

FORTUNATE
A PERSONAL DIARY OF 9/11

Janette MacKinlay

FORTUNATE

A PERSONAL DIARY OF 9/11

Janette MacKinlay

*Dedicated to my family, friends, fellow survivors,
rescue workers, volunteers, the people of New York City
and all those who lovingly helped me with this project.*

© Janette MacKinlay 2003

Published by Janette MacKinlay & Friends

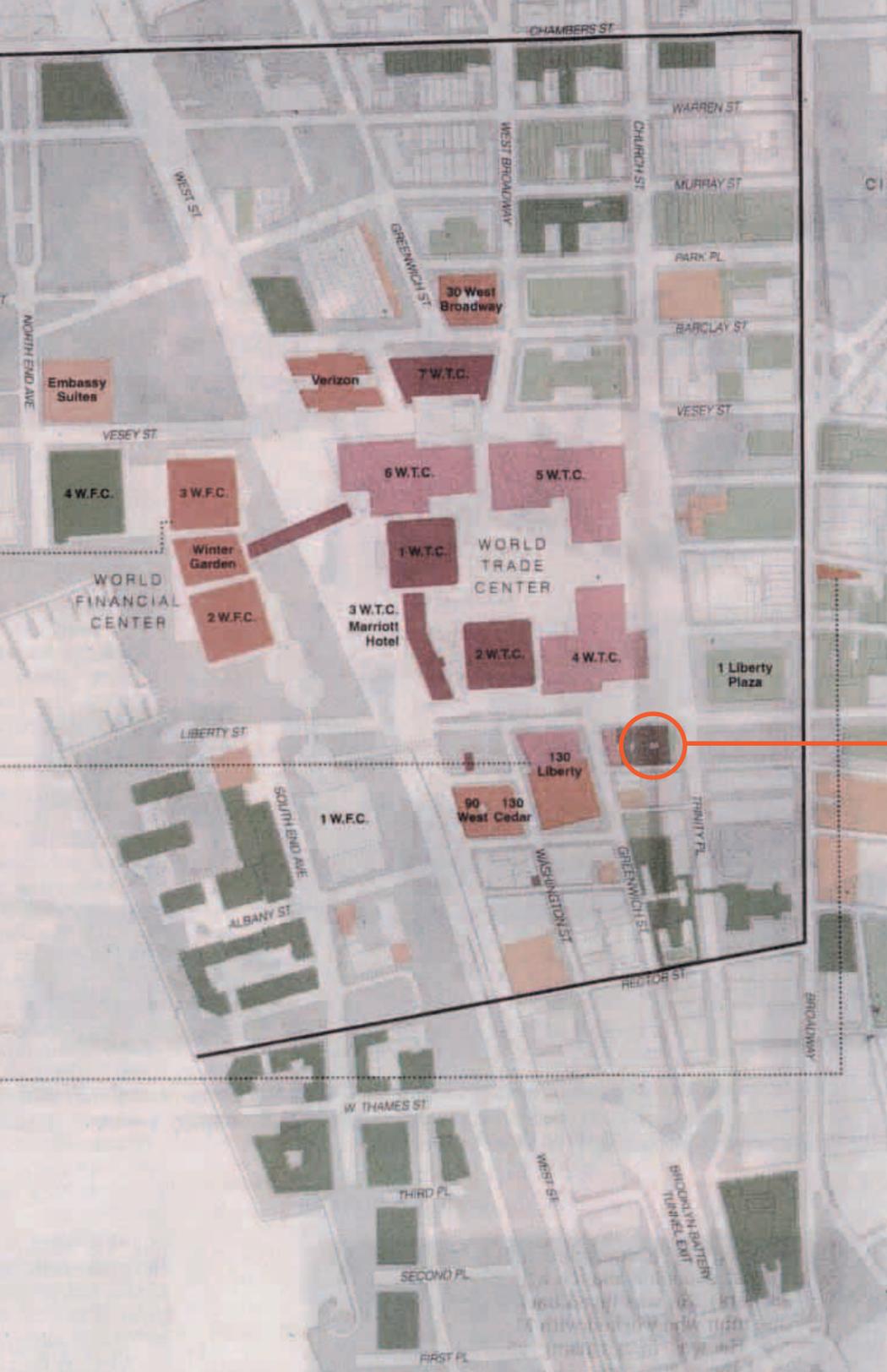
www.theneedtoremember.com

ISBN 0-9743498-0-1

Time passes and I am still coming to grips with the profound experience of September 11, 2001.

I have assembled a collection of photographs and commentary that is a diary of sorts of remembrances and feelings, which I would like to share with you.

I moved to New York in September of 1997 with sculptor Jim Lecce to curate art shows featuring both New York and California artists. What was initially going to be a three-month stay turned into four years. Our art loft was directly across the street from the World Trade Center complex.



110

LIBERTY STREET

Living across from the WTC was always something we were proud of! We always felt “on the map.” It was the center of the universe as far as we were concerned.

OUR FRONT DOOR

was maybe 100 feet from the entrance to World Trade Center Four. I started most mornings at the Fitness Club on the 22nd floor of the Marriott Hotel, better known as World Trade Center Three. I would walk through the complex to get to "my club". It was a buzz just getting there... being part of the hustle. I loved it up there! It had a view of the Statue of Liberty, the Hudson and New Jersey. Pretty nice way to start a day.

I don't think there was even one day that I wasn't in the World Trade Center complex for one thing or another. All the buildings were connected by an underground "mall", so once you entered the complex you were actually in what amounted to a little city with shops, restaurants, coffee shops, banks, subways, a half-price ticket booth for Broadway shows, and entrances to three of the subway lines.

One could have just stayed there, but having all those subway lines so close by made it very easy to go anywhere in Manhattan. So we did. I completely indulged myself in the arts and culture New York has to offer. And of course all the restaurants. My life was one of working out, going out, eating out. I'm very thankful for all my New York experiences.

A lot of deserted office space in Lower Manhattan had been converted into "live-work" lofts. When we moved in 1997 we were part of a pioneer spirit to bring arts and culture to lower Manhattan. The Lower Manhattan Cultural Arts Commission was located in WTC 6 and they focused on organizing cultural events and performances in the plaza, in the Palm Court at the World Financial Center and by the Hudson.



When bands performed you could hear the music from our loft.



9-11-

2001

8:45 AM

found me at my desk taking care of business and writing e-mails to friends. I felt the tremendous shock and heard the big BOOM of what I initially thought was a bomb. Within seconds I could see the flames and saw people pouring out of WTC4. I immediately told Jim he needed to get up because there was *really something* going on “over there.”

From the very beginning we never perceived that we were in danger. The danger remained “over there”. But only for the next 80 minutes. Little did I know these were to be the last 80 minutes of our beloved “nyartloft.”



