

IN MEMORIAM

9.11.01 - 9.11.11

TEN YEARS LATER

★ WHERE WERE YOU? ★

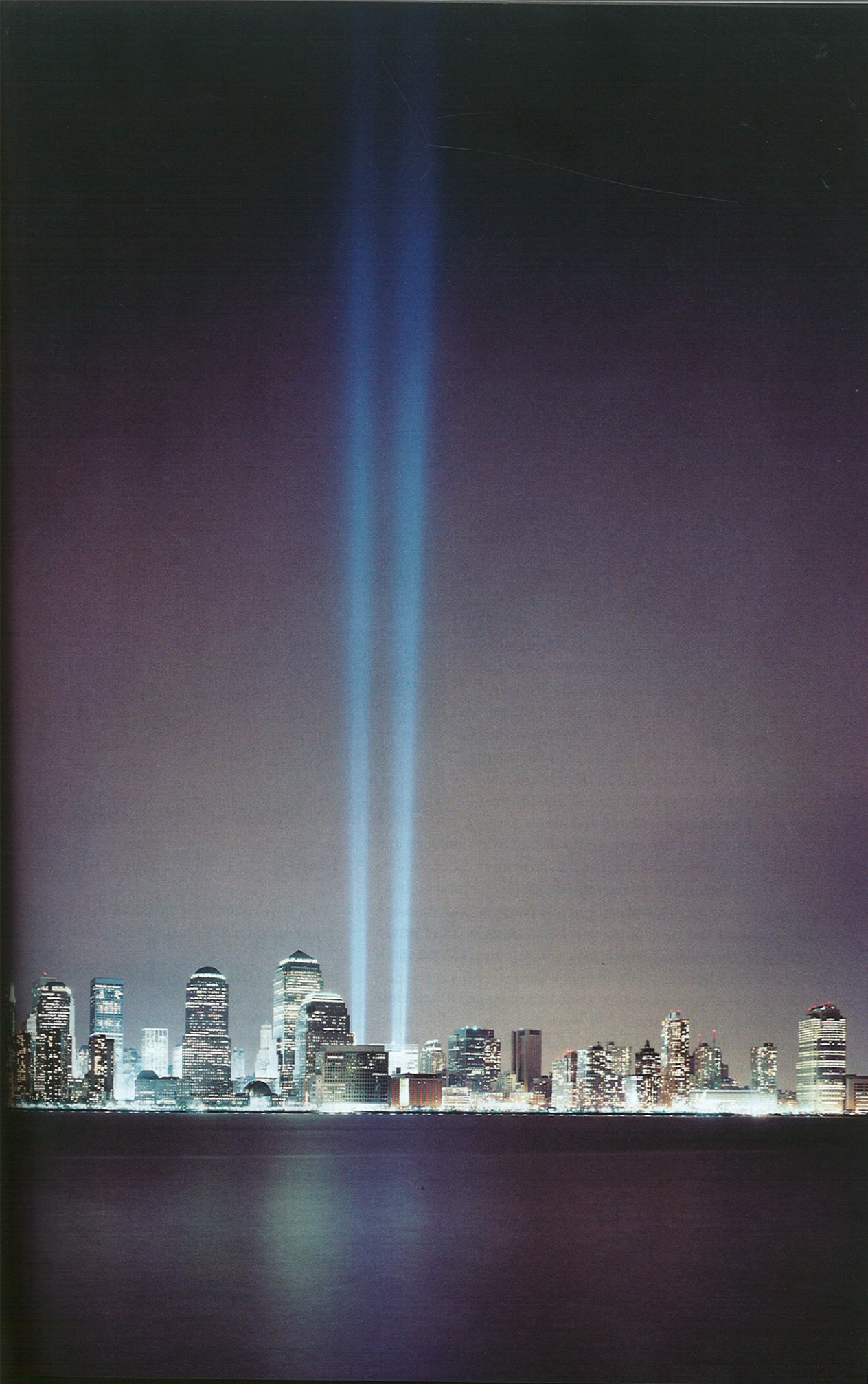
# 9/11

BALTIMOREANS REFLECT ON  
THE DAY THAT CHANGED AMERICA,  
10 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH.

BY EVAN SERPICK



GETTY IMAGES



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TEMBER 2011

FALL  
FASHION  
TRENDS  
SEASON!



