



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

### Firefighter's Prayer

When I am called to duty,  
Wherever flames may rage,  
Give me the strength to save a life  
Whatever be its age.

Help me embrace a little child  
Before it is too late,  
Or save an older person from  
The horror of that fate.

Enable me to be alert  
And hear the weakest shout,  
And quickly and efficiently  
To put the fire out.

I want to fill my calling and  
To give the best in me,  
To guard my every neighbor and  
Protect his property.

And if according to God's will  
I must answer death's call,  
bless with your protecting hand,  
my family one and all.

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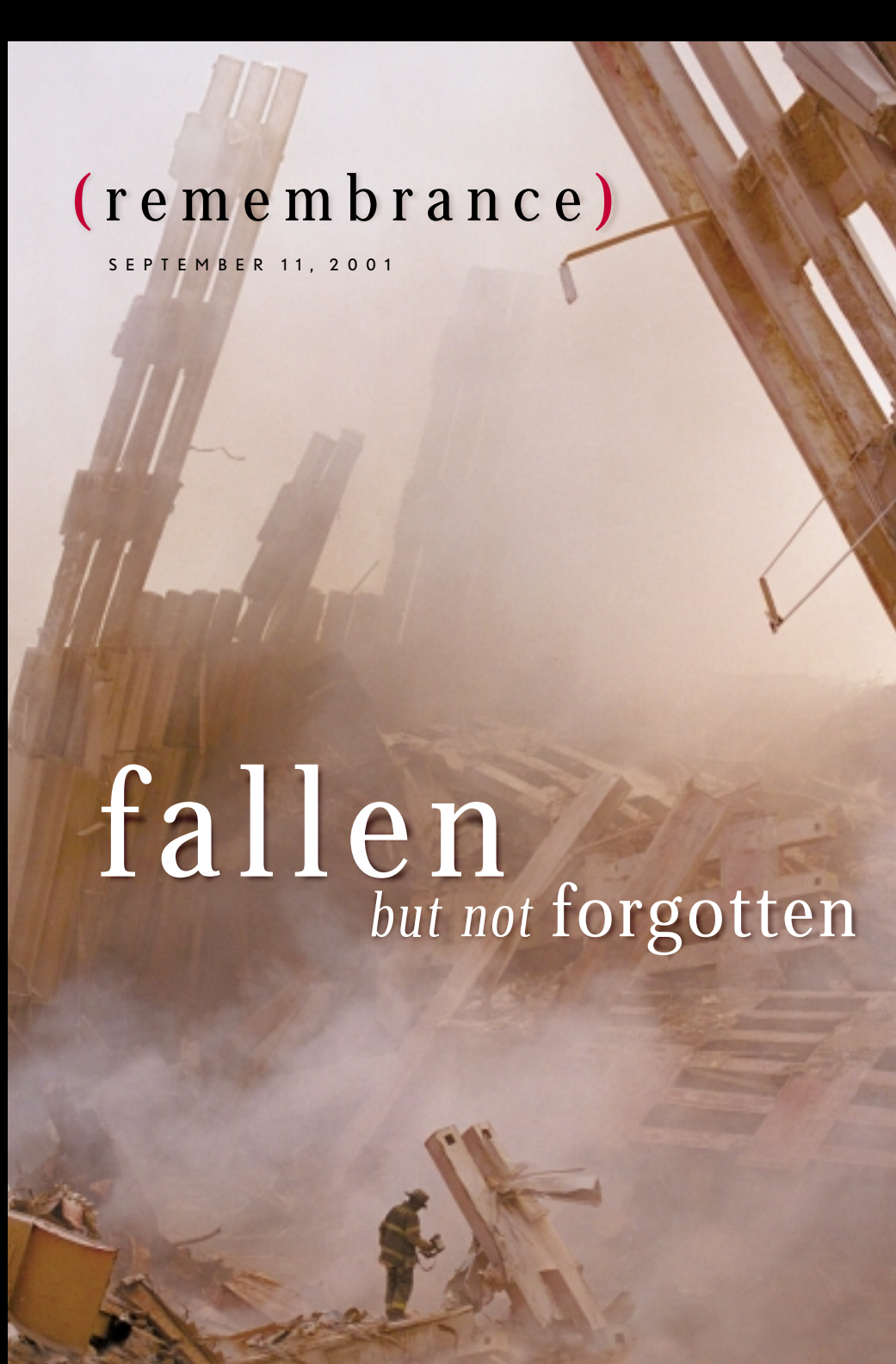
# (remembrance)

SEPTEMBER 11, 2001

# fallen

*but not forgotten*

©THE KING'S COLLEGE AT THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, IN AFFILIATION WITH CAMPUS CRUSADE FOR CHRIST INTERNATIONAL | CREATED BY THE JOURNEY GROUP



I N T R O D U C T I O N

GAZING UPWARD, we saw plumes of fire and smoke staining the morning sky. Gazing upward again minutes later, another fireball in another tower. Then, before our disbelieving eyes, both mighty towers crashed to the earth, surrounding the city with acrid smoke and concrete dust and the sad silence of uncounted lives suddenly snuffed out. Gazing upward, our hearts were broken.