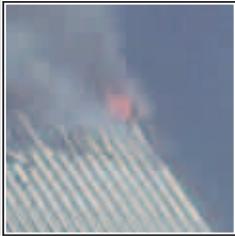
Jim wanted to take pictures with the digital camera, but the card was full! So I started deleting images to make room for the photos of history unfolding before our eyes. He was even poetic as he pointed out the papers streaming out of the building looked like “GIANT SNOWFLAKES.”

I called my son Mark in California to alert him of the situation taking place across the street, but mainly to assure him there was nothing to worry about. I told him the media was going to make another circus out of this, but not to worry. Jim and I were safely watching everything from our window.

Does this mean the subways are going to be screwed up? I called my friend Diane Troy who lives about 6 blocks away to alert her to possible disruptions in the subway service. She called back and told me to turn on the TV; that a plane had crashed into the building. The first reports suggested it was a small plane. We imagined “some idiot” getting off course. Does it mean the dance performance is going to be canceled? We had plans to see a dance performance in the plaza that evening with our friend Sara, who is a dancer. When Sara called to see if I was OK, I told her I would talk to her later in the day about our plans.

BOOM NUMBER TWO

Another plane! My God! It's terrorists! More and more firemen. Thank goodness.



Jim was fixated on the events out the window. I would look out every once in awhile, but it made me nervous. Every time I looked out the window

I thought of Bruno—my French friend who had his offices on the 47th floor of Tower 1—and prayed he was safely out. I tried to reach him on his cell phone to tell him that he and his employees should come over to our place, where they would be safe!

I was wondering if they were going to force us to evacuate. Since I saw that as a possibility, I began to “tidy the place up,” so I wouldn’t have to come back to a mess. I spent my time doing the dishes. I also changed the water in all of my flower arrangements so they would have fresh water if we were gone for a couple of days. After all, I didn’t want to come back to a messy place.



I had to prod Jim to get dressed. He was absolutely fixated with watching the events and taking pictures. He got dressed, however, to go down to the Management Office on the 3rd floor to get Charlie to monitor the burning papers landing on the roof. He

returned because “those dirty rats have evacuated!”



Meanwhile, Diane was calling for the fifth time insisting that we leave and go over to their

place— Jim was insisting on staying, after all we had ringside seats and they should be coming over to our place!



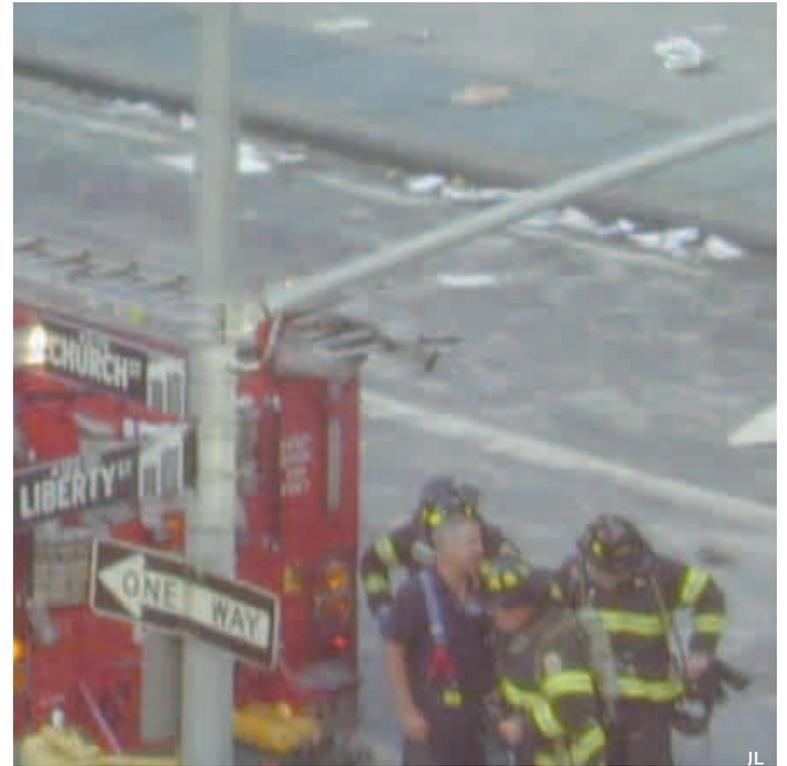
TERRORIST ATTACK



THE FIRE WAS GETTING WORSE, not better. I was beginning to wonder if the buildings were going to explode? Jim assured me that wasn't going to happen; "No, no, no, they are going to be burning all day, we are going to be watching this all day. O.K."



The firemen were on the scene and they were going to put it out.



I held on to that belief.





Shoes and other personal items belonging to the passengers on the planes were scattered around the neighborhood.



There was a feeling of PANIC as people poured out of the buildings and onto the streets only to encounter the dangers of falling debris and plane parts.

2
110
200,000
425,000
600,000
43,000

TOWERS

STORIES EACH

TONS OF STEEL

CUBIC YARDS OF CONCRETE

SQUARE FEET OF GLASS

WINDOWS

ONE ACRE
4,800,000

OF REINFORCED CONCRETE, EACH FLOOR
POUNDS, EACH FLOOR

TEN SECONDS IN SEPTEMBER



Jim's vigilance at watching the towers out our window paid off. When he saw Tower Two "begin to crumble like a waterfall of dust" he shouted,

"MY GOD, GET OUT OF HERE! THE WHOLE BUILDING IS COMING DOWN!"

I assumed we would die.

It was just a few seconds, maybe less than 10; from the time I felt danger to the time I realized we were still standing, unscratched. I give thanks to that angel on my shoulder. In talking to Jim about it, he said he was thinking:

"WHAT A SIMPLE WAY TO DIE... JUST HERE IN THE HALLWAY... NO HI-TECH APPROACH WITH TUBES EVERY WHICH WAY COMING IN & OUT OF YOUR BODY... JUST OVER IN A FEW SECONDS... JUST THAT SIMPLE."

