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The Soap Box (9/11/02)

I remember thinking the President had been shot.

My alarm goes off to Mark & Brian (syndicated KLOS) and their mood was very somber. By the tones of their voices, I thought the President had been shot. But then they started talking about a plane hitting the World Trade Center.

I immediately turned on the TV. At that point no one knew that it was terrorism. No one knew anything. And then the next plane hit . . . and then the Pentagon. Maybe not in that order but I don't really remember, I just remember how I felt. It wasn't real. It couldn't be real. Could it?

No one attacks America.

It just doesn't happen. Not in my lifetime anyway.

But they did, those chicken-shit motherfuckers flew our own planes into the World Trade Center and killed not only the people in the planes but thousands of people who were just minding their own business.

They killed innocent men, women and children. They killed you, me, our kids, our mothers, our fathers and our friends.

They picked a fight with the wrong fucking people.

A year later, thinking about it, remembering how I felt . . . I just have images. Of course the planes crashing into the buildings. The buildings collapsing and that 'smoke' rushing thru the streets of New York.

But more than that, I have the image of people jumping from the Trade Center, choosing to fall and pray rather than burn.

I have images of my President choking on his words fighting back his own tears and hearing the anger in his voice.

I remember really needing that at the time, needing my President to be pissed. I needed my President to tell me that he was going to kick someone's ass. Like a child would look to a father to protect them. Like my son looked to me that day, I looked to President Bush.

That's what I remember.

I thought about writing some other stuff today, but my son and I woke up and saw Colin Powell reading off the names of the people who died a year ago today, and I found myself holding back tears again and getting pissed again.

Cowards. Fucking gutless cowards.

At least the Japanese had the balls to attack a military base when they hit Pearl Harbor, but these pussies attacked innocent people.

With all the bravery shown that day and the days following, the fire-fighters, the policemen, anyone else who gave a little or a lot, the one story that always sticks out to me is Flight 93.

Those three or four guys who put a fucking beating on those three ass-fucks who were heading that plane towards the White House.

Those three or four guys and all the passengers on Flight 93 who stood up and said:

Not on our flight, not in our country, not today.

I'm left with those memories and the reminder that freedom is not something to be taken for granted. It is a privilege. One that many people have died for over the years and many more will die in the future to insure the right that you can vote, speak your mind, or just go to the grocery store and buy food for your family. And insure the rights to people like me who's biggest worry consist of things on the front of the 'sports section' and when the Sopranos will start again.

I'll admit I was never much of a flag waver. I DID take things for granted and 9-11 helped me to realize that these weren't rights, *they were priviliges*. I can appreciate that now.

It's a shame that it took something like that to make me realize it.

But like all other Americans, I will move forward, but will never, ever forget.

God bless America . . . home of the brave.

Until next time.

[Please click here and read this article on Flight 93](#)

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Soap Box