

# The Human Toll of Terrorism



UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF STATE

ABOVE : OKLAHOMA CITY NATIONAL MEMORIAL



Greece

Russia

Philippines



Guatemala

Kenya

Spain



Japan

Colombia

Tanzania



Nicaragua

Northern Ireland

Turkey



Pakistan

United States

# Contents



## PART I SPEAKING FOR THE DEAD

- 4  
The Cry of Yildiz Namdar  
*Turkey*
- 6  
Richard Gabrielle  
*American*
- 8  
Held Hostage  
*Philippines*
- 10  
Ediborah Yap: My Hero  
*Philippines*
- 12  
Hilda Taylor  
*Sierra Leonean-American*
- 14  
Death of a Postman  
*Spain*
- 16  
Salman Hamdani  
*Pakistani-American*

- 18  
Inside the Inferno  
Tales of Death and Survival  
*Kenya and Tanzania*
- 20  
Inside the Inferno  
Recollections of August 7  
*Kenya*
- 22  
August 7, 1998 10:39 a.m.  
*Tanzania*
- 24  
Remembering Omagh  
*Northern Ireland*
- 28  
Michael Tarrou  
*Cypriot-American*
- 30  
The Right to Live in Peace  
*Guatemala and the United States*
- 32  
Louis Aversano  
*American*
- 34  
The Landscape of Violence  
*Colombia*
- 36  
A Dying Boy's Wish  
*Colombia*
- 38  
The Tokyo Gas Attack—Why?  
*Japan*

- 40  
Eyewitness to Madness  
*Japan*
- 42  
Death March  
*Russia*
- 44  
Shattered Lives  
*Pakistan*
- 46  
Firehouse  
*United States*
- ## PART II LEGACIES OF THE LIVING
- 50  
The Tower Infants  
*United States*
- 52  
Sara Harvey  
*Nicaragua and the United States*
- 54  
Enough Is Enough  
*Greece*
- 56  
Seeds of Peace:  
My Friend, The Enemy  
*United States*
- 58  
Oklahoma City and Memory  
*United States*

## Introduction



OVER TIME, the succession of terrorist incidents around the world becomes not merely shocking, but numbing. It is understandable, therefore, that we often take refuge in the necessary abstractions of news coverage: numbers killed, damage done, reactions of governments and security forces.

But human faces haunt every one of these stories.

Terrorism is evil because it is an affront to human life and universal values of civilization that we share in common. To condemn terrorism in this absolute manner does not mean that we ignore either the complexities of history or the specific political context in which it arises. It certainly does not mean that we dismiss the injustice and oppression that terrorists exploit. But it does mean that we never, never excuse terrorist acts because suffering and poverty and injustice persist in the world.

Sympathy for the underlying cause claimed by terrorists is all the more reason to reject their acts and seek their elimination. Terrorism should be defined, as one expert has written, “by the nature of the act, not by the identity of the perpetrators or the nature of their cause.”

Moreover, terrorists inevitably end up oppressing and killing far more of the people they claim to represent—including women and children—than any real or imagined enemy.

The stories and profiles presented here are not comprehensive, nor do they attempt to represent the extent or full dimension of the common threat of terrorism that all nations face today. Instead, *The Human Toll of Terrorism* is an attempt to record some of the individual accounts behind today’s headlines, to let family members and loved ones speak for those who can no longer speak for themselves.

In Part I, “Speaking for the Dead,” we present stories of some of those murdered by terrorists—and those who survived to tell us of their lives. Most of these are accompanied by factual information gleaned from the most recent edition of *Patterns of Global Terrorism*, an annual report that the U.S. State Department makes to the American Congress on terrorist activities in many countries around the world. Part II, “Legacies of the Living,” tells of individuals and organizations who are helping families recover from the trauma of terrorism, build a world free from violence, and preserve the memory of its victims.

The settings may vary—from Kenya to Turkey, Colombia to Pakistan—but the common thread of humanity remains. It is their faces and voices, their hopes and dreams, that we must never forget.

As Secretary of State Colin Powell has stated: “In this global campaign against terrorism, no country has the luxury of remaining on the sidelines. There *are* no sidelines. Terrorists respect no limits, geographic or moral. The frontlines are everywhere and the stakes are high. Terrorism not only kills people. It also threatens democratic institutions, undermines economies, and destabilizes regions.”

## The Cry of Yildiz Namdar



T u r k e y

IN JUNE 1999, at the trial of PKK terrorist leader Abdullah Ocalan, Yildiz Namdar brought the Turkish courtroom to tears as she described the murder of her husband, Murat. Namdar, a nurse, told what happened in 1995 when she was traveling with her husband, a non-commissioned officer, and her family on a highway in the Anatolia region of Turkey.

“Just before he was killed,” she testified, “he was on leave and we were planning to visit his mother. When we passed Erzincan, they stopped us and asked for our identity cards. These people, wearing uniforms of Turkish soldiers, looked odd. I was suspicious. I told Murat

that they were terrorists, but he was very calm. When we went further, we saw that they had surrounded the highway and stopped all vehicles on the road.”

### IS THIS HUMANITY?

“The children and my father were crying. They took him out. I begged, but they didn’t listen to us. These monsters don’t know anything but killing people....Where is the human rights and humanity?...We only want justice. Aren’t we human beings?”

“Murat was my husband, my everything. He didn’t discriminate between Turks and Kurds. I swear he didn’t make any discrimination. Is this humanity?”

*Yildiz and Murat Namdar married for love (above) and were the happy parents of an 11-month-old boy when Murat was killed by PKK rebels. Today Yildiz Namdar (right) is a nurse and an active member of the Turkish Mothers of Martyrs.*



Yildiz Namdar grew up in the eastern Turkish city of Erzinçan and married for love in a community where, as she said in a recent interview, “It is very rare to marry someone you love. You are usually married to someone you have never seen or know much about. But we were very much in love.”

At the time of her husband’s murder, she was 23 and Murat 25. They had a baby of 11 months who is now an eight-year-old boy.

#### CAMPAIGN OF TERRORISM

The PKK was founded as a Marxist Leninist party in 1974 with the public purpose of establishing an independent Kurdish state in southeastern Turkey. Although portraying itself as a nationalist movement, the evidence is strong that—in their ideological and cold-blooded fanaticism—the PKK more closely resembled Shining Path terrorists of Peru or Cambodia’s Khmer Rouge than any genuine movement for political freedom or cultural autonomy.

In April 2002, as part of a change in political tactics, the PKK changed its name to KADEK, or Kurdish Freedom and Democracy Congress. Despite its new label and attempts at a new image, the PKK-KADEK remains formally listed

as a terrorist organization by both the European Union and the United States.

In the 1980s and 1990s, the PKK launched a campaign of terrorism that, according to estimates, resulted in the deaths of more than 30,000 Turkish civilians.



The PKK especially targeted police, army, and security personnel, as well as public officials seen as representatives of the government, such as school teachers. In one of many similar accounts, PKK terrorists in April 1996 shot three school teachers at the Karatas Primary School in Kahramanmaraş. The bodies were discovered by students coming to class the next day.

The dramatic capture and subsequent conviction of PKK leader Abdullah Ocalan was a major turning point in Turkey’s battle against the PKK-KADEK. (Ocalan’s death sentence has been suspended pending results of an appeal to the European Court for Human Rights.)

In a recent interview, Yıldiz Namdar said that she wanted to reach out and support the victims of the September 11 attacks and other terrorist incidents around the world. “If terrorism is fought universally,” she said, “we may get results. There is no such thing as someone’s terrorist or some country’s terrorist. The terrorist is everyone’s terrorist—humanity’s terrorist. I wish I could literally come together with victims’ relatives from all around the world, embrace them, and try to relieve their pain.”

#### PATTERNS OF GLOBAL TERRORISM

In the early 1990s, the PKK moved beyond rural-based insurgent activities to include urban terrorism. Turkish authorities captured Chairman Abdullah Ocalan in Kenya in early 1999; the Turkish State Security Court subsequently sentenced him to death. In August 1999, Ocalan announced a “peace initiative,” ordering members to refrain from violence and requesting dialogue with Ankara on Kurdish issues.

*The mother of a Turkish soldier killed by PKK rebels weeps at her son’s grave (above).*



## Richard Gabrielle

A m e r i c a n

BY THE EVENING of that day of fire and ashes, September 11, Nicole Gabrielle, daughter of Richard Gabrielle, 50, who worked in the World Trade Center, felt a horrible sense that she had seen this all before. By an eerie coincidence, she had earlier worked as a production assistant and film editor for a documentary on the bombing of the federal building in Oklahoma City in 1995. And she remembered that in Oklahoma, the last survivor had been found at the end of the day. But Nicole couldn't bring herself to tell this to her mother, Monica Gabrielle.



Monica Gabrielle, born in Germany, moved to Long Island, New York, in 1956, where she grew up in the small, idyllic town of Wading River. Monica was in high school when she met Richard Gabrielle skating on a frozen duck pond. They were married in 1973. Richard Gabrielle was a successful insurance broker, whose company had large offices in the World Trade Center.

