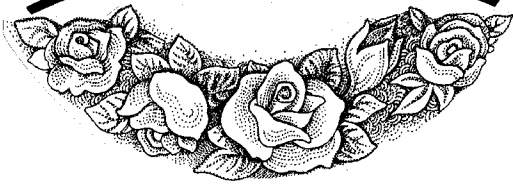
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“Courage is grace under pressure.”

Ernest Hemingway

REMEMBERING



REMEMBERING

The fallen, the missing, the ones who have given their lives and forever changed the worlds of those who knew and loved them, need to be remembered. Why were they there? Why did they not get out of the building when others did? Why that plane and not another one? We need to read these stories, to grieve with their authors and remember with them so that through sharing we can lighten their burden and begin to heal.

GLORY

Ayfo Oree

Where is my light? My light is in me.

Where is my hope? My hope is in me.

Where is my strength? My strength is in me.

And in you.

translated from Hebrew

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The Gift of David

On the morning of September 11, David got up late due to his alarm clock not working. He sprang out of bed to get our 8-year-old son, Davin, ready for the school bus, and to get himself off to work in downtown Manhattan. David worked on the 97th floor at 1 WTC.

At 7:10, he put Davin on the bus, then he ran down the street to catch the N64 bus to the train station to catch the 7:31 or 7:47 train. However, it's possible that another member of the community picked him up and gave him a ride to the station. We don't really know.

At 8:15 I put our four-year-old son, Dylan, on the school bus for the first time, his first day of Pre-K. I cried a little and returned to my living room where Sesame Street was still on. I sat down to look through papers when at 8:48 a.m. a special news bulletin took over the television, and I watched my husband disappear in the most horrific event I could have ever imagined.

I immediately tried to call David on his desk and cell phones, but there were no signals. I called my sister and a good friend who live in town, and they came running over. I also had to call David's parents.

Soon after, the terror continued. I screamed as I watched the second plane hit Tower 2 and feared for all of our lives, knowing this was an act of war. Then, as I

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watched Tower 1 crumble to the ground, so too did my life.

The next two weeks were filled with terror, desperation, despair, hope, the massive effort it takes to look for a "missing person," and prayer.

David was one of the kindest, most compassionate souls that could possibly exist. He was my one true soul mate and best friend and a loving and devoted father to his two young sons. Although he was legally blind and depended on family and community for transportation, his spirit was high and a very bright light that touched everyone he encountered. His 40 years on this earth hardly seems enough for those of us left behind.

We've lived in the seaport community of Freeport, Long Island, for 13 years, were married 14 years and have been together 20 years, since I was 17 and he was 20. We lived a full and beautiful life together, and never a day went by when I did not thank God for giving me the Gift of David. In my eyes, he was a miracle on this earth and will continue to create miracles for all of us.

I have been forced to put my career as a Speech and Language Therapist aside in order to devote all of my energy and attention to my children and my extended family. I must now figure out how to manage my life without my partner who did so much.

My husband was not a soldier. I did not send him out to war when I bid him goodbye on the morning of Sept. 11.

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I sent him to his desk behind his computer on the 97th floor of 1 WTC.

The phone call I made to David at 8:55 a.m. should have been to share his son's first time on the school bus, not an attempt to make a desperate plea to flee and to say one last "I love you forever."

I mourn for all the surviving families of the hardworking and heroic men and women, mothers, fathers, brothers and sisters who lost their lives in this political holocaust. I don't know how I'll live the second half of my life without David. Please say a prayer for him and for our family, and include him in any memorial you may be planning. He deserves more than any of us can ever give him.

Deborah Garcia

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MISSING:



1 World Trade Center, 97th floor
Marsh USA (Allegiance)
Age: 40, Ht: 5'9" Wt: 165 lbs.,
Hair: Brown, Eyes: Brown

*Devoted Husband and Father to 4 and 8 year old sons.
If you have any information, please contact:*

A poster of the “missing” David Garcia

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Now It's Personal . . .

My heart knew that normal was not very far away when one of the final Miss America Pageant contestants started her talent competition. She entered from stage right with a baton held high. She was a twirler. And not just any twirler. This woman twirled batons like they were lethal weapons while hurling those batons into the stratosphere. She did moves that would make Bruce Lee flinch. And I thought that so long as we had baton twirlers, we had normalcy within reach.

As always, the pageant brought back memories of wonderful September Saturdays in Atlantic City where I grew up. I even had my high school graduation in that convention hall back in the days before gambling, when they booked anything they could into the cavernous space.

I watched football games played there. I skated there in the winter on the same rink that the Ice Capades used for practice in the summer. I got my first paycheck from working religious conventions there – hawking medallions, rosary beads and little plastic statues of Mary for the dashboard of your car. When I was growing up, Convention Hall in Atlantic City was just an extension of Dante Hall, the auditorium attached to St. Michael's Catholic Church and Grade School in an Italian immigrant neighborhood called Ducktown.

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Yep, it looked for just a moment as though some semblance of normal could be recaptured. Thoughts of my childhood in that place called Ducktown helped to wipe out the pictures of planes crashing into towers.

Ducktown was a safe place. Growing up there was safe. The most dangerous thing about it was getting caught doing something wrong by one of the neighbors or street hoods and having them report it to your mother. You got away with nothing. Someone was always watching. Someone was always keeping you safe.

Then I got the newspaper clipping from my aunt showing the memorial mass for United Airlines pilot Victor Saracini. It was held in St. Michael's. Just a few short months ago I had been there at my mother's funeral. Now I was doubly glad that she didn't live long enough to see what the terrorists did to us. What they'd done to one of our neighborhood kids.

When they first released the pilot's name, I thought it was familiar. But I figured there were lots of Saracini's in this world. Italians immigrants had flooded the East Coast at the turn of the century. There were probably Saracini's up and down the eastern seaboard. There was no reason to think he was the kid just a few years behind me at St. Michael's. But he was.

I figure if I take out all those old home movies I had put on video for mom – the ones that seemed to consist solely of processions in and out of St. Michael's for one religious occasion or another – I'd probably find the face of

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a little kid named Vic. Just a kid from the neighborhood, who grew up to realize his dream of being an airline pilot. Just a kid who walked in processions like the rest of us, dressed in his required blue suit with white shirt and red tie, shouting out the rosary as Fr. Vincent led us through the schoolyard. Just another neighborhood kid who came into my dad's store for candy and soda when school let out.

I probably wouldn't have known Vic Saracini if I came face to face with him after I left the neighborhood. He was about three years behind me in school, and that gap seems enormous when you are in eight grade and he is in fifth. We never played together that I remember. We weren't friends.

But he was from the neighborhood. He ate spaghetti and meatballs at all the fund-raising dinners at St. Mike's just like I did. He received his First Holy Communion and Confirmation there like I did. He ate Panarelli's and Rando's bread and feasted on White House subs like I did. Like we all did. Like we all still do in our memories of that safe time and place.

One of his classmates was Chris Ford. Chris had a dream too. He realized his dream. Played basketball for the Boston Celtics. Ended up coaching them for awhile. Not a bad record of career achievements for two kids from an immigrant Italian neighborhood. A neighborhood where graduating from high school was seen by many parents as having their children realize the American dream.

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Only Vic will never have the pleasure of enjoying that achievement. And every time his classmates meet, there will be that hole in what was once such a joyous pattern in their lives and memories. And every time I visit my sister now I will think of him as I walk down Mississippi Avenue to grab a sub at the White House.

Ducktown only exists in memory now. Gambling has destroyed it. But the relations forged back then, the bonds that were tied through St. Michael's are so strong that the church continues to exist because so many adults whose childhood's were defined by the church return even now to Sunday mass there. In the middle of casinos, St. Michael's still lives because we won't let it die. It is still the center of our universe in some inexplicable way. So when they killed Vic, they hurt our family, our St. Michael's family.

I now know that normal will never return for me. Those terrorists touched a part of me that harbored my normal and shattered it. They took one of our kids. One of our neighborhood kids. And I don't think I will ever find it in my heart to forgive them for that.

Elise Sereni Patkotak
Child Advocate – Author/Journalist

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I Agree With You . . .

Emailed to a friend on Tuesday, September 16:

I agree with you – we have lost the United States as we knew it and no politician nor anyone else will put Humpty-Dumpty together again – we must surrender (some) of our rights to protect our lives. We are no longer safe and I thank All Powers above that our parents did not see this . . . I think about it and I cry – how does one explain when there are no answers?

. . . I did not know till now that I am quite human and I am so seriously bleeding from my heart that I was sure was coal . . .

Geoff

Editor's Note: Geoffrey St. John was found dead on Wednesday, Sept 17

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It Was With Fear . . .

It was with fear and trepidation that I was finally able to write to my three firefighter friends in New York. At the time I didn't know what station they were working out of or if they were on duty that terrible day. As it turned out, since the incident happened during shift change, all of them – the firefighters going off duty as well as those coming on – responded.

As a firefighter I can tell you we all really enjoy a “good fire” – the “Big One” as we call it – and rush in while others are running out. Not only is that our job, that's who we are, our nature, what we do.

Little did those brothers know just how big this was going to be. Nothing could have prepared them or any fire department around the world for what happened.

I would have given anything to be there at their side digging through the rubble, searching for survivors, Brothers and Sisters. If not for the airlines being shut down I would have grabbed my gear and been there in an instant. I know thousands of others of us across the country, around the world, would have done the same if it had been possible.

My three friends finally wrote back to me. I was relieved, but saddened. So many of their comrades were

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lost and would never be able to write to their friends that they were okay.

From JIMMY: *I am ok . . . I was working in Manhattan when all this went down. There are at least 400 Fire Officers and Members missing and presumed dead. Just keep all the Brothers and Sisters in your prayers. I lost at least eight friends from FDNY alone, and the list of who is missing and/or presumed dead reads like a who's who list of the greatest members of my Department. I am just coming off nearly 30 hours straight of working, so I am beat.*

The house is demolished (referring to Station 10 across from the WTC Tower 2). I haven't been to the scene. I am staying away. I had nightmares the other day after coming home from work. E-10 is missing a few guys. I believe L-10 was wiped out. I read the list of who is missing. I must have recognized at least 20 other names just from reputation alone. We'll get through this. Because FDNY is the BEST FIRE DEPARTMENT ON EARTH!!!!!! I am proud to say that I work for who I do. Keep praying pal . . . that's all we can do.

I really don't feel comfortable talking to the press about it when there are things that went on that day that I haven't even told my family or my girlfriend.

From MARC: *Richard, thank you very much for your prayers and thoughts, I'm ok. Unfortunately, we lost a total of 15 Brothers from my house alone. I work in 54 Engine, which is housed with 4 Truck, and the 9th Battalion in Times Square. Everybody who was working in the firehouse*

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that day is gone – six Brothers in the Engine, six in the Truck, the Battalion Chief's aide. It's unbelievable. I was down there on Tuesday from about 11:30 a.m. till 3:30 a.m. on Wednesday. A lot of other Brothers that I know are missing also. Five of my instructors from the fire academy are all missing, three were on Squad Co.s and one was on Rescue 5. Anyway, I haven't been home here since Tuesday, so I'm really tired. I have to work tomorrow morning, so let me get going here.

From JOEY: *My department did respond to help at the World Trade Center. It was a living hell. The pics on TV are nothing compared to what was seen at Ground Zero. Are the other Brothers you emailed okay? Stay safe and GOD BLESS AMERICA!!!*

As I sit watching video that is coming out via photographers that survived the collapse, I'm stunned – in disbelief. I read my emails from the FDNY firefighters I have been searching for and listen to their stories, and I still can't believe it. This is incomprehensible. My friends are having nightmares – but can't wait to get back to work. They are not giving up – can't give up – it is not only their job, but their life's work.

This scene should be out of a disaster movie, not a chapter in real life. The images of the aircraft plowing into the World Trade Center are surreal. It's hard not to want to be there. I'm overcome by the feeling of helplessness. Those men and women are my Brothers and Sisters. Not being able to help is really hard for me, and I know it's

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hard for all firefighters everywhere.

It's funny in a way, to put a bit of a different spin on things here. I retired in 1999 and can look backward to active duty. The media would virtually lose their minds over the rescue of a small animal from a drain, but never really say very much about a rescue from a fire or a car accident. Seems that saving people was "our job" and saving cats from trees was going the "extra mile".

We'd save a child from drowning, pull an injured teen driver from an accident that destroyed his vehicle, or bring the dead back to life. Usually we never heard from them again. But let us pull a cat from a tree or a dog out of a storm drain, we'd get press and food delivered to us like you would not believe. We always thought that kind of ironic. Perhaps that will change as friends of mine now tell me, "I did not realize what you guys really do!"

My friends in New York all sign off their emails by telling *me* to stay safe. That is what is unique about us firefighters – not thinking about ourselves, but always caring for others.

Richard Yokley, Firefighter – retired
Bonita, CA - Sunnyside Fire Department

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HUMANITY LOST **One Man's Heroism in the Face of Tragedy**

Glenn Russo, a 41-year-old Lodi resident, settled into his desk on the 49th floor of the World Trade Center's Tower 2 around 8:30 on the morning of September 11. He expected to make a phone call he'd made countless times over the four plus years he'd acted as client manager for an insurance brokerage firm. Maybe he expected the call would last two minutes, or 20 twenty. He certainly did not expect that within an hour he would be contemplating his own death in a sea of debris, smoke and billowing fire.

"I heard what I initially believed was an explosion," he remembers. "I told the person on the phone to hang on a minute, walked to the window, and saw desks and metal and glass falling out of black smoke."

Tower 1 was on fire some 20 stories above his head, so Glenn Russo thought it might be a good idea to round up his fellow employees for a leisurely stroll down and out of the building. He did not expect it to be a panic-sprint straight out of a B-grade disaster flick.

"People didn't understand at first," he sighs. "They were actually arguing with me, saying they needed to get their keys or a laptop. There were announcements that our

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tower was safe, but I knew what I saw out my window, and it wasn't good."

The image of office furniture plummeting toward the street in a swirl of black soot and flames was enough to convince many of his fellow employees that an orderly exit was necessary. Upon the rhythmic down the stairs toward the elevators on the 44th floor, Glenn Russo found a woman named Christal Putkowski, gripping a cane, and hobbling toward the security guard who would not allow even women needing replacement surgery on both knees to use the elevator.

Glenn Russo did not expect to see his late father standing there. "As soon as I saw her, I thought of my dad," he says. His father had suffered from diabetes, was a double-amputee, and lived his remaining years in a wheel chair. "I knew very well how to respond to someone who needed assistance," he continues. "All that time with my dad, I knew how to speak and how to act. It was natural to me, so I just told her, I'll protect you."

In a letter of gratitude written to Russo's company, Marsh & McLennan dated September 17, Mrs. Putkowski recalls: "Imagine a stranger saying 'I will protect you,' a statement he made more than once." It is a letter she filled with words like "gallant" and "courageous" to describe Glenn Russo's ensuing actions

"I had this running conversation with her," Russo recounts. "We talked about our children, her teenage

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daughters and my 5-year-old son. We talked about our jobs, offices, anything to make the growing chaos around us seem normal.”

With a frightened woman in his arms and people bellowing from behind to move aside or hurry up – and the anxiety of hundreds of people, now convinced that danger was imminent, careening down – Glenn Russo took each step, one at a time, for nearly fifteen excruciatingly long minutes. He did not expect a commercial airliner to suddenly slam into the building he was carefully trying to flee.

“The stairwell shook,” he remembers. “I thought it was still just debris from the other tower.” People rushed and pushed and crammed past their polite conversation and the step-by-step escape that must have seemed like a slow motioned crawl to everyone else.

“We made it to the special-handicap elevators on the 40th floor,” Russo recalls. Once outside, any thoughts he’d harbored of a clear, welcomed freedom and escape were smashed by the utter devastation, panic and death between them and any kind of safety.

Glenn Russo did not expect the building he was just sitting in minutes ago to be tumbling down around him. “The two of us walked slowly under a canopy on Cortlandt Street,” Russo recounts. “The whole place was being deluged with debris.”

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“He instructed me to keep my eyes closed and my head down,” Mrs. Putkowski writes. The sound of blaring sirens, screeching tires and pitched screams were everywhere. The smoke was thick and burned his eyes, but through his wincing glare Glenn Russo could see people being hit by falling metal and brick, dying instantly, others sheltering their heads, some standing shell-shocked and crying.

He didn't expect to see what happened next. “These amazingly brave cops, rescue workers and firefighters were appearing out of nowhere, running toward the chaos,” he said. “I could not believe it.”

It was then that Glenn Russo didn't expect to live. “I thought right then we were going to die at any moment,” he remembers. “I could clearly visualize my son. I thought to myself ‘I will never see him again.’ I was preparing for the end.”

After two or three minutes of this, Glenn Russo told Mrs. Putkowski, trembling beside him, and three women looking on stunned, that they should simply, “Make a run for it.” So, with a deep breath and a little prayer, and the tallest building in the world's largest city literally falling from the sky, Glenn Russo, locked arms with a woman he'd met less than fifteen minutes earlier and walked toward Broadway.

