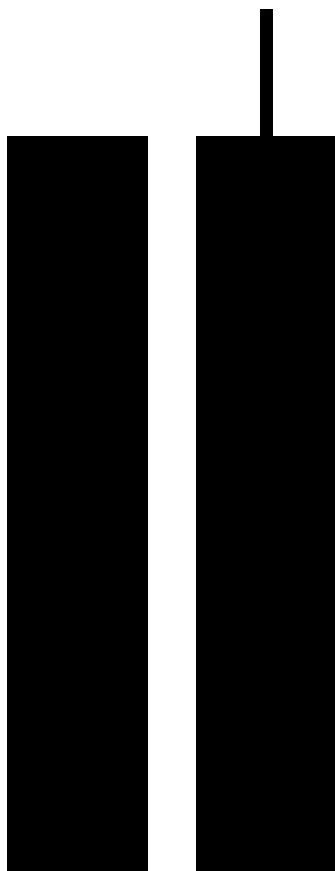


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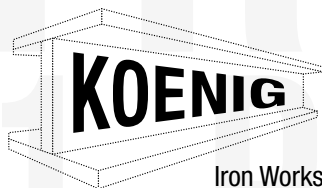
**ONE MAN'S JOURNEY THROUGH
THE UNEXPECTED EVENTS OF
SEPTEMBER 11, 2001**

FOR YOUR EYES ONLY

A NEW YORKER'S STORY



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MY 9-11

ONE MAN'S JOURNEY THROUGH
THE UNEXPECTED EVENTS OF
SEPTEMBER 11, 2001

**“IT IS AS BEAUTIFUL A LAND AS ONE
CAN HOPE TO TREAD UPON.”**

- Explorer **Henry Hudson** upon discovering what was to become **New York City**

“EVERY PERSON SUFFERED TRAUMAS THEY DON’T TALK ABOUT EASILY. EXPERIENCES ETCHED INDELIBLY ON OUR SOULS, THOSE MEMORIES ARE AS VIVID TODAY AS THEY WERE TEN YEARS AGO.”

- Richard Agudelo

MY 9-11 ONE MAN'S JOURNEY THROUGH THE UNEXPECTED EVENTS OF SEPTEMBER 11, 2001

SEPTEMBER 11, 2001

September 11, 2001, dawned pristine. Sunshine lit up a cloudless sky, and a light breeze kissed the city good morning. The bright morning was a welcome embrace after the previous day's torrential rain and bruised skies. September 11th was a day to pop out of bed, go to work, and enjoy a little of that back-to-school energy that late summer days can evoke. Among the New Yorkers who got up that morning, rushing out into the sunshine to catch the subway, a cab, or even the Staten Island Ferry to get to work, were thousands of civilians making their way to the World Trade Center in New York's Financial District.

At 8:45 a.m., those who had made it to their desks in the Twin Towers welcomed that day as any other. By 8:46 a.m., their worlds would never be the same. At 8:46 a.m. on September 11, 2001, American Airlines Flight 11 crashed into the north tower. At 9:03 a.m., United Airlines Flight 175 blasted through the south tower. The Twins remained standing, horrifically, for fifty-six minutes and one hundred and two minutes, respectively. Then, both of them fell in a mere twelve seconds.

I experienced much of what occurred in those immediate moments following the impact of the jets—the papers floating endlessly in the sky; the shocking silence; the ensuing panic in the streets. As I began to sense the gravity of the events unfolding upon my city, I did what came naturally: I grabbed my camera. I instinctively reached for that camera to document what could only be one of the most defining moments in our nation's history. It took me a long time to go back to those photographs—to look at them without feeling the same sickness in my soul I felt that day. When I finally rediscovered them eight years later, I reflected on how every person suffered traumas they don't talk about easily. Etched indelibly on our souls, those memories are as vivid today as they were ten years ago.

My images show the trauma I can't easily talk about. But the fact that these photos exist allows me to share with others what I experienced on 9-11 and what still lives with me today. This book chronicles what happened to me, to my adopted city, to my country, and to the world on that terrible morning ten years ago. Nearly every New Yorker has a September 11th story. I hope that by sharing mine, I can pay homage to the nearly 3,000 people we lost and to countless others who gave so much to help. I hope to encourage others to celebrate the lives we are privileged to lead today.

In moments of adversity, we often forget that there's a second side to every coin: that with immense tragedy can come great courage, unity and compassion. American history regales us with stories of ordinary individuals stepping forward in extraordinary circumstances to do what is necessary for the good of their family, their community and their country.

On September 10th, most of my neighbors were strangers. Twenty-four hours later they were banding together to help those in need. Witness to a vile act on an unimaginable scale, no one could have known on that morning of September 11, 2001 that one of the enduring stories for the history books would be the heroic acts of thousands of individuals demonstrating the best the human race has to offer.

THE ATTACK

On September 11, 2001, I was twenty-seven years old and had lived in New York for less than two years. I was living with my girlfriend Sue at the time, a first for me, and I loved it. We were young, in love, and doing what made us happy. I was taking photos for a living and Sue, who had just moved to New York from Northern Ireland, secured a new job as an event coordinator. We lived on the fourth floor of our building at 205 Pearl Street, on the lower tip of the island of Manhattan. In that neighborhood, all of the tall buildings stood so close together that it often felt like we lived at the bottom of a canyon. In some respects we did. A canyon of industry—office buildings, banks, law firms, and every kind of financial service firm you could imagine—surrounded us. One of the entertaining parts about our view was that we could see into the office windows across the street. The downside was that the people across the street could stare right back at us. That didn't seem to bother Sue, who began each day by sticking her head out the window, testing the weather, and determining what to wear.

That Tuesday, we got up at our usual times, 7:45 a.m. for Sue and 8:30 a.m. for me. Sue ate breakfast and made her way over to check the weather. When she opened the window that morning, we heard a sudden rush of unfamiliar commotion coming from the streets and the offices across the way. I joined her at the window. Together we saw that everyone was staring up at the sky and to the west. At the top of our canyon, the sliver of daylight was flecked with an explosion of floating papers in the sky. I wondered why a ticker-tape parade would be happening that day. In my confusion I kept staring, looking for an answer.

I wasn't panicking, but I was definitely aware that something was very wrong. The energy on our block wasn't right, and the reactions of our neighbors across the street were unsettling. I turned on the television, hoping to gain some clarity. I flicked through the cable news channels—CNN, MSNBC, FOX but nothing was being reported. So I flipped to NY1 News, which typically runs the local breaking news before any other station. As usual, NY1 came through with live coverage. With a camera located Uptown but pointed Downtown, the live feed showed what looked like a small hole in the side of one of the Twin Towers. Shocked, I wondered aloud, "Who could have rammed their private plane into the World Trade Center?" I was enraged, thinking of the idiot who could have done so much damage to the iconic building and to anyone inside. I knew that people must have died thanks to this moron. The commotion in the streets began to escalate.

Sue finished dressing, and I began working. Just as I was sitting down at my desk, the apartment shook as though a minor earthquake had just hit. A rumble ran through me like a shock wave—my first inkling that we were in for real

trouble. Everything slid into slow motion as I turned to the television in time to see a second airplane plowing into the south tower. It wasn't a small private plane; this was a commercial airliner. It was one of the most bizarre experiences to feel the impact of that second plane physically, in my own body, as it hit the tower and then to see it happen on TV moments later.

For another moment I was disoriented. When the rumbling subsided, the sequence of events became very evident to me. I stood in total horror. This was not an accident. I didn't even think about terrorism as an option, despite the past acts of Timothy McVeigh's bombing in Oklahoma City in 1995 and the first World Trade Center bombing in 1993. The idea of intentional violence on this scale was inconceivable. Just minutes earlier, I had thought my status as an American on American soil made me safe. Now my perspective was shifting as each second ticked by. We were not the unnamed people I was watching on CNN—Sue and I *were* the people on CNN. And we were completely vulnerable.

Sue, still unaware of the magnitude of the events, leaned over my desk to kiss me good-bye before leaving for work. My need to protect her overwhelmed me. I said, "You're not going anywhere!" Sue insisted on going to work, but I assured her that work would be cancelled for the day. I told her to get into jeans and sneakers, to grab a sweater, and to pack a bag with her absolute necessities. I wanted her to be prepared to leave our apartment at a moment's notice. I knew that our building and our lives could be deeply affected by what was going on outside.

I quickly showered and dressed in cargo pants, boots, and a zip-up hoodie with "New York" emblazoned across the front. I then grabbed my messenger bag, which always held my trusted Fuji GA 645i camera and three rolls of 120 film. I'm not a photojournalist, but there was no doubt in my mind I had to document whatever I might encounter that day. All the while, the TV continued streaming live news of the collisions. As I turned to face the screen at 9:59 a.m., I watched in disbelief as the south tower (2WTC) came crashing down. Our building once again shook as though an earthquake had hit. An eerie rumbling followed the jolt, this one lasting longer than when the planes initially hit the towers. The first tower stood for fifty-six minutes after impact. As it came down, a cloud enveloped our building like the thickest fog imaginable. This fog had mass. It was a chokingly dusty, brown smog that enflamed our eyes, noses, and mouths.

With all emotional responses on hold, Sue and I went into survival mode. Having dealt with terrorist bombings in Northern Ireland as a child, Sue knew how to deal with her emotions and think on her feet. As a Catholic in a predominantly Protestant neighborhood, she had endured terrorism firsthand, dealing with the public bombings of train stations and shopping centers. She coped with it then and coped with the events of that morning with great instinct and intelligence. In retrospect I am extremely grateful to have had a partner with me that day. We acted in unison, grabbing garbage bags and duct tape to cover the air conditioning vents. We closed the windows and taped over the open space between the windowpanes. We needed to keep the dust and debris from getting into the apartment.

As we started taping up the windows, I could hear people screaming and the ongoing crumbling of the first tower as its remains settled to the ground. I could hear the screech of cars racing away from the scene, braking as people fled the area and ran without any regard for traffic. I knew that Sue and I were all right for the moment, but I was scared for the people whose shrieks resonated in our ears. The cacophony of falling debris, screaming people, speeding cars, and general hysteria hit me like a wall of noise, at once disorienting and unseen. My survival instincts suggested I stay put, but my desire to understand these events led me down to the lobby.

Downstairs, I saw that the dust cloud had started to settle and that Pearl Street was deserted. I ventured outside and rounded the block, heading down the street to catch my first glimpse of the chaotic crowds. The people in the streets were panic-stricken. One woman in particular caught my eye. She was running and shrieking as if an unknown assailant was in direct pursuit. “Get the hell out of New York!” was all I could hear from her wild screams, aimed at anyone who would listen. Shaken, I crossed Pearl Street to John Street and looked west to get a better view of the towers. People ran toward the Brooklyn Bridge, fleeing east from the site of the attack. I ran home to tell Sue that we would have to hunker down and wait things out. The streets seemed too dangerous.

I switched on TV’s in the living room, the office, and the bedroom so that anywhere I turned I could see what was going on. I put them on mute so I could continue to hear what was happening outside. For the first time, I let myself consider the significance of the events. The World Trade Center had deep, personal meaning for me. As a child, my parents took my brother and me there on visits to the city from New Jersey. Later on, I had been lucky enough to stay at the Millennium Hilton right across the street during a few business trips in the 90’s and would always sleep with the shades open to look at the Twins, staring towards New Jersey through the space between them. When I moved Downtown, it became my special neighborhood spot. Sue and I would often wander the rotunda under the Towers, and in the summer months we’d lie on the benches to read. They really were a magnificent sight. The winter before they came down would be my last trip into the Twin Towers. My cousin Paola came to visit, and I was on tour-guide duty. We made it to the observation deck at Two World Trade Center and finished our visit at the top of One World Trade Center with a meal at Windows on the World.

Soon, it became clear to us—and to people all over the city—that the infrastructure of Downtown Manhattan was going to be seriously affected by the attacks. Though our utilities remained on, electricity and water went down in many of the surrounding buildings. Mobile phone service was spotty on our regular mobile networks, and for some people, completely nonexistent. But luck was on our side. Sue and I had returned from Europe a few months earlier and my dear childhood friend John Dymtrow, who then worked for Motorola, had given us some experimental phones they were working on with Nextel. Johnny had wanted me to test them when we traveled to Europe, since we were going to be on small islands in the wilds of Ireland. He said these prototypes were supposed to sound as clear as calls made through a landline. He was right. We immediately called our families in Florida and Europe to let them know we

were safe. I continued to hold back my emotions. I knew that both our families would be watching the events on TV and there was no question they would be concerned about our safety. Sue's family had visited New York just months before, and they knew that Sue and I lived near the towers.