The Gabrielle's only child, Nicole, was born in Long Island in 1978, and they later moved to Connecticut. Although Richard and Monica took an apartment in New York City to reduce the number of daily commutes from Connecticut, their work schedule took its toll. "We had a five-year plan," Monica Gabrielle says. "Five more years and we would be ready to leave the Connecticut commute behind. Retire, move south, probably to Florida, and enjoy life."

*"He was my idol," Nicole Gabrielle says of her father Richard (with Nicole, left), who was killed in the attack on the World Trade Center. Monica Gabrielle (opposite page) remembers her husband as "funny and kind and compassionate."*



Now everything has changed, and mother and daughter cherish the rich memories of life with their much-loved husband and father.

#### FATHER AND FRIEND

“He was extremely funny and kind and compassionate,” says Monica Gabrielle. “Just a great father and friend.”

“Dad would help with everything,” Nicole remembers, “and my time with him was so special. He told such funny stories, and on weekends he would take me with him wherever he was going .... Sometimes he would be doing errands, and I would have no idea where we were or exactly what we were doing. But I didn’t care—I was with him. He was my idol and I used to follow him around in awe.”

After college graduation, Nicole worked for a film company that produced a documentary on the Oklahoma City bombing—until September 11, the largest single terrorist attack on American soil. For months, she viewed and edited interview tapes with survivors and family members. “It broke my heart at the time, to see those faces and hear their stories,” she says. “And then to have it happen to you.”

#### THAT UNFORGETTABLE DAY

For both mother and daughter, the memories of September 11 are indelible. “I remember someone yelling about a plane,” Nicole says, “and I think I just shut off and went into a state of both calm and total shock.”



Nicole raced to her mother’s office, and they waited together, assuming that with an hour from the impact of the plane into the South Tower until its collapse, there would be enough time for Richard to escape the building. But as the hours passed, and the frantic flyers began to appear on walls and flutter on chain-link fences, Nicole could recall similar images of

Oklahoma and sense that hope was fading with the light of day.

Today, unlike most families who lost loved ones in the collapse of the twin towers, Monica and Nicole have the mixed blessing of knowing a few fragmentary facts about Richard Gabrielle’s last hours. From reports of two survivors, it appears that Richard, along with dozens of others, was in an elevator lobby on the 78th floor of the South Tower when it was struck by the second of the two hijacked planes to crash into the World Trade Center. He may have suffered one or both broken legs and was pinned by fallen marble. The Gabrielle family knows little more, except for the fragile consolation that firemen may have reached his floor—and that he was not alone—when the end came and the building collapsed.

“Now it’s just us,” Monica Gabrielle says simply. “We take it a day at a time.”

Nicole says, “It feels like it’s taken half a year for the shock to wear off.” Only recently has she started to look ahead and plan, along with looking back and remembering. “Sometimes everything feels like a dream,” she says. “Then I say, ‘Oh, this is my life now.’” ❧

#### PATTERNS OF GLOBAL TERRORISM

Five terrorists hijacked United Airlines Flight 175, which departed Boston for Los Angeles at 7:58 a.m. At 9:05 the plane crashed into the South Tower of the World Trade Center.

## Held Hostage



### Philippines

THEY WERE bound together by loyalty and love as husband, wife, and friend.

Together, Filipino nurse Ediborah Yap and the American missionary couple of Gracia and Martin Burnham endured more than a year of captivity, brutal treatment, and forced marches through dense jungle as the hostages of the Abu Sayyaf terrorist group in the Philippines.

In the end, only Gracia Burnham survived. Ediborah Yap and Martin Burnham were killed when Philippine soldiers tracked down the Abu Sayyaf band and launched a rescue mission on June 7, 2002.

### THE KIDNAPPINGS

In May 2001, Martin and Gracia were kidnapped from a resort, where they were celebrating their 18th wedding anniversary, by Abu Sayyaf. The terrorists later took the Burnhams and other hostages to Basilan Island—a heavily forested, mountainous Abu Sayyaf stronghold—where they invaded a hospital and took more hostages, including a nurse, Ediborah Yap.

Of the original hostages that Abu Sayyaf kidnapped, 15 escaped or were ransomed and three were murdered. Only three were left: Ediborah Yap and the Burnhams, who were promised freedom that they were never given.

Throughout the ordeal, Yap cared for the hostages, including the Burnhams. A videotape released in



*American missionaries Gracia and Martin Burnham (above) during the ordeal that took the life of Martin and Filipino nurse Ediborah Yap; Burnham's parents and brother (right).*

November 2001 documented their state of malnutrition. According to news reports, Yap had several opportunities to escape or simply walk away, and chose instead to remain and care for the Burnhams. While in captivity, Ediborah Yap sent letters to her four children through secret couriers. “My heart really aches whenever I remember you,” she wrote. “I’ll never stop loving you till my last breath.”

In comments since her rescue, Gracia Burnham has provided vivid snapshots of the suffering the three experienced at the hands of Abu Sayyaf. Their captors forced Martin to carry bags of rice in the rain, and he would often slip in his worn shoes. He fell down many times, but never complained.

“Martin was chained to a tree at night by a guard,” Gracia told interviewers. “Every night for a whole year, Martin would thank the guard who chained him and wish him a good night.”

Gracia Burnham said that they were resting under a tarp when the rescue attempt began during a rainstorm. Both were hit right away, but when she crawled to her husband’s side, she realized that his wounds were more serious than hers. Martin Burnham died in his wife’s arms.

#### JUST A KIND PERSON

Martin Burnham, the son of Philippine-based missionaries, grew up in Wichita, Kansas. He and Gracia had served in the Philippines since 1986. At his funeral in Kansas, Martin was remembered as a man of faith,



and a loving husband and father. His father, Paul Burnham, said, “We’re very proud of him because he lived what he spoke. He wanted to help people and he did it. He was just a kind person.”

A Philippine naval vessel brought Ediborah Yap’s body to her home of Lamitan, a village on Basilan Island about 880 kilometers south of Manila, where hundreds of residents greeted the return of the mother and nurse. President Gloria Arroyo of the Philippines met with the family, and later said that a hospital would be named the “Ediborah Yap Memorial Hospital.”

President Arroyo said that President George Bush had called her after the rescue attempt: “I

expressed my sense of bereavement for the Burnham family and the American people, and President Bush also condoled with us on the death of Ediborah Yap and the many soldiers who have lost their lives during all this period that we have been fighting the Abu Sayyaf and rescuing the hostages.”

Both presidents have vowed to continue the campaign against Abu Sayyaf terrorists, who have been linked to the global al Qaeda network.

During the memorial service for Ediborah Yap, Father Cirilo Nacorda, a priest in Lamitan and himself a former Abu Sayyaf hostage, said, “Ediborah and the Burnhams are

brave people, truly brave because they survived for more than a year.” He told the friends and family of Yap that she “could not afford freedom and leave the others behind. She was a brave woman and she sacrificed a lot.” ☛

*A tribute to Burnham and Yap at the American Embassy in Manila (above).*

#### PATTERNS OF GLOBAL TERRORISM

In October 2001 the Philippine military, with U.S. training and assistance, intensified its offensive against the terrorist Abu Sayyaf Group (ASG) — which has been involved in high-profile kidnappings for many years.

## Ediborah Yap: My Hero



P h i l i p p i n e s

by

Ed Carrascoso

WHAT IS MOST admirable about nurses is their value for life. They love it, and they live it well—to the point of risking their own lives to save the people under their care. And this is why Ediborah Yap is my hero. It is difficult to imagine where she got the strength and fortitude to care for her captors—ruthless killers and bandits who could have beheaded her on a whim. There seemed to be much forgiveness and open-mindedness from her end, for her to heal the physical wounds of people who have scarred her emotionally for life. Consider also that she was liv-

ing in very harsh and unforgivable conditions. She may have rendered her services out of fear, but she shared herself nevertheless—and I think that overcoming those fears are what made her more of a heroine.

### A NURSE'S PLEDGE

Ediborah Yap stood by an oath she made a few years ago till the end. A noble ideal, to prolong life and to lift the pains of other human beings. Never mind that her last few patients couldn't care less about her welfare or that they were better off being left to suffer so that they could be prevented from causing more harm. She took to heart what

*Lawrence William, the youngest of Ediborah Yap's four children, holds a picture of his mother (second from right) with fellow nurses. Yap was buried in front of the hospital on Basilan Island where she was abducted by Abu Sayyaf terrorists.*





she learned and what she uttered that day a white cap was pinned to her hair. For that, she deserves more than a standing ovation and a truckload of wreaths. Ediborah deserves to be emulated. There are countless other women like Ediborah Yap whose names we will probably never hear of or read about in the papers.

#### A CHANCE TO SERVE

We see them in the public hospitals where they earn just slightly above minimum wage and work long hours (yet we don't see them skipping work and rallying for wage increases). We know of them through organizations like the Red Cross, as

they bandage the wounded among the less fortunate, for nothing in return. We meet them as they put our babies in our arms and take our temperatures in the emergency rooms. We sometimes detest them for the foul-tasting medications we have to take, or the injections we have to endure. We pass them by on the street, as they wear their immaculate white uniforms waiting for the day's ride to yet another chance at helping to save a life... never really greeting them or being considerate of the nature of their work. But through it all, they have never turned their backs on their responsibility that is us....

