



I vividly remember the stunning, clear blue September sky that day. I drove in to the office like I had done many other times before, listening to my favorite FM radio show to get me laughing before work.

Then the laughter stopped. And the unimaginable happened.

The images on television cut us to the core. We stood transfixed as we watched our collective national innocence end right before our very eyes.

It's been hard to find our way forward since that tragic day.

A dozen years ago today, we were all faced with the horror of a day gone terribly awry. Sadness doesn't adequately describe the feelings from the day. I am not sure that the English language, elegant as it may be, has a word to describe it sufficiently. We certainly haven't had a lack of angry commentary over the years either.

Frankly, we'll never be able to fully comprehend the magnitude of the moment, the day, or the loss faced by countless families and loved ones.

We'll never be able to make amends, and we'll never have that time back with the people we loved so dearly. That is probably what hurts the most for many of us. And most importantly, we

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will never be able to right the wrongs, no matter how hard we try. It is a part of our experience now - sad as that may be.

But as I reflect on that day twelve years ago today, I am also reminded that the way forward really is crystal clear.

Finding our way forward doesn't involve meeting hatred with more hatred, nor does it involve becoming more jaded, more extremist, or more cynical. It is hard to find your way forward when you are living in more fear of the next tragic event. Let's face it: there will always be evil in our world. It isn't associated with one religion nor one dogma. It walks amongst us daily.

We can find our way forward by finding the love in our hearts to be open to the possibilities - to be strong yet understanding, to be aware of the challenges of our world without hiding from them. It involves breaking down walls - instead of erecting bigger ones.

As difficult as it may sound to many on a day that provoked so much hurt, pain, and suffering, love will move us forward. Let's not forget it. It might be the greatest gift and memorial we can build for the fallen and the greatest lesson learned from that tragic day in September.

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