

Gone *But Not Forgotten*

TRIBUTES TO VOICES NOT HEARD

by Fabrizio Bivona

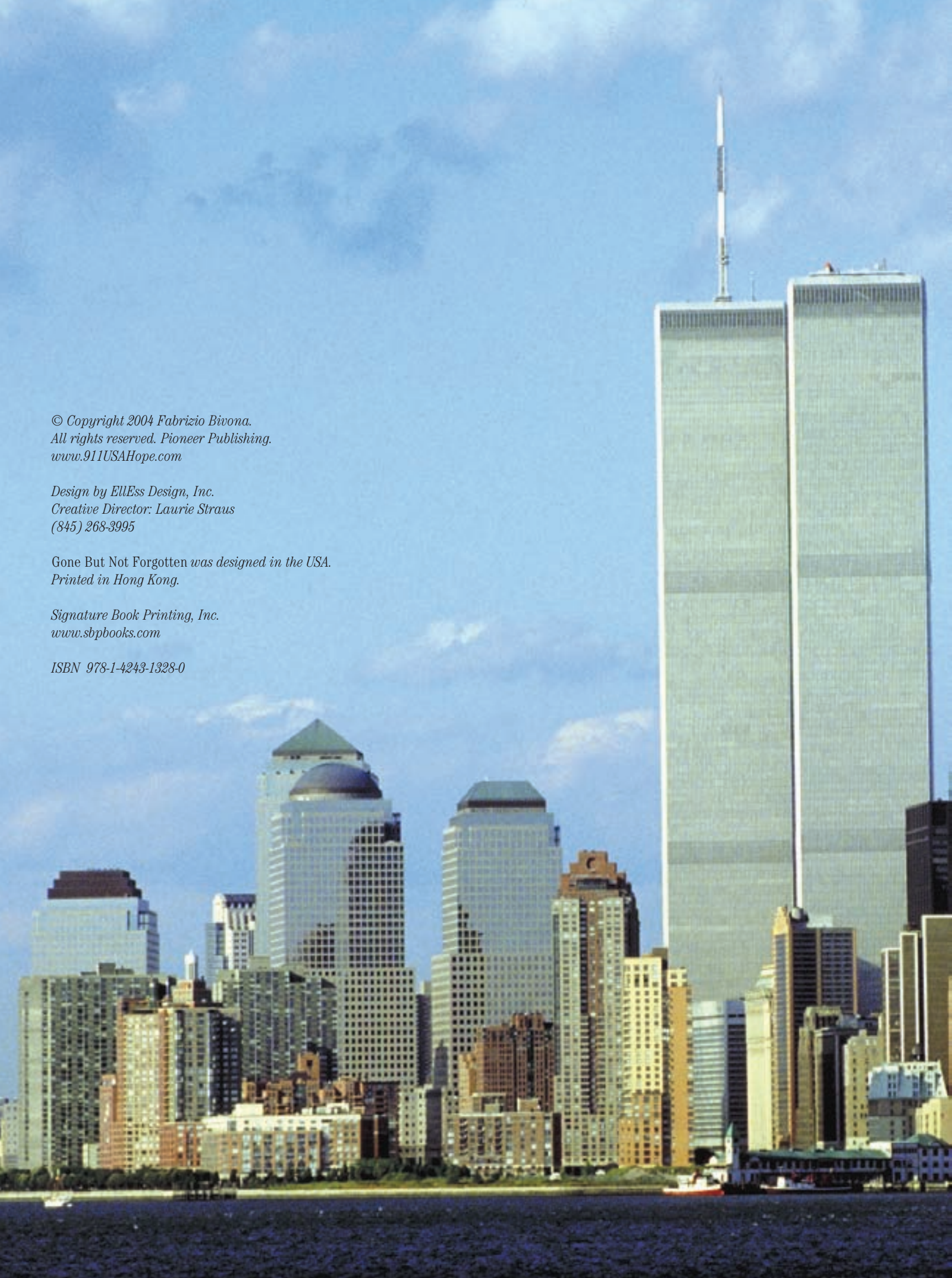
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Introduction

by Fabrizio Bivona

I would like to thank you for embarking on this journey with me through this book. The tragic events of 9/11 are extremely sensitive, however if we ignore the pain surrounding the event, we also ignore the incredible people who had the courage to confront them. My mission is to comfort the loved ones left behind, and simply recognize the selfless acts, which were repeated throughout that day.

I struggled with the decision whether to make public my personal diary, which included many of the events and people surrounding September 11. The enormous respect I have for all the heroes that emerged that day would be difficult for me to put into words. So many different people acted with dignity and honor, it concerned me that it might exceed my ability to capture the day's reverence. I am a paramedic/firefighter as well as a hospital supervisor who was at Ground Zero. I have never been prouder to call myself an American or to be a member of the public safety community. The negative image or stereotype that people sometimes harbor, especially regarding police officers, is often very unfair. Twenty years as a public servant has given me the opportunity to witness many benevolent and compassionate acts performed by the very same people who are sometimes vilified by the public. On September 11, the world witnessed the true character and the level of dedication that is at the core of the emergency services personnel in the United States. Sadly the role models often admired today are emulated for the wrong reasons. My hope is that after reading this book, if just one person applies the values demonstrated that day the world will become a much better place.

Through a series of coincidences I survived that catastrophic day and would like to share my experiences and observations with you to keep the heroic actions by so many alive. Unfortunately, approximately 3,000 other good people were not as fortunate. The people who answered the call for help, revealed to the world the inherent strength and beauty that Americans' possess. It was not only the emergency personnel that responded but also ordinary everyday Americans, Latinos, African Americans, Asians. They came from all walks of life and combined their strengths and talents to create a mosaic of hope and comfort for the people suffering. ■



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The terrorists who committed this heinous crime didn't understand that America is not a building or material possession. America is a spirit comprised of fairness, justice and selfless sacrifice lived as an everyday way of life. We are the most philanthropic nation in the world, helping countries and people we don't know and may never meet. Our beauty and success comes from our undying ability to meet challenges and gain strength from them. The terrorists accomplished nothing they set out to accomplish September 11; instead they increased our resolve and exposed to the world our limitless reservoir of courage and compassion. Thanks to the everyday heroes that live among us, we once again proved why we are the greatest country on earth.



History

The massive undertaking of the World Trade Center was possible due to Americans who believed there had to be a way to create and drive a society without violence or exploitation. Americans are usually at their best when situations are at their worst. The era during the depression marked dark days in America's history, and it was unclear if democracy and capitalism would actually survive. The United States was faced with bankruptcy, and as a result there were limited funds. Federal and state infrastructure projects such as ports, roads and bridges were threatened by deterioration. In 1921 the Port Authority was created as a politically independent entity by the New Jersey and New York legislatures in response to this crisis. Their contrary political interests

did not prevent this project from becoming a huge success. This was the first example of a corporation operating in the public sector, channeling private funds for public works. This type of cooperative relationship became the model, which Franklin D. Roosevelt used, in his depression-breaking programs such as the "New Deal." Many other cities and states followed suit.

In the late 1950's the idea for a World Trade Center (WTC) was being developed, and the Port Authority was considered for the project. There were many challenges that would have to be overcome in order for this project to succeed. First, there was the relatively low budget for the record-breaking expanse of office and retail space, which was impossible with the current construction

standards at that time. Despite the illusion that it could not be done, construction began in 1966. Success at the time was rated at 52% usable space after construction; the World Trade Center had 75% when it was completed. The complex could accommodate 50,000 tenants and 80,000 daily visitors. Groundbreaking innovations and designs had to be used to meet the challenges. A unique design, which used various types of elevators, contributed greatly to the increase in space. Other innovations such as the kangaroo cranes, which were able to lift themselves from floor to floor, gave way to new construction standards. Traditionally, buildings were designed from the center with load-bearing masonry. The World Trade Center used an external skeleton for support, using drywall construction that was anchored to steel. In addition, the foundation was an experimental design, which would wrap 1,000 feet around the base and 70 feet below ground. Its purpose was to hold back the subterranean soil and the massive pressure exerted by the Hudson River. A three-foot concrete slab with steel cables securing it into the bedrock rock proved to be very sturdy. In fact, it not only held up to nature's forces, but also withstood the 1993 bombing. The World Trade Center was not just a great place for finance, or for accomplishing miraculous innovations in construction, but stood as a symbol of something far greater.

The World Trade Center was a symbol of peace and prosperity that evolved after World War II. Moscow and Beijing were emerging as communist nations and the Democratic experiment start-

ed by our forefathers was threatened by the Cold War. Capitalism was a peaceful motivator to promote a free and productive society.

Mr. Minoru Yamasaki embodies the spirit of America as he lived the American dream. He endured hard ships, which included cultural differences, racism and extreme poverty. Yet through persistence and hard work, he became a respected businessman with an excellent reputation and was ultimately entrusted with the design of one of the largest projects ever conceived. Mr. Yamasaki was the son of Japanese immigrants; his father was a maintenance man in a factory, and his mother was a pianist. He faced racism on different levels, being turned away from public facilities, or if allowed to stay he was forced to sit in the back. Employers would not hire him due to his race, and his parents barely made enough to survive. He decided to relocate to Alaska, where he worked at a fish cannery earning 17 cents an hour, working 14 hours a day, 6 days a week. He saved enough to attend the University of Washington for his undergraduate degree and received his master's degree from New

York University. Despite the anti-Japanese sentiments that existed during the war, he worked his way up through various architectural firms. He eventually established his own architectural firm in Michigan and was subsequently hired as the chief architect for the World Trade Center by Austin J. Tobin.

The towers captured Mr. Yamaski's vision and personal integrity, as they took on a life of their own. The life of the towers was not in the mortar as the terrorists believed but rather in the lives it touched. ■





The chief architect Minoru Yamasaki captured the symbolism best when he stated, "I feel this way about it. World trade means world peace and consequently the World Trade Center buildings in New York ... had a bigger purpose than just provide room for tenants. The World Trade Center is a living symbol of man's dedication to world peace ... beyond the compelling need to make this a monument to world peace, the World Trade Center should, because of its importance, become a representation of man's belief in humanity. His need for individual dignity, his beliefs in the cooperation of men, and through cooperation, his ability to find greatness."

A Tribute to Voices Not Heard

Everyday as I traveled to work or glanced out my window, there they were —the Twin Towers and the New York City skyline. It was a familiar and comfortable backdrop that accompanied me for as long as I can remember.

In July 2001, “Op-sail,” a celebration of the country’s values, principles and traditions, came to the tri-state area. The floating procession of vintage ships and military tributes traveled along the Hudson River between New York and New Jersey, with the World Trade Center, Empire State Building and New York’s historical waterfront on one side, and the Statue of Liberty and New Jersey’s Liberty State Park on the other. I was impressed to see and hear again about the accomplishments and incredible strides this country has made in its short history.

I experienced Op-sail aboard a state police speedboat as part of a multi-agency antiterrorism task force. The task force consisted of helicopter crews, tactical teams and specialized units with members from state and federal agencies that came from all over the country. We all worked together to protect the American people from those who might want to cause us harm. A great



deal of work and planning is required to make these events safe for the public. I was amazed at the tireless effort and dedication demonstrated by so many people.

I served as part of an advanced medical support team stationed in the hot zone, for rapid deployment in the event of an emergency. The four-day assignment gave me the opportunity to see up close some of the historic landmarks that symbolize the character of America. I saw firsthand some of America’s finest achievements, and it allowed me to appreciate the hard work and sacrifice it took to earn New York’s reputation as the greatest city on earth. Of course, I did not know then that the awesome sight would not be one that I could one day share with my children.

Ironically, soon after the Op-sail assignment I was stationed to work at a busy inner-city emergency room in Jersey City. The hospital was built on the cliffs alongside the Hudson River, and the ER sat directly across from the Twin Towers. Standing outside its doors, I recall being in awe of the two towers and the tremendous impact they made on the river’s bank. Up to this point, the view represented the ingenuity and hard work of the American people. Many friends of mine made their living in the two towers that rose majestically out of the New York City skyline. The towers were part of a small city within Manhattan, comprised of buildings, apartments, theme stores and recreational activities. In fact, I was supposed to start sailing lessons at a place right along the waterfront on Friday. ■





September 11

September 11, 2001, I awoke at 5 a.m. The day started off with my early morning drive into Jersey City just before dawn. The traffic was starting to build up with thousands of commuters who were heading into New York City for work. I crested the bridge on Route 3 by the Meadowlands as the sun began to rise behind the twin towers and the Empire State Building. I would have stopped there on the bridge to take in the view if I had known the landscape would change forever over the next two hours. After the usual bumper-to-bumper traffic I arrived at work, parked in the lot and walked along the cliff, capturing a glimpse of New York's skyline as I entered the ER. "What a beautiful day," I thought to myself as I walked through the doors and into the chaos that had already taken hold in the ER.

There was a momentary break in the bustle as someone said, "Dave's on the phone, and he's heading over to the World Trade Center for breakfast. He wants to know if anyone wants to join him." Dave was a young, Jersey City paramedic who, through hard work and dedication, became a Port Authority police officer. He was the type of person whom everyone loved, and he only knew kindness and compassion.

The night shift personnel, who could have gone to meet Dave, had already left for the day. As tempting as a relaxing breakfast in the city sounded, we couldn't go. The ER was short staffed and already heaving with patients. There's so much we would have said to Dave that morning had we known that his subway ride would never see the World Trade Center station. Dave, along with all the other passengers that day, would be buried alive 70 feet beneath the building. Knowing him, I'm sure his last actions were to use every ounce of life he had to comfort and aid the other passengers. That was Dave.

At 8:47 a.m., some of my colleagues were on a break outside the ER doors when they had the misfortune of witnessing the Boeing 767 fly into the World Trade Center—the south tower—and the ensuing explosion. One of the nurses ran back into the ER screaming that a large plane had just hit the World Trade Center. Within seconds, I breached the ER doors to see a plume of smoke rising from Tower 1 and flames completely encircling it. It didn't seem real. Could this really be happening?

We went inside the doors and called the hospital supervisor requesting we move the hospital status to a Code yellow. Code yellow is the operating hospital level for an external disaster. Patients are moved to accommodate expected casualties, off-duty personnel are called in and supplies are dispensed to handle the potential volume of patients that may arrive. Blood volunteers are lined up while we check the current availability of blood supplies.

With this process underway, I immediately called my family and instructed them to leave the New York City region, as I believed we were under attack and feared what else might be on the horizon. One of the nurses overheard my conversation and asked how I could make such a prediction. Twenty years in emergency services had claimed much of my innocence and I just knew it was intentional. US pilots are the best trained in the world and would sooner give up their own lives, rather than allow the planes to veer off course and strike these buildings. I completed my phone call in a minute and was called back outside to help set up the parking lot for patients and to set up a temporary morgue. What once was a million-dollar view of the World Trade Center had become ringside seat to the most horrific crime this country had ever experienced. ■



AP WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

The Second Attack

While setting up for the anticipated patients, someone pointed to a low-flying Boeing 767 as it approached from the east side of New York, skimming atop the buildings. The parking lot fell silent as we watched United flight 175 disappear behind WTC 2, the south tower. It appeared as if missiles were firing through the tower. In fact from our angle, what appeared to be a missile was the plane's engine engulfed by flames, which came crashing through the building. A woman standing next to

me collapsed and was immediately rushed into the emergency room. We continued to prepare for the casualties, but as of yet none had arrived.

The news reports seemed to be getting worse by the minute. As we stared at the buildings a bystander asked, "What's that falling from the buildings?" A security guard went to his desk and returned with binoculars. He looked through the binoculars first, and as he was focusing them they fell from his hands and lay tethered



AP WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

around his neck as he burst into tears. I grabbed the binoculars from around his neck and began to focus them as one of the clerks happened to come outside. She had to get at a firsthand look at what they were watching being broadcast live on the television in the reception area. She must have needed to confirm the unthinkable. The binoculars now focused, I watched in horror as people jumped from the building, some alone as they bounced off the building's exterior and plummeted to the earth. Occasionally, groups of three and four held hands as they leapt from the fiery tower.

Later, friends who had survived the building collapse and had been stationed at the towers recounted their ordeal. They stared off into space as they described the hazards of dodging the falling bodies as they rescued

people from the building. "Dozens and dozens of people were raining from the skies," one witness recalled. A documentary that later recounted the rescue, censored the visible images of falling bodies, but you could still hear the bodies just outside the doors of the World Trade Center as they struck the pavement. I constantly questioned, "How bad must it have been for these people to bring themselves to jump from the building?"

Not even a moment passed to absorb the sequence of horror before there was yet another twist to this day of destruction and pain. "My God; a plane just crashed into the Pentagon. America is under attack. I can't believe it," a police officer exclaimed as he rushed outside to update his sergeant and the other officers.

Suddenly, without warning, one tower began a

slow-motion collapse, dropping debris in an umbrella pattern to the ground as the building literally disintegrated before our eyes. We stared for a moment at the spot where this mountain of a building stood seconds earlier. It was incomprehensible that it had vanished. The realization that many friends and coworkers were in that tower as it plunged to the earth was immediate. There was no doubt in my mind that friends of mine had just lost their lives. Knowing the character of these individuals, if people were in trouble they were there. At this point more than ever I wanted to get over there and help, but I had patients for whom I was responsible,

and we were still preparing for casualties.

We tried to contact New York's emergency management office to assess what resources they might need at this time but we couldn't get through. There were repeated emergency requests for personnel via the emergency system on the radio.

After the first assault on the towers back on February 23, 1993, I saw first hand the professionalism and preparedness of New York's rescuers and law enforcement agencies. They proved to be more than capable; however the tragic circumstances of September 11, 2001 were exceptional. Just after the first building

collapsed, some of the hospital personnel arrived and I was reassigned and allowed to respond to the WTC to reinforce the surviving rescue personnel. ■



GETTY IMAGES







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Ground Zero

At this point, access to New York City was completely shut down by the various police agencies that had closed all entrances and exits to and from the city. The bridges and tunnels had a series of blockades, including large dump trucks, placed across the roads to prevent additional attacks from the ground. Hundreds of armed police officers supported the blockades at varying checkpoints. Luckily I had my motorcycle, which made maneuverability easier. The hospital parking lot gave me quick access to the ramp going down to the Holland tunnel. As I approached the blockades, I identified myself and was waved through. By this time, public addresses over the television networks and radio stations pleaded for additional help and recalled all off-duty personnel. Within minutes I passed through the final checkpoint at the Holland tunnel, which would typically

be packed with cars at this time of day. Instead I sped through one of the busiest tunnels in the world; it was completely empty.

As I left the tunnel and its eerie silence, I saw people waving frantically directing me to the disaster. Again, a series of police checkpoints directed me to the site. A cloud of dust and debris came bellowing up the road, forcing me to abandon my motorcycle and duck into an alleyway. The cloud suddenly eclipsed the bright sun, and day instantly turned to night. Moments later, the dust began to settle, so I continued on foot. Debris close to 3 feet deep was strewn across the road.

Out of the dust, several people came running past screaming that the gas mains had ruptured and they were about to explode. I, along with a police officer and firefighter, ducked behind a police car. There was a





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sudden series of explosions, which included about a half-dozen cars that were in a parking lot. A parking lot full of cars were now burning with some occasionally exploding. As the explosions subsided, I crawled out from behind the police car and ran toward an ambulance to see if I could help. When I got to the unit, the back doors were open and there were a couple of people leaning against it looking for the EMTs. I treated their minor injuries and then began to look around for the personnel. "Those medics were in the second tower," exclaimed a firefighter from across the street, "I don't know where they are."

I went into the unit, which was completely covered in

ash and debris. I found an oxygen cylinder and some other equipment, dusted it off and continued to move forward searching for survivors. I came upon two badly damaged police cars and a fire truck. "They were in the building too," called the same voice. A police officer approached and handed me a paper mask. "You'd better put that on; they're telling us there might be biological agents in those planes." Just before he walked away, he called, "Another plane just went down in Pennsylvania. Don't know the details yet ... They're trying to close the air space, because they think there are more up there that are going to attack us." The officer then slipped out of sight, no doubt to protect some of the other rescuers.





Now at the observation deck of the tower, there were only a handful of rescuers left, and they were tattered and exhausted. “Where’s the command center?” I asked. They simply pointed to the apocalyptic scene of a smoldering field of twisted metal. The image of two men huddled over an open fire hydrant drew my attention, so I approached. One man was a fireman who had suffered a broken arm and he was helping a large stout man dressed in a shredded ash-covered suit. “Where’s the rest of your fire company?” I asked. His eyes rose from the ground and with a vacant stare he replied, “The building came down on all of us.” His look said it all. The man he was helping was the Director of Security for the WTC.

Without thought for himself, the fireman stated, “We’re O.K.,” and he directed me to continue forward in the hope that I might help some of the others still trapped.

At the base, the ground was fully covered with millions of pieces of paper and office remnants, which at one point spontaneously burst into flames. Firemen fighting the fire at the observation deck turned their hose toward me and some other rescuers who were now surrounded by the flames, soaking a path for us to escape. As I leaned against a post to catch my breath, a police officer approached and handed me a fire extinguisher he had just pulled off a traffic police cart. “Keep that with you,” he said, as he moved back to his post. ■



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His look said it all.



Voices

"Officer down" ... "Officer needs help" ... "Firefighters trapped and the flames are coming in" ... "I think I've been hit, I need back-up".

These are only some of the desperate pleas by emergency personnel that I have heard and responded to during my career. Sometimes those requests for help turned out to be the last words uttered by the individual police officers, firefighters and EMS personnel. Special bonds are developed between all these people and agencies, and even if you never meet some of them, fellow emergency personnel become a part of your family. Holidays are often spent together, and common values and goals are shared. These men and women truly become your brothers and sisters and their pain, suffering and loss are devastating and heartfelt. A loss literally takes a part of you. The World Trade Center disaster put out a collective cry for help, one that I never heard before. The chirping whistle of firefighter distress alarms filled the air. The alarm is activated when a firefighter goes down and signals the other rescuers that they are in trouble. On September 11, hundreds of those alarms filled the air, a resounding symbol of loss as more than 343 firefighters perished in the collapse. Only additional explosions or warnings regarding secondary collapses interrupted the alarms.