We called Ireland first, and then I phoned my parents and brother in Florida. My parents were relieved to hear I was okay and asked that I keep them informed. Sue's parents had been trying to get through to our regular mobile phones to no avail, and when we finally got through to them they were comforted to know we were okay.

At this point, I was still trying to wrap my head around what to do next. Keeping both of us safe was paramount. One tower had collapsed, and we could see on TV that the other tower was blazing. I went to the window hoping to get some guidance from the scene in the street. Outside it was frighteningly quiet, except for the occasional police or firemen's siren. I assumed everyone, like us, was indoors bracing themselves for the worst. The stillness was beyond comprehension.

I turned up the volume on the TV amid reports of a third airplane crashing into the Pentagon about twenty minutes before the south tower fell. It was obvious now that our civilian population was under a direct attack on a scale never before seen on American soil. It didn't help my well being to know I lived in the middle of the most obvious targets in the financial sector. My building stood just blocks away from the Federal Reserve and Wall Street.

I checked the window again. The cloud of brown grit had started to dissipate. The office buildings across the street once full of strangers looking back at us were now empty. They had fled, and my first instinct was that Sue and I should do the same. In my mind I shuffled through a directory of friends in Queens, family in New Jersey and Sue's friend with a farm upstate. My mind was on overdrive as I began plotting routes through potentially chaotic streets all while creating a mental checklist of what to bring. I began wondering if anyone else was left in my building.

I turned back to the television. At 10:28 a.m., we watched the antenna on the north tower rock back and forth, as if in slow motion, seconds before the twin (1WTC) cascaded to the ground. I stood in the middle of the living room with Sue and my racing mind came to a halt—I was in shock. I felt the tower's descent all around me. The cloud that enveloped the apartment building this time was twice as thick, and there was zero visibility through the muddy grit. Once the quaking had stopped, I regained my composure and ran to check on the neighbors. None of them were home. I assumed they were all at work or had left the building when the airplanes struck the towers. I was concerned about the well being of those that worked near the World Trade Center.

I continued my search through the building and found a few other holdouts from the restaurants and the hardware store downstairs. Like us, they were just waiting. A bunker mentality started taking over. For a moment, the streets fell silent.

Then the faint trill of sirens and people screaming intensified. I stared numbly into the blind, unearthly cloud of dust. I returned to our apartment, where Sue and I watched on television as they replayed the collapse of the second tower.

We changed the channel to CNN and heard military experts and news anchors force a calm, even keeled reaction to the events unfolding. Their words were composed but their eyes screamed in no uncertain terms that the shit had hit the fan. We turned away from the television and refocused our attention on our own immediate safety.

Thankfully, Sue remained calm. In the face of all that shocking devastation, she kept her composure. Sue is an amazing woman and took what came her way with grace, class, and poise, and I needed her to get through that day. I knew full well I had no precedent for how to act next, that nothing could prepare me for what was occurring around us, but I held it all inside. While I struggled to form a plan of action, I was glad to know that Sue and I were on the same page. I couldn't have done this without her.

Once the cloud of dust and debris from the second tower's collapse began to clear, I decided to tear the garbage bags off the windows and look around. Peering down, I discovered a beat-up police van parked directly in front of our building. Police officers were going in and out of the van, back and forth from Dick's Hardware store. I asked Sue to sit tight while I went down to see if they needed help. I had to do something, and I knew that even an extra pair of hands could help. Sue had her Nextel/Motorola world phone, and I had mine, so I felt safe leaving her alone.

I went downstairs and spoke with the officers. They needed supplies: shovels, pickaxes, rope, flashlights, batteries, sledgehammers—anything that could move the rubble and help locate people. They said with no hesitation that if I wanted to help, I should get moving. I began grabbing supplies and loading them into the van. When we finished, one of the officers said, "Okay! Get in, let's go!" I exchanged looks with two or three other civilians. We shrugged our shoulders and jumped into the van. I got an adrenaline rush at the realization I had just been informally deputized. It helped to know Sue was safe at home and we had a direct line of contact. For the first time that morning, I felt there was a clear sense of purpose. I would do whatever I could in the rescue efforts—any action was better than just watching and waiting.

The van's windshield had been blown out during the collapse. As we pulled away, we huddled together with our heads facing down and our eyes closed to avoid inhaling the brown soot in the air. Debris and dust whirled around the passenger seats and through the open windshield as we sped toward the crippled World Trade Center. Occasionally I glanced up to get my bearings. It felt as if I was living in a newsreel, driving through stock footage of a war zone. Everything was covered in a film of dust. Any red car we passed still appeared red, any blue building was still blue, but absolutely everything was coated in this grayish tan hue.

Nothing on that drive was more jarring than the smell—no *60 Minutes* report could have prepared me for that. As best I can describe it, it was the stench of an unidentifiable fire. Not the smell of death, but the smell of destruction. I closed my eyes tightly and braced myself for the rest of the ride.

GROUND ZERO

Because our mission was to transport supplies, I assumed we were headed to a staging area. Little did we know there was no staging area—we headed right for the southeast corner of the World Trade Center, straight into Ground Zero. No one in that van knew what to expect. When we arrived at the site, the police officers opened the side doors, revealing about a dozen firemen covered from head to toe in dirt. I was shocked at the site of these fearless men. The second tower had collapsed barely thirty minutes before, and they were wearing the same grayish tan film as the buildings and cars. Their expressions spoke of utter focus and devastation. My first thought was that they must have been standing in that very spot when the towers came down. Their singular focus was to search for survivors.

“Whaddya got?” was all they wanted to know. They needed flashlights, batteries, and rope. I began passing them supplies I had grabbed from the hardware store. As soon as I stepped onto the street, I became unexpectedly disoriented. I could not figure out where I was standing. Spinning around and around, I tried to get my bearings. It was like waking up inside of a nightmare. I didn’t have a sense of location and I felt a constant sense of danger. Mid-spin, I glanced up and noticed the façade of one of the Towers, sitting in the middle of the street like it was some strange and misplaced growth. This cinematic sight fascinated me as much as it broke my heart. It was both odd and stunning.

Only when I saw the famous J. Seward Johnson, Jr. statue of a businessman with his briefcase did I become re-oriented. We had made it to the intersection of Liberty and Church Streets, in front of where the towers *should* have been. It was a corner I often passed to get to the subway. Two 110-story towers had come down just moments before, and I was now standing in the giant scar they’d left behind.

As I returned to emptying the van, I reached for one of the respirator masks I had grabbed from Dick’s Hardware store at the last minute. I snapped it on over my face and continued with the task at hand.

On that first supply run, I noticed large metal cylinders underneath a lamppost on the northwest corner of Church and Liberty. Steam rose from them and they looked volatile. I sought out one of the firemen and asked if the smoking metal was of any concern. He looked over at his captain, who shouted, “Not at all!” without a bit of hesitation. His confidence was calming, making me understand why he held the position of Captain. The men and women in the fire and police departments are trained in a hierarchical structure where their primary responsibility is to execute the orders given. I saw this chain of command unfold in real time. It brought comfort and confidence to the men on the ground in a

situation where there was no real protocol to follow, and it certainly reassured the civilians such as myself to see strong leaders taking charge.

A few moments later, another firefighter rounded the fire truck looking frazzled and uncertain. It seemed to me that he was very new to the position, confronted with what appeared to have been the worst first-day in firefighter history. Looking in dismay at the chief he asked, “Chief what do we do? Where do we even begin?” The task at hand was daunting. The chief approached the young fireman and replied stoically, “We put out the fires. We look for people and pull them out of this mess. That’s what we do.”

After that initial trip, we repeatedly returned to the hardware store on supply runs and started providing rides to civilians who wanted to volunteer. We continued these runs until we found Dick’s had locked its doors. The store had been emptied of anything we could use at the site.

After the third or fourth trip, our group had created an organizational system for the supplies on site. Instead of leaving everything on the street, we brought the supplies to a Burger King on the southwest corner of Church and Liberty. By this time the officers had abandoned the vehicle to follow orders, so a handful of civilians and I stepped up and commandeered the van to continue our rounds. We stopped at hardware stores, bodegas—any place that might have supplies useful to the rescue workers. Our civilian group was made up of a ferryboat captain and his son, who was a captain-in-training; a few other citizens; and me. The day’s trauma was easier to handle in a state of motion; we formed a team and kept the van moving.

The need to document the circumstances never left me. Every now and then I would stop, frame a shot, and pop it off. I realized early on, however, that my camera batteries were dying, and I didn’t have any spares. Whenever we stopped at a bodega, I looked for CR123A batteries to no avail since these were usually only found in specialty photo stores. So I would take a shot and immediately turn the camera off to save power. Occasionally, I’d pull the batteries out and rub them to try to get a little bit more juice out of them. I continued to be conservative with my shots.

When the few hardware stores in the immediate area ran dry, our crew of civilian workers next targeted hospitals. A paramedic had asked me for body bags and any medical supplies we could find. We kept on with these runs all afternoon, circling back again and again. At one of these hospitals we found doctors who had walked into the city from the Bronx. They had left their cars because no vehicles were allowed into Manhattan. One of them recalled how bizarre it felt to see traffic signs saying “Manhattan Closed.” These selfless professionals had come from their homes in Connecticut and Massachusetts and had been walking for miles to get to a place where they could help. We gave them a ride downtown.

At one point, as our motley crew drove down the West Side Highway we came across fifteen to twenty soldiers, fully packed and ready for action. I assumed that they were members of the National Guard, and we pulled over to ask if they needed a ride. We ended up pulling out all the benches in the van except for the first row to accommodate their numbers. Still, when they piled into the back it was like watching a clown troupe attempting to stuff itself into a miniature car. Some soldiers had to cling onto the side of the van with the door open, clutching at the roof while standing on the foot rails. They told us they had been marching for hours, coming across the George Washington Bridge. The bridge was a very long way from where we picked them up on the West Side in Midtown. We took them the rest of the way down the West Side Highway – or the Highway of Heroes, as I will forever call it. After getting the soldiers to the site, we continued on our runs.

We hit all of the hospitals Downtown, and then traveled Uptown to get body bags, saline, and eye-washing kits. Due to the dust, all of the rescue and relief workers had bloodshot eyes. We needed water often, both to stay hydrated and to wash out the dust and debris from our eyes. Fires burned in the middle of the site, and the smoke burned our noses and mouths. We were getting used to the conditions by now, but any relief was welcome.

On one of our hospital runs, I discovered stationary emergency eye-washing kits and briefly made them a priority to collect. The stationary kits were extremely heavy devices that stood about waist-high and came with what looked like binoculars mounted on top. To activate the machine, the user pressed his eyes to the binoculars and stepped on its pedal. The device would push water through the binoculars to clean out the eyes. Unfortunately, once empty, they were rendered useless until refilled with a sterile solution. It became a valuable lesson; devices regularly needing a refill were tougher to manage on site than disposable options. During our various runs, we came across many tools such as this that proved to be too large or limited in scope to transport across the island of Manhattan. It was just one of countless split second decisions we learned to make in this improbable endeavor. I went back to taking as many lightweight saline bottles and bags as I could get my hands on.

At the next hospital the head ER nurse couldn't provide us with our requested materials. She said, "We can't give you any more supplies. If we do, we won't have hydration or anything else for incoming patients." Though I lacked the expertise to know for certain, having been on the site that day left me feeling there was little chance anyone could have survived the fall of the towers. I somehow managed to say, "Excuse me ma'am, but there are no patients coming. That's a recovery site, and we desperately need as many supplies as possible for the workers." She retorted, "I'm not just talking about victims from the site, we still have an active ER and working hospital for the rest of New York City. I'll give you what I can, but I am not sure when we'll be getting a supply shipment again in light of today's events."

I apologized and kindly accepted what she could give us. It was hard to wrap my head around the idea that life in the rest of New York was still going on in a quasi-normal fashion—after all, my New York had just crumbled. We went back Downtown to see what else was needed.

By mid afternoon, we had just left an abandoned bodega on lower Broadway where we had filled the van with water, nutrition bars—any snacks that wouldn't spoil. As we were pulling away the van started sputtering, and the overheat needle shot into the red. None of us had even considered that the police van might give out. We limped to a halt just to the west side of the "Bull" statue on Broadway. We got out of the van and gazed imploringly at one another. The boat captain suggested we let the van cool down and then pop the radiator cap to fill it up with water. We found ourselves with forced down time as we waited for the van to cool. We got to know each other a little and discussed the day's events for the first time. It was the most surreal small talk of my entire life. "What do you do?" and "Where are you from?" seemed out of place given the circumstances. For the first time I asked the question, "Where were you when it happened?"

