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The  
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of the  
*Lycoming County Historical Society*

*In this issue:*  
***Remembrances related to the  
terrorist attacks on September 11th, 2001***



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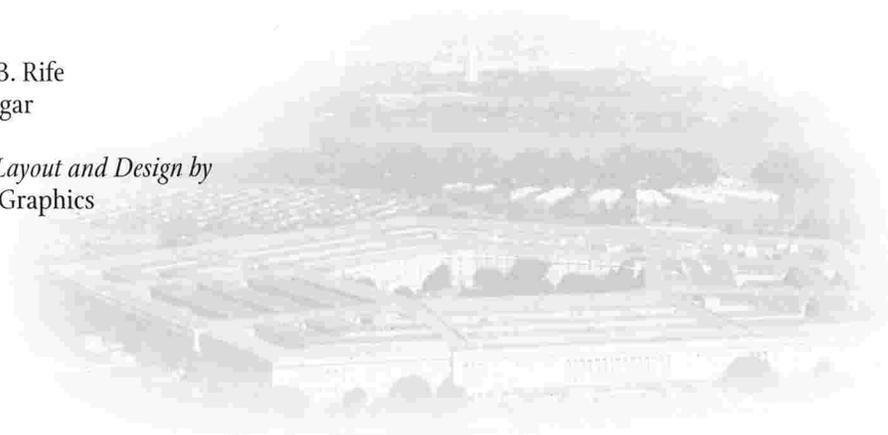
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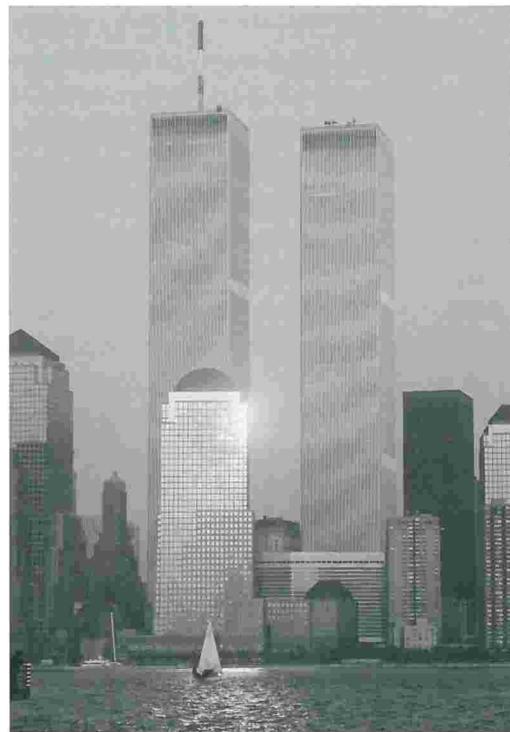
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# Remembering *September 11th...*

*This edition of the Journal of the Lycoming County Historical Society includes remembrances and photographs related to the terrorists' attacks on September 11th, 2001, acquired as a response to the Historical Society's request for the community's thoughts and feelings on the subject. The resulting collection of material provides a permanent record of Lycoming County's reaction to the events in New York City, Washington, DC, and western Pennsylvania.*

*By making parts of the collection available to the public in a printed format, the Historical Society commemorates the first anniversary of September 11th. Because of space considerations and copyright concerns, we could not include all the materials we received. Therefore, we tried to include only those materials from individuals strongly connected to Lycoming County that reflect a personal reaction to the events. The entire collection, however, is available to view in the Historical Society archives.*

*The remembrances collected here exhibit a wide range of experiences from a variety of individuals. Some were present in New York and Washington, some knew people in those locations, and others, although they did not have a personal connection to the events, were nonetheless deeply affected by them. Except for some minor editing, primarily of typographical and spelling errors, the authors' original texts are presented as received. The thoughts and ideas, as well as the voices, are entirely theirs.*





*From Julie Dougherty...*

*Julie Dougherty is a South Williamsport resident who has worked in the Lycoming College library for many years. Her daughter, Martha, who grew up in Williamsport and now resides in Harrisburg, was in NYC on September 11, 2001.*

## A Mother's Story

My story begins on the evening of Monday, September 10, 2001. I had not visited by phone with our daughter in Harrisburg for several days. I called her home and spoke with Kris, who stated that Martha had traveled by train to Philadelphia that morning on business, and then continued by train to New York City. There was to be a meeting of Marsh McLennan Company executives in their offices at the World Trade Center the next day on the 11th. We chatted briefly, completing our conversation and disconnected. I was very aware of how uncomfortable I was with Martha being at the Twin Towers. I'll never know if it was mother's intuition, or the memory of the first bombing of the building [in 1993]. I just knew that I did not want her at that location, as if there was anything I could do about it. Sleep did not come easily that evening. I finally dozed off after twisting and turning for several hours. My husband tells me that I look for things to worry about. That may be true but with six sons and daughters, wives, husbands, and sixteen grandchildren, I usually don't have to look too far.

Tuesday morning I went to work as usual in the Archives at Lycoming College. Shortly after nine a.m., my co-worker Gerre Wescott approached me, saying, "Herbert (her husband) just phoned to tell me that a plane has hit the Twin Towers in New York City." I was aghast knowing our Martha was there. I phoned my husband and left the office. Marlene Neece, my good friend and co-worker, drove me home repeating several times that Martha would be all right. I was in a state of disbelieving panic. We turned on the television and watched the unfolding horror taking place. I phoned Martha's cell phone, her work number, and her home number, begging her to call me with her location, hoping against hope that it would not be true, that she would be safe.

Marlene stayed with me until Jim arrived home from work. The two of us sat there numbly watching the TV screen. Around 9:45 a.m., Kris phoned. She had returned home when she heard the news and received my frantic call. She stated that she had spoken with Martha shortly after 8:00 a.m., and that Martha was in her motel room at the Marriott at that time. The meeting was not due to begin in the tower until 9:45 a.m. That news did little to relieve the anxiety, but there was a glimmer of hope. We were grasping at straws.

Sometime between 10 and 11 a.m., the most important phone call of my life came through. The telephone operator from Marsh Corporation in Harrisburg phoned and stated that Martha had called the company. She related that she was alive and running. I'll be forever grateful for that phone call. Kris phoned immediately afterward to confirm that she too had received the message. The Lord heard our prayers. We were and are so lucky.

I began calling members of the family to let them know what the situation was. None was aware that Martha was in New York City. At noon our younger daughter Cindy arrived, distraught. Upon hearing the news of the bombings, somehow she just knew that Martha was at the Twin Towers. Cindy's first words were, "She's there, isn't she?"

Around noon, as well, Martha phoned on her cell phone very briefly to confirm that she was alive and trying to get on a ferry to Staten Island. She was very frightened and stated that she was sure that her friends and co-workers were dead. They had been on the 99th floor of Tower One, the first building hit. She said that she felt so alone. I told her that she had made it that far, that she had to be strong, that we love her, that she is a Dougherty, and that she was going to be safe. I was not convinced of any of that myself, considering the circumstances, but she needed to hear it and I needed to say it. When she got on the ferry, the boat was full. The captain gave the order to pull away and many people were left at the dock yelling and screaming. The passengers on board were fighting for life preservers. Her cell phone battery was dead. She later told me that she went down to the lower deck of the ferry. She was there when the black cloud enveloped the ferry. It stayed completely black for 20 minutes. She couldn't understand how the captain navigated to Staten Island.

Late in the afternoon Martha phoned again. She was at the Staten Island Hotel. No rooms were available, and there were over 100 people ahead of her on the list to get a room. She told me that she was sitting in a soft chair in the lobby next to a plug to power her cell phone, that there were bathroom facilities, and that she had obtained a bottle of water. She had learned that access on or off the island was cut off. She was stuck there. She felt that she would just sit there all night. As it turned out, a wonderful lady offered to share her room.

In Williamsport, the family mood was cautiously optimistic. Martha was alive, that was the good news. We were concentrating on that fact. We all desperately wanted her out of harm's way. One son hatched the theory that he could go to his brother's, get his motorcycle, put it in his boat, haul the boat to NYC, motor the boat to Staten Island, put Martha on the cycle, and get her home. It didn't occur to him that he'd be viewed as a terrorist himself and surely blown out of the water. So much for logical thinking. The other brothers were determined that they could drive somewhere close by and rescue her. Unfortunately, patience is not one of the better family traits. We all had to just wait, as did Martha.

Sleeping that night was out of the question. I spent the night thinking and praying. When morning finally came, the news from NYC was still unbelievable. I was beginning to come to the realization of the horror that had occurred. On Tuesday and Wednesday I couldn't get beyond our own personal drama. Although people tell

me that it was a natural reaction, I still feel guilty.

I can only imagine the terror that my daughter and thousands of others experienced that day and afterwards. As a survivor she has much to cope with. The immense sorrow of losing friends and co-workers, the flashbacks keeping her awake at night, the continuation and hassle of business travel, are just a few of the challenges she faces. She is doing well in her recovery. She has been spared for a reason. We are so grateful, and very proud of our own special survivor. Martha says that she is forever changed. What she experienced, she can never forget. How close we came to losing her, I can never forget. We are so blessed.

Julia E. Dougherty



*From Martha J. Dougherty...*

*Martha Dougherty, who now resides in Harrisburg, grew up and attended schools in Williamsport, PA. She was at the World Trade Center complex on business when the buildings were assaulted.*

### A Journey Interrupted

We were all touched in some way by the events of September 11th. You may have watched on television in disbelief as the events of the day and the weeks to follow unfolded. Some of you may know that I was affected personally by those events, because I was in the World Trade Center Building #3 that morning. I know; it's just unbelievable to me too. I want to tell you my story. It is a story of great pain and sorrow. But at the same time, renewed faith, hope and especially, love.

First let me tell you that I was not physically hurt. Each time the events of the day progressed, by the grace of God, I was always in the safest possible place. My story begins on Monday, September 10th. I left Harrisburg via train for Philadelphia at 6:30 a.m. I had a meeting in the Marsh & McLennan office in Philadelphia at 10:00 a.m. After the meeting, I was going to New York to prepare for a meeting the next day, September 11th at 9:45 a.m. on the 99th floor of the World Trade Center's Tower One. I had complained to Kris days before about the time of the meeting, "What kind of Marsh meeting is this?" I was concerned about getting home that night. If I couldn't leave the Trade Center by 5:30 p.m., I was going to miss the last train. Even if I was able to catch it, I wouldn't arrive home until 10:52 p.m. Our meetings typically started at 7:30 a.m. and ended around 5:00. Needless to say, 9:45 a.m. was very late to start a meeting at Marsh. But it was, after all "New York," so I guess we had to give the commuters time

to get there. Marsh occupied floors 93 to 100 in Tower One. While I was in Philadelphia, I made arrangements to meet two of my colleagues for dinner that evening at 5:30. One of them was a woman that I had met a few years earlier named Angela Kyte. The other was a very good friend from Richmond, VA who had worked with me in the Harrisburg office of Marsh, helping me resolve a few technology issues. Her name is Kelly. She is a computer genius.

Angela is a Managing Director who had been with Marsh for 23 years. We developed a great rapport as soon as we realized we both had strong ties to Williamsport. Angela graduated from Lycoming College and had recently been named to the Board of Trustees. When I told her that my Mom worked at the college, we immediately established a bond and became friends. We were looking forward to meeting and sharing stories about Williamsport, as well as getting caught up on the business stuff.

Now, I want you to know that I have become quite the sophisticated New York traveler. I had been to NYC enough times to know that I did not have to take the train into Penn Station. So that evening, when I left Philly for New York, I caught the PATH train in Newark which took me right into the World Trade Center. I checked into the Marriott World Trade Center, which was building #3 in the WTC complex connecting both towers. It was a beautiful hotel with first class accommodations.

I was very comfortable at the Marriott. I had been there many times over the past three years. The three of us met in the lobby of the hotel, and walked across the plaza to building #7. We had a lovely dinner, sitting in a restaurant laughing and talking about our firm, the people and the business. Angela shared so much of her experience with us. She was bright and talented and very easy to talk to.

While we were in the restaurant, it had started to rain and eventually turned into a brief thunderstorm. As we walked back across the plaza, I looked up at the beautiful towers. They were surrounded by a beautiful white cloud about two thirds of the way from the top. We stood there for a few seconds admiring it. At about 9:00 p.m., Angela departed for her home in Boonton, NJ and Kelly and I met her friend Pam in the hotel bar, had a drink (or two), then made our way back to our respective rooms. Kelly was on the 14th floor. I was on the 20th, which is the top floor of the hotel.

When I woke up Tuesday morning, it was a magnificent September day. September is my favorite month. The view from my window overlooked the Hudson River. The sun gleamed across the water and there wasn't a cloud in the sky. I was up early and ready to go over to my meeting by 8:30 a.m. Angela had invited Kelly and me to come over to the meeting early to have continental breakfast.

I was standing at the desk next to the window working on my laptop when I heard two muffled explosions, and felt what I thought was an earthquake as the building suddenly rocked back and forth. I walked over to the window looking at the West Side Highway below. I could see people running away from the building. At first I thought there had been an accident at the

intersection. Then I realized something terrible must have happened on the floors above me when I saw paper floating down past my window. Seconds later, heavier, larger pieces of debris began falling out of the sky, crashing to the street below.

About the time I realized this could be something serious, the fire alarm went off in the hallway outside my door. I closed my laptop, threw it in my briefcase, grabbed my luggage and slowly opened the door. The hallway looked safe so I began making my way to the stairway. I remember thinking how lucky I was to have been dressed and ready to go. Several people in the hallway and stairwell were still in their pajamas and bare feet. One man was in his boxer shorts! The evacuation down the narrow stairs was quiet and orderly. As I descended down the stairs, the line moved slowly as people from the lower floors began to file in. It took about seven minutes to get to the plaza level of the lobby.