Hundreds of emergency vehicles were scattered everywhere, damaged and covered in ash, but only a handful of rescuers were present. This is when the devastation and massive loss of life on the part of the firefighters, EMS personnel and police officers actually struck me.







A white helmet (Battalion Chief NYFD) emerged from the rubble looking at the site and shaking his head. "Chief, where's the command center?" I asked. "Gone, they're all gone," he said, staring at the fires. "What can I do?" I asked. "We have hundreds of guys missing, and we have gotten some radio communications that some are still alive. The problem is the reference points they are giving us are destroyed." The Chief then pointed to one of the adjoining buildings, which had been decimated by the blast. Furniture hung from the windows as huge portions of the building were missing. "We've got guys in there," he said.

Unfortunately over the next several hours it would be reduced to a mound of debris. Despite the loss of the command center, the emergency personnel successfully affected the best rescue effort in history. Truly a testament to their resourcefulness and commitment to fulfill their duty.

The photograph above is WTC, Building Seven, which is fully involved with fire and is pending collapse. There are still people inside, as rescuers are trying to get them to safety. Unfortunately, among the tenants are New York City's Disaster Command Center, which was specifically designed for this type of event. It used state of the art technology and communications, and was recognized as one the best Command Centers in the world.





The rescuers had to go through the wall smoke and debris to effectively evacuate the building.





At this point, several of the surrounding buildings were now on fire and were also threatening collapse. I saw a blasted out building window and climbed through, finding myself in the lobby of the atrium. There must have been some type of convention, as tables and displays were set up throughout the lobby. People had left their bags behind, full mugs of coffee on the tables, videos still playing. It was a haunting sensation, walking through the hub of New York's financial district on a weekday morning and not encountering a living soul.

The aftermath of a nuclear event is no longer simply an abstract image for me. This had to be close. The buildings were completely lifeless, except for alarm shrieks, emergency generator lights and flashing strobes. The escalators were still moving, but all other power was out. Dust filled the air. Offset by the minimal lighting, it created an illusion of a mystical, depressing fog. I pierced the fog as I moved upward on the escalator trying to remember building markers in the event I needed to make a rapid escape.



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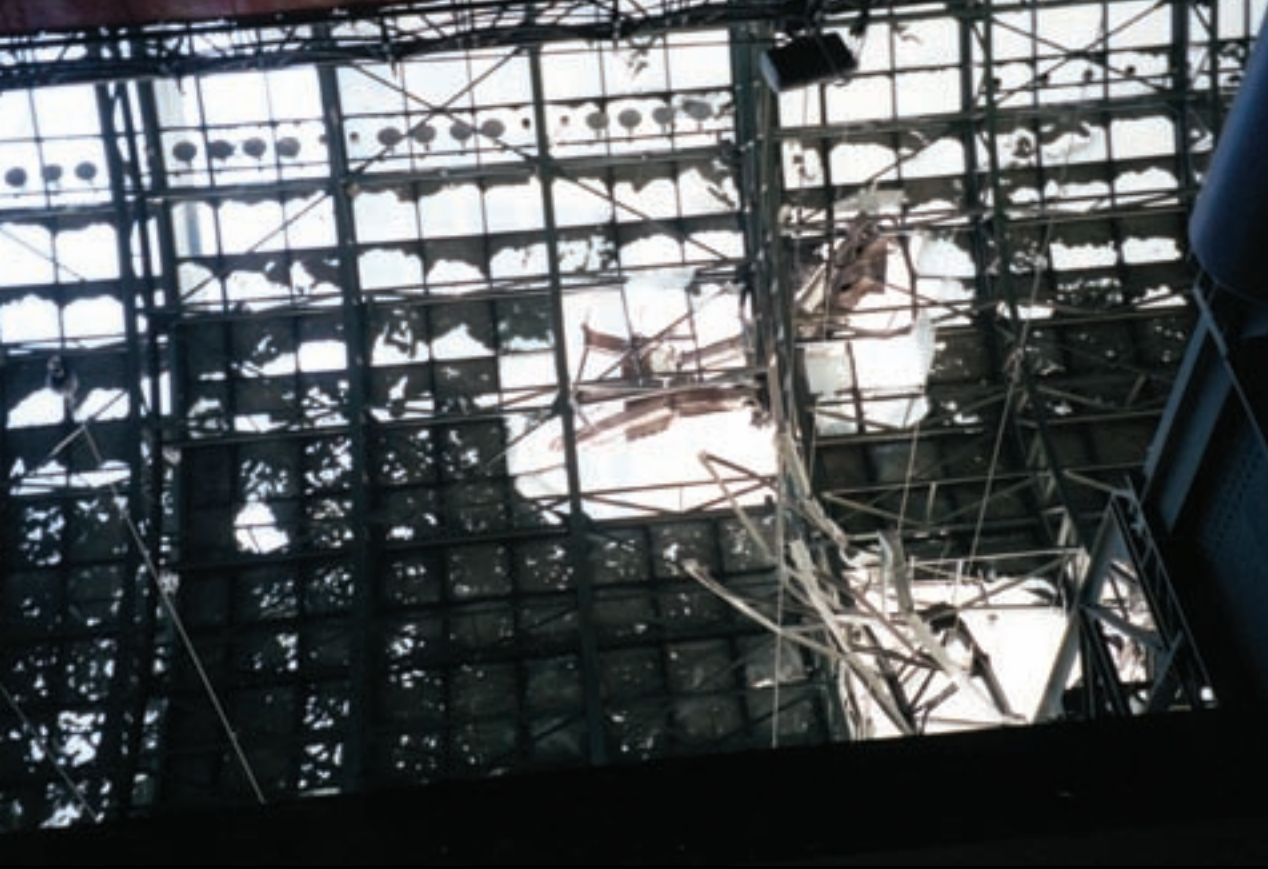


“Can you hear me? Is anyone here?” I repeated as I swept through the lobby, stairwell and floors. “We’re over here. Help.” Faint pleas came from the end of a dark hallway. Carefully making my way down the corridor, a bright light from the other end opened to a huge atrium. Again the pleas for help resounded in this open, huge lobby. “I’m coming,” I called as I tried to figure



out a way to get down to the floor of the lobby. It was an impressive sight as I stood on the balcony. It must have been a beautiful place just hours earlier. Sixty-foot palm trees lined one end, and a series of stairs and levels gave way to various views of the lobby. On either side of the lobby were quaint shops and restaurants, which added to the charm. It would have been nice to see in all its glory. “Don’t worry. I’m almost there,” I reassured the voices. A piece of steel with some wires hanging off it had wedged itself between a door and some other debris. Moving some debris and shifting the metal to one side allowed me to open the door enough to get two men out. “Are you O.K.?” I asked as they managed to get their dust-covered bodies out. “Yeah, we’re fine. We work maintenance and there was a rumble and we couldn’t get the door open. Thanks.” They looked around briefly in disbelief. “Be careful!” they warned as they made their way across the lobby.

Again, getting reference points I continued my sweep looking for survivors when I felt something



I dusted myself off, made sure I was still intact and turned to see a huge segment of steel girders that had broken free and had crashed into the lobby. They were dangling from the atrium support structure only moments earlier.

wet in my hair. I ran my hand through my hair and saw trace amounts of blood that dotted my palm. Little shards of glass were starting to rain down from the huge oval glass atrium that ran almost 200 yards. Avoiding the glass that was now showering down, I began to run toward one of the corner shops when I was knocked off my feet by a thunderous blast. I dusted myself off, made sure I was still intact and turned to see a huge segment of steel girders that had broken free and had crashed into the lobby. They were dangling from the atrium support structure only moments earlier. If it wasn't for the glass that came raining down prior—well, I was lucky. The offices that I began to check were completely open to the outside; the walls had been ripped away.

Other than the dust and the obvious damage, I could see the remnants of a bustling office environment that was abruptly interrupted. In the hall two men had descended from the upper floors. "We checked the upper floors. The building is empty," they informed me. I joined the two in sweeping the other corridor, which led us to the opposite entrance to the building. It was very disap-

pointing that there weren't more people we could help.

I made my way through the 16-acre site in absolute amazement at the vast area that was impacted and the amount of damage that had been sustained. A temporary command center had been set up and additional rescue personnel were arriving. They were in the process of locating Ladder Company 6. The company had been trapped because they refused to leave even one person behind. (You can learn more about this incredible story later in the book.) The command center informed me that they were close to locating them. At the time, this was the only viable rescue in progress. They suggested that I return to the hospital, as they might need additional help by now. Sadly enough, at this point anyone who sustained any injuries had been moved to triage areas, or were on their way to designated hospitals.

I decided to call the ER to get an update and to see where I was most needed. Unfortunately, cell phones were useless at this point. There were only four pay phones, with several police officers, firefighters and media personnel lined up waiting to use them.



The conversations could not be ignored. A firefighter on the phone to his wife: *"Honey, I'm alive. ... No they're all dead. ... I was lucky, I guess ... No sweetie, I can't come home (his eyes welling up with tears) ... No I can't come home. Just tell the kids I'm OK and I'll get there as soon as I can. I've got to go. I love you and the kids!"* He hung up the phone and just stared at it for a few seconds. "It's all yours," he said, handing me the phone as he disappeared back into Ground Zero.

A cameraman on my right, his camera on the ground by his feet, must have been talking to his wife. *"Tell the kids there is a lot of good in the world. Don't let them focus on this horror. No. It's worse than on TV. I'll be home as soon as I can get out of the city. I love you too!"*

The ER wasn't busy yet, but they were starting to get reports of thousands of patients heading over on the ferries. I found my motorcycle covered in dust and some parts smashed and dented from the falling debris. I put the key in the ignition, and much to my surprise it started right up. Within about 10 minutes, I pulled into the parking lot at the hospital. It had been transformed into a huge outdoor emergency room, with rows of stretchers, hundreds of I.V bags hanging and medical and surgical areas set up for the thousands of anticipated patients. Liberty State Park had a giant casualty area prepared and a morgue was set up. Much to our disappointment, most of the equipment and staff were not put to use; no large number of survivors would be found that day. ■





The distress alarms still sounding, the children walking with their mother knowing something was wrong but no idea what, the fireman with a broken arm pushing me forward to help his buddies—I had to go back! The thought that these brave souls that were still in trouble and were waiting for that rescuer's arm to appear through the rubble drew me right back to Ground Zero.



Those Left Behind

The look in the eyes of the medical staff as I came through the doors of the ER stopped me in my tracks. Later, a nurse came up to me and said, “You look like a ghost returning from hell.” I guess that pretty much summed it up. Covered in dust and ash, blood all over my clothes, my pants and shirt shredded—that must have been some sight. It became more difficult for me to catch my breath. My chest tightened, and I was coughing up a gray dust and ash. Colleagues hurried me into a side room. They knew I would be sent home if the supervisors saw me in this condition and I was not about to go home! They worked on me for about an hour, and the supervisor stopped to check on me and offered to send me home. I just couldn’t go.

She assigned me to the hospital entrance as the initial triage officer for the patients when they arrived. It was a kind gesture, because although this responsibility would typically be highly stressful, sadly enough it wasn’t that day; the actual number of injured was extremely low, considering the event. They were looking to give me a break and keep me outside away from the chaos. In fact, it turned out to be the most challenging task in my life.

The triage center was based at the ER entrance overlooking Ground Zero. For the next 11 hours, we watched the huge plume of smoke make its way across the New York City skyline and hover above the Hudson River. The only sounds that existed in this densely populated metropolitan area were F-16 fighter jets flying in pairs directly overhead. Occasionally Combat helicopters buzzed the area, along with police cruisers and military vehicles.



There was not a single other light or sound in the sky, and it occurred to me that this city had never experienced a silence like this since its creation. An ominous feeling filled the air. The sun went down, and the glow from the fires burning at the WTC site kept the night at bay.

The silence was disrupted for a moment as a civilian car made its way past the hospital security blockade at the entrance and parked at the far end of the parking lot. The car door opened and a woman slowly emerged maneuvering past the steering wheel; she was obviously pregnant. Two small children came from the other side and grabbed their mother’s hands as they crossed the lot and slowly sauntered to our table. Holding back tears welling up in her eyes, her hands trembled as she fumbled through her wallet in search of something. “Have you seen my husband?” her voice cracking throughout the question as she handed us a wedding photo. “He worked at Cantor Fitzgerald’s, and he hasn’t come home yet.” One of the pieces of information that I obtained while at Ground Zero was that the people working for Cantor Fitzgerald were presumed dead, as they were above the plane crash location and their escape was impossible. Was I sure he had been killed? Did I even know if he was on the floor or in the building when the plane hit? No. I didn’t have the evidence, but I knew.

At 3:30 a.m. it was obvious that a large number of survivors were not going to be found, even though the estimates at this point were that more than 10,000 people were still missing.





We immediately brought her inside the hospital and made a series of phone calls to some of the rescue agencies and other area hospitals in search of her husband. After two hours we were unable to locate him, and some of her family arrived at the hospital to be by her side. As she walked away, shoulders down, defeated, I asked myself, “What did this poor girl do to deserve this?” Her children stood at her side looking sad, knowing something was wrong and trying to comprehend the incomprehensible. Through the efforts of trying to locate her husband, a list of survivors was compiled and circulated to the other agencies and hospitals.

Nothing could have prepared me for the number of families and friends who traveled around desperately seeking their loved ones. The saddest and most depressing task I have ever had to do was to go through the survivor list in the hopes of finding a name. As I scanned the list, I felt the desperation and sadness of potential victims’ family and friends as they stared on for any glimpse of hope. If I didn’t find the name initially, I prayed that I had just missed it and checked again. The moment I dreaded was looking up from the list and whispering, “Sorry, they’re not here.” The look in their eyes as part of them literally died in front of me is now etched in my memory forever. They then took the few ounces of energy they had left to make their way back to the car to continue their quest of hope.

At 3:30 a.m. it was obvious that a large number of survivors were not going to be found, even though the estimates at this point were that more than 10,000 people were still missing. The night was filled with rumors of additional attacks and reports of thousands of survivors located. They all turned out to be false, but the emotional roller coaster had taken its toll. I was physically and mentally exhausted, intermittently coughing up the acid ash that I had inhaled earlier. We were being sent home, yet I couldn’t shake the feeling that I should have done more.

Several people left homemade posters of their loved ones with us containing biographical information. You couldn’t help but identify with these people and see your own family among them. The distress alarms still sounding, the children walking with their mother knowing something was wrong but no idea what, the fireman with a broken arm pushing me forward to help his buddies—I had to go back! The thought that these brave souls that were still in trouble and were waiting for that rescuer’s arm to appear through the rubble drew me right back to Ground Zero. ■

Wednesday, September 12

September 12th, 2001, 4 a.m. My motorcycle covered in dust and damaged from the falling debris kicked right over; she wasn't going to quit either. The silent ride through the Holland Tunnel had an eerie peace to it. The mouth of the tunnel gave way to a bright glow coming from Ground Zero as the work lights illuminated the smoke as it rose into the crisp, clear night.

There were hundreds of men and women already in the pit, the human chains extended throughout the huge expanse of debris and twisted metal. Threats that the retaining wall along the river could collapse at any time, pulling everyone into a 16-acre sinkhole, 70 feet below the ground, were present throughout the rescue effort. The instability of the site did not permit any heavy equipment to be brought in for fear that it could trigger a collapse or possibly injure some of the people trapped.

Millions of tons of debris were taken out, one bucket at a time. Hundreds of men and women lined up digging down to potential pockets of survivors. During the whole rescue effort, there was not one sound, not one word. The deafening silence could only be compared to standing alone in the woods. "Bring the dog" occasionally tore through the silence, and everything would stop as hundreds of eyes watched the dog crawl up and down, in and out of the debris. If the dog signaled the handler, all rescue efforts were concentrated there. Unfortunately at times an arm, a hand, a foot was recovered, and a flag was brought in to cover the remains as it was walked out.

As the sun came up over the buildings, it was hard to believe all the pain and suffering that had occurred over the last 24 hours. It seemed like a bad dream. Walking



around the site was a surreal experience that reminded me of a Hollywood set depicting a nuclear explosion. Torn police uniforms, shredded firefighter turnout gear, disheveled suits with badges hanging off their belts—all stood as testimony to the determination these compassionate people showed.

A back-up alarm on a truck broke the silence. Truckloads of union ironworkers, firefighters, police and construction workers began arriving to help with the



rescue effort. Blue-collar ironworkers with union T-shirts came off the trucks with welding equipment and giant industrial circular saws. “How did you guys get here?” one of the officers asked. “We called our local and offered to help, so they trucked us down.” Behind them were rescue teams; K-9 units from all over the country arrived to help out. They came without being asked, and they disappeared into the background not looking for thanks or recognition. They risked their lives to help

people they didn’t know. Truckloads of food, drinks and equipment poured in, donated by so many people and corporations. For a brief moment, there was comfort and peace in my heart reflecting on the generosity and selfless nature of Americans.

The moment was short-lived, as it was time to get back to work in the hope that some sign of life could be detected buried in the rubble. The rescue teams were deployed to areas that might have pockets of air or the







The landscape looked like some lunar winter, with steel and aluminum sticking up like craters. The skeletal remains of the exterior of the World Trade Center, the only evidence that these two towers ever existed, hung over our heads on a precarious angle some 500 feet above ground. There was the constant threat that it might come down as we were digging, but the drive to pull out survivors urged us on. They might be down there.



last known location of emergency personnel. My team was made up of some rookie police officers; firefighters ironworkers and miscellaneous volunteers. The ages ranged from 18 to 68 —unbelievable.

A report said that the area we were going to dig was a staging area for the fire department and the medics. Three hours into the manual excavation, we heard, “Hey, I’ve got something —It’s a light bar,” a hopeful statement from a police officer. Our team in this area

concentrated all efforts. Four hours later we unearthed a fire truck, and had dug out an ambulance and an EMS supervisor truck.

The digging spanned out, with small groups concentrating in the tight spaces. “Get the dog.” Everything stopped, and eyes shifted to the dog’s every movement. Suddenly the dog started barking and everyone ran over and started frantically digging. First a helmet was handed up, then a flashlight. The hope that they were



still alive gripped the air and energized the efforts. "I've got a turnout coat. It's FDNY. I've got another!" called rescuers from the hole that had been dug next to the truck. Rising from the pit, a dust-covered face emerged shaking his head with disgust and frustration. Hope turned instantly to disappointment. "There's two FDNY. They were under the truck. They didn't make it." Not another word was spoken, and everyone went back to digging. My thoughts drifted to their families and what they must be going through. I imagined how the knock on their door tonight would change their lives forever.

Another two hours of digging passed, and we went in the American Express building for some food and drinks that were set up on the tables. We then moved on to the eyewash station, our eyes burning as if they were set on fire. As we entered the destroyed building

and maneuvered our way through rescuers scattered on the floor and propped up in broken window sills catching a quick hour of sleep, we saw a corridor entrance. Above it, a dust-covered piece of cardboard marked the morgue in black marker. A steady, somber flow of doctors and nurses went in and out, throughout the night.

My eyes were drawn to three firefighters, faces covered in dust and ash and sullen looks of grief. They waited just outside the sheet. "I don't know. I just don't know," the doctor told the three anxious firemen. "We are going to have to do more tests, but as soon as we get any information we'll let your department know." They were trying to identify a missing fireman who was in their company but was accidentally separated from them.

I looked over to see a police officer at the eyewash station, his navy blue shirt shredded and hanging over



his pants. His gun belt held together the rags that were once his pants. He turned, looking around as he sat at the station. The image of his pale gray, ash-covered face summed up the pain we all felt. As the eyewash was poured in the corner of his eye by one of the volunteer medics, a small stream developed along his cheek, a sad crooked track through the ash.

Next to him, an EMT cleaned the bloody paws of a dog that had obviously been searching the rubble. His handler/partner was trying to modify work gloves into little booties to protect his paws. The dog lied motionless from exhaustion as they bandaged some of his wounds.

It was time to start digging again.

Back on the bucket brigade we found some remains of a paramedic who was pinned under a huge girder. The dog alerted us, and a small camera was fished through the tangled mess. At first his equipment pouch was identified, and then via the camera, we found his boot. The process repeated itself for weeks, and sadly enough no living survivors would be found despite all the efforts made.

The fact that more survivors weren't found was actually to the credit of all the rescuers on September 11, 2001. I will be forever impressed by the amount of damage sustained (16 acres with more than 300,000 people) and the fact that through the rescuers miraculous work the number of fatalities numbered 2,993, of which the rescuers themselves numbered nearly 500. The truth is that through their heroic efforts and ultimate sacrifice, they saved hundreds of thousands of lives.

"They could have gotten out. The buildings were swaying and making haunting sounds before they actually collapsed, but they wouldn't leave the people." These men and women must have realized that these were their last moments here on earth. According to eyewitness accounts, many could have run and tried to



save themselves, but they did not. Instead they stood strong and continued their rescue effort to save more lives. I've never been prouder to be a member of this community or to be an American.

Familiar with the nature and character of these rescuers, I am sure their final thoughts were not of themselves but of the future well-being of their families, friends and coworkers. How would their loved ones cope with this tragedy? Would their children be cared for in their absence, and would their dreams be realized? The heroes that emerged from this tragedy are the voices you don't hear and the faces you will never see again. ■

The Aftermath

Lying in bed mentally exhausted and unable to sleep—except for the occasional 20 or 30 minutes that my body permitted every couple of days—I recalled a time when I felt peace. Hikes in the woods, sleep, the sound of children and music were each an oasis for me prior to September 11, 2001. Sadly, they became my enemies for some time.

The beautiful sounds of songbirds, one in particular, mimicked the pitch of the distress alarms. As soon as that bird sang, it made the hair on the back of my neck stand up and my palms break out in a sweat. At that moment I was back at Ground Zero.

