



Around DC

by Antonette Bacani Ang

*I was driving to work on September 11 of 2015 when I heard a radio personality talk about that fateful day in 2001. Listening as the moments were recounted, with tears streaming down my face, inspired me to write the poem, *The Final Hour*; in memory of the casualties, and those who were affected by that horrendous event.*

The announcer talked about what might've been going on in each victim's mind as the realization that it will be their final moments here on earth started creeping in. Some were able to call their loved ones and utter their final goodbyes and 'I Love Yous.' That was a wonderful gift, to have that kind of closure.

If we are not given that kind of opportunity, wouldn't it be a comfort that our loved ones know how we feel about them at all times, and that we have done something good for other

We Overcome, In Unity We Stand

people in this lifetime? Let us, therefore, strive to do good; even little things will mean so much to those who have so little. Always keeping in mind that no one knows what tomorrow brings will help us to live a much better and productive existence. Our life is a gift, let us use it to glorify the One Who gave it to us.

No time for regrets. Just happy remembrances.

September 11, 2001.

The kids were just dropped off at school, and I was getting ready to go back to bed when I received a phone call. The Twin Towers were hit. Utter bewilderment and complete chaos ensued. I then rushed to the school to collect my children.

American Airlines Flight 77, carrying 53 passengers, and 6 crew member was hijacked by six terrorists, and crashed into The Pentagon in Washington DC, mere minutes after American Airlines Flight 11 and United Airlines Flight 175 crashed on the North and South Towers of the World Trade Center in New York, respectively. A fourth plane, United Airlines Flight 93, meant to hit the Capitol crashed in Shanksville, Pennsylvania a few minutes after that.

The attacks, which were considered the most deadliest foreign attack on American soil since the Pearl Harbor in Hawaii in 1941, resulted in 2,996 deaths (265 on board the planes, 2,606

PENTAGON MEMORIAL

We claim this ground in remembrance of the events of September 11, 2001.

To honor the 184 people whose lives were lost, their families, and all who sacrifice that we may live in freedom.

We will never forget.

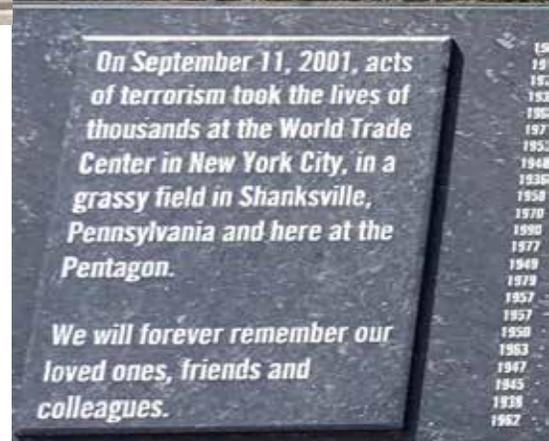
in the WTC and its vicinity, and 125 at the Pentagon; the numbers include the 343 firefighters, 72 law enforcement officers, 55 military personnel, and the 19 terrorists). More than 6,000 injured. New Jersey lost the most state citizen – mostly from the city of Hoboken, trailing New York.

Although the Pentagon attack hit so close to home, just a few miles from where I live, that gruesome act didn't just affect the US of A. Commercial airplanes carry a multitude of people, 90 other countries lost citizens as well. FAA closed the American airspace to all international flights, stranding thousands of passengers. Orders were given to shoot down any commercial flights that could be positively identified as being hijacked, fighters took off in a hurry, without ammunitions knowing full well that they would have to use their fighter planes to deter further attacks, hopefully, able to eject themselves at the last minute.



Thousands of rescue workers traveled from different parts of the country, took days off from work to help recover human remains from the 9/11 sites. Thousands of children lost a parent. Blood donations surged. For something so incomprehensible, the enormity of the situation caused the American people to stand together and unite; sheer evidence of the greatness of this country. Resilience played at its best.

Although the memorials have been erected, the damages repaired (life does go on after all), the memories and the pain lingers. As of yet, a number of the remains haven't been identified. Let us continue to pray for peace, and that these families will soon get the closure that is denied them.



9/11 ... In Remembrance

THE FINAL HOUR

*If there's no more time left for you
And still, there's so much left to do
So many things left unsaid
A little too late to be conveyed*

*This, our life that we hold dear
Will find the end so near
Make sure to do what we must
Tell our loved ones
how much loved they're to us*

*Practice the art of joyful giving
A hug or two can be most welcoming
A heart full of love, always forgiving
Show you care with such grace
that our Lord will find pleasing*

*Think of each moment as the final one
Before your life become undone
Always strive to give your best
And, never forget
just how much you are blest*

Antonette B. Ang