



MY DAY

AMSG EMPLOYEE STORIES FROM SEPTEMBER 11TH



TABLE OF CONTENTS

01

CALLED HOME

02

DAVID'S DAY

03

ASHLEY'S DAY

04

RICK'S DAY

05

BOBS DAY

06

SANDY'S DAY

07

JULIE'S DAY

08

JIM O'S DAY

09

KENNETH'S DAY

10

ANA'S DAY

11

JEFF'S DAY

12

JOHN'S DAY

13

JIM E'S DAY

14

ANGIE'S DAY

15

CHRISTA'S DAY

16

CHRIS'S DAY



CALLED HOME

LOVEY HOWELL

As I hang my flag to see the view,
My heart smiles with the Red, White, and Blue,
The symbol of Freedom in this land that I love,
Remembering our fallen our heroes that have gone home,
On 9/11 God opened a door,
He welcomed them home from the level of each floor,
Where was I but in my quiet still office,
Not even realizing their greatest sacrifice,
To the men and women who gave their lives that day,
Our angels in heaven forever you will stay,
Standing guard at the gates of heaven,
As the clouds carried you for all is forgiven,
The impacts in my life to those that were lost,
Brings tears to my eyes for we have never forgot,
The day the world did come together,
To mourn you all for you are our brethren,
I lost my job shortly after,
My sacrifice so little for our heroes that have fallen,
There's nothing I could say to take away your pain,
But I can remember you always on this saddened day,
Who was the hero but our brother and sister,
People we loved when the world came together,
The impact to my heart was full of tears,
That used to bring hope but brought us all fear,
I feel you now as I felt you then,
Those that were lost all the men and women,
Please know in my heart you are never forgotten,
As my eyes fill with tears my heart so broken,
May you stand guard in the Kingdom of Heaven,
These wings you have earned as you fly in the heavens,
I serve you now as a volunteer Fire Fighter,
To honor the brave who need me after,
Life on the line is our greatest calling,
I will serve you well and remember you always,
I hope that one day we will somehow know,
Why God chose all of you, to be Called Home.

DAVID'S DAY

DAVID WASSINK

I was working at Quantico as a contractor supporting C4 requirements. Someone said they heard that a plane had struck the World Trade Center so we tried to get more information from the internet. Unfortunately, there was so much activity from other people doing the same thing, the server crashed and we were unable to get more information from that source. People tried calling family but had difficulty getting a phone line. One plane hitting the WTC was thought to be an accident, much like the B-25 that hit the Empire State Building in the 1940s. I knew that was in fog so wondered what the weather was like in New York City. Someone was able to get through to his wife and relayed that a second plane hit the other tower of the World Trade Center. Two planes hitting the same place was clearly not accidental so we wondered what was going on. Then came news of a plane hitting the Pentagon. We began to speculate how a group could manage to hijack planes in 2001 with the precautions already in place. We later learned that boxcutters were not considered a dangerous weapon. Then we heard about the plane crashing in a field in Pennsylvania. We were all in shock at the extent and audacity of this attack.

I continued to support the Marine Corps in a variety of ways over the next 20 years, first as a contractor supporting C4 requirements then moving into aviation requirements. There were numerous urgent needs that came up requiring

attention and resolution because lives were at stake in Afghanistan. Then we invaded Iraq and things got more complex. Supporting the operators forward was the focus every day. I was also a drilling reservist and was anxious to help the fight however I could. Finally in 2007, while drilling with the Marine Corps Center for Lessons Learned, I was given an opportunity to go to Iraq with 2nd MAF Forward for six months collecting lessons learned. The Wing CG FWD asked me to extend for another six months and I came home in February 2008, just in time for my first granddaughter to be born. After that, I returned to my work supporting aviation requirements. Later in 2008 I transitioned to government service and we continued to work at a fast pace supporting the operating forces as emerging needs gained attention and required resolution.

Life changed in other ways too. Air travel become more bothersome and remains that way. Terrorism has remained a topic of concern for many governments. Over the years, the gap between those who served in the military and those who have not has widened. Still, people remain respectful of military service and our active duty and veterans are still honored in a variety of ways.

I am thankful to have lived in this great nation and it was an honor to serve in uniform when my country needed me.



**”AND IT WAS AN
HONOR TO SERVE
IN UNIFORM WHEN
MY COUNTRY
NEEDED ME”**

ASHLEY'S DAY

ASHLEY WALKER

September 11, 2001. I was working for a company that researched and developed Fire Fighters' equipment, such as heat signature devices, and the PASS.

As I arrived to work, I noticed it was quiet and that no one was around, I found the entire company on the production floor with the T.V. on all watching what looked like the Die-Hard movie. It took only a second to realize it wasn't a movie, it was real. A moment later we watched in horror as the second plane hit, knowing hundreds of people had just lost their lives.

I then remembered my mom was flying back from D.C. that morning from a work trip. I called and called with no answer.

Then the first tower fell. The production floor was no longer silent, the machines fired up, and the engineers and manufactures worked together some in tears as we all knew that we had just watched thousands of people's lives taken including many fire fighters wearing our products and probably many that we all knew from product shows. The second tower fell, and all that was left was the chirps from PASS devices. That was when it hit all of us how many people and first responders were lost.