## ★ PARRIS GLENDENING ★

*Governor of Maryland on September 11, 2001*

**W**hen you run for office you think about all the things that can happen. Never in my wildest dreams would I have imagined the circumstances that we had on September 11. You could imagine and think through how you would handle other tragedies that are serious—tornado, flood, blizzard, stuff like that—but to have that attack happen during your term was not conceivable.

That morning, I was being driven to the Renaissance Hotel in Baltimore to address a business roundtable on education. As we were coming into the city, someone called and said, “Turn on the news.” I turned on the radio, and they said that a plane had hit the World Trade Center. At that time, it was just the first plane, and I thought to myself, “Oh, that’s tragic,” and was thinking about it as I was walking into the building and as I was being introduced and started to speak.

I was five minutes into my speech when an officer came up and handed me a note that said that I had to leave immediately, and he stood there, emphasizing the importance of it. So I indicated to the audience that something had come up. In the meantime, even as I was saying that and starting to leave, I saw an awful lot of people reaching for their phones, which were not as numerous and omnipresent as BlackBerries and the like are today.

By the time we were headed back to Annapolis, it was clear that it was a terrorist attack. We were just outside of Annapolis—coming off 97 onto 50—when we got word of the hit on the Pentagon and then got word that there was another plane headed this way, the one that would crash in Pennsylvania.

By the time I got up to the office, rumors were rampant that while the targets were in the nation’s capitol, an alternate target was Annapolis. My initial response was that that made no sense, but then they described the target as the Naval Academy. As bizarre as things were, imagine trying to sort out what is rational and what is rumor. Someone had just told you two planes hit the towers, the towers are collapsing, the Pentagon has been hit, and there are other planes in the air—even the Annapolis rumor began to take on some life.



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OF 9/11 WITH  
US ONLINE.



**I MADE A LOT OF CALLS AND  
NOBODY REALLY HAD ANY  
ANSWERS AT THE WHITE  
HOUSE OR ANY OTHER HOUSE.**

We immediately went into a series of decisions about what needed to be done. We made the formal decision to call up the National Guard command staff. Some buildings were evacuated, including the State House. An emergency command center was opened.

We gave a statement, which was obviously one of concern and support for those affected around the country but also to reassure people that all of the necessary Maryland agencies were conferring with the feds and that, to the best of our understanding, there was no direct threat to Maryland’s peoples or facilities.

I remember thinking late that evening that, as horrible as it was, things actually seemed to work moderately well and most people, at

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From	Status
MIAMI	NEW YORK CANCELLED
WASHINGTON	MIAMI CANCELLED
WASHINGTON	BOSTON CANCELLED
NEW YORK	SPRINGFIELD CANCELLED
WASHINGTON	WASHINGTON CANCELLED
BOSTON	BALTIMORE CANCELLED
WASHINGTON	WASHINGTON CANCELLED

# DEVASTATION

Hijacked planes destroy World Trade Center towers

Third jetliner slams into Pentagon

Thousands feared dead in worst U.S. terror attacks

Jet flies headlong into Pentagon

On warm Md. day, chill of fear spreads

Everything changed yesterday

least here in Maryland, seemed to remain reasonably calm. There wasn't any great sense of panic. There was an "I don't understand," and "Why?" but not panic.

In the days after the attacks, the governors made a decision to send a high-visibility delegation to New York City, not just to show our support, but also to send a message that, notwithstanding this horrible tragedy, New York was safe. They were having a complete downturn in their tourism and business as a result of the attacks.

Five or six of us traveled to New York. We met with New York Governor Pataki, had a press conference, went to a fire station that had lost almost everybody and had a brief memorial, went shopping and, that evening, saw *The Lion King* on Broadway. I remember, we had so many cameras following us that when we walked in, one little boy

(Clockwise from left): A SWAT team member guards City Hall; patriotism flourished after the attacks; The Sun front page, September 12; Penn Station's info board; all over town, eyes were glued to coverage of the attacks.

asked his mother, "Are they in the play?"

