



9-11 Tribute

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On this 8th anniversary of 9/11, try to remember what you were doing at the exact moment on 11 September 2001 when you heard of the tragedy as it fell on our fellow countrymen, women and children.

Try to remember the feelings of horror, disbelief, chaos, helplessness and heartbreak that swooped down so rapidly upon us.

Try to remember how your eyes and ears stayed glued to the television for any signs of hope; for any updates on a situation which turned our country upside down; for other than word of mouth that is ALL you had, wishing there was something you could do, unsure of what to do or how to react

Try to remember how you responded to the emotional trauma we were all experiencing: is my family ok, what will happen next, or you might have even thought: did I know

someone on one of those flights, or perhaps even who may have worked in the World Trade Center or the Pentagon? How you worried about your co-workers who were traveling, not just for accountability, but simply because you cared that they might have been in harms way.

Try to remember how you felt when you realized the vast numbers of our fallen as they sank to depths we didn't want to face, whether they were Americans traveling to their chosen destination or others doing their duty performing rescue operations, or just going to work on a normal day as millions of Americans do.

Try to remember the feelings of hopelessness, awe, how could this happen in the United States and WHY? How shaken you felt, and tried to fathom what this would do to our country?

I remember looking out into the sky from my 7th floor office in Louisville, Kentucky as those flights that were airborne to various destinations were heading in to be grounded at the closest airport and thinking of an eagle, our very symbol of freedom coming home to rest because of the havoc created in the skies.

Two weeks after 9/11 I remember standing on the ground and looking at the Pentagon. Even though I was in the middle of the city, it was quiet and had sort of an eerie aura. I stood shaken by the destruction and thinking of the great Americans and people who had perished and the loved ones left behind. At the same time I had a huge sense of pride in seeing the US Army Corps of Engineers flag being flown at the site of destruction, and thinking how awesome it is that we can remember, respond and rebuild what others seek to tear down, of course, not without sacrifice.



That same day I remember standing on the curb outside but looking into the Ronald Reagan National Airport and how silent it seemed with no incoming or outgoing flights, or the usual bustle of people, taxis, and horns blowing, it seemed like an empty and abandoned shell from which our freedom had been stripped

Today, I remember our fallen comrades, and I remember why we are all here in the honorable service of our country, and to the people of Afghanistan. Lastly, I remember how very blessed we truly are as we head down the road of recovery.

Let us always remember that September 11, 2001 will live in the hearts of Americans forever, and together we will stand proud as we remember, respond, and recover.