A persistent cough was a constant reminder of all the rescuers who set their well-being aside and literally spent weeks initially looking for survivors and then months as part of the recovery effort. The air quality at Ground Zero was toxic at the time of the collapse and for many days to follow. Asbestos, plastics, fiberglass and thousands of chemicals all combined as a potentially deadly cocktail for all who breathed that air. The images I saw on television of detectives and rescuers and forensic specialists sifting by hand every inch of millions of tons of this toxic debris made me realize there are no limits to love and loyalty. They spent thousands of torturous hours driven by the hope of finding microscopic remains of the victims to bring some sense of closure and relative peace to their families.

The heroic efforts that we all witnessed on September 11, 2001 were never uncommon to this community, and their bravery and compassion continues each and every day. The caring and determination I have been fortunate enough to witness sustains and drives me to be a better person.

The relatively low number of people I was able to help

that day was disappointing. Unfortunately this would not be my last disappointment. I embarked on a mission to raise money for the children and families affected September 11, 2001 with a fund called “Rescue the Rescuer.” Although I did raise some money through t-shirt sales and a website (which was donated to the September 11th fund), I still felt like I had let down my brothers and sisters again.

There is a saying I try to model my life after: “You never fail until you stop trying.” Well, here I go again. My most sincere and heartfelt desire is that this book honors our fallen heroes.

“Officer John Sczyrek was Executed Today, by the cousin of an arrested drug dealer, inside the Essex County Courthouse,”

“Firefighter Nicosia was killed tonight while fighting a fire, when the basement collapsed.”

“Officer Mark Raven died today after being struck by a careless driver.”

These were headlines about friends I had, that flashed through my head one morning as I stood in line at the dry cleaners. My dress uniform is specifically designated as the formal attire to be worn in all line-of-duty deaths. I stared at the uniform as it was draped across my arm and sadly concluded it didn’t have as much dust on it as it should. Over the next several months this was to become my daily uniform, as I attended memorial services and funerals, for so many of the fallen brothers and sisters who perished at the WTC.

The services provided a personal glimpse into the unique and caring traits upon which each of these heroes based his or her life. Their childhoods, their dreams, their lives were proudly narrated by close

friends or family members, the narrations interrupted occasionally as they cleared their throats or wiped away tears. It amazed me to learn about all the lives they had touched and the many acts of kindness these people performed in their personal lives. The tragedy became more and more personal after attending each ceremony.

The service is steeped in hundreds of years of tradition, and it imparted the dignity and respect that the rescuers' selfless service earned them. At each memorial, my throat tightened and my head grew flush upon hearing the deep bellow of bagpipes, the sound filling the rafters of the hallowed building as the heavy hum of the soft tones flew through the air. *Amazing Grace* ominously echoed with beauty and finality, evoking an entrenched sense of loss. The songs forced the reality of the event into my soul, and I used this opportunity for my private farewell. As a paramedic I deal with suffering and death on a daily basis, but the personal nature and vastness of the event has made this quite unique and difficult.

Seven explosive blasts pierced the silence ... then again ... and again. Soldiers in dress uniforms lower their rifles as the 21-gun salute rang out across the sky. They stood at attention as guardians. The American flag was draped over the coffin, and members of the department carried their friend down the last path that they shared together. The family followed close behind. Their children often wore the Medal of Honor or clutched a badge, helmet or other personal item tightly in their little arms. All I saw as they walked by was the obvious void in their lives and the unbearable sadness that no parent or child should ever experience. I heard a woman who commented on the radio regarding the World Trade Center,

"I can't even look at them, because all I can see are people. I don't see a building. I see people hurt, children without mothers and fathers tonight." As I walked past the candle vigils and shrines that began appearing all over the place, it was a daily reminder that 15,000 children would not see their mom or dad ever again.

I now dread putting on that uniform and the sound of the bagpipes. For me, they represent one less gift to humanity still walking among us here on earth. ■



Victories

An unarmed population of civilians, during a perceived time of peace responded to this surprise attack and won many victories. Each small battle fought in the planes, on the ground and behind the scenes took the overwhelming potential for greater suffering and loses and effectively countered it with compassion and courage. Following are short stories about some very special people who fought the battles and made us proud that day.



St. Paul's Church across the street from the World Trade Center. Ironically, it was not damaged while everything surrounding the church was destroyed.

FAA Battles Terrorist Behind the Scenes

The Federal Aviation Administration (FAA) is the federal agency responsible for controlling the skies over the United States. September 11, 2001 started off like any other day, the skies in the Northeast were sunny and clear. Without warning, at 8:15a.m., there was a report of the hijacking of American Airlines Flight 11. Boston air traffic controllers could not contact the pilots and the plane's tracking signal had gone dead. The Boston control center manager alerted military commanders out of Otis Air National Guard Base in Falmouth, MA. and they scrambled two F-15 fighters. Reports from other pilots notified the control center that the plane was descending rapidly into downtown New York City. At 8:47a.m. a Newark controller saw a huge plume of fire and smoke erupt in lower Manhattan, which turned out to be American Airlines Flight 11 as it slammed into the north tower.

The horror was just beginning.

At the same time, controllers lost communications with United Airlines Flight 175. However they were able to track it for a very long 11 minutes as it headed directly for the south tower. Fighters had departed Massachusetts' air base at 8:44 a.m., 1 minute after being notified, but the controllers knew that they would not arrive in time.

The media were on scene in minutes, and the controllers watched; at 9:02 a.m. United Flight 175 crashed through the south tower in a fiery ball. Immediately, the air traffic controllers were faced with the unbelievable nightmare that planes were being hijacked across the nation and were being used as missiles to attack the United States. At 9:41a.m. the report of American Airlines Flight 77, crashing into the Pentagon reinforced that America was under attack. It was also known at this time that United Airlines Flight 93 had been hijacked by the terrorists and was flying toward Washington D.C. At 10:00 a.m. this flight crashed into a

deserted field in Shanksville, Pennsylvania, as a result of the brave men and women on the flight who fought the terrorists and prevented its assault against our nation.

The FAA believed 11 other commercial jetliners, among the 4,516 planes that were currently in the air had also been commandeered and were descending into the United States as part of a coordinated attack. The air traffic controllers had to put their emotions aside, as they were now our first line of defense in this war that was forced upon us. At 9:26 a.m. the order “ATC zero” was issued, which was the unprecedented shutdown of

the country’s aviation system. All non-military planes were ordered to land immediately at the nearest airport or risk being shot out of the sky.

“No one had ever envisioned a scenario where the United States would land every plane in the sky,” said Frank Hatfield, (Eastern Region Division Manager for the FAA). Through the incredible professionalism and resourcefulness of the air traffic controllers, along with the brave efforts by the men and women aboard United Airlines Flight 93, a serious threat was eliminated that ultimately saved thousands of lives. ■

Flight 93: The First Victory in the War on Terror

Flight 93 is considered by many to be the first strike against the terrorist’s brutal assault on the United States. Clearly, the cowardly terrorists were not prepared for the resolve that unarmed Americans would display that day. Flight 93 was the fourth plane commandeered by the terrorists, with the intention of using it as a deadly missile against Washington D.C., possibly the White House or Capital Building.

United Airlines Flight 93 departed Newark Airport at 8:42am, delayed by some 40 minutes. The flight was not full; in fact there were only 38 passengers and 7 crew members aboard. It was a routine flight for the passengers but on board were trained terrorists minutes away from a violent and bloody takeover of the flight. Approximately 30 minutes after takeoff a commotion ensued in the cockpit as the pilot and copilot were faced with armed hijackers threatening to detonate a bomb. The policy up to this point was to cooperate with the hijackers; past experience had shown that compliance resolved most hijacking without incident. However there is some evidence to indicate that once the pilot and copilot became aware of the terrorist’s plot, they were killed attempting to regain control of the plane.

Suddenly the monitors and music go silent as one of the terrorists pretending to be the Captain keyed the microphone for an announcement, “This is your Captain ... there is a bomb on board. We are meeting their demands and returning to the airport.” The terrorists had planned for years and were mentally prepared and relied on the basic human response of fear to control the passengers. The terrorists were arrogant and assumed these were ordinary people and permitted them to use their cell phones as they felt the passengers posed no threat to their mission.

“I’m on the airplane that’s been hijacked. They’ve already knifed a guy, and they’re telling us there is a bomb on board. Please call the authorities,” a call from Tom Burnett to his wife. “Three people have taken over the plane, two have knives and they locked themselves in the cockpit. One other person has a bomb with a red belt,” said Todd Beamer to GTE operator Lisa Jefferson.

The once peaceful passengers were subjected to the brutal slashing of an attendant’s throat and the stabbing of crew members, which was surely horrifying. Compounding this nightmare, the passengers were now aware that other planes had been hijacked and were

being used as missiles to crash into the WTC and the Pentagon. They knew they weren't going home, and that their lives could be counted in minutes at this point. The trauma and the shock cannot be imagined; yet they did not let the fear handicap them, instead they turned the fear into courage and strength. The passengers took a vote and decided they would no longer be victims. Over the next few minutes they made their final phone calls and goodbyes. "Mom this is Tom Burnett. Just wanted to tell you, I love you!" Those were Tom Burnett's last words. "We're in back of the airplane. We are going to charge up to the front and take the airplane over. We're getting hot water together to throw on them. Do you have any ideas?" Flight attendant Sandy Bradshaw asked her husband. Sadly, there were no better ideas to offer

her. "We're all running to first class ... I've got to go!" Those were the last words spoken by Sandy Bradshaw.

The terrorists were defeated because they relied on cowardly instincts as their ally, but instead were faced with bravery and a cooperative makeshift militia. The people on board did not sit idly by awaiting their fate, but rather used the few minutes they had left to take heroic action. With simple hot water as their weapon along with sheer determination, they overpowered the terrorists. The black box recorded the assault and subsequent downing of the plane at 10:00 a.m. in Shanksville, Pennsylvania. The result of their valiant assault did not save their own lives, as they probably suspected, but undoubtedly saved the lives of thousands. This was their last act on earth, and it was their mission accomplished! ■

Ladder Company 6

Ladder Company 6 was stationed in the Chinatown district, where there are not many skyscrapers, but on September 11, 2001, at approximately 8:49 a.m. they were dispatched to the north tower of the WTC, for a report of a plane into the WTC. Moments later they arrived at the mountainous towers, which were on fire, as thousands of gallons of burning jet fuel engulfed the buildings. People were jumping from the towers, and it was raining debris as they entered the lobby. They encountered scores of injured and badly burned civilians attempting to get to safety. They geared up with more than 130 lbs. of gear per man and began up stairwell B, despite the obvious dangers that existed.

Suddenly without notice, they heard another explosion; they looked out through the lobby windows to see the fiery remnant of United Flight 175 as it blasted through the south tower. They did not know at the time that it was another commercial jetliner; in fact they were getting



Though firefighter Mike Kehoe was not a member of Ladder Company 6, he is a visual representation of all the firefighters' effort and determination.

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reports that rockets were being fired from the top of the Woolworth's Building at New York City targets. They received additional reports that the Pentagon and the Sears Building had also been attacked, and they quickly realized that they were in the heart of a battlefield. Despite the hazards and increasing threats to their own safety they continued their arduous climb up the stairs of the tower.

At the 27th floor they had determined there were no more evacuees above them that could be rescued, when suddenly a thunderous rumble rocked their building; the south tower of the WTC had just collapsed. Captain Jonas, along with the other firefighters, immediately recognized the catastrophic event and faced the knowledge that their tower was also going to come down. They began heading back down the stairwell checking for anyone left behind, when at the 12th floor

they ran into Battalion Chief Richard Piciato who was doing a sweep of all floors, ensuring a complete evacuation before he left the building. While checking the 12th floor, he discovered approximately 50 people simply sitting in an office. Puzzled as to why they hadn't left the building he asked, "What are these people doing here?" He commanded several firefighters from different companies, "We've got to get them out. Let's Go!" The scared people started towards him, pushing wheelchairs and stumbling along with walkers. He now realized that these people were disabled and had no chance of escaping without help.

Chief Piciato began assigning different firemen and fire companies to the individuals, in an attempt to get

them out before the collapse. Josephine Harris, a Port Authority employee and elderly grandmother, had worked her way down from the 73rd floor and was physically exhausted and couldn't go any further without assistance. With absolutely no thought for themselves or their own emergency evacuation, the men of Ladder Company 6 began helping Ms. Harris. Firefighter Tommy Falcone stated, "We weren't going to leave her; it wasn't even an option!" They now began the extremely slow descent down, and though all the men were not needed,



they stuck together literally going one slow step, then a pause, then another step. At the 4th floor, Ms. Harris could no longer continue. Despite the imminent threat of the building collapsing on them, they stayed by Ms. Harris's side. Chief Piciato, who had stayed behind to make sure all the disabled people got out, caught up with Ladder Company 6 and was

following them out. Within minutes of them stopping, "You heard the rumble," recalled Captain Jonas. "You could feel the rumble." "Everything started heaving" "An unbelievable noise, everything flying around ... tremendous dust clouds," recalled Firefighter Sal D'Agostino. "I'm thinking, I can't believe this it how it ends for me." "This is it, and I said a prayer." Firefighter Captain Jonas, "Wife and kids flashed in front of me. I prayed that it would be quick." In a flash, millions of tons of steel and debris came crashing down on them, as they all prepared to die. Just as the collapse began, the firefighters did not seek shelter for themselves. Instead they physically shielded Ms. Harris with their bodies. When the collapse ended, and the north tower

had imploded into its 70-foot-deep subterranean foundation, only one small segment of the colossal building did not disintegrate. The only section of the entire tower that remained intact was the stairwell B, between the 2nd and 4th floor.

Trapped and unaware of the magnitude of the destruction, they radioed for help. Describing their location with precise directions they could not comprehend why their fellow firemen could not find them. It seemed simple. Captain Jonas radioed, "Tower 1 ... north tower. Enter through the glass doors, make a right ... Stairwell B is on the left, and we are between the second and fourth floor." Silence on the radio, then a crackle, as one of the firemen keyed up the microphone and asked, "Where is the north tower?" They knew they were in trouble. They could never envision that the entire building was reduced to 16 acres of a crater-like scene of twisted steel, wires and smoking holes with flames shooting up. Simply locating Ladder Co. 6 seemed impossible, and then

maneuvering through the most treacherous and unstable site further reduced their odds. Rescuing them along with a physically exhausted woman seemed unlikely, yet the searching firemen wouldn't give up and assured their brothers, "We're coming!" Two fire companies risked their own lives and traversed the unsafe landscape, which at any moment could easily claim their lives. Ms. Harris was too weak and physically incapable of climbing hundreds of feet up and down along beams and debris, so the men of Fire Co. 43 carried her in a basket while escorting their brothers out to safety.

Ms. Harris later stated, "When I was cold they gave me their jackets. When I was scared they held my hand. And when we thought we might die, they told me they would shelter me with their bodies." Their focus was not on saving their own lives, but rather to comfort and care for an elderly stranger. They would rather die than leave someone behind, even a stranger, and as a result they not only saved her life but theirs as well. ■

There were countless examples of heroism September 11 that directly contributed to the hundreds of thousands of people making it home safe. Most of the heroic people and their stories may never be known, however some acts have been chronicled.

Michael Benafante and John Cequira

Michael Benafante and John Cequira were working on the 81st floor when the attacks began. They began the long climb down the stairs, fleeing the impending collapse. At the 68th floor they encountered Ms. Tina Hansen, Marketing Supervisor for the Port Authority, who was handicapped and in a wheelchair stranded. Though their instinct for survival was pushing them to leave, they stopped and began the difficult task of carrying down Ms. Hansen. For more than an hour,

they twisted their way down the 68 smoked-filled floors, determined to help this woman whom they did not even know.

As they were working their way to safety, they discovered that the south tower of the WTC had collapsed and concluded that their tower was probably going to collapse as well. Despite the imminent danger they faced, they continued to carry her down, making sure she was safe before getting themselves to safety. ■



Keith Fairben's parents



Mario Santoro's Father



Keith Fairben and Mario Santoro, New York City EMS

Emergency Medical Services (EMS) is the orphan of the public safety community. There is not a lot of glory in this branch of public safety. In fact during some of the memorials and speeches, EMS was never even mentioned. This was not intentional on anyone's part, but rather the public's limited understanding about EMS. These professionals are typically the lowest paid among all emergency services, with limited benefits in comparison to the other branches of public safety. So why do they do it, enduring the extensive training and mandatory continuing education, the rotating shifts (often without a break due to the high call volume) and the limited number of EMT's and paramedics? They do it because they place money and recognition second to compassion and professionalism.

Keith Fairben and Mario Santoro arrived on scene within moments of when the planes came crashing into the World Trade Center. Upon their arrival panic and chaos had overtaken the scene, as hundreds who were burned and injured needed immediate assistance. Protocol dictates staying back in a relative safe zone while awaiting patients. They left the safe zone recognizing delayed treatment for the patients in the building would

probably cost some of them their lives.

Witnesses after the collapse, reported that Keith and Mario were moving in and out of the building, avoiding falling debris and bodies which were raining down from the towers. Amidst the chaos Keith's cell phone rang, it was his father. Keith picked up the phone but rather than think of himself, he was driven to continue rendering aid. "Dad I can't talk. I'm real busy right now!" Keith's father understood but before he hung up he made one simple request: "Be careful!" He knew his son and understood his personal safety would take a back seat to the people he was helping.

Mario Santoro shared this same commitment and did not run when common sense dictated he should. He stood by his partner and his patients, as they could not turn their backs on people who needed them. As Keith Fairben's father watched the tower collapse, he knew there were still injured people in the building. He also knew that his son and Mario would be by their side. It was confirmed later during the rescue and recovery, that both Mario Santoro and Keith Fairben died while comforting and treating their patients. ■

Edward Beyea and Abe Zelmanowitz

Most of the heroic people and their stories may never be known, however some acts have been chronicled. One such case involved two ordinary men who worked as computer programmers for Blue Cross and Blue Shield. Edward Beyea had suffered an accident years earlier that left him a quadriplegic, restricted to a wheelchair. Most men would have given up after the accident and remained in the comfort and security of their home living off disability payments. Instead, he learned to type with his mouth and became a productive member of his corporate team.

Edward Beyea and Abe Zelmanowitz were close friends. The two men seemed an unlikely pair. Edward was a Catholic gentleman from a small upstate town in New York. Abe was an Orthodox Jew from New York City. Despite the obvious differences, they were friends for more than 12 years. They were both on the 27th floor of the south tower when the plane hit. As Edward was in a wheelchair it was going to be difficult to go down the 27 flights of stairs. He had a caretaker named Irma

Abe did not run leaving his friend all alone, instead he spent the last few minutes of his life, on his cell phone, reassuring his mother that he would be alright. After that call, they were never heard from again. These were two men who embodied the American spirit, as friendship and loyalty prevailed over fear and terrorism.



AP WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Fuller who he sent out of the building to get assistance. Basically he wanted to remove her from danger to ensure her safety.

Abe chose to stay by his friend's side, despite multiple opportunities to evacuate the building. At one point some rescuers assisted Abe with Edward's wheelchair, and the duo made it to the 21st floor. There was some speculation that Edward did not evacuate quickly, as he did not want to block the stairwell for others. At the 21st floor it was clear to both men that they were running out of time. Edward requested Abe leave him; he knew the building was going to collapse, and his friend had an opportunity to save himself. Abe did not run leaving his friend all alone, instead he spent the last few minutes of his life, on his cell phone, reassuring his mother that he would be alright. After that call, they were never heard from again. These were two men who embodied the American spirit, as friendship and loyalty prevailed over fear and terrorism. ■

George Howard, PAPD

In the 1993 WTC bombing George Howard risked his own life to rescue 63 stranded children from an elevator and helped save hundreds of others. On September 11, 2001 he was off duty and relaxing at his home in Long Island. He was a member of an elite unit known as Emergency Services Unit (ESU). He did not let it go to his head, taking his specialized training and sharing it with local police and fire departments. He even volunteered as a firefighter in his community.

When the towers collapsed and Arlene Howard, George's mother, along with his two sons hadn't heard from him, they assumed he must have responded.

Officer Howard arrived at the WTC and began doing what he did best, aiding and rescuing the helpless and the injured. He had been through it before, and saving people's lives was as natural for him as breathing.

Madeline Amy Sweeney, Senior flight attendant

Madeline Amy Sweeney's actions also reinforced the incredible resolve and professionalism the flight crews possess. She was aboard the first plane hijacked and was one of the first eyewitnesses to the vicious murders and violent assaults of her passengers, friends and co-workers. Despite the hell she was living, she maintained her composure, gathering important information that she would later pass on to the authorities. She first took a moment to call her husband, as she knew this would probably be the last time they would speak. Though I am sure she would have wanted to spend more time talking with him and been comforted during this terrifying time, she put her personal interests aside, to fulfill her duty. She hung up with her husband and then called Michael Woodward, Ground Supervisor at Logan Airport in Boston, and supplied detailed information about the

Unfortunately, this time he would not be standing on the sidelines with all the people he would rescue this day. He was later found in the rubble of the collapsed buildings. "I would have been surprised if he hadn't gone," recalled his mother Arlene. "He did things like that."

Officer George Howard's story didn't end there, as the symbol of the oath he swore to abide by and ultimately died fulfilling, became immortalized by a promise. His police badge actually took on great importance as Arlene Howard presented it to President George W. Bush. The President vowed to keep it with him, as a reminder and symbol of the tragic events of September 11, 2001. In fact, President Bush proudly held Officer Howard's badge above his head during his State of the Union speech. With the badge firmly clenched in his hand, President Bush declared, "This is my reminder of lives that ended, and a task that does not end." ■

Flight crews, in particular flight attendants, are often taken for granted. Their primary function is not to provide passengers with coffee and tea, but to ensure the safety and well-being of the passengers under their charge. Sandy Bradshaw, a flight attendant aboard United Flight 93, demonstrated how seriously she took this responsibility when she and several passengers mounted a rebellion and stopped their plane from being used as a terrorist weapon.

terrorist's assault, and more importantly, specific information about the hijackers. The information included the passenger list, which contained the seat assignments identifying the hijackers. The information was collected

by the F.B.I., who was able to act quickly in addressing additional terrorist threats facing the American people. The information Mrs. Sweeney provided also spearheaded the investigation and made it possible for a rapid response, catching the remaining terrorists off guard.