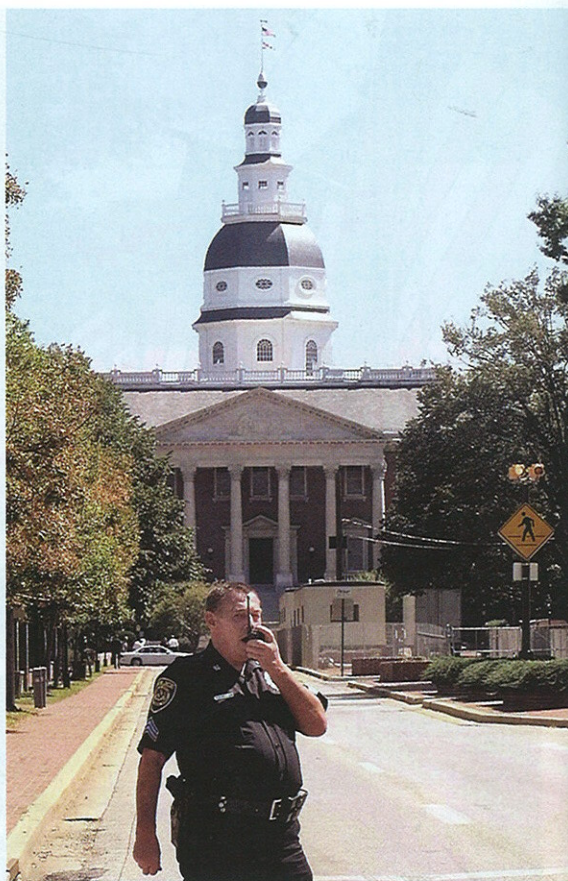
Bin Laden had stated that the goal was not just to inflict physical harm but to destroy the American economy. This was one minor thing that we could do to help offset that.

## ★ MARTIN O'MALLEY ★

Mayor of Baltimore on September 11, 2001

I was on my way to New Jersey with my mom and my brother, Peter, because it was election day in New York, and my younger brother, Patrick, was running for office. Half my family was already up there working the polls for him, which is what we do in our family when somebody runs for office.

I got a call from a member of my executive protection unit, saying to listen to traffic reports because apparently a plane flew into a big building in Manhattan, and it might snarl up traffic. He didn't know



how big a plane, but he said, "There's smoke. You can see it on TV."

We pulled over at Clara Barton rest stop and grabbed a sandwich to go and when we got back in the car, we heard on the radio that a second plane had flown into the second World Trade Center tower.

With that, I looked at my brother, who was driving, and neither of us said a word, but the look in our eyes communicated everything. He immediately turned around in the emergency lane, and we started hauling back to Baltimore as quickly as we could.

It was frustrating trying to get in touch with people via cell phone. I had a short conversation with my chief of staff and the police commissioner before getting cut off, basically communicating that we were on our way back, to have motors meet us at the city-county line.

We're hearing reports about a plane flying into the Pentagon, a false report of a car bomb going off at the State Department, planes flying over the Capitol and White House, a plane crashing in Pennsylvania. As Mayor of

Baltimore, I had one desire, to be back in my city. My only thought was my city, and the possibility that we might well be next.

The police commissioner had gone to a high state of alert before we got back, and I recall some reporters asking us if the SWAT teams in front of City Hall and the police department were really necessary, and who knew at the time? We put a very visible security around our reservoirs, around critical infrastructure, around buildings we thought might be targets, like our own World Trade Center. Everybody's trying to put together how any of this makes sense, what the future targets might be, and on what rationale.

That evening, after a really horrible afternoon of images and carnage in New York, I remember turning to John Stendrini, the chief of staff to the police commissioner at the time, and saying, "We're going to become the most well-prepared city in America." And that's what we set out to do.

I made a lot of calls the next day and, to no great surprise in retrospect, nobody really had any answers at the White House or any other house. To this date, we've pursued 12 core capacities, including interoperable communications and protective equipment for all first

*(Clockwise from top left): Memorial at Baltimore's World Trade Center on the first anniversary of the attacks; the Maryland State House in Annapolis was evacuated; rendering of Baltimore's 9/11 memorial; BWI; donating blood; Coast Guard patrol.*

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: AP WIDE WORLD IMAGES (3); MIKE LEE



**N**INE-YEAR-OLD JOHN HARBAUGH STRAPPED ON HIS HELMET, SLID INTO HIS SHOULDER PADS, LACED UP HIS CLEATS, AND STARED AT THE MIRROR. SCOWLING BACK, HE SAW THE WORLD'S TOUGHEST FOOTBALL PLAYER. HIS FATHER SAW THINGS DIFFERENTLY.