#### A LIFE OF IDEALS

In our own simple ways, may we be able to extend the same sincerity and dedication to our work and society that Ediborah and many like her did? May we choose to value life over politics, ideals over hatred, and service over self-glorification? Certainly, if this were so, the Philippines would be a kinder place to live in.

I'm sure that Ediborah would have agreed with me. ☪

*Excerpt from a column that appeared in the Philippine Star on June 30, 2002.*



*Yap's mother (center) and son Jay Anthony hold back tears at her funeral.*

## Hilda Taylor



Sierra Leonean -  
American

LONG BEFORE the death of her sister on September 11 in a plane hijacked by terrorists, Edna Mbayo knew the reality of violence and terrorism. Born and raised in Sierra Leone, she witnessed the death and destruction caused by rebels who invaded the capital of Freetown, killing, raping, and often maiming victims.

But she and her family survived—with the help of her sister, Hilda Taylor, who lived and taught school in the United States.

“The rebels killed people and amputated legs and hands,” Mbayo recalls. “It was a terrible time. They burned buildings—the Treasury, the City Hall, and the central bank. They burned churches and mosques and schools. We had to stay indoors,

with a curfew from 2 p.m. until the next day. There were many mass graves, and corpses in the street.”

### A BELOVED TEACHER

Throughout those desperate days, Hilda Taylor sent money and helped the family survive. But Hilda Taylor herself, a beloved elementary school teacher in Washington, D.C., could not escape the violence. She died when al Qaeda terrorists hijacked American Airlines Flight 77 from Washington, D.C., to Los Angeles, California, and crashed it into the Pentagon.

Hilda Taylor had emigrated to the United States from Sierra Leone in 1976. She earned a master’s degree and taught geography at Leckie Elementary School in Washington, D.C. For eight years, Taylor

*School teacher Hilda Taylor (above) died with students and fellow teachers en route to a field trip on September 11. Her grieving sister, Edna Mbayo (right), holds the airport departure photo of Taylor and her group (opposite page).*



took students on annual field trips as part of the JASON Project, a real-experience science program.

On September 11, Taylor, along with two other teachers and three students, was headed to California's Channel Islands to participate in a marine sanctuary study project.

"Ms. Taylor was like a monument here," says Clementine Hom-sley, principal of Leck-ie Elementary.

In honor of her career and commitment to children and science education, the JASON Foundation for Education has created the Hilda E. Taylor Award, which will recognize one outstanding international teacher for his or her contribution to classroom education.

In its announcement of the award, a representative of the JASON Foundation said: "Throughout her career, Ms. Taylor enthusiastically exposed her students to all opportunities for learning. Ms. Taylor continued to be an inspiration to all of us to share experiences with our students that inspire a lifelong passion for learning."

Taylor, who was married and later divorced, raised three children, all now grown with families of their own. She also leaves behind five grandchildren, two sisters, a brother—and many nieces and nephews living in Sierra Leone.

#### THE LAST VISIT

Mbayo last saw Hilda Taylor in person in 1996, when Hilda traveled to Sierra Leone following the death of their mother. But they talked frequently on the telephone, and Mbayo knew her sister would be taking part in a geography field trip in September 2001.



"When we heard about the planes," she recalls, "we tried to call, but no one answered. My instinct was that something had happened." It was one of Taylor's children who called the next day with the terrible news. Several weeks later, Edna traveled to the United States, and she is now applying for permanent residency in the United States.

"Hilda was loving and caring," Mbayo recalls, sitting in her sister's townhouse in Forestville, Maryland, outside Washington, D.C. "She was so sympathetic and wanted to help everybody. My children, instead of

calling her 'aunt,' called her 'mommy' because of how they felt about her."

For Edna Mbayo and the other members of the family, the memories remain as they begin rebuilding their lives. Like her sister, Mbayo has had an outstanding career as a teacher and school administrator. For 38 years, starting in 1963, she taught in Sierra Leone schools, advancing steadily to the positions of senior teacher, deputy head teacher, and finally, in 1994, appointment as the head teacher, or principal, of a school with 500 children and 14 teachers.

Already equipped with her teacher's certificate from Sierra Leone, Mbayo is taking home study courses on child psychology. Mbayo says, "I want to continue the good work of my sister." ♣

#### PATTERNS OF GLOBAL TERRORISM

At 9:39 the plane was flown directly into the Pentagon in Arlington, Virginia, near Washington, D.C. A total of 189 persons were killed, including all who were onboard the plane.



## Death of a Postman



S p a i n

by  
Santiago Abascal  
Conde

THE TELEVISED NEWS that my parents watched with disbelief during a couple of days of summer holiday in Seville was very clear, even for a child like me. The image on the television said it all. It was Estanis, my friend. He was the postman of my village, Amurrio. ETA had murdered him. I was nine years old and Estanis must have been 60, but he was my friend, ETA had killed him, and I knew it.

Not too long after that, I found out that the terrorist organization ETA had murdered hundreds of people, kidnapped scores, and injured thousands. From my early years, my parents confided adult secrets to me that remained unspoken in most Basque families.

Encouraged by my father, I joined the People's Party and became

active in its youth organization, New Generations, as soon as I reached adulthood at 18. A few months later, ETA murdered Gregorio Ordonez, the spokesman for the People's Party in the Basque country. At 21, I saw how my father, a businessman and committee member of the People's Party in Amurrio, needed a police escort because of suspicions that ETA wanted to kill him.

### FEAR AND FREEDOM

Once I turned 23, I became the one who needed a police escort. Since then, and I am now 26, I have lived under the permanent protection of two or three members of the Guardia Civil. At present I am a committee member for the People's Party in Llodio and president of the New Generations wing of the People's Party in the Basque country.

*ETA is believed to be responsible for bombings in Portugalete (above) and Bilbao (opposite page); the widow and daughter (right) of a Spanish army general who died from injuries suffered during an ETA bomb attack in Madrid.*



Terrorism takes a human toll that cannot be quantified, because it is greater than the number of murders, mutilations, kidnappings, extortions, and threats. Terrorism in the Basque country functions like the Mafia. Such a terrorist, criminal organization with this much power can have a devastating effect on human rights and individual liberties, since the fear Basques have of this mafia has eliminated freedom of expression. In order to give you an idea how the terrorist mafia works, I have systematically set out the experiences that my family has suffered in the past years.

#### THREAT LIST

My grandfather received three letters from the terrorist group demanding large sums of money, which he never gave in to, and because of that he has been forced to live for many years under the threat of ETA.

The terrorist organization has planned attempts against the life of my father on three occasions that we know of, twice in 1997 and once in 2000.

On five other occasions government security officials have

found in the possession of ETA different documents and photos of my father and myself.

The aggression and threats against my family from the criminal organizations that support the ETA



gunmen have been numerous, constant, and intense during the last five years.

The clothing store owned by my father has been firebombed, set on fire, and stoned, twice causing a significant financial loss. In 30 other instances they have painted

the walls of the town, the storefronts, and the blackboards of the university I attend, threatening us, depicting our names in the crosshairs of a gun, giving out information about our cars, calling on us to leave the Basque country, and pronouncing our death sentences. In one of those paintings, you could see the Twin Towers of New York being struck by a plane. Each tower had a name on it: Bush and Abascal.

On top of all this, they have taken to insults, threats, and violence against my family members merely for being family members.

These few pages illustrate in part the human, emotional, and economic cost that my family has had to endure for standing up to the terrorist mafia and for wanting to be free in our own land. But others like my friend Estanis will never be able to write

accounts such as this. My deep homage to him. My deep homage to so many others. ❧

#### PATTERNS OF GLOBAL TERRORISM

According to official Spanish Government data, ETA terrorists killed 15 persons in 2001.

## Salman Hamdani



Pakistani-  
American

by  
Laura J. Brown

AT 23 YEARS old, Salman Hamdani was the kind of man who would rush to the scene of an emergency to help people. His family believes that is exactly what he did on the morning of September 11, when en route to work in Manhattan he changed course and headed for the World Trade Center.

After Salman's disappearance, his family assumed that he must have died in the terrorist attacks, for they could come up with no other explanation. Salman, a trained emergency medical technician, almost certainly saw the burning towers from his train and diverted his route to the World Trade Center. "Everyone who knew him thought that was exactly what he would have done, that he would immediately have wanted to help," said Joseph

Nekola, a senior director at Rockefeller University, where he worked as a lab technician.

### CITED BY CONGRESS

By October it was all but certain that Salman had died at the scene of the terrorist attacks, and his heroism was recognized in the USA Patriot Act of 2001, congressional legislation on intercepting and obstructing acts of terrorism. One section of the act reads: "Many Arab Americans and Muslim Americans have acted heroically during the attacks on the United States, including Mohammed Salman Hamdani, a 23-year-old New Yorker of Pakistani descent, who is believed to have gone to the World Trade Center to offer rescue assistance and is now missing."

Talat Hamdani and her husband, Saleem, received confirmation of their son's death March 20, 2002, nearly seven months after



*Waiting for word of her son's fate, Talat Hamdani (left) prays in her home on September 18, 2001; Salman's eighth-grade school photo sits on a table nearby. Talat and other relatives and friends (opposite page) at Salman's funeral at a New York mosque.*

his disappearance. Two police officers arrived to deliver the news that Salman's remains had been found in the rubble of the World Trade Center. "We knew he would be there," Talat said. "That's him—he would have gone there as soon as he saw people needed help."