After the cap had cooled a bit, we grasped it and tried to loosen it. When we got it most of the way off, the boat captain, who seemed to be the most automobile literate of the bunch, grabbed a stray broomstick off the street. He used it to shimmy the cap the rest of the way off. I quickly learned why he wanted to be an arms length away. When the cap hit the last thread holding it in place, it shot off, and water gushed up into the air like Old Faithful.

Some of the guys went to grab water to fill up the radiator, but I felt it was too precious to waste. I suggested soda and Snapple instead. One civilian casually said, "I don't recommend this, but it ain't my car." I saw no strong protest from the boat captain either, so down the hatch went soda and Snapple. Naively, I figured liquid was liquid, and it would cool the engine all the same. Other than driving and reading the instrument panels, my knowledge of motor vehicles is limited at best. As it happened, my ignorance proved to be accidental genius. The van had been overheating because a crack had developed in the radiator. When we filled it with soda and Snapple the heat caused the sugar to caramelize and seal the leak. We had to stop a few more times for a refill of Snapple diluted with water, but after this custom cocktail the van ran like new for the remainder of her duty.

I hadn't spoken to Sue in hours and I was anxious to check in with her. She was passing the time reading at home and watching the news. I promised I would check in later that evening, and got back to work. We made one more medical run to a hospital in Midtown East to gather supplies and transport more volunteers to Ground Zero. When we pulled up to the drop-off at Burger King to unload, we took a moment to survey the area.

At this point the Burger King was filled with a variety of materials: clothing, helmets, boots, recovery tools, snacks and drinks. Some of the civilian volunteers we'd transported along the way had taken it upon themselves to transform the Burger King into what seemed like a makeshift disaster relief outlet. I was shocked at how quickly they converted the fast food restaurant into an efficient machine. Even the cloths were separated out by size. This was typical of all the civilian first responders I encountered. They were willing to step forward and take responsibility without any formal call to action or clear directions.

A few of us began transporting supplies to set up the triage center in One Liberty Plaza. I was just outside the Burger King when we started to feel a slight rumble. There was only a brief pause before we persistently continued with our task. The rumble continued, and people began to speculate that the building was unstable and might collapse.

We were on edge to say the least, standing underneath a potentially unstable fifty-four-story building. We had seen enough catastrophes throughout the day that perhaps we were desensitized to the potential danger. Whatever the reason, we kept working.

We soon learned that One Liberty Plaza was not the source of the unsteady earth beneath our feet. Only at the last moment did we realize the trembling came from 7 World Trade Center as the building collapsed. The aftershock caused debris from shattered windows to rain down around us. As the glass fell, we all scrambled for cover and I dove under the nearby van. The boat captain grabbed his son by the back of the neck, threw him into a newsstand, and jumped on top of him to shield him from harm. It was one of the bravest acts of love I've ever witnessed—the purest need of a father to save his son.

Everyone cowered, bracing themselves for the next impact, whatever and whenever it might be. After some time, the debris settled once again, and we came out from our improvised cover. Brushing off the dust, we returned to gathering and distributing supplies to rescue workers.

I encountered countless acts of heroism that day. I met dozens of take-charge New Yorkers—a typical trait in this town, I would argue. They didn't need to be told what to do. They just acted intuitively. The police and fire departments scrambled to keep order, put out fires, and to rescue survivors. Many private citizens showed up in a very public way, simply to hand out water and food or to bandage a wound. Others helped move mountains of twisted debris. This selflessness will always remain an inspiration to me.

I noticed a lot of construction workers at Ground Zero. There was a mix of those that were wearing traditional hardhats and those wearing a brown hardhat with a small rim that I couldn't identify. I soon found out the brown hardhats were worn by the ironworkers. They were outnumbered that day at Ground Zero only by police officers and firemen. There must have been a steel job going on nearby when the towers went down because the brown-helmeted men were everywhere. They stood in the midst of the rubble, digging and screaming out for survivors. Later, they entrenched themselves deep into the site, slicing steel. Amidst the turmoil and suffering, these no-bullshit borough guys lent genuine comic relief. There was hardly any laughter at Ground Zero, but every now and again, during a break in the duties at hand, these workers lightened the intensity of despair with a joke.

I'm a big fan of American History, and this moment was reminiscent of a favorite Lincoln quote of mine. When asked how he could laugh during a particularly trying time in the American Civil War, Abraham Lincoln responded, "With the fearful strain that is on me night and day, if I did not laugh I should die." Despite how deeply troubling the world around me became on September 11, 2001, it was this sentiment, so well stated by Lincoln, that allowed me to smile at moments while I worked at Ground Zero. If nothing else, the number of first responders helping that day was certainly something to celebrate.

We left our ailing van to rest and joined the search for victims. The mechanics of the search were terribly simple: the first responders moved slowly through the debris, listening for calls of help from victims. In addition, we screamed to see if anyone could hear us through the wreckage. Scream, listen and then repeat – that was the job at hand. The closer I moved to the middle of Ground Zero, the more intense the heat and the smoke became. At one point I was bent over with my head in the rubble, shouting for anyone to answer. I stood up too quickly, lost my balance, and nearly fell into a gaping hole. I regained my balance and sat down to reclaim my composure. Shaken, I realized I was overcome from the nonstop activity and the lack of food and water.

As I rested there on a mangled steel beam, I looked around, dumbstruck by the chaos. I stared in amazement for what felt like an eternity. All activity crawled by in muted slow motion. I heard the creaking of the building's remains, the crackling of fires, the hoarse yelling of workers, the sirens, the screeching, the bending and scraping of steel, and the constant chirp of the emergency locator alarms that firemen were wearing so they could be found in case of a floor collapse. It was a symphony of madness. I had become fixated on the chirping when someone approached me, shook me, and asked if I was okay. Jolted, I nodded my head, got up, and went back to work.

It was later that evening, as I was again walking through the rubble, screaming and digging, that I came across a female human arm severed from the elbow down. I wasn't sure I could handle being that deep in the site any longer. I had never imagined getting involved at this level. I emerged from the wreckage and found my way to the street, where I stopped a fireman to let him know what I had just seen. He gathered a team and walked over to retrieve the remains. What those men and women in the fire departments had to see in the days following cannot be easily expressed. To call the horrors of what they saw and dealt with "shocking" is a terrible and absurd understatement. I can only imagine what those who volunteered for the bucket brigades must have witnessed on an hourly basis as they helped excavate small piles of debris so that the ironworkers could slice the steel to make way for cranes. The level of organization and effort put forth that day was astonishing. The will and composure of those helping punctuated their truly remarkable character.

I was very fortunate that there had been a display case with dual canister respirator masks hanging in Dick's Hardware store where my renegade group began its mission. Working at Ground Zero, we were breathing so deeply throughout the laborious tasks that the temptation to remove the mask for deeper breaths was constant, but my instinct told me

to keep it on. Thousands of exploded florescent light bulbs, insulation, ceiling tiles, drywall, sewage, trash, steel, wood, plastic, and incinerated bodies had become particulate matter polluting the air. The suffocation felt as though I had been taken, very suddenly, to an extremely high altitude. Yet, here I was at sea level, barely able to breathe.

I kept the mask on throughout the recovery efforts unless we were north of 23rd Street. I had a few extra masks, which I handed out. I even drove by the apartment to drop one off for Sue. I would eat with it on—pushing up the edge to take a bite and then pulling it back down to chew. I think this is probably why to date, despite my being at the heart of the disaster site surrounded by so many toxic gases, I thankfully have experienced no adverse health effects from my time at Ground Zero.

At a certain point, the boat captain and his son had left the van duties, so I took over and went back to picking up medical supplies at hospitals we hadn't yet visited. I picked up more workers around the city who wanted to help with the rescue efforts downtown. I also gave rides to medical and military personnel that needed to get to Ground Zero. I think having the keys to the police van while wearing a New York hoodie led people to believe I knew what I was doing. It gave the impression that I was official. No one questioned me. Everyone had to be an authority that day.

Back at the site, a few uniformed officers hopped into the van and asked for a ride to a bank branch located on the northeast corner of Canal and Varick Streets. They guarded a number of zippered bags stuffed with cash, which they needed to drop in a night deposit slot. There must have been tens of thousands of dollars in those cash bags, probably all of it recovered from retail stores and banks near the site. We did about three or four runs like this. We even delivered bags of jewelry to a night deposit slot. When we'd finished, we dropped the officers off at One Police Plaza.

When the officers first got in the van, they noticed the litter of police batons, vests, jackets and hats sprawled across the vehicle's floor. One officer picked up a crumpled hat and asked, "Do you know any of these men?" I could sense the severity of the question as I spoke to him from the driver's seat, "No," I said, "the hats were in the van when we got in. The officers left them behind." With obvious sadness, the officer dusted off the hats and looked inside them. I learned then of a small plastic pouch inside the crown where a few personal items may be placed for protection. In one hat there was a picture of children laughing. In another was a photo of a woman. In yet another, there was a religious card with a picture of the Virgin Mary. As the officer put the hats in his backpack, I could see the grief in his eyes. Those few small pieces would be all that was returned to the families should their loved ones not make it out of Ground Zero.

By then it was nighttime and I checked in with Sue as promised. Since we last spoke, the utilities had been cut in our apartment, and she had been forced to read by candlelight. I swung by to pick her up so she could help with gathering supplies. We headed Uptown and picked up more doctors from an Upper East Side hospital. We loaded up and started

heading south on FDR Drive, the highway that runs along the east side of Manhattan. The lights below Canal Street were off in the buildings, and everything was black. The only light was an eerie blue-white and orange glow coming from the World Trade Center site. It was a combination of work lights for the rescue and recovery effort and flames from the devastation. As we traveled towards Ground Zero, the glow illuminated the smoke billowing over Brooklyn.

We approached the exit ramp and I noticed American flags blowing atop the Brooklyn Bridge. I was reminded of the line in *The Star-Spangled Banner*: And the rockets red glare / the bombs bursting in air / gave proof through the night / that our flag was still there.

I'm a passionate music fan and have always loved *The Star-Spangled Banner*. Francis Scott Key's inspiration, which came from seeing the flag still flying after heavy bombardment from the British Army during the Revolutionary War, truly resonated with me that day. I found similar comfort and reassurance from that imagery, and I was encouraged to press on longer than I knew I could. Never in my twenty-seven years could I have imagined facing a terrorist attack in my own neighborhood. I thought this kind of thing was saved for the movies.

The roads were deserted. As we approached lower Manhattan, I lowered our speed due to the missing windshield and flying debris. I looked back at everyone in the van and advised them to put on a mask if they had one because we were getting closer to the site. Once at Ground Zero, I led the doctors to the impromptu triage center at One Liberty Plaza. Dozens of doctors and nurses with gurneys and supplies waited to triage victims, but few survivors came. It was a devastating confirmation as I watched the medical volunteers come to the realization that there would be no rush of injured survivors. The only medical attention needed was for the rescue and recovery workers—minor cuts and scrapes, the occasional twisted ankle, pulled muscles, and eyes that needed rinsing.

I walked outside to take a breath—I had seen one too many shocked expressions and needed a break. But as I strolled up the block I noticed a morgue being set up on the ground floor of the Brooks Brothers store. The body bags I had picked up were now being put to use. The makeshift morgue was just one more example of a civilian commercial center being turned into the remnants of a war zone. I thought about all of the victims in the rubble and those at home clinging to the hope that they might get word of lost family and friends. I walked around to the north side of the building to regain my composure. I didn't want Sue or the others to see me. It was the one perk of having bloodshot eyes—they hid my emotional state. I'm glad I was alone on that walk. Those images I saw on my solo stroll are something I wish upon no one.

I returned to the van only to find it in the center of a sea of uniformed officers. A fire truck had pulled up behind us, blocking our way back to Church Street. The van faced Liberty, with a roughly twenty-foot I-beam sprawled on the street in front of us, blocking our path in the opposite direction. I got into my now familiar driver's seat while Sue and a

handful of volunteers climbed into the passenger seats. I quickly realized there was no way out of the spot, as the van couldn't climb over the beam. Watching from the sidelines, one of the officers yelled to me, "Just step on it!" I ignored him and slowly tried to drive over the beam, but the van couldn't handle it. The tires spun on the metal. The officer yelled at me again, "Just gun it!" Left with no other option, I hit the gas, and somehow it caught just right, popping the beam up in the air and landing it on that same officer's foot. Sue gave me a horrified glance as about seven doctors ran to the officer's aid.