When I passed the doors I had walked through from the restaurant the night before, I couldn't believe what I saw. The plaza was littered with debris two feet deep – paper, computers, glass and twisted metal, much of it smoldering. Hotel security quickly ushered us down the large curved stairway to the main lobby, through the bar I had been in the night before, and out on to Liberty Street. When I stepped outside, I could feel small pieces of debris falling on me. A NYC police officer was standing in the crosswalk waving for us to move quickly away from the buildings and telling us, "Don't look up, just keep moving."

When I got across the street and turned around, I couldn't believe what I saw. Tower One was in flames, black smoke pouring out from all sides. I knew at that instant that the floors on fire were the Marsh floors. Where are Kelly and Pam? As I made my way south on the West Side Highway, I suddenly became aware of the debris in the street around me. More paper, parts of the building, glass, aircraft parts, and then, something else. It took me a few seconds to figure out what it was – a smoldering corpse. Burned beyond recognition.

Horrified, I crossed the West Side Highway and stood in front of the World Financial Center crying. I still had my luggage, a rolling carry-on and my briefcase over my shoulder. I continued to move south on West Street. At one point, I stopped to look back again about a block away from the hotel. I could see people standing in the small windows of the tower. As I continued to look back, I saw a person fall out of the building. My first thought was: they're falling out of the windows. It didn't even cross my mind that they could be jumping. Why would they jump?

I was still walking toward Battery Park, moving with the crowd of people that had been evacuated from the hotel, the towers, and other buildings; the streets had become crowded. People were screaming and crying, hugging each other and looking for their co-workers. I stopped a few times to see if I could see Kelly in the crowd but there were just too many people.

I suddenly heard a very loud noise. When I looked up to see what it was, I was shocked. It was an aircraft flying low and fast. I could see the United Airlines letters on the fuselage of the plane as it flew toward me then directly over my head, banking the wings, and then disappearing into the South Tower. That was vicious! I was filled with indescribable fear and I began to run. Up to this

point, I did not know what had happened to the North Tower. I had no idea that the muffled explosions I heard and the earthquake-like rock of the building had been caused by an aircraft.

The crowd was in total panic, running and falling. I was still trying to hold onto my luggage while I ran as fast as my legs could carry me. People were literally running right out of their shoes. Thank God I had flat shoes on. Someone behind me yelled, "Drop that bag!" I stopped long enough to lean it up against a fence so it wouldn't be in the middle of the sidewalk and started running again. I knew at that point I was running for my life.

I never stopped running until I couldn't run any further, which was at the southern tip of Manhattan in Battery Park. I had no idea where I was. I had walked along the Battery many times before but never that far south. There were hundreds, if not thousands, of people standing around, most of them trying to use their cell phones. There was no service. I began asking people where they were from. I'm not sure why, other than I must have been hoping someone would say, "Harrisburg, Pennsylvania." Apparently, everyone who works in Manhattan is from Brooklyn because, other than one person who lived in Brooklyn Heights, everyone I asked said, "Brooklyn!" Of course I was trying to figure out how to get home. Or at the very least, what direction I should go. So much for being a "sophisticated" New York traveler.

I was able to get service on my cell phone once. I could see I had messages so I called my own voicemail. I had three new messages. The first one was from Kris. "Where are you? Please call me so I know you are OK." The second was from friends Kelly and Pam. "MJ, where are you? Please call my cell phone." The third, my mother. "Marth, it's Mom. Please call me and tell me where you are." Kelly and Pam had made it. I was so scared for them. I tried calling everyone back on my cell phone, but again, no service.

I saw people standing in line at a pay phone. So I got in line about 30 people back. Everyone was being very courteous, keeping calls very short so the line moved quickly. When I finally got up to the phone, I realized I had no change. I had held on to my briefcase and quickly searched it for my corporate AT&T card. Then I remembered seeing it by the phone in the hotel room. I left it on the table in my room. So I called the only 800 number I could remember – my office in Harrisburg.

When Bonnie, our receptionist, answered the phone, I said, "Bonnie, it's me." She immediately started crying. I remember saying, "Bonnie, please don't cry. I'm OK. I need you to take down these numbers. You have to call my mother and Kris and tell them I'm OK." I had written their numbers down while I was standing in line. I gave her the numbers and she said, "I'll call them, but Jim wants to talk to you." Jim is my boss. They had been watching everything on a TV in the office. Jim got on the phone and asked me if I was OK. "I'm OK, but I don't know how to get home." He was telling me to go to our office at 1166 Avenue of the Americas, which is our corporate headquarters. I was trying to tell him that I didn't know how to get there when I heard a tremendous explosion. The phone line suddenly went dead, and when I looked up, I saw Tower #2 starting to collapse.

From where I stood, it looked like it just fell over. I could see huge pieces of metal falling like toothpicks. In an instant there was a cloud of dust and debris rolling down the street like a tidal wave between the buildings. I found myself being swept with the panicked crowd again onto the pier of the Staten Island Ferry. Only this time, I was getting trampled. It was a good thing a boat was there. Otherwise, lots of people would have ended up in the river. I believe I was one of the last people to get on board. I saw the captain ordering the huge ramp to be lifted, cutting everyone off behind me. Everyone who didn't make it onto the boat was left standing on the pier to face the inevitable cloud of dust, smoke, glass and everything else in the grayish cloud roaring at them.

The boat was crowded inside and out. I found a seat, sat down and, like everyone around me, found a life preserver under my seat, slipping it on over my head. There was panic on the boat. People were grabbing and fighting over the few life preservers that were left. A member of the crew shouted for everyone to "calm down; there is no need to panic. Someone has already fallen off the side of the boat." Everyone heeded her advice and quickly found seats. As we pulled away from the pier, the cloud of dust and debris surrounded the boat. The blue sky disappeared and the boat was completely dark. It remained dark until we emerged from the cloud about twenty minutes later. A man, sitting across from me facing Manhattan, looked out the window and shouted, "Oh my God; the other tower is collapsing!" I didn't even move. I didn't want to see anything more. I just wanted to get home. I thought that was where the Staten Island Ferry was taking me. I sat quietly, not talking to anyone. I was in shock.

When we docked on the island, I just followed the crowd up the ramp into the ferry station. I was standing around with hundreds of others while fire fighters passed us going down the ramp to catch the ferry back to Manhattan. I was in the ferry station for about five hours. All I did was circle around the corridors trying to find some way to get home. First, to the subway station. It wasn't running. Then, outside where the busses were. How could I get a bus? I had no idea where to go.

I kept talking to the NYC police officer asking how to get off this God forsaken island. He told me that the subway would not be running for the rest of the day, that I really should wait outside, and that the ferry was number eight on the list for terrorists. Terrorists! Is that what happened? There were terrorists! I suddenly remembered my conversation with my boss before the phone went dead. I asked him, "What is going on?" Before I got on the ferry, I had heard rumors in the crowd that the White House and Pentagon had been attacked. Jim told me we were being attacked by terrorists. A plane had crashed into the Pentagon and there was a crash out near Pittsburgh. I remember asking him, "Are we at war?" At some point, I'm not sure what time, I got in line at the pay phone again and was able to get through to Kris. She had already spoken to Jim and my mother. They all knew I had survived the two planes, but were not sure where I was when the towers collapsed. They had seen it all unfold on television. I had been unable to reach them to tell them where I was until I was on Staten Island.

There were no bathrooms or even a place to sit down except

on the floor. I was trying to stay inside despite what the officer had warned me about "being a target." Whenever I was outside, I could see and hear F16s flying low overhead. The sound was unbelievable. They sounded just like the aircraft that had flown into the tower.

There were hundreds of people milling around. Some of them were standing along the fence on the viewing platform watching the black smoke billow up from across the river. All day, people kept getting off the boats. The later the boat, the worse they looked, many covered in gray soot with haunted hollow eyes. I watched a man take off his shirt and shake it out, as if he had just taken it out of the dryer. The gray dust filled the air around him as he attempted to clear his eyes. I didn't even want to look.

Sometime around four o'clock, I went back to the police officer and asked him if he knew how I could get home. I had had nothing to eat or drink all day and I really had to go to the bathroom. He told me, "Get on the number 44 bus. It will take you to the Staten Island Mall where the Red Cross is setting up comfort stations and helping people make travel arrangements." So I went upstairs and waited for the bus. When it finally came, I boarded and sat down. The driver had the radio on and all they talked about was the terrorists. The whole time I was on the bus, he and another man talked about how we should drop a nuclear bomb on whoever had done this! I sat there in silence shaking my head and trying not to listen. If they had only seen what I had seen, the last thing they would want was more violence.

I didn't realize that the mall was an hour ride from the ferry station. I had to pee so bad, I thought about just letting go. But I quickly realized, since I had dropped my luggage on the West Side Highway, that I was going to be in this suit for a very long time.

The mall was the next to the last stop on the bus route. There was not a car in the parking lot and all the metal gates were down over the entrances. It was closed. No Red Cross Station, no travel arrangements, but, more importantly at that moment, no bathroom. I asked the bus driver what the next stop was. He answered, "It's the last stop, the bus station." When we arrived at the station, it was also closed. They wouldn't even let me use the ladies room. I walked a few blocks to a Kmart. It was closed too. I made my way across the street to a strip shopping center where there were a few small stores still open. I walked into a craft shop and asked if I could use the bathroom and the clerk told me it wasn't open to the public. "No, no, you don't understand. This is an emergency." She had another clerk take me back to the storage room. Finally.

I walked out of the store looking around in every direction as I tried to figure out what to do next. I ended up walking back to the bus station. I was exhausted. I got back on a bus with the thought in mind of just making my way back to the ferry station. I was the only one on the bus. I sat right behind the driver and began to really think about what to do next. I leaned forward and asked the driver, who could barely speak English, if there was a hotel close by. He nodded his head and muttered something like, "I'll let you know where you need to get off the bus for the hotel." About twenty minutes into the ride, he stopped the bus and pointed to a hotel a block away.

When I walked into the Staten Island Hotel, the lobby was crowded with people. I stood in line at the front desk for about ten minutes. When it was my turn, I simply asked the clerk for a room. She showed me a list of names on a piece of paper and then proceeded to tell me they had a waiting list of over 100 people. I didn't even give her my name. I saw an empty chair across the lobby and resolved myself to sleeping in it for the night. I sat down, plugged my cell phone in the wall outlet beside the chair, and started calling people.

A woman approached me as I was talking, asking me if I had a room. I shook my head, no. I put my phone down for a minute to tell her I didn't even bother to put my name on the waiting list. She said, "I have a room with two double beds. I'd be happy to share it with you if you'd like." An angel! A real live angel. I took her up on her offer and we made our way to the room. It was small but very nice. Her name was Rosemarie. She had been on her way to work in a pharmaceutical plant in Rahway, NJ when she got turned around on one of the bridges. All the bridges, tunnels, subways, airports, and main thoroughfares were closed. They weren't letting anyone back into Manhattan or anywhere else. I collapsed on the bed. Unable to speak, think, pray or anything else. Rose was so kind. She didn't even turn the TV on.

I must have looked terrible. My suit and shoes were covered with gray dust. My hair was matted from the dust and falling debris. I lay there and cried. After a little while, Rose asked me if I wanted to walk over to the grocery store to pick up a few things. "Yes," I said. "I need a toothbrush and toothpaste... and anything else that will help me feel human again." As we walked across the parking lot, we could see the smoke still billowing from the towers. It was thick and black and you could even smell it. I'm not really sure what time it was. Maybe around 7:30 p.m.

The hotel was directly across the street from a firehouse. The engines came and went all night. Each time I heard the siren, I expected to hear an explosion. I finally fell asleep. The next morning, Rose heard from the front desk that the bridges were open but only in the direction of New Jersey. I had spoken to my friend Kelly a few times; she and her friend Pam told me to call them as soon as I could get to New Jersey and they would come get me. The plan was for Rose to take me to her office in Rahway where Kelly and Pam were supposed to pick me up.

Rose and I headed for the Gothals Bridge and over to Rahway. When we got to her office, she couldn't get me in. The plant was in "lock-down." Only employees were permitted into the building. So Rose and I parted ways and I walked over to a McDonald's to wait for Kelly and Pam. I had called them from my cell phone. They told me a few times that they were on the way. What they didn't tell me was that they didn't have a car. Pam's car had been in the garage at the Trade Center. They both thought they wouldn't have any trouble getting a rental car. But there were no cars left anywhere in New Jersey. I waited for them for over three hours. In the meantime, my partner had become very impatient and had just started driving to New Jersey. She didn't even really know where she was going except that she was going somewhere in New Jersey.

I left the McDonald's and walked across the street to a gas

station to see if I could find a map so I could figure out where I was. I asked the clerk if there was a taxi company. Kelly had told me that if I could find a way to a train station, I could get home. The clerk rattled off the number and I plugged it into my cell phone. Before I hit the call button, I reached into my pocket to see how much money I had. I called the dispatcher and asked him, "How much does it cost to get from Rahway to the Metro Park train station?" he said, "Seventeen dollars." "How much to get to Newark?" "Forty dollars." "OK, I have \$102.00 in my pocket. How close to Pennsylvania can you get me for \$102.00?" He answered, "For \$102.00, I can get you all the way to Phillipsburg," which is only a few miles from the Pennsylvania border. "OK; please send a cab to the McDonald's." Within five minutes, I was on my way back home. Kris met me at the top of the exit ramp off 178. I began crying as soon as I got in the car. I didn't stop until we got home.