Several hundred mourners attended the funeral service held at a Manhattan mosque that Salman attended. New York Mayor Michael Bloomberg praised Salman's heroism, saying, "We have an example of how one can make the world better. Salman stood up when most people would have gone in the other direction." New York Police Commissioner Raymond Kelly added, "He was determined to make a difference, and he did. He was indeed a hero."

#### A TRUE BHAIJAN

The eldest of three boys, Salman was known to his brothers and extended family as "bhaijan," or



"big brother." For as long as they can remember, he wanted to be a doctor. While studying in London during college, Salman was walking through the streets when he saw a homeless woman sitting on the ground with blood on her face. He spoke with her, tended to her bloody nose, and gave her some money, his mother said. In college, Salman completed training as an emergency medical technician.

Salman, who came to the United States when he was one year old, was a fun-loving boy who loved the *Star Wars* films, and who chose his football jersey number, 79, to

match the address of his father's candy store. He graduated from Queens College in June 2001 and started his new job as a laboratory technician in July.

"You went down there to help rescue fellow Americans from the terrorist attack on the American soil," Talat Hamdani said, addressing her fallen son. "You did not go down to help because of their religion, ethnicity or nationality. You went to defend your nation."

Talat is particularly proud of Salman's mention in the Patriot Act, which Congress passed October 23. "Salman went down in U.S. history," she said. "The nation honored him. My son did not die for nothing." ♣

**PATTERNS OF GLOBAL TERRORISM**  
Citizens of more than 90 countries perished at the World Trade Center site. Leaders from around the world called the events of September 11 an attack on civilization itself.





## Inside the Inferno

### Tales of Death and Survival



ON AUGUST 7, 1998, terrorists linked to the al Qaeda network attacked the U.S. embassies in Nairobi, Kenya, and Dar es Salaam, Tanzania, with massive suicide truck bombs. Two hundred and one Kenyan citizens died in the Nairobi blast along with 12 Americans. Thousands were injured, many of them severely. Eleven Tanzanians died in the Dar es Salaam attack, and hundreds more were injured.

After a lengthy trial in New York's U.S. Federal District Court, four men were found guilty on charges of plotting and carrying out the bombings; all were sentenced to life imprisonment in May 2001. Witnesses told of an initial small explosion, then of a tremendous second blast that filled the air with flying glass and choking smoke and dust.

Kenya and  
Tanzania

by  
Judy Aita

*Prudence Bushnell (right), then U.S. ambassador to Kenya, is overcome by emotion after laying a wreath at the site of the Nairobi embassy bombing a few days after the attack. A permanent monument, engraved with the names of those killed, now stands at the site (opposite page).*



Father John Kiongo Kariuke, a Catholic priest, was taking money to his brother, who worked at the embassy, for his niece's school fees in the United States. He was about to leave when the first explosion occurred in the parking lot outside his brother's office window. "Everything fell down on me, the desk... and I felt I was somewhere very far away," he remembers. "Nobody could hear me, even when I was shouting. I felt I was choking. Then I heard people come and say, 'This one is dead. This one is dead. Leave them alone.' Then I knew my brother was dead. My niece was dead."

EVERYTHING  
WENT DEAD

Staff Sergeant Daniel Briehl, a 30-year-old Marine guard at the embassy, was off duty that Friday and had gone to the embassy with two other Marines so that one—Sergeant Jesse Aliganga—could cash a check before the three went shopping. As he got out of the car to see what was taking Aliganga so long, the sergeant said, he heard gunfire and an explosion. He dove under the car momentarily for cover from falling debris, then ran into the building to help.

During his efforts to help, Sergeant Briehl fell down an open elevator shaft two floors. Although injured, he was able to get out of the shaft. "I told myself that if I could

still stand, I could do my job," he said. His colleague, Sergeant Aliganga, was found dead the next day, buried under four feet of rubble.

Prudence Bushnell, U. S. ambassador to Kenya at the time of the bombing, was meeting with the Kenyan minister of trade in the Cooperative Bank Building next door when the bombing occurred.



Bushnell said she heard what sounded like a construction explosion. Then, as she stepped over to peer out a window, "an enormous explosion" knocked her to the floor unconscious.

When she came to, she said, "I was sitting down with my hands over my head because the ceiling was falling down. She remembered thinking "that the building was going to collapse, that I was going to tumble down all those stories, and that I was going to die." Bushnell recalled how she and another U.S. official slowly made their way to a nearby stairwell. "We climbed over the door, which had been blown

into the stairwell...I saw someone's shoe and a great deal of blood. And then the reality of, the enormity of the blast began to hit," she said.

UTTER DESTRUCTION

On the street, the first things she saw were glass, twisted pieces of metal, burning vehicles in the embassy parking lot, "the charred remains of what was once a human being," Bushnell said. She also saw "the back of the building completely ripped off, and utter destruction."

At the time of the bombing, said Bushnell, who later served as U.S. envoy to Guatemala, the U.S. embassy in Kenya was composed of 17 different agencies. All helped the Kenyans in a myriad of areas, from developing democracy and fighting disease to protecting their environment. About 200 people—both Americans and Kenyans—worked in the main embassy building.

In the moments before the blast, traffic in front of the embassy was busy. Passengers streamed to and from the train station, street vendors hawked their wares, and people gathered at bus stops. ❧

PATTERNS OF GLOBAL TERRORISM

In May, in a courtroom within sight of the World Trade Center, guilty verdicts were handed down on all 302 counts in the trial of the bombing suspects, and all were sentenced to life imprisonment.

## Inside the Inferno

### Recollections of August 7

K e n y a

by  
George Magak  
Mimba

IT WAS ONE BEAUTIFUL sunny morning in Nairobi....I went back to my office for a moment, and no sooner had I sat at my computer than the first blast went off. It sounded like a tremor. I did not move for five seconds when the second, killer explosion went off.

Life changed that minute.... It was too much for my five senses. It was a big ruthless force and blast that shook the entire building. I was thrown down by the blast and landed on my belly. Walls started falling, ceiling and debris coming down on me. I was being buried alive in a place that was once my office, my second home! A place I felt very safe. A

place I believed was terrorist proof. Well I was wrong! The falling objects are burying me, dark fuel smoke from the generator station and dust from collapsing walls choke me. I knew that was my last moment on earth. I said a short prayer then lay still waiting for that moment—still buried under debris.

#### IDENTIFYING MY BODY

I knew I was going to die any minute, then wondered if I had my embassy badge on me....I thought it would make it easier for people or my family members to identify me using my embassy badge. After fumbling for my badge in vain,

*George Magak Mimba (right) relives the bombing of the U.S. embassy in Nairobi (opposite page). As he called to his colleagues in the devastation, he says, "I did not understand why those I was laughing with a few minutes ago could not answer me."*





I kept on thinking how my body could not be easily identified. It kept bothering me. I had no peace. I could not breathe. I could neither see nor open my eyes because they were filled with dust. I could not inhale because the choking fuel smoke was too devastating. I gave up on myself and lay calm.

How would my body be identified? It kept bothering me. Cries of my colleagues trapped and breathing their last breath were so painful that I started moving on my belly, reaching out for those I could. I remember reaching for one of my colleagues. His head was shattered. He lay motionless by the time I reached where he was. I kept moving, not inhaling too much. Suddenly I felt fresh air coming from a direction. I started crawling towards that direction to get the fresh air. Little did I realize I was moving towards a window, which had been blown off.

The idea of my body not being identified when the building collapses kept haunting me. I then thought about one thing: "If I can die outside this building, then my body would be intact and could easily be identified!" I have never understood why my dead body was so important to me that it had to be identified! I guess because my dad and family loved me so much that he would have wanted to confirm I was dead. Ridiculous, eh?

#### STILL BREATHING

At the window, I saw the garden outside and decided it would be okay to die outside. It was far down but because I was going to die, I did not care how far down or where I would fall. I closed my eyes and threw myself out of the window. I did not



want to survive—not after having seen the dead bodies of what used to be my colleagues.

I was shocked when I realized I was still breathing....

I then started crawling around the fence, making movements so that the attackers could shoot me dead instead of living. I had a feeling that if the embassy had been attacked by terrorists, they would be waiting to kill the escapees.... Somehow I was convinced I had fractured most parts of my body but because I

was still in shock, I could not feel it. I could see I was bleeding but I did not know where blood was coming from. Death was not forthcoming. I then decided to jump over the perimeter fence with the help of the gardener who was also injured. My fingers were bloody and too slippery to hold on to the iron bars. Finally I managed to climb over the fence, then jumped and landed on the pavement outside. I was bleeding, shaken, and terrified....I started toward the entrance of the embassy when one of the Marines came out with a gun and shouted at me to back out. "Stay out of the building! This building will fall down anytime. Stay out!" I ignored him. I could not stand the cries inside. "George! Stay out! I will shoot you!" he barked at me.

"People are dying inside and there is no way I am going to stay here and watch my colleagues die. Go ahead and shoot me!" I shouted back in anger. He gave up and let me enter the building. It was still and dark, with dangerously hanging walls, ceiling, and dead bodies all over....I reached out for the few I could save. I feel bad I did not move in time to save many lives....