I got out of the van to immediately apologize when I was interrupted by an officer, who appeared to be right out of central casting. He asked if I was on the job, and his stark white shirt suggested a position of authority. I explained calmly amidst this terrible accident that I was not, that I had commandeered the van earlier in the day when the officers abandoned it for other duties. The officer nodded and asked for my information. This was the first time all day I questioned whether or not I had done the right thing in appropriating this vehicle. I provided all my contact information as requested, which satisfied his query. After the first officer's injury and the latter's inquiry, I felt it was time to leave the van with the professionals.

I needed to take a step back from the intensity of the site, and I could tell others around me felt the same. Some of the volunteers I had brought to Ground Zero were clearly overwhelmed. I decided to walk Sue and a few other civilians back to our apartment on Pearl Street. The way we chose to walk was normally a familiar route. That night, however, it was anything but—brown soot coated all the buildings and newsstands. It felt like I'd been dropped into a moonscape of terror. The streets were littered with abandoned cars, shoes, women's handbags, and papers. Every now and then, I would reach down and grab a sheet of paper from the ground and tuck it in my messenger bag. The street I chose, Maiden Lane, slopes down from the World Trade Center site. As we continued our silent walk, I stopped a few times to look back. It was like staring up at a smoldering volcano, waiting for its next eruption. Even though the dust had settled and the whole site was visible, the thinnest brown haze still lingered in the night air.

We continued down Maiden Lane and approached the Federal Reserve Bank. It looked completely impenetrable that night, surrounded by fully armed security guards. Pop culture best knows this historic building as the bank robbed in the third *Die Hard* film. The guards were not allowing anyone to pass, so we had to cut across Nassau to John Street. As we walked down John Street and passed Jubilee Market, we saw that the only supermarket in the neighborhood had its lights on, open for business and giving away supplies as necessary. Small fires of rubble and paper burned brightly in the street, like torches lighting our way. Turning down Platt, I noticed footprints in the soot-covered sidewalk. I wondered to whom they belonged.

At our apartment I got Sue and a few stragglers settled in with candles and supplies and again left for the World Trade Center site. I walked southwest on Pearl Street to take a different route. I turned up Pine Street to avoid Wall Street,

assuming it would be as heavily fortified as the Federal Reserve. It turned out to be one of the loneliest walks of my life. I only wish I'd had fresh camera batteries with me to document that short, barren journey. It was quiet, dark, and desolate. It's a rare experience to stroll down a street in New York City that is seemingly absent of life.

At the corner of Pine and William, a man who peered out from behind a heavy door startled me. He looked at me and asked, "Do you need a place to stay?" I politely declined and asked what he was still doing there, knowing full well he could've asked the same of me. He said he was sheltering about thirty people in the building and wasn't sure what else to do. I suggested he gather everyone and head toward Union Square where people would help find them a safe place to stay. We were just two people with ideas of how to help, but neither of us had real answers.

I reached the site absent of any specific task. The van had been moved, and the strangers with whom I'd been making runs were long gone. I walked into the Burger King and rejoined the volunteer assembly line organizing the various supplies we had previously brought. I remained in this role for several hours until I felt the need to do more. I decided to return to the task of search and rescue.

I ventured deep into the site, armed with flashlights, rope, and a pickaxe. I glanced down at the pickaxe and wondered to myself how I ended up with such a tool. I was in there for what seemed like hours when I discovered an old Yashica camera. I felt a responsibility to fish it out of the rubble. Perhaps the family of its owner might be grateful to have it returned. I checked for film but there wasn't any, and put it in my messenger bag.

When I returned to the Burger King, I asked one of the officers if a lost-and-found existed and showed him the camera. This artifact that I found utterly personal might as well have been a piece of dry wall to the officer. It wasn't a lack of compassion on his part. The events of the day skewed all of our senses of scale. A recovered camera that meant so much to me could easily mean nothing to others. He informed me that any personal effects found would most likely be discarded in the debris removal, so I kept the camera with me.

Later when I returned home, not knowing what to do with it, I put it in a Ziploc bag and stored it. I couldn't leave the camera behind to be thrown away. My camera is my lifeblood; it's a career, a hobby, a means of expression and storytelling. If this had belonged to me I would have wanted it to be found and saved.

Back at the Burger King I became Ma Bell for the area as word spread I had a working phone. Every few minutes, I was handing off the phone to another stranger who would check in with their loved ones. It was almost 4:00 a.m. and exhaustion was catching up with all of us.

I took a moment to check on my own camera and found that the batteries were just about dead. Later on I put away the shot rolls of film without thinking much about the images they held. Not being a photojournalist, the historic importance

of these images was lost on me in the immediacy of the moment. Some photojournalists had managed to slip into the site to shoot that day, but most were thrown out by the police. I couldn't view these rolls of film as just another shoot. There was a sickness about the day that turned me off.

It wasn't until September 13th that I finally returned to my apartment. I showered for the first time in three days. I put the three rolls of film, tagged "My 9-11," in a Ziploc bag and tossed them in the top drawer of my desk. That day, our neighborhood was deemed unsafe and we left. Sue and I bounced around for a few days but returned when officials let us back in on the following Monday, September 17th to pack up the apartment. I wrapped my desk in plastic to make it easier to move without emptying its contents. The three rolls of film from 9-11 remained in the top drawer.

POST 9-11 WORLD

In mid-October, we moved into a new apartment in West SoHo. I found the film while unpacking. The market for photographers in Manhattan had come to a complete halt. With no work on the horizon, I decided to volunteer as an intake editor at *Here Is New York*, a photo gallery set up to display images of September 11th. I helped organize other photographers' photos for a month or so, though I offered none of my own for the exhibit. I didn't even consider it. Before Thanksgiving I came across the film again and decided to drop it off at my lab for processing. By then, I was ready to see what I had shot on September 11th.

Flipping through the contact sheets, I was brought back to that day. At that point, all the imagery related to 9-11 was so fully absorbed into the zeitgeist around me that seeing the images I had captured came as an indiscernible shock. I shelved the film but took the contact sheets with me during my yearly Christmas trip to Florida to show my family.

When I returned to New York, I went back to the business of finding work as a freelance photographer and once again stashed away my experiences from 9-11. I tried not to think about that day, except on the September 11th anniversary when the media blitz makes it impossible to escape. I did not lose anyone in the attacks, so it's always been a very different experience for me than for those who did. Still, I try hard not to dwell on what I saw at Ground Zero.

In 2009 during my annual visit to the World Trade Center Health Organization, I began chatting with a few non-governmental first responders in the waiting room. These were individuals who spent months on site digging through rubble for their friends, co-workers and neighbors. The respect I felt for so many strangers on that day eight years before came flooding back. The difference on this day was that I witnessed the residual health effects of their efforts. That has had a lasting impact on me.

In the summer of 2009, I was organizing my archive for another project and came across the 9-11 negatives. With more distance from my experiences on September 11th, I decided to scan the photos. Later that year, on the anniversary

of September 11th I posted a few of the pictures in a photo album titled “My 9-11” on my personal Facebook page. Comments and messages flooded in, and people who knew my story suggested I do something with the photographs. Those comments inspired my motivation for the My 9-11 project.

In your hands you hold my tribute to the people we lost on September 11, 2001. But this work honors many others as well. It is a testament to what we all—in America and the rest of the world—went through that day. This book serves as a tribute to the hundreds of individual people who rushed to help their neighbors. It stands to make sure theirs is the story we tell, remember and learn from.

Our city is magical, and it will forever lure people to its 22.96 square miles—people who are looking for adventure, fortune, and, very often, an improved vision of themselves. The people of New York are often personified by the gritty roles created and performed by the likes of Scorsese, De Niro and Pacino. There is honesty and depth to their depiction. In a city of millions where every face is a stranger, we show our frustration easily during the course of our hectic lives. After the heroic efforts of New Yorkers on that terrible day, after the compassion showed towards one another, that reputation has changed. We have solidified our city as a beacon of what the human spirit can and will achieve in the face of hardship.

In a recent conversation recounting the 2003 blackout in New York City, I recalled to a friend how New Yorkers had banded together to help with food, shelter, and support. He said, “The worst of times usually brings out the best in people.”

That statement has never resounded more clearly than it does for me today, as I think back on the events of September 11, 2001. It was one of the worst days this nation has ever experienced. But on that day, New Yorkers stood by their neighbors regardless of color, creed, religion, sexual orientation, or financial status. We remained calm in the face of adversity, enduring a tragedy with fortitude and dignity. It was not just the true character of New Yorkers that was displayed on September 11th. That day also showed us human nature at its best, humankind at its finest.

PHOTOGRAPHS

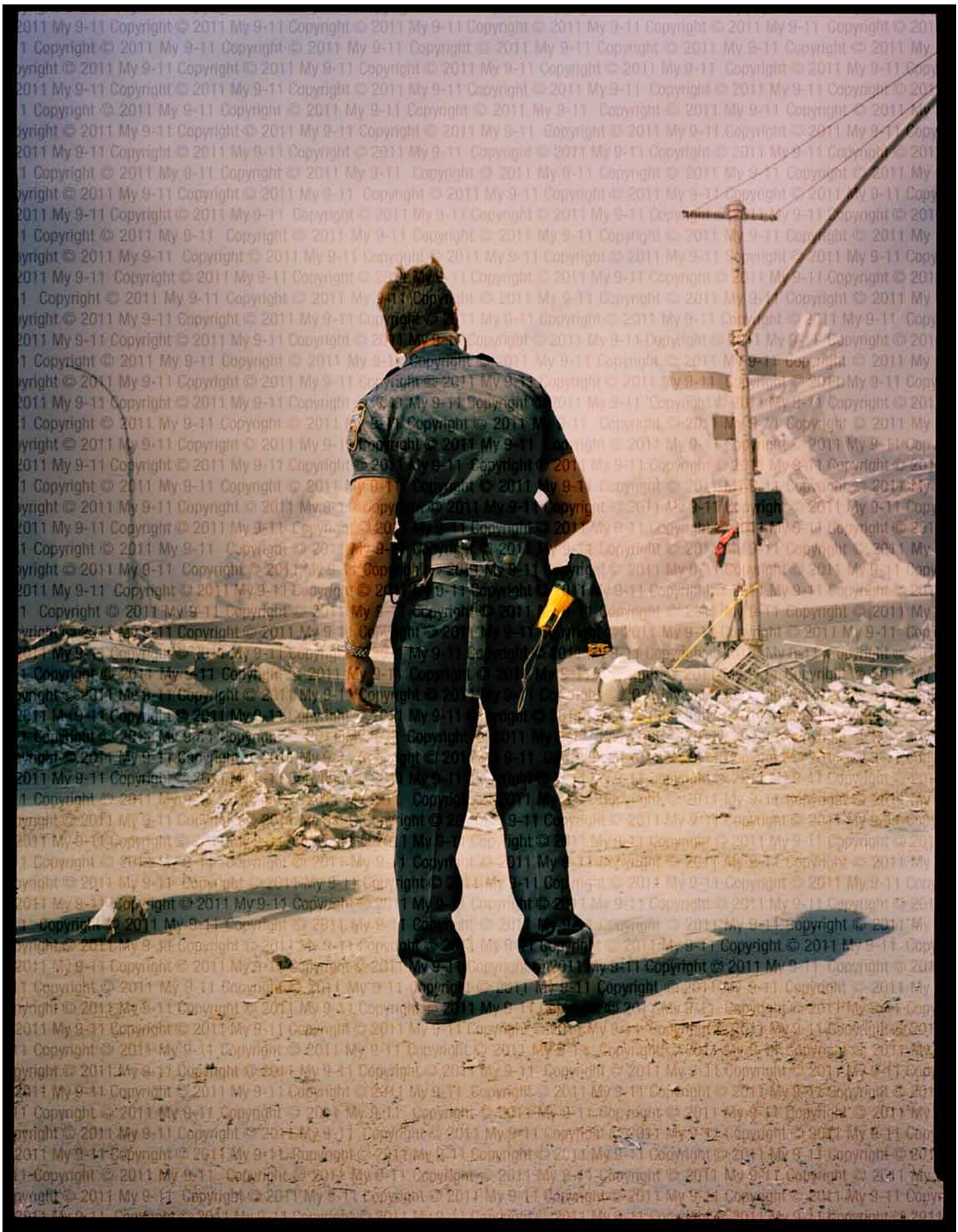




























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ARTIFACTS









However, coverage is not extended under this endorsement to include loss caused by or resulting from the enforcement of any ordinance or law which requires any insured or others to test for, monitor, clean up, remove, contain, treat, detoxify or neutralize, or in any way respond to, or assess the effects of "pollutants".