It was a long drive. I cried because of what I had seen, because I was afraid, because I was hurt. Because I was ALIVE, and my friends and colleagues weren't. We lost 296 employees that day. One of them was on the plane that hit the Pentagon. The first plane went right into floors 93 to 100 in Tower One. Of the fourteen people scheduled to be in the meeting, seven of them had already arrived on the 99th floor. I believe only one of them has been found, but I'm not sure. Angela has not been found. She was a wonderful person and highly respected by everyone at Marsh. I think of her everyday. Kris and I planted a memorial garden in our backyard last fall. We simply call it, Angela's Garden.

I had over seventy messages from friends and family on voicemail at home and in my office. I wish I could have saved them all. Many of my colleagues at Marsh saw my name on the survival list. The original list had 1,700 names on it. They were the names of all the employees that worked in the towers or who were registered guests that day. It's nothing short of a miracle that so many survived.

I don't remember much about the days immediately following the attacks. I did a lot of praying. My partner and I went to the beach for a few days just to get away. I returned to work as soon as we got home. I needed to be around my people. After all, they had suffered tremendous loss too. Everyone knew someone who was killed.

The interesting thing was that I didn't ask God, "Why me?" which is a typical question for me. I simply asked Him what I'm supposed to do with this. In time, I know He will tell me. I don't have bitterness. I have pain and grief and I still have a great deal of fear and anxiety that I'm trying to manage with prayer, friends and family, counseling and, for the first time in my life, medication. I have been officially diagnosed with Post Traumatic Stress Disorder. The effects constantly frustrate me. But I realize I am blessed in so many ways. I survived.

So much has happened over the last eight months. This is really just a part of the story. It's a long journey, filled with hope for the future, faith in my Lord Jesus, and touched by the love of my family and friends.



*From Bryan Shipley...*

*Bryan Shipley was born on June 11, 1975 and grew up in Williamsport, attending local schools. He graduated from Hartwick College in Oneonta, NY with an interdisciplinary major that combined biology with environmental science and recreation. He now resides in Falls Church, VA working for the National Academies of Sciences. His parents, Roger and Nancy Shipley, continue to reside in the Williamsport area. Bryan was in D.C. on September 11, 2001.*

We sat in room 422 of the Old Executive Office Building adjacent to the White House, briefing our *Arsenic in Drinking Water: 2001 Update* report to members of the White House staff. Our briefing was in the process of wrapping up when a member of the party left the room during one of our last discussions, only to return a few moments later and remain standing in the room. I felt there was an urgency in his look but he patiently waited while our committee members and White House staff members deliberated on the discussion topic. When the room had quieted and the group's attention was directed towards him, he spoke with a calm fashion and stated, "I think all of you should know that two commercial aircraft have hit the World Trade Center in New York." He turned on the television.

I initially felt the same bone chilling feeling rip through my body that I have felt on several occasions when close friends have passed away. Then to my horror and disbelief, I viewed (and will continue to view in my memory for years to come) the image of the second commercial aircraft careening into the second tower of the World Trade Center. All I could do was shake my head. In an instant, while sitting in the Old Executive Office Building, my life would change forever. All of my dedication and effort to produce this monumental report on the nation's drinking water standard on arsenic would be tainted by the fact that on my special day, there was a horrible act on human life.

We exited the room with no sense of urgency, but instead, with an overshadowing gloom of despair and with meek expressions from the graphic images we had just viewed. What do you say to one another? Do you stare at the ground? Do you say "hi" to the person passing you? These are questions I asked myself time and again that 11th day of September.

On my way through the OEOB, I strolled by the Vice President's room to look at the layout, for I and several others were here for the first time. The building was very quiet and still. After receiving congratulatory remarks from a member of the EPA for which we had done the report, I progressed downstairs. The exit

was completely deserted and there was mention within our group of how strange it was for security to leave their posts while there was a blatant attack on American soil. We soon realized the doors were locked. I headed down another flight of stairs to the main entrance to 17th Street. After passing a large line of people waiting to receive clearance to enter the building, I walked outside to a large mass of people on the curb in front of the building. Several of the members of the mass were en route to enter the OEOB and wore name badges of some Christian group.

While I was attempting to hail a cab, a sudden rush of people began to run away from the OEOB up the street. I peered across this mass and watched as an OEOB security guard was frantically motioning and yelling. I will remember these words for the rest of my life: "Run, run! There's a plane heading for the White House!" I felt the bone chilling feeling rip through my body, but this time in fear for my own life. I have never felt the horrific feeling that I am going to die until then. I ran, turning and looking at the chaos that ensued behind me. I looked into the air, sure that I would see the plane falling from the sky or hear its roaring engines as it careened to earth in death and destruction. I looked at my surroundings as I ran and tried to find the safest location to run for cover once the plane came into view. The plane never came. As I slowed to a brisk walk, I turned and looked into the horrified faces of people frantically passing while I searched for the familiar faces of my group. I located all of them as I watched two females veer across the street in front of me in hysterical tears. These were tears of fear. A gentleman quickly followed in chase to console them. I remember the flash of the bright pink of one of the women's garments as she looked down the street toward the OEOB.

I wanted to leave the area but our group had decided to head to the Rayburn building on the Hill for our House briefing to make sure it was cancelled. We greatly underestimated the extent of what was occurring. Not until our cab slowly crept around a stand of tall trees did I receive the full impact of the situation. With the Washington Monument in the foreground, I looked past it and watched with disbelief as large plumes of black and dark gray smoke rose across the sky. The Pentagon had been hit. At this point, I needed to call home. I felt I was in the cross hairs and I needed to tell my parents that I loved them in case something were to happen. I dialed and nothing; I dialed again and nothing. All the while, I was turning and watching the smoke cloud immerse the beautiful blue sky with a wretched reminder of evil.

I listened intently to radio station 1500 AM as it reported: Smoke at the Washington Monument, smoke at the Capitol, and a car bomb at the State Department (adjacent to our NAS building). We were at war!

I've never felt war. Countless times on television, I've watched people internationally fighting for just causes and I've seen the chaos and aftermath of the Gulf War, the Bosnian conflict, and various others – but this was America and I was somehow involved. I looked into the faces of Americans running for their lives. I saw the fear in their eyes as they sprinted from the OEOB. I have never been so close.

We decided to get out of the "bull's-eye" location of downtown

Washington. We headed to a Hertz car rental shop for our committee members in order for them to drive to their respective households. I waited in the cab. I dialed... and nothing. I dialed... ringing... "Hello! Mom!" And with a large sigh of relief, my mother knew that her son was safe. "I'm fine," I told her. "Make sure you tell everyone that I'm fine!" It was a brief conversation but an extremely effective one. I told her I was not hurt, that I was heading out of downtown D.C., and that I loved her. After the call, I realized I was not out of the situation. The sound of a jet became audible and sent a feeling of fear through me. I looked to the sky but remembered that all airplanes had been grounded. It was military. Then there was a loud crashing sound which, due to my nerves, sounded very much like an explosion. We needed to leave!

Just before we turned into the National Research Council's roundabout, I asked the cab driver whether he was done with his Washington Post. I said, "Do you see that?!" as I grabbed the paper. "That headline! That's us! We were doing briefings this morning."

I sit, still in disbelief. It's 2:15 a.m. on the day after the explosions that rocked America as human existence in our lifetimes has known it. I used a metaphor today explaining my feelings [about the impact] that these attacks have made on me and quite possibly on many of Americans as they search for meaning in this horrific act. As a young child I felt, as many children do, that while you are in the hands or comfort of Mom and Dad, nothing can harm you. In the wake of these attacks, we Americans have been stripped of our Moms and Dads. While I am writing, I still cringe as I hear military jets fly over my house in Bethesda. And I cringe further after hearing unconfirmed reports that the plane that hit the Pentagon was, in fact, heading for the White House.

sadness. I made a conscious decision not to turn on the radio or watch the TV. My grief over mankind's inhumanity was palpable. Then to hear about the attack on the Pentagon was unimaginable. One co-worker's son worked in that building along with more employees of our company. The son worked for the Pentagon police.

By 10:30 a.m., there were very few calls coming into our office. I put on my headphones and listened to music, all the while saying prayers for everyone concerned in this tragedy. It was so hard to understand this. I had been the first one [in the office] to see the Oklahoma City bombing and I know that's why I did not want to see the reports on TV.

Over the following days, we heard that the son was okay. He had just gone off duty and was [unlocking his car door] when the plane hit [the Pentagon], where he had just exited the building. He reached his mother by phone about 7:00 that evening.

We lost employees at the Pentagon and the Twin Towers, most in the buildings, a few on the planes. We had co-workers sent to the crash site in Pennsylvania to set up the phones for the recovery. One man was overwhelmed by what he saw. He did his job but it will take a long time to mend the scar left on his soul by what he experienced at that crash site.

We have suffered many losses in our history, going back to the Civil War when family fought family. This was an unbelievable cruelty by terrorists. I am very saddened to think that the human race cannot find a better way to live together. Why must we always hurt each other, whether it is on this large scale or in our own homes in this free country? When will mankind's inhumanity to itself end? Let us all pray in our own way it will be soon.



*From Karen Diehl...*

*Karen Diehl, a lifelong county resident, lives in Jersey Shore, PA.*

The day started like any other day. Verizon Communications in Williamsport, Pennsylvania employed me. Our building is located at 404 West Fourth Street. I have worked for this company for thirty-two years, starting on August 25, 1969. Our work is for general business customers in Pennsylvania and Delaware.

We have one lounge in our building located on the first floor. Our work center is on the third. Many of us listen to radios at our workstations. On this day, however, mine was not turned on. The people whose radios were on would turn to their co-workers in disbelief of the news they were hearing. It spread through our office like ripples on a pond. We all were aware our company had employees in the World Trade Center. We all gathered in small groups talking, touching, feeling the enormity of it all. Some were stunned, others were mad, and some were overwhelmed with



*From Carol Goodman...*

*Carol Goodman resides in Williamsport and writes weekly to her three grown children, Jonathan Goodman, a professional singer who lives on Long Island, Dr. Geoff Goodman, a clinical psychologist who lives in White Plains, NY and worked with victims' families, and Mae Lynn Goodman Forzato. The following two letters express her thoughts and feelings about the tragic events of 9-11-01.*

*September 17, 2001*

At 9:00 a.m. each morning, I am still in my light pre-awakening phase, an undesirable side effect (sleeping later than I

used to) from several prescriptions I now take. However, since my TV set was still on, the urgent announcements about the explosion at one of the World Trade Center Towers quickly brought me to full wakefulness at 8:55 a.m. An airplane hitting that building was assessed to be the cause, the announcer stated, likening it to the bomber that ran into the Empire State Building years ago. Then the second airplane hit the other tower – a horrible event that I saw live. Incredulously, an observer from ABC news said that there must be a mix-up in the air controllers' tower and that the planes must have been diverted into that area by mistake. I didn't think that way, and Charlie Gibson of Good Morning America (how ironic that name) didn't think so either, reminding viewers of the 1993 attack on the World Trade Center, and expressing the view that this had to be a horrendous terrorists' attack, which indeed it was.

Following all too quickly were the announcements that the Pentagon had been hit and a U.S. commercial plane (which all four planes were) had crashed in southern rural Pennsylvania, later to be reported as taken over by hijackers (as all four planes were) while heading toward Washington. In that case, very brave passengers forced the hijackers from their objective and, in doing so, gave their lives for the saving of many others on the ground – and the loss of probably another building of national significance.

As of today (September 17, 2001), as I write this essay, well over 5,000 people have died from these unthinkable suicide attacks. Seeing the towers crumble, taking so many lives with them, including about 300 firefighters and many policemen, was so heart-rending.

There was an immediate concern for members of my family, specifically Geoff and Jon, for which I received many phone calls inquiring about their safety. Jon was, fortunately, working in Long Island that week (he often performs in lower Manhattan); and Geoff was driving to work on the East Side through the Bronx and Queens to Long Island University when he saw what he said looked like an atomic bomb with the mushroom cloud that developed over lower Manhattan. (We assume, because at that time he was on the road, he saw the effect in the sky of the towers coming down.) That highway was subsequently closed, and he stayed at the university several days, doing emotional triage with the students.

A woman Geoff knows and has dated worked at the [World Trade] Center. Miraculously, she went to a workout class before going into work on Tuesday and was, thus, saved. Jon, also, working with his 13 vocal students, was dealing with their dreadful stories of family members missing in the rubble. A neighbor of Jon's told the story of a woman with a small child whose husband called from the second still-standing tower to tell her what happened and to turn on her TV to see what he was talking about. She turned it on, saw the second plane hit the second tower, and the phone went dead. He is still missing.

Jon had often worked for Morgan Stanley, a major tenant in the Tower, when he did temp work, one time for a six week stretch. In fact, Jon has worked in all four buildings that went down – 1, 2, 5, and 7. Because he had worked there after the 1993 bombing, he recalls that the security was especially tight, a person having to

take a half-hour just to "sign-in." Jon says that the international flights that he could usually see going over their house in Franklin Square are now on a completely different flight pattern. He sang at Trinity Church three weeks ago which is now covered with ashes and shards of broken windows (inside and out). Jon was to return there for a concert on October 18. He sang at Ascension Church yesterday morning, which is near Union Square Park where many people with candles have gathered. He was invited to sing at St. Patrick's Cathedral yesterday and today (the firemen's special service) but had to turn it down, as he is obligated to the Jewish Synagogue services now taking place.

