

Keith D. Munro

A REMEMBERNCE

September 11, 2001 started out in an ordinary way for me. I stopped in to one of my favorite places, the Black and Decker store on Rt. 7 in Latham. I was met by the ashen-faced manager who had just seen the television replay of the plane flying into the World Trade Center tower on their back room TV. As we were speculating on the cause and listening to the radio, the report came across that the second tower had been struck. We knew then that this was no accident. Dave, who is a volunteer fireman and a rescue crew member, knew instantly the implications for his brother firemen in the New York Fire Department.

My own thoughts flashed back to 1993 when the first bombing attack occurred at the World Trade Center. There was a personal tie to that incident because one of the six victims was a young dental manufacturer's representative named Fred who had worked with me in my territory just about two weeks before the attack. I remembered how excited he was about his new job and how enthusiastically he approached life in general. Then, because he chose to park his car in the basement garage of the World Trade Center at the wrong time, his young life was snuffed out. I remembered at the time the pain I felt because terrorism had now claimed someone who's face I remembered.

As we talked in the Black and Decker store, we speculated on the number of innocent lives that would be lost this time. We had no idea what the final number would be. We discussed the possibility that many of the people could make it out safely because the building was designed to take such a hit and remain standing, then the first tower telescoped down. The actual number of fatalities would exceed our wildest guess.

In all honesty, as horrendous as the stories were about September 11, 2001 my frame of reference was related to a young man named Fred, a young man with a bright future who died far too soon. I can only imagine his story magnified a thousand times in the latest attack.