



9/11



Today is 9/11. 15 years ago I worked for the Department Of Health. We were located in Tower 2. I went to work like any other day. Got my coffee and cinnamon roll from George who had a cart outside on the street and went up to my office.

I was sitting in my cubicle going through messages on my voicemail. At 8:46 am we heard an explosion. We all ran to the window and saw smoke coming out of Tower 1. A question always asked to me was did I see the plane go into the tower, and the answer is no I did not. I was busy working.

An announcement was made overhead that a plane flew into Tower 1 and we should stay put. A supervisor went to our 'red phone' which lead directly to people at the White House so we could get further instructions to determine if we should go into crisis mode because this may be a public health hazard. We never received any instructions.

We were all looking out the window and we saw numerous people jump from the windows. We were still told to stay put. It was decided that some would stay in the office and others would go and help Tower 1 and any victims. I chose to leave.

I left the building, walking down 27 flights of stairs. I had supplies with me and I started toe tagging bodies and tried to cover them as much as possible. We were hearing grumblings about a terrorist attack. However, I didn't pay much attention. Hard to when you are being surrounded by bodies and body parts and are trying to give the remains respect.

9:59 Tower One collapses. I did witness that and we stood there in disbelief covered in dirt. We then went to the crash site and started helping to find survivors, and to comfort those who were in the tower. I tried to call my mother, but my cell phone did not work.

At 10:28 Tower 2 collapsed. My co-workers who remained in the office did not survive.

For days I stayed at the scene. Talking to those who were looking for loved ones and helping to gather personal effects and human remains.

We were told it was perfectly safe.

15 years later days before 9/11 I started having horrible nightmares. I didn't realize the date. Yesterday I realized my body knew that 9/11 was coming up. Medically, I have multiple 9/11 related illnesses and am dying. No, the area was not safe. I was told that first responders had 10 years to live and I made 15. I watch each year as more and more first responders die and wonder when my time is going to be next. I am hospitalized more and more, and yes, partially is because I am not doing what I should.

I wake up each day sick and I continuously ask what can I do for you. No, I can't forget 9/11. But life goes on, and I am not afraid of death and actually welcome it. Sometimes death is a better option than living.

Don't forget to let those who you love know. You never know what tomorrow may bring.

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