We were such a small happy family at the embassy, a family that had no boundary, a family that knew no color, race, or tribe. ❧

*George Magak Mimba is an information systems manager for the U.S. embassy in Nairobi, Kenya.*

## Inside the Inferno

August 7, 1998 10:39am



T a n z a n i a

by

Judy Aita

ON MARCH 13, 2001, the anguish of the terrorist bombing of the U.S. Embassy in Dar es Salaam, Tanzania, filled a courtroom in New York City as survivors told what happened when a bomb-laden truck exploded on August 7, 1998.

John Lange, who was embassy chargé d'affaires at the time, recalled how he and about six colleagues were having a “normal weekly meeting” when the explosion ripped the building at 10:39 in the morning. How did he know the exact time? Because all the clocks in the embassy stopped at that moment.

Lange, who is now U.S. ambassador to Botswana and special representative to the Southern African

Development Community (SADC), said he heard a brief, “deep rumble and then the explosion hit the office that we were in.” Glass from a high window behind him blew over his head “and landed on the people in front of me.”

### TIME SLOWED DOWN

“I now kind of understand what it’s like when the parachute doesn’t open and your entire life flashes in front of your eyes, because I can still see that glass, going in slow motion, in a sense, even though it was in a split second [before it] landed on the people,” he added.

Lange and his colleagues crawled out of the office and made their way to the stairs, checking with people about their injuries as they went along. “You could see...

*The U.S. embassy in Tanzania, located in a residential neighborhood of Dar es Salaam, was bombed by al Qaeda terrorists in 1998. A nurse at the Muhimbili Medical Center (opposite page) watches over victims one day after the blast.*



the handprints with blood on them as people who had tried to make their way down the steps walked over the rubble,” Lange said.

“It was kind of amazing to me how people just converged, and we had fire engines arriving, we had ambulances arriving,” Lange said. A local doctor and two Peace Corps nurses “went over the ladder to get into the compound to try to help people.”

A day later as he walked back to the embassy, Lange said, the normally tranquil street he had walked on so many times before was now covered with “maybe half an inch of broken glass and concrete and other things, all rubble. I tend not to show a lot of emotions, but I really kind of choked up there just to think what had happened because you could see all this blackness, and then this big, gaping hole in a couple of the rooms in the embassy,” Lange said.

#### WHAT THE TRANSLATOR SAW

Justina Mbodilu, a translator, also was in Lange’s office when she saw what looked “like a flash of lightning for a split second” and then heard the rumbling thunder of a “huge explosion.”

“First of all, I thought I was dreaming, because I never felt anything like that before,” said Mbodilu, who was then eight months pregnant.

Knocked to the floor by the blast, Mbodilu said that she looked around and saw a floor full of glass and people bleeding. She had glass in her hair and her dress was torn. A colleague was badly hurt and panicking, and she began looking for towels to stem his bleeding.

After that she remembered “just the silence, and people saying to get down under the windows, because we didn’t know what was going on,” Mbodilu said. Smoking

wires finally sent them from the office out of fear of being “burned alive.”

Mbodilu and her bleeding colleague, climbing over blocks of cement, going under hanging pieces of wood, groping their way down halls, finally made it outside. She was treated for cuts on her arms and face; she lost hearing in her left ear for about six months.

Edward Rutahesherwa, a contract guard, said that when the bomb exploded, he had just begun his tea break from his post where he received visitors and registered cars. He ran to help his colleague in the guard station—Bakari Lumbo—whom he had just left. But Lumbo did not survive the blast. **■**

#### PATTERNS OF GLOBAL TERRORISM

The shock of the September 11 attacks and a renewed international cooperation to combat global terrorism is producing a new readiness on the part of African leaders to address the problem of international terrorism.



## Remembering Omagh



N o r t h e r n  
I r e l a n d

THE HARD MEN who detonated a massive bomb in the Northern Ireland town of Omagh on Saturday, August 15, 1998, may have been cynical murderers, but were they inept and confused as well?

At 2:30 that afternoon, according to news accounts, Ulster Television received a bomb threat against the Omagh courthouse. Police and security forces moved people away from the courthouse and down into the crowded shopping area of Market Street at the other end of town.

But the 500-pound bomb was nowhere near the courthouse; instead, it was inside a car parked

amid crowds of families out for a weekend day or shopping for the upcoming school year. In effect, the telephone warning directed people toward the bomb location and increased the number of casualties exponentially.

Perhaps the report of the false location was deliberate, perhaps a mistake. It no longer matters. What does matter is that when the bomb exploded at 3:10 p.m., it slaughtered 29 people, including 9 children, 15 women, and 5 men. One of the women was seven months pregnant with twins. They died as well.

More than 250 people were injured, many of them children, many of them seriously. A community of Catholics and Protestants was ripped apart physically and traumatized emotionally by the single most deadly terrorist act in the dark history of sectarian violence in Northern Ireland.



*Una McKirk (top), severely injured in the bombing, weeps during a memorial service one year later. A victim's relatives (left) attend a service one week after the bombing.*



On January 22, 2002, one Omagh suspect was convicted of conspiracy in helping plan the attack. Authorities continue to seek others who were involved—all believed to be members of a splinter group from the Irish Republican Army (IRA) known as the Real IRA.

#### IN THE WORDS OF THE VICTIMS

Omagh is a market town that draws families and shoppers from the nearby countryside and villages on the weekends from the Republic of Ireland as well as Northern Ireland itself. The shopping area was especially busy that Saturday in 1998

Doherty, 8, James Barker and Sean McLaughlin, both 12—died and were buried together.

Victor Barker, James's father, said in a 2001 *Guardian* newspaper interview: "I would love to move on. But James is still part of me. It's not a question of closure, but I can't just leave that little guy as an



The perpetrators may or may not have been skilled bombers, but they certainly proved ineffective as terrorists in the service of any identifiable political goal. Instead, the sheer carnage and savagery of the Omagh bombing succeeded in exactly the opposite of its intention—and drew only outrage and repudiation from every side in the conflict. Moreover, the death and destruction in Omagh provided renewed impetus to the political process and renunciation of violence in Northern Ireland. That process, however flawed and halting, continues to this day.

as families purchased clothing and supplies for the upcoming school year, and flocked to a carnival in the town at the time.

To describe the victims of Omagh is like freezing a block of timeless horror.

In London's *Guardian* newspaper, driving instructor Frank Pancott related what he saw after the blast: "Bodies were torn to pieces. I saw a two-year-old child with smoke coming out of its body. There was a man on the street and his leg was lying beside him."

Three friends from Buncrana in the Republic of Ireland—Oran

image on the front of the Sunday papers and say, 'Well, that's what those people did, let's just leave it.'" His mother, Donna-Marie, recalled the last time she saw her son. "He was so excited he jumped out of the car before saying goodbye. But he did look back and smile. He had a beautiful smile," she said in an interview with *The Independent* newspaper.

*The funeral procession (above) for friends Oran Doherty, James Barker, and Sean McLaughlin makes its way through Buncrana; nearly 8,000 mourners bade farewell to the town's three boys.*

### FAMILIES AND FRIENDS DIED TOGETHER

Three generations of another family died in the bombing: Maura Monaghan, 18 months; her mother, Avril Monaghan, 30 and pregnant with twins; and Maura's grandmother, Mary Grimes, 65 and a former maternity nurse. They were in Omagh to celebrate Mary Grimes's birthday.

Breda Devine, 20 months, died still strapped into her stroller; her mother suffered serious burns.

Claire Gallagher, 16 at the time, was struck in the face by flying metal. After months of surgery, she was told that she would never see again. A musician and pianist, she now learns new material by ear and hopes to become a music teacher one day.

Two friends, Samantha McFarland, 17, and Lorraine Wilson, 15, worked in the charity shop run by the relief organization Oxfam in Omagh, according to the Cain Web Service. When the bomb threat came, they were evacuated and left the building together. They walked into the shopping area—and into the bomb's killing zone.

But Irish children were not the only young victims that day. Rocio Abad Ramos, 23, and Fernando Baselga Blasco, 11, were part of a Spanish educational-exchange group on a bus trip to the Omagh carnival from Buncrana.

Ten others in the Spanish party were injured, including Fernando's sister Lucrecia, who was seriously wounded in the face and required plastic surgery.



For Manuel Baselga, father of Fernando and Lucrecia, Omagh was not his first encounter with terrorism. While driving in Madrid in 1992, he was injured by shrapnel from a car bomb set off by the Basque separatist group ETA, according to the *Belfast News Letter*.



The exchange program between Buncrana and Spain is a long-standing one. As one church official said, "They are not strangers, they are like a second family to many people in this parish."

### IN LOVING MEMORY

Kevin and Philomena Skelton were standing only a few feet apart at the time of the explosion as their daughters tried on school uniforms. Kevin was barely scratched; Philomena, 39 and mother of three daughters and a son, was killed instantly.

As described by the *Sunday Telegraph* (London), her gravestone is both tender and blunt: "In loving memory of a dear wife and mother, Mena Skelton, killed 15 August 1998 in the Omagh bombing, aged 39. She was murdered. By people who don't care what they did."