It was a walk he'd taken everyday; clear sunny days, blustery snow days, brisk autumn afternoons. He didn't

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expect his next walk would be through a war zone. “We made it all right,” he remembers. “Chrissy said to me, ‘You saved my life. I owe you lunch.’” And with a breath of tenuous relief, Glenn Russo sent Mrs. Putkowski in the direction of her home – Staten Island – away from the death and the sirens, and set about securing his own life.

“I made it down to City Hall just in time to watch my tower come down,” he says, hesitating over the horrific reality of that image. “And my heart ripped out.”

Glenn Russo, only moments before, chatting on the phone in his chair at his desk in that huge building a few blocks away, did not expect to see it disappear. So he staggered toward a curb, nearly blinded and teetering on the brink of utter shock, and watched humanity take hold. “I saw New York City responding everywhere I looked,” he remembers. “People of every race and ethnicity caring, hugging and carrying each other; offering water, shelter, anything they could. I was so moved by it.”

And Glenn Russo could no longer contain the calm and bravado he’d mustered from somewhere. Sitting on a curb near Union Square Park, he broke down. A man asked him if he needed water. More caring. It touched him deeply.

There were 1,700 employees of Marsh & McLennan and its subdivisions, Marsh USA Inc. Guy Carpenter, Mercer and Seabury & Smith on the morning of September 11. Today nearly 300 are gone. There would be more, if not for Glenn Russo, who picked up his phone to make a call

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on a Tuesday morning, not unlike any other Tuesday morning, in a building he truly loved for its view and immensity.

He didn't expect that it could be no more. He didn't expect to face death long before lunchtime. He didn't expect to be a hero. Mrs. Christal Putkowski still has to buy him that lunch. But there will be time for that.

We're friends now," Russo says. "We talk everyday. There is a bond there. It will always be there."

"In the wake of horror, " Mrs. Putkowski wrote in her letter. "Good always surfaces."

Amidst the loss of humanity, there is humanity found, perhaps a humanity that is never noticed, or even expected.

Glenn Russo expects it now.

Something Christal Putkowski cannot deny.

James Campion

Reality Check News & Information Desk

<http://www.jamescampion.com>

GLORY

A Canadian Perspective on the Attack on America

Toronto, Canada

October 3

As a Canadian, I have always been proud of the reputation Canada has held throughout history on the international scene. Through the two World Wars Canadians joined up willing and ready to fight for our beloved country. My uncle signed up for the Royal Canadian Air Force and was killed liberating Poland while on duty as a tail gunner that night when the Nazis shot down his plane. My mother's family lived through the horror of that tragedy but also celebrated the return of my other uncles from Britain when the war ended.

I have also lived through the frightening ordeal my home province of Quebec endured during the October Crisis of 1970, when our Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau invoked the War Measures Act in order to combat the terrorism of the FLQ. Many Quebecers were robbed of their freedom and arrested without warrants in order to bring some order to our province. Trudeau acted after the abduction of British diplomat, James Cross, followed by one of our cabinet ministers being abducted and killed Thanksgiving weekend of that year.

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At the age of 14 during that fall of 1970, I was terrified to see army tanks rolling down the cobblestone streets of my beloved Old Montreal. I realized there was a war going on in my own backyard over language rights between two distinct cultures. I will never ever forget those scenes.

But that memory does not compare to the fear, absolute horror and shock I felt on September 11, when I heard about the terrorist attack on New York City and Washington.

I was at work when my boss came in and told us that a jet had crashed into one of the towers of the World Trade Center in New York City. My heart stopped, as I knew that my husband's aunt, Mary Stanley, worked in one of those towers, on one of the higher floors, for Marsh McLennan. I panicked and immediately got up with my coworkers to go and watch CNN in the boardroom of our office. When I realized that Mary could be one of the victims, I knew I'd better try to reach my husband before he left for college. I phoned him, asked him if he was sitting down, and told him to turn on the TV. While I was waiting for him, I kept telling myself that I might be have confused where Mary worked in Manhattan. I hadn't seen Mary since our wedding three years ago, on September 12, 1998. Our third anniversary was the very next day.

I asked permission to leave and went home to be with my husband, who had already phoned his mother, Mary's older sister, in Halifax, Nova Scotia. My husband was beside himself with panic. I asked one of our neighbours

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who happens to be a firefighter to come down and talk to my husband so I could go back to work.

As the day wore on, we learned of the other three plane crashes and watched with absolute horror the grim news that the Towers had collapsed. I phoned home every hour to make sure my husband was all right. He has no family other than myself, my 12-year old son and my family. I was also worried about my son, who was at school.

At 3 p.m., I saw the American jets overhead being diverted from our international airport in Toronto just 15 minutes from where I work and live. When my son arrived home from school, he immediately called to tell me he was sitting with my husband watching CNN. He was upset, as he and his friends had also seen the planes flying low over their schoolyard. The kids thought World War III was starting. A crisis team had been sent to his school to calm the children's fears, but I had to wait until 5 p.m. to see him. He was distraught, as was my husband, and was worried that Canada and Toronto were at war.

We spent the evening phoning Halifax and Rockford, Illinois, talking to my husband's relatives – Mary's brother and sister and nieces and nephews. Hours turned into days. By Thursday, when no more victims had been rescued from the rubble, we knew Mary was gone. Her husband in New York had checked with her company, as well as with the hospitals, and Mary became one of the missing victims, one of 313 unaccounted for at Marsh McLennan. She worked as an Assistant Vice-President of Technical Support on the

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97th floor, but she was known to spend a great deal of time at the computer lab on the 95th floor. Three of her co-workers were not in the building at the time of the attack. They relive the horror of losing all of their coworkers everyday.

We received many messages of condolences from total strangers in the United States, and we attended the memorial service at St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City. Four of our local Brampton firefighters had rushed to the scene at Ground Zero the night of the attack, and we have had many conversations with them to thank them for their bravery and efforts. My son had a lemonade stand and we delivered his earnings to Fire Station 23 in Manhattan last Saturday, along with the yellow ribbon which we had tied to the fire hydrant in front of our house in Brampton, and the Canadian flag which has been flying from our pole. My husband was able to personally thank the New York firefighters for their heroic efforts in trying to rescue innocent victims like his Aunt Mary. Being in New York brought some closure for my husband's family, but this personal tragedy, which has affected so many Canadians, is something my family and Mary's family will never ever completely get over.

Canadians have always been grateful for the friendship of our American neighbors. This horrific disaster has proven once again how important our relationship with America has been and will continue to be. We Canadians share your pain. Mary's family would like to thank the countless rescue workers, firefighters, and police who

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worked diligently at Ground Zero. Most especially, we thank Mayor Guiliani for the grace and dignity and courage he has shown in the weeks that followed September 11. New York and the world will never quite be the same again, but we must rally around each other in this war on terrorism.

God Bless Canada and America, the lands of the free and the homes of the brave. "Oh Canada, we stand on guard for thee," as our Canadian national anthem so eloquently says it. May we all find peace and understanding in this world and may we stand together forever.

Lynn and Mario Balzan

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Liberty Unites

Sections of a letter written by California gubernatorial candidate Bill Simon.

Dear Friends:

Some of you know that last week, I was in Manhattan during the terrorist attack on the World Trade Center. I want to thank my many friends and supporters who have so kindly written, emailed and called to inquire about my safety in the days since. I wanted to share with all of you my experiences during the horrendous events that unfolded during my stay in New York and the personal grief and sadness that I have shared along with you and millions of other Americans.

On that morning I was having breakfast with my good friend and former boss at the U.S. Attorney's office, New York Mayor Rudy Giuliani. As breakfast concluded Rudy's security detail came up to our table and informed us that a plane had hit the World Trade Center. We all know the rest of the story of that tragic day. Rudy, as he has always done in moments of crisis, immediately assumed command and leadership of the situation that terrified his city and our nation.

The attack on America was painful enough, but the pain deepened as I learned of so many of my friends and

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business associates that were killed, including childhood friends and most sadly, members of our family. My cousin, Michael Simon, was a young father of three children. He was evacuated to the roof of one of the towers to be helicoptered to safety. Sadly, the helicopters never came, and the building finally collapsed, taking him to his death. Our only comfort was that he had time to talk to his family before the collapse.

As I spoke with the widows and children of my friends who perished in this horrible terrorist attack, I was able to see our campaign for governor in some perspective. These events have made it so clear to me that we all have to do more in our lives to create a better country and a better world.

Freedom is never free. We cannot take everything for granted nor confine ourselves to thoughts of our own families. We all have a tremendous responsibility to keep the beacon of freedom's light in the world – America – burning brightly for all to see. We must pass her legacy on to our children and preserve it for generations to come . . . In the aftermath of this tragedy, Americans are showing the type of character and spirit that demonstrates we are truly the greatest country on earth. We are the shining city on a hill that Ronald Reagan talked about – that beacon of hope to the entire world. Those who sought to dim that light by attacking us have made it burn even more brightly.

God Bless America
Bill Simon

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Rain of Any Kind

Everything is different
yet nothing really has changed,
the center of lives
hang on every word
that comes over phone lines
and wireless transmissions
that are voiceless now
and quiet as much as static allows
when it bristles and stutters
under mountains of pulverized
steel and glass.

The family sits down for dinner
and offers the prayers for
peace to a sky that
fell hard on the earth.

We are wet behind the ears
only when it was a spring or summer rain
that changed our plans for theater and
weekend escapes out of town,
toward the wonder of the world,
that promised to unfold like a brochure
on a coffee table between sips of cognac,
a drag of cigarette, a worldly mind
in love with the sky . . .

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But everything is changed,
yet nothing changes at all
in the whitened streets choked
with the burning heart of
passion igniting twin spires that
fall onto itself, completely, like
a folding table overburdened with
ideas of desire that give up and
blow up and send us running toward the river,
into hallways, behind gates again,
the wrath of our aspirations gives up
its ideas of settling into chairs or sinking
into cushions while TVs tell us that we
all wear the black hat even
in our best week, yeah, right.

The center of the night, when clouds clear
the arc of the moon
and the crying of children and men is
heard coming from cell phones, face up in the dust,
crackling and batteries going dead,
there are too many people to
say good-bye to,
our city smolders on the river,
the moon rises over the skyline,
a hand is clenched and now two hands are clenched and a
rag is dragged across the furrows of our brow as
every tool that was ever waved and plied and made to align
a home and a store front in the places where
our joy and our speech spoke the thousand languages
we were blessed with and sought to keep alive and on fire,

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as we roll up sleeves and make the world flesh again,
a tall and visible pride that
argues with itself in many tongues speaking
all of the alphabets that fell on the world,
we go on,
we go on and go on into the business that is the worth of
the life that was here
filled with commotion of a life
that you either want to have forever
or want to kill horribly in its sleep
while the children watch, screaming, I say
we go on because we must,

Everything is different and it isn't different at all,
which is why we must go on and take back the sky and its
promise of sun, birds, and rain of any kind.

Ted Burke

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*“Let us have faith that right makes
might, and in that faith let us to the end
dare to do our duty as we understand
it.”*

Abraham Lincoln



EYE ON AMERICA

Since it is through the eyes of writers and journalists that many of us experience the world first-hand, SANDS Publishers find it only fitting to include thoughts of these professionals in this collection. Authors, magazine and newspaper editors, journalists, photojournalists and writers share their experiences, thoughts, reactions or words of encouragement.

GLORY

Mugs

*they drank their
coffee just like
us
black? cream?
sugar?
and left the house a
little late or just
a little
early
a city street a crowded
bus a high-rise in
the sky
before rush hour was done they'd
vanished
leaving behind a
nation too dazed to
know
what to do with all those
extra
coffee mugs . . .*

Rusty Fischer

A Nation's Spirit Defeats the Attack on America

Ground Zero, Day One

The stealthy-looking Black Hawk helicopter lifts off from the Sikorsky factory in Stratford, Connecticut, 15 minutes from my home. In only a few seconds, we're at altitude and cruising at 150 knots in a line so perfectly straight it feels as if we're being pulled along by an invisible string toward lower Manhattan. We're aboard an Army helicopter, one of a half-dozen delivering doctors and medical supplies to the scene at the World Trade Center. Buildings One and Two have collapsed. The smaller Building Four has yet to fall.

As a photo-journalist, my mission is to document the AmeriCares relief effort. I happened to be at AmeriCares headquarters the morning of September 11 to get input for their fall newsletter. An hour after our meeting I find myself flying over my house in Westport, heading off to a war zone already coming into view through the windshield. Visibly bigger than it looked on TV, the cloud above Manhattan covers one whole side of the island and stretches over the East River towards Brooklyn.

I manage to squeeze through the narrow space between people and boxes to get a shot of the scene through the windshield – a pilot's eye view. What seems so eerie is that we aren't over Vietnam or Kuwait or some such foreign-sounding place; we are over my hometown. I even wonder if my wife at home hears the chopper overhead. Our

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destination, only 15 minutes away, has an American name, New York City. We are above *my* town and *my* city. I grew up in Connecticut. I was *born* in New York!

The stealthy Black Hawk swoops down in a smooth, effortless way settling onto the deck of the South Street Heliport jutting out over the East River. We join six or seven other Black Hawks already in line, their pointed beaks aimed towards Wall Street. A New York City policeman wheels up a lorry and the pilots from the other choppers walk over to help unload the boxes.

It seems like everyone is looking into the sky at the buildings looming above FDR Drive, as if they are happy to see them still standing. Suddenly the buildings take on new meaning transformed into proud sentinels. From the ground, the dust cloud covering the sky is a light shade of gray, nearly white. It filters between the buildings and billows up above them dragging our imaginations westward towards *the scene*. The location of the attack hasn't yet been named Ground Zero so nobody knows what to call it. It is obvious from the way the rumors fly back and forth that no one knows what is really going on. What we know is two planes have flown into the towers. We know the towers have collapsed. Beyond that, there is a lot of speculation. Inside the dark gray heliport terminal everyone appears to be in a state of shock. Some policemen have been to the scene but can't find the words to describe it.

The doctors congregate in a room behind a glass wall to listen for a briefing by an MD just returned from the

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scene. I squeeze into the crowded space to listen to the report. There are not a lot of wounded, he tells everyone. The hospitals in lower Manhattan are able to handle the people being brought in. Strange. Nobody in the room seems to understand. Why so few wounded? There had been estimates of up to 20,000 people working in the World Trade Center that morning. Did they all get out before the buildings collapsed? The doctor reported only a few hundred had been delivered to the hospitals.

The firemen I spoke with had no idea what had happened to the people. They knew many had gotten out. But the thousands at work in the two tallest buildings in New York? Perhaps the fireman had guessed the worst but didn't want to say: that the others were believed to be somewhere in the rubble.

One of the cops who guarded the gates to the heliport had told me nobody but emergency personnel were allowed anywhere close to the scene. Building Number Four of the World Trade Center complex was in danger of collapsing. Strangely enough, it collapses only a few minutes later. Although we are too far away to hear the sound, we watch as the giant cloud of fine white ash blows our way along the streets between the buildings and out over the river. Then we stand still looking up at the sky again, trapped as we were behind the tall iron fences, at the cloud drifting over us. Something about it feels oddly serene; the dark blue shoulders of the policemen's uniforms covered with the white ash, the cars in the parking lot looking as if they'd been blanketed by a light snow.

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Everyone in the compound had been wearing light green surgical masks until a policeman handed out white ones with small respirators in the center. New Yorkers heading home from work drifted along the promenade beside the river wearing masks of different kinds or holding handkerchiefs to their faces. Nobody seemed to be talking – they all seemed to be in a kind of shock.

Four exhausted cops sat in a row, using the wall of the heliport building as a pillow. One had his mask up on top of his head, which I asked him to pull down for a photograph. "It'll hide your smile," I said, trying to be light. But there was one shot I knew I had to take. I asked my Black Hawk pilot if he would fly me over the scene.

"Who's going to tell me not to?" was his answer, obviously wanting to see it for himself.

The sky takes on a beautiful golden-orange glow as I walk back to the chopper with the pilot. Spinning off the pad into the sky, we do a steep bank around the Battery where the setting sun glistens off the glass buildings. My eye is glued to my camera. Suddenly, there for just a few seconds, revealed in a space between the buildings still standing, is the hole. I hold down the shutter. A nameless emotion shoots me right through the lens. It is where time stands still.

As we look down into the horror beneath us, I think everyone in the Black Hawk somehow knows the missing

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are there. At that moment, the sight becomes a picture indelibly printed in my brain, where there are simply no words adequate to describe.

Nobody wants to look for too long. When I put down my camera, my eyes meet those of the doctor sitting beside me.

Tony Anthony
Photojournalist

GLORY

A Writer's Job in a Time of Crisis

September 15

Usually, I'm one who only rarely cries. I can think of no time when I've wept in public. Yet, now, I still check my purse for a clean handkerchief before leaving the house and pat my pockets for tissue.

My childhood was spent in New York City, and I still have friends and family in the area. One cousin worked in WTC 5 and was evacuated safely. His building collapsed later that afternoon. One friend was on her way to work in the city – but was turned back at the George Washington Bridge at 9:40 a.m. Another was scheduled to leave Logan at noon on Tuesday – and is still there.

How I wish that everyone's family and friends were as fortunate.