"My dad was right behind me," Harbaugh recalls. "John boy, you're not a football player," he says, "until you make your first tackle."

The Ravens coach is recounting his inauspicious debut in front of the teams in town for the NCAA lacrosse final four. Forty-eight hours before the semifinals, the players are seated around circular dinner tables in the club level of M&T Bank Stadium.

Until now, they've been fidgety, but, five minutes in, Harbaugh captures them, as he can almost anyone, in the web of a story.

"His name was Ralph," he says. "Ralph at that time could

have been 200 pounds for all I knew. Ralph had one eyebrow, he shaved twice a day, I think. I knew for a fact he had hair under his armpits—and in other places—in the sixth grade. Ralph was a big, mean guy."

Harbaugh stands in front of the podium holding the mic with the second-nature ease of a standup comic. He's written down nothing, but speaks smoothly to the roomful of strangers like they're long-lost friends. It's the same genuine warmth with which Harbaugh greets everyone. He stands 5'11", yet seems to shrink or

sprout to the eye-level of whomever he's speaking with. When he talks to you, you're sure there's nothing he'd rather be doing.

"Whistle blows, I pop up. I got in a good football position: I got my butt down, my eyes up. I was ready to attack this guy. I went after Ralph with everything I had. I uncoiled—ahhhh!—with every ounce of fiber I had. You know what happened next, right?"

The players' eyes, earlier shifting, now are fixed on him.

"Ralph's knee hit me right in the chest. I didn't have any air anymore. Then he came up into my chin, I felt my helmet start to go back and sideways. After that, it gets a little fuzzy. All I remember is holding on for dear life to whatever it was, I think it was his foot or an ankle, as Ralph proceeded to plow the field with my body. I'm not sure how long it lasted."

Unlike the younger brother who in so many ways overshadowed him, Harbaugh wasn't a naturally gifted football player. He'd walk another path, channeling his passion for the game through coaching.

As his brother, Jim, bathed in NFL glory—"Captain Comeback" quarterbacked the Bears and Colts—Harbaugh bounced from school to school, position to position, converting every doubt and dig (are you Jim Harbaugh's younger brother?) into fuel.

Back then, when he was toiling in places called Morehead and Kalamazoo, the summit seemed insurmountable.

Though he's reached the Promised Land—he's the first coach in NFL history to win a playoff game in each of his first three seasons and, in February, he signed a reported three-year, \$12-million contract extension—Harbaugh won't forget the journey. The lonesome nights on the road recruiting, the late-night film sessions, the failed job interviews. The Ralphs.

"Somehow, somehow, maybe he got tired, maybe he felt sorry for me, maybe he tripped, Ralph went down over top of me and I realized, well, I wasn't sure what happened because it was all black," he continues. "I couldn't see. What went through my mind? Good God, I've been blinded. Lord, please give me my sight. Right when I prayed, I saw this circle of light off in the distance. A bright light. Ralph killed me. I'm dead. I'm going to heaven."

HARBAUGH  
WASN'T A  
NATURALLY  
GIFTED  
FOOTBALL  
PLAYER.



"Then I started to hear voices in the background, guys cheering, some guys laughing, and I realized I wasn't dead. I hopped up to my feet, I grabbed my face mask and pulled it back around and stood tall with my chest out. I had made my first tackle. I was a football player."

As happens many Sundays and undoubtedly will Thanksgiving night when John's Ravens face Jim's San Francisco 49ers, the club level floods with cheers. Harbaugh might have had to become a football player, but he was born to coach.

**DESTINY OFTEN IS OBVIOUS ONLY IN HINDSIGHT.** Looking back now, it seems inconceivable that either of the sons of Jack Harbaugh, the best football coach either of them has ever known, wouldn't follow in pop's footsteps.

But Jim was the one fated for football greatness. They grew up "like twins," Jack says, and to this day, refer to each other as "my best friend." Athletically, however, they were not equals.

"Jim was a great athlete," says Harbaugh, who's 15 months older. "He was always way bigger than the rest of the kids in his class and way better."