Even with the death of his wife, Kevin Skelton has continued the annual home visits of Andrea Cozac, a Romanian orphan, who first came in 1997 to visit the Skelton home in the town of Drumquin. "Making sure Andrea came back to us gave me something to do," Kevin Skelton has said, "something to think about that could lift my mind. It has definitely given a lift to my children and me."

Now Kevin is planning to adopt both Andrea and his sister Nicolette, who has spent summers with another Irish family. "It is something we all want and I know Philomena would too." ❧

### PATTERNS OF GLOBAL TERRORISM

UK authorities believe that RIRA [the Real IRA] is responsible for an intensified bombing campaign during 2001, with bombs exploding outside the BBC's London headquarters (March); in North London (April); in West London (August); and in Birmingham (November).

*Spanish school boy Fernando Baselga Blasco  
(above) died in the bombing in Omagh.*



*Thousands of people take part in a memorial service one week after the brutal Omagh bombing, in which 29 innocent people died and hundreds were injured.*



## Michael Tarrou



C y p r i o t - A m e r i c a n

A GENEROUS LIFE holds so many connections to the lives of others. Michael Tarrou, who died aboard one of the planes that crashed into the World Trade Center, was one of those lives.

At the American embassy in Nicosia, Cyprus, Michael's uncle received a candle blessed during a special memorial service that took place at the Apostolos Andreas Monastery, the holiest Greek Orthodox site in Cyprus.

On November 11, 2001, Michael Tarrou's parents attended a ceremony in Los Angeles, California, to mark the end of a month-long run across the United States. Volunteers, who ran in shifts day

and night, carried an American flag from Boston, Massachusetts, to Los Angeles to symbolically complete the flights of the two airliners that were hijacked and crashed into the World Trade Center.

In a Clearwater, Florida, neighborhood, where Michael Tarrou's parents now live, a granite marker stands among new palm trees and a flagpole.

President George W. Bush and the congressional leadership have sent condolence messages, as well as the government of Cyprus and the archbishops of the Greek Orthodox Church in Cyprus and North America. Donations have been saved for a scholarship for Tarrou's 11-year-old daughter.

*Michael Tarrou and Amy King (above); members of the Tarrou and King families (right) carry an American flag during a ceremony in Los Angeles, California, in memory of the victims of September 11.*



WHO WAS  
MICHAEL TARROU?

At age 38, Tarrou was working as the chief flight attendant on United Flight 175 on September 11, 2001. His girlfriend, Amy King, whom he met about two years ago while working for the airline, was an attendant on the same flight.

“They were soul mates,” said Tarrou’s mother, Patricia. “I know they were doing everything they could to help the passengers. Though I hope they were in each other’s arms.”

Michael Tarrou, who had worked as a flight attendant for 10 years, grew up in Wantagh, Long Island, outside New York City. He and Amy were planning to move to Florida so that Tarrou could be near Gina, his 11-year-old daughter from a previous marriage.

The Tarrou family comes from a village in the Turkish-controlled area of Cyprus, and relatives now live in the Nicosia suburb of Anthoupolis. His father, Demetrios (James) Tarrou, emigrated to the United States, earned advanced degrees, and taught at the secondary and college levels in New York from 1959 until his retirement in 1990.

*Tarrou’s sister Demetra and his parents hold a picture of Michael and Gina at the monument in their Florida neighborhood.*

A GENEROUS SPIRIT

According to newspaper accounts, Michael Tarrou’s early years mirrored those of many of his generation. In high school, he sang and played in a band called Blue Wind; his friends can still listen to the compact discs of his music that he recorded in a home studio. Those who knew him say Tarrou was a generous spirit who would take time to



talk with people—and listen to them. He had a strong religious faith, they say, and didn’t hesitate to engage in intense conversations about philosophy and spirituality.

After high school, Tarrou attended community college, earning a degree in electrical engineering, and in 1986 moved to Florida, where he trained as an air conditioning technician.

He met his wife in 1987, and their daughter, Gina, whom Michael always referred to as “the light of his life,” was born in 1990.

Michael Tarrou joined United Airlines as a flight attendant in 1991—and discovered a career that he excelled in and enjoyed deeply. Although their marriage ended in 1998, Michael and his ex-wife, Jill, remained close friends and shared the raising of their daughter. Gina stayed with her father in his Connecticut home when he wasn’t assigned to a flight, and with her mother when Michael was working.

In the summer of 2001, Jill and Gina moved back to Florida to be near Michael’s family. As Patricia Tarrou later wrote, “All the Tarrou cousins of Gina’s generation are here in Florida, and Jill and Michael wanted her to grow up near them.”

Tarrou’s sister, Demetra Lumia, recalls a telephone call from her brother on September 10. “He was missing his family and wanting to be here with all of us,” she said in an interview. “But he said, ‘We’re coming to Florida real soon. I don’t want to be away from Gina and everybody anymore.’”

Instead, the family watched while his plane flew into the World Trade Center. ❧

PATTERNS OF GLOBAL TERRORISM  
At 9:05 the plane crashed into the South Tower of the World Trade Center. Both towers collapsed shortly thereafter, killing approximately 3,000 persons.

## The Right to Live in Peace



Guatemala and  
the United States

by  
Prudence Bushnell

JUAN PABLO CISNEROS ALVAREZ.

ROBERTO GABRIEL MARTINEZ.

CLAUDIA MARTINEZ FOSTER.

RUBÉN ROLANDO SOLARES.

Each of them began the day of September 11, 2001, in peace. Each of them left behind families and friends in Guatemala and the United States, in pain. Each was a life taken too soon, a story not allowed to reach its natural conclusion. Together they represent only a tiny fraction of the horrible losses that humankind suffered on that day when peace was shattered by inexplicable acts of premeditated mass murder.

We, the people of the world who reject terrorism, have the right to feel outraged. We have the right to live our lives without fear of random and senseless attack. We have the right to act to keep these fanatics from hiding in the shadows and killing other people for reasons they cannot or will not explain.

We have a right to live in peace.

In my office at the U.S. Embassy in Guatemala City on the day of the attack hung two flags: the American stars and stripes, and the ambassadorial flag. Both hung in my office in the U.S. Embassy in Nairobi, Kenya, where just three years ago Osama bin Laden's terrorist lackeys launched a similarly senseless attack upon our embassy.

More than 200 people who began that day in peace were killed; more than 5,000 others were wounded. Many were Muslims; all were innocent.

I still grieve for the friends, colleagues, and neighbors I lost that day. But the flags, and the ideals they represent, still stand. We did not yield, and we will not yield, to terrorism.

We owe that to the innocent victims who lost their lives to the insanity and hatred of terrorism. We owe it to our children, so that they will never again have to face the horror and pain that terrorists love to inflict upon the world that seeks to live in peace.

The U.S. ambassador to Guatemala made these remarks about Guatemalan victims of the September 11 attacks. Ms. Bushnell (above) was ambassador to Kenya during the 1998 attack on the embassy.

JUAN PABLO  
CISNEROS ALVAREZ

Juan Cisneros never intended to spend the rest of his life in New York. He would work as a bond trader until he could pay off his college loans and put away money for his parents. Then, said his girlfriend, Stephanie Albert, they planned to move out West. They would go to graduate school and become professors. He would teach history, she would teach English.

Mr. Cisneros, 24, who lived in Manhattan, was gentle and patient. He loved running and reading. "You're going to do what?" Ms. Albert asked him, incredulous, when he told her he was taking a job at Cantor Fitzgerald [a financial firm in the World Trade Center]. His parents had emigrated from Guatemala when he was six. He went to Dartmouth College, volunteered as a Big Brother, and fell in love with Ms. Albert.

One Saturday afternoon two months ago, they found themselves in New Jersey, having offered to help a friend set up for her husband's 40th birthday party. Alone in a room with a view of Manhattan, they began dancing. They were joking, teasing, making grand plans for how they would celebrate each other's 40th when the time came.

"Thrilled with the present, excited about the future," Ms. Albert remembered sadly. "And it absolutely takes my breath away that we won't even be able to spend our 25th birthdays together."



CLAUDIA MARTINEZ  
FOSTER

As the oldest in a family of girls, Claudia Martinez Foster promised her parents she would always look after her three younger sisters. One day, she told them, she was even going to give the Martinez family its big wish: a baby boy. Married almost a year, the 26-year-old assistant broker for Cantor Fitzgerald had already begun, with her husband, to pick out baby names. They were planning to buy a house and start a family later this year. She liked the name Carlos, in honor of her father. Her husband could not decide.

"My daughter was a true family person," said Blanca Martinez. "She was proud to be the big sister, always helping me with my youngest, taking her to the movies, bowling, shopping. She liked to call what she did 'sister power.'"

Watching such a young, promising life fade away has made the grieving even more trying. "She has so much to live for, and to go like this," Mrs. Martinez said.

"I pray for God to give me strength to accept her death. But as a mother I don't know how to let go. I want to keep hoping for a miracle." ❧

*The New York Times has published short profiles of many of the victims of the terrorist attacks of September 11, 2001. These are reprints describing two of the Guatemalan victims that Ambassador Prudence Bushnell mourns in her statement. Copyright 2002. The New York Times Company. Reprinted by permission.*

*Juan Cisneros's mother, Libia (above), is comforted by a local police officer during a tree planting ceremony in Los Angeles, California, where relatives of 74 victims of the September 11 attacks gathered in their memory.*

PATTERNS OF GLOBAL TERRORISM  
A total of 3,547 persons were killed in international terrorist attacks in 2001. Ninety percent of the fatalities occurred in the September 11 attacks.