2) The PERIOD OF RESTORATION definition is replaced by the following:

- a) "Period of Restoration" means the period of time that:
1. Begins with the date of direct physical loss or damage caused by or resulting from any Covered Cause of Loss at the Insured premises; and
 2. Ends on the date when the property at the Insured premises should be repaired, rebuilt or replaced with due diligence and dispatch.

"Period of restoration includes any increased period required to repair or reconstruct the property to comply with the minimum standards of any ordinance of law, in force at the time of loss, that regulates the construction or repair, or requires the tearing down of any property.

The expiration date of this policy will not cut short the "period of restoration".

6. The following additional exclusions applies to all Time Element Coverage as insured herein:

This policy shall not cover:

- a) Any increase in loss due to suspension, cancellation or lapse of any lease, contract, license or order, unless said loss is due to an interruption of business as insured herein;
- b) Any increase in loss due to interference at the Insured's premises by strikers or other person with rebuilding, repairing, or replacing the property damaged or destroyed or with the resumption or continuation of business, or with reoccupancy of the premises;

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06

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1000 MILLIONS	100 MILLIONS	10 MILLIONS	MILLIONS	100 THOUSANDS
ZERO	ZERO	ZERO	ZERO	ZERO
10 THOUSANDS	THOUSANDS	HUNDREDS	TENS	UNITS
ZERO	ZERO	TWO	ONE	NINE

ROYAL BANK OF CANADA
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6TH FLOOR
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CANADA

CANADIAN DOLLAR.

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FOLD

DATE: 28/JAN/97

OUR REF: 4524102

PAYMENT DETAILS

MAIL TO:

PLEASE RETURN DRAFT TO LIZ DELHOMME
CUSTOMER SERVICES X 3584

ON INSTRUCTIONS FROM:

MARSH & MCLENNAN INC SPECIALITY
METRO NAT.FIN.CENTER. 24TH FLOOR
1166 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS
NEW YORK, NY 10036 ATTN: ACCOUNTING

CUSTOMER REF: NONE

DATED: 27/JAN/97

A/E (1) 27 970 TMS

No. 187606

DH 293442
4/18

8

TRADER:

Mark

PAGE: PR-1

ASST:

PT	SETTLE	PRICE	ACCOUNT NAME	S.C.	SPECIAL INSTRUCTS	ACCOUNT NUMBER	EVAL.
	5/27	101 ²⁸	"	5/8		637-98022-14-58	102 ²⁸
	"	102	"	3/4		"	102 ²⁸
	"	102 ⁸	"	7/8		637-95944-14-58	102 ²⁸
	"	101 ²⁸	"	5/8		637-22575-14-58	102 ²⁸
	"	102	"	3/4		"	102 ²⁸
	"	102 ⁸	"	7/8		356-10393-01-80	102 ²⁸

LOSE NET

PROFIT CENTER: 299 NEW YORK
RUN DATE: 01/09/01 RUN TIME: 09:03:18
ACCOUNTING PERIOD: 12/00

MARSH & MCLENNAN, INC.
YEAR-TO-DATE EXPENSE LEDGER
MAJOR EXPENSE CATEGORY SEQUENCE

REPORT ID: EXL120-01
PAGE: 1520

MAJOR EXPENSE CATEGORY '06000', TAXES & INSURANCE

G/L NUMBER	ACCT NUMBER	DEPT NUMBER	EMPLOYEE NUMBER	CLIENT NUMBER	EFF DATE MM/DD/YY	MODE ENTRY	TRANS NUMBER	PAYOR/PAYEE/ APPLICATION	REMARKS	EXPENSE CHARGES TO DATE
86600		10073		D	08/31/00	R	440068	INS GEN		24.00
					08/31/00	R	440157	INS GEN		144.00
					08/31/00	R	440157	INS GEN		24.00
					08/31/00	R	440216	INS GEN		144.00
					08/31/00	R	440216	INS GEN		24.00
					09/29/00	R	730026	INS GEN		24.00
					09/29/00	R	730026	INS GEN		144.00
					10/31/00	D	050180	INS GEN		144.00
					10/31/00	D	050180	INS GEN		24.00
					11/30/00	D	350023	INS GEN		24.00
					11/30/00	D	350023	INS GEN		144.00
					12/29/00	D	640021	INS GEN		24.00
					12/29/00	D	640021	INS GEN		144.00

** TOTAL FOR DEPARTMENT '10073', NY RCD HQ: 2,016.00

10078				D	01/31/00	O	310494	INS GEN		264.00
					02/29/00	O	600279	INS GEN		264.00
					03/31/00	O	910265	INS GEN		264.00
					04/28/00	B	190427	INS GEN		264.00
					05/31/00	B	520072	INS GEN		264.00
					06/30/00	B	820696	INS GEN		264.00
					07/31/00	R	130046	INS GEN		264.00
					08/31/00	R	440068	INS GEN		264.00
					08/31/00	R	440157	INS GEN		264.00
					08/31/00	R	440216	INS GEN		264.00
					09/29/00	R	730026	INS GEN		264.00
					10/31/00	D	050180	INS GEN		264.00
					11/30/00	D	350023	INS GEN		264.00
					12/29/00	D	640021	INS GEN		264.00

** TOTAL FOR DEPARTMENT '10078', NY WORD PROCES: 3,168.00

10090				D	07/31/00	R	130015	FR PC#030		2,430.00
					07/31/00	R	130015	FR PC#030		3,012.00
					08/31/00	R	440015	Insurance		907.00

** TOTAL FOR DEPARTMENT '10090', NAT'L RSK CO-N: 6,349.00

10091				D	01/31/00	O	310494	INS GEN		24.00
					02/29/00	O	600279	INS GEN		24.00
					03/31/00	O	910266	INS GEN		24.00
					04/28/00	B	190427	INS GEN		24.00
					05/31/00	B	520072	INS GEN		24.00
					06/30/00	B	820696	INS GEN		24.00



Notice of Carrier Debit Memo

Notice Date: 01/26/98

Reply Before: 02/25/98

Host Branch:
To: 03348
Name
IATA: 33516593
Attention: BARBARA PEBBLES

Airline: 037 US AIRWAYS
Amount: 188.74
Memo Date: 01/10/98
Reason: VARIOUS ERRORS

Memo Number: 8960124858
Ticket #: 1118435314

Attached, please find the above Airline Debit Memo which requires your immediate response. This memo must be contested with adequate supporting documentation or approved for payment by the Due Date shown. A Final Notice will no longer be sent.

There have been several errors listed on this debit memo. May include Tax, Fare, and Commission errors. If you have questions as to the reason(s) for this debit or how you may resolve, please contact the Airline Memo Unit for additional assistance.

Branch's Response: Please complete one below:

☒ *Disputed. Do Not Pay:

See Contract

☐ *Attach supporting documentation or a Universal Credit Card Charge Form.

☐ Approved for payment to the provision for Loss/Write-Off Account 459-511.

Theresa Cassone
Manager's Signature

Contact: Charlotte Moses
Phone: (602)516-6533

Airline Memo Unit, Phoenix, FRC West
Fax: 602-516-6609

NOTICE_1.DOC

• Clients and Customers

• Quest for Quality

• People

• Integrity

• Teamwork

• Good Citizens

[illegible]

[illegible]

TRADER:	VALUE DATE:	☐ ACCOUNT EXECUTIVE ORDER ☐ DIRECT DESK ORDER ☐ ARBITRAGE/DAYTRADE	CONFIRMING WIRE:	ORDER NUMBER TICKET AA
BOUGHT FROM:	ORDER DESCRIPTION	DELIVERY	EXECUTION PRICE	
UBS	2 yds	424	12012	
BANK/DEALER/CUSTOMER NO.				
SOLD TO:	ORDER DESCRIPTION	DELIVERY	EXECUTION PRICE	
BANK/DEALER/CUSTOMER NO.				
			AGREED TO TRADE RECAP (1st Review) (2nd Review)	

DWR-8778-4 (1/88)







MY 9-11 IMAGE REFERENCE MAP

Note: the dots on the map reference photography locations. The numbers inside the dots correspond with the page numbers for each photograph in this book.

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P 27
The police van we commandeered in front of 205 Pearl Street.



P 28
Intersection of Pearl Street and Fletcher Street.



P 29
Intersection of Platt Street and Pearl Street.



P 30
Intersection of John Street and Pearl Street, with the fruit stand vendor still selling fruits and vegetables.



P 31
Intersection of John Street and Pearl Street, with survivors buying fruits for the walk home.



P 32
Woman's shoe on Platt Street. Not sure if this was blown out of the towers or if a woman jumped out of her shoes to get away. But it was the only one on the street.



P 33
Intersection of Gold Street and John Street.



P 34
The famous J. Seward Johnson, Jr., statue of the business man in Zuccotti Park at Church Street and Liberty Street.



P 35
A police officer walking up to the site at the corner of Liberty Street and Church Street.



P 36
The police officer observing the site in awe at Liberty Street and Church Street.



P 37
A façade from one of the Towers on Church Street between Cortland Street and Liberty Street.



P 38
Firemen from Tower Ladder 17 at the corner of Church and Liberty, setting up to start putting water on the fire.

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P 39

Firemen putting water on the site at the corner of Liberty Street and Church Street.



P 40

Firemen from other companies arriving to the site and coordinating their plan.



P 41

Firefighter companies from the five boroughs getting settled and coordinating.



P 42

Walking into the rubble from the southeast corner of the site to search for survivors.



P 43

In the middle of the rubble around 2WTC searching for survivors.



P 44

Morning of September 12, 2001, walking down Vesey Street back to the site to continue the search.



P 45

Continuing my walk down Vesey Street on the morning of September 12, 2001.



P 46

The morning of September 12, 2001, on the rubble looking for survivors.



P 47

My favorite candy shop, Evelyn's, on John Street September 12, 2001.



P 48

Evelyn's candy shop window blown out from the impact.



P 49

A burned police emergency services truck on the northeast corner of Vesey Street and Church Street.

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P 51

Front view of my personal Fuji GA 645i camera I used to take all the pictures.



P 52

My view of my Fuji GA 645i camera I used to take all the pictures.



P 53

Motorola Nextel prototype mobile phones used to communicate throughout the day.



P 54

Pickaxe from the site.



P 55

Firemen's axe from the site.



P 56

Floppy discs found in the rubble.



P 57

United Television, Et Al insured policy paperwork.



P 58

Chase bank statement from Marsh & McLennan to Royal Bank of Canada.



P 59

Trader sheet belonging to Mark.



P 60

Marsh & McLennan expense ledger.



P 61

American Express notice of carrier debit memo.



P 62

Adrienne Higgins US Airways agent coupon.

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P 63
Adrienne Higgins US Airways
Debit Memo.



P 64
UBS trader order sheet.



P 65
UBS trader sheet from Carr
Terminal user Jon Vandevander.



P 66
Front view of Yashica GS camera
discovered in the rubble on the
southeast corner of the WTC site.



P 67
Top view of Yashica GS camera.