I tend to be slow to anger, and these recent days have been no exception. Instead, I'm almost overwhelmed with sorrow and the urge to hug my family, touch base with distant friends, and spend time with our animals. Perhaps anger will come in its own time . . .

Until today, I also felt useless, as if there was nothing I could do, here in Arizona, to help. But here's what changed my mind: This morning writer Fran Liebowitz told NPR's Scott Simon that she has no skills and that she's a luxury

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item. At first her frustration and helplessness resonated with me: What could *I* do? I'm already a regular blood donor, and, although I'm good with a shovel, Tucson is too far away for me to help reduce the "Pile." Even the check I sent to the American Red Cross seemed such an empty gesture.

But then I remembered: I'm a writer, and I am most definitely not a luxury item. I do have tools. Perhaps they aren't as concrete as administering life support, or driving a crane, or spraying foam on flames. Instead, my tools are language, and observation, and enough experience with both to provide some kind of perspective – and maybe even solace to some.

These last four days have been shining ones for language – language that can help us mourn, help us keep the victims alive in our collective memories, help us keep the community united, help us replace rage with reason. Peter Jennings, Leonard Pitts, Susan Stamberg, Alex Chadwick, Scott Simon, and more, have all used language that's brought unexpected tears – hence the need for that handkerchief.

Those of us who can wield words as our weapon have a job to do – that of putting speech to the unspeakable, and verbal pictures to the unimaginable. Even if we're only talking to our neighbors or e-mailing our relatives – I like to think the act of digging for the right word and clearing the debris of muddy thinking will help someone find their way through this tragedy. Besides, it makes me feel better.

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Ms. Liebowitz, neither of us is a luxury item. And I'm afraid that in the months to come, we both have a lot of work to do.

Wynne Brown
Freelance writer and editor

A Nation's Spirit Defeats the Attack on America

What Are We Going To Do About It?

The gaping wound smoldering from the southern tip of Manhattan that was once the center of international commerce, a symbol for the influence of free market capitalism and the global power of democracy, is a testament to the transparent safety of this nation. America, as a verbal and metaphoric target of Arab nations and rogue Islamic factions, has now truly become a bloody reality amid the carnage and death, where once stood two of the world's largest edifices in its greatest city. Pearl Harbor?

Far worse. For the first time since 1812, there was a foreign attack on the mainland of the United States. This time it was an invisible enemy infiltrating airports, federal institutions, hijacking airplanes and confusing covert intelligence, air traffic control, law enforcement and the entirety of the U.S. government.

In its wake is the fear of vulnerability. Something we have always believed was the worry of those poor people “over there,” Russia, China, Korea, Israel, Kuwait, Serbia, et al. It was a fear I experienced minutes after both towers of the World Trade Center toppled into the streets of lower New York, while tooling up Route 17 to the apex of a hill in Ramsey, NJ – the skyline of Manhattan covered in an ominous billow of creeping soot. Right across the river, in the city I grew up in, mere blocks from where I was born.

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Not across the globe, but across the street. Friends, acquaintances and family in ground zero of a war zone.

Pearl Harbor was a military installation in the Far East, breathing down the neck of an Axis Power. The World Trade Center is downtown, where I was a few days before, having a drink on McDougal Street, as I'd done hundreds of times; taking in the hypnotizing lights of the mighty buildings. They are now gone, and with them, thousands of innocent lives. American lives. New Yorkers. Not Libyans, Palestinians, Serbians or Vietnamese, but people very much like myself, saying good-bye to their spouses and children that fateful morning. Before long they were reduced to suicidal jumpers or a gruesome part of the charred ruin.

Before the counting is done, the horrific numbers will dwarf Pearl Harbor, the Titanic, and even the most soldiers lost in the bloodiest battles of the Civil War. Two hundred and twenty-five years of this republic cannot offer a tragedy to equal one of this magnitude. The United States was not prepared for it. Despite video threats and Internet notes from the underground al-Jihad, Hizballah, Abu Sayyaf etc., and a decade of attacks on embassies, battleships and spy planes bankrolled by billionaire terrorist point-man, Osama bin Laden to the contrary.

Car bombs, loons with submachine guns, maybe. But a highly strategic, sophisticated attack on the nation's largest city and its military epicenter on domestic, commercial airlines with plastic box-cutters and U.S. pilot licenses? How could this happen here?

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There is, and never will be, a completely safe haven from hatred when you stroll the streets of gold in the best example of collective humanity any nation or philosophy has imagined.

At nearly 9 am on a sunny Tuesday morning we were finally awakened to that fact.

Now, what do we do about it?

James Champion

Editor Reality Checks

<http://www.jameschampion.com>

GLORY

The Day The Planes Stopped Flying

Surely you remember that crazy Frenchman. What was his name? Philippe something? He started bringing up his equipment a couple of days beforehand, slipping everything past the Twin Tower guards in a rucksack. By the eve of his big performance, he'd stashed a sizable pile under the open-air tourist platform. He hid there until after everyone had gone home that night; then his crossbow landed a grappling hook on the other building's edge. Was the attached nylon rope secure enough? Would it hold his weight while he dangled upside-down in the midnight winds blowing up from Battery Park?

He risked everything in the darkness for a half-hour in the next day's limelight. Shimming across the quarter-mile distance at a height of 110 stories, he made several trips during the next few hours, trying to secure a heavy cable. By dawn, everything was ready. But he was exhausted. Not the best condition for a tightrope artist. And yet he managed to wire-walk his way into history from one building to the other.

How about that mountain climber who scaled the outside of one tower during a nail-biting afternoon? By rush hour, every news crew in the city had a camera focused on him.

Then came the parachutists . . . or maybe there was

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only one. I can't quite remember.

I do recall my much-less-dramatic visit to the top. On that perfect spring day, Lady Liberty seemed like a child's toy: so close, you could almost pick her up with casually-outstretched fingers. In the other hand, you might grab onto the huge bridge spanning Verrazano's narrows. I remember starting my first marathon over there, on Staten Island, ten years earlier. It was an easy sprint into Brooklyn, but by the time we jogged through Queens, I was hurtin' for certain. Later, the Bronx became a cruel hallucination of pain, and my legs seized up in Manhattan. There's a half-repressed memory of lying flat on the pavement, beating my fists in frustration against a cramped thigh, while some Harlem kids laughed at the foolish white boy in their gutter. Somehow that white boy got up a few minutes later finding a way to float just above his suffering body while it half-ran, half-limped across the finish line in Central Park.

And that's why the spring day was so perfect, one decade later. I took enormous pleasure in surveying the five boroughs, from horizon to horizon, at the top of those magnificent buildings. They allowed me to daydream about the vast domain I had conquered when I was young and foolish.

Damn, that was a great view.

Alan C. Baird

<http://www.9TimeZones.com>

GLORY

On The Beach

Tod's Point – Greenwich CT.

When you are jogging in this 147-acre park there is a spot you pass at the half way mark when you come around a bend and on a clear day – like today – you can see the whole gleaming skyline of Manhattan.

Except this morning there was something that seemed wrong.

There were two smokestacks on the horizon in a place there never had been smoke stacks before. And it took a minute – a long minute – to figure out that the smoke was billowing out from the World Trade Towers.

About 20 yards up ahead a few people had congregated, and I stopped to ask what had happened. Their news was swift and delivered in short sentences. At that time both Towers were still standing. And so we stood. All strangers gathered on an outcropping of rock, watching a scene that did not make sense.

And then a woman ran up and began to climb those rocks. She was crying, and her movements were frantic. She could not get close enough to their edge – to the water. A few steps behind her another woman followed who tried to keep the first from climbing down the rocks to the water.

"But *he's* in that building," the crying woman said as

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she fought off her friend.

The crowd grew as the minutes passed. And some of us stood back to let the war widows past – you could tell who they were – the women and men who came – some alone, others with friends – who had loved ones in those two towers.

Ashamed to watch their grief, to see their trembling hands and smell their fear, I kept my eyes on the sky.

"It's collapsing," a man shrieked. And the wailing started.

In this suburb that sits on the outskirts of New York City we watched the Twin Towers fall. But we didn't hear the sirens or the explosions. We only heard the gulls screaming and the widows weeping.

By M.J. Rose
Author/Journalist

GLORY

Stranded In London

All six pieces of, luggage were already loaded on our British Air flight and my husband and I were waiting to board our plane home. I was feeling the same nervousness I always feel when something just isn't right.

A young man rushed up and said, "I hear we have a problem." to the attendant who was standing at the desk. I queried the man who had his cell phone in his hand about what had happened.

"All flights to the USA have been canceled and a bomb has gone off at the world Trade Center. Both towers are gone and the Pentagon is no more. "I couldn't believe what I was hearing. A massive wave of nausea enveloped my mind for a few awful black moments. I turned to the attendant and said, "What procedure should we follow?"

"I don't know, just get your bags and go home," she said, looking totally incapable of handling the situation. Home, I thought, that was what I was trying to do, get home, back to New Hampshire, where there was security and safety being in your own country and your own home. Chris arrived back and I informed him what was happening.

Heading back to immigration I thought, "So this is

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how refugees feel. Suppose we never get back to America and a full-blown war breaks out? What if I never get to see autumn in New England ever again or my family and my cat?" A few moments of terror threw a chill up and down my spine.

At immigration we had to split up, I into the line for non-UK citizens and Chris, a British citizen in the other. He was through in moments while it took me over an hour. When we arrived at baggage it took me quite awhile to find Chris. There were almost a thousand people awaiting their baggage.

Over three hours from the time we first heard of the hijacking, we finally got our luggage. By this time every hotel in London was booked. British Air was telling people to get in line and they were handing out pieces of paper with a list of all of the London hotels on it. What a waste of time and money, and lack of foresight. We advised people not to get in line and to get to a phone and call places. One man came back and thanked me as he got the last room where he had called.

We headed over to rent a vehicle, where we had only hours before dropped one off, or was it a lifetime ago? I nearly passed out when they told me the amount, which was so much higher than what we had been paying.

A young girl, about 17, was standing by herself, immobile, and in a daze. "I stopped to speak with her. She was changing planes in London, when her flight was

GLORY

cancelled. She was out of money and had no idea what to do. I gave her a few coins for the phone, and a five pound note and told her to go call the American Embassy and home if she could get through, as we were already hearing lines through to the states were impossible to get.

Chris had called his mother and she was ready for us when we got there with a hot cup of tea and a much appreciated warm meal. I, who would not allow a TV into my home, was now riveted to the telly as if life, civilization, and my very existence depended on it. The BBC gave excellent coverage but I would have done anything to be able to get our public radio station out of Albany.

I soon ran out of medication, and called a local doctor and asked if I brought down my pill containers if they would okay it to be filled at the chemists. The doctor was as friendly as a hungry Boa Constrictor. I then called the American Embassy, and a blessed being called Kay had the doctor there take care of the prescriptions.

"Finally, on September 18, we were on board heading home to America. There were a few empty seats which was upsetting in the fact that there were people still waiting to receive the blessing we were now receiving, the blessing of going home. Boston airport was pandemonium. When we got through immigration they asked me how long we had been gone. "Forever, but thank heavens, were back now."

Stepping out upon the damp grass of our yard I sank to

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my knees and looked up into a sky filled with millions of bright stars. Were there more stars there than before, and did each of them have the name of someone who had their lives terminated so tragically on September 11? It looked that way to me through my tears, and it still does. Does anything smell and feel as beautiful as the soil of the mother earth that we know and love? I doubted it then and always will. Oh, Dorothy Gale, you were so right – there is "No place like home."

Pamela E. Apkarian-Russell
Free lance writer/Author

GLORY

Writing – A Powerful Healing Tool

Our lives have been changed forever. There is no denying that. What is worse, our children's lives have been altered in ways that we cannot yet imagine. There are no adequate words to express the emotions that our country and the rest of the world is feeling after this tragedy. In the wake of this unspeakable event, the tools of our trade are insufficient. Even the most skilled craftsman falls short of the mark and fails to put a voice to the emptiness that is now a part of all of us.

The everyday elements of our lives, such as movies, now seem trivial. It becomes hard to concentrate on a screenplay or film project because it seems to be less real now, less important in the grander scheme of life that has come so sharply into focus.

I hope that writing can begin to play a role in healing for many readers. Keeping a journal, writing letters, expressing how you feel in words, can help make sense of the tragic events on a personal level. Your writing does not need to be for others to read but simply writing as therapy. It is a powerful healing tool that engages both the mind and the emotions. Later, when you look back on what you have written, you will have an account of these historic times from your own perspective.

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Writers have the responsibility of recording history as we are living it. I also believe that the events of the past few weeks – and the future – will have a profound effect on us as writers and our industry as a whole. That is no small task. Just as World War II, the Korean War, and other significant military events in our past have shaped who we are and how we live, this new war will challenge and change us. It is the writer's calling to record how it is, how it was, and who we are now. We will shape how history is read by future generations and write the lessons that the world must learn from to avoid repeating such horrific events.

So when you do write, when you are ready to face your screenplay, film, book, letter or other project again, do so with an awareness of your role. What you write and what you produce will be remembered as the legacy of an era.

Let's leave a legacy of hope and unity, a passion for peace and a commitment to the future for our children. It is my hope that the films made in the coming years are remembered as works with a message, as films that understood their place in history and accepted that responsibility. Let's use the most powerful medium yet devised by man to effect change and healing. Let us return to the page and change the world.

Shelly Mellott

Editor in Chief, Forum Publishing

Script Magazine <http://www.scriptmag.com>

GLORY

Fall of the Towers

The sight of two buildings I had once stood at the foot of as an awed 10-year-old boy felled in such a dramatic and powerful that it way shook my foundation. I was stuck with the utter reality that the hate and tyranny of the world was indeed a personal affliction.

The events of the morning became perfectly clear as I learned of the massive death and destruction that America had endured. Shock and fear gripped my body. I came to the conclusion that more death and ire would inevitably follow these events, and I openly wept.

White knuckled, I drove to work and immersed myself in a media assault that would continue for eight hours. Three radios, the Internet and a television set laid down the truths of an event the press was calling "the new day of infamy."

But beyond the Pennsylvania plane crash and the Pentagon damage, the images of the burning and atrophied Twin Towers was the most incomprehensible and surreal. The scene of horror unfolding in New York City had all the ingredients of a revelation or an apocalypse.

The New York City skyline and its notion of being this country's most prime piece of real estate, the ultimate symbol of American prosperity, proudly displayed the

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Twin Towers as its crown jewel. Those jewels were smashed to pieces along with the lives and bodies of thousands of Americans."

Beyond the fall of the Towers and the mythic symbolism of their destruction, another brutal realization flooded my consciousness amid the recurring news reports. It was the terrorists' choice to destroy America with its own people, hurling American bodies at American bodies and literally using our own flesh and blood against us.

Now, after 10 hours of constant news reports, film footage, co-worker speculation, mournful meditation and the loss of a youthful memory, I am imposing on myself a media fast. Leaving the destruction of American ideals to those with the willingness and fortitude to still watch. I no longer can.

Lance Vargas

Freelance writer and newspaper editor

GLORY

A Long Time Before I Feel Better

September 9

I was just about to leave my apartment for my freelance gig in midtown Manhattan in an office perhaps two or three miles north of the World Trade Center when I heard the first reports on the radio of an "accident" at the World Trade Center. I flipped the TV on. It rapidly became clear that more than an "accident" was still in the process of occurring, and I realized that even if I still wanted to go to work, there was no way to get there – short of walking the 15 miles from the northern Bronx border, where I live. All roads and mass transit into the city were shut down, so I spent the day at home in front of the TV.

Tuesday was a surreal day. A staging area for rescue efforts was set up a mile from my house near a major artery into Manhattan, and all day convoys of ambulances and other emergency vehicles streamed toward it. I saw a pickup truck overflowing with police officers racing there. Military helicopters flew overhead all day, and, scariest of all, fighter jets – F15s, I think – did flyovers every couple of hours. This was particularly eerie because I live under one of the approaches to LaGuardia airport and usually hear low-flying planes overhead regularly. Yet Tuesday, with the shutdown of all commercial air traffic, every noise in the air made me jump, particularly those fighters, which have an unmistakable, low-pitched roar. The fighters are doing flyovers again today, but not as often.

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I have been overwhelmed by what has happened: by the unthinkable loss of life, by worry for a friend who was in the area of the World Trade Center (she turned up safe), and even by the sudden and catastrophic alteration to the skyline of my beloved New York. I'm still in shock and constantly on the verge of sobbing. I think it will be a long time before I feel better.

MaryAnn Johanson

Film Critic

<http://www.flickfilosopher.com>

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Let Loose on the Streets of the USA

Last year I attended a lecture by Richard Clark, U.S. Counter-Terrorism Coordinator at the National Security Council. He said: that Osama bin Laden, a Muslim billionaire hiding in Afghanistan, had trained hundreds of militants to attack the West. His operation was very professional. His plan was – still is – to take over the West, the infidels. (He's behind the U.S.S. Cole attack and others.) Clark told us Bin Laden had already planted many highly trained people in the US. Some of them were known to the security authorities, some not. The problem was with the INS. Our immigration laws are extremely lax. Coupled with a legal system that grants instant rights to people suspected of trying to penetrate the U.S. for hostile purposes, these men had been allowed to enter and were then told to come back for a hearing "in eight months." In the meantime they were let loose to the streets of the USA.