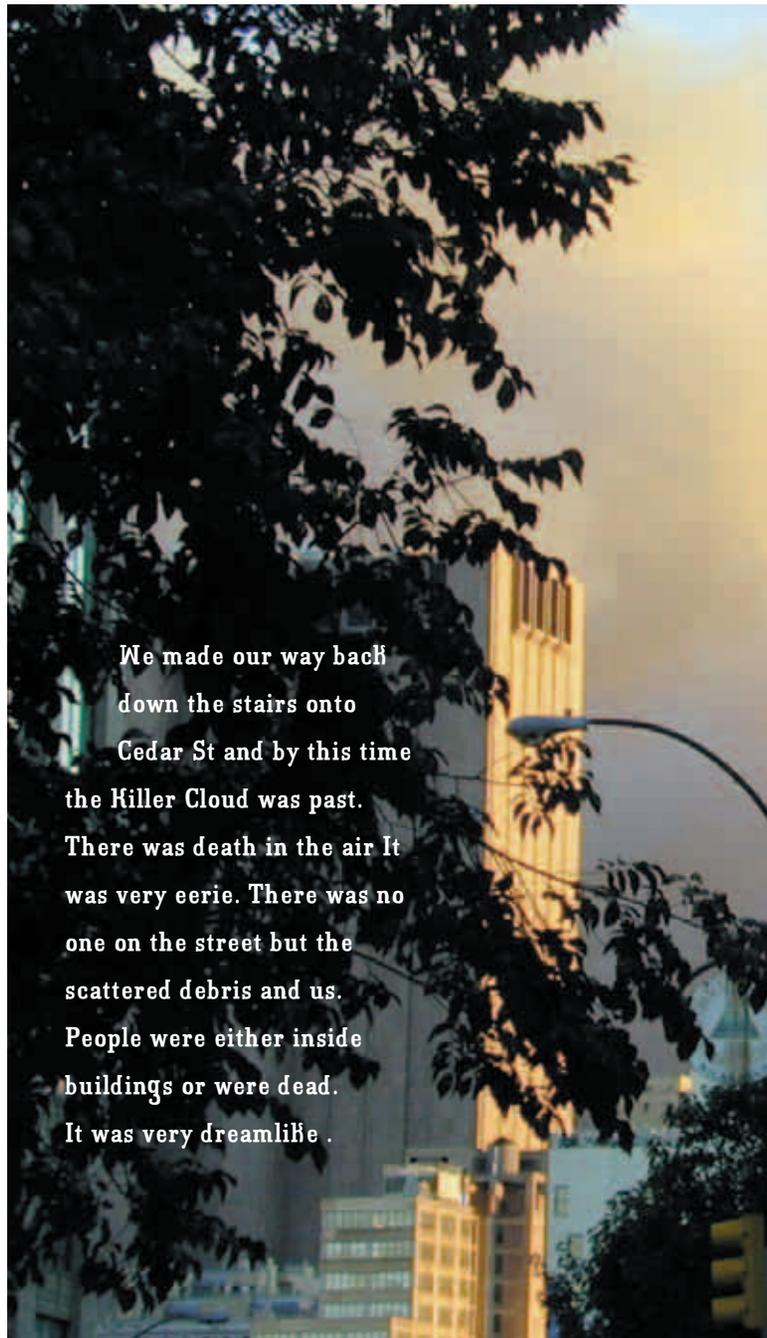
Our windows had exploded in, flooding the place with that killer dust and debris. We were in the safest possible place given the circumstances—we had made it to the doorway into the hall. We followed the logical escape route, down the back stairwell leading out onto Cedar St., a block south of the Trade Center.

Once we got down to the lobby the Killer Cloud had blocked out all sunlight and it was dark as night. It was not only dark, but was roaring down Cedar St. at 50 mph hurling concrete dust and flying steel beams.

People were struggling to get in. They resembled snowmen. Jim knew we would need to get wet towels to breath through. This was TERROR!!!

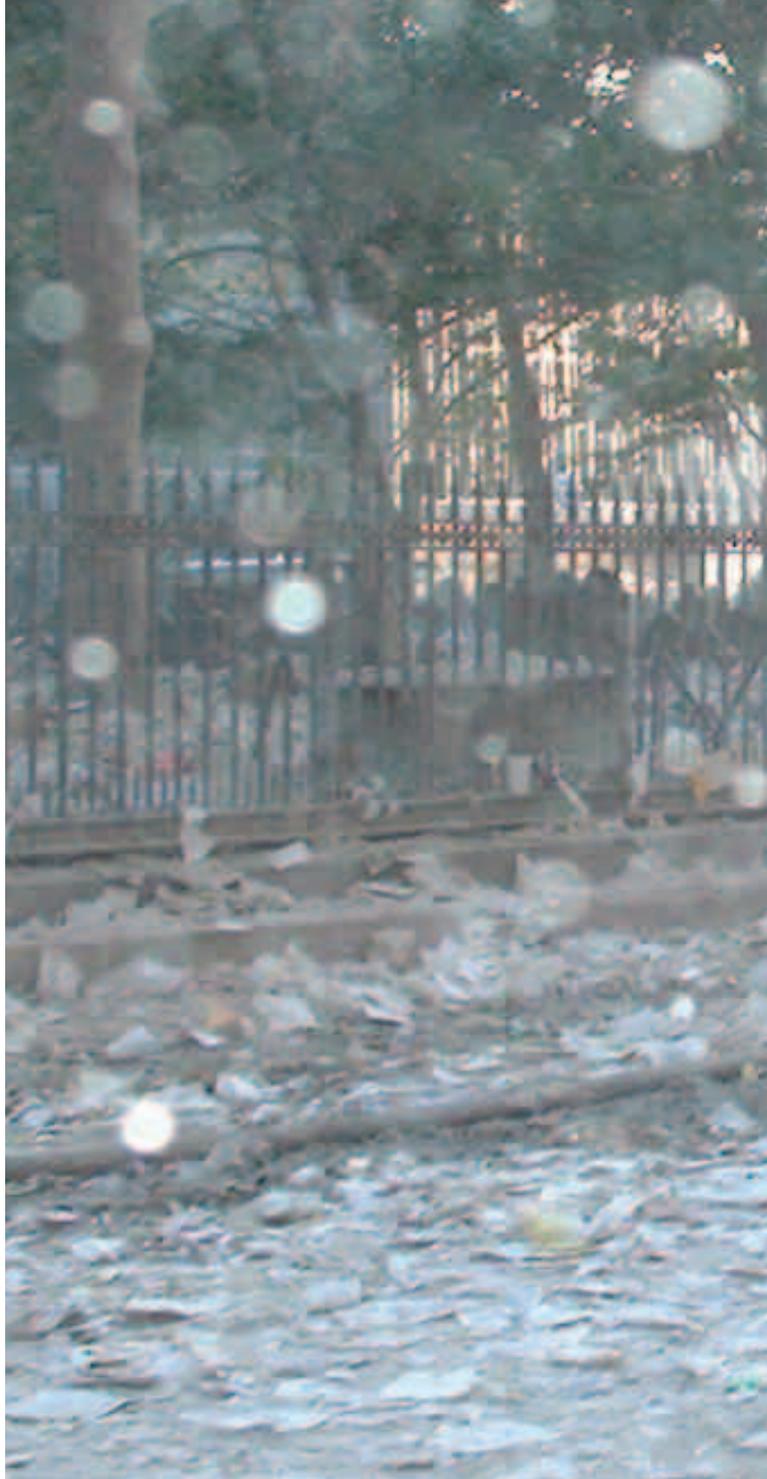
We went back up to our apartment for the towels. The Killer Dust was everywhere! We went on every floor hoping to find someplace that was free of the dust. It was everywhere. We checked the Liberty Street door—it was completely blocked with debris. Thank God, for two exits. We would have to get out on Cedar St.