## Louis Aversano



American

LATER, AFTER September 11, Lisa Aversano was again struck by a pattern as she paged through albums of family photographs. In every picture, she found herself standing next to her father, Louis. Whether as a child, teenager, or young adult; whether the picture was her father with just her and her immediate family (mother, two sisters, a brother), or with a family gathering of more than 30—it didn't matter. "There I am in the picture, attached to him," she said.

"He was my knight in shining armor, my best friend," Lisa says, "and I always wanted him to be with me."

Louis Aversano, 58, an operations manager for Aon Corporation, a worldwide insurance brokerage and consulting firm, was one of nearly 180 Aon employees who died in the September 11 attacks—one of the highest tolls of any company with offices in the World Trade Center on that fateful day.

*Lisa Aversano with her father, Louis, (above) and with a remembrance at Ground Zero (opposite page). "He was my knight in shining armor," she says.*

### A CLOSE RELATIONSHIP

Lisa Aversano, 30, grew up in the New York metropolitan area, and after a stint in community college, she went to work in New York City. By 1994, father and daughter were together again—both working at Aon Corporation, and having lunch with each other almost every working day.

Then, in August 2001, Lisa made the difficult decision to resign and take a job with another New York firm. She was full of doubts and reluctant to leave the daily companionship of her father. But he encouraged her to make the change. "Trust me," she recalls her father telling her. "You'll be happier."

"I feel as though he saved my life," Lisa says. "It's almost as though he knew something might happen. At Aon, we both got into the office early in the morning. Our floors, 92 and 105, were close together, and if I had been there, I would never have left without him. Never."

Lisa, who had begun her new job the week before just a few blocks away, recalls the shock and horror of that day. "He called that morning from the South Tower, where they



could see that the North Tower had been hit. We all thought it was a terrible accident, and he was telling me, 'Lisa, it's so horrible, watching people jump, on fire.'"

#### WATCHING THE BUILDINGS BURN

"I told him to get out, to go downstairs and come to my office, which was just two blocks away. He said okay, and that's the last time I talked with him. I looked out my window and the air was filled with papers, and then a few minutes later, we heard the sound of the second plane hitting. Then we knew we were being attacked, and we had to evacuate, and all I could do was watch the buildings burning, burning, and hoping that my father got out."

In the days following the attack, as hope for the missing transformed into grief for the dead, Lisa, like hundreds of other shocked family members and friends, posted

a message and a remembrance. Her message posted near the World Trade Center along a fence studded with hundreds of teddy bears was decorated with a dozen hearts. "I love you, Daddy. I miss you so much. Your princess," it said.

Several months later searchers recovered Louis Aversano's wallet, still covered with ash from the implosion of the World Trade Center buildings. "In many ways," Lisa says, "that was the worst day of all. Going down to the police precinct and picking up his wallet. That's when the reality of it all hit."

Lisa still works in the lower Manhattan area near what is now called, around the world, Ground Zero, and the reminders of that day are constant. "You just try to manage day to day," she says. "But it's right there, in front of you, every day, reminding you. Right now, I don't find that it gets any easier as time passes. I'm still waiting to get better."

But Lisa and the Aversano family have begun the slow process of recovery. In March 2003, Lisa will be married. She will do so knowing her fiancé, Christopher Procaccio, asked her father for permission to marry her in August 2001, and Louis was delighted. "In some ways, I don't want to be married without my father there," Lisa says. "But I love Chris very much, and I know this is the right thing to do now."

The Aversano family wrote these words of their father and husband: "He will always be remembered as such an extraordinary human being. Words cannot express what a loving and caring man he was. He will be so deeply missed but will always be in our hearts." ❧

PATTERNS OF GLOBAL TERRORISM  
Five terrorists hijacked American Airlines Flight 11, which departed Boston for Los Angeles at 7:45 a.m. An hour later it was deliberately piloted into the North Tower of the World Trade Center.



## The Landscape of Violence



C o l o m b i a

IN COLOMBIA today, death is perpetrated by guerrillas who spout the rhetoric of left-wing revolution, right-wing paramilitary forces who claim the defense of property and nation, and drug traffickers who kill for cocaine and heroin.

According to authoritative sources, more than 30,000 Colombian citizens die violently every year. Many of these acts of violence involve prominent or public figures.

### MURDERING ELECTED OFFICIALS

In December 2000, Diego Turbay, head of Colombia's congressional peace commission, was traveling to a meeting along with his mother and several companions when

members of the Revolutionary Armed Forces of Colombia (FARC) ambushed their car. They stopped the car, punctured the tires, and forced Turbay, his mother, and three bodyguards to get out before shooting them all.

In September 2001, Diego Turbay's replacement as head of the congressional peace commission, Jairo Rojas, was shot and killed by unidentified gunmen. More recently, in February 2002, FARC guerrillas hijacked a commercial plane on a domestic flight and forced it to land on a remote highway. There they kidnapped another member of the Turbay family, Congressman Gechem Turbay, and now hold him hostage. The FARC currently hold four other members of the national congress—along with presidential candidate Ingrid Betancourt.

*A father (right) carries his five-year-old daughter, who was released after being held for 70 days by alleged FARC rebels. The funeral (opposite page) of a 10-year old girl killed in crossfire between police and FARC guerrillas. The bullet-riddled truck of union leader Wilson Borja (above).*



The FARC kidnapped Guillermo Gaviria, governor of Antioquia, and Gilberto Echeverri, peace advisor and former defense minister, in April 2002, while they were participating in a peace march near Medellin. In a videotape released by the FARC, they confirm that, like many other captured officials, they are being held for an “exchange” of FARC prisoners arrested by the government.

But ordinary citizens are not necessarily spared the ordeals of kidnapping either. Twice a week, families of the kidnapped line up at the studio of Radio Nacional in Bogota for the opportunity to try and communicate with

husbands, fathers, and children who are being held captive by groups both terrorist and criminal. Kidnap victims are occasionally released for political or publicity purposes, but many have remained in captivity for years.

#### THREATS TO MAYORS AND UNION MEMBERS

More recently, the FARC has launched a new front in its war against the newly elected government of President Alvaro Uribe—and against democratic government in Colombia itself. In June 2002, the guerrillas threatened mayors and other city officials with death if they did not resign their offices.

The FARC has already murdered one mayor, abducted three others, and shot and seriously wounded the wife of the mayor of San Vicente del Caguan, which used to be the unofficial capital of the enclave controlled by the FARC.



The FARC’s terrorist campaign against local officials has had mixed success. Some mayors have resigned, although the actual number is unclear. In response, the national government has refused to accept the mayors’ resignations, and authorities have promised that officials under threat would be offered bodyguards, armored cars—and the option of working from secure army bases, from provincial capitals, or from Bogota itself.

In December 2000 labor leader Wilson Borja took a bullet to the head—as well as to the shoulder and legs. But Borja, president at the time of Colombia’s largest union, the Federation of State Workers, survived.

The violence directed at trade unionists in Colombia is staggering. One estimate is that three out of five trade unionists murdered worldwide are killed in Colombia, largely at the hands of right-wing paramilitary groups like the United Self-Defense Forces of Colombia (AUC). In fact, AUC leader Carlos Castano admitted his organization’s responsibility for the attack on Borja—citing the familiar excuse that labor unions are linked to the leftist guerrillas such as the FARC.

According to the National Labor College, which studies organized labor in the country, a total of 184 union activists were killed in 2001. Twenty-three others survived attempts on their lives, 203 were threatened with death, 37 were kidnapped, 12 disappeared, and 56 were forcibly displaced. Nearly 1,600 union members have been murdered since 1991.

“I, like the rest of us, am scared all the time,” Borja said during his recovery. “But my country, like my cause, is worth fighting for.”

#### PATTERNS OF GLOBAL TERRORISM

In 2001 some 3,500 murders were attributed to Colombia’s three terrorist organizations — the Revolutionary Armed Forces of Colombia (FARC), National Liberation Army (ELN), and United Self-Defense Forces of Colombia (AUC).

## A Dying Boy's Wish



C o l o m b i a

by  
J u a n F o r e r o

HIS ENERGY sapped by cancer, Andrés Felipe Pérez, 12, managed to sit up in his bed, propping himself atop legs now bone-thin and useless. Bald from chemotherapy, his skin pallid after a long fight with the tumors that invaded his body, he rubbed his thick socks and managed a smile. With life slipping from his body, Andrés Felipe has one last wish: to be reunited with a father who has been imprisoned by leftist rebels for 21 months somewhere in the Colombian jungle.

"I am hoping that they do me the favor and liberate him, as fast as possible," the boy, his voice weak and tired, said in his bedroom at his home on the outskirts of this small town in southern Colombia. "I need my father here at home with me," he said, "so I can be with him on December 24 and also on New Year's Day."