Often, if the FBI or CIA can't show the INS enough evidence about the INTENT of these suspects – only claim that they know from secret sources that these people had been members of terrorist groups in Egypt or Syria or Algeria. Judges then demand TESTIMONIES from these sources (How is the CIA supposed to fly in the sources?) Needless to say, most of these terrorists simply enter the country because of our liberal legal protection. They come in illegally and are instantly being handed the Bill of Rights.

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Once they are here and are legally cleared from any wrong-doing, the law prohibits the FBI from following them or tapping their phones . . . The FBI must show the judge PROOF of these men's conspiracies.

To our question why didn't the public know about it, Clark said that the media considered these reports to be unnecessarily alarmist and simply buried them.

So here we are. The day that would mark the start of World War Three.

Talia Carner, writer
Port Washington, New York

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The City Reminds Me Of A War Zone

September 13

Wow, this is surreal. All my classes have been cancelled until further notice, and we are on full terrorism alert. The streets outside my apartment are filled with people and emergency vehicles. All subways are closed and people are just walking the streets wondering what to do. Right now I'm watching the TV and then look out my window where I see smoke. If I walk out in the street, there used to be a place where I could look to the north and see the Empire State Building and look to the south and see the World Trade Center. Now when I look to the south I only see smoke and there is no longer a World Trade Center.

This city has stopped. There is no transportation into or out of the city. Planes, trains, bridges, tunnels, are all closed. I have a friend who was outside the city trying to get a train back in, and she is stuck. My city area is closed down with threat of possible gas leaks. I'm okay but phones here, cells and other, are not working

The city is eerie, it reminds me of a war zone. The streets are empty for the first time in New York City. On the news the reports are saying that anyone south of 14th Street that aren't rescue or emergency workers can be arrested, which means I'm not allowed to be where I live, supposedly. I have to show my ID wherever I go. The winds have shifted to the north, and the smoke and fumes

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are blowing straight for me. The smell is bad, and the chemicals in the air are not good. Everyone is wearing gas masks in the streets, including me. This only adds to the image of a war zone: abandoned streets, people wearing masks, smoke and rubble in the car-less streets, ambulances passing every few minutes. F-16 planes are patrolling our airfields, and I hear them fly over occasionally. Large war ships in the bay area are keeping the shore clear. Army vans are all over the streets, so I feel safer here than I would someplace else. My roommates are leaving the city and want me to come with them, but classes may resume tomorrow and I want to be here.

I have signed up to volunteer at hospitals in the sorting of the wreckage. I may get a call at any time to come help. The news focuses on the state of the city and interviews people who are looking for loved ones who were in the building, and its hard to watch because deep down you know that their family most likely did not make it out of the building. The search continues here, and our community is at the heart of everything that is going on.

September 14:

Well, another day over, and tonight it is storming in the city. It seems fitting that after this week the day should end in a thunder and lightning storm. This also means bad news for the workers, and I watch on the news as workers continue to sift through the rubble despite the rain. The spirit in this city is still high.

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September 15:

Today I walked the streets taking pictures to document history (the inner journalist believes I should). There were more people in the streets today, many taking pictures like I was, and others just marveling at the scene. A few young guys were playing football in the middle of the street, wearing facemasks, of course. I took a picture. Everyone wears masks, whether students, old women, or businessmen.

I walked back to Washington Square Park down the middle of deserted Broadway, only me and the football players, a mask covering my face while smoke blows towards me. I walked to Houston Street, which is as far down as I could get to the World Trade Center. Houston Street is covered with dump trucks, all in lines ready to work, but right now there is not a lot to do since there is still an effort to find survivors and not clean up the mess. The rubble lies five stories off the ground, and the area still smokes. A workman came running down the street towards Houston yelling that four workers were pulled alive out of the rubble, two walked away. The crowds in the street cheered. I took a picture of the smoke filled air.

An ambulance came zooming down 6th Street towards St. Vincent's Hospital, but with no sirens. There was no one to save inside that car, and I could only guess what was in it. I chose not to take any pictures, and no one cheered. Down on 14th Street behind the barricades I can see the masses of people who want to get a look at something. Many hold flags up, or signs.

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At a dining hall near me there is a TV in the lobby with the news on all the time. Students just stand there watching as they continue to show pictures of people that are missing and brief the world that suspects have been arrested with connections to the terrorism. People don't cheer, but we all just watch. The idea of retaliation hasn't been important to us here. We watch the people plead to call them if they see their loved ones. I think we all wish that we could call, although we mostly know that we will not be seeing the loved ones they are searching for.

I sit here writing, and the lightning continues outside my window, the smell that lingers into my room I realize is me. I smell because I have the scent of the day and the air on me. But I am carrying much more than the smell of the city. I have the pictures and the ideas and the memories, but the smell right now is the strongest.

We have class tomorrow, but I don't want to go. I'm surprised because no one is in the dorm. Any students who could get out have. Expect for me. For some reason I want to stay and be here. Despite the air, I feel safe here, and I am still proud to be part of this city. I'll just watch my movies and let tragedy slip by me this evening, and go to class tomorrow.

Megan Price
Journalism Student NYU

A Nation's Spirit Defeats the Attack on America

*“We can do no great things – only
small things with great love.”*

Mother Teresa

A Nation's Spirit Defeats the Attack on America



Candles, missing posters and flowers surround Union Square



THE WORLD
SPEAKS OUT

A stylized, curved banner with a double-line border. The text "THE WORLD" is in a smaller, spaced-out font above "SPEAKS OUT" in a larger, bold font. The banner is decorated with stars at the ends and has a dotted texture.

GLORY

THE WORLD SPEAKS OUT

So many people so many thoughts and shared heartbreak. The sharing of grief, outrage, sadness and compassion as a result of this tragedy touched citizens all over the world. These are the stories of only a few who put their grief to paper and, hopefully, found a healing in that process. Heal with them and share their renewed spirit of love, living and commitment as you read their stories. The aftereffects of these attacks are like throwing a pebble into a pond.

The ripples have impacted the world in so many ways, as we've tried to show in our timeline of events. For millions, jobs, families, lifestyles and above all normalcy, has been forever changed. Yet, amazingly, through it all still remains our one attribute that can never be squashed the human spirit and the will to overcome.

UNITED WE STAND.

A Nation's Spirit Defeats the Attack on America

We Must Not Let Terrorists Win!

I thought it was just another daily routine for me. But this routine was about to turn into terror.

We started off our usual day. My husband was watching the morning news. Suddenly, he called urgently, "Honey! Get in here!" I could hear shock and disbelief in his voice.

I ran into the family room and watched television images of smoke and flames. People screamed and cried as they ran down streets. I was riveted to the spot, thoughts of Armageddon running through my mind.

"A Boeing 767 has just crashed into the World Trade Center in New York City," the announcer reported. I could hear an undercurrent of disbelief in his normally smooth, professional voice.

I dropped to the couch. "What in the world . . .? How could this happen?" I was shocked. "This can't be true. It's some kind of a hoax. Change the channel!"

Every channel had the same story, the same pictures. It was real. "Why is that other plane flying so low?" I asked my husband. We watched as the second plane slammed into the second tower. The announcer came back on the screen, visibly shaking. "A second plane has just crashed into the

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second tower of the World Trade Center. Both towers are on fire. It has been reported that the planes were hijacked. These crashes were not accidents.”

Not accidents? How could anyone purposely do something as horrible as this? My mind couldn't wrap around the thought. How could anyone turn a planeload of innocent human beings into a weapon, an inferno, and use them to murder other humans? This was beyond my comprehension.

It suddenly hit me. My cousins work in New York City! I flew to the phone. Circuits were busy. My aunt in Long Island? Same message. My cousin. Another cousin. I dialed and dialed trying to reach anyone. Until that moment, I had never realized how many of my family members lived and worked in New York City. My shaking fingers started hitting the wrong buttons. My husband gently took the phone. “The phone lines are overloaded,” he said gently. I phoned my parents in Sora, Italy. Upon the second ring, my father's deep voice said, “Gina, what is going on in New York City? Is it true? Is everyone okay in Toronto?” As I explained I began to shake so badly I couldn't talk. My husband took the phone. After 10 minutes of reassuring Dad and Mom that everything was okay, we hung up. My father insisted that he would call me back later.

I leaned against my husband, tears streaming down my face. “Why? Why would someone do this? What is their point?” I sobbed, thinking of the people who were dead, the

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men and women who would never hold their spouses again, the children left without parents. “What kind of animal could do something like this?”

As I wiped my face, my eyes grew wide at the sight of my husband in his Air Canada uniform. “Where do you think you’re going? Oh no, you’re not going to work today. There are insane people out there doing horrible things! You can’t go anywhere near the airport today!” I filled with anger and rage at the nameless, faceless monsters that had done this horrible thing. “New York isn’t that far from us. Toronto could be the next target. You are not leaving us today!”

“Yes, Papa, you’re not going,” our son said hugging us both tightly. His terror was showing, even though he is too young to really understand what was going on. I tried to calm myself for his sake. We took him to his room, and settled him in to playing with his favorite toys. He was still worried, but relaxed a little while listening to his songs.

My husband led me back to the couch and tried to calm me. I kept repeating to myself: you will NOT go to work you will NOT leave us today. It was like a mantra, over and over, trying to soothe my mind, stop the thoughts tumbling over each other. If I said it enough times, maybe we would be safe. The phone rang. It was the Air Canada Emergency Caregiver Response Team director. “Be prepared to take action,” he said. I looked at my husband and had to accept the fact that as the team leader he had to be on alert and leave anytime.

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The TV kept giving more bad news. All U.S. airports closed, air traffic worldwide going to the USA are redirected to Canada! NO! I clung to my husband, refusing to let him go to work. Thank God another announcement came that Canada was also closing its airports, other than taking all of the incoming U.S. domestic and international flights. My husband called in and was told to stay home. I was limp with relief. Still, I knew that being on alert, he might be called any moment as a team leader.

After he changed out of his uniform, we held each other. Our son was playing quietly in a corner. On TV the bad news kept coming. Hundreds, possibly thousands dead. Both towers leveled. Hysterical people in the streets, tears streaking through the dirt and dust on their faces, babbling about dead bodies and desperately searching for loved ones who were in the buildings attacked. I felt so blessed to have my husband safely beside me. Then it dawned on me that not everyone was so lucky. We started to pray the Rosary.

I lit a candle in memory of the dead, the volunteers who died on duty, the Canadian workers at the WTC, and everyone. I felt as if I had lost a piece of myself, my security. How much worse it was for the people directly involved in these attacks! If insanity like this can happen in the United States, it could happen anywhere. What if they decided to attack us next? But then it struck me that it does happen everywhere else. "Oh, God protect us all" I prayed.

I shook in fear and anger as I realized that my country

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was no longer safe. There is no place to hide from evil men who think they're martyrs and enjoy killing people. I understood that my neighboring country was torn, in pain and anger at what these terrorists had done.

For days we watched heart-rending stories of the people left behind. Spouses, parents, children, missing somewhere in the rubble. One of these stories that touched me the most was a young woman pregnant with their third child. Her husband, a passenger aboard one of the hijacked planes that crashed in Pennsylvania, managed to contact her on his cell phone from the plane. The passengers were going to rush the hijackers and try to stop them from attacking another government building. I think of her often, and the child to be born soon. Her children without a father, she without a loving husband to help raise them. And so many more just like her.

Somehow, the spirit of love and hope began to shine through. Stories of miraculous rescues, escapes, and finding loved ones. Stories of people stepping outside their lives to bring comfort and help to the victims. The man who decided to take the morning off to go to pre-school with his son. His company was wiped out in the crash. The man who was late for work because his car wouldn't start, missed the bus and had trouble getting a taxi. The woman whose alarm didn't go off and woke up when her mother called frantically, hoping that she wasn't in her Trade Center office. My cousin, who had a business. The thousands of volunteers pouring into New York City to help with the search and rescue. Reports of food and

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bottled water being sent to the crash sites by the truckload. Countries all over the globe pledging their assistance in punishing the perpetrators of these atrocities. The Canadian Armed Forces on alert. Bulletin boards filled with messages of sorrow and love from nearly every country in the world.

I was and still am scared for our future, for our children's future. Yet life must go. We must not let these terrorists WIN! We must pray for Peace, World Peace. Think positively and go on with our lives. Of course, it won't ever be the same again, but we must make the best of it. We must be thankful for what we have and will have.

This is a wonderful opportunity for us to open our hearts, souls and minds, to make donations, to make someone smile, to do something good for someone else. Doing something unexpected and loving goes a long way in today's world. Do what you have to do now. Don't leave it for later. Tomorrow might be too late.

God Bless You All . . . God Bless North America.

Gina Cianfarani
Canada

A Nation's Spirit Defeats the Attack on America

Friends Without Faces

Minds are meeting every day
Of people without faces
Names are there some real, some not
They're miles apart, from many places

Groups are formed and friendships built
On words, ideas, not deeds
Hearts lift at messages, from friends
Fast words along the leads

But then one day the world stops still
And weeps and stands and stares
You need your friend and watch and wait
For word that is not there

You know your friend and
Heard his thoughts
It never seemed to matter then
Exactly who he was

His pseudonym was funny
The profile short and snappy
But what about his home address,
Or workplace or his family?

The Internet has changed the world
But life and death are real

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Anonymous is not enough
It's weak, it cheats, it steals

Emails sent are frantic
And getting no reply
It's all you have, no name, no place
Does anyone know why?

Wendy Ogden
Sevenoaks, Kent, England

A Nation's Spirit Defeats the Attack on America

What If?

Would we still sing "God Bless America", or march to the cadence of "Over There"? What would happen to our flag? Would it still wave, be the symbol of freedom across the nation and the world? What would happen if they were all gone?

Those men and women who sacrificed so much, for so many, not so long ago – what would happen if we turned our backs and walked away? If we said we'd had enough, no need to go any further than our back yards, our neighborhoods, our factories, our schools and churches.

"What if there were no more patriots?" I asked my wife. She was sitting beside me sewing red, white, and blue ribbons.

She stopped sewing, looked at me and smiled.

"What if there was no more patriotism?" I asked then.

She winked at me and then pinned a ribbon on my chest.

"Yeah, I guess you're right," I said.

Joseph M. Faria

GLORY

A Fish Story

I live alone in a cottage on the shore of Whidbey Island in Puget Sound. It is either my Elba or my Walden, the coin is still in the air. After five years of life in Las Vegas, it feels different now that I'm here. I welcome the difference.

On the morning of September 11 at about six o'clock Pacific time, I switched on my television set for the morning news and watched with increasing horror as the World Trade Center came apart.

I've been watching and reading about awful events since the Hindenberg crashed. What a fantastic ship it was! When I was a child living in Atlantic City, I watched it fly over the famous entertainment piers we so often visited. As a paperboy during WWII, I delivered the news and the pictures of battles from all over the world. As a professor during the 1960s, I aided and abetted the kids who protested our national insanity in Vietnam and then went home at night to watch the daily news and hear the body counts. Years later, many veterans of that conflict brought their stories into my therapy groups where I worked as a psychologist for the Department of Veterans affairs.

Perhaps I am a bit immune to the images of great tragedy. I've had my own personal losses of relatives, friends and clients. What I am never able to accept without amazement is some of the behavior of my fellow humans. I

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think I generally understand behavior, it's the acceptance of it with which I sometimes have problems. At such moments, I am reminded that we are evolved, not created in some perfect image. Natural science helps me to understand what religion does not.

A fish is a fantastically efficient biological machine. Salmon fishing season has been in progress here since the first of August, and my own freezer is getting full, but I didn't think of fishing on the morning of September 11. Others did. All the regular fishers trickled to the shore. How could they not be at home riveted to the television?

At first, I thought it was just because we are so far removed from New York and its problems here in the far northwest. But, they had to know what was going on in our country. Then it came to me.

The long row of fishermen stretching over three quarters of a mile reminded me of gamblers in Las Vegas lined up at the slot machines, or the people lined up during the Second War to buy the few cigarettes that were available from time to time. The mindless surrender of control was so obvious. We have our moments in which we seem to transcend our bio-mechanical composition, but these are only dangerous illusions I think.

Fishing and gambling and smoking, while understandable, are not rational. Like fanatic pilgrims, the fish people wave their sacred poles at their mother the sea, offering symbolic lead tokens to the sea gods. Sometimes

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fish try to eat the tokens, and the punishment for this is to be dragged from the ocean, clubbed to death, dismembered and eaten. If fish could think, they would recognize us as terrorists.

The native tribe up on Lumi Island is permitted to use nets, and they show a very special reverence for the gifts they receive from the sea. Their attitude is of gratitude and humility. So, fishing is a sometimes-justifiable act of violence against nature. Animals should not be our toys, however, nor should innocent people be the sacrificial pawns of religious fanatics. It has, however, been so for thousands of years.

The sport limit is two salmon per day, and the law requires us to bend back or remove the barbs on our hooks. Not one fisher in twenty does this, and some take as many as they can get in a day.