As to peripheral family members – the in-laws – Steve's brother Mike, a DOA federal officer who works in Manhattan, was at home in Pennsylvania and was called in to help with the rescue effort. That was later rescinded as more than enough volunteers had already responded. The smoke from lower Manhattan could be seen from eastern Pennsylvania.

Steve's brother, John, who flies Air Force One, as well as other federal government planes, was put on alert. We have heard that he flew Hillary from Washington to NYC. Steve, himself, was put on alert because of possible strikes on Philadelphia. Allyson's brother worked in one of the towers. He was able to walk out and eventually took a ferry to Brooklyn from which trains were running to Sayville, Long Island where he lives.

Even our space station some 200 miles up can see the devastation. Where is all the debris going to go? It seems that Pennsylvania will get most of it.

As for me – I got out my flagpole and flag, which had not flown since it was dry-cleaned a number of years ago. There are four flags out in our block and the new family across the street put up a straightedge bunting all around their porch roof edge this morning. Our church held special memorial services yesterday and, as it has been reported all over the country, we had a large turnout, almost as much as Christmas Eve. Nathan, at seven years old, is just as bewildered and afraid as I was at the age of seven after the bombing of Pearl Harbor.

I have cried many tears this week; who hasn't? Here are just some of the scenes and events I have cried over: people jumping from the towers; scenes of people giving the stories of people pictured in photographs that they are showing in hopes of finding the missing relative (in one case, a reporter followed a mother and her two children whose father appeared out of nowhere safe and sound); the Washington Cathedral service with Billy Graham preaching more strongly than I have seen him do in years [since he has aged and suffered illnesses]. One scene that has been re-run many times on CNN (the best channel to watch as it is more up-to-date on the news) is a flock of people filling the streets, running towards and past the cameraman, with the billowing smoke and debris from the collapse chasing them and finally covering them (an unreal scene as if taken from a movie); Union Square with the crowd standing and kneeling in silence around many lit candles; the scene of firemen raising the flag (so much like our memorial of the Iwo Jima flag raising); the congressmen and women's spontaneous singing of "God Bless America"; the London daily performance of the "Changing of the Guard" (which I had just

witnessed less than two months ago) playing our national anthem; even the rousing opening of the Stock Exchange this morning.

But the one I'll remember most – shown only once, I believe, on CNN on September 11th in the afternoon – is the scene... of lower Manhattan with the catastrophic devastation being looked over by the triumphant Statue of Liberty. That is the definitive moment and the outlook I take of this whole national tragedy. We, as a nation, will stand firm under God's guidance (could the ACLU be upset by all the governmental references to God?) and be victorious as we always have in the past, because, for all our failings as a country and as individual citizens of this country, we are still a nation under God. . . and will be upheld by God in the coming difficult days and years.

Love, Mom

*September 24, 2001*

Dear Family:

It is very hard for me to go back to writing what I now consider mundane living experiences. Nothing will ever be the same again. We will gradually experience some semblance of normalcy, but never again life as we once knew it. We, as a country, will forever more be looking over our shoulders for the enemy – whomever and wherever, we won't know. Meanwhile, these are some of the "normal" experiences I and the rest of you have had in the past several weeks.

Lynn and Geoff spent yesterday together in Manhattan (Jon had a prior commitment). First, they went to Times Square Church with Dave Wilkerson preaching (standing room only); then they ate dinner at Afghan Kabob restaurant. It was very sad to hear their employees tell of the discrimination they are experiencing even while the American flag and messages backing our government are displayed in their windows.

Geoff and Lynn then went to Union Square to find thousands of people in complete silence passing by the victims' pictures and posters (which have been sent to the [National] Archives) and many heart-rending poems and messages, while a viola quartet played "O Sacred Head Now Wounded." Lynn was especially touched by a poem called "The Binch" written very well in the style of Dr. Seuss. She quickly had it copied for herself and returned the original to the fence. It took them an hour to read it all at which time they added their own comments. Anti-war people have joined this group – but we wonder what our country would be like if we allow the terrorists to have their way! Although they were on 14th Street, they could only smell the smoke from the ruins, not see it or the ruins – quite enough. (Lynn found it hard to look at the NYC skyline without the Towers as she drove into the city via the Washington Bridge – no tunnels for her although she did ride the subway.)

On they traveled to Washington Square where people were more laid back (NYU), even singers with guitars singing meaningless Beatles tunes. They should have been singing "Imagine." Lynn had no trouble getting in and out of NYC; today it is reported that tourism is way down in NYC. Trinity Church is now open, but Jon doesn't know the status of his October performance there. It was there that Jon sang his last NYC concert before the tragedy. Famous old St. Paul's Chapel (Washington worshipped there), closer to the Towers than Trinity, was completely spared of damage.

I have continued to have many tears over a number of things relating to the tragedy: the celebrity two hour telethon which was a very low-keyed presentation with actors saying wonderful words of inspiration interspersed with musicians singing great songs for the occasion (I especially will never think of [John Lennon's song] "Imagine" in the same way after seeing and hearing Neil Young sing it); President Bush giving his stirring address to Congress; the many touching stories of the victims' families, particularly the ones who talked with their soon-to-die husbands on the fourth airliner to go down; Dave Letterman's moving speech on the night he came back on the air along with Dan Rather's breakdown later in the program; the bagpipes playing before the Mets game; Rudy's [NYC Mayor Giuliani] comment when told NYC would never be the same: "No, it won't be the same; it will be better"; and finally, my most extended period of crying (I wondered how my body had so much water to give) almost constantly while I watched the two and one half hours of the Yankee Stadium Prayer Service (the Memorial Service was carefully avoided); the Armor Artiste choir and orchestra, directed by Johannes Sumari, and their rendition of the "The Battle Hymn" (Jon was asked to sing with them but had a prior commitment. Sumari is the one who took Jon to Spain and wanted him for a recording session in St. Petersburg and who will take over in a year as choir director at St. Pat's); the Harlem Boys (and girls and adults) Choir performance, especially their rendition of "We Will Overcome"; the many people, mostly invited by tickets only, still showing the pictures of lost loved ones and crying profusely (as I was also); Bette Midler singing "Wind Beneath My Wings," especially the "You are my hero" part, with giant screens showing the NYC firemen, policemen, and rescue workers; Calvin Butts, the best speaker, so good I wondered why I didn't recognize his name (I was later told by family members that he is the pastor of the Abyssinian Church in Harlem and a political activist in NYC). I only questioned why Oprah (as good as she is) was chosen to be the hostess of the program – she is so identified with Chicago; surely a NYC celebrity could have done the part.

I'm going to send Uncle Ed my last week's essay which details how each of you are doing; he had called also to inquire about the "boys." I'm thinking about all of you, holding on to you a little bit tighter in my mind.

Love, Mom



*From Jonathan Goodman to his mother, Carol Goodman who resides in Williamsport. A professional singer who grew up in Lycoming County, Jonathan Goodman now lives on Long Island.*

Wednesday, September 26, 2001

Dear Mom:

Here are some clippings and a funeral bulletin I sang for. As I said to you on the phone, this funeral was oddly comforting to me after all the grief of the world overwhelms the soul. The Bible passages I highlighted were somehow new to me – like now God’s wisdom makes more sense to a wretch like me. I hope they speak to you.

Love, Jonathan

P.S. I’ll be singing in two corporate memorial services at St. Patrick’s on Friday; both companies suffered mass losses.

September 26, 2001

Dear Mom:

I must tell my story. In the clearest morning light, I walked past the flag-adorned homes to my train. The smoke cloud hovered in the growing distance and I felt with dread the empty darkness of the island I would soon face. The subway station walls were looking back at me, papered with faces and birth dates and pounds and inches. The vitals of a man, a woman, a life. Like half the world was suddenly kidnapped at once – the rapture? People on the subway were blank or weeping. Pick your stage of grief today and don’t deny it. I was blank. Walking to the church meant passing St. Vincent’s Hospital where doctors stood outside, waiting in vain. A shrine of candles beneath the “wall of hope,” the largest collection of xeroxed faces. It was the quietest I’ve ever heard in Manhattan.

I crossed 6th Avenue and, with the closest view yet of the cloud and the space where skyline used to be, my breath strained, like pepper had clung to my lungs. But no smell. Psychosomatic? The first words I sang since the attack took my voice: “O God, our help in ages past/ Our hope for years to come/ Our shelter from the stormy blast/ And our eternal home.” Never again will patriotic or religious words have a remote meaning; I sing a new song – the old song. I guess I’ve instantly joined generations past. Needless to say, the church service at Ascension was the most profound I’ve attended. Filled, though with God’s love, but a

strange love, a survivor’s realm of transcendent awe. I didn’t want to see any more of this place though and scurried back to my home by train. I scribbled out these two poems, one written by horror, one by sadness.

Time will never be measured the same for me for daily my assumptions are tested, hourly my anger and fear flow almost unchecked. And across the smoky divide between yesterdays and today, I see one familiar link much more clearly: my parents. I think I know them now – and the lives they endured.

Love, Jonathan

*Tattered night*

*The face of earth had been slit  
And you seep in – crushing daylight  
Lesions fester where darkness brims  
Spines of hopeful soldiers scrape hell’s gaping mouth*

*But spines will soon surrender  
This mouth will not speak  
The icy spires that were money’s monuments  
Invert to tombs in hell’s new throat*

*Tattered night*

*When will your darkness retreat?  
Or has hell swilled your smoke so deep  
We choke before dawn’s early light?*

—JMG



*From Dr. Geoff Goodman...  
Dr. Geoff Goodman is a clinical psychologist who lives in White Plains, NY and worked with victims’ families. He grew up in Lycoming County.*

### On the Front Lines: Reflections on the World Trade Center Tragedy by a Child Clinical Psychologist

I turned off the West Side Highway onto 54th Street and looked for parking. It turned out that I had made it to Pier 94 about 15 minutes before my scheduled 4 p.m. shift on this dreary Sunday afternoon. I decided to stay in my car to listen to the last few minutes of the final baseball game of the season for the New York Mets, the team who, proudly wearing their FDNY and NYPD baseball caps instead of their traditional caps, had staged one of the most improbable comebacks in the history of team sports – only to fall short of their goal of winning the pennant just a few

days earlier.

Their season had collapsed by the middle of August – fourteen games out of first place with a month and a half left to play. After September 11, however, they played valiantly for those men and women who had lost their lives trying to save others, winning game after game and planting seeds of hope even among New York Yankee fans who had joined their bitter rivals in an unprecedented display of solidarity. Could they actually come back and win the pennant?

It was as if the Mets had been trying to deny the collapse of their own season, perhaps in so doing trying to help those who had lost loved ones deny the collapse of those majestic Twin Towers that used to adorn the New York City skyline, and that later became a concrete tomb for so many. Reality had finally set in for the Mets, as it was beginning to set in for New Yorkers, and for people all over the world.

I had been responding to every e-mail message sent to me seeking mental-health professionals to assist the families of the victims of the Tragedy. I finally was sent an 800 number that gave me direct contact with a director of the New York State Department of Mental Health. The staging area for this massive humanitarian effort – called the “New York City Family Assistance Center” – was taking place along the Hudson River at Pier 94, an expansive warehouse of a building whose structure reminded me of the Jacob Javits Center – Manhattan’s largest convention center.

I had been informed that the families of the victims were coming not only for grief counseling, but also to take care of practical matters – filing death certificates, checking on medical and life insurance benefits, bringing in DNA samples of loved ones for positive identification, and applying for financial assistance. Other families who did not lose loved ones but who lost jobs in the vicinity of the Tragedy were also coming in to apply for small-business loans through Safe Horizons. In the midst of their grief and loss, these families were confronted with the practical realities of having to take care of personal matters that required them not to think about their grief and loss. The task set before me, therefore, was an ironic one: I was to facilitate the emotional responses that accompany the circumstances of having lost a loved one, while the bereaved were busy distracting themselves with these important practical realities.

As I passed the entrance, my backpack and I were carefully searched by someone wearing the now-familiar NYPD cap. I quickly found the table for mental-health practitioners and signed in. Soon, I made my way back through this massive building, past the hastily constructed booths of all the different services offered, which included familiar names like the American Red Cross, the Salvation Army, and the NYPD Detectives Unit. Perhaps the majority of these rows of booths was devoted to attorneys working pro bono to dispense legal counseling. Among the rows of booths, I finally found the home base for the mental-health practitioners. Initially, I was told to “walk around and start talking to people who seem to want to talk.” Not content with these vague instructions, I asked if mental-health services were being provided anywhere for children. A smile flashed across the woman’s face as she told me about the “Kids Corner,” a therapeutic play setting for

children whose parents were taking care of their legal and financial matters. Perfect.

I wandered around until I eventually found “Kids Corner,” a makeshift playroom where the children were spending their time playing with toys, stuffed animals, and puppets; painting, drawing and writing; and talking with other child-trained mental-health professionals.

Immediately I noticed six towering American flags hanging vertically from high up near the ceiling on the wall of the “Kids Corner,” like the jerseys of retired sports heroes hanging from the rafters of Madison Square Garden. I checked in at the front desk and asked how I could help. The woman told me that, to her knowledge, none of the children currently in the playroom had lost a loved one but that all of them belonged to families affected by the Tragedy in less direct ways.

I immediately took a seat at the arts and crafts table. Sitting to my right was Jasmine (pseudonym), a dark-complexioned seven year old girl with long black hair and a ready smile. She was beginning to draw something. Soon after, an eleven year old boy, JD (pseudonym), sat down to my left and picked up some play-dough, squeezing it aimlessly in his hands. He wore silver wire-rimmed glasses and a blank expression. One of the other professionals asked him if he wanted paper and he nodded. He then asked for a pencil and a ruler, which were quickly found and given to him.