The company I was working for immediately started putting together a team of engineers and retired fire fighters to go and try and help at ground zero. When the reports came in that it was a terrorist attack, 13-line workers signed up for service in the military the next day.

I finally heard from my mom, she had been diverted and was safely on the ground in Atlanta. I went and stood in line for 2 hours to donate blood, just so I could try and feel a little less helpless. I knew 18 people who joined the service because of 9/11, I saw a nation mourn and come together in a way I never had. I still donate blood every anniversary and do a 4.12 mile ruck each year to remember the emergency personnel and all of those who lost their lives that day. This will be the first I am unable to do so. In my place though, will be my mom.



RICK'S DAY

RICK NOWAK



I remember 9/11/2001 vividly. I was the Sergeant Major at Marine Service Support Group (MSSG) 13, 13th Marine Expeditionary Unit (MEU), Camp Pendleton, California. That morning I was getting ready for a week in the field in preparation for the upcoming Marine Special Operations Capability certification. While loading the rest of my gear in my vehicle, I turned on the local news at 0600 when the kids started getting up for school and one of the Towers was on fire in New York City. I kissed everyone goodbye and headed into my office. When I arrived at the office my phone was ringing. It was my wife letting me know an airplane had just flown into the second tower. I was the only one at work, and I immediately turned on the news, watching in horror as both towers were now in flames. Training plans changed rapidly and our unit's training was moved to a local combat town because all bases were on lockdown. Throughout the course of the day we listened to the reports on an AM radio while in the field. Needless to say this training mission came to a close the following morning when the MEU Commander called a meeting with all Command Staff to inform us to standdown all training efforts that our mission and destination was changing. Our original departure date had been January 2002.

Over the next couple months our efforts were to outfit the MEU for travel to Afghanistan and we were steaming off two months early.

Today I am still so proud of those Marines and Sailors that made this all happen. Their commitment was without question, they were ready to serve and defend their Country. Everybody had each other's back and we left and returned with 263 Marines and Sailors.

9/11 has forged friendships for me over the last 20 years with my comrades-in-arms, not only throughout Operation Enduring Freedom, but Operation Iraqi Freedom. I watch the news and am so proud of what I consider to be the Bravest Generation who volunteered and are continuing to defend our Nation and I mourn for those who are injured or killed in the line of duty.

**"THEIR COMMITMENT WAS
WITHOUT QUESTION, THEY
WERE READY TO SERVE AND
DEFEND THEIR COUNTRY"**

BOB'S DAY

BOB MASSIE

When the World Trade Center Towers were hit I was meeting with the USN 5th Fleet Force Protection Officer (Colonel Chris Kaufmann, USMC) and the Commanding Officer, Naval Support Activity, Bahrain (Captain Roy Holbrook, USN) and ENS Dean Allen (NSA Disaster Preparedness Officer) aboard NSA Bahrain. The meeting was to discuss an incident at the Kuwaiti Naval Base (KNB) and what role I would have in the on-site investigation. I had just arrived on the island on 3 Sep and was serving as the Director of Emergency Services, NSA Bahrain and the Program Manager for CBRN Defense for U.S. Navy bases in Bahrain, United Arab Emirates, Kuwait, and Djibouti. I had been on the island 8 days. NSA Bahrain routinely operated on FPCON Bravo prior to 9/11. That changed quickly.

As we were discussing the incident at KNB in Colonel Kaufmann's office his clerk stepped in and abruptly turned on the TV. The first tower had already been hit. As we watched and listened to the speculation of what happened the second plane hit. Colonel Kaufmann and Captain Holbrook immediately relocated to HQ 5th Fleet. I turned to ENS Allen and said "Sir we need to be someplace else right now". The base went to FPCON DELTA. Naval Security Forces and the two Marine FAST Platoons manned the walls.

What originally was to be a 2 year stint at NSA Bahrain lasted 7 years.

On a personal note.....While I was the Operations Chief (on active duty) and then the Specialized Training Officer (contractor) at the Marine Corps Chemical, Biological, Radiological Incident Response Force (CBIRF) unit I came to know and become close friends and colleagues (some very close) with four of the senior NYFD Firefighters who perished - Chief of Department Peter Ganci (former Army Paratrooper); Chief Ray Downey (former Marine) - Battalion Chief In Charge Special Operations Command; Chief Jack Fanny - Battalion Chief Hazardous Materials Operations and Boat Division; Captain Kevin Smith (former Marine) - Hazardous Materials Operations. I contacted my old unit at CBIRF the next day and spoke to the XO. He informed me the warriors I mentioned had fallen operating a command post in the South Tower when it collapsed. Words can't describe the hollow feeling in my gut but I knew they would have wanted to be leading their men, at their side, when all hell broke loose. These are only a few names of the men and women we should remember, not just on 9/11 by whenever we think about those who pay the ultimate sacrifice serving others, as well as all the innocent victims on that tragic day.

THESE ARE ONLY A FEW NAMES OF THE MEN AND WOMEN WE SHOULD REMEMBER, NOT JUST ON 9/11 BY WHENEVER WE THINK ABOUT THOSE WHO PAY THE ULTIMATE SACRIFICE SERVING OTHERS.