I wondered how long it would take to die from inhaling that smoke and dust. What does it feel like? Was it something where you just sorta fainted and never knew what hit you? Was I dying right now?

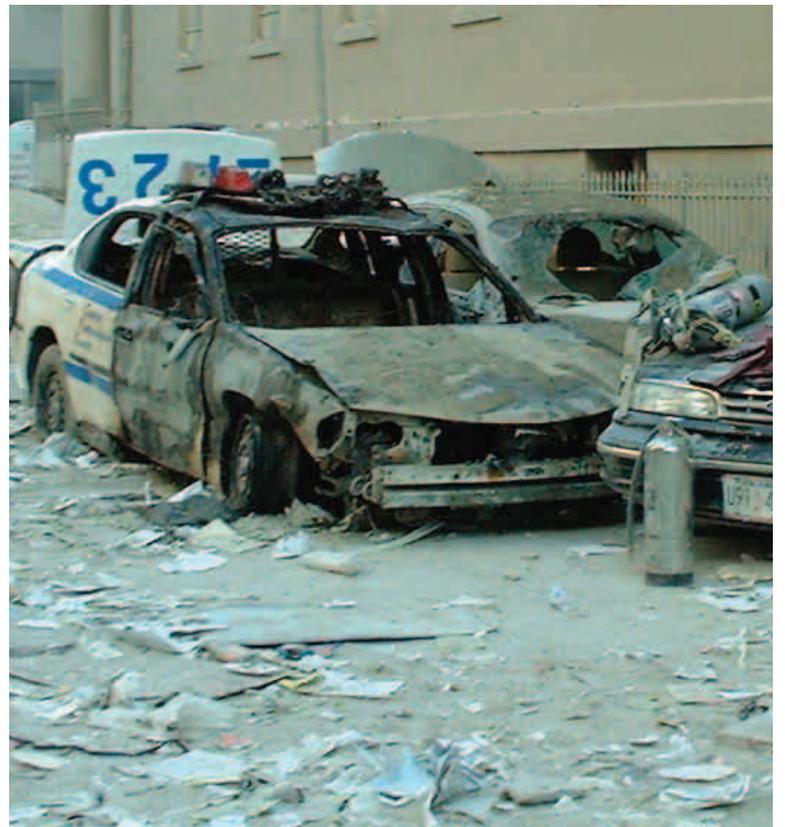


We made our way back
down the stairs onto
Cedar St and by this time
the Killer Cloud was past.
There was death in the air It
was very eerie. There was no
one on the street but the
scattered debris and us.
People were either inside
buildings or were dead.
It was very dreamlike .





All the cars were crushed. We were ankle deep in dust.
Everything was grey. But we were alive and moving.



Once we got to the corner and headed south, we started to see more firemen! Thank God, someone else is alive. All the time the air was heavy and thick with dust. Every step created a cloud.

We passed by **THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY'S**. People inside motioned for us to come in. A safe haven. Clean air! Other survivors! And fresh ice water! What a luxury! Police were monitoring the events. We were told the second tower was expected to come down and to avoid shattering glass we would have to go to the basement.

The idea of going to the basement scared me. As we went down I couldn't help but wonder if I would ever come out. I was scared broken gas lines would cause raging fires, or building would crash down on us. I was scared Jim would have a heart attack. I wondered about my boys in California. I hoped Bruno had gotten out. There were rumors; of the Pentagon, of the plane in Penn., of the Sears Tower.

Dear God, Please help us!

Rather than panic and despair, we both maintained an objectivity that we were "lucky," not only to be alive but also privileged to be eyewitness to an event that would change the course of history, to in some way be part of it... to really be there.



We were certainly fortunate to have been out of the way as the impact shattered our windows.

BOOM NUMBER FOUR

The second tower collapsed. Once again, we were still alive. This time we were away from the dust. The immediate danger was over. All phone lines were down. Cell phones not working. There was no outside communications. I knew people wanted to know Jim and I were OK but we were cut off from all communications.

Within an hour Lower Manhattan was being completely evacuated. We were instructed to go south to the Staten Island Ferry or go east and walk across the Brooklyn Bridge.

I insisted we walk north, back to our apt. to pick up essentials; Jim's medicine, my phone book, financial and legal papers, the camera, jewelry. Several times we were told by firemen to turn around but I insisted we go back to our place.

I was glad to see the building still standing! The elevator was still working. And we even took it up! I suggested we go one at a time, in case something happened, the other could go for help.

The apt was still filled with dust and smoke. From the windows we looked out on what had been the World Trade Centers. Now it was literally a living hell! The feeling of death hung in the air. Our new view was debris of twisted steel 4 stories high, just feet out our window. There were silver spikes 80 feet high piercing the pavement. And the greyness! Nothing but grey. Grey and silent. Ground Zero.



I needed to remind myself to keep moving. Who knows what might happen next. I packed a shopping basket and we left.

I had always joked about the gypsy life, but this time it was real!

This time we walked east. We were going to finally go over to Joe and Diane's, something we had now been talking about for three hours. The walk over took us through Liberty Park. The park was littered with steel beams, and flooded with office papers. There were personal items like shoes, briefcases, cell phones, everywhere! More shoes than anything. We even remarked on the enormous number of shoes. We were literally climbing over things to make our way through.

Church bells filled the air. The bells of Trinity Church were ringing! I knew "but for the grace of God go I." We were as shocked to be alive, as we were that the whole event had happened. I just kept thinking how lucky we were to be alive and thanking God!

Once we were a couple of blocks away we felt safe enough to stop for a "survivor" photo opportunity of me. I just wanted to get away from Ground Zero, get over there alive.