Ironically, in the terrorist's culture, there is little to no value placed on women, and this bias proved to be a huge mistake on their part. One courageous lady helped overpower an armed terrorist cell, which caused their mission to fail. The other became part of a team that disrupted additional terrorists' plots and helped to bring many others to justice. ■

David Ortiz and Michael Parkes

You might know David Ortiz, that is if you needed help because you were locked out of your office. He was a locksmith who worked at the World Trade Center, Building 4. He was a father and a husband who worked hard to make a better life for his family. By all accounts just an ordinary man you probably wouldn't even notice.

On September 11 everyone was running from the WTC area as chaos had erupted. Confused people were swarming the entrance to Building 4, as they were desperately seeking a safe sanctuary. Mr. Ortiz knew that his building was far from safe and he stayed at the doorway of the building preventing people from entering. He guided the scared people to safety as he stood in harm's way.

Mr. Ortiz had no obligation to stay behind and help these people, but he did. He was not a public servant and had not sworn an oath, instead he adhered to a personal oath, "Help your neighbor." His courageous decision to stand watch over strangers, and his personal fortitude saved hundreds of lives, before the rubble buried him.

Michael Parkes was a prominent accountant by trade, but this recognition had little value to him. He was a



man of faith guided by his Episcopal beliefs. He spent most of his time helping young black men get into college and assisted them in finding jobs, with positive career paths. He had a job that people usually retire from; he was well respected and financially stable. However he lived by different rules whereby if you are fortunate you share your fortune. If you are talented you share your talents. He already had plans to give it all up and move back to Jamaica to build a school for the poor and disadvantaged.

Mr. Parkes was killed September 11 in the WTC and though his story may not be well known, you can be certain that even with his last breath, he was helping someone. All these people represent the gifts to humanity that were lost on that very sad day. ■

Chief Peter J. Ganci, NYFD

If asked what he did for a living, Peter would reply, “I am a New York City firefighter.” This was true, but it was a humble self-description. He was in fact the highest-ranking uniformed fire official in the NYFD and was responsible for more than 11,500 uniformed personnel, including the EMS branch of the fire department. He had dedicated 33 years to the department and was highly decorated for a lifetime of devotion to saving lives. He was very well respected among all the firemen and was known as a “down-to-earth type of guy.”

On September 11th, 2001, Chief Ganci responded to the report of a plane that had crashed into the north tower. True to form, he did not establish a command center a safe distance removed, but put himself in the heart of the incident. He set up command in the north tower, where he could personally

assess the situation and rapidly assist his men. By stationing himself inside the hot zone, his years of experience alerted him to the imminent threat of collapse. He immediately ordered a complete evacuation of the building and is credited for saving hundreds of lives as a result of his command. Only one person disobeyed the general order to evacuate the building, and that was firefighter Ganci, who would not leave until the last man was out! “Pete Ganci directed every civilian and every firefighter to go north. He went south,” remembers Deputy Fire Commissioner Michael Regan. “He went directly back into harm’s way in the most dangerous situation you’ve ever seen.” “It’s important for the country to know that,” expressed NYFD Deputy Fire Chief Daniel Nigro. Chief Peter J. Ganci redefined professionalism and leadership. ■



Moira Ann Smith, NYPD

Officer Moira Ann Smith was working September 11th, 2001, when she received a dispatch informing her that a plane had just flown into the south tower of the WTC. She arrived and found thousands of people attempting to exit, but others were traumatized and needed help. There are photographs of Officer Smith assisting and escorting injured people, like Edward Nicolls, from the building just prior to the collapse. Once she got one group to safety, she went back inside to help others. She repeated this seemingly endless rescue until the buildings finally gave out. She is responsible for the successful evacuation of hundreds of innocent people.

She would never again have an opportunity to see her husband, Officer James Smith, or her daughter Patricia Smith. They, however, would have the grim task of bidding her farewell, one last time. Patricia Smith, at her young age, already displays her mother's traits of courage and strength, as she remained composed through the emotional gauntlets of memorial and funeral services. If there is any comfort for a 2 year-old who has lost her mother, it will be the scores of people walking the earth today, as a direct result of her mother's devotion for helping those who couldn't help themselves. ■

Daily News, Sept. 2001

NEW YORK DAILY NEWS



Patricia Smith, at her young age, already displays her mother's traits of courage and strength, as she remained composed through the emotional gauntlets of memorial and funeral services.

Lt. Robert Dominick Cirri, PAPD

Officer Robert Dominick Cirri was in training when he first received news of the attack. He did not hesitate or remain in the safety of his office; instead he responded immediately to the scene. He was also a trained paramedic and knew his medical skills and training would be in high demand. Knowing his generous and compassionate spirit combined with his dedication as a paramedic and a police officer, it comes as no surprise that he placed himself in harm's way; people were hurt and they needed him. He, along with four other officers, did not leave the WTC alive that day. They also did not leave behind a scared and helpless woman, whom they were in the process of carrying down in a rescue chair, when the building collapsed on them. ■



There were many heroes born on that day. You now know some of their stories, but many more acts of heroism were buried in the rubble. What you can be assured of, is that many more benevolent acts of kindness and sacrifice were repeated throughout the tragedy, and those kind acts, gave aid and comfort to many who were lost.

Terrorists planned these attacks for years and targeted two of the most populated cities in the world, timing their assaults during peak business hours. The twin towers alone had 130,000 people, and that area in the city housed and employed millions more. Their weapons of choice were commercial jetliners carrying thousands of gallons of explosive fuel, and they were aimed at our country's leaders and millions of innocent Americans. Their vision of success was millions killed, our financial district and the nation's capital crippled and leaderless. They failed! Clearly it was a tragic day, as approximately 3,000 innocent people lost their lives. The fact that hundreds of thousands more were not lost, is considered by many to be a miracle.

The greatest rescue in history arose from our response to this unprovoked attack and is a testament to the limitless layers of compassion and commitment that guides our country. The true miracles were the rescuers, who through their selfless acts of heroism brought mothers, fathers, sons, and daughters home that night. Thank you all and God bless you and your families!

Heroes

“It is said that adversity
introduces us to ourselves.

This is true of a nation as well.
In this trial, we have been reminded
and the world has seen
that our fellow Americans,
are generous and kind,
resourceful and brave.

We see our national character
in rescuers working past exhaustion,
in long lines of blood donors,
in thousands of citizens
who have asked to work
and serve in any way possible.
And we have seen our national character
in eloquent acts of sacrifice.”

“Today our nation saw evil
and the very worst of human nature,
and we responded
with the best of America.”

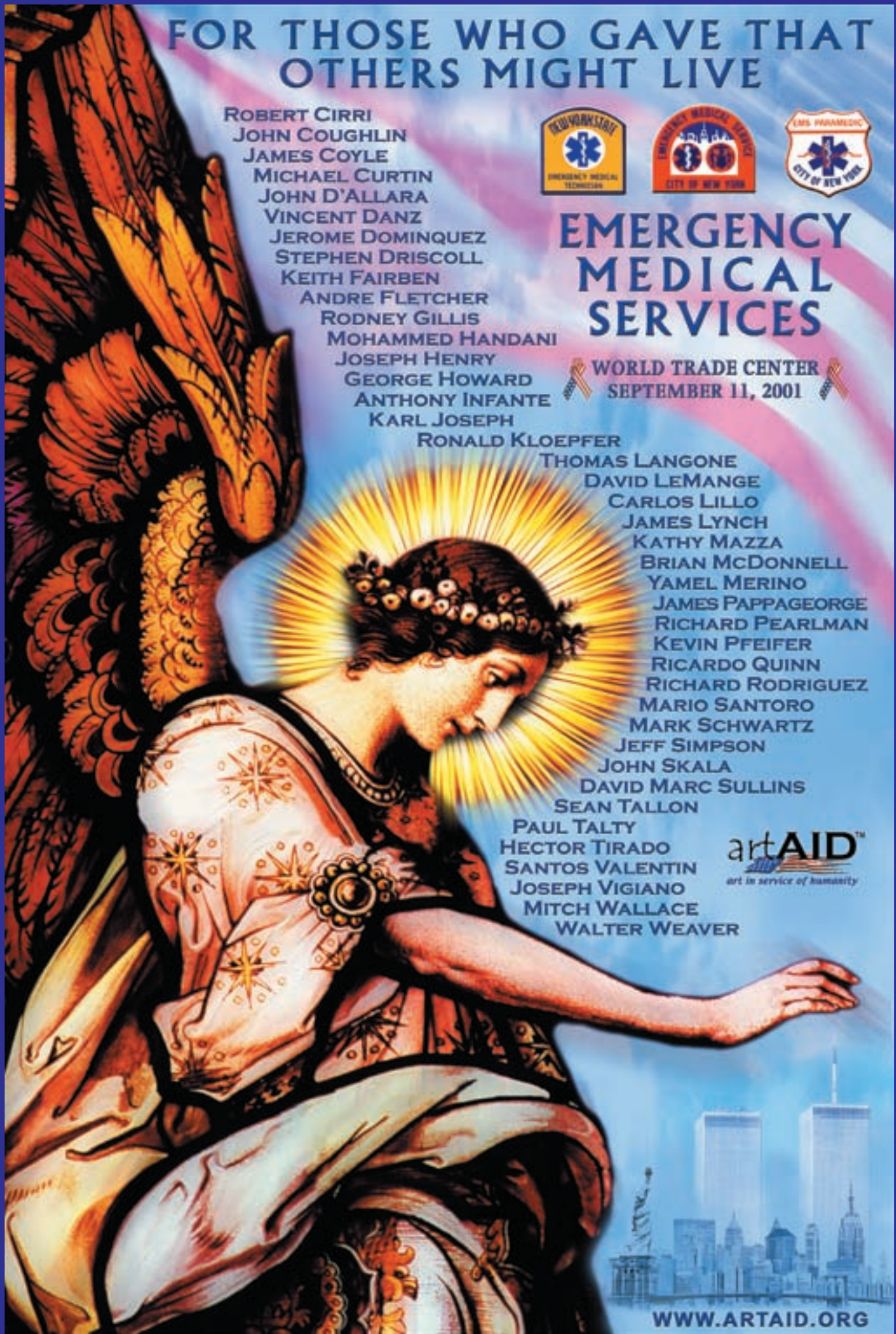
President of the United States
GEORGE W. BUSH





"The Bible (John 15:13) says, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Our brave New York City firefighters...New York City police officers...Port Authority police officers...EMS workers...health care workers...court officers...and uniformed service members-laid down their lives for strangers. They were inspired by their sense of duty and their love of humanity. As they raced into the Twin Towers and the other buildings to save lives, they didn't stop to ask how rich or poor the person was, they didn't stop to ask what religion, what race, what nationality. They just raced in to save their fellow human beings. They are the best example of love we have in our society."

**Mayor of New York City
RUDOLF GIULIANI**



FOR THOSE WHO GAVE THAT
OTHERS MIGHT LIVE

ROBERT CIRRI
JOHN COUGHLIN
JAMES COYLE
MICHAEL CURTIN
JOHN D'ALLARA
VINCENT DANZ
JEROME DOMINQUEZ
STEPHEN DRISCOLL
KEITH FAIRBEN
ANDRE FLETCHER
RODNEY GILLIS
MOHAMMED HANDANI
JOSEPH HENRY
GEORGE HOWARD
ANTHONY INFANTE
KARL JOSEPH



EMERGENCY MEDICAL SERVICES

WORLD TRADE CENTER
SEPTEMBER 11, 2001

RONALD KLOEPFER

THOMAS LANGONE

DAVID LEMANGE

CARLOS LILLO

JAMES LYNCH

KATHY MAZZA

BRIAN McDONNELL

YAMEL MERINO

JAMES PAPPAGEORGE

RICHARD PEARLMAN

KEVIN PFEIFER

RICARDO QUINN

RICHARD RODRIGUEZ

MARIO SANTORO

MARK SCHWARTZ

JEFF SIMPSON

JOHN SKALA

DAVID MARC SULLINS

SEAN TALLON

PAUL TALTY

HECTOR TIRADO

SANTOS VALENTIN

JOSEPH VIGIANO

MITCH WALLACE

WALTER WEAVER

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"The terrorist attack that took place at the World Trade Center on September 11th, 2001, is almost impossible to understand. The response to it is not. From every corner of this City firefighters, fire marshals, paramedics, emergency medical professionals, Port Authority police officers, New York City police officers, and hundreds of other rescuers rushed to the Trade Center. They carried out one of the largest and most effective rescues in history.

Thousands who were evacuated reported that as they were coming down the building stairways, courageous firefighters were going up. In the end, we lost 343 members of the New York City Fire Department.

All were members of a brotherhood, dedicated to preserving life. They handled their mission that day with grace, courage and determination. They have gone to be welcomed by the heroes who went before them and cherished by those they left behind."

***Fire Commissioner New York City
THOMAS VON ESSEN***

THE BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE

* Joseph Agnello * Brian Ahearn * Eric Allen * Richard Allen * James Amato * Calixto Anaya Jr. * Joseph Angelini * Joseph Angelini Jr. *
 Faustino Apostol Jr. * David Arce * Louis Arena * Carl Asaro * Gregg Atlas * Gerald Atwood * Gerald Baptiste * Gerard Barbara * Matthew
 Barnes * Arthur Barry * Steven Bates * Carl Bedigian * Stephen Belson * John Bergin * Paul Beyer * Peter Bielfield * Brian Bilcher *
 Christopher Blackwell * Carl Bini *
 * Frank Bonomo * Gary Box *
 Michael Boyle * Kevin Bracken *
 Michael Brennan * Peter Brennan *
 * Daniel Brethel * Patrick Brown *
 * Andrew Brumm * Vincent Brunton *
 * Ronald Bucca * William Burke Jr. *
 * Greg Buck * Donald Burns *
 John Burnside * Thomas Butler *
 * Patrick Byrne * Michael Bocchino *
 George Cain * Salvatore Calabro *
 Frank Callahan * Michael Cammarata *
 * Brian Cannizzaro * Dennis Carey *
 * Michael Carlo * Michael Carroll *
 Peter Carroll * Thomas Casoria *
 Michael Cawley * Vernon Cherry *
 Nicholas Chiofalo * John Chipura *
 * Michael Clarke * Steven Coakley *
 Lawrence Cohen * Tarel Coleman *
 * John Collins * Robert Cordice *
 Ruben Correa * James Corrigan *
 * James Coyle * Robert Crawford *
 John Crisci * Dennis Cross *
 Thomas Cullen III * Robert Curatolo *
 * Edward Datri * Michael Dauria *
 Scott Davidson * Edward Day *
 Thomas DeAngelis * Manuel Delvalle *
 * Martin DeMeo * David DeRubbio *
 Andrew Desperito * Dennis Devlin *
 Gerard Dewan * George DiPasquale *
 * Kevin Donnelly * Kevin Dowdell *
 Raymond Downey * Gerard Duffy *
 Martin Egan Jr. * Michael Elferis * Michael
 Esposito * Francis Esposito * Robert Evans *
 John Fanning * Thomas Farino * Terrence
 Farrell * Joseph Farrelly * William Feehan *
 Lee Fehling * Alan Feinberg * Frank Fiore *
 Michael Fiore * John Fischer * Andre Fletcher *
 * John Florio * Michael Fodor * Thomas Foley *
 David Fontana * Robert Foti * Andrew
 Fredericks * Peter Freund * Thomas Gambino Jr. *
 Peter J. Ganci Jr. * Charles Garbarini * Thomas
 Gardner * Matthew Garvey * Bruce Gary * Gary
 Geidel * Edward Geraghty * Denis Germain *
 Vincent Giammona * James Giberson * Ronnie Gies *
 * Paul Gill * John Ginley * Jeffrey Giordano *
 John Giordano * Keith Glascoe * James Gray *
 Joseph Grzelak * Jose Guadalupe * Geoffrey Guja *
 * Joseph Gullickson * David Halderman *
 Vincent Halloran * Robert Hamilton * Sean Hanley *
 * Thomas Hannafin * Dana Hannon * Daniel
 Harlin * Harvey Harrell * Stephen Harrell *
 Timothy Haskell * Thomas Haskell * Terence Hatton *
 * Michael Haub * Philip Hayes * Michael Healey * John
 Heffernan * Ronnie Henderson * Joseph Henry * William
 Henry * Thomas Hetzel * Brian Hickey * Timothy Higgins *
 Jonathan Hohmann * Thomas Holohan * Joseph Hunter * Walter Hynes *
 Jonathan Ielpi * Frederick III Jr. * William Johnston * Andrew Jordan * Karl Joseph
 * Anthony Jovic * Angel Juarbe Jr. * Vincent Kane * Charles Kasper * Paul Keating *
 Thomas Kelly * Thomas Kelly * Richard Kelly Jr. * Thomas Kennedy * Ronald Kerwin *
 Michael Kiefer * Robert King Jr. * Scott Kopytko * William Krukowski * Kenneth Kumpel * John Tipping II * Hector Tirado Jr. * Richard VanHine *
 Peter Vega * Lawrence Veling * John Vigiano II * Sergio Villanueva * Lawrence Virgilio * Robert Wallace * Jeffrey Walz * Michael Warchola *
 * Patrick Waters II * Kenneth Watson * Michael Weinberg * David Weiss * Timothy Welty * Eugene Whelan * Edward White *
 * Mark Whitford * Glenn Wilkinson * John Williamson * David Wooley * William X. Wren * Raymond York *

FDNY
9.11.01

Fr. Mychal Judge



THANK YOU FOR THE LIVES YOU SAVE

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NEW YORK'S FINEST NYPD 9.11.01

Sgt. John Coughlin

Sgt. Michael Curtin

John D'Allara

Vincent Danz

Jerome Dominguez

Stephen Driscoll

Mark Ellis

Robert Fazlo

Sgt. Rodney Gillis

Ronald Kloepfer

Thomas Langone

James Leahy

Brian McDonnell

John Perry

Glen Pettit

Det. Claude Richards

Moira Smith

Ramon Suarez

Paul Talty

Sgt. Timothy Roy

Santos Valentin Jr.

Det. Joseph Vigiano

Walter Weaver



FIDELIS AD MORTEM

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"As the North Tower burned and thousands were placed in peril, a gallant band of heroes moved into action. The survivors rushed out with panic and fear, but these heroes rushed in with courage and determination. With only the safety of others in mind, they raced through the falling debris, past the crushing tide of bodies, deliberately into the path of danger. When the second plane crashed overhead and their minds switched from accident to attack, they continued on. When the first tower collapsed and buried their brother and sister officers, their firefighter friends, the civilians they came to save, they carried on. And when the final symbols of power and strength toppled into powder and smoke, taking with it twenty three of their ranks, they continued on, digging and fighting until all hope was gone."

***Police Commissioner New York City
BERNARD B. KERIK***



"We've seen the extraordinary heroism of our firefighters, police officers, emergency service workers, and everyday citizens ...

We owe a deep debt of gratitude for the heroism of the thousands who have been risking, and continue to risk, their lives to help with the relief effort ...

The crisis has tested and will continue to test, the resolve and resilience of New Yorkers like never before.

But ultimately, the courageous and the resilient spirit of the people will prevail over this cowardly act of hatred."