Most of us don't even like fish. It's just 'something for nothing'. It's an exercise in ego to land a big one, or to get one when others fail. It must be a huge exercise in ego for a terrorist to demonstrate power and control by stealth and by exploiting our trust. Not too long ago, salmon were regarded as trash fish. Now they are the zucchini of the sea, and we go about offering dead fish to our non-fishing neighbors.

Most of the year, the shore where I live is empty of people, and I have the gulls and ravens for company on my walks. That is good. The deer visit the empty beach, and I

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have an outdoor pet rat that cleans up around my bird feeder in broad daylight.

"We should shoot the rats. They bring disease," says an old man down the street.

"What diseases are those?" I ask.

He regards me as a fool, but he has no answer. The twenty or so fillets I have in the freezer by now seem like all I'll need for the winter.

Walden was never like this, I think. But what delusion should I own; should I be Napoleon or Thoreau? No, wait! I'll catch three more fish and feed the multitude; if they refuse my fish I'll terrorize people into eating them for the sake of my messiah delusion.

On second thought, I would be miserable if I had to run the world, if I had all that power and control. I would still have to be the guy with the huge, intolerable ego. It is best, then, that I be what terrorists cannot be – satisfied, grateful and content with what I have.

Peace.

Julian I. Taber, Ph.D

GLORY

Alone, Together

Columbus, Ohio

I was conducting a two day negotiating seminar at a Marriott hotel in Columbus, Ohio – far from my home, my friends and my family in Las Vegas. On the second day, in the middle of a sentence, the door to the conference room opened and in stepped the head of catering, Lynda. She asked me to step out for a moment. What Jessica told me, I could never have imagined, "They're flying planes into the World Trade Center. I thought you might like to know in case someone in your group has business there." My group consisted of many Fortune 500 company executives, so this was not far from a possibility.

How does one interrupt a negotiating seminar to tell the attendees that a plane – maybe more than one – has struck the World Trade Center? There was no tactical answer. Just tell them.

We sat – as I'm sure most of America and the world did – glued to the television. We weren't alone. Every group in the hotel abandoned their meetings to surround the four television sets in the lobby lounge. Silence, interrupted by screams and tears, followed again by silence. We did not know one another, strangers all. But soon arms held others. Hugs comforted. And tears swelled among men and women alike.

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That night many of us were stranded in the hotel. Flights canceled. Telephone calls unable to find their intended. A front desk clerk wandered the empty halls – while we all locked ourselves into our rooms. She knocked gently – afraid that even the sound of a loud knock would frighten. "I have a candle for you if you would like one." I opened the door and thanked her, taking the candle, hoping that its gentle glow might somehow chase away the shadows of the grief and loneliness I was feeling.

Not wanting to be alone and unable to reach my family and friends by telephone, I took the candle and headed down to the lobby lounge where I hoped that I might find some company to share a thought or two. What I found when I reached the lobby brought me to immediate tears. There were perhaps a hundred people sitting at every table, crowding close on every couch and filling every corner. Each with a lit candle that some thoughtful desk clerk decided to hand out. At every opening of the elevator doors, came more people. And as they saw what the crowd, their eyes too, filled with tears. Alone, we had all come together. In our silence we shared.

I am sure that I will never see those faces again, except when I recall that day when America was attacked – that night when a hundred stranded and lonely fellow Americans were brought together by one nameless hotel clerk. And in so doing, we had become . . . family.

Richard Devin-Author/Lecturer

GLORY

A Nation's Spirit Defeats the Attack on America

Your Father was a Hero

To those of you who lost loved ones in the attack on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon:

Your father was a hero. When the building shook from the blast, he did not concern himself with fear. He helped unblock an office door which had been barricaded by debris and furniture that had moved. He freed three people.

Your friend who was on the plane being hijacked recognized immediately how serious the matter was and reached to calm the shaking hand of the person in the next seat. Your wife saw a man bleeding from his head and she tore a piece from her shirt and made a bandage for him. Your aunt helped her co-workers who could not find the exit through the smoke – they all made it. Then she went back for others. Your nephew who piloted the plane had the safety of everyone on board in focus every second.

Your grandfather found a young man pinned under a fallen piece of ceiling and even when the young man said go on without him, he stayed until others heard the calls and came to help.

Your husband took on the hijackers believing it would cost him his life. He helped save hundreds of people neither of you will ever know. Your grandmother who worked at the Pentagon led hundreds who were physically stronger to

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a secure area, putting them before her own welfare as she always has. Your uncle gave his water to a choking woman who gave him God's blessing with every floor they arrived at, arm in arm.

Your brother who always wanted to be a policeman knew without doubt, as he followed the cries for help up the stairs, this was the moment why. Your sister searched her entire floor to make sure everyone was out of there before she began to make her own way down. Your friend held the exit door open for his officemates with his wheelchair, cheering as they moved on that "We'll all get out together." And he didn't so much hold on to those who lifted him down as he hugged them. Your son would not let the tired woman stop. He cajoled her by telling her she reminded him of you; how you two had to meet. He even called her mom to keep her moving.

Your flight attendant daughter was forced to the back of the plane with all the others on board but stood in front of them in protective defiance; keeping herself between the terrorists and her passengers. Your sister climbed back up three flights against the crowd and heat, believing her assistant was still there. Your college buddy's sense of humor kept all in range of his voice smiling and moving with hope. Your niece lent her shoulder to lean on for a man she had seen in the elevator so many times but whose name she never knew. Your sister-in-law saw a man sitting in the stairwell coughing and shared her asthma medicine. They moved on together.

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Your firefighter brother-in-law helped hundreds of people out, redirecting them to clearer exits as he climbed higher and higher. Your nephew and his boss carried an older woman down 38 floors. Your cousin got everyone to sing "The Long and Winding Road" as they worked their way down, making up the words they didn't know. Your mother's last thoughts were the same thoughts she's had as she laid her head down every night since you were born.

You wonder what happened. You want to know what these people you love were feeling, what they were thinking, what they went through in their final moments. These is what happened. As true as their love for you. As true as their faith in your love for them.

**Michael Mark, public relations firm president/author
San Diego, California**

GLORY

Americans are not marching in the streets . . .

“America is great because she is good. When she ceases to be good, she will cease to be great,” wrote the French statesman Alexis DeTocqueville in 1835. In recent years, as I watched news scenes of abortion clinics bombed in the name of God and race riots bent on destroying neighborhoods, I wondered if America had exhausted its supply of goodness.

And then came September 11.

The horrific events of that day, the pain and loss, moved us all to tears. But we were also moved to tears by the incredible acts of heroism, both individual and collective, of Americans willing to give their lives without hesitation to help other human beings. These everyday heroes didn't question first the others' race, religion, or sexual persuasion. That they were human beings was enough.

Americans whose only bond with those at Ground Zero prior to September 11 was a casual allegiance to the same flag now sought to bleed for them – so many that in two days the total storage capacity of blood banks in this country was filled.

Entertainers across the country, whose politics stretch from liberal left to the far edge of right, came together,

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differences immediately put aside, in a record-setting telethon for the victims of the attack

In spite of isolated acts of hostility here against Muslims and those of Middle Eastern decent, Muslim organizations report receiving messages of love and support in overwhelming numbers from Americans anxious to assure them we hold them blameless.

Still reeling from grief, still trying to find and bury our dead, we know we have only begun to count our losses. Yet, as searing as our pain is, we have not lashed out unthinkingly to pass this pain on. Americans are not marching in the streets burning a foreign flag in hate-filled mobs. Our overriding emotion is empathy for those left behind. Our only demonstrations urge peace and compassion for other would-be victims.

On the news, stories of race riots and high-level peccadilloes have been replaced by reports of Americans everywhere opening their hearts and demonstrating their love for each other. The grace with which Americans have responded to the events of September 11 has filled me with pride at being one of them.

Is America still great? Yes. Because she is still good.

Cynthia VanRooy
Author

GLORY

Thank You, bin Laden

Thank you, bin Laden. It's hard for me to say your name without curling my lips in disgust. But, thank you. I thought our world was marking time endlessly toward indifference. The heart that used to be the world in decades past had been strangled – replaced by money-grubbing, self-centered citizens. We used to invent things to complain about because our lives were so bereft of strife. We'd whine instead of appreciating that we are rich. We'd moan, instead of embracing health and life. It's all different now. America lives and breathes as a UNITED country! Shaking our heads in disbelief and sadness at the depth of your unfathomable evil, the entire civilized world has solidified. I didn't think anything would ever make that possible. You proved me wrong.

Not that your demonic acts are forgivable. Not by Americans. Not by the world. You and your cause are regarded with pathetic shame. Your wicked plot drove up the bile, yet ignited the life force deep down in all of our abdomens. You've brought God and spirituality back into our lives. We gather together in meaningful prayer and grief at churches and synagogues that we hadn't darkened for years. We are strangers to each other no more. Hellos are exchanged generously now to all we pass. In any elevator or grocery line, we can have a meaningful dialogue about how our hearts are broken. Or we don't even have to say a word. We look through the car windshields of drivers

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or the long faces of pedestrians and read it all. We are devastated. But we are devastated as ONE. We are much more courteous and noble to one another now. Far more forgiving. More generous with our love, money and time. Who would have thought you could accomplish so much with your vicious hate?

You melted tears from old steely men's eyes, who before may never again have cried before death. You incited apathetic young males to want to die for their country, who before couldn't see beyond their own self-centered wants. You inflamed the repugnance of young females with the treatment of your religion's women as slaves, who before had taken their freedoms for granted. You twisted the loving peace of mothers into angry hatred by not caring that you would be slaughtering innocents, who before may have had compassion. You've changed everything from September 11 on. Forever. You have opened the curtains for a new era – the era of righteousness. That word has meaning again! The swelling pride at being Americans has been renewed. Is that what you were hoping for? You brought us together!

So again I say, thank you bin Laden. And God have mercy on your thick black soul.

Lorrie Morgan-Ferrero

<http://www.WordSorcerer.com>

GLORY

But This I Can Do . . .

The terrorists took a lot from us when they destroyed the World Trade Center. They took away lives, innocence, and our feeling of safety. They took away a part of my youth spent gazing down on New York from the top of one of the towers. I can only hold those views close to my heart in memory. There will be no going back to revisit them and once again be awed by the vistas.

I was in Barrow when the horror struck. As I boarded the plane Friday to return to Anchorage, I found there was something else that the terrorists had taken from me. Something I hadn't even noticed was missing until then. They'd taken my trust in my fellow man.

I found myself scrutinizing every passenger in the terminal. I watched every person on the plane wondering if they were only pretending to be one of "us." The plane was from Barrow, so the first segment to Fairbanks wasn't as scary as I was anticipating since I knew many of the people on the plane. But there was that one man who kept bouncing his leg up and down nervously, and he did have a dark complexion. I found myself watching him closely.

When the plane reloaded in Fairbanks, panic really set in. I didn't know these people. I couldn't trust these people. It felt as if I couldn't trust anyone. Although I make it a habit of putting my face deeply into a book to avoid

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conversations with strangers when flying, this time I gratefully engaged in conversation with someone I knew slightly from Barrow. Anything to keep my attention diverted from the panic that was building in me.

And then I realized that if I let that panic win, I was ultimately validating the despicable actions of those terrorists. They couldn't win without my cooperation, and I was giving it to them. I was scared. I was suspicious of everyone. I was becoming their accomplice.

America was built on the belief that we can live free in a society crafted by laws and common sense and courtesy. Our journey on this road has had its fits and starts. We have sometimes been more successful than others in achieving the dream our Founding Fathers expressed in the phrase "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

But we have never stopped reaching for that goal. And we never should. I may not be able to do much in the dangerous times ahead, but this I can do. I can commit myself to never letting them win by never sacrificing the foundations of this country for an illusion of temporary safety and security.

Elise Sereni Patkotak
Author/Journalist

GLORY

United in Shock, United in Grief

Leeds, United Kingdom

Lunchtime, away to Starbucks. The street is swarming. The day is hot. A Mocha, whipped cream, sunning myself and reading the paper. (A train strike story features – *my* train – and is due in a fortnight.) My God, how dare they?

A clatter; several feet stomp by me. I look up. Five more people gust past, silent. Then shops begin to empty all around me – assistants, customers. More people stream towards the TV shop three doors down. The words rising from the crowd are nonsense. An accident, a disaster, a hoax. Somebody's having a laugh. Some don't know; they follow the other crowds anyway.

I join them. I melt into the half-halo of silent bodies, vying for an explanation in the huge flickering windows of the television store. I wish the TVs were black and still, but I cannot look away. Clouds of grey fill the screens. The gathering cannot speak. No words can form. A hush descends as more commuters spot the huddle and amble over.

Only one thought: *Why?* And then a fear: Could it happen here? So far across the sea, but we feel our American friends' deaths as if they were our own. Could it happen here? And then guilt. Lives lost, a nation maimed and now scarred forever.

A Nation's Spirit Defeats the Attack on America

A roar from overhead cuts the silence. The packed street of shoppers is still. Quiet. Every pair of eyes look up and watch the plane pass overhead. Only when the image is hidden beyond the buildings and the sound has gone do we return to the tragedy billowing from the televisions.

A sob breaks, then a second. Not mine. I can't cry until I know it's real. How can it be? I ask for God's help for others, for His kindness. I realize in this moment, that for the first time in 20 years, I am talking to God. TALKING to God. Not blaspheming or decrying minor ailments or inconveniences.

I am praying, as is this Kingdom. United with our cousins.

Antony Davies, writer
Leeds, United Kingdom

GLORY

What Can We Do?

As individuals and as a nation, I doubt that we have ever felt much more helpless than when we had to watch the images of planes diving into those buildings – and then watch those buildings crumble and fall. In the days to come, we're bound to hear the question of “what could we have done?” repeated over and over. But the real question is “what can we do now?”

As writers, that's a question I believe we all take to heart. We understand, perhaps better than most, that it was not fuel-laden planes or ceramic knives that killed 5000+ people. It was words. Words were the tool used to inflame hearts against us – to the extent that men were willing to commit suicide just so that they could bring death and destruction upon an “enemy” that they had never actually met. Guns may be used on the battlefield, but it is words that bring combatants to that field in the first place.

I suggest that one may even be able to judge the “rightness” of an action by the number of words needed to persuade someone to take it. How many words does it take to convince a man to become a “martyr” and a murderer in the same moment? We'll never know – but you can bet that there were plenty of inflammatory hate-speeches in those camps where the terrorists trained. Conversely, how many words does it take to persuade another man to risk his life

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in a burning, collapsing building, in the hope that he may be able to find one more survivor, bring one more victim to safety before it's too late? The answer: Not even one.

Words are our business. Communication is our business. The events last week have shown us that words have a tremendous power – the power to heal, and the power to destroy.

To me, one of the most appalling results of this tragedy is the number of people who have chosen to focus on the destructive power of words. People – Americans – have posted vicious messages of hate on electronic bulletin boards and forums throughout the country. People – Americans – have searched out Arabic (or apparently Arabic) businesses and individuals in their communities and left threats and messages of hatred on their answering machines or sent them via email. People – Americans – have stood on the streets and cursed neighbors who “look” Arabic. Mosques have been attacked, Islamic schools filled with children have been attacked, and at least one person has died.

It seems we have short memories. When Americans learned of the atrocities committed in Kosovo (against Moslems, remember?), we wondered, “How can people, in this day and age, suddenly turn on people who have been their neighbors for years and commit such atrocities simply because those people belong to a certain ethnic group?” The bad news is: Now we know. It doesn't take much for some to cross that line from “civilized” to “murderer” –

GLORY

perhaps all it takes is a few hate-filled words. The good news is: This IS America, and when a small group of Americans decides to march on the neighborhood mosque or deface an Arabic business, other Americans march out to stand in their way and to clean up the damage. And it doesn't take any words at all to persuade them to do so.

The irony is that the words some have chosen to direct against their neighbors are exactly the same kind of words that were used to incite those acts of terror against us. They are the words that lump all members of a group into a single, faceless mass – “them,” “the enemy,” and ultimately, “the target.” When Americans do the same, they are walking in the very same path as those who attacked us.

So what can we do, as writers? We can, at the very least, choose not to write and publish words of hate. We can refuse to forward hate-filled e-mail messages. We can be cautious about the jokes we repeat or pass along. We can get to know some of our neighbors and perhaps write their stories as well as those of last week's victims and heroes.

The good news is that we now know we don't need “words” to persuade most Americans to do what is “right.” America has received a lot of bad press in the past few years; we've come to view our society as immoral, self-indulgent and uncaring. The past few days have proven just how wrong that view is.

Moirra Allen

Editor, <http://www.Writing-World.com>

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The Day America Cried

I was born and raised in New York and worked in Manhattan before moving to Connecticut. My family still lives in New York. My sister and two nieces work in Manhattan. When this tragedy happened you can imagine my fear. I spent the rest of the morning on the phone to find out how they all were.

My family is safe, but they were not unaffected. My sister had to walk home from Manhattan. My niece who is a teacher couldn't get home to her apartment in Manhattan but was able to stay with her sister. She volunteered at the Armory to help out. My brother often goes into the city from his home on Long Island. Thankfully he wasn't there that day.

The fact that my family could have virtually been wiped out has left me shaken. I am still in shock. How could something like this happen in our country?