IN MEMORY OF

LIST OF WORLD TRADE CENTER VICTIMS

Gordon M. Aamoth, Jr.
Edelmiro Abad
Maria Rose Abad
Andrew Anthony Abate
Vincent Abate
Laurence Christopher Abel
William F. Abrahamson
Richard Anthony Aceto
Jesus Acevedo Rescand
Heinrich Bernhard Ackermann
Paul Acquaviva
Donald LaRoy Adams
Patrick Adams
Shannon Lewis Adams
Stephen George Adams
Ignatius Udo Adanga
Christy A. Addamo
Terence E. Adderley, Jr.
Sophia Buruwad Addo
Lee Allan Adler
Daniel Thomas Afflitto
Emmanuel Akwasi Afuakwah
Alok Agarwal
Mukul Kumar Agarwala
Joseph Agnello
David Scott Agnes
Brian G. Ahearn
Jeremiah Joseph Ahern
Joanne Marie Ahladiotis
Shabbir Ahmed
Terrance Andre Aiken
Godwin Ajala
Gertrude M. Alagero
Andrew Alamenno
Margaret Ann Alario
Gary M. Alberio
Jon Leslie Albert
Peter Alderman
Jacquelyn Delaine Aldridge
David D. Alger
Sarah Ali-Escarcega
Ernest Alikakos
Edward L. Allegretto
Eric Allen
Joseph Ryan Allen
Richard Dennis Allen
Richard Lanard Allen
Christopher E. Allingham
Janet M. Alonso
Arturo Alva-Moreno
Anthony Alvarado
Antonio Javier Alvarez
Victoria Alvarez-Brito
Telmo E. Alvear
Cesar Amoranto Alviar
Tariq Amanullah
Angelo Amaranto
James M. Amato
Joseph Amatuccio
Christopher Charles Amoroso
Kazuhiro Anai
Calixto Anaya, Jr.
Joseph Anchundia
Kermit Charles Anderson

Yvette Constance Anderson
John Andreacchio
Michael Rourke Andrews
Jean Ann Andrucki
Siew-Nya Ang
Joseph Angelini, Jr.
Joseph Angelini, Sr.
Laura Angilletta
Doreen J. Angrisani
Lorraine Antigua
Peter Paul Apollo
Faustino Apostol, Jr.
Frank Thomas Aquilino
Patrick Michael Aranyos
David Arce
Michael George Arczynski
Louis Arena
Adam P. Arias
Michael Armstrong
Jack Charles Aron
Joshua Aron
Richard Avery Aronow
Japhet Jesse Aryee
Patrick Asante
Carl Asaro
Michael Asciak
Michael Edward Asher
Janice Marie Ashley
Thomas J. Ashton
Manuel O. Asitimbay
Gregg Arthur Atlas
Gerald T. Atwood
James Audiffred
Louis Frank Aversano, Jr.
Ezra Aviles
Sandy Ayala
Arlene T. Babakitis
Eustace P. Bacchus
John J. Badagliacca
Jane Ellen Baeszler
Robert J. Baiervalter
Andrew J. Bailey
Brett T. Bailey
Tatyana Bakalinskaya
Michael S. Baksh
Sharon M. Balkcom
Michael Andrew Bane
Katherine Bantis
Gerard Baptiste
Walter Baran
Gerard A. Barbara
Paul Vincent Barbaro
James William Barbella
Ivan Kyrillos F. Barbosa
Victor Daniel Barbosa
Colleen Ann Barkow
David Michael Barkway
Matthew Barnes
Sheila Patricia Barnes
Evan J. Baron
Renee Barrett-Arjune
Nathaly Barrios La Cruz
Arthur Thaddeus Barry
Diane G. Barry
Maurice Vincent Barry
Scott D. Bart
Carlton W. Bartels

Guy Barzvi
Inna B. Basina
Alysia Basmajian
Kenneth William Basnicki
Steven Bates
Paul James Battaglia
Walter David Bauer, Jr.
Marlyn Capito Bautista
Jasper Baxter
Michele Beale
Paul Frederick Beatini
Jane S. Beatty
Lawrence Ira Beck
Manette Marie Beckles
Carl John Bedigian
Michael Earnest Beekman
Maria A. Behr
Yelena Belilovsky
Nina Patrice Bell
Debbie Bellows
Stephen Elliot Belson
Paul M. Benedetti
Denise Lenore Benedetto
Maria Bengochea
Bryan Craig Bennett
Eric L. Bennett
Oliver Duncan Bennett
Margaret L. Benson
Dominick J. Berardi
James Patrick Berger
Steven Howard Berger
John P. Bergin
Alvin Bergsohn
Daniel Bergstein
Michael J. Berkeley
Donna M. Bernaerts
David W. Bernard
William Bernstein
David M. Berray
David S. Berry
Joseph J. Berry
William Reed Bethke
Timothy Betterly
Edward Frank Beyea
Paul Beyer
Anil Tahilram Bharvaney
Bella J. Bhukhan
Shimmy D. Biegeleisen
Peter Alexander Bielfeld
William G. Biggart
Brian Bilcher
Carl Vincent Bini
Gary Eugene Bird
Joshua David Birnbaum
George John Bishop
Jeffrey Donald Bittner
Albert Balewa Blackman, Jr.
Christopher Joseph Blackwell
Susan Leigh Blair
Harry Blanding, Jr.
Janice Lee Blaney
Craig Michael Blass
Rita Blau
Richard Middleton Blood, Jr.
Michael Andrew Boccardi
John P. Bocchi
Michael Leopoldo Bocchino

Susan M. Bochino
Bruce D. Boehm
Mary Catherine Boffa
Nicholas Andrew Bogdan
Darren Christopher Bohan
Lawrence Francis Boisseau
Vincent M. Boland, Jr.
Alan Bondarenko
Andre Bonheur, Jr.
Colin Arthur Bonnett
Frank Bonomo
Yvonne Lucia Bonomo
Genieve Bonsignore, 3
Seaton Booker
Sherry Ann Bordeaux
Krystine Bordenabe
Martin Boryczewski
Richard Edward Bosco
John H. Boulton
Francisco Eligio Bourdier
Thomas Harold Bowden, Jr.
Kimberly S. Bowers
Veronique Nicole Bowers
Larry Bowman
Shawn Edward Bowman, Jr.
Kevin L. Bowser
Gary R. Box
Gennady Boyarsky
Pamela Boyce
Michael Boyle
Alfred Braca
Kevin Bracken
David Brian Brady
Alexander Braginsky
Nicholas W. Brandemarti
Michelle Renee Bratton
Patrice Braut
Lydia E. Bravo
Ronald Michael Breitweiser
Edward A. Brennan III
Francis Henry Brennan
Michael E. Brennan
Peter Brennan
Thomas M. Brennan
Daniel J. Brethel
Gary Lee Bright
Jonathan Briley
Mark A. Brisman
Paul Gary Bristow
Mark Francis Broderick
Herman Charles Broghammer
Keith A. Broomfield
Ethel Brown Janice
Juloise Brown
Lloyd Stanford Brown
Patrick J. Brown
Bettina Browne
Mark Bruce
Richard George Bruehert
Andrew Brunn
Vincent Brunton
Ronald Paul Bucca
Brandon J. Buchanan
Gregory Joseph Buck
Dennis Buckley
Nancy Clare Bueche
Patrick Joseph Buhse

John Edwards Bulaga, Jr.
 Stephen Bunin
 Matthew J. Burke
 Thomas Daniel Burke
 William Francis Burke, Jr.
 Donald J. Burns
 Kathleen Anne Burns
 Keith James Burns
 John Patrick Burnside
 Irina Buslo
 Milton G. Bustillo
 Thomas M. Butler
 Patrick Byrne
 Timothy G. Byrne
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 Lillian Caceres
 Brian Joseph Cachia
 Steven Dennis Cafiero, Jr.
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 Cecile Marella Caguicla
 Michael John Cahill
 Scott Walter Cahill
 Thomas Joseph Cahill
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 Joseph Calandrillo
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 Robert John Caufield
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 Michael Joseph Cawley
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 Juan Armando Ceballos
 Jason Michael Cefalu
 Thomas Joseph Celic
 Ana Mercedes Centeno
 Joni Cesta
 Jeffrey Marc Chairnoff
 Swarna Chalasani
 William Chalcoff
 Eli Chalouh
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 Mandy Chang
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 Sulemanali Kassamali Dhanani
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 John B. Fiorito
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 Bennett Lawson Fisher
 John Roger Fisher
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 Thomas James Fitzpatrick
 Richard P. Fitzsimons
 Salvatore Fiumefreddo
 Christina Donovan Flannery
 Eileen Flecha
 Andre G. Fletcher
 Carl M. Flickinger
 John Joseph Florio
 Joseph Walken Flounders
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 Claudia Alicia Foster
 Noel John Foster
 Ana Fosteris
 Robert Joseph Foti
 Jeffrey Fox
 Virginia Fox
 Pauline Francis
 Virgin Francis
 Gary Jay Frank
 Morton H. Frank
 Peter Christopher Frank
 Richard K. Fraser
 Kevin J. Frawley
 Clyde Frazier, Jr.
 Lillian Inez Frederick
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 Tamitha Freeman
 Brett Owen Freiman
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 Fredric Neal Gabler
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 James Andrew Gadiel
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 Ervin Vincent Gailliard
 Deanna Lynn Galante
 Grace Catherine Galante
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 Daniel James Gallagher
 John Patrick Gallagher
 Lourdes Galletti
 Cono E. Gallo
 Vincenzo Gallucci
 Thomas E. Galvin
 Giovanna Galletta Gambale
 Thomas Gambino, Jr.
 Gianni Franco Gamboa
 Peter Ganci
 Ladkat K. Ganesh
 Claude Michael Gann
 Osseni Garba
 Charles William Garbarini
 Ceasar Garcia
 David Garcia
 Juan Garcia
 Marilyn Del Carmen Garcia
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 Harvey J. Gardner III
 Jeffrey Brian Gardner
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 William Arthur Gardner
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 Boyd Alan Gattton
 Donald Richard Gavagan, Jr.

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 Steven Paul Geller
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 Alayne Gentul
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 Suzanne Geraty
 Ralph Gerhardt
 Robert Gerlich
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 Susan M. Getzendanner
 James G. Geyer
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 Timothy Paul Gilbert
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 Kum-Kum Girolamo
 Salvatore Gitto
 Cynthia Giugliano
 Mon Gjonbalaj
 Dianne Gladstone
 Keith Glascoe
 Thomas Irwin Glasser
 Harry Glenn
 Barry H. Glick
 Steven Glick
 John T. Gnazzo
 William Robert Godshalk
 Michael Gogliormella
 Brian Fredric Goldberg
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 Monica Goldstein
 Steven Goldstein
 Andrew H. Golkin
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 Jenine Nicole Gonzalez
 Mauricio Gonzalez
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 Kiran Reddy Gopu

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 Thomas Edward Gorman
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 Elvira Granitto
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 Liming Gu
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Rochelle Monique Snell
Leonard J. Snyder, Jr.
Astrid Elizabeth Sohan
Sushil S. Solanki
Ruben Solares
Naomi Leah Solomon
Daniel W. Song
Michael Charles Sorresse
Fabian Soto
Timothy Patrick Soulas
Gregory Spagnoletti
Donald F. Spampinato, Jr.
Thomas Sparacio
John Anthony Spataro
Robert W. Spear, Jr.

Maynard S. Spence, Jr.
George Edward Spencer III
Robert Andrew Spencer
Mary Rubina Sperando
Tina Spicer
Frank Spinelli
William E. Spitz
Joseph Spor, Jr.
Klaus Johannes Sprockamp
Saranya Srinuan
Fitzroy St. Rose
Michael F. Stabile
Lawrence T. Stack
Timothy M. Stackpole
Richard James Stadelberger
Eric Stahlman
Gregory Stajk
Alexandru Liviu Stan
Corina Stan
Mary Domenica Stanley
Anthony Starita
Jeffrey Stark
Derek James Statkevics
Craig William Staub
William V. Steckman
Eric Thomas Steen
William R. Steiner
Alexander Steinman
Andrew Stergiopoulos
Andrew Stern
Martha Stevens
Michael James Stewart
Richard H. Stewart, Jr.
Sanford M. Stoller
Lonny Jay Stone
Jimmy Nevill Storey
Timothy Stout
Thomas Strada
James J. Straine, Jr.
Edward W. Straub
George J. Strauch, Jr.
Edward T. Strauss
Steven R. Strauss
Steven F. Strobert
Walwyn W. Stuart, Jr.
Benjamin Suarez
David Scott Suarez
Ramon Suarez
Yoichi Sugiyama
William Christopher Suga
Daniel Suhr
David Marc Sullins
Christopher P. Sullivan
Patrick Sullivan
Thomas Sullivan
Hilario Soriano Sumaya, Jr.
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Seline Sutter
Claudia Suzette Sutton
John Francis Swaine
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Norbert P. Szurkowski

Harry Taback
Joann Tabek
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Michael Taddonio
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Keiji Takahashi
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Allan Tarasiewicz
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Donnie Brooks Taylor
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Paul A. Tegtmeyer
Yeshauant Tembe
Anthony Tempesta
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Stanley Temple
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Sumati Thakur
Harshad Sham Thatte
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Lesley Anne Thomas
Brian Thomas Thompson
Clive Thompson
Glenn Thompson
Nigel Bruce Thompson
Perry A. Thompson
Vanavah Alexei Thompson
William H. Thompson
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Nichola Angela Thorpe
Sal Edward Tieri, Jr.
John p Tierney
Mary Ellen Tiesi
William R. Tieste
Kenneth Francis Tietjen
Stephen Edward Tighe
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Michael E. Tinley
Jennifer M. Tino
Robert Frank Tipaldi
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Hector Luis Tirado, Jr.
Michelle Lee Titolo
John J. Tobin
Richard Todisco
Vladimir Tomasevic
Stephen Kevin Tompsett
Thomas Tong
Doris Torres
Luis Eduardo Torres
Amy Elizabeth Toyen