***Governor of New York State
GEORGE E. PATAKI***

PRIDE - SERVICE - DISTINCTION

PAPD

9.11.07

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MAURICE V. BARRY

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LT. ROBERT D. CIRRI

CLINTON DAVIS

DONALD A. FOREMAN

GREGG J. FROEHNER

THOMAS E. GORMAN

UHURU G. HOUSTON

GEORGE G. HOWARD

STEPHEN HUCZKO

INSP. ANTHONY P. INFANTE JR

PAUL W. JURGENS

SGT. ROBERT M. KAULFERS

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CAPTAIN KATHY MAZZA

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SUPT. FRED V. MORRONE

JOSEPH M. NAVAS

JAMES NELSON

ALFONSE J. NIEDERMEYER

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BRUCE A. REYNOLDS

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KENNETH F. TIETJEN

NATHANIEL WEBB

MICHAEL T. WHOLEY

K-9 SIRIUS



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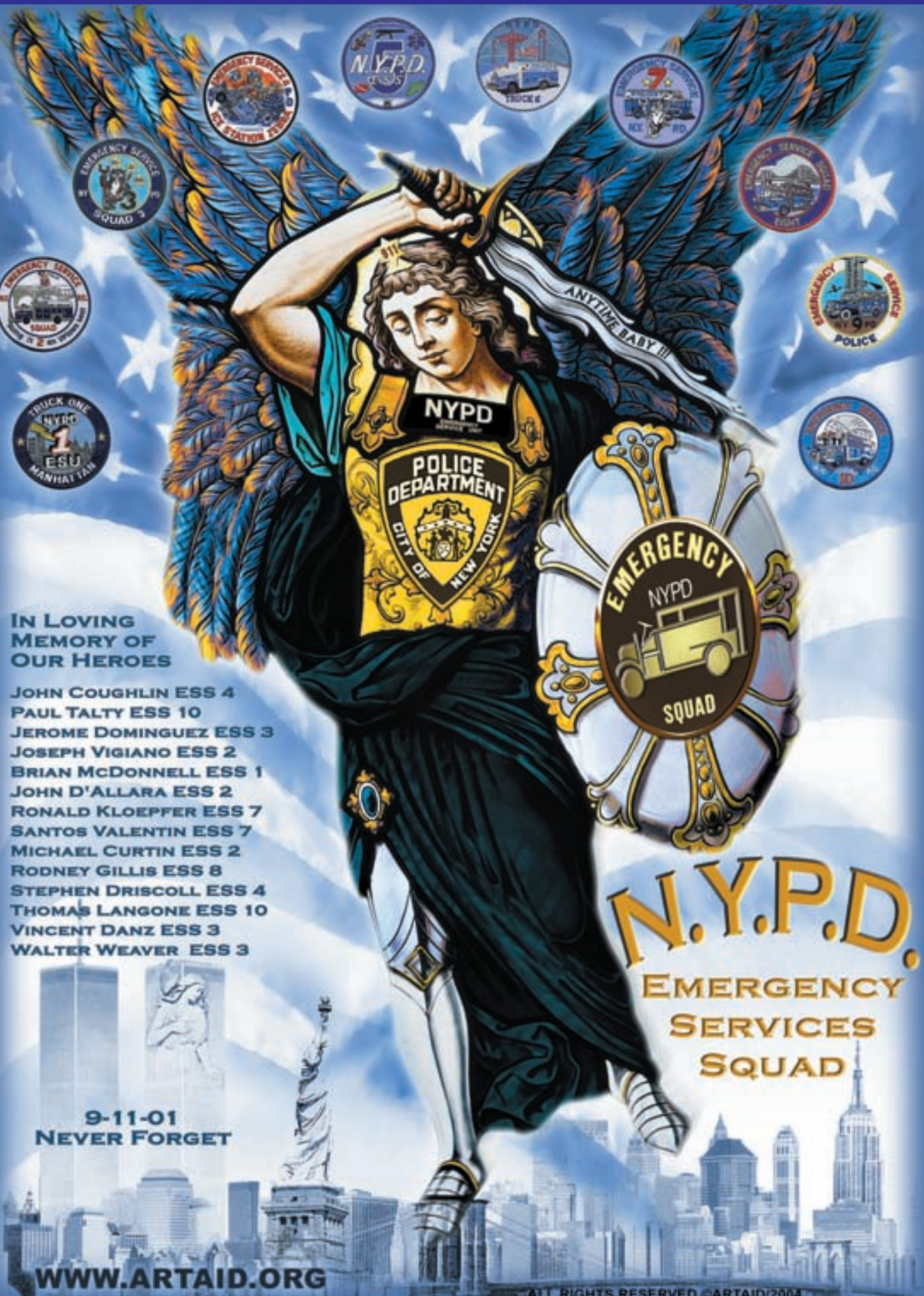
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**IN LOVING
MEMORY OF
OUR HEROES**

JOHN COUGHLIN ESS 4
PAUL TALTY ESS 10
JEROME DOMINGUEZ ESS 3
JOSEPH VIGIANO ESS 2
BRIAN McDONNELL ESS 1
JOHN D'ALLARA ESS 2
RONALD KLOEPFER ESS 7
SANTOS VALENTIN ESS 7
MICHAEL CURTIN ESS 2
RODNEY GILLIS ESS 8
STEPHEN DRISCOLL ESS 4
THOMAS LANGONE ESS 10
VINCENT DANZ ESS 3
WALTER WEAVER ESS 3

**9-11-01
NEVER FORGET**

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**N.Y.P.D.
EMERGENCY
SERVICES
SQUAD**

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"We have met the worst of humanity with the best of humanity."

**Mayor of New York City
RUDOLF GIULIANI**

IN MEMORY OF OUR BELOVED COURT OFFICERS

NEVER FORGET
9-11-01



CAPT. HARRY THOMPSON
SCO MITCH WALLACE
SCO THOMAS JURGENS

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"We are the brightest beacon for freedom.

Terrorist attacks can shake the foundations of our biggest buildings,
but they cannot touch the foundation of America.

These acts shattered steel, but they cannot dent the steel of American resolve.

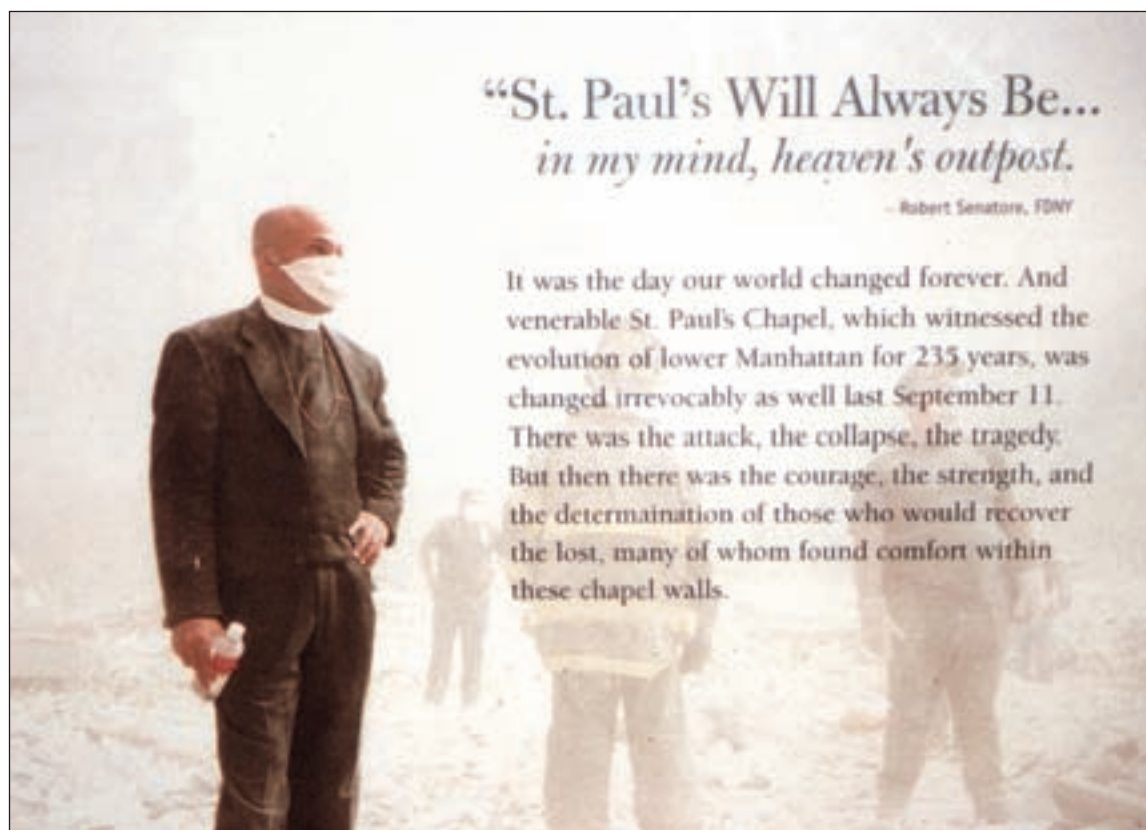
Here buildings fell. Here a nation rose."

President of the United States
GEORGE W. BUSH

A Tribute to all those
who perished
September 11, 2001



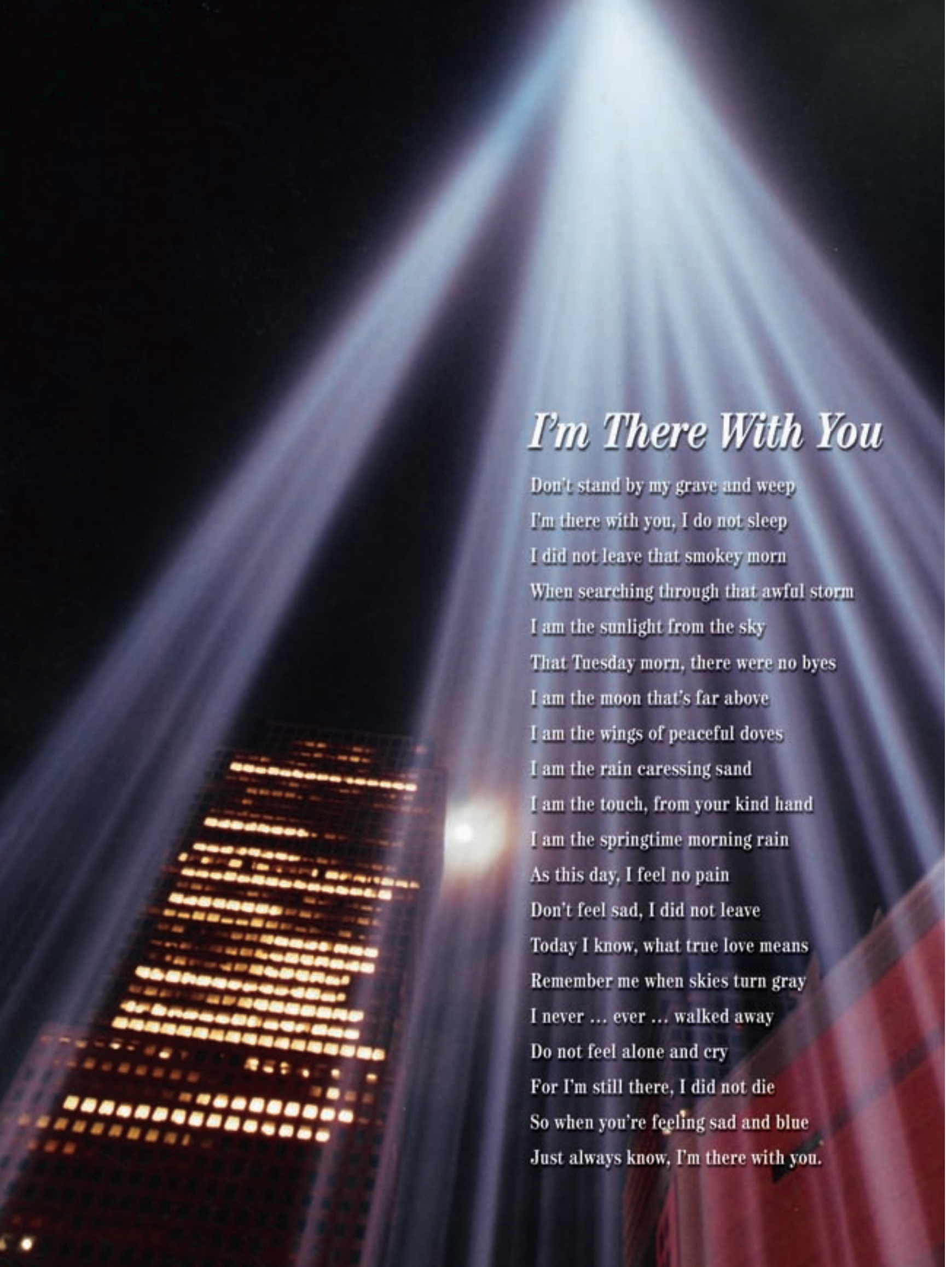
Aamoth, Jr., Gordan M.
 Abad, Edelmiro
 Abad, Maria Rose
 Abate, Andrew Anthony
 Abate, Vincent
 Abel, Lawrence Christopher
 Abraham, Alona
 Abrahamson, William F.
 Aceto, Richard Anthony
 Acevedo Rescand, Jesus
 Ackerman, Heinrich Bernhard
 Acquaviva, Paula
 Adams, Christian
 Adams, Donald LaRoy
 Adams, Patrick
 Adams, Shannon Lewis
 Adams, Stephen George
 Adanga, Ignatius, Udo
 Addamo, Christy A.
 Adderly, Jr., Terence E.
 Addo, Sophia Buruwad
 Adler, Lee Allan
 Afflitto, Daniel Thomas
 Afuakwah, Emmanuel Akwasi
 Agarwal, Alok
 Agarwala, Mukul Kumar
 Agnello, Joseph
 Agnes, David Scott
 Ahearn, Brian G.
 Ahladiotis, Joanne Marie
 Ahmed, Jeremiah Joseph
 Ahladiotis, Loanne Marie
 Ahmed, Shabbir
 Aiken, Terrance Andre
 Ajala, Godwin
 Alagero, Gertrude M.
 Alamento, Andrew
 Alario, Margaret Ann
 Albero, Gary M.
 Albert, Jon Leslie
 Alderman, Peter
 Aldridge, Jacquelyn Delaine
 Alger, David D.
 Ali-Escarcega, Sarah
 Alikakos, Ernest
 Allegretto, Edward L.
 Allen, Eric
 Allen, Joseph Ryan
 Allen, Richard Lanard
 Allingham, Christopher E.
 Allison, Anna
 Alonso, Janet M.
 Alva-Moreno, Arturo
 Alvarado, Anthony
 Alvarez, Antonio Javier



Alvarez-Brito, Victoria
 Alvear, Telmo E.
 Alviar, Cesar Amoranto
 Amatuccio, Joseph
 Ambrose, Paul
 Amoroso, Christopher Charles
 Amundson, Craig
 Anai, Kazuhiro
 Anaya, Jr., Calixto
 Anchundia, Joseph
 Anderson, Kermit Charles
 Anderson, Yvette Constance
 Andreacchio, John
 Andrews, Michael Rourke
 Andrucki, Jean Ann
 Ang, Siew-Nya
 Angelini, Jr., Joseph
 Angelini, Sr., Joseph
 Angell, David Lawrence
 Angilletta, Laura
 Angrisani, Doreen J.
 Antigua, Lorraine
 Aoyama, Seima
 Apollo, Peter Paul
 Apostol, Jr., Faustino
 Aquilino, Frank Thomas
 Aranyos, Patrick Michael
 Arce, David
 Arczynski, Michael George
 Arena, Louis
 Arestegui, Barbara Jean
 Arias, Adam P.

Armstrong, Michael
 Aron, Jack Charles
 Aron, Joshua
 Aronow, Richard Avery
 Aronson, Myra Joy
 Aryee, Japhet Jesse
 Asante, Patrick
 Asaro, Carl
 Asciak, Michael
 Asher, Michael Edward
 Ashley, Janice Marie
 Ashton, Thomas J.
 Asitimbay, Manuel O.
 Atlas, Gregg Arthur
 Atwood, Gerald T.
 Audiffred, James
 Aversano, Jr., Louis Frank
 Aviles, Ezra
 Ayala, Sandy
 Babakitis, Arlene T.
 Bacchus, Eustace P.
 Badagliacca, John J.
 Baezler, Jane Ellen
 Baierwalter, Robert J.
 Bailey, Andrew J.
 Bailey, Brett T.
 Bailey, Garnet Edward
 Bakalinskaya, Tatyana
 Baksh, Michael S.
 Balkcom, Sharon M.
 Bane, Michael Andrew
 Bantis, Katherine

Baptiste, Gerald
 Baran, Walter
 Barbara, Gerard A.
 Barbaro, Paul Vincent
 Barbella, James William
 Barbosa, Ivan
 Kyrillos F.
 Barbosa, Victor Daniel
 Barbuto, Christine
 Barkow, Coleen Ann
 Barkway, David Michael
 Barnes, Matthew
 Barnes, Melissa Rose
 Barnes, Sheila Patricia
 Baron, Evan J.
 Barrett-Arjune, Renee
 Barrios La Cruz, Nathly
 Barry, Diane G.
 Barry, Arthur Thaddeus
 Barry, Diane G.
 Barry, Maurice Vincent
 Bart, Scott D.
 Bartel, Carlton W.
 Barzvi, Guy
 Basina, Inna B.
 Basmajian, Alysia
 Basnicki, Kenneth William
 Bates, Steven
 Battaglia, Paul James
 Bauer, Jr., Walter David
 Bautista, Marlyn Capito
 Bavis, Mark Lawrence



I'm There With You

Don't stand by my grave and weep
I'm there with you, I do not sleep
I did not leave that smokey morn
When searching through that awful storm
I am the sunlight from the sky
That Tuesday morn, there were no byes
I am the moon that's far above
I am the wings of peaceful doves
I am the rain caressing sand
I am the touch, from your kind hand
I am the springtime morning rain
As this day, I feel no pain
Don't feel sad, I did not leave
Today I know, what true love means
Remember me when skies turn gray
I never ... ever ... walked away
Do not feel alone and cry
For I'm still there, I did not die
So when you're feeling sad and blue
Just always know, I'm there with you.

Bay, Lorraine G.
 Baxter, Jasper
 Beale, Michele
 Beamer, Alan
 Beatini, Paul Frederick
 Beatty, Jane S.
 Beaven, Alan
 Beck, Lawrence Ira
 Beckles, Manette Marie
 Bedigian, Carl John
 Beekman, Michael Earnest
 Behr, Maria
 Beilke, Max
 Belilovsky, Yelena
 Bell, Nina Patrice
 Bellows, Debbie
 Belson, Stephen Elliot
 Benedetti, Paul M
 Benedetto, Denise Lenore
 Bennett, Eric L.
 Bennett, Oliver Duncan
 Benson, Margaret L.
 Berardi, Dominick J.
 Berger, Steven Howard
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 Bethke, William Reed
 Betru, Yeneneh
 Betterly, Timothy
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 Birnbaum, Joshua
 Bishop, George John
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 Blackwell, Christopher Joseph

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 Booth, Mary Jane (MJ)
 Bordeaux, Sherry Ann
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 Bosco, Richard Edward
 Bothe, Klaus
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 Bowman, Larry
 Bowser, Kevin L.
 Box, Gary R.
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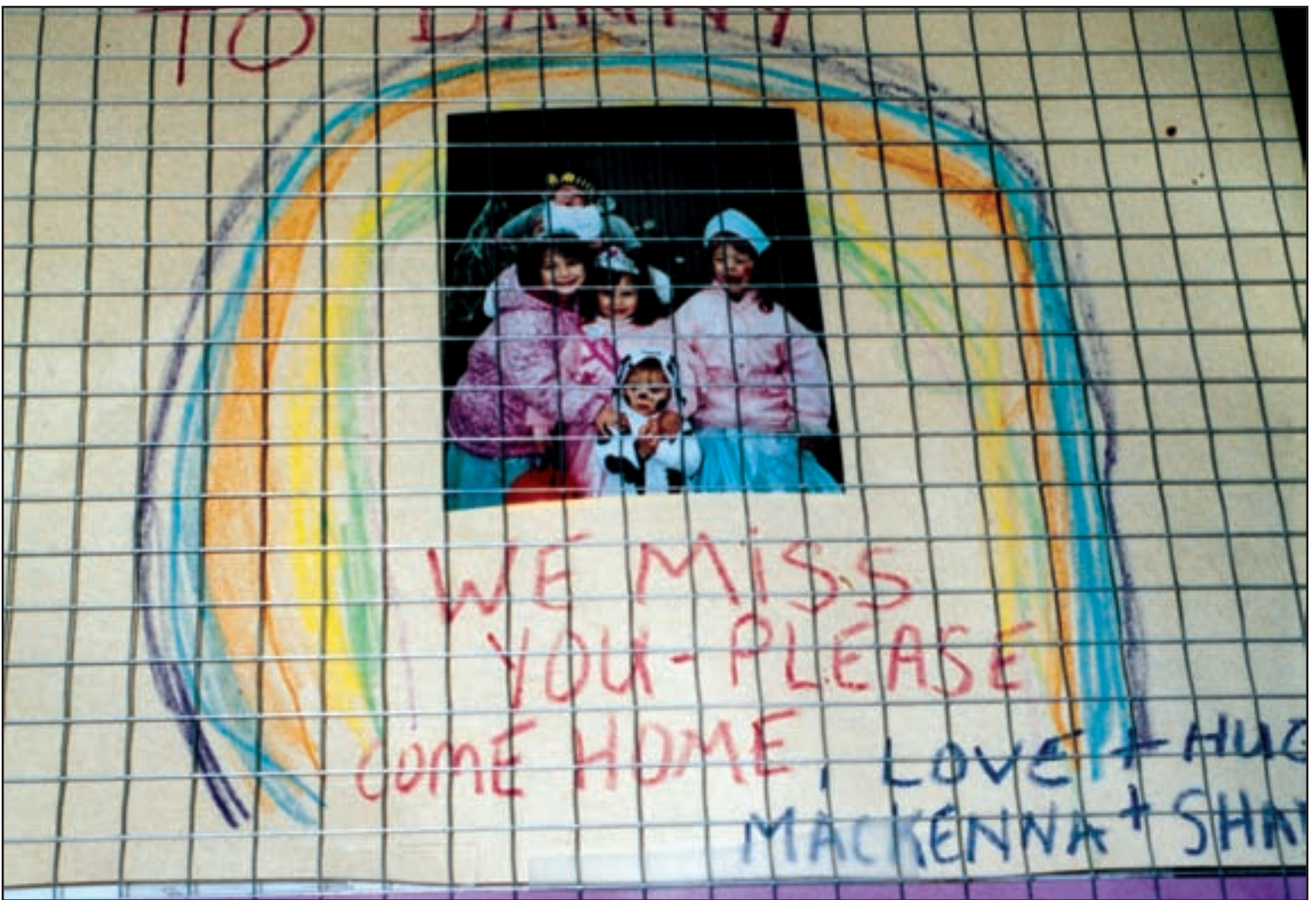
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 Cayne, Jason David
 Ceballos, Juan Armando
 Cefalu, Jose Michael
 Celic, Thomas Joseph
 Centeno, Ana Mercedes
 Cesta, Joni
 Chada, John J.
 Chairnoff, Jeffrey Marc
 Chalasani, Swarna
 Chalcoff, William
 Chalouh, Eli
 Chan, Charles Lawrence
 Chang, Mandy
 Chapa, Rosa Maria (Rosemary)
 Charette, Mark Lawrence
 Charlebois, David M.
 Chavez, Gregorio Manuel
 Cheatham, Delrose E.
 Checo, Pedro Francisco
 Cherry, Douglas Mac Millan
 Cherry, Stephen Patrick
 Cherry, Vernon Paul
 Chevalier, Nester Julio
 Chevalier, Swede
 Chiang, Alexander H.
 Chiarchiaro, Dorothy J.
 Chimbo, Luis Alfonso
 Chin, Robert
 Ching, Wing Wai
 Chioalo, Nicholas Paul
 Chipura, John
 Chirchirillo, Peter A.
 Chirls, Catherine
 Cho, Kyung Hee
 Chowdhury, Abdul K.
 Chowdhury, Mohammad Salahuddin
 Christophe, Kristen L.
 Chu, Pamela