I approached my work with these two children by focusing on one for several minutes, then shifting my attention to the other for the same amount of time. During these intervals, I would ask them about their drawings, mixing in questions about their relationship to the Tragedy. I felt that this strategy would allow me to learn about the experiences of two different children and perhaps give me the opportunity to contain any anxiety they might reveal to me through their conversation and their drawing.

Jasmine had begun to draw what appeared to be a long, vertical series of windows that began to assume the unmistakable shape of the Twin Towers. The windows were drawn without much attention to detail but I sensed from her rapid movements that she had a strong urge to complete this project. JD, on the other hand, used the pencil and ruler to draw two large, identical rectangles that spanned almost the entire length of the eleven inch page. I asked him if he were drawing the Twin Towers and he nodded in agreement. He then began to draw the familiar windows, perfectly square and equally sized, with his trusty pencil and ruler.

I checked back with Jasmine. I asked her perfunctory questions, such as how old she was and when she arrived at “Kids Corner.” Soon, I realized that either she had an expressive language delay, or English was not her first language. I asked where she was born and she replied, “Panama.” I then asked if she knew Spanish better than English and, sharing a smile that let me know I “got it,” she spoke a most distinctive “Yes.” I muttered something about “poquito Espanol,” and she rewarded me for the effort with a smile. After that exchange, we got by on broken English. I gathered that she had recently come to the United States from Panama and that her mother had worked in the Twin Towers

and hurt her foot during her escape. I asked if her mother had gone to the doctor for help and she answered with her most distinctive “Yes.” Jasmine continued to make the windows of the Twin Towers.

Meanwhile, I found JD studying his drawing, now two long rectangles with many neatly shaped windows but no personality. I asked him how it was going. He said he was not sure how to finish it. He finally decided on placing an antenna on the top of the “South Tower,” as he called the right rectangle, but was having some trouble making it. After several erasures and further attempts, he asked if I would make the antenna. I agreed and added a short antenna that came to a point in the little space available at the top of the page. I asked him whether his parents had worked in the buildings he had drawn. He replied that his father was the dispatcher of a taxi service just three blocks from the Tragedy: “He saw the whole thing.” It was hard to interpret JD’s emotional response. Subdued and distant roughly captured it. JD went on to explain that his father now no longer has a job and was applying for a small-business loan through Safe Horizons. JD’s mother stayed at home.

Turning my attention again to Jasmine, I noticed her drawing of the Twin Towers no longer looked so sanguine: people were now drawn suspended in mid-air against the backdrop of the Towers. Each one was wearing a smile. I inquired about these people. “They are falling.” Thinking that perhaps she herself had been in the vicinity at the time of the Tragedy, I asked,

“Did you see them fall? Were you there when it happened?”

“I saw it on TB.”

“You saw the people falling out of the windows on TV?”

A most distinctive “Yes.”

“How did you feel, seeing them fall?”

“Sad.”

She also noted that these people falling out of the windows were on fire. Her comment reminded me of a column in the New York Times that described the story of a four year old child escaping with his preschool teacher from his school located near the Tragedy, who looked up in the smoky sky as people were falling out of the Twin Towers and exclaimed, “Look, Teacher, the birds are on fire!” Apparently this child was able to defend against the atrocity he was watching by turning the human bodies into something more emotionally tolerable.

Jasmine’s mind, three years older than this child, did not have this primitive defense mechanism at her disposal. Although comprehending the fatal import of the situation, Jasmine, nevertheless, had to defend against imagining the emotional response that these falling people were experiencing by reversing it from terror to happiness, as evidenced by the smiles planted on their faces. She continued drawing people falling out of the windows.

JD was busy using his ruler to draw an American flag positioned behind the Twin Towers. Meticulously holding his pencil, he made the stars and stripes, careful to stop the lines when they began to “disappear” behind the buildings and re-emerge on the other side, giving the overall appearance that the Twin Towers were partially blocking the flag – itself a massive rectangle

perpendicular to the Twin Towers. In his only use of color, JD used a red pencil to color in alternate stripes. Then he said he was feeling stuck again and stared blankly at his creation for a long time.

Jasmine had procured some fire-engine red glitter glue. She spurted a large quantity of the thick substance across the middle of her Twin Towers at a haphazard angle, which made it look as though a dragon had breathed its deadly flames straight through the buildings. Already knowing the answer, I asked Jasmine what it was. “Fire,” came the definitive response.

“What are they?”

“These are firemen.”

At the very bottom of the page, not even reaching the height of the first row of windows, Jasmine had drawn three firefighters, each holding what appeared to be a fire hose, all pointed in the general direction of the glitter glue flames.

“What’s this?”

“The water.” Jasmine had taken blue glitter glue and spread some coming out of the fire hoses to represent small, limp streams of water that had no prayer of reaching the liquid red flames raging high above in the middle of the Twin Towers. When she finished, the blue stream stopped far short of the red fire high above. She knew the end of the story.

JD, on the other hand, was putting the finishing touches on his own drawing. He was printing in massive letters the words, “GOD BLESS AMERICA,” vertically, beginning at the top of the “North Tower,” the building on the left, and going downward. Each letter was perfectly contained in a window. He stopped to admire his work, then quickly moved on to printing on the back of a T-shirt with silver glitter glue, “UNITED WILL STAND.”

Looking at JD’s drawing, one would have never guessed that September 11 had ever taken place. That ghastly attack on two of the most recognizable buildings in the world had never occurred. There was no structural damage, no bloodshed, no burning bodies falling from the sky, no firefighters using a few tiny hoses to extinguish a monstrous fire so hot that it melted steel girders, which in turn were melting the soles of the rescue workers’ boots days later. In JD’s internal world, the World Trade Center stood tall and intact, blessed by God.

Yet all around us were painful reminders of the Tragedy. Children’s drawings covered the walls of Kids Corner, telling the collective story of a dreadful experience that has changed us all, forever. One of the written works, accompanied by two drawings, was particularly poignant: “My picture is about my daddy. My grandma saw something in her room. She saw an angel. It looked like a butterfly. So that’s what made me want to draw a butterfly. I think I will call it butterfly angel. I think the butterfly angel was my daddy.” This girl’s daddy-butterfly had a long, dark, rectangular body with barely visible wings colored in airy pastels. Take away the wings and what was left was the Tower where her daddy perished. At least that was my interpretation.

Next to this drawing, the same girl had also made a drawing of the Twin Towers titled, “Top of the World.” She drew an arrow pointing to the right-hand side of the right tower, near the top, where there was a head looking out of a window. Next to the arrow, the girl wrote, “I am eating the clouds.” Perhaps she was desiring to

take in as much of her daddy as she could. As children, don't we believe that we all go to live in the clouds when we die? She wanted to internalize the memory of her father while he was still fresh in her mind, to make him an eternal part of herself. Through this identification with him, she could gain strength in this emotional crisis.

On the other hand, these artistic and literary expressions might also portend an identification in death. She was, after all, picturing herself in one of the fateful towers. The title of her drawing represents not only a reversal of how she was really feeling, but also a belief that that is where her daddy is now living – free from the chaos and confusion of our emotional lives down here. A tempting place for a fragile child to be – reunited with her daddy in the clouds. We all need to listen to what our children are telling us through their words, their artwork, their emotions. Sometimes the opposites of their emotions are telling the true story.

Jasmine set her drawing on the counter to dry and began work on a second drawing. This time, she drew a girl rabbit standing next to a boy bear with a girl butterfly hovering overhead. I asked what the girl rabbit and boy bear were doing. "Playing," came the response. Her anxiety over the Tragedy now contained, Jasmine was able to show her relief and gratitude to me by drawing a picture that seemed to represent her wish that we could play together – with her protective mother watching and giving her approval.

Shortly thereafter, Jasmine's mother and father came to pick her up and I was able to meet them. This short woman with the familiar smile, speaking perfect English, confirmed every detail of Jasmine's story, right down to the mother's doctor visit for her injured foot. JD, on the other hand, stayed until after closing time at Kids Corner – 8 p.m. He spent most of the remainder of the time carousing with his two younger brothers and another child with a foam football in the middle of the play area. In fact, one of the mental-health professionals had to take JD and his two brothers to locate his father so that we could go home. JD easily found their father and the therapeutic play was over until the next morning when many more children would be coming in for help with their struggles over the meaning of what has happened.

Jasmine and JD are two different children who experienced two distinctly different emotional responses to the Tragedy. Jasmine was able to express her feelings of anxiety and vulnerability through artistic expression. She used horrifying images and vivid colors to express her inner turmoil. In spite of the graphic nature of her distress, she seemed confident that her injured mother was going to be all right – which turned out to be an accurate depiction. JD, on the other hand, exhibited an omnipotent invulnerability not punctured by the events of September 11. His drawing depicted the Twin Towers as not having suffered so much as a scratch. For JD, it was as if the Mets were still going to win the pennant for New York: the collapse had never happened. The minimal use of color and the lack of shading, suggest tremendous emotional constriction and the absence of anxiety. His denial of the emotional impact of the Tragedy, however, comes at a cost – an inability to feel both the sorrow as well as the connectedness that many of us are experiencing in the wake of September 11.

The British psychoanalyst John Bowlby wrote that the quality

of our attachment to caregivers such as parents, formed from our earliest experiences with them, largely determines the shape that our personality takes in later years. Perhaps the quality of Jasmine's and JD's attachments to their parents differentially influenced these children's capacities to respond to the trauma caused by the collapse of the Twin Towers. The injury and unemployment suffered by their parents puts a limitation on the emotional resources available to these children from their parents during this time of crisis.

Jasmine and JD – and thousands of children like them – are experiencing not only the distress stimulated in all of us by television images that bombard our sense of safety and our sensibilities, but also the distress of needing the comfort of a parent faced with the challenge of providing for a worried family while they themselves are needing comfort for their own distress.

How these children cope with this trauma could depend on the quality of their attachment relationships to their parents prior to the trauma. Jasmine's parents both came to pick her up from Kids Corner. Hugs and smiles were exchanged as Jasmine proudly showed her artwork to them. JD's father never checked on his three sons during his long absence; his mother stayed home. Someone had to locate the father so that we could close for the day.

It is only a small step to connect these experiences of the parent-child relationship to these children's vastly different emotional responses to the trauma as evidenced by their drawings and by their facial expressions toward me. Just as his father and mother dismissed him from their thoughts while they were doing other things, so, too, JD dismissed his own inner turmoil and replaced it with a position of invincibility – his own tower of denial. By contrast, Jasmine's parents kept her safely in their minds in spite of their own trauma, and this concern clearly manifested itself when they all reunited. This abiding sense of safety permitted her to express her inner turmoil openly.

Jasmine and JD do not even begin to cover the vast spectrum of emotional responses that children might be experiencing in relation to the Tragedy. One of the children in my private practice, a nine year old boy, lost his football coach in one of the towers. I have been treating him for almost two years.

In the first session after September 11, he completely denied his feelings, choosing to play cards with me. At the beginning of the following session, however, his mother informed me that he was having difficulty sleeping, and had wet his bed for the first time since toddlerhood. That session, and the following session, consisted of his acting out fantasies of "killing the Afghanistan people," first by shooting at them as they were sitting in toy cars and making them roll over the precipice of a counter top, then by rounding them up in a large square prison made of Legos and making its towering walls cave in, crushing all those trapped inside.

"That'll teach them to attack us," he stated defiantly at the end of this most recent session. Here we see the expression of rage that could be serving to protect this boy from the recognition of the sadness of having lost a valued adult and role model. I suspect that as we together explore his feelings regarding the Tragedy and his loss, and I continue to contain the rage and anxiety felt on the surface, the sadness will emerge from the depths and become part of his total emotional experience.

My shift now over, I decided to wander around, to allow myself to experience the many emotions on display at this new “Ground Zero of Healing” at Pier 94. One whole side of this immense building was covered with photos and mementos of “The Missing” – now used as a euphemism to describe those who lost their lives on September 11. Some of the photos I recognized from a pilgrimage my sister and I had made two weeks earlier to Union Square, where photos and votive candles blanketed the entire area while a cello quartet was playing baroque music.

Underneath this familiar display at Pier 94 was a long row of teddy bears of all different shapes, sizes, and colors, sitting upright and facing outward. A large sign at the beginning of the row identified the teddy bears as gifts from the families of the victims of the bombing of the federal building in Oklahoma City. At the other end of the row, a sign indicated that ferry rides to lower Manhattan were being offered to help the bereaved pay their last respects.

Looking at these bears looking back at me, I realized that in their diversity, they represented a random cross-section of New Yorkers – and a random cross-section of the people who died in those towers on September 11. Muslim parents died in those towers, and somewhere at this moment, Muslim children are feeling the power of these losses.