**CHIEF OF DEPT PETER GANCI
CHIEF RAY DOWNEY
CHIEF JACK FANNY
CAPTAIN KEVIN SMITH**

SANDY'S DAY

SANDY MAGURA

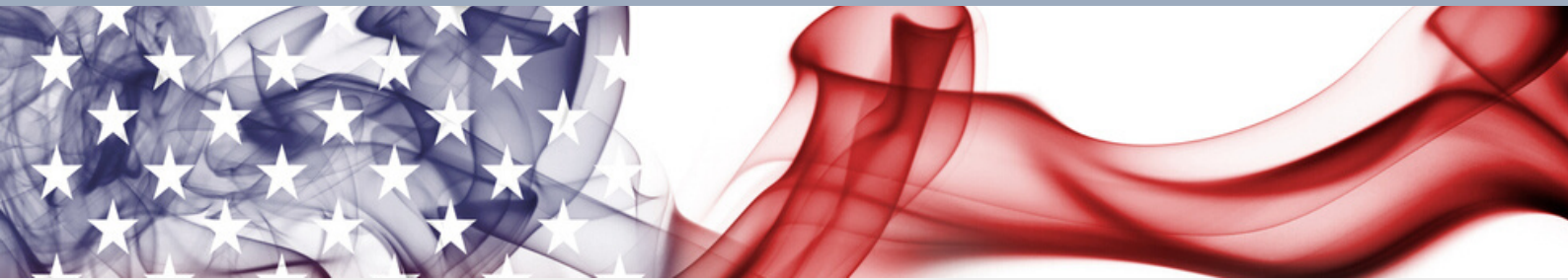
I was in college in Albany, NY. When the first plane hit I was getting ready for class in my apartment listening to the news. I went into the living room and sat down to watch when I witnessed the second plane. That is when I knew it wasn't a mistake. I remember sitting there paralyzed on the couch trying to figure out what was going on when I got a call from the school saying to attend class anyway. I went to campus and walked in my first class and the professor was telling kids not to rush to the city but to stay put and go back to their dorms/apartments. I remember walking out of that class and walking through our campus and seeing kids running around with cell phones trying to call family and friends who worked in the city. Kids crying. Kids screaming. I, myself, grabbed my phone to call my cousin who worked for Lehman Brothers at the time 2 blocks from the towers. I couldn't get through. No one could get through. I remember walking into a lecture hall where it was dark and they had the news on the big screen. Professors. Kids. All sitting. Watching together. Crying together. That scene will never leave my head.

My cousin had evacuated her building and ran/walked 100 blocks covered in ash with no shoes on. Today she is safe. Our relationship was/is/has never been stronger. Over the past 20 years, having listened to her story...others stories...about what they went through that day or the demons they live with, I am saddened but grateful. Grateful she is here. Grateful that she had a son and is the most amazing mother. Saddened that she still lives in fear of another attack (especially now with the current events). Saddened that she lost so many co-workers and friends and has to live with that grief and the reminder every year the date comes around.

Having to explain these events to children is even harder. I have read them books and have explained things in ways that I think and can only hope they will understand. I hope they never have to go through that worry I had for my cousin and the terror that she lived through and continues to live with.



THE LIVES LOST, FAMILIES DESTROYED,
LIFESTYLES CHANGED FOREVER,
INCLUDING HOW WE LIVE, TRAVEL,
COMMUTE, DO BUSINESS,
EVERYTHING,.. CHANGED.



JULIE'S DAY

JULIE ALVAREZ

I started my day off very excited as it was the day I would be having my first ultrasound of our first born child and would be finally finding out the gender. By the time I got to work that morning, the world unraveled. Not having grown up in the U.S. most of my life at that point, and being a very young and immature professional, I didn't really understand at the time, what the "World Trade Center" was or the impact, but upon talking to co-workers and hearing the talk around the office (including news blaring unusually loud on people's desktop radios),.. I started to piece it all together in my head. Our country is under attack! The panic set in. Both my husband's employer and mine (among many, if not most that day), quickly sent employees home for the day. It was an incredibly eerie place to be, working near the San Diego Marine Corps Air Station, wondering what target in our beautiful country would be next. I felt unsafe, uncertain, scared. I ended up still having my appointment that day for my ultrasound, but what should have been a special moment of my first born would always remind me of that fateful day, and vice versa, every single year. The lives lost, families destroyed, lifestyles changed forever, including how we live, travel, commute, do business, everything,.. changed.

For years, I couldn't bring myself during my commute to work every morning to pass the gas station down the street from my house in La Mesa where one of the attackers worked part time, while taking the very flight lessons that eventually gave them the ability to ultimately change our country forever that day. I still haven't gone back to that neighborhood, 20 years later. It made me sick.

It is a hard pill to swallow, but unfortunately it took a massive tragedy and casualty like 9/11 to bring an often very divided country together. There was not a car in sight that DID NOT have an American flag sticker on the back of it for a years! American flags were EVERYWHERE! We mourned together, we cried together, even those of us who did not lose anyone, this was still personal for each and every one that day! This was the most unified and patriotic America I've ever experienced, even to this very day. Let us still NEVER forget!