Everyone, it seems, is doing something, from giving blood to making donations, and making remembrances for the family. A small group of us in my town are making unity ribbon pins to send to New York. We are also crocheting blankets to donate to the families of victims. There are so many victims we know we can only reach a few.

GLORY

The fire department collected bottled water, underwear and non-perishable foods. We all wish we could do more. What we are doing is nothing when compared to the suffering of so many, but we need to reach out and let them know we care.

My greatest fear is that in our anger we'll turn into terrorists ourselves. I want justice, but I don't want innocent women and children killed. Bin Laden had innocent people killed for his radical cause. I want to believe we are more rational than that and will punish only those responsible.

Everywhere I go flags are flying, and I'm proud to be an American. I have sung "God Bless America" more these last days than I have in many years. At a rally the governor of Connecticut spoke eloquently of the heroes, the rescue workers. We waved flags, cheered, and sang patriotic songs. For the first time in a long time we felt a unity. Strangers no more, in this crisis we were all Americans.

Bea Sheftel

A Nation's Spirit Defeats the Attack on America

Overcome

I'll never forget
watching, impossibly silent
horrifying images flashing before our eyes,
malevolence come like a thief in the night,
punching a hole in our lives,
piercing our hearts with injustice.

I strain to understand how over the course of a couple of
hours we are offered
a different version of our world.

Something once so powerful
subdued by pain and suffering,
reduced to ashes,
a tidal wave of smoke and debris
that would leave our world in mourning,
the news so bleak,
grief and heartache
where our hope had been
and there's no way to weather
this impossible storm.

Stunned and saddened,
with heavy heart,
wanting to do something useful with my anger,
I hug my children
as if it were for the first time

GLORY

but can't help but think of those who were lost
who can't be hugged again,
love that's unable
to find its intended home.

If only our tears could bring them back.

Then comes the flicker
of frail candlelight
soothing hopelessness, fighting for air,
a faint struggling glimmer,
but a glimmer nonetheless and
I had no idea
so many united could cast such a glow
amplified by voices in vigil
united in prayer.

Shining through,
along with the light,
gestures of solidarity
that stretch around the world,
a groundswell
of resilience
rising through the land,
as a river comes to overwhelm its banks,
bringing
determination
to restore our world to order,
dedication to ensuring
this will never happen again

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and it dawns on me
our day-to-day worries have faded into obscurity and
we take nothing for granted as we
reach out to each other
and I realize

they have failed

for what was meant to tear us apart
is bringing us closer together.

Marc Duane Anderson
Writer/Poet
Sarnia, Canada

GLORY

First Star Board WILL meet 8:00 a.m.

Early on Thursday morning September 15 I wrote this from my room at the Marriott in Washington, through the window of which I had watched a few hours earlier the huge black cloud of smoke rising from the Pentagon:

FIRST STAR, some thoughts . . .

Indeed we will go ahead and have our board meeting this morning, and our three other meetings. And we will do so stubbornly, with resolve, with renewed dedication to what we hold dear and with absolute determination to push forward with our whole vital First Star agenda. Because these recent atrocities reaffirm our belief that the margin between evil and good is thin indeed. That the line between civilization and chaos is fragile. That we every one of us have to pick up our civilization and carry it forward on our backs if necessary. That we must choose to be part of our social solutions lest we add to our challenges and problems. We have no middle choice; we either nurture our civilization, or like every other natural system, by the immutable laws of physics it will decay into chaos.

We are privileged to work for all our children in First Star, children whose needs are the apex, the summit, the quintessence of all that we prize and seek to nurture. Because kids are our future. They are our aspiration and our motivation to improve this civilization. They represent

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hope itself.

We shall not fail them.

Peter

I wrote that, drove to the First Star board meeting at Verner Liipfert, which began on time and was focused, sad, stubbornly productive and for me hugely moving. Since then I have driven across the United States in an Avis rental car from Washington, D.C. to Los Angeles . . . 2660 miles in 41 hours, sharing the driving with Richard Hull and Tyler Spring.

It has been a remarkable couple of days. Days of Awe. I have seen hundreds of thousands of American flags, maybe millions, hanging from houses, tractors, truck stops, offices and a hayrick between Roanoke, Knoxville, Little Rock, Oklahoma City, Amarillo, Albuquerque, Flagstaff, Barstow and San Bernardino. Every one of them at half mast. I saw a young girl all on her own waving a tiny home-made flag from an overpass in Arizona, and all the cars and trucks sounded their horns, and we saluted her and us and this country and its terrible but awakening tragedy.

And I spoke to friends, family and colleagues all around the world from my cell phone. I learned that on our film set in the village of Northleach in Gloucestershire, England, cast and crew stood shoulder to shoulder with extras and villagers for the European three minute silence and that you could hear a pin drop. And that people cried.

GLORY

And that in London at the Changing of the Guard outside Buckingham Palace they replaced “God Save the Queen” with “The Star Spangled Banner.” And the queen cried and the Europeans thanked God their American cousins would now be part of the solution to a scourge they have lived with for years.

And I spoke to a friend who has lost friends in the Pentagon and to those dealing with expanding pools of grief from the New York murders . . . two degrees of devastation; you either know a victim or someone else who does. And I heard in my Washington calls already the Phoenix-like rising of that American genius, the resilience, the moral leadership, the stubborn fix-it-ness, the coming together of the world's greatest quarrelsome family yet again in face of common adversity. I found again over the cell phone the absolute, stubborn American certainty that we shall overcome, the vital belief in our ability to change, to steer, to improve and to reach lofty goals that brought me to America 26 years ago because I loved it and needed to be a part of it.

And I remembered Winston Churchill after Pearl Harbor: *"Silly people – and there were many, not only in enemy countries – discounted the force of the United States. Some said they were soft, others that they would never be united. They would fool around at a distance. They would never come to grips. Their democracy and system of recurrent elections would paralyze their war effort. They would be just a vague blur on the horizon to friend or foe. That now we should see the weakness of this numerous but*

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remote, wealthy, and talkative people.

“But I had studied the American Civil War, fought to the last desperate inch. American blood flowed in my veins. I thought of a remark which Edward Grey had made to me more than thirty years before – that the United States is like a gigantic boiler. Once the fire is lighted under it there is no limit to the power it can generate.”

And in the car in the dead of night on Interstate 40, I realized that Churchill was right. Here paradoxically amid carnage and devastation there was dignity, resolve, power and determination.

Barely two days after the attacks, this Thursday lunchtime, Sherry Quirk, Debbie Sams and I of First Star sat with Rep. Loretta Sanchez in her Congressional office on legislation to better help abused and neglected children. The meeting was not cancelled. Our focus was on concrete ways to help kids, not on the devastation. With that steely eyed American resolve, those fighting to improve a civilization do not flinch from the forces of chaos; they just push forward harder. And in a million ways like this, the outcomes of tragedy will be positive: out of the ashes of the World Trade Center will eventually come a better America and a better world. The sleeping giant has woken up.

Peter Samuelson
Founder and President – First Star
Samuelson Productions
Los Angeles, CA

GLORY

God Has Already Blessed America.

Before we were even aware of the attacks, people on the planes bound for our cities fought to protect us all from disaster. Within minutes after the assault, heroes rushed along the highways of this country, through the streets of New York and Washington, and inside the hallways and stairwells of the damaged buildings, risking their own lives to save the lives of people they had never met.

A city which has been accused of heartlessness and indifference has demonstrated its great heart and its limitless compassion. The President of this country, who was elected in the most controversial election in our history, has the full support of the United States and its citizens. The members of Congress, who spend their days in arguments which are sometimes bitter, stood together, shoulder to shoulder, and gave this country its rallying cry: God bless America.

God has already blessed America, with the undeniable evidence that America is the land of the free and the home of the brave. We are brave enough to hear hatred pouring from some of our citizens, hatred directed against those who remind them of the terrorists who blasted us out of our slumber. We are brave enough to remember that the Constitution of these United States guarantees freedom of speech even to those advocating hatred. While this hatred is

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being advocated, neighbors notice flags on each others' homes, cars, and clothing. We talk to strangers on the street. We give without inhibition, and look for more ways to help. We reach out to each other in prayer and remembrance. Americans, who are seen by some as isolated individuals, caught up in their own search for gratification, search now for ways to connect with our neighbors. The donations of food and supplies which deluged New York and the offers of blood which flooded the Red Cross have overcome the agencies' abilities to receive them.

God has already blessed America – with tender compassion, great pride, and a fierce determination to pull ourselves together into that one nation, indivisible, under God, to fight for liberty and justice for all. God has already blessed America, for during the darkest hour of our history, the white light of America and its citizens has blazed around the world. That light will wash into every crevice, every cave, every hiding place. That light will make it impossible for terrorists to hide from justice. Together with countries who were once our enemies, we will fight for justice and safety throughout the world.

The terrorists thought the United States of America was vulnerable to attack. But they could not have known, because they don't understand us, that what makes this country great will never be vulnerable. God has already blessed America – with Americans.

Dr. Lynda. Fones

GLORY

Life is Going On . . .

October 4

Most of you are many miles and three weeks away from the events of September 11. Although the newspapers are filled with news – mostly about the ongoing search for Osama bin Laden and the military build-up taking place around Afghanistan, we here in New York are still dealing with the tragedy on a much more personal level. Two examples I thought I'd share with you.

Every day you read the local news stories in the New York papers about the victims and their families. The young children of single-parent families left orphaned, the thousands of people who turned out in Central Park for the memorial service for the 700 “missing” employees from Cantor Fitzgerald, the firemen’s families who talk about how these men died doing what “they loved doing,” the elderly couple who can't pay their mortgage without their daughter’s financial help, and every day, the capsule obituaries and photos of the men and women killed (most of them were so young). Dozens of these obits every single day.

This morning I left for work and was annoyed to discover that Fifth Avenue and Madison Avenue were both closed – traffic was completely halted. The policeman I asked for information simply replied, “there's a motorcade coming through in about 15 minutes.” So I walked to my

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usual bus stop close to 100 people were waiting – a typical rush hour commute in NYC.

My annoyance pretty quickly turned to tears as the motorcade made its way down Fifth Avenue. Three fire engines, carrying flag-draped coffins, loaded with literally thousands and thousands of flowers. Firemen in full dress uniform hanging onto the sides and back of the trucks. Police escorts, literally dozens of cars in the procession following the fire trucks. It got quiet, and everyone stood to stand at attention as the motorcade went by. You find yourself wanting to salute or pledge allegiance or something to honor these men.

Traffic resumed but it was still pretty bad as fifteen blocks around St. Patrick's Cathedral were completely closed off for the funerals. I finally got out and walked (not that easy at a full eight months pregnant) my normal 25 minute commute taking about 90 minutes. This happens in Manhattan a few times a week. People in my office told me that all the subways on the west side of Manhattan were closed this morning as well. Still, it made me think that when the funerals and memorial services cease in the next few weeks and our commutes return to normal – the lives of all those people following the fire trucks in the procession will never be normal again. Or any of the 6,000 families directly affected by this terrible tragedy. For the rest of us, normal as we once knew it, has pretty much ceased to exist in different ways – increased security, fear of flying, an impending war and the fear of another terrorist attack.

GLORY

Basically we're all doing well in New York, returning to our work schedules. Our baby is due in about four weeks. Life is going on . . .

Debbie Nathin
New York City

“We, too, born to freedom, and believing in freedom, are willing to fight to maintain freedom. We, and all others who believe as deeply as we do, would rather die on our feet than live on our knees.”

Franklin Delano Roosevelt

GLORY

AFTEREFFECTS OF SEPTEMBER 11

A one-month Timeline

AMERICANS/PEOPLE

September 12

Americans have begun displaying the flag. All over the country, people have lined up for hours to give blood.

Pope John Paul II condemned the terrorist attacks on the Pentagon and the World Trade Center as "unspeakable horror" and said he was praying for the victims.

New Yorkers from all walks of life offered their help in digging through the rubble of the Twin Towers.

Religious broadcaster Pat Robertson said of the terrorist attacks: "It is happening because God Almighty is lifting his protection from us."

The people of Oklahoma are sending teddy bears to the children of New York and Washington. The stuffed animals became a symbol of hope to the survivors of the bombing of the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building in Oklahoma City. In a newspaper ad, the state of Oklahoma said to New York City and Washington, D. C., "Oklahoma cares. You stood with us in our darkest hour, now, we stand

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with you."

People stranded when the attacks on New York and the Pentagon forced the government to order all planes grounded used their ingenuity to make their way home:

- Greyhound buses and Amtrak trains were the transportation of choice for many.
- One tale tells of three men who hired a taxi to drive them halfway across the continent, along the way befriending the Arab driver.
- Another story was recounted by a couple who found themselves not far from Pentagon when it was attacked. After a harrowing, circuitous route out of the Washington area, they drove home to Florida in the car they had rented at the airport the day before. When they returned the car, the Alamo rental company not only waived the normal fee for returning a car to a place other than where it was picked up but voided charges for the two extra days the couple kept the car in order to drive home.
- A couple, stranded in New York, couldn't find a rental car so bought a vehicle and drove home.
- Visitors to New York from California, waited at Penn Station for hours and finally caught the first Long Island Railroad train out of Manhattan after the attacks. The train was packed, and no conductor asked for tickets or money. The goal of the railroad that dreadful day was simply to move people out of Manhattan.

GLORY

September 13

Since the terrorist attacks, false reports of survivors have been received, bomb threats have been made, and fund-raising scams have surfaced.

Photos of the missing appear everywhere – on walls, in Union Square, and a massive collection covered the side of the building at Ray’s Pizza World in Manhattan.

September 15

Rep. Barbara Lee, D-Cal. was the only member of Congress to vote against using force against the terrorists. Explaining her vote, she said, "There must be some of us who say, let's step back for a moment and think through the implications of our actions today – let us more fully understand its consequences. Far too many innocent people have already died."

September 17

Workers in lower Manhattan returned to work seeking a normalcy they were unable to find amid the rubble of the forever altered skyline.

People continue to heap praise upon New York Mayor Rudolph Giuliani for his unfaltering leadership during the crisis.

Rev. Jerry Falwell apologized for saying God had allowed the attacks against America because of civil liberties groups, abortion rights, feminists, homosexuals and other groups. "All of them who have tried to secularize America,

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I point the finger in their face and say, 'you helped this happen,'" Falwell was quoted as saying.

September 20

Fire officials in Berkeley, California, banned large American flags from being displayed on fire trucks because they feared the trucks could become targets of the city's anti-war protesters.

An event called "A Prayer for America" brought 16,000 people to New York's Yankee Stadium for a memorial service to mourn the missing and dead of the World Trade Center and the Pentagon.

The almost 200 pets rescued from the neighborhoods near the World Trade Center were either reunited with their owners or turned over to the Upper East Side office of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

September 27

Jesse Jackson is considering going to Afghanistan to try to talk the Taliban leaders into turning over Osama bin Laden to the United States. Secretary of State Colin Powell said that although Jackson is free, he will accomplish nothing because the United States will not negotiate.

October 9

The Virginia-based American Center for Law and Justice, a conservative public interest law firm, said it would defend school districts that came under fire for displaying the message, "God Bless America." The American Civil

GLORY

Liberties Union said the sign violates the separation of church and state as set forth in the Constitution. However, ACLU spokeswoman Stella Richardson said the group did not plan to sue.

Many Afghan-Americans hoped the air strikes in Afghanistan would lead to the end of the Taliban regime but feared for the lives and safety of family and friends in the region.

October 11

In a TV interview after President Bush announced a most-wanted list of terrorists, John Walsh, host "America's Most Wanted" TV show, said his program has an extremely high success rate in capturing wanted criminals. He said that airing details about suspects makes them easier to recognize. Airing the terrorist list on the program, he said, would bring their faces to people all over the world in the many countries in which his program airs – even in Muslim countries.

THE ARTS

September 11

Action hero Jackie Chan was due to shoot his new movie at the World Trade Center this morning. Fortunately, the *Nosebleed* shoot was postponed due to a late script. Chan was to be a window-washer involved with terrorists who planned to blow up the Statue of Liberty. The whole project will be rethought.

September 13

Broadcast networks postponed the debut of the new fall season until Sept. 24.

Broadway theaters reopened, and many museums resumed their normal schedules.

September 18

Citing that some songs would be insensitive to play in the wake of the terrorist attacks, Clear Channel Radio, which owns more than 1,200 stations across the nation, announced a suggested list of songs that its stations might avoid playing. However, the spokesman made it clear that no music has been banned.

September 21

The second annual Latin Grammy show was canceled indefinitely after the terrorist attacks.

GLORY

September 21

A two-hour telethon, "America: A Tribute to Heroes" was telecast on most broadcast American TV channels, 30 cable networks, more than 8,000 radio stations, and in more than 200 countries. Actors and musical artists performed and manned the phones. Proceeds will go to a fund administered by the United Way.

October 8

As a result of the air strikes against terrorist positions in Afghanistan, the Emmy Awards was postponed again, just two hours before the celebrities were scheduled to begin arriving. "This was not a day to celebrate. It seemed like it was trivial," said CBS Television President Leslie Moonves. No new date for the presentations was set. The show had been originally postponed following the terrorist attacks.

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GOVERNMENT

September 11

In the wake of the terrorist attacks, evacuations were ordered at the White House, the Capitol and the Supreme Court. Congressional leaders were taken to a secure location while homeward bound workers clogged Washington's roads and subways.

