LEST WE FORGET

You may say that you will never forget where you were when you heard the news report on September 11, 2001. Neither will I.

I was on the tenth floor of a smoke filled room with a man who called his wife to say “Goodbye”. I held his fingers steady as he dialed. I gave him the peace to say, “Honey, I am not going to make it, but it’s OK, I am ready to go.”

I am with his wife when he called as she fed breakfast to the children. I held her up as she tried to understand his words and she realized that he was not coming home that night.

I was in the stairwell of the 23rd floor when a woman cried out to me for help.” I have been knocking on the door to your heart for 50 years”, I said. Of course, I will show you the way home-only believe in me now.

I was in the base of the building with a Priest ministering to the injured and devastated souls.. I took him home to tend to the flock in Heaven. He heard my voice and answered.

I was on all four of those planes, in every seat, in every prayer. I was with the crew as they were overtaken. I was in the hearts of the believers there, comforting and assuring them that their faith had saved them.

I was in Texas, Virginia, California, Michigan, Afghanistan. I was standing next to you when you heard the terrible news . Did you see me?

I want you to know that I saw every face. I knew every name though not all knew me. Some met me for the first time on the 86th floor.

Some sought me with their last breath. Some could not hear Me calling to them through the smoke and flames. “Come to Me—this way—take my hand”. Some chose for the first time, to ignore Me, but I was there.

I did not place you in the Tower that day. You may not know why, but I do. However if you were there in that explosive moment of time, would you have reached for me?

September 11,2001, was not the end of the journey for you. But, someday your journey will end. And I will be there for you as well. Seek me know while I may be found. Then at any moment, you know you “are ready to go”’. I will be in the stairwell of your final moments.

Fraternally,

Bob