The boys were born in Perrysburg, Ohio, where Jack was an assistant high school coach. As he landed more prestigious collegiate assistant jobs, the family moved around the Midwest. Harbaugh went to Pioneer High School in Ann Arbor, where Jack coached defensive backs under University of Michigan coach Bo Schembechler from 1973 to 1979.

Competition was always the third brother in the Harbaugh house.

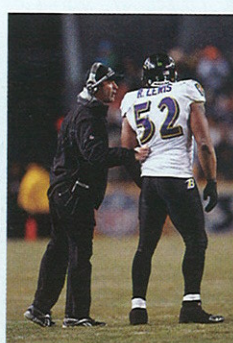
"There were always little [ones] going on," Jim says. "They were mainly inspired by my dad. He'd clear the floor and have us wrestle in the living room. We could be sitting there watching TV and he would time us to go get something for him, usually a beer out of the refrigerator. We would do everything we could to get the world record. My dad always made everything seem exciting."

Both Harbaughs played to win, but John pursued victory with less of an edge.

"Jim was really competitive to the point where people thought he was kind of obnoxious," Harbaugh says. "He would dominate kids and didn't care."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 164

(BELOW, LEFT TO RIGHT): TEENAGERS JIM AND JOHN DRESSED FOR SUMMER BASEBALL; CELEBRATING ON HEINZ FIELD IN 2010 AFTER A 17-14 VICTORY OVER PITTSBURGH; HARBAUGH FAMILY AT UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN IN 1977; COACHING RAY LEWIS DURING THE 2011 PLAYOFFS.



## LIFE COACH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 133 No one could say that about John, who had “a great amount of respect for everyone,” says his sister, Joani, who, naturally, married a coach, Indiana University basketball’s Tom Crean. “I think that’s why he’s such a good leader.”

“He was the pied piper,” says Jim Minick, a childhood friend. “Jim and I were the guys who were going to cause a problem, and John was the one who was going to solve it.”

On the football field, Harbaugh was a decent defensive back with limited physical capabilities. He landed a partial scholarship to Miami University (in Ohio), where knee injuries derailed a career that would have ended at graduation anyway.

Meanwhile, Jim went to Michigan, and led the legendary maize and blue to Big Ten glory. In 1987, Chicago chose him in the first round of the NFL draft.

“I was going to go into law,” Harbaugh says.

But the breakup wasn’t clean. Football, his lifelong love, nagged at him, and he missed it. He gave it one more whirl, and luckily, at 21, he had an in. His father, then head coach at Western Michigan, hired him as a graduate assistant in 1984.

“The first year he worked on the defensive side of the ball, the next year we brought him over to the running backs,” Jack says. “He lived at the house. He and I drove back and forth to work.”

It wasn’t glamorous, but for Harbaugh, it was an awakening.

“I never realized how much there was to football, the X’s and O’s,” he says. “Twenty-seven years later and I still can’t believe how much I don’t know, how much there is to the game.”

Son studied father like he hadn’t before, particularly noting the way he communicated with his players and staff.

“He knew how to paint a picture with words,” Harbaugh says. “He always used to say, ‘I have my concept in my head, and I want to put it into your head.’ There are different ways to do that and a great teacher figures out how.”

Admittedly biased, Jack spotted something special in return.

“Some coaches could see [the game] narrowly,” he says. “John had that ability to see the whole field. He’d be working on the defensive side, yet he wanted to know everything he could about the offensive side: Why certain plays were being run, what they were trying to attack. He wasn’t satisfied with the little picture.”

Harbaugh embarked on a college coach’s nomadic voyage, stopping at Pittsburgh, Morehead State, and Cincinnati. Linebackers, tight ends—he’d have coached the water boys if asked.

In 1997, Cam Cameron (now the Ravens offensive coordinator) hired him to coach special teams at Indiana. Harbaugh and his wife, Ingrid, were ecstatic. They’d met at Western Michigan while he was working for his dad and she was a student assistant in the baseball office. Now, six years into their marriage, they’d made it to the Big Ten. The only way they’d leave idyllic Bloomington was if a dream job—Michigan or the NFL—came calling.

The phone rang. Harbaugh was driving back to IU after a recruiting trip when he learned the Philadelphia Eagles wanted

to talk to him about their special teams coach vacancy.