Christopher Michael Traina
Daniel Patrick Trant
Abdoul Karim Traore
Glenn J. Travers
Walter Philip Travers
Felicia Y. Traylor-Bass
Lisa L. Trerotola
Karamo Trerra
Michael Angel Trinidad
Francis Joseph Trombino
Gregory James Trost
William P. Tselepis
Zhanetta Valentinovna Tsoy
Michael Tucker
Lance Richard Tumulty
Ching Ping Tung
Simon James Turner
Donald Joseph Tuzio
Robert T. Twomey
Jennifer Tzemis
John G. Ueltzhoeffer
Tyler V. Ugolyn
Michael A. Uliano
Jonathan J. Uman
Anil Shivhari Umarkar
Allen V. Upton
Diane Marie Urban
John Damien Vaccacio
Bradley Hodges Vadas
Renuta Vaidea
William Valcarcel
Felix Antonio Vale
Ivan Vale
Benito Valentin
Santos Valentin, Jr.
Carlton Francis Valvo II
Erica H. Van Acker
Kenneth W. Van Auken
Richard B. Van Hine
Daniel M. Van Laere
Edward Raymond Vanacore
Jon C. Vandevander
Barrett Vanvelzer, 4
Edward Vanvelzer
Paul Herman Vanvelzer
Frederick Thomas Varacchi
Gopalakrishnan Varadhan
David Vargas
Scott C. Vassel
Azael Ismael Vasquez
Arcangel Vazquez
Santos Vazquez
Peter Anthony Vega
Sankara S. Velamuri
Jorge Velazquez
Lawrence G. Veling
Anthony Mark Ventura
David Vera
Loretta Ann Vero
Christopher James Vialonga
Matthew Gilbert Vianna
Robert Anthony Vicario
Celeste Torres Victoria
Joanna Vidal
John T. Vigiano II
Joseph Vincent Vigiano
Frank J. Vignola, Jr.
Joseph Barry Vilardo
Sergio Villanueva
Chantal Vincelli

Melissa Vincent
 Francine Ann Virgilio
 Lawrence Virgilio
 Joseph Gerard Visciano
 Joshua S. Vitale
 Maria Percoco Vola
 Lynette D. Vosges
 Garo H. Voskerjian
 Alfred Vukosa
 Gregory Kamal Bruno Wachtler
 Gabriela Waisman
 Courtney Wainsworth Walcott
 Victor Wald
 Benjamin James Walker
 Glen Wall
 Mitchel Scott Wallace
 Peter Guyder Wallace
 Robert Francis Wallace
 Roy Michael Wallace
 Jeanmarie Wallendorf
 Matthew Blake Wallens
 John Wallace, Jr.
 Barbara P. Walsh
 James Henry Walsh
 Jeffrey P. Walz
 Ching Wang
 Weibin Wang
 Michael Warchola
 Stephen Gordon Ward
 James Arthur Waring
 Brian G. Warner
 Derrick Washington
 Charles Waters
 James Thomas Waters, Jr.
 Patrick J. Waters
 Kenneth Thomas Watson
 Michael Henry Waye
 Todd Christopher Weaver
 Walter Edward Weaver
 Nathaniel Webb
 Dinah Webster
 Joanne Flora Weil
 Michael T. Weinberg
 Steven Weinberg
 Scott Jeffrey Weingard
 Steven George Weinstein
 Simon Weiser
 David M. Weiss
 David Thomas Weiss
 Vincent Michael Wells
 Timothy Matthew Welty
 Christian Hans Rudolf Wemmers
 Ssu-Hui Wen
 Oleh D. Wengerchuk
 Peter M. West
 Whitfield West, Jr.
 Meredith Lynn Whalen
 Eugene Whelan
 Adam S. White
 Edward James White III
 James Patrick White
 John Sylvester White
 Kenneth Wilburn White, Jr.
 Leonard Anthony White
 Malissa Y. White
 Wayne White
 Leanne Marie Whiteside
 Mark P. Whitford
 Michael T. Wholey
 Mary Catherine Wieman

Jeffrey David Wiener
 Wilham J. Wik
 Alison Marie Wildman
 Glenn E. Wilkenson
 John C. Willett
 Brian Patrick Williams
 Crossley Richard Williams, Jr.
 David J. Williams
 Deborah Lynn Williams
 Kevin Michael Williams
 Louie Anthony Williams
 Louis Calvin Williams III
 John P. Williamson
 Donna Ann Wilson
 William Wilson
 David Harold Winton
 Glenn J. Winuk
 Thomas Francis Wise
 Alan L. Wisniewski
 Frank Thomas Wisniewski
 David Wiswall
 Sigrid Wiswe
 Michael Wittenstein
 Christopher W. Wodenshek
 Martin P. Wohlforth
 Katherine Susan Wolf
 Jennifer Yen Wong
 Siu Cheung Wong
 Yin Ping Wong
 Yuk Ping Wong
 Brent James Woodall
 James John Woods
 Patrick J. Woods
 Richard Herron Woodwell
 David Terence Wooley
 John Bentley Works
 Martin Michael Wortley
 Rodney James Wotton
 William Wren
 John Wayne Wright
 Neil Robin Wright
 Sandra Lee Wright
 Jupiter Yambem
 Suresh Yanamadala
 Matthew David Yarnell
 Myrna Yaskulka
 Shakila Yasmin
 Olabisi Shadie Layeni Yee
 William Yemele
 Edward P. York
 Kevin Patrick York
 Raymond R. York
 Suzanne Youmans
 Barrington Young
 Jacqueline Young
 Elkin Yuen
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 Adel Agayby Zakhary
 Arkady Zaltsman
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 Robert Alan Zampieri
 Mark Zangrilli
 Ira Zaslow
 Kenneth Albert Zelman
 Abraham J. Zelmanowitz
 Martin Morales Zempoaltecatl
 Zhe Zeng
 Marc Scott Zeplin
 Jie Yao Justin Zhao
 Ivelin Ziminski

Michael Joseph Zinzi
 Charles A. Zion
 Julie Lynne Zipper
 Salvatore Zisa
 Prokopios Paul Zois
 Joseph J. Zuccala
 Andrew S. Zucker
 Igor Zukelman

LIST OF VICTIMS ON AMERICAN AIRLINES FLIGHT 11

Anna Allison
 David Lawrence Angell
 Lynn Edwards Angell
 Seima Aoyama
 Barbara Jean Arestegui
 Myra Joy Aronson
 Christine Barbuto
 Carolyn Beug
 Kelly Ann Booms
 Carol Marie Bouchard
 Robin Lynne Kaplan
 Neilie Anne Heffernan Casey
 Jeffrey Dwayne Collman
 Jeffrey W. Coombs
 Tara Kathleen Creamer
 Thelma Cuccinello
 Patrick Currivan
 Brian Paul Dale
 David Dimeglio
 Donald Americo Ditullio
 Alberto Dominguez
 Paige Marie Farley-Hackel
 Alexander Milan Filipov
 Carol Ann Flyzik
 Paul J. Friedman
 Karleton D.B. Fyfe
 Peter Alan Gay
 Linda M. George
 Edmund Glazer
 Lisa Reinhart Gordenstein
 Andrew Peter Charles Curry Green
 Peter Paul Hashem
 Robert Jay Hayes
 Edward R. Hennessy, Jr.
 John A. Hofer
 Cora Hidalgo Holland
 John Nicholas Humber, Jr.
 Waleed Joseph Iskandar
 John Charles Jenkins
 Charles Edward Jones
 Barbara A. Keating
 David P. Kovalcin
 Judith Camilla Larocque
 Natalie Janis Lasden
 Daniel John Lee
 Daniel M. Lewin
 Sara Elizabeth Low
 Susan A. Mackay
 Karen Ann Martin
 Thomas F. McGuinness, Jr.
 Christopher D. Mello
 Jeffrey Peter Mladenik
 Carlos Alberto Montoya
 Antonio Jesus Montoya Valdes
 Laura Lee Morabito
 Mildred Naiman

Laurie Ann Neira
 Renee Lucille Newell
 Kathleen Ann Nicosia
 Jacqueline June Norton
 Robert Grant Norton
 John Ogonowski
 Betty Ann Ong
 Jane M. Orth
 Thomas Nicholas Pecorelli
 Berinthia B. Perkins
 Sonia M. Puopolo
 David E. Retik
 Jean Destrehan Roger
 Philip Martin Rosenzweig
 Richard Barry Ross
 Jessica Leigh Sachs
 Rahma Salie
 Heather Lee Smith
 Dianne Bullis Snyder
 Douglas Joel Stone
 Xavier Suarez
 Madeline Amy Sweeney
 Michael Theodoridis
 James Anthony Trentini
 Mary Barbara Trentini
 Pendyala Vamsikrishna
 Mary Alice Wahlstrom
 Kenneth Waldie
 John Joseph Wenckus
 Candace Lee Williams
 Christopher Rudolph Zarba, Jr.

LIST OF VICTIMS ON UNITED AIRLINES FLIGHT 175

Alona Abraham
 Garnet Edward Bailey
 Mark Lawrence Bavis
 Graham Andrew Berkeley
 Touri Bolourchi
 Klaus Bothe
 Daniel Raymond Brandhorst
 David Reed Gamboa Brandhorst
 John Brett Cahill
 Christoffer Mikael Carstanjen
 John J. Corcoran III
 Dorothy Alma de Araujo
 Ana Gloria Pocasangre Debarrera
 Robert John Fangman
 Lisa Anne Frost
 Ronald Gamboa
 Lynn Catherine Goodchild
 Peter M. Goodrich
 Douglas Alan Gowell
 Francis Edward Grogan
 Carl Max Hammond, Jr.
 Christine Lee Hanson
 Peter Burton Hanson
 Susan Kim Hanson
 Gerald Francis Hardacre
 Eric Hartono
 James Edward Hayden
 Herbert Wilson Homer
 Michael Robert Horrocks
 Robert Adrien Jalbert
 Amy N. Jarret
 Ralph Kershaw
 Heinrich Kimmig

Amy R. King
 Brian Kinney
 Kathryn L. LaBorie
 Robert G. Leblanc
 Maclovio Lopez, Jr.
 Marianne Macfarlane
 Alfred Gilles Marchand
 Louis Mariani
 Juliana McCourt
 Ruth Magdaline McCourt
 Wolfgang Peter Menzel
 Shawn M. Nassaney
 Marie Pappalardo
 Patrick J. Quigley IV
 Frederick Charles Rimmele III
 James Roux
 Jesus Sanchez
 Victor J. Saracini
 Mary Kathleen Shearer
 Robert M. Shearer
 Jane Louise Simpkin
 Brian David Sweeney
 Michael C. Tarrou
 Alicia N. Titus
 Timothy Ray Ward
 William Michael Weems

LIST OF VICTIMS ON AMERICAN AIRLINES FLIGHT 77

Paul W. Ambrose
 Yeneneh Betru
 Mary Jane Booth
 Bernard C. Brown, II
 CAPT Charles F. Burlingame III, USNR, Retired
 Suzanne M. Calley
 William E. Caswell
 David M. Charlebois
 Sarah M. Clark
 Asia S. Cottom
 James D. Debeuneure
 Rodney Dickens
 Eddie A. Dillard
 LCDR Charles A. Droz III, USN, Retired
 Barbara G. Edwards
 Charles S. Falkenberg
 Dana Falkenberg
 Zoe Falkenberg
 J. Joseph Ferguson
 Darlene E. Flagg
 RADM Wilson F. Flagg, USNR, Retired
 1stLt Richard P. Gabriel, USMC, Retired
 Ian J. Gray
 Stanley R. Hall
 Michele M. Heidenberger
 Bryan C. Jack
 Steven D. Jacoby
 Ann C. Judge
 Chandler R. Keller
 Yvonne E. Kennedy
 Norma Cruz Khan
 Karen Ann Kincaid
 Dong Chul Lee
 Jennifer Lewis
 Kenneth E. Lewis
 Renee A. May
 Dora Marie Menchaca
 Christopher C. Newton

Barbara K. Olson
 Ruben S. Ornedo
 Robert Penninger
 Robert R. Ploger III
 Zandra F. Ploger
 Lisa J. Raines
 Todd H. Reuben
 John P. Sammartino
 George W. Simmons
 Donald D. Simmons
 Mari-Rae Sopper
 Robert Speisman
 Norma Lang Steuerle
 Hilda E. Taylor
 Leonard E. Taylor
 Sandra D. Teague
 Leslie A. Whittington
 CAPT John D. Yamnicky, Sr., USN, Retired
 Vicki Yancey
 Shuyin Yang
 Yuguang Zheng