JIM O'S DAY

JIM O'FARRELL

"Let's go, Kailey! Don't want to be late on your first day!" I said as I grabbed Kailey's pink Barbie backpack and headed for the carport door. The morning of September 11, 2001, was not business as usual for my wife, Christy, two year old daughter, Kailey, and me. It was Kailey's first day of pre-school in our little "town" near Mount Vernon, Virginia, and we were all excited to be taking Kailey to her first day of school. We also had just bought our house two months before and were having the kitchen remodeled by a friend from the neighborhood. Having dropped Kailey at school, taken some "first day of school" pictures, my wife and I returned home and would then be leaving for work. When we walked into the house, our home remodeler friend said urgently, "Hey, you might want to turn on the TV, I heard something really strange on the drive over here. Something about a plane hitting the World Trade Center." I turned on the TV and stood in silence with my wife and friend. We've all seen the videos over the past 20 years. A minute or two after turning on the TV, the second plane hit the other tower. Just like most people, we knew immediately that this was not an accident - this was a terrorist act.

I spent the rest of the morning walking up and down my driveway (back in 2001, it was the only place I could consistently get a cell phone signal) talking to colleagues from my company. At the time, I worked at American Management Systems (AMS), and I was responsible for the projects we had at the Navy Yard. I would learn later that as soon as the plane hit the Pentagon, the Navy Yard went into lockdown and wouldn't let anyone enter or leave the base.

On September 12th, I went to the hardware store and bought a flagpole for the front of the house. For the next 11 months, I flew the American flag 24/7. It was the flag my dad had given me from when he was a submarine officer, and it was one of the "ship's flags". My strongest memories of the days and weeks after 9/11 are the absolute quiet of the D/M/V because no commercial airplanes were flying and the rumble of the Combat Air Patrol over DC at 2am, 3am, 4am each night. At my office in Old Town Alexandria, just a few miles from the Pentagon, I'll never forget that the smoke from the Pentagon fire had settled in the parking garage of our building. The acrid smell a constant reminder of the tragedy that had occurred just up the road. In the days ahead, I'd learn of the death at the Pentagon of one of my former colleagues at Booz Allen Hamilton: Gerald "Geep" Fisher.

Fast forward to 2014, I had gotten involved with the Travis Manion Foundation (TMF), seeking a way to honor the memory of my Naval Academy roommate and member of SEAL Team Six, John Kainer. I was volunteering to teach Character Development to teenagers and assisting with TMF's Veteran Transition Workshops. After running in the TMF 9/11 Heroes Run 5K in Annapolis, MD in 2014, I approached TMF about hosting a 9/11 Heroes Run in Alexandria, VA in 2015. They said yes, and for the next three years, a group of military veterans who didn't know a ton about putting on a 5K, had over 1,500 runners, volunteers and spectators turned out to "Honor the Fallen, By Challenging the Living." For me, it was absolutely one of the highlights of my life. Each year, we tried to make our local 9/11 Heroes Run like a slice of Americana. We had a vintage car show, performances by the local high school dance team, speeches by 9/11 survivors and first responders, and we even had Star Wars characters. And my younger daughter, Lauren, already age 13 in 2015, set up a table and tent to provide face painting to the little kids riding in strollers.

Twenty years later, Kailey lives in Brooklyn New York and just graduated from Pace University's New York City campus in Lower Manhattan's Financial District, just a few blocks from where the twin towers once stood. She has no memory of 9/11, and I think that's good. But she has learned about the events of that horrible day and now lives in the city where it happened. #neverforget



KENNETH'S DAY

KENNETH MIZRACH

CHERISH EVERY DAY AND HUG THOSE YOU LOVE.

On the morning of 9/11 I was at a VISN 3 Executive Leadership Meeting in the Bronx with the other Medical Center Directors. As we started our meeting, the Executive Secretary to the VISN Director, came into the conference room and told us that news had just broke that a plane crashed into the World Trade Center. We all moved to the VISN Director's office to watch the news and see the current events unfolding. At that point we all decided that we needed to get back to our Medical Centers. As I drove my Government car over the GW Bridge, one of the last cars over the bridge before they shut it down, I could see, as it was a beautiful blue sky day, that one of the twin towers was on fire and billowing dark smoke that had this boiling affect. Driving on the New Jersey Turnpike I pulled over on the side of the road as there was an incredible view of New York and the Twin Towers and then the second plane hit the second tower. My feelings were simply in disbelief as to what I was watching. As I started my return to the Medical Center I attempted to call my wife, but service was all but dead. When I arrived at the Medical Center I could sense the quiet and disbelief among staff and visitors at what was unfolding in New York as the TV's were on everywhere.

It was as if time stood still as people tried to absorb the visuals. After checking in with my Leadership team we realized that the view from East Orange Medical Center, which sits on a high point in Newark, to New York was clearly observable to our Veterans and our Mental Health Unit that was high on the 12th floor. Many of these patients had PTSD and the sight of seeing the buildings burning was to say at the least a triggering event. We took action to move our patients from the window view and protect their fragile mental health. The rest of the day was preparing in coordination with our other New York facilities to be available for whatever assistance we could provide. We were on disaster alert status.