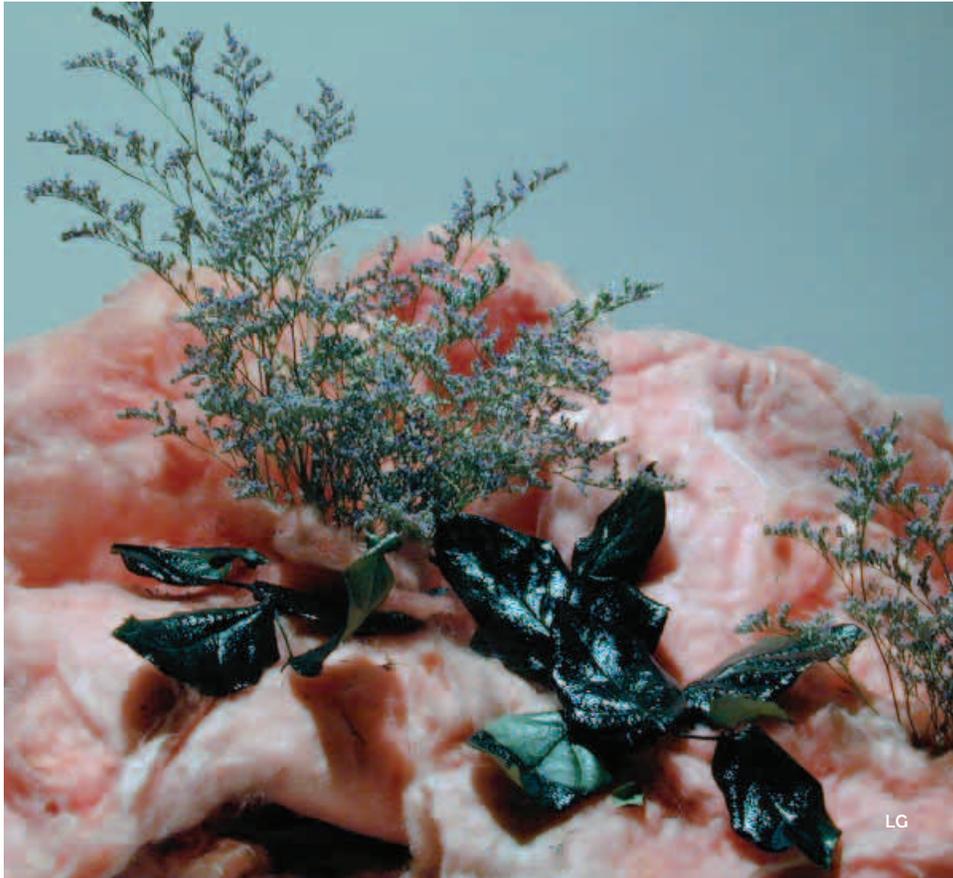
And we did! That was sure a happy reunion! They had been pretty worried. Joe was sure we were gone. We all told our stories over and over, trying to get ourselves to believe this was actually happening, and that we were actually part of it. We were still just four blocks from Ground Zero, but it was great to be inside, safe, with friends. And we could call out! I started making calls letting friends and family know I was safe. I talked to Bruno and found out he was safe at home, already being interviewed by French television. We spent the afternoon glued to the tube like the rest of the world.

They were saying all of Lower Manhattan should evacuate, but we all wanted to stay put.



THE DECISION WAS MADE FOR US IN LATE AFTERNOON,
AS THE POWER WENT OUT AS WORLD TRADE CENTER 7
COLLAPSED. WE WOULD NEED TO LEAVE.

ALL WE SAW WAS SMOKE



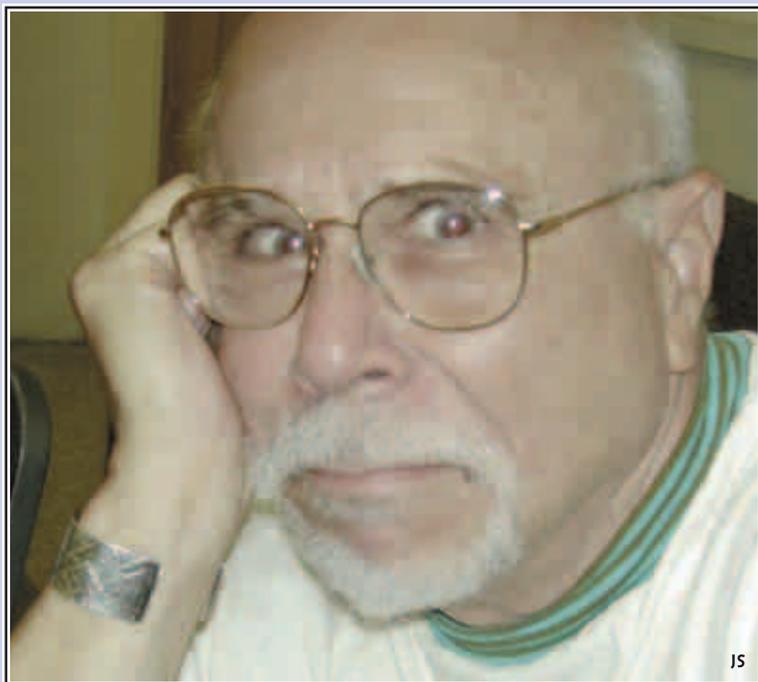
The four of us headed north to our next retreat; Ira Sapir's studio on 29th between 11th and 12th. There was no public transportation so we walked. The air was still quite thick with dust. As we passed New York University Hospital we picked up masks they were handing out.

It was early evening. It was a very slow, sad walk. I kept waiting for the smoke to clear, but it never did. We kept looking back at what had been the World Trade Centers, at what had been our home, and all we saw was smoke. But we were alive!

We were all very happy to get to Ira's. His studio, which is filled with art, is great, and so is he! We also had an instant support group! There were a couple more friends, Stacy and Tracy. They were also evacuated from their apt. on Greenwich. They had seen people jumping. I felt lucky to have been spared that. Through all of it, I never saw death. I knew it was there and that was enough in itself. We were happy to be with friends. We even had the luxury of our own room as Ira's roommate, Laney was stuck out of town.

We hardly saw Ira; he was down at Ground Zero, digging through the rubble with other rescue workers and volunteers. Looking for survivors. There really weren't any. It seems like you either lived or you died, there was no in-between.

But we were alive and with friends.



We stayed at Ira's until Friday. To my surprise, we were able to rent a car and leave NYC for a few days. We headed to the country where Jim had grown up in Williamsport, PA, several hours west of New York; back to his roots. We stayed with Jim's sister-in-law, Lorraine. Once again, we were well cared for, and had the luxury of our own loft.

Plus we discovered **VALUECITY**, a bargain hunter's heaven! Jim bought the first new clothes since I've known him (true statement!) and looked better than he'd ever looked. I couldn't shop... tears came to me for the first time... I had joked about the thrill of being able to go on a shopping spree, but when the time came I didn't want anything new, I wanted my own things!

We were in Williamsport five days; waiting for word that they were finally allowing residents back into their dwellings to retrieve personal belongings.

More good fortune! Jim's grandniece, Bradi, let us stay at her art studio in Brooklyn, which was great. Not only did it give us a place to stay, it gave a "staging area" for our rescued belongings.

Bradi's studio was in a Polish section of Brooklyn, called Greenpoint. Being there was an experience in itself. We might as well have actually been in Poland. Polish was spoken everywhere; the newspaper stands had one paper in English, *The New York Times*; other than that, everything was in Polish.