Stopping to get something to eat before I left the building, I sat down at one of the staff tables in the makeshift dining area. Police officers, firefighters, and military personnel were relaxing together, talking together. In the middle of each dining table was a pile of letters from school children from all over the country. Just as I have observed among all the children personally affected by the Tragedy, a wide range of emotional expression could be found among the words of these children from as far away as Oakland, California. Some children focused on rebuilding the towers, making them “better than ever,” while others had clearly absorbed the devastating emotional import of September 11. I will close with a letter from “Josh,” a Michigan student:

*Dear search and rescue team,*

*I think what you are doing is very brave. Every day you are putting your life on the line for other people. At least you are giving hope to the people who had loved ones on the plane or the building. I think it's better to have hope than not to have hope at all. I think you are going to change many lives. Many people I know think what you are doing is a good thing.*



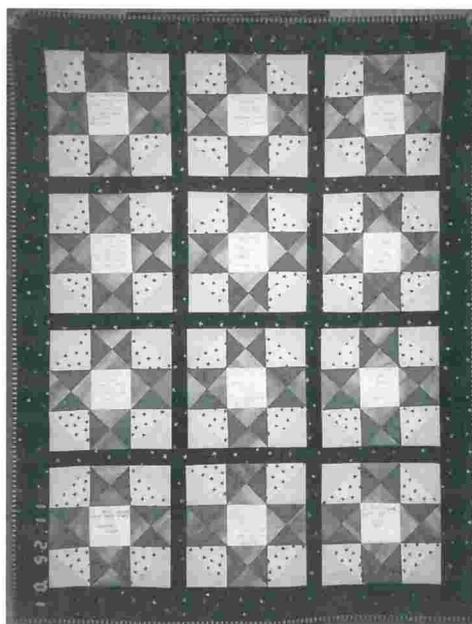
*From the Taylor Family...*

*Dr. and Mrs. Arthur Taylor have resided in Williamsport for many years. Before retiring, Dr. Taylor was the director of Family Practice at Williamsport Hospital.*

On September 11, 2001, the world was shocked, stunned, and even confused about the airplane crashes on that date. One person, Jeanne D. Taylor, felt very frustrated about her feelings so

she decided to express herself in the best manner she knew how: with her quilting. Working in her studio, she developed a *Remembrance Quilt*. This quilt would be the expression of all of the living members of her family. Each person wrote his/her feelings on a piece of material, which became part of the quilt. Listed below are their words:

- |                              |  |
|------------------------------|--|
| Arthur R. Taylor (age 74)    | Our lives have changed. We have lost liberties.  |
| Jeanne D. Taylor (age 71)    | Americans stand tall. Time to remember.  |
| Patricia A. Taylor (age 49)  | I wave my flag   |
| Michael A. Taylor (age 47)   | When I first heard it, this doesn't happen in real life. It must be a joke. It's like a really bad movie.                    |
| Kathy M. Taylor (age 49)     | I felt stunned. I felt great sadness and an uneasy feeling in my stomach. The images on TV were surrealistic.                |
| Brett R. E. Taylor (age 43)  | I knew GOD was still in control.   |
| Charlene A. Taylor (age 21)  | In shock and very mad.   |
| Carolynne M. Taylor (age 21) | Lord, I know there are many of us who don't know how to deal with all of this; being so far from home it is really difficult |
| Kyle B. Taylor (age 19)      | I don't know what to think. I struggled to believe it until I saw New York's naked skyline.                                  |
| Michael Taylor (age 11)      | I was scared and very angry.   |
| Logan Taylor (age 13)        | I was shocked.   |
| Chris Taylor (age 11)        | I felt scared and sad.   |





*From Anne L. Beck...*

*Anne L. Beck, a life-long Lycoming County resident, attended schools in the Williamsport area including Williamsport Area Community College.*

*December 11, 2001*

When I read your request in the Society News about organizing my thoughts and feelings about the September 11 attack on America for the LCHS archives, I agreed that I should do that.

What strikes me today, as a Lycoming County resident, is how unchanged my life is other than by the financial losses (stock market and interest rates). Today, I am sitting in Bastian Tire Sales waiting for my car to be inspected – tire rotation, oil change, etc. The TV is on – the program is *Live with Regis and Kelly*. I'm not that interested in the trivial topics and commercials.

But on September 11, 2001, I could hardly tear myself away from my TV and remote control. I was supposed to work at home that day. I had my paperwork on the kitchen table and was reviewing invoices. As usual, I had the Christian radio station on and a cup of coffee in my hand when they announced that an airplane had crashed into the World Trade Center. My first thoughts were: "What a terrible accident; how could that happen? Like the Empire State Building years ago." I grabbed the remote control and turned on the TV. I remember smoke first; you couldn't see much. A man on the street was sure that he saw a small private plane hit the building. As I was not able to visualize the size of the buildings, I remember agreeing with him – "That must have been it." And then there was an explosion in the other building. "What could that be?" I didn't see the second plane go in until they replayed it. I quickly called my dad and mother-in-law to advise them of the news. (I didn't jot down where my husband was working that day). As I look back, I remember I almost lost track of time as I flicked from station to station on the TV.

How do I recall it today? Talk of terrorists, collapsing buildings, all those people and the rescue personnel – how could those buildings go down like that? No towering inferno? – the running horrified crowds, the Pentagon. Oh my God, what could be next? The plane crash in western Pennsylvania, the people on cell phones with their loved ones, the messages recorded by 911 centers. Who did this? Why? I will never understand these minds with so much hate.

Today I refer back to my personal planner. The original entries – *B & B* (Beck and Beck Contractor's name – husband's business) *late notice to* (customer's name); *make apple pie; calls to* (two of my customers; I assist vested terminations of the former C. A. Reed Company with their pensions) – were all crossed out. I

wrote: *Attack on America; 2:15 Dad to Dr. Johnson and errands; 7:30 Tim (husband) to barber; Riviera Restaurant, Reach Road.*

Tim dropped by to pick up material and have lunch. He had heard of it on his van radio so he stayed for a while to see it on TV too. I finally got dressed just before leaving to take Dad to his chiropractor's appointment and errands. Back to TV upon returning home; no thoughts on what to cook for dinner. I usually note my plan for the day on my planner and go with that. But on September 11, 2001, all that was set aside. I was relieved to go with Tim to the barber and then out to eat to "get away from it."

My planner shows back to my part-time job at Kaufmanns Department store at the mall and to the Olive Garden with friends Joyce and Judy on September 12.

I read and saved about a week of Sun-Gazettes, continue to watch and read about the personal stories, follow the war, follow the anthrax reports/deaths through the U.S. mail. Was the plane crash on Long Island an accident?

I have no personal connections; I don't even know anyone who knew anyone who was killed or injured ... thank God. A young man at work who had already given his notice to go to another job was reactivated to the military (still in North Carolina as far as I know).

I have started my vast Christmas card/letter mailing. But in the back of my mind, I wonder: Will our way of life change? The economy? All the tangible things we enjoy? How long will the war last? How many young people will we lose? Will they start up the draft again? The failure of all those government programs and dollars spent. We've got illegal aliens with expired visas enrolled in our schools (but maybe not attending). Why couldn't the authorities have proceeded under existing laws to get some of these men before September 11?

Thank you, Anne L. Beck



*From Zokaa Rajjoub...*

*A long time resident, Zokaa Rajjoub lives in the Williamsport area.*

I was working quietly on that Tuesday morning when the attacks occurred. My husband's secretary approached me with a sad face, reporting to me that there had been a plane crash into the first of the World Trade Centers. Within moments, she returned to inform me that there was another plane crash into the other World Trade Center building and an attempt made to crash the Pentagon. Right then, I knew this wasn't just any plane crash. I got frightened. As an American, I was torn apart to see such an act of terrorism taken upon my country. I wanted to cry for everyone. No faith, ethnic group, or race was spared from these acts of terror. However, I had to face the reality that I am of Arab origin and a Muslim; I became even more distressed. I know how acts of

terrorism are pinned upon Muslims, just as they were when the Oklahoma City Bombing occurred. I feared what the media may say, assume, generalize, and begin to lead people to believe who they think committed this crime.

As an Arab-American and Muslim, I had spent my free time explaining the truths about Islam and the beauty of our faith because the media has a tendency to portray Islam only in a negative light. Right then, I feared that everything I had been trying to build up by explaining to people about how peaceful Muslims are, and how Islam surely condemns acts of violence and terrorism, would crash along with the Twin Towers. As the media began revealing Arab suspects, I feared that others would take out their anger on American Muslims who were easily sighted and targeted as those who wear the head scarf (hijab), like my daughters and myself.

Overall, I was heartbroken. Heartbroken for the victims and their families. Heartbroken for our beloved New York City, the city that never sleeps. Heartbroken for my country having been taken advantage of. Finally, I was heartbroken for the Muslims and Arabs who would have to suffer the consequences of those who claimed to perform these acts of terror in the name of Islam, an Islam that I and most Muslims never knew... the Islam that only the media and the American public have had the unfortunate consequence of meeting on 9/11.



*The following are excerpts from essays written by students at Montoursville Area High School in the winter of 2001-2002.*

*Lauren Twigg:*

My feelings on September 11th have definitely been mixed. For one thing, as follows true to mostly everyone else in our country now, I'm sure, I have never been so proud to be an American. Looking at signs in front of businesses saying, "God Bless America," and other words similar to that makes me feel so proud and blessed. There is no other way to describe my feelings toward Americans like myself except PROUD. Through all the suffering and hard times we've been through recently, we have been able to stand tall, happily, for our nation. All the help that schools, firemen, policemen, and everyone else helping with September 11th, show true people who care about others.

At first I was scared because all I thought about was whether we would be living another year, month, week, or even another day. Not knowing then, what I know now, was scary to me. I now know how lucky I am to be living in America and that I can freely be myself, and not be scared to do so. Also, I am doing now probably the same thing I'd be doing before Sept. 11th, but with a better feeling of sincerity and closeness within and throughout the United States. I never thought things would "go back to normal," but they have. I am no

longer scared to wake up and do the normal routine of my teenage life. Why should I be scared to go to school when I know we are all in this together and things will work out for the best? Although I wish the war would totally stop, I feel more trust with the world to allow me to be able to live my own life and not be scared for my future.

*Kaylene Jacobson:*

I don't really know how to put my feelings into words. So much has happened in the past three months, I am not sure what to think. People using themselves and others as bombs – it is unreal. So many people died in that one day, visiting or doing their jobs in the great buildings. I am scared at what might happen, proud of what our men and women are doing, and confused about all of it at the same time.

There is not a day that goes by when there is not a new development on [Osama] bin Laden. One day they say that we have found him, another day we say he may be in another country. It is hard to believe anything these days. Not knowing where this evil man is or what he is planning next is a very scary thing to me.

Although I am feeling confused and scared, I am full of a great feeling of pride toward all of the men and women who are fighting to help people around the world. Not only are they helping us, but they are also helping the whole world by trying to stop these terror attacks from happening anywhere else in the world. These men and women are truly heroes in my mind and, I am sure, in many others.

Being a female I never gave it much thought as to how we would be treated. Since September 11, I have realized how fortunate American females are. I am grateful for the freedoms that we have in this country and wish that all countries had equal rights for men and women.

I always took being an American for granted until September 11. I have never been more proud to stand up and say the *Pledge of Allegiance* everyday. Now I understand why I am so lucky to be an American. I am truly PROUD TO BE AN AMERICAN!!!!

*Derek DiFiore:*

I first found out about what happened on September 11th during second period. One of the other teachers came into my Spanish class and told my teacher that a plane had hit one of the World Trade Center's towers. For the rest of the period we watched in horror as another plane hit the other tower, and both towers eventually collapsed. For the rest of the day we watched television and found out the latest details. When I saw the people jumping from the building, I thought about how horrible it must have been up there that they would rather jump out of a building that was over a hundred stories tall. I was shocked that anyone would be sick enough to do this to our country. I could not believe what was happening when I found out; I was in a daze and didn't quite understand the full impact of what happened. When I heard about how many people were estimated to be dead, I couldn't believe it. What sick person could have done this is the question that kept running through my head. When I think of all of the families that were torn apart, I was deeply saddened. I cannot fathom how horrible it must be to lose a loved one. For weeks, the September 11th tragedy is all that I thought about. With so many lives ruined, the only positive thing that I can think of is the unity that this tragedy

brought. So many people are so patriotically displaying the American flag. [...] The war on terrorism has taught me that anything can happen at any time. Things that have happened in past generations are just as likely to happen in my generation, and everyone should always be ready for anything.

*Janelle Waltz:*

September 11th was a confusing day for all Americans, and to everyone around the world. All I could think about at first is, if something else was going to happen, when, where, and why. I think that whole day will forever be in the mind of everyone who was alive when it happened. I first heard about it in my English class. At first I thought it was a plane that just got off course and out of control. That was what I thought until I saw the second plane hit. It felt like the plane hit me. So many things were going through my head I really didn't understand. Then [when] the report about the Pentagon came on the TV, everyone was shocked. That day when I got home, all I did was sit in front of the TV, wait and wonder. Things were running through my head such as: how many people got out, who was behind this, and why in America? When all the reports came out about Osama bin Laden being behind this I thought they were just trying to blame someone quick. I didn't believe it until I saw the video that he sent to the U.S. where he admitted he did it. I just can't understand why the Taliban and Al-Qaeda members and followers would want to hurt the U.S. We helped them out when the Russians were trying to invade and we gave them all their weapons.

Now that Osama bin Laden is on the run, I don't think we are going to catch him. My opinion is that if we catch him and kill him that there will be bombs flying at the U.S. with no stopping them. They could come from the littlest terrorist groups in the world. People say that with us bombing, we will never know if we have killed him or not, but I think if he dies, we will know. There will be things happening in this world that have never happened before. I think we should make sure we are truly ready before we go in for the kill.



*From Marion McCormick, Montgomery, PA...  
This is the text from a program for a Bible study  
class that Marion McCormick attended.*

### A Time to Remember and a Time to Pray

Tuesday morning Bible Study Class of Grace Presbyterian Church in Montgomery, PA was arriving at Iona's cozy home in time for a hot cup of coffee and warm blueberry muffins, the surprise treat of the morning. It was about 9:45 a.m. As Marion knocked and then walked in, Iona put her finger to her lips to silence any greeting. She and Helen were listening to the radio announcer's description of an airplane hitting the north tower of the World Trade Center.