“They interviewed, I think, 12 guys, then I got called back for a second interview,” he says. “It came down to two guys. They called me up and said, ‘We’re giving it [to the other guy], you have a great future, blah blah blah.’ They called back four hours later and said, ‘He turned it down, do you want it?’ Yeah, I wanted it.”

In hindsight, he was the perfect pick.

Following the 2001 season, his fourth with the Eagles, he was voted Special Teams Coach of the Year.

“John’s special teams played their asses off for him,” says ESPN’s Sean McDonough, a longtime friend. “John’s the kind of guy people rally around.”

After a decade in Philly, Harbaugh’s name was on many college head coaching short lists, but he always came up short. He interviewed with UCLA, Boston College, and the University of Cincinnati—twice.

Having fired Brian Billick on New Year’s Eve 2007, Ravens owner Steve Bisciotti was embarking on his first coaching search. He assembled a committee that included general manager Ozzie Newsome, who

promptly called Eagles coach Andy Reid.

“I think what people are looking for is a problem-solver,” Reid says. “Somebody that’s smart, honest, puts people in the stands, and wins football games. If you go through John’s checklist, he hits all those areas. Ozzie saw that. I go, ‘You are one smart dude.’ I thought it was a very bold move.”

The Ravens whittled their list of 30 to five, and Harbaugh was still on it.

“I came in for the interview and Bisciotti cornered me on a question that I had no answer for,” Harbaugh says. “He asked me how I would divide up my time between coaches and players and scouting and all that. I didn’t have the percentages right. I was so wrong on the question I figured I’m done, I got no shot, but at least, I can learn from this guy for a day.”

Bisciotti chuckles at Harbaugh’s recollection.

“It was a question posed to open up discussion, not necessarily for him to get right or wrong,” he says. “I startled him a bit. I wanted to see the way he thought and the way he processed a question that didn’t have a guaranteed answer. I loved his enthusiasm.”

But not so much that the Ravens didn’t first pursue Jason Garrett. When they didn’t land the now-Dallas Cowboys coach, they hired Harbaugh.

Once again, in hindsight he was the perfect pick.

**FROM THE OUTSIDE, THE JOHN HARBAUGH** experiment looked shaky five weeks in. The Ravens were 2-3, and their offense was in the hands of a rookie quarterback.

“I saw his staff take a hold of Joe Flacco and put him in a position to be able to perform,” says Matt Stover, the kicker on that team. “He casts a vision to make sure [everyone] sees the direction they’re going in. I saw that this guy had the ability to manage people and create that environment that would allow change.”

Harbaugh’s willingness to delegate—he doesn’t call plays or run the defense—is a rarity in the ego-littered NFL coaching landscape.

“WE CAUSED  
A PROBLEM,  
AND JOHN  
WAS THE  
ONE TO  
SOLVE IT.”



"What you see on the field is a reflection of how I want it to look," he says. "I have the best handle on the big picture, I don't have the best handle on what the Steelers do on third and long. I'll understand a lot of that, but [the assistants] have to know it the best. If you're calling the plays, then what aren't you doing?"

Baltimore made it to the AFC championship that season, but a year later was in danger of missing the playoffs. Following a deflating loss at Green Bay in December, Harbaugh got an e-mail from his friend Minick, a colonel in the U.S. Marine Corps.

"Tough one last night. Good time for a little history," Minick wrote. "Famous Marine Gen. Chesty Puller had a great quote when his Marines were surrounded on all sides by swarms of Chinese by a ratio of 29:1 at the Chosin Reservoir during the Korean War. 'Men, great news, now we can attack in any direction.'"

Speeches preach, stories teach. Harbaugh prodded Minick for more and relayed the tale to his team.

"The way those Marines sacrificed everything, we just had to rally around each other," says defensive tackle Kelly Gregg, who was released in July. "Nothing outside the building affected us."

The Ravens beat Detroit that week, the first of three victories in the last four games that clinched a post-season berth.

The season ended, however, as all Harbaugh's have: with a loss. Some fans gripe about his seemingly hands-off approach. But don't let his youthful looks and exuberance beguile his intensity. He's been known to rip into players, like he did last year after Dannell Ellerbe hot-dogged across the goal line in a preseason game. Harbaugh grabbed the linebacker by his jersey and chewed him a new one, in full view of TV cameras.