9/11 has forever burned a memory in my mind not only the image but how we as Americans came together as one. Over the past 20 years I reflect on that day and realize that no one has promised you tomorrow and the people who lost their lives never expected that when they said good bye to their families it would be their last one. Cherish every day and hug those you love.



ANA'S DAY

ANA SCHULTZ (LHG EMPLOYEE-SUBCONTRACTOR TO AMSG)

I vividly recall September 11th, 2001, from the moment of the first broadcast reports and as the horror continued to unravel throughout the day and the following weeks. Situationally I was 35 years old, working in a high rise, in downtown Houston as a retail analyst for Macy's. Commuting an hour to work, I was used to circumventing traffic and coming early into the often empty offices. I was well into the activities of a routine day; it was almost 8am CT when I heard commotion in the common break room area.

A nervous chatter, voices and sounds that from a distance bring a chill and you know, without knowing, the day is no longer routine. There was just one TV on the entire floor and as people arrived it was either to the raw horror of the twin towers attacks or walking in having overheard snippets of the news during their commute; news that made no sense.

Cell phones were not a main artery into our common knowledge as they are now, so the news was choppy, incorrect, yet chilling. Something had happened, something otherworldly to our view of everyday life, and our national security.

The day evolved, bit by bit as the unexpected became the news and solidified into reality. The rest of the day was dull and numb and slowly came to a close.

We barely worked, we clung to that small TV looking for answers that no one had. It was really only into the night and next day, that 9/11 became real and there was no explanation other than pure evil had been done and our world was changed. My husband was at the time and still is a firefighter and paramedic for the Houston Fire Department. The realities of how a first responder as duty and heart commits them to respond, in any given crisis, is something a wife consciously acknowledges but as consciously compartmentalizes because the reality is too big and the imagination too cruel to try to live through his day. My husband was on duty that day, and I was used to not calling in order to not distract his "office duties" which could not be set aside but were as real and inflexible as what was happening in New York. On this occasion, I immediately called and from the first he said this was a terrorist attack, he said that before it was proclaimed on the media, and I had no place in my mind for that to be reality.



**A NERVOUS CHATTER, VOICES
AND SOUNDS THAT FROM A
DISTANCE BRING A CHILL AND
YOU KNOW, WITHOUT KNOWING,
THE DAY IS NO LONGER ROUTINE.**

Over the past 20 years 9/11 has been a marker of our survival as a nation, and such it has heightened my awareness of all levels of our military services; to really see the soldiers; their commitment and dedication that I had taken for granted and been complicit. It has made real my husband's own sacrifice as that of any individual who lays down life for his fellow man and as such it has made real my Christian faith and solidified it.

Additionally, as an immigrant to this country; my family migrated to the US from Serbia in 1970 to pursue my father's dreams to complete his PhD in Ceramic Engineering at the University of Illinois. His opportunities and choices made me so grateful for the fate that brought my family to this country, and all of the wealth of freedom and choices afforded here that I know experientially is found nowhere else in this world. Over the past 20 years, work afforded me travel internationally and I have seen the true worth of freedom protected and freedom executed. 9/11 has placed the cost of that freedom on home soil and it has changed my heart to want to defend that freedom through executing my privileges to vote, my privilege to worship, my privilege to support in prayers and financially the active and wounded service men and women who make this country home and heaven on earth.

In 2016 I was laid off from a hustling career in Oil and Gas, and it has been the biggest, and most unexpected blessing to have rerouted my career path, and to have been given the opportunity and privilege to support the VA. Perhaps it is wisdom and maturity of years that have made me appreciate and value the work done in support of the VA that makes this one of the most valued jobs I have ever had. Have the realities of what our veterans do for us by having to witness what might be daily horrors of terrorist crimes on our soil that is 9/11 shaped that appreciation? I know that it does and continues to. May we never forget and may we have eyes to see how critical the defense of our freedoms that our veterans provide in selfless service. I am deeply humbled and grateful.

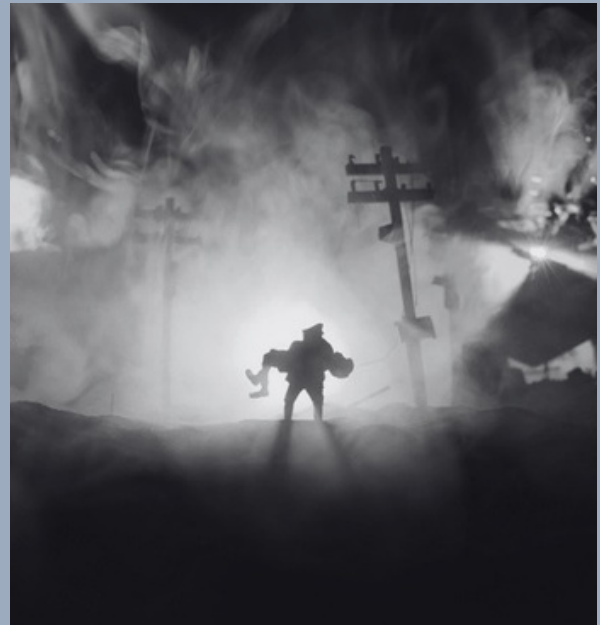
JEFF'S DAY

JEFF GERNER

I was 18 and was in my first semester at George Mason University. I vividly remember waking up to the Towers on fire and looked to see what the logo was in the bottom left of the screen. It was CNN and the shock set in.