Hate won the day. But it cannot win the war.

Hate cannot win against the unbridled bravery of the men and women who went into those buildings to serve and to save. Such people, a term like "hero" cannot begin to measure.

Hate cannot win against a city and a nation of people devoting their time and treasure, risking their safety, and donating their very blood to help the fallen and their families.

Hate cannot win against a people discovering again what we have always known: the meaning of community, the bond of patriotism, the value of helping others.

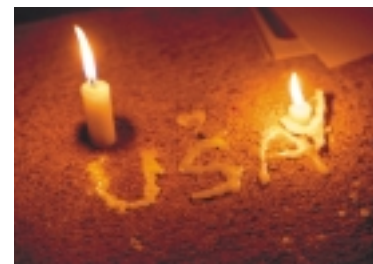
Hate cannot win against a society that stands tall when kneeling on bended knee.

Hate cannot win against hope.

Like the dust around us, so much is still unsettled. For awhile, the questions shouted from our souls may drown out the whispered answers that time and wisdom wait to tell. Yet, though our souls ache, there is hope. In our darkest hour, there is hope: carrying us, counting every tear, knowing us and aching to be known. For in all that mankind has ever chosen to worship, the God of the Bible stands alone as the only God who ever lost His own child.

Gazing upward, our hearts were broken. Yet gazing upward, we can find our hope. ■

# hate



RON LONDEN

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS



# cannot win





AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

(no chance)

# to say goodbye

BY SHELLEY GENOVESSE



**Steve and Shelly Genovese had a young daughter and a promising life together, suddenly cut short.**

The phone kept ringing that morning, but Steve always unplugs the phone by my bed so I can sleep until I wake up with the baby. My mom, who was visiting with us for the week, came into my room saying, "Shelly, wake up! Call Steve!" I immediately tried, but the lines just kept ringing. This was about 9:00. So I checked my phone messages, and the first message was from my husband.

Steve had fear in his voice: "Shelly, wake up! Answer the phone! I think a plane just hit my building! Turn on the TV. Wake up!" When I turned on the TV I thought, *Steve called. He's fine.* I automatically felt peace. He was in the World Trade Center bombing in 1993 and had made it down the stairs, so I wasn't really worried.

I kept thinking Steve would call on his cell phone. About

*Until September 11th, Steve Genovese was a partner at Cantor Fitzgerald. Now, his wife and young daughter must find a way to go on.*

an hour later, on TV, we watched the second plane hit the other building, and I thought, *Steve still has time to get down.* When I saw Steve's building fall to the ground, I fell to my knees screaming. I was devastated.

Then I just felt this peace about me. I know it came from God. I felt that Steve was safe and that he had made it down before the building collapsed. And that he'd call. So I started baking bread for when he'd come home for dinner.

By that night, when he didn't come home, I felt like maybe he was just in a hospital or couldn't call. Friends and family were going from hospital to hospital and putting Steve's information on the computer, and Steve's brother was on "Larry King Live." About the third day, 50 people showed up at my house, and we all prayed together. I really had faith that God could do miracles and could bring one person or a million out of those buildings.

But we had all these false hopes, too, because people said they saw Steve come out of the building.

I was not watching TV or reading the newspaper at all, but after a week I saw the headline on a local newspaper article about Steve that said, "Husband, Father, Friend Not Coming Home." That's when everything hit me.

My first thought was of my daughter without her dad. Two days ago Jacqueline put her first two words together. The loss hasn't hit me completely yet, and I dread the day it does.

A few days ago I turned 29. We had so many years we were supposed to spend together. Why my husband? Why did he have to work in that building? In all the questions, I know that God works out all things for the good, even though right now we can see no good. I know that God is bigger than anything that could happen here on earth, and that He's going to take care of us.

