

9/11 Memories

I, Antonio, remember 9/11. I was at work when I heard the first plane had struck the World Trade Center at 8:45. Reports came in left and right. I lost a lot of friends from Cantor Fitzgerald and a lot of people, good people.

Antonio

P.S. I will never forget 9/11.

On Sunday, 9/9, my whole family celebrated my mom's 80th birthday. We had many families flying to New Jersey to help celebrate. My son flew in from Denver. He had a flight on 9/11 from Newark to Denver. He watched with horror as he saw the plane hit the World Trade Center. He was home for one week before he could return to Denver. I will never forget 9/11.

I was home sick watching TV when the first plane hit. The newspeople and I thought it was a terrible accident. When the second plane hit I called my parents in New Mexico to tell them not to worry about us, we were not in the city. Later, I just remember waiting and the scenes of the hospitals where everyone was waiting to take care of survivors, but there weren't any coming.

J.B.H.

I was scheduled to fly to California on Flight #93 that crashed in PA. I changed my flight that weekend and could not believe that I had done it. Our daughter came home from law school that day and saw my itinerary on the refrigerator and thought I was in that plane. She called my office sobbing and then it hit me how precious life is for all of us, and when we get what I call a nudge, it is important to listen to it. I got a nudge to change my flight from the a.m. on Sept. 11 to the p.m.

Judy

I was working at my government job in a NJ highrise office building, 15 miles from NYC, with a breathtaking view of the World Trade Center and NYC. While interviewing a new hire, the first plane hit. By the time the second hit, we were watching from the windows. We then knew something was really wrong. I know someone who died there, and will never forget that day. There are many little things, sights, smells, that remind me of 9/11/01. Always remembering, never forgetting.

It was a beautiful morning; a cloudless deep blue sky. I was watching the Today Show and eating breakfast as usual, when there was an announcement that a small plane had hit one of the World Trade towers. My son worked in the South Tower and was fire captain for his floor so it got my immediate attention.

I was sitting with my eyes glued to the TV when I heard that the second tower had also been hit. It was horrible to watch and worry, and then we heard that it appeared the planes were deliberately flown into the towers. We couldn't imagine what else might happen. As these tragic events continued to unfold, I was unable to reach my son on his cell phone and when I called my daughter-in-law, she had been unable to contact him either.

Friends and relatives began to call and neighbors came over to keep watch with me. After about 3 hours, my son called his wife to tell her he had missed his usual train and had been standing on the pier in Hoboken waiting for the ferry when he noticed what appeared to be a fire in one tower when the second plane hit. Amid the confusion and chaos in Hoboken, he was

unable to get through to call earlier or to get a train back home.

Those 3 hours were one of the worst times in my life and I can remember almost every minute. We were one of the lucky families, but my heart was heavy with sorrow and compassion for those who were still waiting or never heard from their loved ones again.

Charlene

I had arrived at work at Morristown Memorial Hospital. My department had a TV. A few minutes after I arrived, the broadcast announced that a plane hit the World Trade Center. I used to live in NYC for 16-1/2 years. My present husband had an apartment a few blocks from Chamber Street prior to 1988 on North Moore Street, which looked out at the WTC. We have many photos of the WTC from the 1980's. I used to work at #5 WTC building (a shorter building on the WTC concourse) at a medical office. I used to travel on the PATH train to New York from Newark after 1988. I loved to eat lunch outside on the Plaza. Somethimes they had live concerts there. At work a man came to donate blood at that time. He rushed to leave at that time. He said, I have to go (he was a fireman from NJ). I hope he made it alive.

Susan

I will never forget 9/11. I was driving while listening to the radio when I heard the announcement about the destruction of the World Trade Center. Just then my daughter called to tell me that my son was visiting a client in the building. I pulled my car into a parking space in a shopping center. My son's cell phone did not work. I felt panicky. Where is he? Is he alive? I drove home and called my daughter to determine my son's whereabouts. Hours passed slowly until my son called to tell us he escaped down a staircase from the thirty-ninth floor! Then he ran forty blocks to his fiance's office uptown. He called me at six o'clock -- and I cried listening to his voice. He was married on Sept. 15 as planned and now has three beautiful children and a lovely wife.

Beverly