Chucknick, Steven
 Chung, Wai
 Ciafardini, Christopher
 Ciccone, Alex F.
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 Cillo, Elaine
 Cintron III, Nestor Andre
 Cintron, Edna
 Cirri, Robert Dominick
 Cisneros-Alvarez, Juan Pablo
 Clark, Benjamin Keefe
 Clark, Eugene
 Clark, Gregory Alan
 Clark, Mannie Leroy
 Clark, Thomas R.
 Clarke, Christopher Robert
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 Clarke, Michael J.
 Clark, Sara
 Clarke, Suria Rachel Emma
 Cleary, Kevin Francis
 Cleere, James D.
 Cloud, Geoffrey W.
 Clyne, Susan Marie
 Coakley, Steven
 Coale, Jeffrey Alan
 Cody, Patricia A

Coffey, Daniel Michael
 Cohen, Florence G.
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 Coladonato, Anthony Joseph
 Colaio, Mark Joseph
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 Colasanti, Christopher M.
 Colbert, Kevin Nathaniel
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 Cleman, Keith E.
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 Coleman, Tarel
 Colhon, Liam Joseph
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 Coll, Robert J.
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 Collison, Joseph
 Collman, Jeffrey Dwayne
 Colodner, Patricia Malia
 Colon, Linda M.
 Colon, Sol E.
 Comer, Ronald Edward
 Conaty Brace, Sandra Jolane
 Conception, Jaime



Conde, Albert
 Conley Denease
 Conon, Susan P.
 Conner, Margaret Mary
 Connolly, Cynthia Marie Lisa
 Connolly, Jr., John E.
 Connor, James Lee
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 Contreras-Fernandez, Jose Manuel
 Conway, Brenda E.
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 Coombs, Jeffrey W.
 Cooper, John A.
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 Coppola, Gerald J.
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 Cordeo Alejandro
 Cordice, Robert
 Correa, Rubin D.
 Correa-Gutierrez, Danny
 Corrigan, Georgine Rose

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 Cosgrove, Kevin
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Crisci, John A.
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 Crotty, Thomas G.
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 Crowther, Wells Remy
 Cruikshank, Robert L.
 Cruz, John Robert
 Cua, Grace Yu
 Cubas, Kenneth John
 Cubero, Francisco Cruz
 Cuccinello, Thelma
 Cudina, Richard J.
 Cudmore, Neil James
 Cullen, Thomas Patrick
 Cummings, Joyce
 Cummins, Brian Thomas Michael
 Curatolo, Robert
 Curia, Lawrence Damian
 Curioli, Paul Dario
 Currivan, Patrick
 Curry Green, Andrew Peter Charles
 Curry, Beverly
 Curtin, Michael S.
 Cushing, Patricia
 Cushny, Gavin

Dack, Caleb Arron
 DaCosta Carlos S.
 DaFonseca Aguiar, Jr., Joao Alberto
 Dahl, Jason
 Dale, Brian Paul
 D'Allara, John
 D'Amaedo, Vincent Gerard
 Damaskinos, Thomas A.
 D'Ambrosi, Jack
 Damiani-Jones,
 Jeannine Marie
 DaMota, Manuel John
 Danahy, Patrick W.
 Danso, Nana
 D'Antonio, Mary
 Danz, Vincent
 Darcy, Dwight Donald
 Darling, Elizabeth Ann
 Dataram, Annette Andrea
 D'Atri, Edward A.
 D'Auria, Michael D.
 Davidson, Lawrence
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 Davidson, Scott Mathew
 Davidson, Titus
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Davis, Ada M.
 Davis, Clinton
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 Dawson, Anthony Richard
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 DeAngeles, Jr.,
 Robert J.
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 DeAraujo, Dorothy Alma
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 D'Esposito, Michael Jude
 Deuel, Cindy Ann
 De Vere, Melanie Louise

DeVito, Jerry
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 Dewan, Gerard
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 DiAgostno, Michael Louis
 Diaz, Mathew
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 Diaz-Piedra III, Michael
 Diaz-Sierra, Judith Berquis
 DiCiaro, Patricia Florence
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 Dickerson, Jerry Don
 Dickey, Jr., Joseph D.
 Dickinson, Lawrence Patrick
 Diehl, Michael D.
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 DiFazio, Vincent
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 DiMeglio, David
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 Doany, Ramzi A.
 Doctor, Johnnie
 Doherty, John Joseph
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 Elder, Daphine Ferlinda
 Elferis, Michael J.
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Emery, Jr., Egdar Hendricks
 Eng, Doris Suk-Yuen
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 Erker Erwin L.
 Erwin, William John
 Espinal, Jose
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 Esposito, Bridget Ann
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 Esquilin, Jr., Ruben
 Ette, Sadie
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 Evans, Eric Brian
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 Ewart, Meredith
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 Fairben, Keith George
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 Fanelli, Dolores Brigitte
 Fangman Robert John
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 Farino, Thomas
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 Farmer, Elizabeth Ann
 Farnum, Douglas Jon

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 Fatha, Syed Abdul
 Faughnan, Christopher Edward
 Faulkner, Wendy R.
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 Feehan, William
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 Fields, Samuel
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 Finnegan, Michael Bradley



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 Fiori, Paul M.
 Fiorito, John B.
 Fisher, Gerald P.
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 Fogel, Stephen Mark

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 Folger, Jane C.
 Fontana, David J.
 Foo, Chih Min
 Forde, Godwin
 Foreman, Donald A.
 Forsythe, Christopher Hugh
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Francis, Pauline
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 Frederick, Lillian Inez
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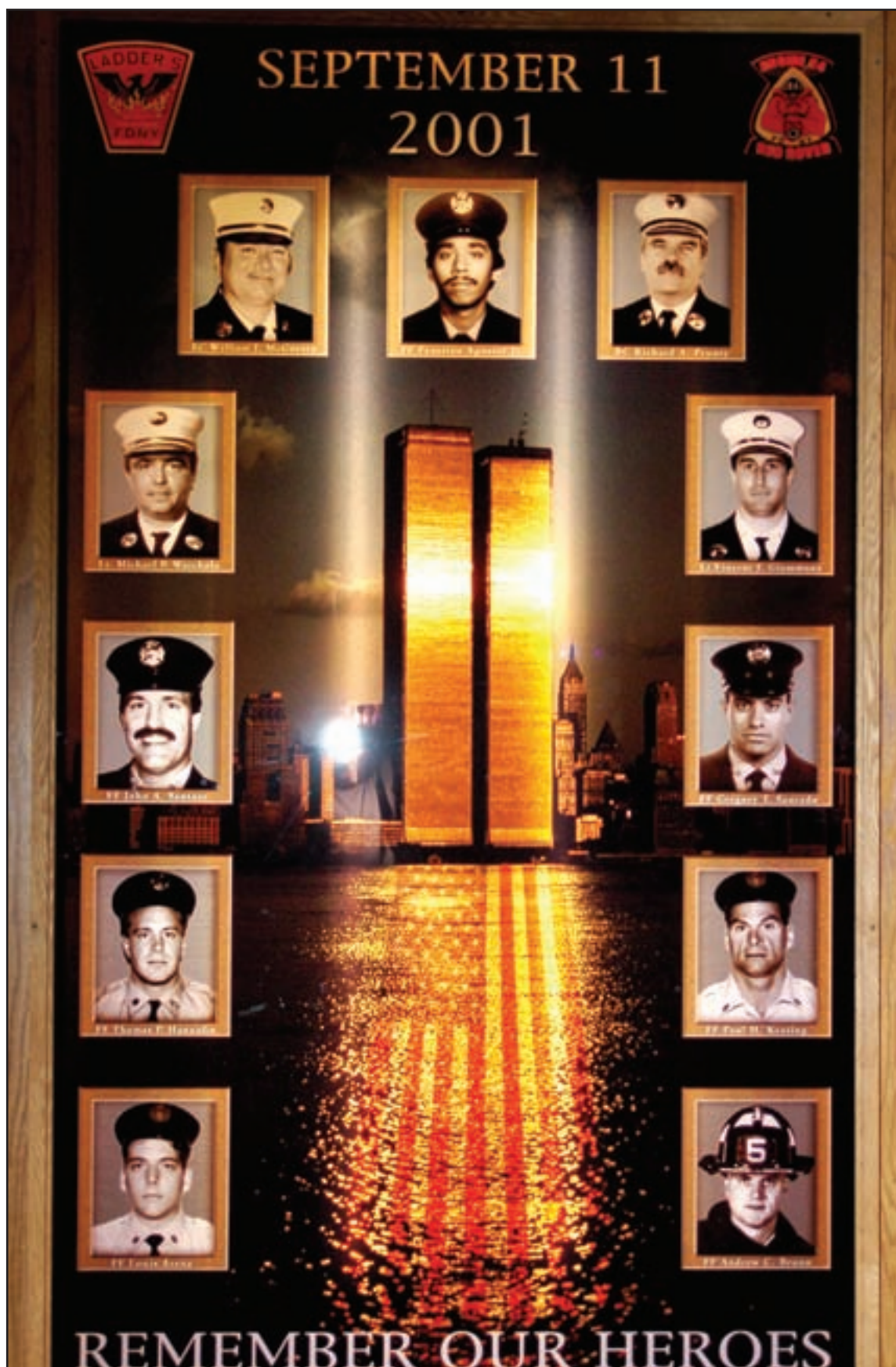
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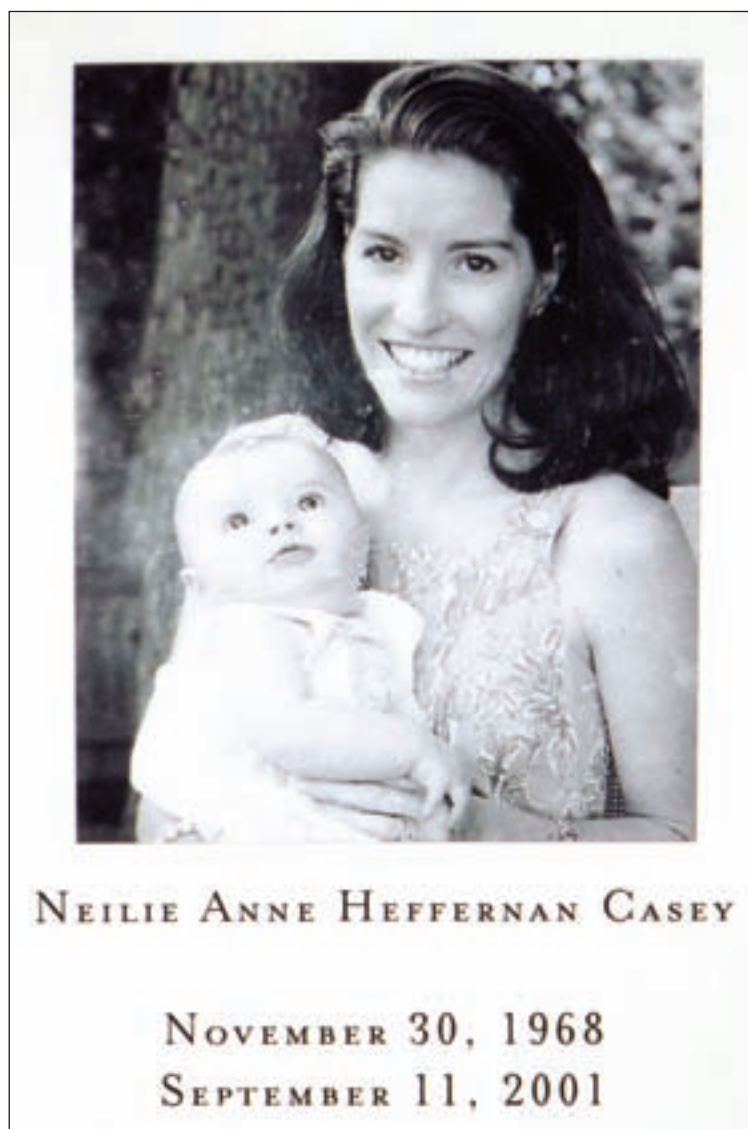
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 Gustafson, Janet Ruth
 Guza, Philip T.
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 Gyulavary, Peter M.
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 Haberman, Andrea Lyn
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 Haentzler, Philip
 Hafiz, Nezam A.
 Hagerty, Karen Elizabeth
 Haggis, Steven Michael
 Hague, Mary Lou
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 Heltibridge, Joann L.
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 Henderson, Ronnie Lee
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 Henrique, Michelle Marie
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 Hersch, Jeffrey A.
 Hetzel, Thomas
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Hidalgo, Ysidro
 Higgins, Timothy
 Higley II, Robert D. W.
 Hill, Todd Russell
 Hinds, Clara Victorine
 Hinds, Neal O.
 Hindy, Mark D.
 Hirai, Katsuyuki
 Ho, Heather Malia
 Hobbs, Tara Yvette
 Hobbs, Thomas Anderson
 Hobin, James J.
 Hobson, Robert Wayne
 Hodges, DaJuan

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 Hoey, Patrick A.
 Hofer, John A.
 Hoffman, Marcia
 Hoffman, Stephen G.
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 Hogan, Wallace Cole
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 Hohmann, Jonathan R.
 Holland, Cora Hidalgo
 Holland, John
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 Holmes, Elizabeth
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 Homer, Herbert Wilson
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 Hoorn, Bradley
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 Hord, Montgomery McCullough
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 Horrocks, Michael Robert
 Horwitz, Aaron





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 Jean-Pierre, Maxima
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 Jenson, Alan Keith
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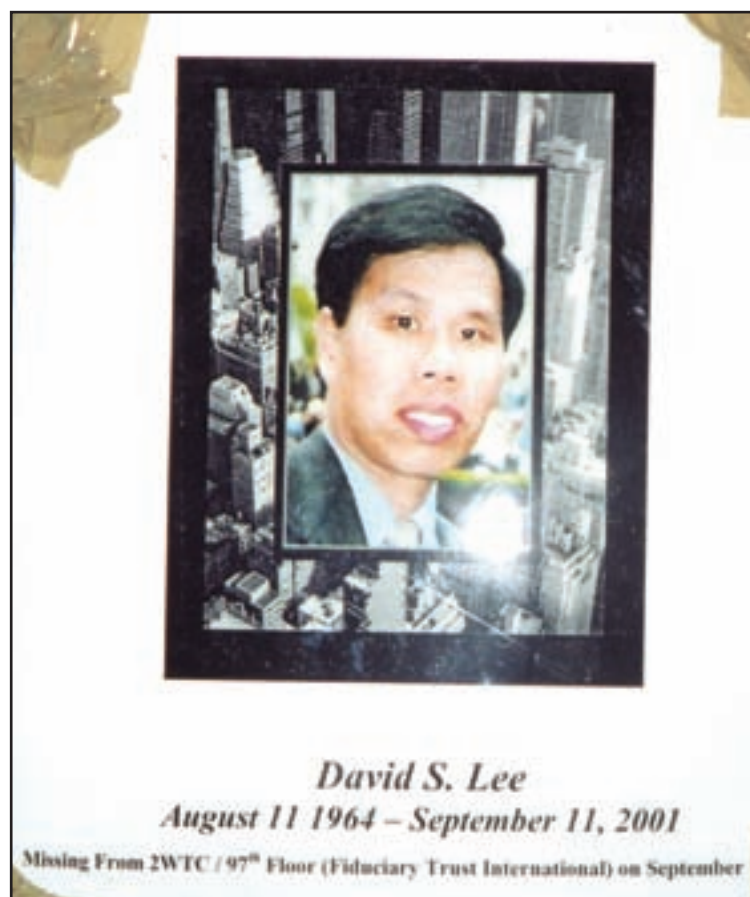
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 Ingrassia, Christopher N.
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 Irby, Stephanie Veronica
 Irgang, Douglas
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 Isaac, Todd Antione
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 Iskyan, John F.
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 Ivory, Lacey D.
 Jablonski, Virginia May
 Jack Bryan
 Jackman, Brooke Alexandra



Kane, Vincent D.
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 La Corte Andrew



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Lanza, Michele Bernadette	Lederman, Alan J.	Levin, Neil David	Lizzul, Martin
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LaPlante, Carol Ann	Leduc, Alexis	Levine, Robert Michael	Logler, Elizabeth C.
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Larson, John Adam	Lee, Kathryn Blair	Liang, Ye Wei	Lopez, Daniel



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 Louis, Stuart Seid
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 Low, Sara Elizabeth
 Lowe, Michael W.
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 Macfarlane, Marianne
 Maciejewski, Jan
 Mackay, Susan A.
 Macrae, Catherine Fairfax
 Madden, Richard Blaine
 Maddison, Simon
 Maerz, Noell
 Maffeo, Jennieann
 Maffeo, Joseph
 Magazine, Jay Robert
 Magee, Brian

MISSING
Tonyell McDay
WE ARE STILL SEARCHING
UNITED WE STAND

Tonyell McDay, employed at Marsh Technologies in WTC Tower 1 on the 97th Floor. She arrived at work at 7:30 AM. She's an African American, 25 years old, DOB 6/24/76. She's approx. 5'4", 130 lb., has long dark brown hair, and dark brown eyes. She's wearing a ruby ring on her left pinky finger and a college ring on her right ring finger from Jersey City State College. She is also wearing gold jewelry, an anklet, and a name bracelet with her name "Tonyell" engraved. She has on a silver blue-face Fossil watch. She has a distinct black mole on her back leg and two moles on her right wrist. We're extremely worried about her!!!!

If you have any information about Tonyell, please call.
 The McDay Family
 God Bless!