As we listened, Drusilla arrived, and we heard of another plane crashing into the south tower. Jan joins us and she has just come from her television and we hear another plane crashed into the Pentagon building. Is this real? Can it be a Tom Clancy novel being broadcast like the old Orson Welles radio broadcast in 1938 that described a fictional invasion of New Jersey by men from Mars?

Another plane crashes in Pennsylvania and we realize this sequence of events is a string of terrorist attacks struck in the United States and there will be a terrible loss of life. Even the date – 9-1-1 – speaks of tragedy. We know this is a day we will forever remember.

We join our hands in prayer, sharing this morning of terror. Will our world ever be the same?

About 10:30 that morning, Wyoming time, Paula forwards a message via e-mail "A prayer for all of us." She writes, "Please join me in passing on this prayer. It has been a tragic day for all of us."

*I sit here with my hands trembling as I type. I have just been watching the terrorist attacks in the United States. The Pictures look like a war zone. It is scary. It is unfair. It is so horrible. There is not much you can do to help. I feel like I need to do something, so I am starting a "prayer chain."*

*For the victims of the attack. For the friends and families of the victims. For all the lives lost. For all those helping to rescue, save and treat the trapped and injured. For all of us who sit and watch the attacks on the television and listen to it on the news.*

*We pray for understanding as to how and why this happened. For the strength to deal with the loss. For the courage to eventually pick up the pieces and move on with life. For the ability to one day forgive those responsible for this great loss.*

*May God fill our hearts with love. Help take away the sorrow. Help heal the wounds. May the laughter of children help us to remember that there is still good in this world. And may the warmth of sun shine down upon us and help us find our smiles again.*

Prayer is part of our Bible Study Class. Prayer is powerful. Prayer is one of the best gifts we receive as there is no cost but a lot of rewards. Let's continue to pray for one another.

Morning Bible Study Class  
Grace Presbyterian Church  
Montgomery, PA



*From Thomas Ask, Cogan Station, PA...  
Thomas Ask was in the elevator of the Genetti  
Hotel when the second tower was attacked.*

These musings were written immediately after the September 11th attack and I thought they highlighted the immediate desire for

revenge and, perhaps, recognition of the warfare to come.

September 11, 2001

**I.**

*I thought it was an accident.*

*It was hope in human nature  
Then the other one hit.*

*I was in the elevator*

*Then all saw terror had come  
With our own designs  
Against our own pride*

*I thought it was an accident.*

**II.**

*A deluge of terror  
Swept our land today.*

*A page has turned  
A ghost hid away.*

*Our peace is gone  
The phantom must pay.*

**III.**

*Peace rests on trust's shoulders  
We have humanity to guide us  
In our societal way  
Faith in goodness, love and family  
Has been tested by anger and hate.*

*Our revenge will hurt the innocent  
"Revenge is mine," says the Lord.  
As the terrorists learned on the quick  
Ride to hell.*

*But we will try to take it ourselves  
And hurt so many children.*

*God be with us.*



*From Linda A. Russo*

*A letter to her granddaughter*

October 6, 2001

My Dear Amanda:

Hopefully, when you read this, you will be grown and happily

on your way to whatever endeavors you are seeking. I thought I would write this now so you may be able to relate to the tragic event that took place on September 11, 2001. Everyone was greatly disturbed by this event and since it was a part of history, I thought I would tell you what transpired as best I can.

Grandpa and I were on vacation at that time at the shore on Long Beach Island. We had just come back from walking and turned on the radio. I heard something about a plane crash into the World Trade building, but I didn't get all the information so I put on the TV. Well, Grandpa and me were watching the news being transmitted on site at the World Trade building. Just as the newsman was explaining what happened, a second plane crashed in the other building just as we were watching the telecast. It was horrible to think someone could do so much damage to the American people. We are too open to terrorist attacks. We let too many people take advantage of our "good nature" and "freedom for all" beliefs.

Some countries that show such open hostility to the U.S. should never be let in to this country to get educated or have any other American privileges. Bin Laden was the terrorist who had cells in this area for many years planning on this terrorist attack. Not only were the Trade buildings destroyed in front of thousands, but also the Pentagon had an airplane crash into it killing hundreds of people. Yet another plane was to crash into the White House, but as we understand from the news report, people in the hijacked plane used cell phones to call loved ones to tell them what was going on. The people on the plane heard what happened to the other planes and were told this one was to hit the White House, so some brave souls wrestled with the hijackers and caused the plane to crash into an area in Pennsylvania. All aboard died, as did the other two.

Everyone, everyone stood tall and displayed their patriotism by flying the American flag on everything – cars, windows, clothing, etc. We all were united and felt terrible as well as being angry that our freedom and way of life was being threatened. Many towns held memorial services for those lost in these tragic events. I attended one such service in Lock Haven, PA. I went



with a friend of mine and we felt at least something was done in memory of those people and the families that were left behind to deal with this outrage! I have enclosed pages from the newspaper in reference to the memorial service. What a wonderful memorial it was! The people gathered and sat or stood at the amphitheater

while several area ministers of all faiths led us in prayers or songs. They even had a guitar player and bagpipes playing. The fire engines and rescue vehicles were lined up on the two bridges that spanned the Susquehanna River. Those people that were lined up on the levee had candles ready to light at the given moment. Meanwhile, the lights were dimmed and sirens sounded. Everyone was to light their candles after that and a very large flag was raised by one of the fire trucks. After a few minutes of silence (extremely quiet and peaceful, even the sunset was one of the most beautiful I have ever seen – like God was present for this event), all the people (5,000) turned to one another to greet and say something to each other. Then the lights came back on and everyone dispersed. It may not sound like much, but I feel, and others have said also, that it was a good feeling to have something to honor those people. We all needed to see that we are all one again. It is such a shame that it takes something like that tragedy to make everyone realize we all need one another and that praying is for everyone – no matter what religious background we have. Maybe prayers will be allowed in schools again. Isn't it funny that it is so "politically correct" now?

I don't know if I will write more after this date. We are all waiting for something to happen. Whether it is war or more terrorist happenings, we just don't know. We are all victims of this bastard and it angers us to think that he accomplished what he wanted to do – make us very leery of going places and worrying about our future. I can only hope when you read this it is only what I hoped it to be – a part of history to be read about and nothing more. God Bless America!

Love, Grandma



*Excerpts from an oral history interview with Donna Maule and Elizabeth (Za) Burkhart... Donna Maule is a Lycoming County resident. Her friend and former college roommate Elizabeth Burkhart, a mental-health social worker, resided in NYC at the time of the terrorists' attack. Elizabeth Burkhart's avocation is photo-journalism. She visited Ground Zero on September 13 and took photographs of the scene. An exhibit of her work, entitled Ground Zero: A Photographic Essay by Elizabeth Burkhart, opened at the Taber Museum on May 3. It continued through July.*

*Donna:*

I am a meter reader for the electric company. I was working. At one of the homes I was reading a meter for, a friend came out and said someone has hit the World Trade Center. I was not at a desk; I was out walking, so I just had to rely on other people on my route to keep me informed. I had no idea of the dynamics of it. I thought it was an accident at first, like everyone else did. And by the time I got home that evening, all Hell had broken loose. And it was obvious what was going on.

My first thought was to Za [Elizabeth] because she works very close to the World Trade Center; her office was the closest trauma center to the World Trade Center at St. Vincent's Hospital. I was just concerned for her. I called her and didn't get a response for a day or two. I may have spoken with her first, I don't remember, but a day or two later, I opened up USA Today and saw a photograph of her [Za] embracing a woman. She was not identified in the photograph but I saw this bracelet [points to friendship bracelet on her wrist which matches one worn by Za]. I had bought her this bracelet and when I saw the bracelet, I said, "Oh my God; there's Za." And I knew she was OK. [The bracelet] says "protect this woman" on the inside and I knew she was all right – physically.

*Elizabeth:*

I think part of the problem was that many of the phones were down or just in such demand that sometimes people couldn't get through to me for days. But because I worked at the hospital, I went there immediately and I worked twelve hours that day and I worked twelve hours the second day. So I think what I might have done is just leave a message and say, "Donna, I'm OK." But I don't think we spoke. I just left a message, "and I'll talk to you later." For me it was like that for at least six or seven days.

*Donna:*

Za was my college roommate back in Pittsburgh and I left Pittsburgh in 1970. And we had a third roommate who lives in Pittsburgh now. Za's in Greenwich Village. We had just had a reunion, the three of us, in Greenwich Village, a marvelous, wonderful, long weekend, Labor Day weekend 2001. So we left there September 4, maybe, and left Za there and seven days later...

*Za:*

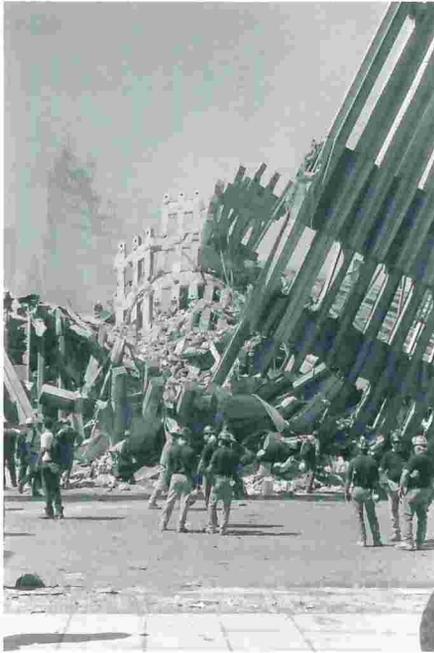
One of the things I distinctly remember is walking in the streets – because we went nowhere, we were delighted with each other's company – and walking across Sixth or Seventh Avenue. And I said, "Look, look at the World Trade Center" because the day was crystal clear and the towers were just so beautiful. And that's the last time I remember seeing them and consciously talking about them.

*Donna:*

After I started speaking with Za in the weeks following the World Trade Center attack, she let me in on emotions and senses that were so keen. The sense of smell – she would have to close her apartment window sometime because of the smell when the wind

shifted. September was a hot gorgeous month. You know. You would always have your windows open. And it just affected me so much more as a resident of Williamsport because I knew I had Za there and I knew she was documenting it on film. She said you could taste it sometimes, the stench in the air. And just her disappointment at working at this hospital, her disappointment that nobody came.

There were no survivors. They were so prepared; they had all the gurneys and all the psychological services in place and ready. The psychological services are still very much in demand. But there weren't any victims to be treated... survivors. That was the hardest thing for me, to learn that from her. And she went down to the World Trade Center, to Ground Zero, two days after and she called me that evening and she was so energized ...



*Ground Zero on September 13, 2001; From the exhibit Ground Zero: A Photographic Essay by Elizabeth Burkhart.*

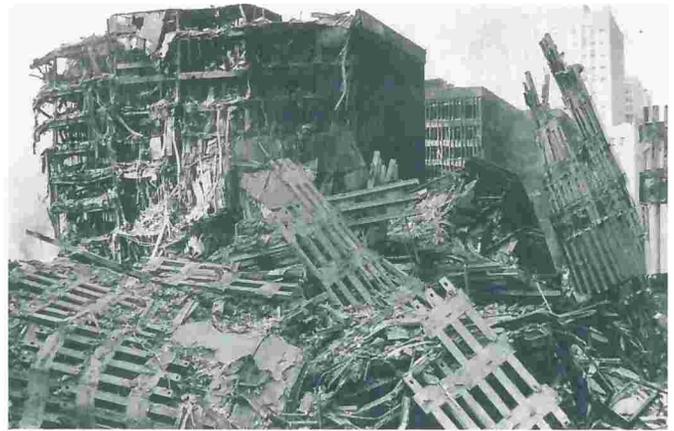
Za:

... The energy was – I mean I only slept like four or five hours a night. My fear was that we were under attack and that any moment another attack could occur. A little background... we were the closest trauma center and we were also the first hospital to start compiling lists of people that did survive who wound up in



*Ground Zero on September 13, 2001; From the exhibit Ground Zero: A Photographic Essay by Elizabeth Burkhart.*

the hospitals ...it took us at least eight hours to begin compiling lists and then coordinating with other city hospitals. And I was the person ...who sat at the desk with a person this close to me



*Ground Zero on September 13, 2001; From the exhibit Ground Zero: A Photographic Essay by Elizabeth Burkhart.*

saying, "I'm looking for my father; his name is Joe Smith; he worked on the 104th floor of Tower #1 ...and my name is James Smith and my phone number is..." And I would look on the sheets and say, "No, I'm sorry, he's not on this list – yet. We're still compiling it." And I did that for at least twelve hours in two shifts and that to me was what compelled me to go down to the site more than anything ...It was like, I have to get down there and do whatever I can, if I had to dig with my hands to try to bring some of these people home. A lot of people wanted to get down there. But I indeed did work with the debris ...[as] part the bucket brigade... In some ways I think going down there was like walking into the "belly of the beast" and probably facing my worst fears and leaving nothing to the imagination anymore.



*From Stephanie Marie Dougherty, Curtin Middle School, Williamsport, PA:*

At the age of fourteen, I've been through many things in my life that people forty years my elder never would have dreamed of experiencing. They say in middle school you gather many treasures, memories, and knowledge. By this I thought they'd meant I'll find a lifelong friend, have my first kiss, and understand Algebra. Never had I imagined things like: a girl whom I was once close friends with getting shot at a neighboring school by a classmate; or a basketball coach being arrested; or finding out my fifth grade teacher died of something that had already taken many people's lives that I knew.

And on September 11, 2001, no one in this country could have dreamed of something so tragic happening in their lifetime. We'd all just taken so many things for granted. We never thought our powerful, economically rich country could have been hit by something so mind-boggling. We didn't think something like Pearl Harbor could happen again, [let alone something] several times worse. Or at least I didn't.