Call it a teachable moment.

**HARBAUGH'S SITTING IN AN ARMCHAIR** in his office in June. The NFL lockout has kept him in here—and off the field—more than he'd like this summer. He's played a little golf, visited the battlefields in Gettysburg, PA, but he hasn't coached his players. It's a frustration he's turning into a positive.

"It's been an opportunity," he says. "Being a great coach is about being a great teacher. To me the foundation of being a good teacher is having a good lesson plan. We've had more time to look at how we set things up, how we teach."

Photos of men who have taught Harbaugh loom all around him. In one, he and Reid, both wearing Hawaiian shirts, greet each other at the 2009 Pro Bowl. In another, he stares intently as O.J. Brigrance, the Ravens director of player development, who is stricken with Lou Gehrig's disease, addresses the team in the locker room.

Across the suite on a bulletin board are drawings by his daughter, Alison, a fourth-grader. One features a happy-faced cow, another a smiling deer and bunny. His favorite is a rectangle design that looks like a maze. He's learning lacrosse from Alison, who totes a stick around their Reisterstown home.

But even his lovely office is tainted by an 800-pound Roethlisberger in the room, if you will. Harbaugh's gone 2-6 against hated Pittsburgh.

"We've gotta find a way to beat the Steelers," he says. "We've gotta get so much better than them that we bury them the next time we play, and then we come back and bury them again and again. Whatever we gotta do to put our foot on their throat and not let them up. When you walk out there and 75,000 Terrible Towels are waving and they've got the music going, that song they do by Styx, 'Renegade'—I hate that song! But it gets you fired up because you want to be in that situation."

Oddly, the two tussles with Pittsburgh won't be the most anticipated games on the Ravens schedule. Instead, it will be the so-called Harbaugh Bowl on Thanksgiving, when two brothers will face each other as head coaches for the first time in NFL history. Emotions will run high.

"I love him," Jim says. "He's been my role model, my best friend. I'm forever proud that he is my brother."

Harbaugh feels the same, but expresses it his way.

"We were in the same room for 16 years, and we had to draw a tape line. If you stepped across, there was a fight. The last time we fought, I was 27. He was the quarterback for the Bears. He got up to 6'4", 230 pounds. I was 195, something like that. He takes us on vacation to Florida, we're on the beach and we get into this wrestling match."

The fiercest of competitors, yet the closest of allies, rolling around in the sand. The picture is painted.

"It's getting a little aggressive and works its way over to the water. He gets a shot in, I get a shot in. I'm starting to think maybe I can hang with the big little brother. Next, he grabs me in a headlock, picks me up, and slams me into three feet of water."

"My head is on the sand underneath the water. Of course, he's not going to drown me, but I'm thinking maybe he's snapped. My dad's trying to pull him off, but he's too strong. I'm going to drown. Before I died, he pulled me up. He didn't do mouth-to-mouth—that

would have been against the rules. I then realized I'm never going to fight my brother again. He's too big."

When the laughter dies down, Harbaugh quickly adds that on Thanksgiving night, the outcome will be different.

"This time I'm going to have his head under the water, and the little bubbles are going to be coming out," he says. "It's gonna be big. I can't wait."

Win or lose—or, as Harbaugh matriarch Jackie says, "If it ends in a tie, wouldn't that be wonderful?"—John Harbaugh will have one hell of a story. **B**

MIKE UNGER is a contributing writer for Baltimore.

#### VISIT THE ARCHIVES

➔ [baltimoremagazine.net/archives](http://baltimoremagazine.net/archives)

**The Buck Stops Here**, April 2011

*A profile of Orioles manager Buck Showalter.*

**Purple Heart**, September 2009

*An intimate look at Ravens linebacker Ray Lewis.*

"BEING  
A GREAT  
COACH  
IS BEING  
A GREAT  
TEACHER."



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 121

## ★ JEFF LATING ★

*Professor of psychology at Loyola University, who went to New York to counsel survivors of the attacks*

I was at Loyola, teaching an 8 a.m. class that ends at 9:30. When the class let out, the thing that struck me was that it was very unusual to have a television in the area where we work, and people were watching this all unfold. It was pretty overwhelming.