110

**LIBERTY STREET
APARTMENT #4C**



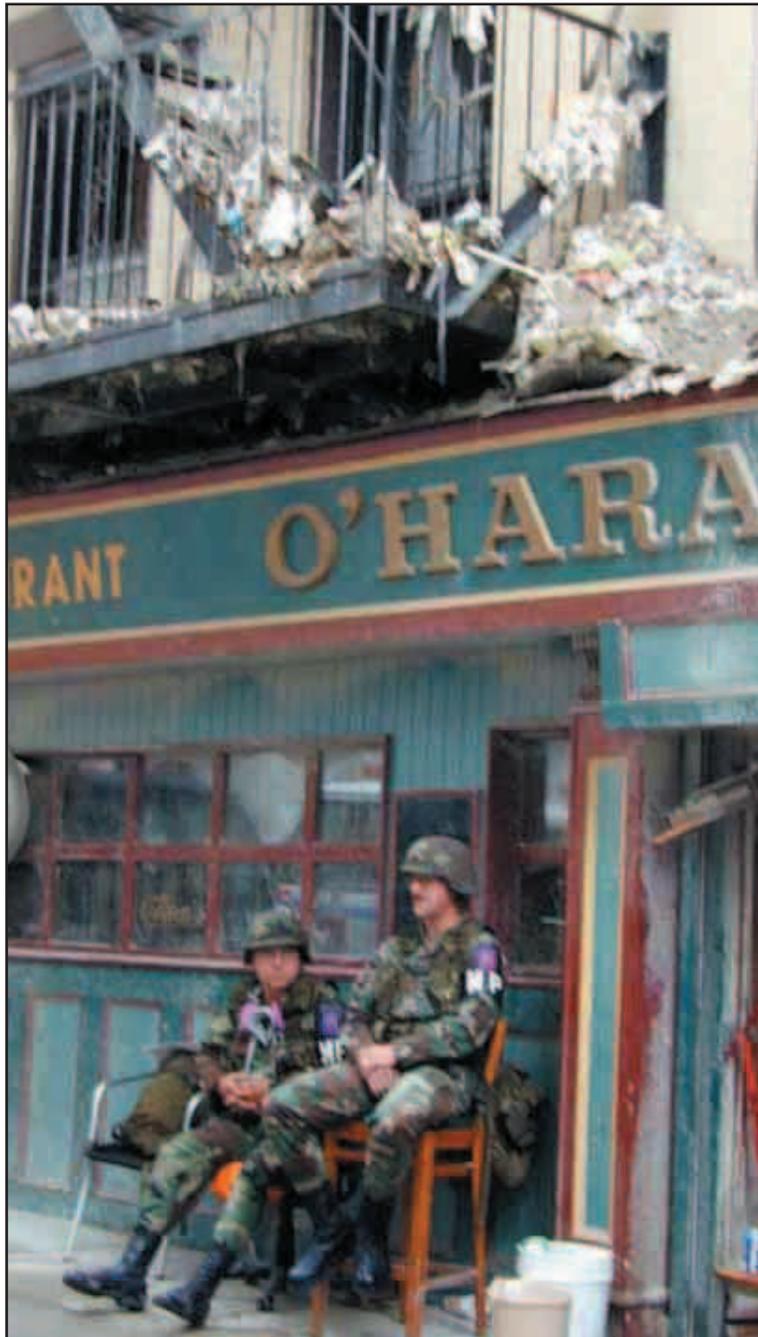


GD

We headed back to our place on Thursday, September 20th, nine days after the attack. It continued to be a living hell. It was a dark, rainy, miserable day; the weather matched the reality of the situation. The whole area surrounding our home was under “martial law” with National Guard and police everywhere. That’s the first thing you saw when you came up from the subway.

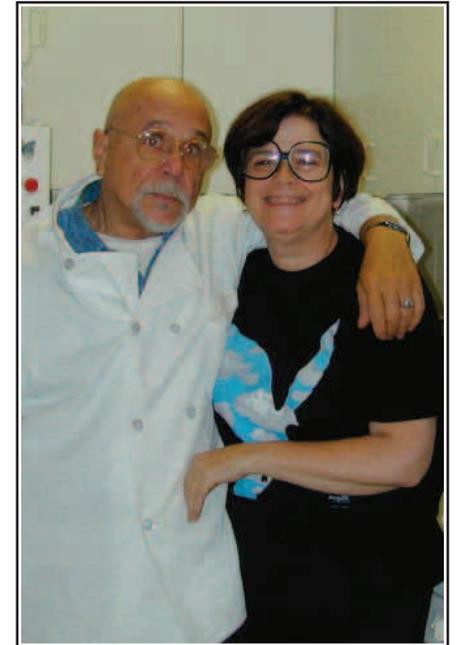


GD



The military presence shouted, **“WAR!”** It *felt* like war, just like that. I was actually at Ground Zero... it was always hard to believe it was actually me going through the experiences.

I always think back to the happy times and the vibrancy of the life Jim and I had. It was great living in Lower Manhattan. I was especially fond of our loft and friendly art type neighbors. Being across from Liberty Park was also quite enchanting. They had lights on the trees for a good part of the year, which made them sparkle at night. During the day the park was filled with Wallstreeters having lunch, relaxing for a moment.



DT

And all the public art! In the plaza, along the promenade, in the lobbies...everywhere actually. And the watch salesmen, the little old lady selling roses and batteries for “one daaaalar”.

And now a military zone! What a contrast.



The first step was to wait on-line for a police escort. I must say the police escorts were really great and were very sympathetic and helpful. A chain link fence at Broadway surrounded the area. We entered at that point and started the walk past Liberty Park. The trees and benches were completely demolished and the park was a staging area for the equipment and supplies being used at Ground Zero.



The whole scene was a big mess! And the sadness of it all hung over the area. I still feel that sadness and probably always will to a certain extent. As we approached the corner of our block, I saw the word "MORGUE" had been painted on the wall. My first thought was that our place had been used as a morgue, but I was wrong. I saw that the arrow was pointing to the high school.

I can't say it made me feel much better.



HOME AGAIN.



But we were alive and home again! The power was out and we were lead up the dark stairwell by a flashlight that our escort had. The front door was wide open, as was every door in the building.

We knew immediately we had been looted. Jim's important papers from his leather backpack in the closet were on the kitchen counter. The backpack was missing—so was the laptop. Guess they left together Lots of things were missing for lucky for us, they didn't care for our art!

When I saw the **"ALL GOOD"**—which is a comment from a Fire Department team referring to the fact that no dead bodies were found—I know that refers to me. I had one police officer tell me that if he had walked into our apartment he would have expected to find dead bodies.

Once again, I was aware of how close we were to dying.