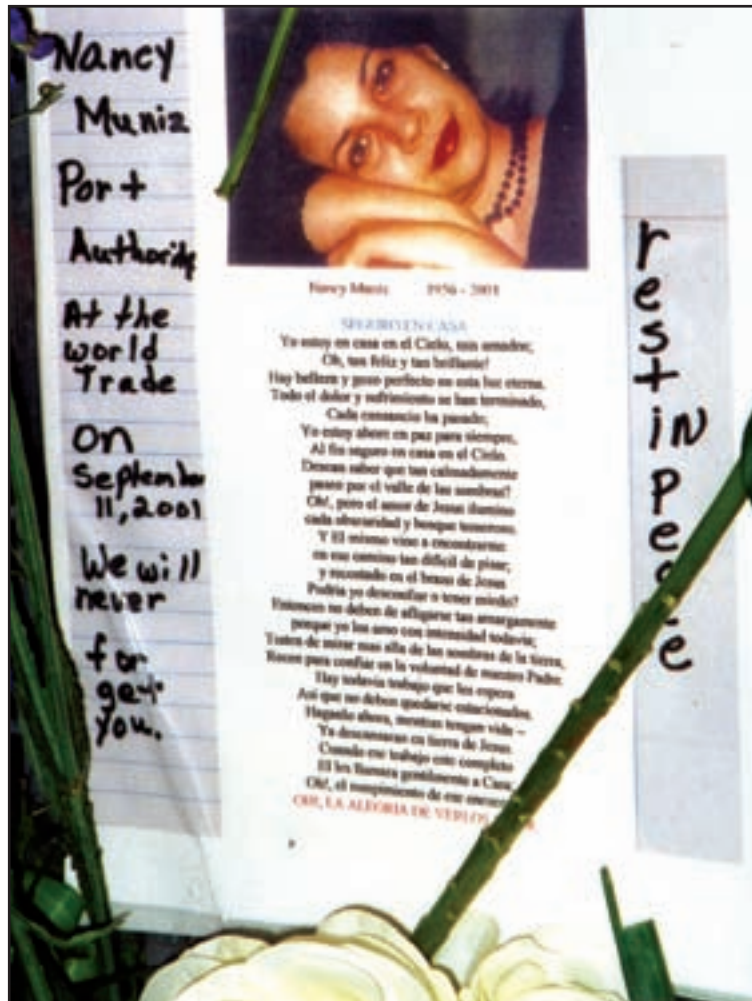
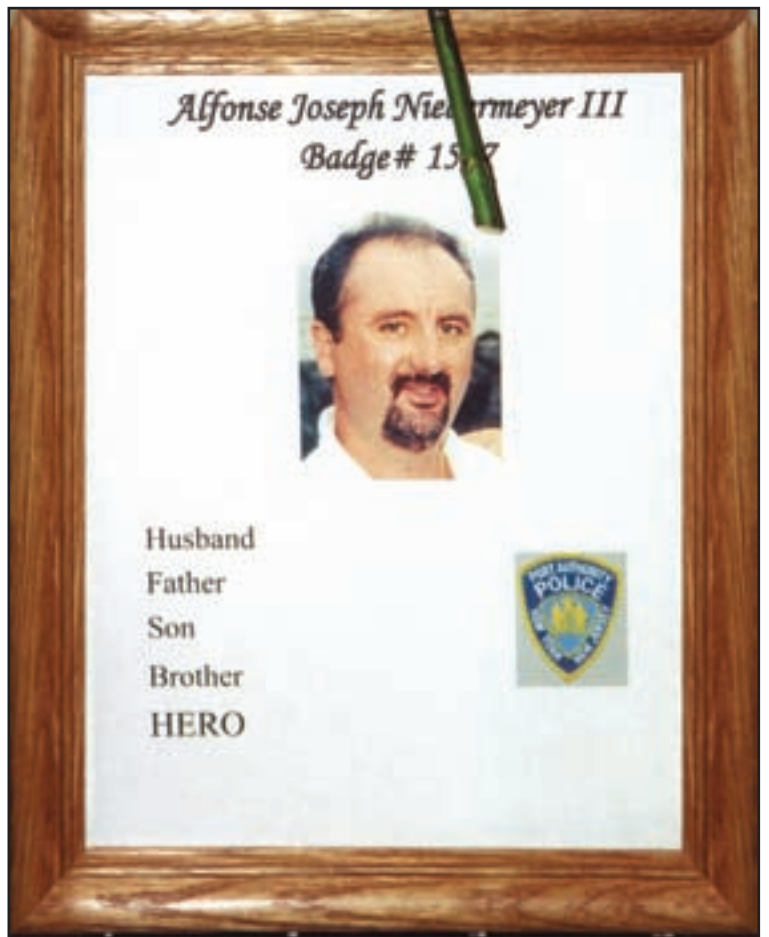
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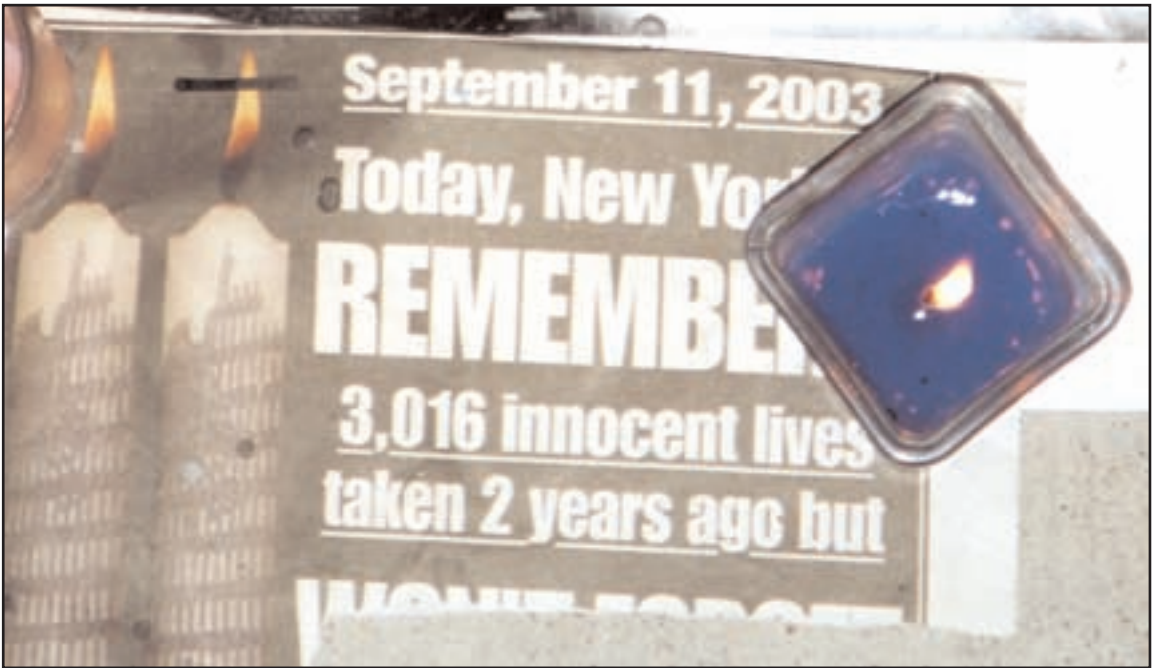
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 Pierce, Dennis J.
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Poulos, Richard N.
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 Preziose, Gregory M.
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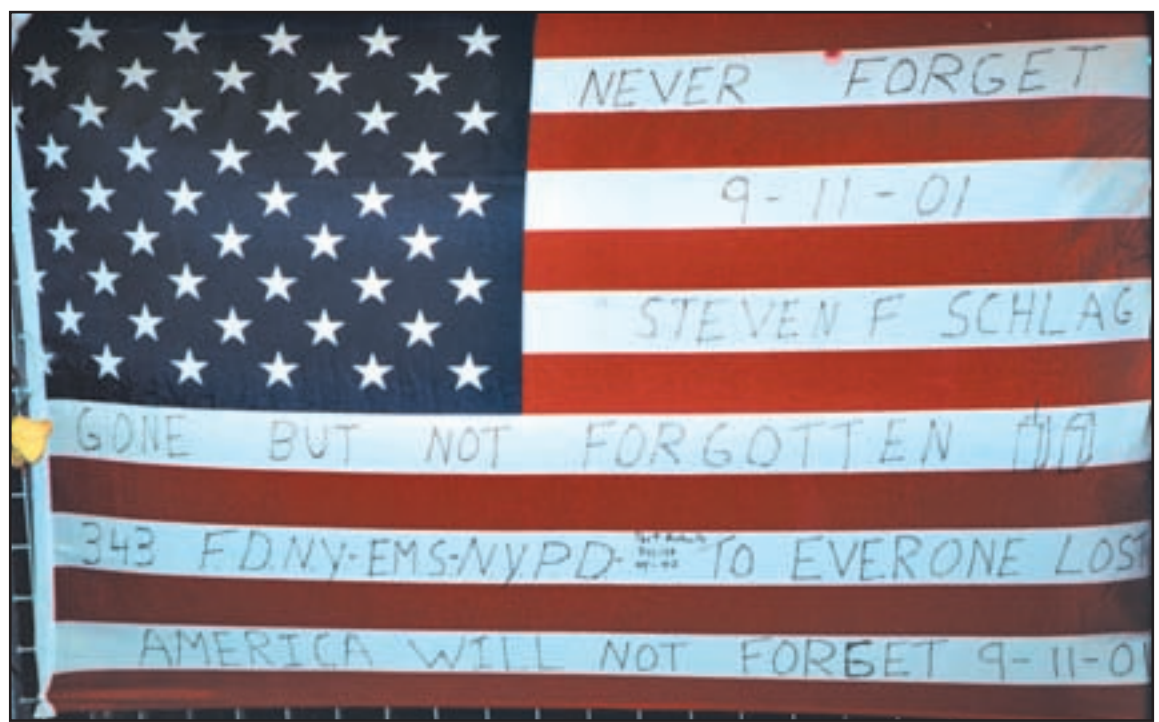
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 Roy, Sr., Timothy Alan
 Ruback, Paul G.
 Ruben, Ronald J.
 Rubino, Joanne
 Ruddie, David M.
 Ruggiere, Bart Joseph
 Ruggiero, Susan A.
 Ruhalter, Adam Keith
 Ruiz, Diaz Obdulio
 Ruiz Gilbert
 Russell, Robert E.
 Russell, Stephen P.
 Russin, Steven Harris
 Russo, Sr., Michael Thomas
 Russo, Wayne Alan
 Ruth, William R.
 Ryan, Edward
 Ryan, Jonathan Stephan
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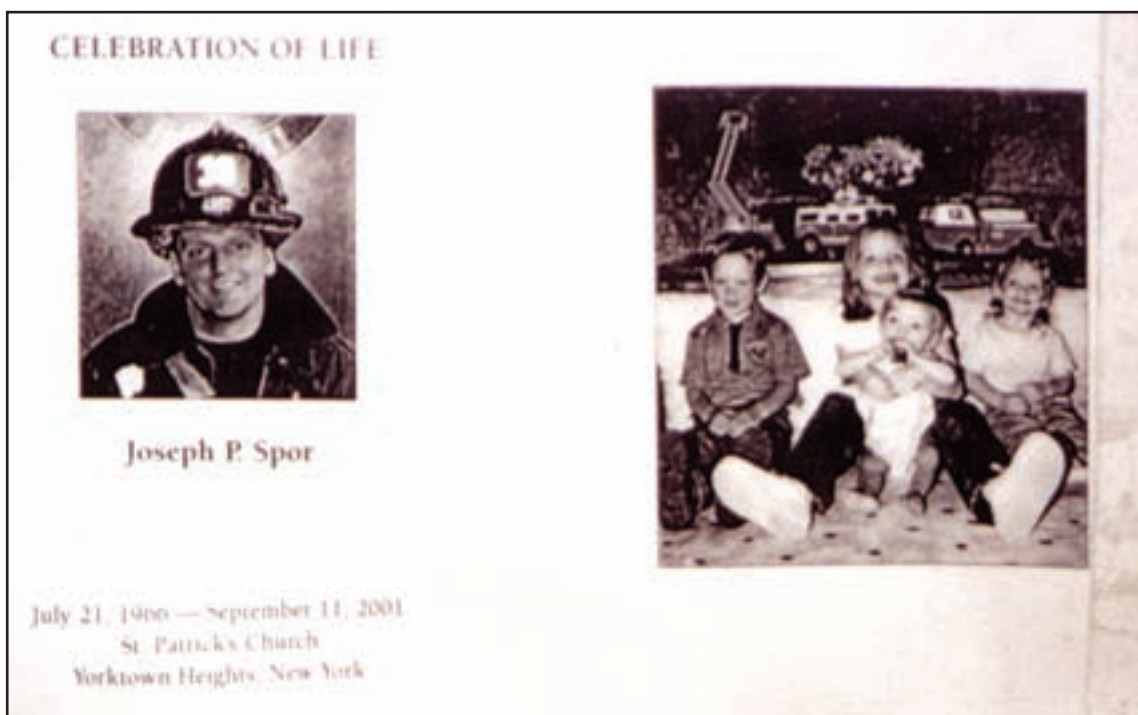


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 Sadocha, Francis John
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 Safronoff, Brock Joel
 Saiya Edward
 Salamone, John Patrick
 Salamone, Marjorie C.
 Salas Hernando
 Salas, Juan G.
 Salcedo, Esmerli Antonio

Salerno Jr., John Salvatore
 Salie, Rahma
 Salinardi jr., Richard L.
 Saloman, Wayne John
 Saloman, Nolbert
 Salter, Catherine Patricia
 Salvaterra, Frank
 Salvio, Paul Richard
 Salvo, Jr., Samuel Robert
 Samaniego, Carlos Alberto
 Sam-Dinnoo, Rena
 Sammartino, John
 Samuel, Jr., James Kenneth
 Sanay, Hugo M.
 Sanchez, Erick
 Sanchez, Jacquelyn Patrice
 Sanchez, Jesus
 Sand, Eric M.
 Sanders, Stacey Leigh
 Sandler, Herman S.
 Sands Jr. James
 San Phillip, Michael
 San Pio, Sylvia
 Santiago, Ayleen J.
 Santiago, Kirsten
 Santillan, Maria Theresa
 Santo, Susan Gayle
 Santora, Christopher
 Santore, John A.
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 Santos, Anaya, Jorge Octavio
 Santos III, Rufino Conrado Flores
 Santos, Rafael Humberto
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 Sarkar, Kaylan

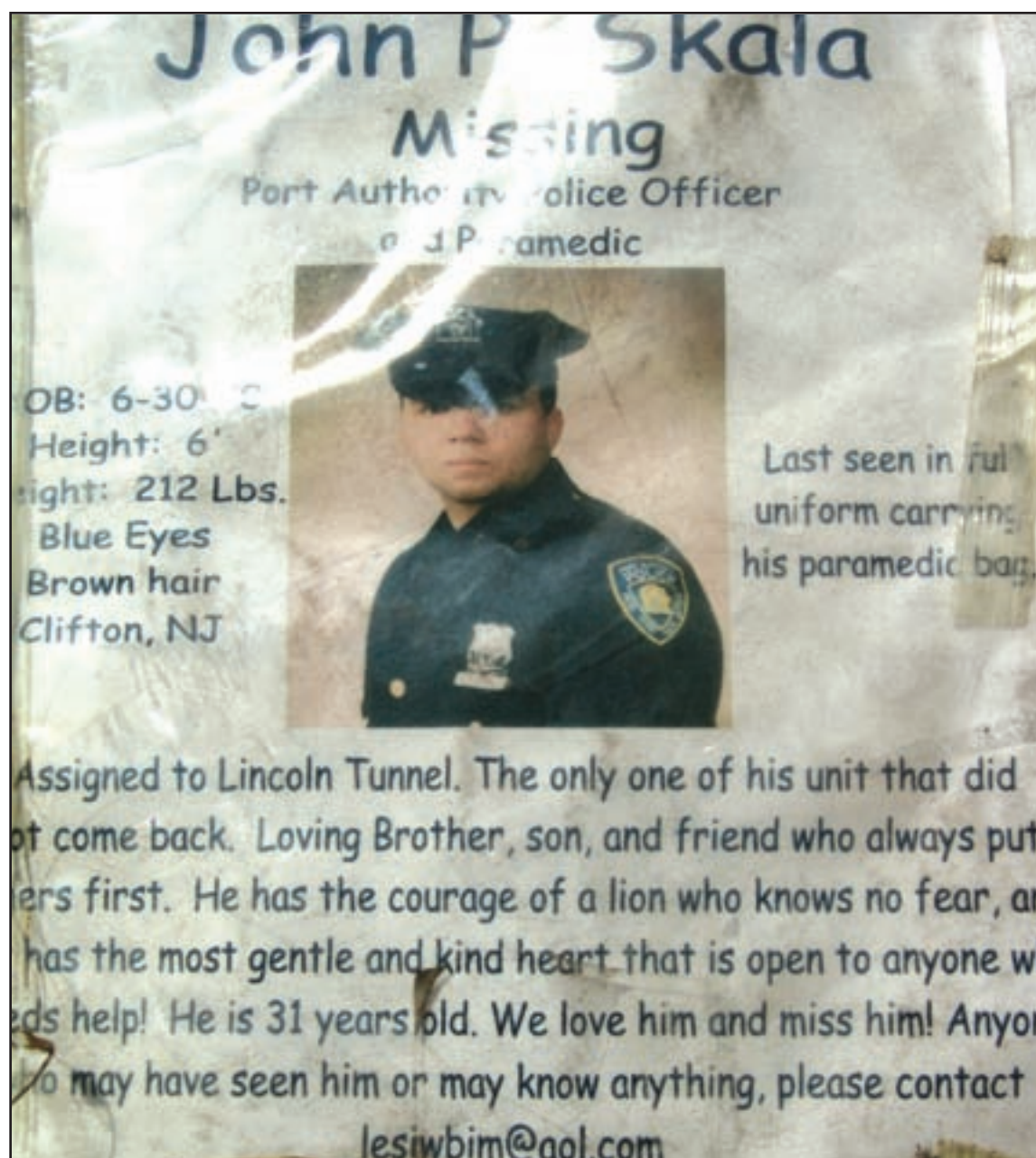
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 Sbarbaro, John Michael
 Scales, David M.
 Scandole, Jr., Robert L.
 Scarpitta, Michelle
 Scauso, Dennis
 Schardt, John Albert
 Scharf, John G.
 Scheffold Jr., Frederick Claude
 Scheinberg, Angela Susan
 Schlegel, Robert Allan
 Schertzer, Scott Mitchell
 Schielke, Sean
 Schlag, Steven Francis
 Schlisse, Jon
 Schmidt, Karen Helne
 Schneider, Ian
 Schoales, Thomas G.
 Schott, Jr., Frank G.
 Schrang, Gerard Patrick
 Scheier, Jeffrey H.
 Schroeder, John T.
 Schuler, Susan Lee
 Schunk, Edward William
 Schurmeier, Mark E.
 Schwartz, Clarin Shellie
 Schwartz, John Burkhart
 Schwartz, Mark





Shaw Jr. Robert John
 Shea, Daniel James
 Shea, Joseph Patrick
 Shearer, Mary Kathleen
 Shearer, Robert M.
 Sheehan, Linda
 Shefi, Hagay
 Sherman, Antoinette
 Sherry, John Anthony
 Shiratori, Atsushi
 Shubert, Thomas Joseph
 Shulman, Mark
 Shum, See Wong
 Schwartzstein, Allan Abraham
 Sigmund, Johanna
 Signer, Diane T.
 Sikorsky, Gregory
 Siller, Stephen Gerard
 Silver, David
 Silverstein, Craig A.

Scibetta, Adriane Victoria
 Scorca, Raphael
 Scott, Janice
 Scott, Randolph
 Scott, Sheila
 Scudder, Chistopher J
 Scullin Arthur Warren
 Seaman, Michael Herman
 Seeliger, Margaret M.
 Segarra, Anthony
 Segarra, Carlos
 Sekzer, Jason
 Sellito, Mathew Carmen
 Selves, Michael L.
 Selwyn, Howard
 Senko, Larry John
 Sereno, Arturo Angelo
 Serrano, Frankie
 Serva, Marian
 Sesinova, Alena
 Sessa, Adele Christine
 Sewnarine, Sita Nermalla
 Seymour Karen Lynn
 Sezna Davis
 Sgroi, Thomas Joseph
 Shah, Jayesh S.
 Shahid, Khalid M.
 Shajahan, Mohammed
 Shammay, Gary
 Shanahan, Earl Richard
 Shanower, Dan Frederic
 Shastri, Neil
 Shatzoff, Kathryn Anne
 Shaw, Barabara A.
 Shaw Jeffrey James





Simjee, Nasima Hameed
 Simmons, Bruce Edward
 Simmons, Diane
 Simmons, Don
 Simmons, George
 Simon, Arthur
 Simon, Kenneth Alan
 Simon, Michael J.
 Simon, Paul Joseph
 Simone, Marianne Teresa
 Simowitz, Barry
 Simkin, Jane Louise

Simpson, Jeff Lyal
 Sincocke, Cheryle D.
 Singh, Khamladai
 Singh, Kulwant
 Singh, Roshan Ramesh
 Sinton III, Thomas E.
 Siracuse, Peter A.
 Siskopoulos, Muriel Fay
 Sislak, Joseph Michael
 Skala, John P.
 Skidmore JR., Francis Joseph
 Skinner, Toyena

Skrzypek, Paul A.
 Slattery, Christopher Paul
 Slavin, Vincent Robert
 Sliwak, Robert F.
 Sloan, Paul K.
 Smagala, Jr., Stanley S.
 Small, Wendy L.
 Smallwood, Gregg Harold
 Smith, Catherine
 Smith, Daniel Laurence
 Smith, Gary F.
 Smith George Eric

Smith Heather Lee
 Smith, James Gregory
 Smith, Jeffrey R.
 Smith Joyce Patricia
 Smith Jr., Leon
 Smith, Karl T.
 Smith, Keisha
 Smith, Kevin Joseph
 Smith, Moira Ann
 Smith, Rosemary A.
 Smithwick, Bonnie Jeanne
 Snell, Rochelle Monique
 Snyder, Christine Anne
 Snyder, Dianne Bullis
 Snyder Jr., Leonard J.
 Sohan, Astrid Elizabeth
 Solanki, Sushil S.
 Solares, Ruben
 Solomon, Naomi Leah
 Song, Daniel W.
 Sopper, Mari-Rae
 Sorresse, Michael Charles
 Soto, Fabian
 Soulas, Timothy Patrick
 Spagnoletti, Gregory
 Spampinato, Jr., Donald F.
 Sparacio, Thomas
 Spataro, John Anthony
 Speisman, Robert
 Spear, Jr., Robert W.
 Spence, Jr., Maynard S.
 Spencer III, George Edward
 Spencer, Robert Andrew
 Sperando, Mary Rubina
 Spinelli, Frank
 Spitz, William E.
 Spor Jr., Joseph
 Sprockamp, Klaus Johannes
 Srinuan, Saranya
 Stabile, Michael F.
 Stack, Lawrence T.
 Stackpole, Timothy M.
 Stadleberger, Richard James
 Stahlman, Eric
 Stajk, Gregory
 Stan, Alexandru Liviu
 Stan, Corina
 Stanley, Mary Domenica
 Starita, Anthony
 Stark, Jeffrey
 Statkevics, Derek James
 Statz, Patricia J.
 Staub, Craig William
 Steckman, William V.
 Steen Eric Thomas



Steiner, William R.
 Steinman, Alexander
 Stephens, Edna L.
 Sterigiopoulos, Andrew
 Stern, Andrew
 Steuerle, Norma Lang
 Stevens, Martha
 Stewart Jr., Richard H.
 Stewart, Michael James
 Stoller, Sanford M.
 Stone, Douglas Joel
 Stone, Lonny Jay
 Storey, Jimmy Nevill

Stout, Timothy
 Strada, Thomas
 Straine, Jr., James J.
 Straub, Edward W.
 Straunch, Jr., George J.
 Strauss, Edward T.
 Strauss, Steven R.
 Strickland, Larry
 Strobert, Steven F.
 St. Rose, Fitzroy
 Stuart, Jr. Walwyn W.
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 Suarez, David scott

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 Suarez, Xavier
 Sugiyama, Yoichi
 Suga, William Christopher
 Suhr, Daniel
 Sullins, David Marc
 Sullivan, Christopher P.
 Sullivan, Patrick
 Sullivan, Thomas
 Sumaya Jr., Hilario Soriano
 Suozzo, James Joseph
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 Sutcliffe, Robert

Sutter, Seline
 Sutton, Claudia Suzzette
 Swaine, John Francis
 Swearson, Khristine M.
 Sweeney, Brian David
 Sweeney, Brian Edward
 Sweeney, Madeline Amy
 Swenson, Kenneth J.
 Swift, Thomas
 Sword, Derek Oglivie
 Szocik, Kevin Thomas
 Szejnberg, Gina
 Szurkowski, Norbert P.



Tamuccio, Michael Andrew
 Tanaka, Kenichiro
 Tankard, Rhondelle Cheri
 Tanner, Michael Anthony
 Taormina, Jr., Dennis Gerard
 Tanantino, Kenneth Joseph
 Tarasiewicz, Allen
 Tarrou, Michael C.
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 Taylor, Hilda E.
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 Taylor, Leonard
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 Taylor, Sandra C.
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 Terrenzi Brian John
 Terry, Lisa M.
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 Tighe, Stephen Edward
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 Tipping II, John
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 Titolo, Michelle Lee
 Titus Alicia N.
 Tobin, John J.

Todisco, Richard
 Tolbert, Otis Vincent
 Tomasevic Vladimir
 Tompsett, Stephen Kevin
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 Torres, Doris
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 Trant, Daniel Patrick
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 Travers, Glenn J.
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 Urban Diane Marie
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 Valentin, Benito
 Valentin, Jr., Santos
 Valvo, II, Carlton Francis
 Vamsikrishna Pendyala
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 Van Hine, Richard B.
 Van Laere Daniel M.
 Vanacore, Edward Raymond
 Vandevander Jon C.



Taback, Harry
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Woods, Patrick J.
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 Zelmanowitz, Abraham J.
 Zempoaltecatl, Martin Morales
 Zeng, Zhe
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 Zhao, Jie Yao Justin
 Zheng, Yuguang
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 Zinzi, Michael Joseph
 Zion, Charles A.
 Zipper, Julie Lynn
 Zisa, Salvatore
 Zois, Prokopios Paul
 Zuccala, Joseph J.
 Zucker Andrew S.
 Zukelman, Igor



Thank You

Completing my promise has been challenging, as every step forward seemed to have five steps back. I am persistent and kept pushing forward despite the realistic estimates by many, that the project could not be completed by the deadlines I set. My mule-like stubbornness contributed to fulfilling the promise, but more significant, were the people who emerged to help me through the project.