On campus, I believe that you try to do three things in the aftermath of a traumatic event. You try to foster a sense of social cohesion, you try to get people good information, and you try to develop an action plan. As far as social cohesion, they held a noon mass, which they typically do, but it had an overflow crowd, so people were looking for that sense of being with other people.

We have a lot of undergraduates from New York and New Jersey, so a lot of their parents were directly impacted. The counseling center was working with a lot of students, trying to provide information and support. I'm the director of our doctoral program in psychology and, that day, we brought our students together for a colloquium and thought about what we could do to help. They volunteered to be present that evening in the dorms, in case students wanted to talk.

I have a background in traumatic stress, and I'm a faculty member for the International Critical Incident Stress Foundation. I had just started doing some consulting work with the U.S. Secret Service. The Secret Service headquarters were located at 7 World Trade Center, the building that collapsed on the afternoon of September 11 as a result of the damage to the towers. So, very early Thursday morning, September 13, I left to go to New York to work with agents and support staff that had been in the building when it collapsed.

It was surreal. On the ride up, I could see the smoke and, once we arrived, I was quickly talking to people who had been in the building.

Part of the purpose that I had was to normalize the reactions they were having, which was consistent with people who'd been exposed to an unexpected event of this magnitude. What so impressed me was the sense of social cohesion and resiliency of the people that work there and their ability to provide information to each other and develop a plan to help each other. Overwhelmingly, the agents were anxious to get back to work.

## ★ DOUGLAS BOTHNER ★

*Architect at Ziger/Snead, co-designer of the Baltimore 9/11 memorial*

I took a job at Ziger/Snead in December, 2000, and was at a progress meeting for a church project with Steve Ziger, the firm's partner. Suddenly somebody opened up the door, interrupted the meeting, and said a plane just hit the World Trade Center. All of us looked at each other, not really understanding what that meant.

We thought maybe it was just a small jet—that happened to the Empire State Building once. So, we went back to our meeting.

At 9:03, somebody stuck their head in and said a plane hit the second tower. At that moment, the magnitude of what was happening hit everybody. Steve and I took a very long drive home listening to the radio. At 9:37, they said the Pentagon was hit, and we were shocked, but we were still kind of in a bubble. It was a beautiful day, and so there was this counterpoint between listening to something and trying to process it. I was cataloging all the people I knew in New York and where they worked, and would they be near it.

When we got to the office, every computer was tuned in to CNN, and we spent the day watching video and talking with family. I learned the most shocking thing that night, at around 7 p.m., when I got a call from my father that one of his best friends, Bob LeBlanc, was on Flight 175 that hit the north tower. That's when the world came crashing down for me personally. I grew up with his kids.

I went up to New York the next weekend. We saw the smoke rising from ground zero, and then spent time with family out on Long Island. For a number of weeks, we were back-and-forth.

In December of last year, the Maryland State Arts Council put out a national request for proposals for the 9/11 Memorial of Maryland, and we jumped on it. Even back in 2001, I felt drawn to the idea of doing something. When this RFP came out, it was an opportunity to fulfill my personal goal—and Steve's too—of doing something important in response to the 9/11 tragedies.

Probably like no other project, this one coalesced very quickly. In November, Governor O'Malley had appointed a commission to go to New York and pick an artifact from the hangar where all of the World Trade Center steel resides. We decided to leave this torn and twisted piece of steel horizontal, and present it on a base that serves as a resting place. We're placing it on Pratt Street, in front of the Baltimore World Trade Center, which is a busy place, but we provided a little closure, intimacy, using an aerial hedge.

The artifact is from New York, but the memorial is about 9/11, the day, and so the sun and the time, and all of the events, we decided, should be somehow encapsulated in this memorial. We located the base in such a way that the shadow of the building strikes the base at 8:46 in the morning, the time that the first tower was struck, and marches across and will mark the events until 10:28 a.m., when the north tower falls.

The east side of the memorial will still be in the light at 10:28 and it's on that side that the names of the victims from Maryland are engraved in stone. The idea of having the names in the light goes back to the idea that even in the darkest hour, there's always some glimmer of hope that keeps you moving forward and gets you through it. And to us, the memory of those individuals' and their lives and how we remember them is what lets us move forward. It'll be dedicated September 11, 2011. ■

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