**THE VIEW NOW WAS OF CRANES, BULL-
DOZERS, AND TRUCKS, EXACTLY AS SEEN
ON TV. HOW SURREAL! IT WAS A LIVING
HELL! SURVEYING OUR PLACE WITH THE
BROKEN GLASS AND TONS OF DUST MADE
US SENSITIVE TO THE FRAGILITY OF LIFE.**

ALL THAT REMAINS



LG



DT

The return to the place was hell... a living hell. We knew what to expect because we had seen it about an hour after the towers came down, but it was still a grim reality that had to be faced. There was a layer of dust on everything. I am going to be haunted by dust for the rest of my life. Every single CD has dust inside... every single one! Amazing! The dust went everywhere. Every single piece of paper in every single file folder is covered with dust. I always feel the presence of human remains in the dust—it's just a feeling I get—for that reason I have a sense of "respect" when dealing with it. Also, tremendous sadness; all along the dust seemed to have a emotional impact on me.





Getting our stuff was one thing; figuring out what to do with it was another. The rescue was actually difficult physically. I packed our rolling suitcases with art, Ikebana containers and clothing, and dealt with the reality that it had to be carried down four flights of stairs. Since it was impossible to get vehicles anywhere close it was necessary to struggle to get through crowds of sightseers taking photographs, to get to the nearest subway stop ten minutes away. My head was absolutely swirling as I left; swirling with disbelief, grief, and sadness. I was interviewed by a reporter. I wonder what I said?

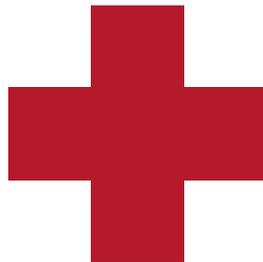
Once reaching the subway, I entered the maze of stairs, tunnels, and transfers to get back to Brooklyn. Once out of the subway I took either a bus or a car service, whichever happened first, to Bradi's studio, where everything was then cleaned.

I went back to the apartment 16 times; twice with Jim, once with Mile, once with Ben, once with Joe, once with Diane, once with Chuck Hinman, once with Sara, and 8 times alone. I was sure grateful for the help and glad I was able to recover at least some of my treasures.

I kept seeing on television that the Red Cross was offering housing assistance. So on Saturday we made the trek over to Pier 90 at 54th Street to investigate. The last time I was at Pier 90 had been in the spring, for an International Art Show. Now it was a Red Cross Disaster Relief Center.

The walkway into the building was a memorial wall with the photos of the victims who were missing. It brings tears to my eyes just recalling it. It was overwhelming to be there with thousands of other victims. People had lost loved ones, their jobs, their homes, and they were all there. The impact of all that emotion was staggering.

All kinds of services were provided: FEMA, Red Cross, Salvation Army, Food Stamps, Insurance Companies, etc. Childcare was provided while the parents dealt with the paperwork and waited in lines. The lines were long, so was the wait.



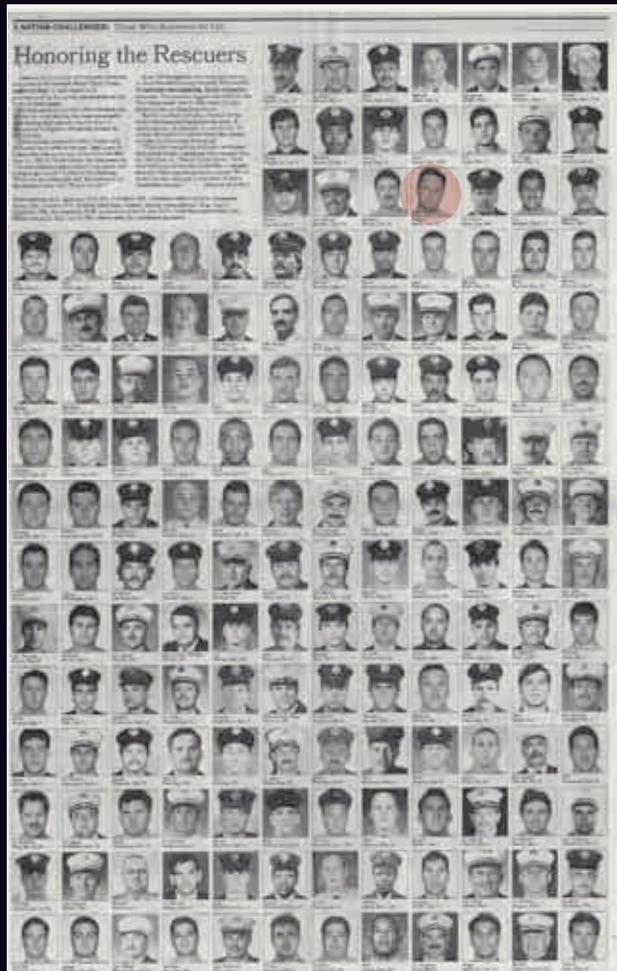
The Red Cross provided a first rate meal, morning, noon, and night, serving between 25-35,000 meals a day. It was quite amazing. The chef from the world renowned *Windows of the World* co-coordinated the effort. The buffet table was graced with huge flower arrangements. The food was in chafing dishes and was served by volunteers with uniforms and chef's hats. A typical buffet breakfast included an assortment of sweet rolls, muffins, bagels, cereal, oatmeal, fresh fruit salad, scrambled eggs, bacon, sausage, pancakes, and waffles. Lunch and dinner were just as lavish. The tables all had tablecloths, a fresh floral arrangement, and a box of Kleenex.

Sometimes the boxes were empty. So many tears!

IN GRATITUDE



There was a section with perhaps 30 computers with Internet access. I was a regular there, keeping in touch with friends by e-mail. I also used their free telephone lines. As if all that wasn't enough, they even had massages. I had three massages. It was heavenly. I talked to a lot of people and was absorbed by their stories. I found a great deal of comfort from going there.



It's hard to write about the firemen. Two firemen lived in our building, Arthur Barry and Paul Keating. I read their obituaries today, and cried. We had gone to their Halloween Party last year, and I would see them occasionally in the elevator. There was also a firehouse on our block, which I passed almost daily.



The doors to **FIREHOUSE 10** were always open and the firemen were always there. Having them there always made me feel safe. Five of them perished and their firehouse has suffered major damage and is off limits. The members are scattered among three companies and division headquarters. The profound sadness I feel over all of this is beyond words.