The towers fell and everything went into chaos. At that time, we did not know who was responsible or what was really happening. Phone lines were jammed, the internet was not working, everyone was frantically trying to get in touch with their family. My father worked at the Pentagon and we could not reach him. Finally, we did and thankfully he was not in the building.

The reality set in as to what was happening. My brother had just joined the Army and we were at War. All of life was about to change.



9/11/2001 affected everything for my family. My brother had just graduated Ranger school. He would be deployed over 19 times to Afghanistan and Iraq over the next 15 years. His wife was forced to act as a single mother with special needs children. My parents took it upon themselves to step in and help at the expense of their own happiness. We were all trying to do our part in support of him as we felt it was our part in the fight for Freedom. He was overseas making the world a better place and we were back here supporting him however we could. Unfortunately, his absence from his children's life at that impressionable age created a snowball effect of complications. We are only one family and the very sad truth is there are hundreds of thousands of families who also grapple with the impacts of 9/11.

I think about how the day defined "Heroes" for me. These were no longer my favorite athletes or famous people. These are the first responders, the soldiers, the victims. I am so humbled by the reality of the day. The way people were forced into making unfathomable decisions in a matter of seconds. I try to live my life in a way that those who have sacrificed themselves before me would be proud of. There is not a day that goes by that I do not think about September 11, 2001, and I try my best to be the best of myself as a tribute to all of Heroes.

JOHN'S DAY

JOHN HINSON

I THINK WE ALL FELT THE IMPACT OF NEW STRESSES AND GRIEF IN OUR LIVES THAT FATEFUL DAY, THE DAY WE REALIZED WE WERE NOT INSULATED FROM TERRORISM, THE DAY WE FELT MORE VULNERABLE AND WONDERED ABOUT THE KIND OF WORLD WE WERE BRINGING A CHILD INTO.

My wife and I were married for 2 years and finally pregnant with our first - confirmed just days before 9/11; I was away from my Bride in training & preparation for my second MEU float and trapped at Little Creek Naval Amphibious Base because they shut down the base - all traffic entering and departing. Added to this stress, I was stuck with no communication with my Bride due to overloaded comm networks. I think we all felt the impact of new stresses and grief in our lives that fateful day, the day we realized we were not insulated from terrorism, the day we felt more vulnerable and wondered about the kind of world we were bringing a child into. I missed the delivery of my first born due to the deployment. But I did deploy aboard the ship my little brother was eventually assigned, as we both engaged in GWOT from Africa to Afghanistan. Lots of memories.



JIM E'S DAY

JIM ENOS (FEDPARTNERS EMPLOYEE-BUSINESS PARTNER TO AMSG)

ALL
OF
OUR
LIVES
CHANGED
FOREVER.

On September 11, 2001, I was an Army Captain in command of a rifle company in the 82nd airborne division at Fort Bragg, NC. Our focus that week was the inspection process that would put our battalion on the 2-hour recall, wheels up in 18 hours to deploy anywhere in the world, parachute in, fight, and win. This is called the defense ready force one (DRF1) battalion and the other two battalions in our brigade as part of the defense ready brigade, would be on four- and six-hour recall over the next eight weeks. Between 7:45 AM after physical training and before the 9:00 AM work formation, the soldiers are in various uniforms getting ready for the day. One of the staff sergeants in my company that lived in the barracks just down the hall from my office slid into my doorway wearing only his camouflage pants and socks to tell me some guy just flew his plane into the twin towers. He said it with kind of a smile on his face because he assumed it was a stupid mistake from an inexperienced pilot in a small plane.

When the young sergeant left my doorway, I kept thinking to myself, "what would a plane be doing anywhere close to the twin towers," and "why would you fly close to NYC if you were inexperienced?" As I continued to get ready for the activities of the day my lieutenants and platoon sergeants all stopped by with the same news update. We canceled the 9:00 AM formation, sent the soldiers to where they needed to be to complete the inspections and the company leaders gathered around the TV in the room of the staff sergeant who first told me the news. Just as we were realizing that this was not just a small plane, that this incident was actually a passenger plane, the second plane struck leaving everyone questioning what just happened. I remember saying "no, that is not a second plane, that had to be someone replaying the first strike and they are confusing themselves with circular reporting." About a minute later as we confirmed it was two planes that struck within minutes of each other, I said to all the leaders in that room "one plane may be an accident, two planes striking the same place within minutes of each other is terrorism." All of our lives changed forever.

ANGIE'S DAY

ANGIE GLIDDEN

I had gotten out of the Navy in 2000. I didn't really want to leave service, but I was married to a Marine and we had two kids. We discussed it and decided it was best for me to get out so that we didn't both deploy at the same time while the girls were young. They were only 2 years old and 2 ½ months old when I got out. In 2001, we chose to go to Pennsylvania for I&I duty at a reserve base in Johnstown. We arrived there in June 2001. This location was only 20 minutes from where Flight 93 crashed in a field.