I used to try to rush life: "I can't wait for it to be December. I can't wait till. . . ." Now, I wish I had spent more time enjoying every moment. Steve always told me, "Just enjoy every day. Don't wish it away." He loved to live and he loved to work. He worked for Cantor Fitzgerald for 17 years and felt that work was like being on a thrill ride every day.

I've lived here for five years and wasted five years of my life wishing I were back in Texas. Now all I wish is that I had my husband back. You realize how unimportant other things are. It really doesn't matter where you live, but how you live your life. ■

# Honor *Their* Memory

*Do not let them die in vain.*



B Y D A R R E L L S C O T T

ONE MOMENT you're just going through the routine of another day, and the next moment your life is shattered. I know the feeling well, because it happened to me on April 20, 1999.

My daughter, Rachel Scott, was brutally gunned down while sitting on the grass, eating her lunch, at Columbine High School. She was a beautiful, talented, energetic, optimistic teenager with so much to live for. And in one moment's time, she was no longer there.

I know the agony of "not knowing." It's a horrible day when your prayers are, *God, let my daughter be wounded and hiding somewhere.* Instead, it was more than 24 hours before

we received confirmation of what we feared: Rachel was one of the fatalities.

I know the gut-wrenching pain that cannot find an adequate outlet even though your body grows sore from the fathomless, heaving sobs that never seem to end.

I know the paralyzing numbness of days, weeks and months that follow.

I know the empty spots that emerge on Christmas, Thanksgiving, Easter and her birthday.

I know sleepless nights and red-rimmed eyes.

But I also know the joy of celebrating a life that had purpose and meaning.

I know the miracle of slowly watching

good and wonderful things emerge from the very pits of horror and despair.

I know the transforming power of a loving God who can create the universe out of nothing, and can take the worst of tragedies and bring purpose, life and meaning from it.

Whether the location is a high school, skyscraper, military complex or airplane cabin, or a hill called Calvary, tragedy can be turned into triumph.

As I have learned, my daughter's influence touched the lives of millions. A month before she died, she wrote a challenge in her journal: "I dare to believe that I can start a chain reaction through acts of kindness and compassion."

And Rachel didn't just write about starting a chain reaction; she lived it—with people all around her. Many of them have since told me that they are living out that challenge themselves.

Shortly after hearing the news of our nation's multiple tragedies, I wrote this simple poem:

The pain, it seems, will never end  
The hurt is here to stay  
The agony within my soul  
Will never go away

It seems that it's impossible  
For me to "make it through"  
(I know that feeling, precious friend,  
For I have been there too)

I won't attempt to offer cures  
That will not ease your pain  
But I will say, the life you lost—  
It was not lived in vain

It's been dispersed in memories  
That now reside in you  
And in the months and years to come  
They'll help you make it through

Today you feel the dark despair  
Today you mourn and cry  
But from the seeds of memory  
That life will multiply

The torment seems too much to bear  
The whole world seems insane  
But if their life reflects through you  
They did not die in vain!

I am so grateful that I chose to turn to my Heavenly Father for strength and comfort in my own personal loss. There I found the courage to forgive, the strength to "let go" and the ability to see beyond the tragedy to a divine purpose that has slowly emerged with time.

We all have the ability to make choices. Those choices may leave us either bitter or better. Those choices include honoring our departed loved ones and their memories. You are now a continuation of the lives of those you have lost. Make them proud. ■



GUY GERRARD/WORLDWIDE CHALLENGE



SEPTEMBER 11, 2001, a day now etched in history. Four flights left the East Coast headed for the West Coast, yet not one person aboard any of those flights would survive. Terrorist hijackers flew two planes into the World Trade Center towers, killing thousands of innocent people. A third plane exploded into the Pentagon, while the last plane crashed into a Pennsylvania field.

Families lost fathers, mothers and children. Co-workers and friends were suddenly gone, buried amid the rubble. Hours earlier breakfasts had been eaten, spouses kissed, children hugged and homes left for the last time.

Who could have known it would all end—in just a moment?

Just as the senseless attacks destroyed buildings and our feelings of security,

they also threatened our concept of a loving God. When we remember the deadly nerve gas released in Tokyo subways, the high-school students massacred at Columbine and the Oklahoma City blast, belief in a loving God is a tall order.

*Where was God in those critical moments that meant the difference between life and death for so many? He was there, in New York and Washington, Tokyo and Columbine. He was with those who lived and those who died, hearing every prayer. He felt the anguish of every person suffering in confused darkness and silence.*

He grieved over the hideous sin perpetrated on those innocent people, but



# *It Only Takes a* **Moment**

API/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS (2)





He wasn't surprised. Evil choices frequently affect innocent lives.