September 12

The State Department gave American embassies around the world permission to shut down if they chose. Several embassies in the Middle East decided to close indefinitely.

President George Bush vowed that the United States would avenge the terrorist attacks that killed thousands of Americans. He said that America's response would be unsparing.

Secretary of State Colin Powell contacted countries that are not traditional allies of the United States and informed them that they cannot remain neutral in the fight against terrorism. "You are either with us or against us," he said. The administration continued to ask Pakistan to cut ties with the Taliban and to urge the Afghani government to stop helping bin Laden. Powell requested military and political backing from America's allies.

September 13

GLORY

Alert to the possibility of biological attacks, federal Centers for Disease Control and Prevention asked health care providers to watch for unusual diseases or increased reports of illness.

Americans have been donating blood in record numbers. The American Red Cross said it will freeze large amounts of the blood for a national frozen-blood reserve. Other blood centers rejected the idea, citing safety and logistical problems.

September 15

President Bush visited Ground Zero in New York and warned the terrorists that retribution was inescapable.

September 16

Congressional leaders agreed the attacks against the United States warrant the easing of rules that in recent years have prevented America's spy agencies from using more aggressive tactics to fight terrorism. Under consideration is the use of covert agents to assassinate foreigners.

September 17

Tight security was imposed on Hoover Dam which crosses the Colorado River and supplies drinking water, electricity and irrigation to the Southwest. The dam was identified as a key target. Other water agencies are tightening security as well.

The increased security at nuclear power plants, along miles of pipelines and at refineries, could reflect higher rates.

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September 18

After reports of many potential hate crimes against Muslims and at least two murders, President Bush demanded that Muslims be treated with respect. Bush visited the Washington Islamic Center and said that most Muslims were outraged over the terrorist attacks.

September 19

President Bush doubled his efforts to "rally the world" to battle terrorism.

The Justice Department announced new rules which will allow the government to detain legal immigrants indefinitely during a national emergency. The Justice Department said the 75 people arrested in connection with the attacks would remain in custody. Civil liberties advocates and immigration lawyers expressed their concern.

Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld said the United States and its allies will have to strike back at countries that harbor terrorists.

September 25

Countries that the United States renounced in the past because of concerns about human rights violations are now being courted by the Bush administration in America's need to find and punish those responsible for the attacks against America.

GLORY

President Bush ordered the freezing of assets of as many as 27 organizations and people with terrorist links.

September 27

President Bush said that the federal government will take a greater role in airport security. He announced that more armed marshals would be flying on commercial flights, the National Guard will be stationed in national airports and he will call for an initiative to earmark millions of dollars to fortify airliner cockpits.

Thousands of trucks carrying hazardous cargo were pulled over by law enforcers as government agencies believed the terrorists might launch another attack using a commercial truck.

Secretary of Defense Donald H. Rumsfeld authorized two Air Force generals to issue orders to shoot down any civilian aircraft that appears to be threatening American cities.

Secretary of Defense Donald H. Rumsfeld announced that service members killed or injured in the terrorist attacks will receive the Purple Heart, and civilian Defense Department employees casualties will be awarded the Defense of Freedom medal.

October 7

Federal rescue crews leave the World Trade Center site.

Although the Bush administration denies allegations of

A Nation's Spirit Defeats the Attack on America

ensorship, officials admit that they have been ordered to be wary of what they say.

October 8

Air strikes in Afghanistan against the Taliban regime and terrorism begin

Some warplanes carry food, medicine and other humanitarian supplies to Afghans.

New York Mayor Rudolph Giuliani said after the strikes began against the terrorists in Afghanistan that security in New York would be heightened, but barring any specific threats, no public places, bridges or tunnels would be closed. The Columbus Day Parade would go on as planned, he said, while urging all New Yorkers to continue with their daily routines.

Both Republican and Democratic congressional leaders voiced support for the military strikes against the terrorists in Afghanistan.

Pennsylvania Governor Tom Ridge was sworn in as the nation's leader of the newly created Office of Homeland Security. His job will be to coordinate national defense, diplomacy and intelligence.

Senator Dianne Feinstein, who had proposed suspending the issuance of student visas for six months, dropped the suggestion. Members of the higher education community had campaigned against the proposal.

GLORY

October 9

Retired Army Gen. Wayne Downing was named President Bush's principal advisor on efforts to detect, disrupt and destroy international terrorists and their support networks.

FBI agents were ordered to curtail their investigation of the September 11 terrorist attacks to concentrate their efforts on pursuing leads that might prevent more attacks. Agents were also told to end their surveillance of suspects and take them into custody.

October 10

In a televised speech President George Bush announced a most-wanted list of 22 terrorists. Modeled after the FBI's Most Wanted List, which has a 94 percent capture success rate, the terrorist list will be circulated all over the world and displayed on the TV show, "America's Most Wanted."

President Bush announced that classified military and investigative information would be given to only eight senior members of Congress. Members of both parties declared displeasure at his action while admitting unauthorized disclosure of sensitive information could jeopardize military operations. Angered over media reports of information disseminated at supposedly secret congressional briefings, Bush told reporters, ". . . it is unacceptable to leak classified information when we have troops at risk."

FOREIGN GOVERNMENTS
The world Reacts to the Terrorist Attacks
Against

September 11 & 12

MIDDLE EAST

- Most government leaders in the Middle East offered messages of support to the United States.
- Thousands of Palestinians in the West Bank and in Lebanon celebrated. The Palestinian Authority tried to keep the celebration from being televised.
- Iraqi television saluted the attacks and played a patriotic song that began "Down with America!"
- Palestinian leader Yasser Arafat expressed sympathy and said he was horrified by the attacks.
- Afghanistan's Taliban rulers condemned the attacks and denied that Osama bin Laden is behind them.
- Moammar Gadhafi, leader of Libya, called the attacks "horrifying" and urged Muslim groups to offer aid to the Americans.
- Syria's government condemned the attacks and offered condolences.
- Iranian President Mohammad Khatami, a moderate, expressed "deep regret and sympathy with the victims. It is an international duty to try to undermine terrorism."

GLORY

- Pakistan's President Gen. Pervez Musharraf, condemned the terrorist attacks and called for cooperation to combat terrorism which he called the "modern-day evil."
- In Israel, airspace to foreign flights was closed. Staff from diplomatic missions and Jewish institutions around the world were evacuated.

CHINA: President Jiang Zemin was "horrified" by the attacks and expressed "grave concern for the safety of Chinese in the U.S."

CANADA & MEXICO: Drivers and pedestrians waited hours to cross the borders into the United States. Mexican President Vicente Fox expressed his sympathy and instructed its embassy and consulates in the United States to suspend Mexican Independence Day celebrations.

RUSSIA: President Vladimir Putin called the attacks "a blatant challenge to humanity."

September 13

THE WORLD MEMORIALIZES THE TRAGEDY

The entire European continent observed three minutes of silence. Stock exchanges stopped trading, and flags across the continent flew at half-staff.

CANADA: Tens of thousands of Canadians gathered for a ceremony attended by prime Minister Jean Chretien and U.S. Ambassador Paul Cellucci.

A Nation's Spirit Defeats the Attack on America

CHINA: Funeral wreaths were laid outside the U.S. Embassy in Beijing.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA: Makeshift memorials sprang up in the city of Cesky Krumlov.

DENMARK: Buses and trams came to a halt.

ENGLAND: By order of the Queen of England, guards at Buckingham Palace played "The Star-Spangled Banner."

FINLAND: Cabbies pulled to the side of the road. Radio stations went off the air.

FRANCE: President Jacque Chirac stood at attention while the Republican Guard played the "Star-Spangled Banner."

GERMANY: Five minutes of silence was observed. Berliners thronged along the boulevard leading to the Brandenburg Gate in a demonstration of solidarity with the United States.

GREECE: Some citizens observed three minutes of silence. Others, harboring old grudges, refused to participate.

HUNGARY: Fire trucks flew black flags. People in Budapest left candles at the embassy.

ICELAND: Fishermen stood in silence on the docks of Reykjavik.

GLORY

CUBA: Workers filed out of the Spanish Embassy and stood solemnly on the sidewalk while the Spanish flag flew at half-staff. Several other European embassies in Havana did the same.

IRAN: Dozens of people held a candlelight vigil despite police orders to disperse. At a World Cup qualifying match in a soccer stadium in Tehran, 60,000 spectators and players observed a minute of silence.

IRISH REPUBLIC: Most offices and business were closed.

ISRAEL: A newspaper ad from the citizens and government expressed "shock and profound sorrow at the deaths of innocent civilians in the United States who were murdered in a series of reprehensible terrorist attacks . . . "

JAPAN: Baseball players and fans observed a moment of silence.

NORWAY: people left flowers in a park near the American Embassy.

POLAND: Fire trucks sounded their horns.

RUSSIA: flowers were left near the mission in Moscow.

SOUTH KOREA: Sirens blared for one minute. People prayed in front of the U.S. Embassy.

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September 15

CHINA: In a phone conversation with President Bush, Chinese President Jiang Zemin pushed for an international effort to fight terrorism.

IRAN: Iran indicated it will seal off the entire 560-mile border it shares with Afghanistan to prevent an influx of refugees from that country.

PAKISTAN: Pakistan pledged its support in the world's hunt for the terrorists that attacked the World Trade Center and the Pentagon. However, no commitment to provide military assistance was made.

September 18

JAPAN tried to figure out ways to help its ally, the United States, without compromising its pacifist constitution. Some suggested helping to guard the U.S. Embassy in Tokyo. Prime Minister Junichiro Koizumi insisted his country will back the United States with any retaliation strike.

September 21

BURMUDA: The government of Bermuda has offered 100 free vacations to World Trade Center rescue workers.

EUROPEAN UNION: Representatives from the 15-member European Union approved changes to the legal system that defined a terrorist crime and levied heavier penalties. The changes also including the creation of arrest warrants enforceable in all member countries of the EU.

GLORY

SAUDI ARABIA: The government of Saudi Arabia took out full-page ads in major American newspapers pledging unity with America against global terrorism. The ad expressed sympathy for the victims and stated, ". . . we condemn these terrorist attacks and seek to bring those responsible to justice."

September 23

PAKISTAN: Pakistani President Pervez Musharraf's decision to support a possible military strike against terrorists in neighboring Afghanistan spurred nationwide protests in his country. However, Musharraf continues to pledge his support.

RUSSIA: President Bush spoke with Russian President Vladimir Putin to map out plans to present a untied diplomatic front designed to intimidate and isolate the Taliban regime that refused to turn over Osama bin Laden to the civilized world. Russian airspace has been opened to humanitarian flights by the anti-terrorist coalition.

September 25

AFGHANISTAN: The Northern Alliance, rebels against the ruling Taliban regime, are ready to aid the allies in their quest for bin Laden and his terrorist camps.

CANADA: The government said that a judgment which forbids extradition of suspects that could receive the death penalty does not mean that those linked to terrorist attacks could find a safe haven in Canada. The government intends

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to introduce measures that will make it harder to forge and obtain Canadian passports.

PAKISTAN: A top Pakistani general and several militant Islamic clerics will be sent to Afghanistan to try to persuade the Taliban government to hand over Osama bin Laden.

October 7

Leading industrialized nations have pledged to choke off money flowing to terrorists.

MEXICO: Mexican officials acknowledged that the United States-Mexican border is vulnerable to entry by terrorists. President Vicente Fox is working to improve Mexico's security.

October 8

WORLD REACTION TO THE START OF THE WAR AGAINST TERRORISM

BRITAIN: Prime Minister Tony Blair, in a speech to the nation, said that Britain's role was not just as a member of a coalition against Osama bin Laden and his supporters but was acting in his country's national interests and right to self-defense. He said in part, ". . . even if no British citizen had died, we would be right to act. This atrocity was an attack on us all, on people of all faiths and people of none.

CANADA: Prime Minister Jean Chretien pledged military contributions saying, "I cannot promise that the campaign

GLORY

against terrorism will be painless, but I can promise that it will be won."

FRANCE: For now, France has pledged to open its airspace, and its ships are providing logistical support. President Jacques Chirac indicated France would participate further.

GERMANY: Chancellor Gerhard Schroeder issued a statement supporting the attacks "without reservation" and offered "unlimited solidarity" with the United States. He did not exclude the possibility of a military contribution.

INDONESIA: A hard-line Muslim group encouraged supporters to attack the United States Embassy in Jakarta and for the Indonesian government to sever diplomatic relations with the U.S.

IRAN called the attacks against Afghanistan unacceptable.

IRAQ: President Saddam Hussein called the military action "an act of aggression."

ISRAEL: Officials offered strong support. The office of Prime Minister Ariel Sharon issued a statement promising help that would include keeping a low profile to avoid alienating Arab states against the U.S.

ITALY: The government expressed support, but protesters, denouncing the military action, marched through the streets of Rome.

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JAPAN: Prime Minister Junichiro Koizumi expressed strong support for the military action.

LEBANON cautioned that the attacks would destabilize the region.

MUSLIM NATIONS: Several Muslim nations agreed to support the war against terrorism after the United States assured them the war would continue until Osama bin Laden and his terrorist network are destroyed.

RUSSIA: The foreign ministry expressed support for the military action.

TURKEY: Prime Minister Bulent Ecevit expressed support for the United States as a "responsible ally and friend in its struggle against terrorism." Turkey's air bases and airspace were opened to U.S. use.

October 8

GAZA STRIP: Palestinian security forces were ordered by Yasser Arafat to act against student demonstrators. Arafat, maintaining his silence in the aftermath of the military strikes in Afghanistan, did not explain his actions.

GLORY

FINANCIAL

September 12

The New York Stock Exchange, American Stock Exchange and Nasdaq Stock Market shut down in the wake of the terrorist attacks. New York's financial district was left in chaos.

The Federal Reserve and central banks in Europe and Japan deposited large amounts of money into their economies to reduce the possibility of financial panics that could cause bank failures.

September 14

Investors took their money out of foreign stock markets, and many major exchanges dropped to three-year lows.

September 17

The New York Stock exchange opened after being closed for almost a week in the wake of the attacks on the World Trade Center. Despite appeals to national patriotism and an emergency interest-rate cut by the Federal Reserve, the Dow Jones industrial average plummeted 684 points. Nasdaq dropped 115 points.

September 18

Stocks continue to seesaw.

Decreased interest rates on home mortgages, suspension of

A Nation's Spirit Defeats the Attack on America

payments of federally subsidized student loans, and other financial relief was made available to reserve troops called to active duty.

September 27

Investors bought blue chip stocks, boosting the Dow Jones Industrial Average 114 points.

The Federal Reserve lowered interest rates, and many banks are feeling the pinch.

GLORY

BUSINESS

September 12

Payment of insurance claims may be tangled in semantics. Many policies exclude damages due to acts of war but not due to terrorism. President Bush said the attacks "were more than acts of terror. They were acts of war."

All commercial aviation in the United States and Canada was halted in the wake of the terrorist attacks. The move cut off North America from a global economy.

In some parts of the country, the price of gas skyrocketed. Dealers claimed that the wholesale price immediately jumped as much as 20 cents a gallon after the attacks.

When telephone lines and Internet news sites became jammed, people turned to e-mail, instant messaging and Internet chat rooms for news updates.

OPEC members decided to keep oil production at the current level.

Businesses with offices in the World Trade Center have lost records. Although some firms have backup records, some rely mainly on hard copies.

September 13

Transportation Secretary Norman Mineta announced that

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civilian and commercial air travel is indefinitely postponed. Only passengers stranded when aircraft were grounded after the terrorist attacks would be allowed to fly to their original destinations. Security at all airports was tight and restrictions were imposed.

The Federal Aviation Commission announced the following security measures: Knives and metal knives for food service will be banned, aircraft must be searched before boarding is permitted, no curbside baggage check-in, only ticketed passengers will be permitted past security checkpoints, carry-on luggage will be physically searched, and federal air marshals will fly on the aircraft.

In a newspaper ad, Macy's department store expressed sympathy, thanked the rescuers and urged donations to the relief effort.

September 14

Customers are staying away from malls, restaurants, and car dealerships.

September 16

Major airlines announced a reduction in their schedules in order to fend off bankruptcy in the wake of the terrorist attacks. The tourist trade in general has taken a big hit, and hotels and restaurants are hurting.

September 17

Video game makers said they would remove images of destruction in New York City in new games and would

GLORY

postpone the release of terrorism adventures.

September 21

Prices of halibut in Alaska dropped at least 15 percent because of transportation delays and reduced demand for the fish in restaurants and supermarkets.

September 23

Vaults under World Trade Center 4, which did not collapse, hold more than \$240 million worth of gold and silver. Although looters stole watches from stores beneath other destroyed buildings, experts are not worried that the precious metals are vulnerable to theft. Authorities claim the area was secured before the building was evacuated and is being guarded.

September 24

The financial fallout from the terrorist attacks is expected to be severe and may send the United States into a recession, economists predicted.

Attorneys around the country have promised, for the moment, not to file lawsuits for the victims of the terrorist attacks. They cited as reasons for the delay their reluctance to damage an already hurting economy by suing airlines at a time when they are in danger of financial collapse.