I never thought people so far away could break through the protective walls of a small town life so easily and shake my world as [well as] the rest of the nation's. My world had become so real so fast. My worries were a part of a nation's. My eyes were opened and I realized that there were bigger problems than acing my science test or being at the top of the popularity chain for that week. Those all seemed miniscule compared to everything else that was happening outside the walls of Curtin Middle School, but affecting the people within the walls.

My Environmental Topics teacher told my class it was a day we would never forget. We'd remember exactly where we were and how we were feeling when it happened the moment it happened for the rest of our lives. And at this point, it's all as clear as it would be if it had happened yesterday.

I had signed out at the beginning of class and when I came back the TV was on. I glanced at and saw a flustered woman in the middle of a crowded street trying to make a report. I sat down next to my friend and asked her what was going on. She didn't take her eyes off the TV, which everyone else in the room was also transfixed on, and told me terrorists had bombed the World Trade Center. I looked up at the television again and saw the replay of the first plane hitting the first tower. I remember not really worrying about it. I, in all honesty, didn't think it was real. It just looked like a scene out of [the movie] *Independence Day* or something. It just didn't really hit me at first. Then we discussed everything in English class that day too. That's all everyone had been talking about the whole day. In Orchestra a girl had been crying because her uncle worked at the Pentagon and she had no idea if he was okay. No one really smiled or laughed the whole day. The whole school seemed to lack its usual air of energy. All of the teachers seemed devastated and the kids seemed confused and emotionless. This was beyond our comprehension at first. The day progressed in such a manner, and in many of my classes we really didn't accomplish things. Everyone was just in a daze.

Then after school at football practice, I saw my dad walking out of the building. I ran over to him to ask him where he was going. He told me he had a meeting as he got into the car. I said "Oh" and started walking away nonchalantly, but he called me back. I looked at him and could tell something was wrong. He told me that my aunt had been in New York City that day and she was supposed to be in the World Trade Center when the planes hit. My jaw dropped and that's when the reality of what happened hit me. I just stared at him. He told me she was alive but scared and stuck in New York on Staten Island. I merely nodded my head and began to walk away again. I walked into the school where my two friends were and just stood there. They saw a tear roll down my cheek and asked me what was wrong. I told them about my aunt and they just hugged me. I knew she was okay, but I was still scared. All those people that weren't alive, and all those families that were crying because their loved ones hadn't been so fortunate.

I got home and my father was talking to my aunt on the phone. She was still stuck in New York and he said if she didn't get off he himself was going to drive down there and get her. Luckily he didn't have to and she made it home fine, besides the emotional

scars she had [from] seeing the second plane hit and the towers collapse, corpses of people who she may have been working with, their faces too mangled to tell.

The next day at school we were instructed to rise for the national anthem and say the Pledge to the flag. This was one of the small ways that our nation became united. Everywhere you looked you saw red, white and blue, flags blowing in the wind, and enemies embracing one another. It sent goose bumps up my spine how the country came together. Who cares if it took something so terrible to unite us. Isn't the fact that we at least became united, and so greatly, enough? We were all proud to be Americans and proud to wear our country's colors and began praying for people we didn't know. But we didn't care. Who cares if it all seemed superficial? We all did our part, and beat the terrorists' attacks.

And yet as I look back on the long three years I had in middle school, I realize with every drop there's a rise. I've made fifty times as many friends as I have enemies, and laughed fifty times as hard as I have cried. Things will go wrong in life, and many people will get hurt, but for those of us who heal, we will stay strong and keep on fighting for what we believe in. I will never forget the knowledge I've gained here, the lessons I've learned, and the people I've met, and I hope this year's graduating eighth graders will leave a lasting impression on this school.



# Photo Images

*As a result of the terrorists' attack on the World Trade Center, NYC Little League Baseball teams were unable to use their own fields. In May of 2002, Little League Inc. invited them to play on the diamonds of the Little League complex in South Williamsport.*

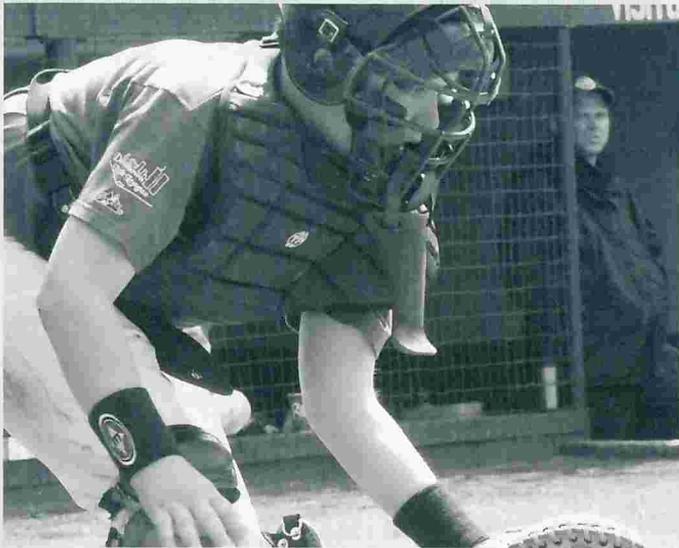


PHOTO COURTESY OF LITTLE LEAGUE BASEBALL

*All members of the Downtown Little League had the league's logo on the sleeves of their uniforms.*



PHOTO COURTESY OF LITTLE LEAGUE BASEBALL

*The scoreboard at Carl E. Stotz Memorial Field welcomes the Downtown Little League teams.*

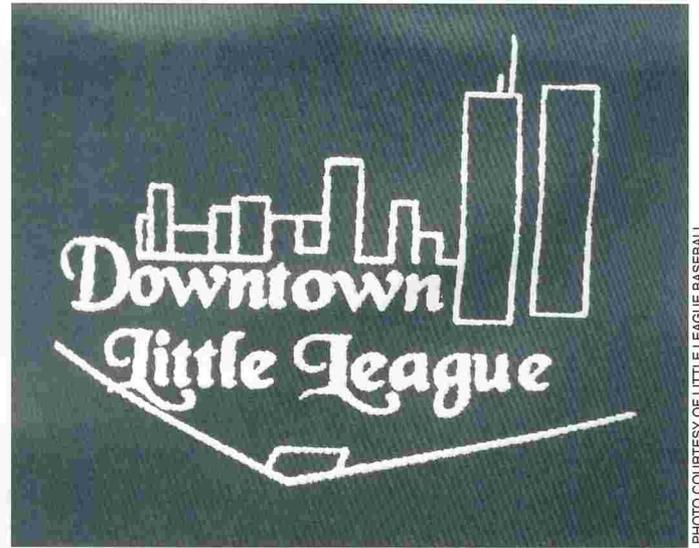


PHOTO COURTESY OF LITTLE LEAGUE BASEBALL

*The logo of the NYC Downtown Little League, featuring the twin towers of the World Trade Center.*



PHOTO COURTESY OF LITTLE LEAGUE BASEBALL

*Members of the NYC Downtown Little League gather in front of Howard J. Lamade Stadium.*

# Photo *Images*

*Lycoming County residents display the Stars and Stripes in a variety of ways...*

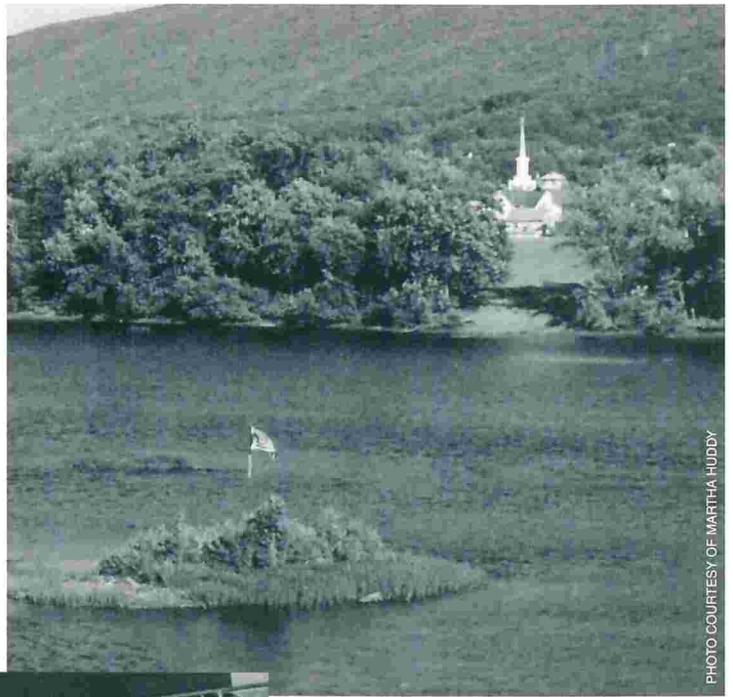


PHOTO COURTESY OF MARTHA HUDDY

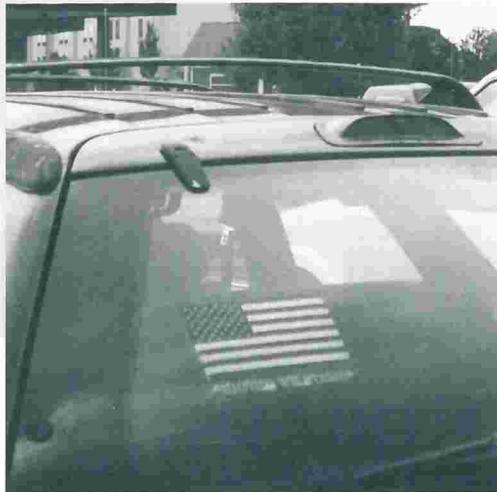


PHOTO COURTESY OF MYERS ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

*Living American Flag  
Students' Tribute to America  
Ward L. Myers Elementary School, Muncy, PA*

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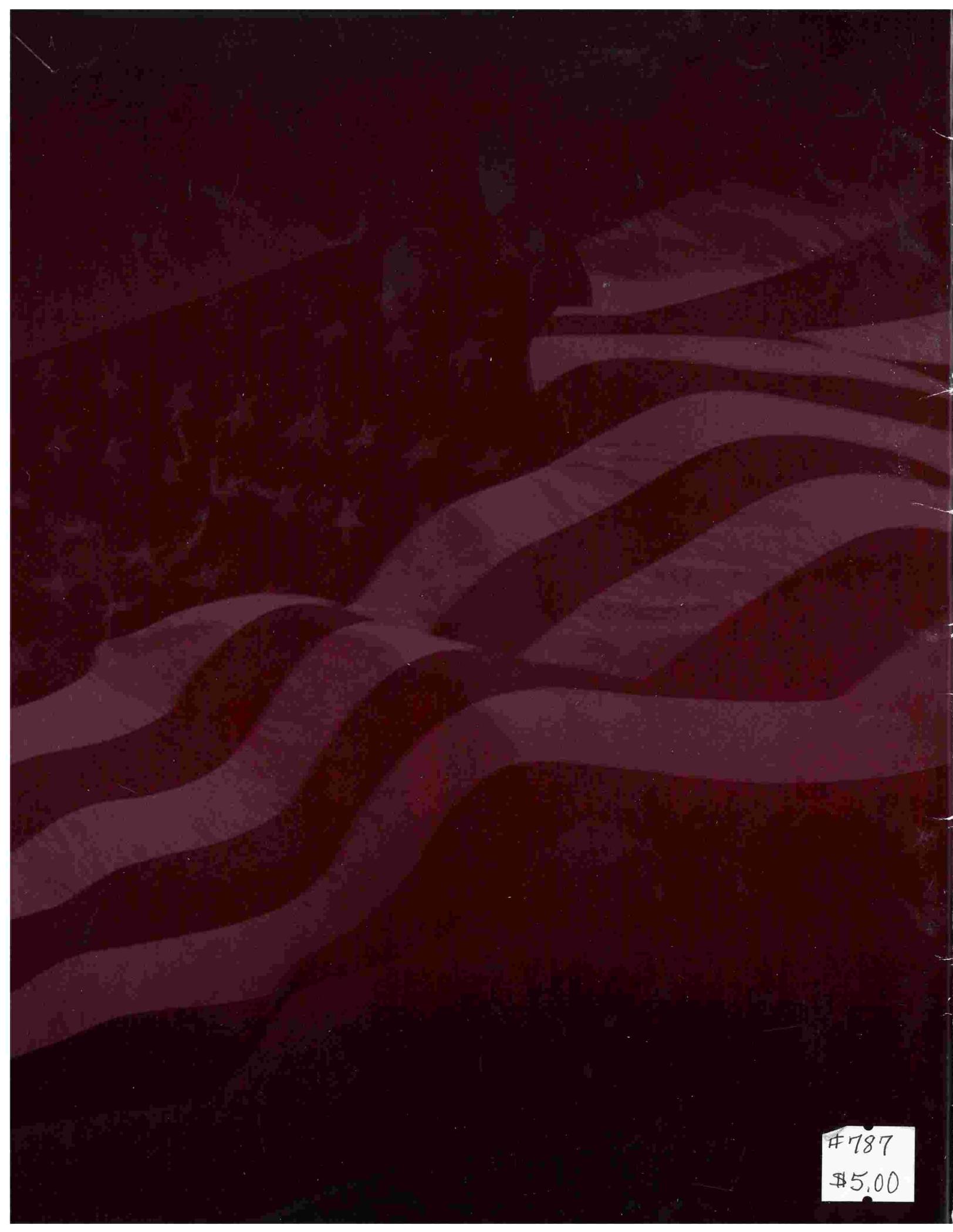
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