### Choosing good over evil

God's commandments, designed to protect mankind from harm, had once again been ignored. Evil had again been chosen over good. This is the price of freedom. Those who could have chosen to love, chose instead to hate.

I have three children whom I love and would literally die for. They love me, too, but no one forces them to. It is a choice. While hopefully I have proven worthy of their love, one day they could choose not to love me, or even to hate me. Either way, it will be their choice.

Though I teach my children to do good, others influence them to do evil. Sometimes they make good choices, sometimes they don't. This is a painful reality I live with. The same human race that produced penicillin also produced nerve gas. From the same pool of humanity came Mother Teresa and Osama bin Laden.

We can't help asking, "What kind of God would allow someone to inflict suffering and even death on innocent men, women and children?" These questions cannot be completely answered from our perspective. But is the presence of evil any proof that God doesn't love us?

If God is a God of love because my son came back from Vietnam, what will the parent or spouse conclude whose loved one didn't come back? If God is a God of love because my cancer goes into remission, what will the person conclude whose cancer rages out of control? If God's goodness depends on whether a loved one survived the terrorists' attack,

how could we ever come to a consensus about what God is like?

God loves us because it is His nature to love. He does not have to choose between evil or good, for evil has no appeal to Him. He is a God of unending compassion.

We, however, live in a world that offers everyone choices. We can choose to love, or hate. Unwilling to make us robots, God has given us freedom. I have never killed anyone, but I have, at times, been cruel, selfish and unkind to



others. I have frequently chosen evil over good. Perhaps you can identify. We live in a world of choice, and too often the choices are evil ones.

### Proof of God's love

*Why didn't God intervene for the victims?* many are asking in their anguish. But He did! He died for them long before they were born, even those victims who would never believe in Him.

God does not hide in times of trouble. He proved that on a cross 2,000 years ago. In the critical moment that spelled the difference between life and death for everyone in the whole world, through all



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS (3)

**Exhausted and sick at heart—with hundreds of their comrades missing—the firefighters, police officers and rescue workers rallied and kept searching. And everyone pulled together in a shared shock and grief.**

of time, God intervened. He who could have remained safely in heaven chose to take on human form and, like a brave rescue worker, put Himself directly into harm's way. "There is no greater love than He who lays down His life for another" (John 15:13).

Although thousands of people died in a Tuesday of terrorism that we will never forget, God bids us to consider the Life available *after* death.

We can accept God's act of love, through Jesus, on our behalf, as our entryway to eternity with Him, or we can ignore God's intervention and spend our eternity *without* Him.

Our world doesn't always make sense. In a moment we can experience tragedy and pain. Sometimes great pain. But through faith, God has provided a way to live in a world of evil with peace and hope. We can choose it in a moment—a moment with eternal implications. ■



# Life *in the* Face of Death



RON LONDON

**E**VERY PERSON has a story—a life story. Even as we mourn those whose stories ended far too soon, we are jolted into deep, sometimes uncomfortable thoughts:

*What about my story? What's the meaning of my life?*

Have you ever stopped to consider how your story weaves together with God's story to become the greater Story of Life?

## INTIMACY

From the beginning, relationships have been woven into the tapestry of our lives. God fashioned us as masterpieces that would reflect our Creator's image. We were designed to experience intimacy—loving God and each other.

**Your Story >>** On a scale of 1-10, how would you rate your current desire to know God personally? Why?

**God's Story >>** *In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.* — GENESIS 1:1

## BETRAYAL

But life was forfeited and intimacy marred. How? We turned from the source of Life and chose to live without God. As a consequence, death and a corrupted nature now separate us from God and stain all our relationships.

**Your Story >>** What troubles you most about life? Why?

**God's Story >>** *The Lord looks down from heaven on the entire human race; He looks to see if there is even one with real understanding, one who seeks for God. But no, all have turned away from God.* — PSALM 14:2,3

## ANTICIPATION

Is there any hope for us? Yes, though

each one of us in our own way has betrayed God, He did not abandon us. God promised to send a Savior who would rescue us from the consequences of our rebellion.

**Your Story >>** Have you ever experienced God's closeness? If so, how?

**God's Story >>** *Let all the world look to me for salvation! For I am God; there is no other.* — ISAIAH 45:22

## PURSUIT

As promised, God sent the One who would rescue us. His name is Jesus. The unique Son of God became one of us so that all could see what God was like. He spoke the truth, displayed real love and offered life in all of its fullness—a depth of life on earth and unending life in heaven.

