

On September 11th I entered 633 Third Avenue before 9 a.m. Downstairs in the lobby shop a television was broadcasting that a plane had crashed into one of the twin towers. A small crowd had gathered around to watch. I watched for a few minutes and felt that this was a serious situation as the side of the tower seemed large and a lot of fire was coming out of the building. I went to my office where I worked for Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center and told my colleagues there was something significant occurring downtown at the World Trade Center. We turned on a radio and the radio reports came in swiftly that there was indeed a crisis occurring. My 18 month old son was in Day Care at the YWCA on 53rd and 3rd Avenue. I felt that I needed to get him immediately. I felt panicked. I went outside onto the street. Somebody yelled out loud that one of the world trade towers had collapsed. Everyone on the street looked concerned and others yelled out loud "oh NO". I ran uptown and got to the Day Care. Everyone in the Day Care was upset. Other parents came by while I was there to get their children. I pushed my son in his stroller back to my office. I was allowed to enter the office because I worked there but the outside of the building was buzzing with people in official uniforms.

When I got back upstairs to my office with my son everyone in the office had decided they should leave and go home. I lived in Brooklyn and a lot of the public transportation had shut down and ways out of the Manhattan were difficult. A colleague said I could go and wait at her apartment on around Union Square. She gave me a key and I walked down with my son Peri in his stroller. As I walked down I began to see people getting off buses who were covered in white soot from head to toe. I saw people in shops handing out water. The atmosphere was intense and I began to feel as though I everything was in slow motion. I reached the apartment and my son was sleeping. I tried to call my husband but there was no phone reception. I turned on the TV and the extent of this nightmare was revealed. I became very anxious to be on my own with my son and decided to leave the apartment at Union Square and walk to a friend's apartment on 33rd Street between 2nd and 1st Avenue. In doing so I walked uptown on 1st Avenue and passed Bellevue Hospital and NYU Hospital. Outside were lines of young men and women in white coats just standing outside waiting.

When I got to my friend's house, she was not home but her husband was home. I stayed with him in this apartment for a while until I reached another close friend who lived near me in Brooklyn. She worked at NYU. She said that she would drive me and my son home to Brooklyn as soon as there was a way out of the city. A few hours later I was in her car driving to Brooklyn. The drive home took a couple of hours because the route was so indirect. The hot day had caused the bottled milk I was carrying for my son to go back. My son threw up all over me in the car.

At sometime near 9 p.m. I arrived home to my apartment in Dyker Heights.

This day is etched in my memory. As I type this out over 13 years later I am still emotionally disturbed by the horror.