On the fateful day, I was actually attending a college class. We were in class when a student came running in saying planes had hit the towers. I remember KNOWING this wasn't an accident even before seeing any footage or hearing of the Pentagon. I also remember the sinking feeling in my stomach and the thought that this quiet duty at the reserve base was going to be anything but quiet and our lives were about to change drastically. I left class, as did many of my classmates and went to the lobby to watch the TV. The footage was horrible. I remember sitting down and simultaneously crying and praying for all those in the towers and the Pentagon.

After a few minutes, but what seemed like forever, I called my husband and he told me they were mobilizing as there was a fourth plane and it was said to be in the area. They were going to be on standby to assist however needed. Of course, my worry for others then quickly turned inward as well with worry for my family. I was working at the school through the VA work study program, and I tried to go to work. I was only there for about 15 minutes and no one was working, we were all watching continuous news coverage. We were then all told to go home. I contacted the daycare where my kids were and let them know I was on my way. I got my girls and we went home and I cuddled them so tight. They were three and one, and I was so glad they didn't understand, but I also knew their world was going to change.

Once the dust settled and the military started deploying, what I knew was coming was confirmed. Caleb's reserve unit would be deploying to Fallujah. They left for seven months and then were home for five and left again. We didn't even really get to enjoy the five months, because we knew even before they got home that they were going back and when. Therefore, that was always looming over us as we continued to hear of the fighting and all the wounded.

Caleb's second deployment to Fallujah was worse than the first. He was with a helicopter squadron as an Airframes mechanic, so he wasn't outside the wire, but they lost some pilots and crew members and their base was taking fire often. He lost some good friends and came back a different person than he was before. Not to get into all the personal events, but the loving husband and father wasn't there anymore. I attempted to get him to talk to someone, but he refused (as many military members do). I could handle the difference in how he was with me, but I felt so terrible for my girls who no longer had the dad that would play tea party or all the other things they used to do with him. The only thing that seemed to make him happy was hunting. Unfortunately, nothing I could do would save our marriage and eventually his relationship with our daughters. I don't know what would have happened with us if terrorist hadn't attacked, but I do know that his deployments definitely changed the course of our marriage more quickly than they would have. I still try to remind my daughters that he was a great dad when they were little. It is just too bad they don't remember.

Several years later, 2005 or 2006, I was teaching 7th grade. We took the kids on a field trip to the Flight 93 site (this was before they constructed the memorial that is there now, it was just a platform then) and I was soooooo amazed that the one thing that survived intact with just a little tiny charring around the edges was a BIBLE. Says a ton to me. When we were there, they had it open to the page that it was open to when found. Has anyone been there lately? Do they still have it?

CHRISTA'S DAY

CHRISTA BARBARI

I was incredibly annoyed that the weekly round table meeting had forgotten to leave my breakfast burrito before closing the door. It was the one activity at work I hated. My week keeping watch over the office while everyone ate their orders from Casa Benevidez. I was starving and the phone was ringing. Then I logged in. I can't remember what site it was, Yahoo? It was all very confusing.

The entire day seems like a blur. I was at Fort Sill when the OKC bombing happened, and I felt the same confusion. It was going to be ok. I just needed to calm down.

Then the fear set in. Bad things happened; they were isolated things. Today wasn't isolated. Where was my son? Where was my husband? Were all the planes going to crash? Were bombs coming? Who is the threat?

That fear has not gone away completely. Sure it has softened from panic, but the fear is there, and it comes when you aren't expecting it—that feeling of always being safe in America, gone. I live in a state of situational awareness that I never knew existed before September 11th 2001.

Is that lump in your shirt a gun? Is there a strange package that doesn't belong? Who counts snipers and emergency exits at significant events? It used to be other people. Marines, Soldiers, Law Enforcement. That was their job. That day it became everyone's job, even the payroll lady.



CHRIS'S DAY

CHRIS TAYLOR

I remember 9/11/2001 very well, as my dad was visiting me here in Nokesville, VA. I had a new baby boy, and he was visiting to spend time with the family. On the morning of 9/11, my husband, Tom was at HUD in DC negotiating a new physical security contract for the building, and Dad and I, and my young kids were at home captivated by the TV. It was a dreadful experience just being glued to the TV all day, watching it all unfold. It still makes my stomach drop to think of what we saw on the TV. We just couldn't turn it off because we couldn't quite believe it was happening. 20 years later, when I land on 9/11, I try not to think of the TV images that pop to mind, but I think instead of my dad. It was one of the last time's I saw him alive. He died shortly after 9/11/2001, at 70 years old, of an abdominal aortic aneurysm during his

morning breakfast of Rice Krispies and ½ a banana, which he had every morning without fail.

9/11 makes me think of the military he served for 25 years, retiring as a LTC out of the ARMY, raising me and my brothers on bases, here and overseas. It makes me think of his time in Viet Nam, a somewhat poignant memory for me, because he wrote letters daily to my Mom, which she published. My dad was the first Social Worker sent to Nam.