LIST OF VICTIMS AT THE PENTAGON

SPC Craig S. Amundson, USA
 YN3 Melissa Rose Barnes, USN
 MSG Max J. Beilke, Retired
 IT2 Kris Romeo Bishundat, USN
 Carrie R. Blagburn
 COL Canfield D. Boone, ARNG
 Donna M. Bowen
 Allen P. Boyle
 ET3 Christopher L. Burford, USN
 ET3 Daniel M. Caballero, USN
 SFC Jose O. Calderon-Olmedo, USA
 Angelene C. Carter
 Sharon A. Carver
 SFC John J. Chada, USA, Retired
 Rosa Maria Chapa
 Julian T. Cooper
 LCDR Eric A. Cranford, USN
 Ada M. Davis
 CAPT Gerald F. DeConto, USN
 LTC Jerry D. Dickerson, USA
 IT1 Johnnie Doctor, Jr., USN
 CAPT Robert E. Dolan, Jr., USN
 CDR William H. Donovan, USN
 CDR Patrick Dunn, USN
 AG1 Edward T. Earhart, USN
 LCDR Robert R. Elseth, USNR
 SK3 Jamie L. Fallon, USN
 Amelia V. Fields
 Gerald P. Fisher
 AG2 Matthew M. Flocco, USN
 Sandra N. Foster
 CAPT Lawrence D. Getzfred, USN
 Cortez Ghee
 Brenda C. Gibson
 COL Ronald F. Golinski, USA, Retired
 Diane Hale-McKinzy
 Carolyn B. Halmon
 Sheila M.S. Hein
 ET1 Ronald J. Hemenway, USN
 MAJ Wallace Cole Hogan, Jr., USA
 SSG Jimmie I. Holley, USA, Retired
 Angela M. Houtz
 Brady Kay Howell
 Peggie M. Hurt

LTC Stephen N. Hyland, Jr., USA
 Lt Col Robert J. Hymel, USAF, Retired
 SGM Lacey B. Ivory, USA
 LTC Dennis M. Johnson, USA
 Judith L. Jones
 Brenda Kegler
 LT Michael S. Lamana, USN
 David W. Laychak
 Samantha L. Lightbourn-Allen
 MAJ Stephen V. Long, USA
 James T. Lynch, Jr.
 Terence M. Lynch
 OS2 Nehamon Lyons IV, USN
 Shelley A. Marshall
 Teresa M. Martin
 Ada L. Mason-Acker
 LTC Dean E. Mattson, USA
 LTG Timothy J. Maude, USA
 Robert J. Maxwell
 Molly L. McKenzie
 Patricia E. Mickley
 MAJ Ronald D. Milam, USA
 Gerard P. Moran, Jr.
 Odessa V. Morris
 ET1 Brian A. Moss, USN
 Teddington H. Moy
 LCDR Patrick J. Murphy, USNR
 Khang Ngoc Nguyen
 DM2 Michael A. Noeth, USN
 Ruben S. Ornedo
 Diana B. Padro
 LT Jonas M. Panik, USNR
 MAJ Clifford L. Patterson, Jr., USA
 LT Darin H. Pontell, USNR
 Scott Powell
 CAPT Jack D. Punches, USN, Retired
 AW1 Joseph J. Pycior, Jr., USN
 Deborah A. Ramsaur
 Rhonda Sue Rasmussen
 IT1 Marsha D. Ratchford, USN
 Martha M. Reszke
 Cecelia E. (Lawson) Richard
 Edward V. Rowenhorst
 Judy Rowlett
 SGM Robert E. Russell, USA, Retired
 CW4 William R. Ruth, ARNG
 Charles E. Sabin, Sr.
 Marjorie C. Salamone
 COL David M. Scales, USA
 CDR Robert A. Schlegel, USN
 Janice M. Scott
 LTC Michael L. Selves, USA, Retired
 Marian H. Serva
 CDR Dan F. Shanower, USN
 Antionette M. Sherman
 Diane M. Simmons
 Cheryle D. Sincok
 ITC Gregg H. Smallwood, USN
 LTC Gary F. Smith, USA, Retired
 Patricia J. Statz
 Edna L. Stephens
 SGM Larry L. Strickland, USA
 LTC Kip P. Taylor, USA
 Sandra C. Taylor
 LTC Karl W. Teepe, USA, Retired
 SGT Tamara C. Thurman, USA
 LCDR Otis V. Tolbert, USN
 SSG Willie Q. Troy, USA, Retired
 LCDR Ronald J. Vauk, USNR
 LTC Karen J. Wagner, USA

Meta L. (Fuller) Waller
 SPC Chin Sun Pak Wells, USA
 SSG Maudlyn A. White, USA
 Sandra L. White
 Ernest M. Willcher
 LCDR David L. Williams, USN
 MAJ Dwayne Williams, USA
 RMC Marvin Roger Woods, USN, Retired
 IT2 Kevin W. Yokum, USN
 ITC Donald M. Young, USN
 Edmond G. Young, Jr.
 Lisa L. Young

LIST OF VICTIMS ON UNITED AIRLINES FLIGHT 93

Christian Adams
 Lorraine G. Bay
 Todd Beamer
 Alan Beaven
 Mark K. Bingham
 Deora Frances Bodley
 Sandra W. Bradshaw
 Marion Britton
 Thomas E. Burnett Jr.
 William Cashman
 Georgine Rose Corrigan
 Patricia Cushing
 Jason Dahl
 Joseph Deluca
 Patrick Driscoll
 Edward Porter Felt
 Jane C. Folger
 Colleen Fraser
 Andrew Garcia
 Jeremy Glick
 Lauren Grandcolas
 Wanda A. Green
 Donald F. Greene
 Linda Gronlund
 Richard Guadagno
 Leroy Homer, Jr.
 Toshiya Kuge
 CeeCee Lyles
 Hilda Marcin
 Waleska Martinez
 Nicole Miller
 Louis J. Nacke, II
 Donald Arthur Peterson
 Jean Hoadley Peterson
 Mark Rothenberg
 Christine Snyder
 John Talignani
 Honor Elizabeth Wainio
 Deborah Ann Jacobs Welsh
 Kristin Gould White

**AND FOR ALL OF THE
 WORKERS WHO VOLUNTEERED
 IN THE SEARCH, RESCUE,
 RECOVERY AND CLEAN UP
 EFFORTS THAT HAVE LOST
 THEIR LIVES FROM EXPOSURE
 TO TOXIC ELEMENTS WHILE ON
 THE PILE AND THE ONES WHO
 CONTINUE TO SUFFER.**

AFTERWORD

When I was a little girl, adults would always relate that they knew where they were and what they were doing when JFK was shot. I was a baby and had no recollection of that day. Nearly forty years later, a new defining moment occurred particularly for those of us who lived and worked in New York. On September 11, 2001, horrific events marred an otherwise beautiful late summer day.

New Yorkers responded to the tragic events with astonishing goodwill. Sirens constantly blared, as first responders were mobilized from the four corners of New York. Skilled workers abandoned construction sites to lend a hand Downtown, doing whatever they could to assist in the search and rescue. People trained in disaster preparedness—fire fighters, police officers, emergency medical technicians—bravely remained in the area to rescue whomever they could, put out fires, and ensure public safety. Ordinary citizens, meanwhile, joined efforts throughout the city. Lines snaked around hospitals as New Yorkers volunteered to give blood. Thousands of individuals rushed to lower Manhattan to help in any way possible.

The chaos that overtook the World Trade Center site cannot be underestimated. Three large skyscrapers collapsed that day—over 260 floors of concrete, steel, windows, wall board, insulation material, office furniture, computers, and personal effects. Ninety thousand liters of jet fuel sparked intense fires, superheating the infrastructure and causing the towers to buckle and fall. The much-televised sight of individuals plummeting to their deaths prior to the towers collapsing is one that no one can forget. Many of us still feel emotionally raw from the loss of nearly 3,000 people to a senseless act of terrorism. We will forever remember those who died in the towers.

Yet the tragedy didn't end after September 11th. Thousands of brave men and women, some trained in emergency response but many with no training whatsoever, were exposed to a complex mixture of toxicants. As a result, many must deal with chronic medical conditions, and some have even died. Most people who responded to the largest manmade environmental disaster in the United States didn't think twice about potential health risks; they simply saw putting themselves before others as a community service. Selflessly they toiled, looking for fallen brothers, sisters, friends, and neighbors. Most did not consider wearing respiratory protection. Even if they had, no instructions about what to use and how to use it could have been found.

As an occupational and environmental physician based in New York, I am privileged to have been a part of the World Trade Center Medical Monitoring and Treatment Program, which set out first to describe the medical conditions affecting first responders. When we diagnosed many different physical and mental ailments—and had to fight for our responders against authorities who doubted any lasting health effects—we sought federal funding to cover medical costs for ailments arising out of the response to the World Trade Center disaster. After all, the tragedy on September 11th was

an attack on our nation, not just our city. More than nine years later, Congress finally passed a bill that will provide first responders with medical coverage. It is the least we can do as a nation. These brave men and women made sacrifices for all of us, and they deserve accolades and enduring gratitude. They have taught me what it means to be a member of society, and I'm grateful that I have had the opportunity to take care of many of these wonderful people. It is an honor to give back a fraction of what they did for all of us.

The story told by Ric, in both words and pictures, serves as a powerful reminder of what can happen when evil is unleashed. Perhaps more importantly, it illustrates mankind's goodness. While I will forever remember those we lost on September 11th, I also salute those who put others before themselves by becoming a first responder that day.

Jacqueline Moline, MD, MSc
New York, NY

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MY9-11 PROJECT

IN CLOSING

05.01.11

I received a text update last night from the New York Times: Osama bin Laden had been killed in Pakistan by U.S. ground forces. When the news arrived, I was at the office putting the finishing touches on this book and all of the components that *My 9-11* has grown into.

I walked over to the TV in the office lounge and turned on CNN. I sat alone, my back facing the Highway of Heroes, not sure what to think. I walked home with plans of trying to forget the news. Feeling restless, though, I turned around and walked down to the World Trade Center site. I wanted to retrace the steps I took on September 11, 2001, and reflect on the last ten years. Like many other people, I've experienced mistakes, trials, triumphs, and love over the past decade. Still, the past ten years have resounded far more deeply for me than any other time period in my life.

A mass of people swarmed the World Trade Center site. The scene reminded me of pictures taken in Time Square when World War II ended: people hugging, crying, shouting with joy and triumph. I wasn't feeling elated by bin Laden's death. Bin Laden represented terrorism, but he himself wasn't the sole source of it—terrorist factions are widespread, deeply rooted organizations.

When we first began working on *My 9-11*, unrest in the Middle East and Africa had just started rising to the surface. The recent push for democracy in places like Egypt, Libya, and Yemen is a positive development. The largely youthful revolts could be key to extinguishing terrorism around the world. It is the birthright of every human being to live decently. We are not born with hatred in us—we are taught to hate.

As important as the recent news is, I don't want to be sidetracked from the unfinished work ahead. We must focus our attention on the living. Hundreds of civilian responders selflessly rushed to Ground Zero to help their fellow New Yorkers. Many of these heroes now suffer from health problems affiliated with breathing in toxins, and yet they remain ineligible for federal health care. I urge you to join us in honoring civilian courage. Please visit the My 9-11 Project site to learn more about the issues at hand: www.my9-11project.org

Now is the time to memorialize the lives lost as a result of events on September 11, 2001. We owe our deepest respects to the victims' families, firemen, police officers, and U.S. soldiers.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

It took a very long time for me to be able to revisit my experiences on September 11, 2001. It was an even longer time before I could share them with others. *My 9-11: One Man's Journey through the Unexpected Events of September 11, 2001* is not only a compilation of my words and images. The project chronicles the effort, love, and selflessness of every civilian first responder on that day, and reflects both the emotional and fiscal investment of those willing to make this tribute happen. **Without the love, trust, and support of the following individuals, *My 9-11* would not exist:** Jesus Agudelo, Lourdes Agudelo, Ed Agudelo, Natividad Bastos, Patrick Jerome Brackley, Paul Kondo, Barry Leistner, Denise Lopez, Cliona McKenna, and Elodie Passelaigue.

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CREDITS

Concept and Story: Richard Agudelo

Photography: Richard Agudelo

Creative Director: Denise Lopez

Graphic Designer: Liat Anan

Editors: Alicia Lemke & Justin Herman

Line Editor: Sofia Rivkin-Haas

Scanning and Color Correction: David Hazan @ PictureHouse

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Digital Edition

**THERE IS A SAYING OUT THERE THAT GOES SOMETHING LIKE
“YOU NEVER KNOW HOW STRONG YOU ARE,
UNTIL BEING STRONG IS THE ONLY CHOICE YOU HAVE.”
NEW YORK AND HER PEOPLE ARE KNOWN FOR THEIR
STRENGTH, THIS SENSELESS AND TRAGIC EVENT LEFT NO
QUESTION AS TO OUR RESILIENCE AND FORTITUDE.”**

- Richard Agudelo

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