Salvatore and Marta have a love of humanity and a love for this country that exceeds comprehension. Their guidance and support have made them living examples of selflessness.

Jennifer Doyle (Editor) is a true blessing for me, as she has worked tirelessly to help make this book a true success. She embodies compassion, kindness and thoughtfulness and wraps it in a professional cloak. There are no words to express my gratitude for the help she has given me and the people involved with the events of September 11, 2001. For me, Jennifer Doyle has been an oasis of humanity, who embarked on a difficult journey, simply to help another. Thank you!

One such individual was **Steven Pomeroy** who I met at Staples office store, when on the eve of my deadline my computer completely crashed and the entire book and contents were lost. Naturally, I was disappointed as I arrived at the store 40 minutes before they closed. Mr. Pomeroy did not know the importance of the files at

the time, or the desperate need I had for my computer, but he committed to help me anyway. As an employee he met his obligation within 5 minutes of my arrival, but unfortunately this did not solve my problem. He, along with his coworker Alan Schramm spent the next 2 hours trying to resolve this catastrophe. The problem would not be an easy fix and over the course of the next 2 days, Steve Pomeroy stood by my side and helped me complete my promise. If he is the standard at Staples, they have raised the bar for customer service as never seen before.

As an individual he saw someone who needed help and went above and beyond the call, to just help out. Thank you for showing the ongoing character of an everyday American.

Robert D. Cirri, John P. Skala, David Prudencio Lemagne, John Sczyrek, Mark Raven, Marisa, Claudia, Ernie, Bruce, Ernie JR., Cloee, Rosario and Lila Bivona, Raul and Meche Cisternas, Lydia Aleman, Marlena Rickard, Pamela Fields, Charles Briganti Jr., Paula Battaglia, Michael and Daniel Londner, Cab and Neat Bentley, John and Jackie McKennon, Linda Sylvester, Raul and Linda Monte De Oca, (Raul Monte De Oca is a living and genuine unsung hero who is motivated by professionalism and compassion), Amber Forslund, John Lawler, John Denunzio, PA State Trooper Patrick Zwanch, PA State G. Tallo. Don Clinton, Donna Henry, Digna Delorbe, Mother Teresa, Ghandi, St. Pauls Church, Amori and Regal, Dave and Anne Johnson, Junior Nardone (NJSP), TPR Pasquin (NJSP) Loredana Briganti, Edward Coyle and Walter Francisco Rodriguez, Don Kunkel, Gary Kanofsky, Emily and Bob Cattuna, Bob and Caroline Triere, Yvette Rivera, Miriam Saez, Nelson Santos II, Meryl Moss, Charles Fletcher, Christopher Boni M.D., and Ann R. Morgan R.N., Brian and Terri Ogg.

Police, Fire, EMS, Uniformed personnel

I would like to extend my enormous appreciation toward all members in law enforcement and public safety. I've seen the sacrifices and the tireless effort that goes on everyday. This behind the scenes work results in keeping us safe and protected. Thank you.

Military

While at Ground Zero during, the 3rd anniversary of the tragedy, I saw a man standing strong as he reviewed the memorial items along the fence surrounding Ground Zero. His hair was cropped in a military style and his stature further indicated that he was a member of our armed forces, but there was a sadness that seemed to surround him. We began talking and he turned out to be a member of the USMC and he went on to tell me a story about his friend.

Michael S. Curtin retired from the USMC and continued his service and commitment to this country when he joined the elite Emergency Services Unit (ESU) of the NYPD. He was one of two men who possessed the skill and training of rappelling and performing high rise rescues. On September 11, 2001, when the planes hit the towers, many people were trapped 900 feet above the ground in the unstable high rise. He, along with other members of the ESU, responded and began the seemingly impossible rescue of the upper floors. Though the rescue may have seemed hopeless Officer Curtin and other members of the ESU and NYPD stood strong in their commitment, and stood by the people trapped. He, along with dozens of other police officers didn't run from the danger, instead they stood by the helpless they swore to protect. He is a proud symbol of our



Military and Law Enforcement personnel that share his incredible bravery and selfless nature.

Enough cannot be said of our military personnel, who go to foreign lands and place themselves as barriers, between the ever present dangers threatening us everyday. These men and women are the very soul that makes our country great.

I have had the honor to meet with various members of our armed forces, and am impressed by the dignity they convey. They are often young men and women who have wisdom beyond their years. Their commitment to duty and country is ever present through their brave and courageous approach to fulfilling their duty. Thank you so much for keeping us safe and making America proud!



Intelligence Community

This is for all the members of the intelligence community, who are rarely recognized. By the nature of their mission their incredible acts of sacrifice and their accomplishments are not known, or are only known by a handful of people. If something goes wrong they are often made scapegoats, as they can't defend themselves. To defend themselves they would jeopardize their mission and this is an option they never use.

To you, who are often taken for granted, thank you for all the years of peace and safety, which we enjoy at your expense.

Worldwide Support

Special thanks for all the worldwide support and spiritual leadership that advocate peace. Humanity will survive and flourish under their direction.

Thank to all the countries that stand by our side and strive to promote peace and freedom throughout the world such as, Great Britain, Australia, Italy, Poland, El Salvador, Israel, Thailand, and all our other allies. Prime Minister Blair, Prime Minister Howard, Presidente del Consiglio Berlusconi, are just some of the examples of great world leaders that have overcome overwhelming challenges, guided by loyalty and a desire to make the world a better place. Thank you.

Songs, Artists & People that Represent the American Spirit for Me:

Where Were You –Alan Jackson

Have You Forgotten –Daryl Worley

Letters from Home –John Michael Montgomery

American Soldier –Toby Keith

Independence Day –Martina McBride

Stars and Stripes –Aaron Tippin

Chain of Love –Clay Walker

Everyday Angel –Radney Foster

Believe –Diamond Rio

The Dance –Garth Brooks

Hey God –Vince Gill

Susan Ashton

Pat Benatar

Tracy Bird

Mary Chapin Carpenter

Clint Black

Blue County

Debbie Boone

Kellie Coffey

Brookes and Dunn

Deanna Carter

Steven Curtis Chapman

Kenny Chesney

Mark Chesney

Charlie Daniels Band

John Denver

Melissa Ethridge

Sara Evans

Josh Gracin

Pat Green

Faith Hill

Rebecca Lynn Howard

Jewel

Alison Krause

Shannon Lawson

Tim McGraw

Reba McIntyre

Meatloaf

Mercy Me

Jo Dee Messina

Ted Nugent

Brad Paisley

Dolly Parton

Colin Raye

Leann Rimes

Kid Rock

Blake Shelton

Red Sovine

George Strait

Styx

Travis Tritt

Tanya Tucker

Shania Twain

Keith Urban

Steve Wariner

Gretchen Wilson

George Winston

Lee Ann Womack

Chely Wright

Trisha Yearwood



Finally, I would like to thank all Americans, who endlessly contribute with varying acts of kindness.

Your cooperative efforts create and sustain the true character of this nation.



12/25/2001

Dear President George W. Bush,

September 11th, 2001 was one of the darkest days in my life as approximately 3,000 innocent people were murdered. Their only crime against humanity was to wake up, go to work, and try to make a better life for themselves and their community. This violent and unprovoked assault would not be a simple one to address, as our country's military and intelligence agencies had been handicapped by severe budgetary and manpower reductions. Policies were previously created that reduced their authority and investigative abilities, as for years many people viewed these agencies as unnecessary. We are a free and open society and as such, terrorist attacks can be minimized, but unfortunately, they are inevitable.

I tried to imagine, how it must feel to have the daunting responsibility of addressing this nightmare. The threat against America was ominous, foreboding, and draped the country with insecurity and fear. You risked your own life as you stood upon the rubble at Ground Zero and attempted to comfort a nation. After hearing your heartfelt addresses to the country, I was confident that you would do everything in your power to make us safe.

Such an event would bring lesser countries to their knees and change their values and way of life. I will be forever grateful to President George W. Bush, Tom Ridge and the thousands of support personnel that met this challenge in short order. You made America stronger and prouder than ever. It seemed an impossible task to maintain the freedoms we all enjoy, while simultaneously ensuring the security of this great nation. If there was ever doubt that you, as President of the United States, were up to the task as a leader of this country... that doubt was completely shattered September 11th, 2001, and all the difficult days to follow. You proved yourself to be a man of compassion, sincerity and justice. Your resolve and determination were remnant of our forefathers' passion, as they too were faced with a seemingly impossible task. You rose to the difficult challenges and emerged a great leader. This is your legacy in history, which you earned on that tragic morning. Thank you for your tireless efforts, as they have not gone unnoticed.

Eternally Grateful,

Fabrizio Bivona

Firefighter/Paramedic from Ground Zero

The days and months following September 11th, 2001 were dark days. President Bush helped to restore my confidence and hope for America. I felt compelled to send this letter. This letter, along with the other items in this book, became a mosaic for my 9/11 memories.

Those who followed with honor...

Pat Tillman

You may know Pat Tillman as a safety for the Arizona Cardinals, an NFL football team, or you may know him as a member of the elite Army Rangers. In either capacity, it is evident that he is the pinnacle of selflessness, honor and loyalty.

Pat Tillman had been offered a contract for \$3.6 million to play for the Arizona Cardinals for 3 years. He declined this offer, for a better offer, which he accepted from the U.S. army earning him \$18,000 a year. This was not the first time he followed his own moral compass versus the temptations of material success. Earlier in his football career, he declined a lucrative 5 year contract with the St. Louis Rams, solely based on his loyalty for the Arizona Cardinals.

Pat's friends and coaches knew him as an honest man driven by integrity and compassion. The events surrounding 9/11 moved Pat deeply, and subsequently motivated him to give up a multimillion dollar career to serve his country. He successfully completed the stringent Special Forces training and was assigned to the 2nd Battalion, 75th Ranger Regiment, and was sent to southeastern Afghanistan, as part of a team assigned to combat the embedded Al-Qaida network of terrorists. In April 2004, as a member of Operation Mountain Storm, Pat Tillman was ambushed and killed after a firefight where nine enemy combats were also killed.

Army Ranger Pat Tillman will be remembered as a man who put patriotism, resolve and compassion before money, fame and glory. He has made America proud! ■

Jack Hensley

Jack was a practicing Christian who volunteered in his local community. A loyal husband and father who strived to create a better life for his family. When the opportunity to go to Iraq as a private contractor was presented to him, he took that opportunity. Though the assignment would be dangerous, he accepted the danger primarily for two reasons. First, he could earn more money for his family, and secondly, this assignment adhered to his Christian beliefs of helping his neighbor. His company was sent to help the people of Iraq rebuild their infrastructure, such as schools, museums, water supplies and many other constructive projects.

Unfortunately while helping these people, he was taken hostage and murdered by a band of criminal terrorists.

His brother Ty Hensley, became the spokesman for the family and sadly expressed his confusion over this violent act and demonstrated profound grief. What was not prevalent in his media address was anger or hatred for the misguided individuals who committed this heinous act. If Ty Hensley is an example of his brother's character, he is the most recent casualty for humanity. My prayers and thoughts are with him and his family. ■



John and Amy Holmgren (Mini-Miracles)

On September 11, 2004, I was at Ground Zero sharing my book with some of the families that had lost loved ones. As you can imagine, the day was difficult and filled with passionate emotions and sadness. However, many family members and children seemed to find comfort in sharing stories of their friends and families, who were lost. After I left Ground Zero back in 2001, it took me almost a year and a half to return to the site and I wasn't sure how I would feel. Naturally, returning to a place where so many people whom I respected died, was very sad. Overall, the experience was the single most emotionally draining chapter in my life; however it also turned out to be very rewarding as well. Meeting the families and especially the children and watching them reflect on all the beautiful and admirable memories, was an incredible experience. Discovering and getting to know more about those who perished opened so many more doors of compassion and kindness ... There are millions of stories of selflessness and kindness that should never be forgotten. The admirable way these people lived their lives are the hope for a prosperous future.

Two years ago I tried to create a camp for the more than 15,000 children who lost a parent, but after several

unsuccessful fund-raising ideas, I was unable to complete this project. I tried selling T-shirts but ended up with more than I could wear in a lifetime. I then started a smaller scale project of taking some children on outdoor adventures, which seems to be more promising.

The story of the Holmgrens touched me on a personal level, as we shared similar experiences. Their empathy for others, along with their commitment to help a stranger, needs to be recognized.

Among the wonderful families I met that day, I also met some great people who visited the site, to show their support and respect. Some other people I met were so moved by the event, that they embarked on a mission to help the healing process. Two such people are John and Amy Holmgren, who were on opposite ends of the country when the events of 9/11 were unfolding. John is an independent trucker and, according to the dispatcher, was in New York City dropping off a load when his wife inquired. She later found out he was actually in California, watching the events at a truck stop. The tragedy of the events moved John and Amy, and they decided to place a vinyl mural of the twin towers and the Pentagon, with the 4 hijacked planes pulling an

American Flag with the statement,

Remembering Those Who Perished On September 11th, 2001. They found artist Paul Kosenski who helped make their dream become a reality.

As they began their project, they heard a song *Have You Forgotten* by Daryl Worley, and were inspired to go further with their mission to help the families. Along the way they found themselves going deeper and deeper in debt, as they began to create the Rolling Memorial. They tried selling T-shirts to raise the money needed, but





that didn't work either. Discouraged and virtually defeated, they described the obstacles as brick walls. Suddenly they had a series of breaks that helped them continue with this project. One break was when they met promoter Kathy Wright of *Country Jam USA*, who gave them a favorable position at some country music concerts. This seemed to help propel this project forward and seemed to move it along with ease. About midway through problems began to arise, which discouraged the couple once again.

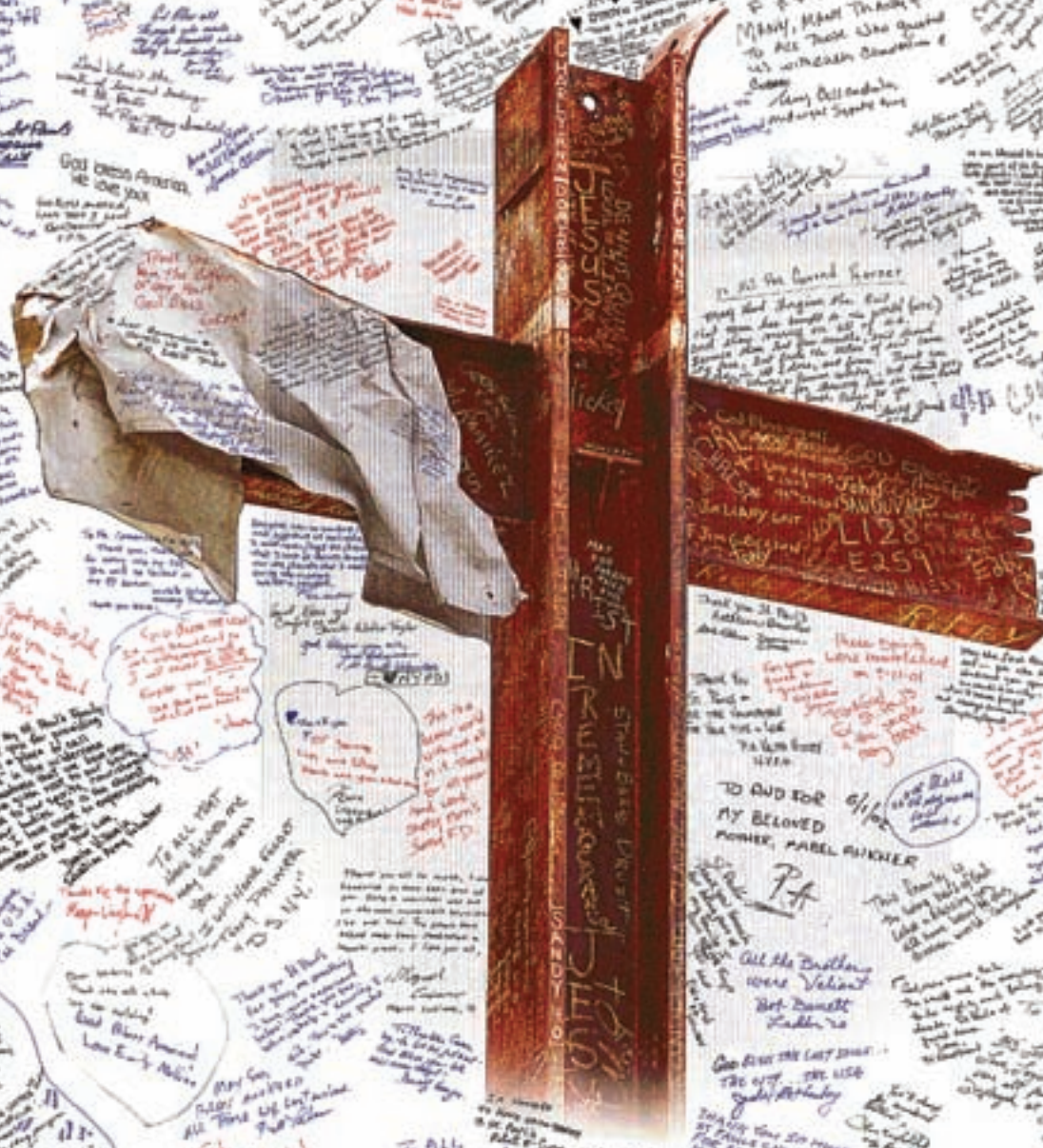
A fellow trucker overheard the ease that accompanied the beginning of the project, versus the challenges associated with the final phases. He thought about it for a moment and instead of sympathizing with the couple, he simply stated, "God did his part . . . now you have to do yours. This bit of wisdom, along with the brave stories shared by the families who had suffered losses on September 11, 2001, made us feel lucky," remarked the Holmgrens. Now reenergized, they were determined to complete their mission. One of the first family members they met was Gary Nelson, who suffered the loss of his own daughter Anne Nicole Nelson. John and Amy were

particularly moved by a scrapbook of her life which was compiled by Anne's mother. The scrapbook contained poems, short stories and mementos of Anne's life. Anne's father Gary endured many hardships in addition to the loss of his daughter, but despite that fact, he donated \$100.00 to the Rolling Memorial. The Holmgrens tore the check up and stated with confidence, "Good Americans will help us pay for this truck." Another family they met described the events just prior to the loss of their daughter, Julie M. Geis. Julie was 6 months pregnant and was in the WTC when they were attacked. Though she had ample opportunity to evacuate, she stayed behind clearing the floor of people. Her mission of helping others was successful; however she did not make it out.

The Holmgrens told me this story, along with other inspirational stories of courage and compassion, which motivated them to continue. They realize that many families are scattered across the country, and their hope is their mobile memorial will bring comfort and healing to all these families for years to come. ■

GROUND ZERO RECOVERY AT WORLD TRADE CENTER

FROM THE DAY IT ALL BEGAN UNTIL THE VERY END



CREATED AND PRINTED BY ARTAID™

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Credits & Contact Information

ArtAID: Art in Service of Humanity

Some years before September 11, we had a vision of creating an arts organization that would give artists an opportunity to contribute their work to helping others by supporting charitable causes. Commissions normally taken by galleries and collectors would go directly into fund-raising programs and charities that most needed the support. It was also intended to give artists a socially responsible means to make a living. ArtAID was born out of a desire to heal the world. It also sought to provide resources to the artists who create the healing works, thus fostering a unique relationship worthy of development.

Then September 11th changed everything. We were faced with a compelling urgency to console those most affected by this tragedy. The unprecedented need to heal our wounded community was so great that responding to that event was our top priority, which was fueled by the overwhelming demand for these great works for those they were intended for. This was a powerful validation of the value of this work, but created an enormous challenge to provide for a growing need.

Eventually ArtAID became incorporated as a non-profit in the New York State. We retained the finest legal assistance, established a bank account, and began to accept nominal donations to help cover our printing and distribution expenses. Out of this emerged a membership-based program to provide these beautiful artworks as our special "Thank You" in return for supporting this needed work. With some much needed anonymous sponsors, ArtAID has continued to exist and grow, and we now enter a whole new era of providing *Art in Service of Humanity* based on models of healing arts that were so effective immediately after September 11.

When you visit the ArtAID website, you will have an opportunity to witness our deeply appreciated programs for LODD (Line of Duty Death) incidents involving members of uniformed services: police officers, firefighters and paramedics, created much in the spirit of the work that was born in response to September 11. The need for this work continues which is illustrated in heartfelt testimonials. You will also find them as integral components of many memorials for our fallen brothers and sisters. This growing online community carries the torch of honor and remembrance ArtAID has so steadfastly committed to continue.

You will also notice that most images have links to high-resolution prints that ArtAID members are invited to download. Since our priority is to make these works available to those in need, we must rely on the honor system that visitors who download and print the images support this cause. Just as a paramedic or doctor will not ask for payment up front or refuse to treat someone in need, ArtAID readily provides these works for those in grief who most need to be healed and consoled. We do not disrupt that process with passwords or credit card pages to get through before receiving the healing power of this work. After you have experienced the beauty, value and understand the need for this work, or have downloaded any of the images, please take a second to support this remarkable project. When you are visiting the website, please do not hesitate to click on the "Support" links or print the membership form and mail it in with a contribution.

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Have You Forgotten-The Rolling Memorial is dedicated to the victims and heroes who lost their lives on September 11th, 2001. Let us, NEVER FORGET that dreadful day! God Bless America

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Special Thanks

Special thanks to those that allowed me to use their photos including AP Wide World Photos, Getty Images, New York Daily News, Corbis and John McKennon (two photos to the St. Paul's composition).

John is a devoted husband to his wife Jackie, and his three children. He is an avid photographer and lifelong friend of mine.

Most of the photos were taken as I was searching for survivors on September 11 and in the days that followed. I strived very hard for an accurate and complete recounting of events. Please contact me to rectify any omissions or inaccuracies you may find at www.911USAHope.com

—Fabrizio Bivona