Below are some excerpts of those letters from the first 6 months of my dad's tour in Viet Nam. I thought you might enjoy reading them, simply because they're intelligent, funny, and pragmatic, and give you a different perspective of war, which of course was the result of 9/11.



On Board the ship, USMS Upshur, 8/18/1965:

We are someplace off the coast of FL. The sailing to date has been a most pleasant surprise, the sea very calm, the food excellent and the weather cool.

9/7/1965:

Well, we're finally here and what a change it is from civilization...We are under a tent and have 12 men in it. Most people do not have tents or cots so we feel pretty lucky.

9/19/1965:

Some of our med evac pilots are getting jumpy as we were fired on while supporting the 101st yesterday and today. Some talk of them getting decorated. If so, would be the first in the Division and would be a large morale booster. May have some patients from them, though if things keep up - their busy schedule that is...

9/20/1965:

Today I have done almost no manual labor and it has been most pleasant. Sometimes feel a little guilty as most people really seem on the go but I was bushed so took it easy...

9/21/1965:

No luck on showers ... Am getting proficient at sponge baths- can make one cup of hot water do for a bath, shave, foot wash, and brushing teeth, though not in that order.

10/1/1965:

Last night got some pretty startling news. Lt. Col. Stam, the Finance Officer made a brief announcement, which quickly circulated throughout the division. One of his Conexes is lost and no one has been able to find it. Oddly enough, it contained his check writing machine which prints his checks including his signature plus many bundles of US Govt. checks. Also, it is thought, but not confirmed, that the Conex also contains \$7 million in cash. The number of the conex is 39243 and every G.I. within 15,000 miles is looking for it, including me. As you can imagine, Col. Stam has signed for all this and is responsible. If unfound, they may have to promote him to a 20-star general and keep him in the Army for the next 500 years to recoup their money.

11/2/1965:

I'm a little depressed today so not up to my usual gay, witty self. Someone stole my .45 pistol today while I was out of the tent. As I always do, had left it in the tent to go down to work at the patient section. When I got back, someone had made off with it. Has really got my goat, as a very complicated procedure must now be initiated. First, I reported it to the company, then had to make a statement concerning the weapon. Then everyone who has a .45 had to have it checked to see if it was mine. Then the incident was reported to the criminal investigation section. Soon, an officer has to be appointed to do a survey to see if I was responsible and if I should be made to pay for the darn thing. As with Finance, it's a mess.

Thanksgiving:

An interesting case today. After seeing many of his men killed, a 30-year-old Platoon Sgt developed a temporary hysterical blindness (caused psychiatrically and not from physical causes). It subsided after a few hours following evacuation to the 25th Evac Hospital in Qui Nhon. Soon after release, and seeing again, developed globus hystericus. It's like you have something caught in your throat and can't get rid of it. Throat muscles tighten, dry throat, difficulty talking and feeling of diaphragm being constricted. Coincidentally, his mother has chronic asthma and his father, a coal miner, has emphysema. Have never seen a case like this before.

12/18/1965:

Sad news today. The sadness comes from the passing of a friend. His name was George Rice, and he was one of the nicest people I've met here. George was a medical evacuation pilot here in our company. Today, he went out to pick up some wounded and while landed, was shot in the head. It's been pretty grim around here since we got the word this morning.

Christmas:

It's been a nice Christmas yet not really Christmas at all without you and the kids. I've missed you all so much these last few days, a lonely kind of emptiness yet not despairingly so, as you are always with me in my thought. Your folks sent me an excellent modern translation of the New Testament, really a modern paraphrasing. I am thoroughly enjoying it. The Chaplain told me he believes it is the best edition of its kind. I've scanned it today and find it very readable. Also, food, other books, a Men's Woodard Kit, plus pens, date book, etc. All in all, it was really a haul and, as I said, made for a nice Christmas.

1/4/1966:

We've a patient on the ward now who is a hypomaniac. He is elated most of the time and talks and talks. Is really at a peak now and about to write to President Johnson about going home to get married and thank him for the Viet Nam experience. The other day he was working at the latrine burning paper and feces, and knelt to God, praying thanks to Him for his present job. Is kind of humorous at times but can really get on your nerves at other times with his incessant chatter.

1/6/1966:

New Year's really seemed like a turning point, didn't it? As if the hardest part was over and everything else as downhill until final rotation day. It's a good feeling - hope it keeps up.

1/6/1966:

Fairly busy day at the ward, evacuated the manic I wrote you about the other day. He got enough sedative to put a cow to sleep, and 1/2 hour later was still chattering away as we put him on the Medivac to Qui Nhon. First one we have sent out in restraints, mainly because it was the first time, we had restraints. Of course, it was our only set so now we have none. He seemed happy as a jaybird though, and thanked me for seeing him off...

1/10/1966:

Big day for entertainment. Aside from the movies, had a USO show again today. Edgar Bergen and his pals, Charlie McCarthy and Mortimer Snerd, plus singer. Was a good show on a nice day with only a small crowd.

1/15/1966:

Was pretty irritated today - the report of survey of the .45 pistol was returned. General Wright disapproved the Colonel's recommendation that I not be held responsible for the cost of the weapon, so looks like another payday will be short.

