

September 11, 2011

9-11

Nine Eleven

2001

*It is four o'7~ 4:07 in the afternoon. It is Sunday. It is the 10<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of the attack on the great towers of New York City. The twins~ those two awesome skyscrapers who stood above our beautiful city. I say "our" because I became a New Yorker on that day.*

*I am not watching television, at least not yet. I do not need T.V. to jar my memory. I remember it all, as if it were yesterday. Landing in New York at 2:30 in the morning~ coming in from Canada to spend my one day off in New York. Looking forward to playing Radio City Music Hall~ one of my favorite places to play. Driving into the city from the airport~ excited~ it's always a romantic drive for me~ like something wonderful could happen~ New York City~ just like I pictured it. Awesome. Awesome...*

*And awesome it was. Arriving at the world famous Waldorf=Astoria Hotel. Famous people live there. Political dignitaries live there. Wallace Simpson and the ex-King of England~ lived there for 5 years in the suite with the 3 great arched windows. History oozes from its great walls. When you are there~ you are part of history. We got to our suite at about 4 in the morning~ the very grand~ all dark wood suite~ we unpacked~ the sun was coming up over the city~ the 4 windows in the living room full of pink light~ extraordinary pink~ bathing the brown Bosendorfer in light~ the sun is up~ it is 7:30. I say to the girls~ "Maybe we should just go out now and have breakfast and go shopping~ and sleep later. I was looking out one of the windows at the city that was now full of people and cars and cabs and limousines~ crazy energy~ and we laughed, realizing how tired we were after 2 shows in a row and the flight from Canada... Maybe a little sleep would help~*

then we'll hit the streets. Sulamith Wulfinf and I went to bed~ dreaming of going out later~ maybe finding a little diamond something~ and off we went to sleep.

Right after the second plane hit the second tower, Karen woke me. I don't remember exactly what she said. I just remember jumping up and running to the window where I had stood 3 ½ hours before. Looking down at that same street, no cars, no cabs, and no people. Just empty. Not beautiful~ just frighteningly silent. No way out~ just fear.

Karen was on the phone with my manager Sheryl. She had been on the phone with her when the plane hit the first tower. Because of that~ we had a line out to the world. Sheryl was able to have someone call our parents and my band in Canada and let people know we were all right.

The Waldorf went into lock down. It is the presidents hotel, so lock down is something they do well.

Then we waited. We turned on the big T.V. in the living room and watched ~ and watched~ and watched.

Because we were hooked up to T.V. all over the world~ we saw things that I think most people didn't see. Spanish T.V.~ people actually jumping. That was momentary~ pulled immediately by the networks. The first newspaper with a horrid image on the front page~ not seen again. We kept the newspaper.

As the hours went by we, like everyone else in the city who wasn't close to ground zero~ we just sat and watched T.V. and cried. I never left the suite. From Tuesday afternoon to Friday night when we drove away to Atlantic City I just sat in front of the T.V. and cried. The sunsets were extra beautiful. All that dust and smoke makes sunsets and sunrises more beautiful. Like smoke on stage makes the lights more beautiful. After that, soon after that actually, I developed an allergy to dust and smoke. I don't use smoke on my stage anymore. It shuts down my throat~ I can't sing in it~ and it's not beautiful.

*It's 4:58p right now~ the devastation I felt that day is starting to creep in. My throat is starting to close up~ and my eyes are starting to fill with tears.*

*I guess that's how it will always be. All those people lost. All those families ruined. All those hearts broken. I was 20 minutes away. I did not lose a best friend or a child or a lover. But part of my heart went down with those towers...*

*And that will never change...*

*Stevie Nicks*

*9-11-11*