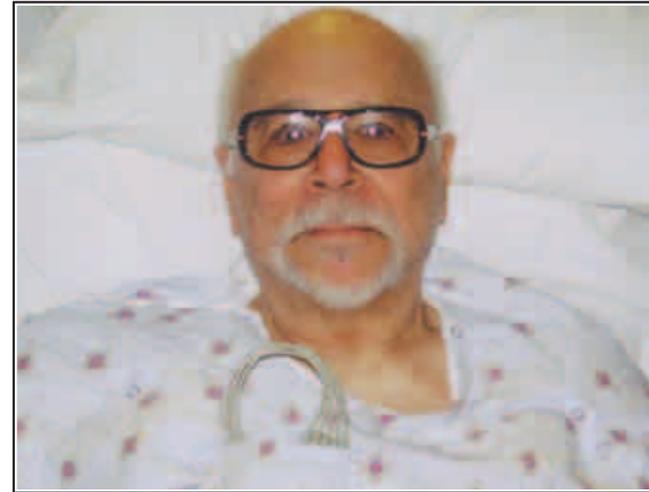
I missed being in Manhattan and was happy when the Red Cross provided us with a room at the Empire Hotel across from Lincoln Center, away from the constant reminders of the disaster. Lincoln Center is so beautiful at night, and the buzz of patrons rushing to the Opera was uplifting. One of our favorite restaurants, Shun Lee, was just around the corner, so we became regulars.

We originally had a very small room but Jim was able to charm the manager into upgrading us to a suite. I was even able to do a few Ikebana arrangements around the room. The disaster relief center often had bouquets of flowers to take so I would have flowers to "play" with in the hotel. That always made me feel better.

I still wanted to enjoy some of the attractions that I hadn't gotten around to doing yet. I mentioned to a friend of Jim's that I still wanted to go to a David Letterman show. We almost fainted when she said she had connections and could get tickets for us. And sure enough a couple of days later we were sitting in the audience when Hilary Clinton was his guest! It was just what the doctor ordered for our moods. We were enjoying ourselves again!

Jim's heart condition was worsening and I was scared he would die. Walking was very difficult for him. I had begun to say things like, "I just want one thing from you today. Don't die! whatever you do, don't die!" I teased him on a regular basis about watching that tower come down before his eyes,

"If that didn't kill you, nothing will". I think it might have killed me to actually see it! I know my heart stopped when he said it.



EC

Jim left for Raleigh on October 2 to seek medical care at Duke Medical Center. He has had two heart attacks and three hospital stays. He is currently out of the hospital, on the mend and expected to be up to his old tricks soon.

I stayed for two more weeks, continuing to rescue belongings, and packing it all to ship back to California where I continued to maintain an apartment.

As I look back on the 5 weeks of being displaced in New York, the kindness and generosity of the people of New York will always stand out in my mind, and I will be eternally grateful. Even on the walk up to Ira's we had complete strangers on the street, seeing our dusty condition, approach us and offer us

their homes. A couple of days later, while having lunch at Commune, I mentioned to our waiter that we were displaced and the manager immediately came over to inform us that everything was "on the house."

One of my saving graces in life has been that no matter how bad the circumstances, or how sad and depressed I am, I will always make time for enjoying myself with friends. I had lots of moral support from friends. Joe and Diane were there all the time! We got together quite often and had dinners together. They had helped me on several rescue missions back to the apartment and had taken some photographs for me. My farewell dinner was at Zoe's in Soho. We enjoy sitting up and the counter and watching the preparation of the food. It's always so interesting watching all that food go by. This has always been one of our favorites.

Dorhey and her husband Ting were especially supportive. They lived in Battery Park City, just west of the World Trade Centers, and were also displaced. They were staying in a charming Bed and Breakfast in the West Village. She had a wonderful dinner party which included other friends who were also displaced. My friend Sara came and I was happy to see her. It was the first time I had seen her since the event. We had planned on attending a dance performance in the WTC Plaza the evening of 9/11.

It was comforting to have a home-cooked meal and do something that resembled "normal". It was quite elegant, complete

with soup, salad, and dessert. She really deserves a medal for getting us all together. Of course the conversation was anything but normal. Especially with over half of us out of our homes. It helped a lot to be with others who were "on the same page". And once again, it was actually fun. It was nice to know, given the immense amount of sadness I was feeling, I still had a little fun in me.



JL

And the most fun time of all was reserved for my last night in town. Bruno treated me to an evening at the Carlyle Hotel. I joined him and his wife Victoria for dinner. Woody Allen and the Dixie Land Band he sits in with were there that night. This was something I had wanted to do since I first came to New York four years ago. It was a treat for them also. Bruno lost his offices in Tower One and had to quickly find another office space and move forward with rebuilding. I think this was the first time he had taken time to enjoy himself. I loved every second of it and appreciated Bruno taking such good care of me.

I returned to Oakland, CA on October 16. Once again, I had moral support from friends and family. My youngest son Brian graduated from UC Santa Cruz in December and spent about a month at home. I was nice to have his company for a little while.

I immediately continued my Sogestu School Ikebana studies with Soho Sakai two days a week. I am so lucky to be in Soho's Study Group and experience not only her special genius and talent with flowers, but also the tremendous energy and talent of the other students. I have been able to express many of my emotions and feeling through a series of narrative flower arrangements that speak directly to my experiences in regards to September 11.

I was actually working with flowers the moment the towers came down. I put together an exhibition for the six month anniversary spotlighting these arrangements and Jim's photographs, "But For the Grace of God," which was exhibited at The Atelier of Famous Melissa & Co., in San Francisco, March 2002.

Time passes and I am still coming to grips with the profound experience of September 11, 2001.

STARS AND STRIPES



FORTUNATE

JANETTE MACKINLAY

DESIGN BY OWEN GJERTSEN

PRINTED BY AUTUMN PRESS, EMERYVILLE, CALIFORNIA

Special thanks to the many friends who worked on this projects.

Lise Gulassa, fellow artist and Ikebana buddy for the lovely photographs of my Ikebana memorial flower arrangements presented in this book.

My friends at Autumn Press for bringing this book to fruition.

Dan Ziegler for his invaluable and continuing moral support and help.

Kaarin Allisa for the design of my website, www.theneedtoremember.com

Alain McLaughlin for the photograph on the back cover.

I especially would like to thank Owen Gjertsen, my Graphic Designer, for his invaluable help in getting me started and keeping me going as I pieced together photographs and thoughts regarding this saga.

Owen, in turn, would like to thank Samantha Troy for her support and help, and for introducing him to Janette in the first place, after that Spalding Gray show on the old F Train.

PHOTOGRAPHIC CREDITS AS NOTED.

EC	ED CARUOLO
GD	GENE DALY
JD	JOE DISTEFANO
LG	LISE GULASSA
JL	JIM LECCE
JM	JANETTE MACKINLAY
AM	ALAIN MCLAUGHLIN
JS	JIMMY SMITH
DT	DIANE TROY



Janette MacKinlay has been involved in all aspects of the art world, as collector, patron, art commissioner, gallery owner, curator and now artist.

Since experiencing the trauma of 9/11 Janette now spends her time writing and creating narrative floral arrangements, as a therapeutic way to transform the trauma into images that offer comfort.

Her website, www.theneedtoremember.com is dedicated to art projects relating to 9/11 as a means of finding solace and healing through art and renewing the spirit through creative expression.

Proceeds from the sale of this book will be used to fund such artistic endeavors.