**Your Story >>** Who or what has had the most significant influence in your spiritual pilgrimage? How?

**God's Story >>** *For God so loved the world that He gave His only Son, so that everyone who believes in Him will not perish but have eternal life. God did not send His Son into the world to condemn it, but to save it.*

— JOHN 3:16,17



## 3 QUESTIONS:

### SACRIFICE

Then life's greatest mystery was revealed in love's greatest act. Jesus, the author of life, died for us, paying the penalty for all our wrongdoing. How can we be sure? God proved it by raising Jesus from the dead. He is alive today, the rightful ruler over all.

**Your Story >>** What do you consider the greatest thing anyone has ever done for you? Why?

**God's Story >>** *But God showed His great love for us by sending Jesus to die for us while we were still sinners.*

**>>** *And God proved to everyone who this is by raising Him from the dead.*

— SELECTIONS FROM ROMANS 5:8; ACTS 17:31

### INVITATION

God invites us to begin a personal relationship with Him. He offers us forgiveness and eternal life through His Son, Jesus. We receive this undeserved gift through placing our faith in Him.

**Your Story >>** At this stage in life do you find yourself moving toward God, away from God, or staying the same?

**God's Story >>** *But then God our Savior showed us His kindness and love. He saves us, not because of the good things we did, but because of His mercy.*

**>>** *Everyone who believes in Jesus will have their sins forgiven through His name.*

— SELECTIONS FROM TITUS 3:4,5; ACTS 10:43

*According to these selections from the Bible, what appears to be necessary to have eternal life?*

#### 1. Your Story >> *Do you need Jesus?*

Until we admit that we, too, are marred by selfishness and sin, we have little to say about others whose sins touch our lives. Jesus claimed to be the solution to our fundamental problem: separation from God caused by our sins. Do you believe that you need Jesus? Do you desire the forgiveness and new life that He offers?

#### 2. God's Story >> *Is it true?*

If you are uncertain, try reading the Bible for yourself. Start with the section called John—an account of Jesus' life, death and resurrection. Ask God to reveal Himself to you through this book. See what you think.

#### 3. Your Response >> *How will you respond to God's offer?*

Will you turn to God in faith, trusting Jesus Christ to forgive your sins and give you new life? If you do, you will enter into a new relationship with God—one that offers comfort, hope and eternity with Him. How can you do this? Simply talk with God in prayer: "I need you, Jesus. Thank you for dying on the cross for me. Please come into my life and forgive my sins. Make me the kind of person you want me to be."

**>>** *To all who received Him, He gave the right to become children of God. All they needed to do was to trust Him to save them.— JOHN 1:12*

**If you want to talk to someone about how to begin a personal relationship with Jesus Christ, call toll free 877-843-3608 or visit [www.911Recovery.com](http://www.911Recovery.com)**

# Our Unity

## *A message from President George W. Bush*

### **Portions of President Bush's message from the National Day of Prayer and Remembrance, Friday, September 14, 2001**

WE ARE HERE in the middle hour of our grief. So many have suffered so great a loss, and today we express our nation's sorrow. We come before God to pray for the missing and the dead, and for those who loved them.

Now come the names; the list of casualties is only beginning. We will read all these names. We will linger over them and learn their stories, and Americans will weep. To the children, parents, spouses, families and friends of the lost, we offer the deepest sympathy of the nation. And I assure you: You are not alone.

Our purpose as a nation is firm, yet our wounds are recent and unhealed and lead us to pray. As one woman said, "I pray to God to give us a sign that He's still here." God's signs are not always the ones we look for. We learn in tragedy that His purposes are not always our own. Yet our prayers of private suffering, whether in our homes or in this great cathedral, are known and heard and understood.

This world God created is of moral design. Grief and tragedy and hatred are only for a time. Goodness, remembrance and love have no end, and the Lord of life holds all who die and all who mourn.

Today, we feel what Franklin Roosevelt called "the warm courage of national unity." This is a unity of every faith and every background. This has joined together political parties and both houses of Congress. It is evident in services of prayer and candlelight vigils and American flags. Our unity is a kinship of grief and a steadfast resolve to prevail against our enemies. And this unity against terror is now extending across the world.

We ask Almighty God to watch over our nation and grant us patience and resolve. We thank Him for each life we now mourn, and the promise of a life to come. As we've been assured, neither death nor life, nor angels nor principalities nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, nor height nor depth can separate us from God's love. May He bless the souls of the departed. May He comfort our own. And may He always guide our country. God bless America. ■



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS