

What I Remember?

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My six-months-pregnant wife and I were driving to work in Denver when the radio station first reported that a plane had crashed into the World Trade Center. “How do you hit a skyscraper?” I said. Shortly after getting to my office, my wife called to ask me if I had seen the second plane hitting the South Tower.

I ran to a television and watched in shock until both of our buildings closed due to the potential threat. With so many airplanes unaccounted for, the threat was everywhere and felt all too real.

Once we got home, we spent the rest of the day and night watching the coverage: gut-wrenching video from Ground Zero, the Pentagon, and Shanksville. I also vividly recall seeing video from the Middle East of people celebrating the attack. The emotions that streamed through me that day went from horror to sadness to anger to uncertainty.

Many questions would soon get answered.

As I went to bed, I knew America had been changed in a profound way — an America about to welcome our first child. What kind of country would it be for her? Certainly not the one I grew up in.

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