September 25

Airlines and pilots are working on developing strategies to foil any future hijackings. Some suggestions include the carrying of weapons by the pilots, depressurizing the cabin

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so that the hijackers will pass out, and maneuvering the plan to keep the hijackers off balance.

Amtrak will now require passengers to show photo identification when buying tickets, checking baggage or sending packages. The railroad intends to continue to increase security measures.

Renaissance Cruises ceased operations and put passengers and crew ashore in mid-voyage.

September 27

Blockbuster Video will put warning labels on videos and games featuring terrorism.

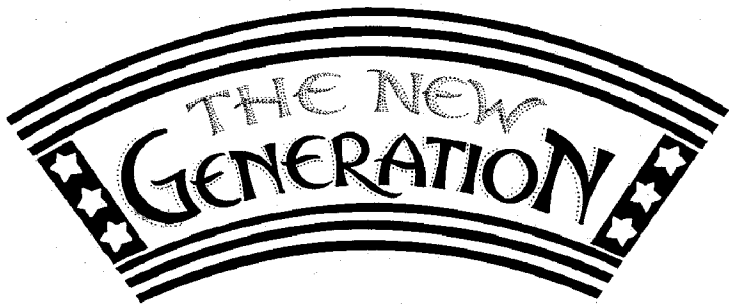
Business for air tour operators is so bad that the companies are considering layoffs.

Because so many people are sending donations to the victims of the terrorist attacks, other charities find their own donations falling short. Many have postponed fund-raising drives and will have to scale back programs.

September 28

New claims for unemployment benefits reached a nine-year high, and claims are expected to continue to rise.

British Airways cut 10 percent of its flights due to decreased business in the wake of the terrorist attacks.



THE NEW
GENERATION

A decorative banner with a curved top and bottom, featuring multiple parallel lines. The text "THE NEW GENERATION" is written in a stylized, serif font. The word "THE" is smaller and positioned above "NEW". The word "GENERATION" is larger and spans the width of the banner. The banner is flanked by decorative elements consisting of a row of stars on each side.

THE NEXT GENERATION

Like the Civil War, World War I, World War II and all wars past, WAR changes a country and its citizens forever. Although the results impact the current population, the effects reach far into the future. The attack on America on September 11, 2001, has changed the way our next generation will view the world they live in, the people they love and the meaning of freedom. Here are a few accounts from children on how they intend to make America better when it is their time to govern our country.

GLORY



**Justin Pleiss caught the patriotic spirit
early in life**

A Nation's Spirit Defeats the Attack on America

Get Rid of Guns

I would change the world by getting rid of all bombs and guns. Police should be the only ones with guns.

I would make a safe place for kids to grow up. This might help stop the killings and violence. Maybe people could be friendlier.

**Ryan Gabrielson, 12, 7th grade
California**

GLORY

Rid the World of Racism

Terrorists are bad people who have violated our country and our people. They have tried to make us afraid in many ways, but Americans have shown over and over why we should not be fearful. The American people are sticking together to lick this fear and the evil the terrorists have brought on our country. We do need to be cautious, but if we stand strong and united, we can defeat them.

There are several things my generation and I can do to make America better for our future. We should get rid of racism. The last thing we should have, especially after we saw what hatred and prejudice can do, is to hate people who are not like us.

Another way to make the world a better place is to pay more attention to your family and loved ones. Sometimes they need extra attention when you don't realize it. We should also give what we can to support the victim's families of the September 11 attack.

**Kenny Radcliffe, 12, 8th grade
Washington State**

A Nation's Spirit Defeats the Attack on America

To That One Person I Am Helping

What our nation is going through is interesting and fascinating to be part of, but also frightening. I have heard about wars and fighting in my Social Studies classes, but to live this situation is an amazing experience. I want to help in so many ways, but feel if I try to speak up and say how I feel, I won't be heard. I can't go to New York to help because I have to carry on with my life. I have school, my family, and on top of those two things, I am only fourteen.

Right now I help those in my community. I love doing charity work and going to nursing homes. I read books to seniors or just ask about their day. I clean cars or houses for those who don't have time and help others in my neighborhood with yard work. These actions may not be hard or make a difference to a lot of people, but to that one person I am helping, I know it means a lot.

To help the New York victims, I do pitch in with fundraisers or school projects we send to New York. But I do not have the power to help those who lost loved ones, jobs, or their lives. Maybe along with helping those around me, when I get older, I can make a huge difference to more than just one person that will affect our nation greatly.

**Breanna Larsen, 14, 8th grade
Washington State**

GLORY

Teach Others About Terrorists

I intend on making America better by helping the homeless and others that need a little money to feed their children. I would help the homeless by working in soup kitchens and organizing cheaper housing for them.

Another way I can make a difference in America is by helping to build schools, libraries, and homes for those who need them. The way I would help build public schools is by organizing fund-raisers, raffles, and help with the building and education supplies.

I would also teach others about what can happen when terrorists attack America and how our country reacts. I intend on informing children of my generation by going to different places and telling the people what terrorists can do and sharing how I felt about the attacks of September 11, 2001.

These are some of the ways I intend on doing to make America a better place in my generation.

**Jonathan R. Locke, 8th grade
Washington State**

A Nation's Spirit Defeats the Attack on America

Show Appreciation

I believe that there are many ways that children can help in our society. By the little things we do in life, we can help in a big way. First, because of the recent terrorist attacks, I think that we should all show our patriotism to our country. We should all show how proud we are to live in this country with its justice and freedom. Next, I think that children all around in our country need to let their parents know how much they love them.

Many children lost parents because of this tragic event, and if we show our parents how much we love them now, then we will never regret anything when they are gone. The biggest way to help out our country is to show our appreciation to what others have done for us. Say thank you when someone helps you out and acknowledge the teachers who have taught us many things.

We don't have to be heroes to help out our country, but if we show our gratitude, show our love, and show our patriotism, I believe that that is enough.

**Jackie Benthuisen, 14, 8th grade
Washington State**

GLORY

Make Better Choices In The Future

As teenagers, children and citizens of America, we are entitled to our freedom and the right to be treated equal. And though I can't promise anything, I can ensure that I will try my hardest to make everyone feel equal and welcome in this country so many call home.

My generation is now at the point where we must become as mature as our parents, grandparents, aunts, and uncles, but keep the hope and determination that teenagers across America feel. Yet we ask ourselves what can a person with such little power do for a generation so big? We also must learn from our mistakes and make better choices in the future. Though we can't make them perfect and we can't ensure that our generation will be different from the generation before us and those to follow.

So we ask ourselves just one more time how can we make our generation better in the future? We must be proud to say that we are all Americans and there will not be one single person that is singled out, treated differently, or looked at differently because of race, religion, or ethnicity.

**Rachel Morgan, 8th grade
Washington State**

A Nation's Spirit Defeats the Attack on America

Treat Others Like You Want To Be Treated

I would change the world by giving everybody the same amount of privileges. It would help if we could lower the price of everything. I know and have seen people who can't do things that other people do, or buy as much stuff as others because they don't have enough money.

I would get everybody to treat each other like they want to be treated. I would do this because that will make things better for the next generation.

**Alan Gabrielson, 14, 9th grade
California**

GLORY

I want to make a difference!

As American teenagers, we are the next generation. We are changing and we need to grow up and become more sophisticated. After September 11, everyone wants to change the world and make it perfect but can that ever happen? Can we make world peace?

These are questions that need answers. I plan to answer them. I want to make a difference! As an American teenager I plan to help stop terrorism, or at least I want to try. If I do not fulfill this duty, I intend to try again and again until it is done. To help, I want to talk to as many teens as possible and help them to understand what a horrible act of crime September 11 was. I will tell them that the world needs changing and we are the Next Generation. We are the future America.

We will be the ones dealing with terrorism in the future and our children will be after us, so if we all strive to do our best and help each other then maybe some day the world will be A-Okay.

Ashley Young, 8th grade
Washington State

A Nation's Spirit Defeats the Attack on America

I will never give up

To make America a better place I would become a pilot. All throughout my life I've always wanted to be a pilot. I would learn everything that I would need to learn, like what to do if the plane was taken over by terrorists. I would know what I could do. People, especially since September 11, need to feel reassured that they will be safe from now on and don't need to worry about being on a plane and being killed.

Learning how to become a pilot though is hard. First you have to go through all levels of math, and get B+'s or A's in Algebra. Then you would have to learn how to fly an airplane and pick the type of airplane you would like to learn on. I would pick the Concorde because it can go over 1,000 kilometers per hour.

Ever since September 11 almost everyone I know that wanted to be a pilot stopped the pursuit of their dreams because they are scared of what is going to happen to them if it happens again. But I will never give up. EVER!

**Harrison Tanne, 14, 8th grade
Washington State**

GLORY

Changes Need To Begin Individually

On Tuesday, September 11, everything changed. America was under attack. This came as a complete shock and made me think about the future of our country. As a part of the next generation, I will strive for a better America. I realize that I'm only one person, but changes need to begin individually.

To begin with, I will be kind and respectful to people regardless of their religious backgrounds or nationality. I will be supportive of our country's leaders in their efforts to bring peace among nations. Finally, I will encourage unity, and loyalty in our country. These changes might seem little when only one person is doing it, but it will be great when it spreads. As you can see, many changes are going to be made in America, but these are some that I will help enforce to improve the future of America and the next generation.

**Janniess Marie Mulch, 8th grade
Washington State**

A Nation's Spirit Defeats the Attack on America

I like to help out in my community

America is a great country, and we should do whatever we have to in order to make America a better place. We should all work hard, even kids, to make it more peaceful. This includes kids bullying kids at school and terrorists attacking our country.

One way everyone can help now is by helping families that lost their moms or dads in the Attack on America. Those moms and dads won't be there any more to help. We can all donate money or raise money by car washes and stuff. Also we should help out in our community by volunteering for fund-raisers at our schools and in our neighborhoods. By doing this we can all help each other make a this a better place to live.

I like to help in my community by doing community projects with my school and the Boy Scouts. Recently my classmates and I went to help out with project Angel Heart. This program delivers meals to people who are very sick and can't work or cook. I felt very good after helping to deliver these meals. Another project I just did was to help fix up a playground in the back of a church. I like to see people smile after I am able to help them.

**Justin Pleiss, 11, 5th grade
Colorado**

GLORY

I Wish The World Was A Safer Place

I have already started to change the world. I gave my third grade teacher a dollar to help other children in another country. The country is far away, with people who hate me. I'm not sure why or what I did for them to hate me.

I would change the world by having children give a dollar to children in their own home town and by getting rid of drugs and alcohol and all the bad things that hurt and scare children like me. I would take guns away from bad people. I think if everyone would “pay it forward like the movie” maybe this would be a safer and better place to live.

We also need to have safer schools so we can learn instead of learning how to duck and cover. I wish the world was a safer place.

**Kelsey Gabrielson, 8, 3rd grade
California**

A Nation's Spirit Defeats the Attack on America

Generation Peace

“I have a dream . . .” said Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., one of the greatest men in history. He opened up our nation's eyes to peace. He and others helped us to see that war is not the answer. Yet there is still war, racism, hunger, and poverty in the world. The children of the next generation have hope that one day we will be able to get past differences and focus on raising our children.

I believe the world will be a better place in the future with no racism or differences. We will raise our children to be the best that they can be and to keep the world a peaceful place. There will be no reason to fight, because all the nations will share their resources and watch out for each other. If an attack takes place, we will be more patient. Instead of retaliation, we will work it out peacefully.

We will learn from our mistakes. Of all the things that will change in the future, one thing will still stay the same. Our nation's spirit. It's the heart of our nation, and as long as it keeps beating, our nation will live. We have to open our hearts and eyes to the things that are going on in the world. Until we stop fighting and starting wars, the future generation cannot be Generation Peace.

**Angela Nguyen, 13, 8th grade
Washington State**

GLORY

I will not physically fight those I disagree with

Why fight? That is my question. I mean how come people can't just talk things out? Did they have to blow up some of the most important buildings to get a point across? War is wrong. People were given mouths to communicate. If people were to compromise, give and take, or agree with other people, things would be more peaceful.

War divides us. We need to be united as a globe. There are more important things in this world than just religious related problems. Take the decreasing amount of natural habitat worldwide for example. If we don't work together as a whole, the world's animal population could diminish. War keeps us from taking care of the world we live in.

When I grow up, I will not physically fight anyone that I disagree with. Sometimes my friends tell me what to do, and I really don't like it. It makes me so mad, but I don't hit them. I just tell them that I don't like it when they correct me. And then they respect me and then I show them the same respect when they are mad at me. If everyone in the world would just try to resolve their problems non-violently, do you know how peaceful this world would be so that we can focus on other global issues?

**Mikaela Dubin, 8th grade
Washington State**

A Nation's Spirit Defeats the Attack on America

Look For Ways To be Supportive

If I could change the world I would make the class sizes 1 to 20 at the most and put the dyslexic and learning disability kids in the regular programs – not outcast. People should be treated equally.

The government should put criminals who abuse kids and other people and in jail. No one should be able to hurt anyone else. Our eighth grade class had a bomb threat. Now I am in high school, and things are still going wrong. Kids are killing people. They need to be watched more closely. Parents need to get more into their kids' lives. To help with this – I can be friendly and keep an open ear to listen to people in need. Maybe help start support groups.

I volunteer my time to help kids with cheer squad. It's fun and it helps to give them self-esteem. Kids that have fun activities don't have time to get into drugs.

These are some ways to fix the world, but we can't wait for the next generation. We all need help, but it will take time. We need to be patient.

**Lindsey Gabrielson, 16, freshman
California**

GLORY

Small Contributions Make Big Differences

Throughout the years America has gone through many different changes. With the recent attacks on our country I feel that there are both small and large things that we can do to help improve our country. Although this healing process may take a while, I feel that we are strong enough to overcome and rebuild.

Even though our future generation might not be quite old enough to understand what has happened, they can still make a huge contribution to help out. One thing that I would like to do now and in the future is help to organize regular donations to food banks across the country. Even if this doesn't seem like that big of a donation, I feel that it would accomplish a lot showing that we are united and we can pull together. Also this might bring us a step closer to getting more and more people off the streets. Helping this to happen would show that our country can lend a helping hand when needed to make our country stronger. This then proves that some of the smallest contributions make the biggest differences.

Alena Lowery, 8th grade
Washington State

A Nation's Spirit Defeats the Attack on America

If We Put our Heart and Soul . . .

I am only thirteen years old, but I have the power to change my country. Every American teen does. If we put our heart and soul into something-anything-we can succeed. And right now, America is what we are putting our heart and soul into.

Every person in America is mourning for our country. Every person is trying to help, especially our teens. America's teenagers care so much about our nation, and are reaching out in whatever way they can: folding Origami cranes, organizing blood drives, and raising money for donation. We are all trying to help make America a better place, for now and for always. What we do now is not just because of the attacks, but for the youth of our nation, and for future generations. This long healing process will forever affect America and make us stronger. We need to keep supporting our country in this time of need, as well as in less desperate times. If we do, our country will be strong, healthy, and powerful. If the teens of America put their heart and soul into our wonderful country, then we shall succeed, and we can help America be a better country.

God Bless America!

**Kristen Faiferlick, 13, 8th grade
Washington State**



<http://www.kiddmillennium.com>

Epilogue

The September 11, 2001 attack on America changed the world as we know it. We were glued to news reports for only days, but our hearts will beat in unison with those who suffered forevermore. Our lives may go on, but our minds will always hold memories of those horrible images of death, destruction and terrorism.

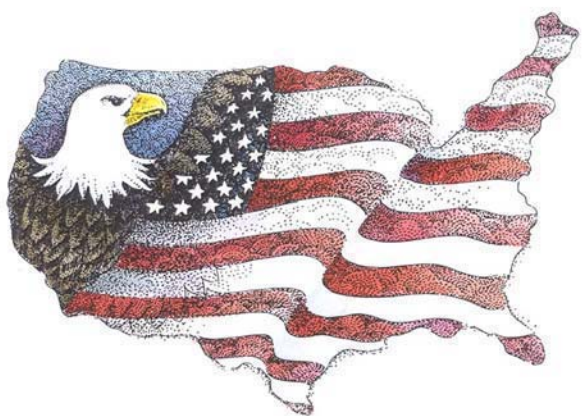
Although we sobbed with each story submission, a spiritual presence arrived with each letter, and we felt a kinship to the author. We knew that writing was a healing experience and a way to honor those they had lost, to make some sense out of a near escape from death, or preserve an eyewitness account of what happened.

We learned something very basic and primitive about ourselves, our comrades, our brothers and sisters in pain whom we have never met. We understood that this writing effort was a way of survival, of fighting back in the presence of pure evil. That healing is an ongoing process requiring all people to reach deep inside themselves to the basic goodness that resides there – and do something.

The most rewarding aspect in the preparation of this book came in the days following the attack as we saw the world come together in the same sense of unity our forefathers surely felt. From the biggest corporate contribution to the smallest child drawing a picture of a flag, the American spirit roared alive – and gave us the name for this book.

That same spirit will forever mold generations that follow as each one fights to hold back a tear by its mere presence waving so boldly in the breeze – *Old Glory*.

Diana and Sandy



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