*FARC rebels ignored the pleas of Andrés Felipe Pérez, dying from cancer (opposite page, top), to see his father one last time. The boy died in December 2001 (opposite, center); his father, policeman José Norberto Pérez, and another officer, Víctor Marulanda, were killed by the FARC in April 2002.*

### A NATION TOUCHED

Andrés Felipe's story has received broad attention in Colombia, moving even a country that has grown largely indifferent to the violence of a 37-year-old war. Moving all, that is, except the rebels holding his father, who by turns have refused to free him, offered to trade him for a jailed comrade, and disparaged the boy's illness.

Dozens of Colombians from all castes—from an electrician named Pedro Cabezas to Defense Minister Gustavo Bell—have offered to trade places temporarily with the boy's father, José Norberto Pérez, a policeman captured in a rebel raid last year.

University students have held rallies, calling for Mr. Pérez's return. Newspapers have forwarded thousands of e-mails, written from Colombians around the world, pleading for an act of goodwill from the rebels of the Revolutionary Armed Forces of Colombia [FARC]. Even President Andrés Pastrana has spoken out, saying the release of Mr. Pérez would cost the rebels nothing.



"It is a very beautiful, very human thing to see," said the boy's mother, Francia Ocampo, 36. "But in the end it has not touched the people who matter. They are very hard. It has not reached their soul."

Indeed, rebel leaders have cast doubt on the boy's claims. The New Colombia News Agency, which posts rebel statements, said, "The drama of Andrés Felipe serves the publicity battles the oligarchy uses against the guerrillas." The agency added that Mr. Pérez abandoned the boy as a baby and remained estranged from him.

More recently, the rebels modified their position, saying Mr. Pérez would be released if the government freed a jailed rebel leader who is also sick. The government rejected the proposal.

The rebels' intransigence has outraged Colombians, who normally pay little attention to the frequent killing and kidnappings of soldiers or policemen, young men who, like Mr. Pérez, come from the poor classes most affected by Colombia's violence. "This case has had a profound effect on me," said Mauricio Rodríguez, editor of a financial paper, *Portafolio*. He, too, offered to trade places with the father. "I have been following this drama for days," he said, "and it hurts me as a father and hurts me as a son that this boy has no way to lessen his sadness, by getting to hug his father."

#### HIS LAST DAYS

The mood is grim here in Buga, where Andrés Felipe arrived on December 4 after months of unsuccessful chemotherapy treatments

and operations at a Bogota hospital. Ms. Ocampo, who is divorced from Mr. Pérez, said she tried to remain hopeful that he would be released, but it was hard.

For Andrés Felipe, meanwhile, every day is agony, spent in a bleak



bedroom with concrete floors and drab green walls, a fluorescent light overhead. He is unable to walk, the cancer having invaded most major organs. At night he wears an oxygen mask, taking difficult breaths from a five-foot-high cylinder.

The boy has had cancer nearly all his life, undergoing his first operation as a baby, when a tumor was removed from his colon. But the illness was in remission, Ms. Ocampo said, until shortly after Mr. Pérez was taken away by the rebels.

"Then he began to cry, he got worse," she said. "He could not walk home from school. He was so tired. He was turning yellow." Now, the only reminders of his father are the worn photos hanging from the wall and a couple of letters Mr. Pérez wrote. In one, dated March 5, 2000, just days before he was taken prisoner, he tells Andrés Felipe that he is "sorry I cannot be with you more" because of his "dangerous" posting in a region with a heavy rebel presence. He tells his son that he must eat more fruit and vegetables, and warns him not to talk to strangers.

The next—and last—letter that Andrés Felipe received came last December, when Mr. Pérez was in captivity. It says, "Let's keep asking God to allow us to be together very soon." ❧

*This story appeared in the New York Times on December 14, 2001. Andrés Felipe Pérez died at his home in the southern city of Buga on December 18, 2001, after suffering a respiratory crisis. He never saw his father. Copyright 2002. The New York Times Company. Reprinted by permission.*

PATTERNS OF GLOBAL TERRORISM  
In Silvia [Colombia], FARC guerrillas claimed responsibility for kidnapping three German experts who were assisting rural peasant communities with several agricultural projects, according to press reports.



## The Tokyo Gas Attack

### Why?



ON A CLEAR SPRING DAY in March 1995, without warning, five members of the religious cult Aum Shinrikyo attacked the Tokyo subway system with sarin gas, one of the most deadly nerve agents ever developed.

Eleven people died and more than 5,000 were injured, some severely. The attacks were directed by Aum Shinrikyo's leader, or guru, Shoko Asahara. Following lengthy investigations and trials, eight cult members involved in the attacks have been sentenced to death; other Aum members to life imprisonment or lesser prison sentences. Asahara's trial is ongoing.

Japanese novelist and writer Haruki Murakami conducted an extensive series of interviews with victims of sarin gas as well as Aum members. The following excerpt is taken from Murakami's *Underground: The Tokyo Gas Attack and the Japanese Psyche*.

J a p a n

by

Haruki Murakami

AFTER THE TOKYO GAS ATTACK, society's attention was drawn exclusively to Aum Shinrikyo. The question was asked over and over again: "How could such elite, highly educated people believe in such a ridiculous, dangerous new religion?..."

However, as I went through the process of interviewing these Aum members and former members, one thing I felt quite strongly was that it wasn't *in spite of* being part of the elite that they went in that direction, but precisely *because* they were part of the elite....

Since the whole Aum Shinrikyo affair took place so recently, it is still too early to pin down exactly what was lacking in this case. However, in a broad sense it was the lack of a world vision, and the alienation between language and actions.

#### A DREAM OF UTOPIA

I'm sure each member of Aum's Science and Technology elite had his own personal reasons for renouncing the world and joining Aum. What they all had in common, though, was a desire to put the technical skill and knowledge they'd acquired in the service of a meaningful goal....

Ikuo Hayashi, who released sarin gas in the Chiyoda Line, leading to the deaths of two subway workers, is clearly one of these types of people. He had a reputation for being an outstanding surgeon, devoted to his patients. Most likely it was precisely because he was such a good doctor that he began to mistrust the present-day medical system, shot through as it is with contradictions and defects. As a result, he was drawn to the active spiritual world that Aum provided with its vision of an intense, perfect utopia.

Hayashi had a dream of devoting himself to a utopia, undergoing strenuous training unsullied by the secular world, putting into practice a kind of medical care he could give all his heart to, and making as many patients happy as he possibly could. These motives are indeed pure, and the vision has its own beauty and splendor. Take a step back, however, and it's clear how completely it is cut off from reality.

In our eyes this is like some strange landscape painting that lacks all sense of perspective. Still,



But what we should say to Dr. Hayashi is really quite simple, and it goes like this: “Reality is created out of confusion and contradiction, and if you exclude those elements, you’re no longer talking about reality. You might think that —by following language and a logic that appears consistent— you’re able to exclude that aspect of reality but it will always be lying in wait for you, ready to take its revenge.” ☞

*Underground: The Tokyo Gas Attack and the Japanese Psyche by Haruki Murakami. Translated from the Japanese by Alfred Birnbaum and Philip Gabriel. Vintage International/Vintage Books, A Division of Random House, Inc., New York. Copyright 2000 by Haruki Murakami. All rights reserved.*

*Ten months before the attack in Tokyo (opposite page and above), Aum Shinrikyo committed the world’s first known sarin gas terrorist attack in Matsumoto in central Japan, killing 7 and sickening more than 200 people.*

if any one of us had been a friend of Dr. Hayashi’s at the time he was considering becoming an Aum renunciate and we tried to give him some convincing proof that his ideas were alienated from reality, it would have been very difficult.

**PATTERNS OF GLOBAL TERRORISM**  
The Government [of Japan] has frozen suspected terrorist assets and maintains a watch list that contains nearly 300 groups and individuals.

## Eyewitness to Madness



ONCE OUT OF the exit I took a good look around, but what I saw was—how shall I put it?—“hell” describes it perfectly. Three men were laid on the ground, spoons stuck in their mouths as a precaution against them choking on their tongues. About six other station staff were there too, but they all just sat on the flower beds holding their heads and crying. The moment I came out of the exit, a girl was crying her eyes out. I was at a loss for words. I didn’t have a clue what was happening....

We managed to lift Mr. Takahashi, the station attendant who died, into the back, along with

J a p a n

b y

K i y o k a I z u m i

another assistant. And still there was room, so one more station assistant got into the van. I think Mr. Takahashi was still alive at that point. But at first glance I thought, “He’s a goner.” Not that I’d ever witnessed death, I just knew. I could picture it; he was going to die this way. But still I had to try and help, somehow....

### MASS CONFUSION

Then there was that girl nearby, crying and trembling all over. I stayed with her and tried to comfort her, saying, “There, there, it’s all right,” until finally the ambulance came. All that time I looked after different people, all of them white-faced, completely washed out. One man, fairly old by the look of him, was foaming at the mouth. I had no idea humans could foam like that. I unbuttoned his shirt, loosened his belt, and took his pulse. It was really fast. I tried to rouse him, but it was no use. He was completely unconscious....

While I was looking after everyone, I completely forgot my own pain. It was only at the mention of oxygen that it occurred to me, “Come to think of it, I’m breathing funny myself.” Yet at that very moment, I didn’t make a connection between the gas attack and my condition. I was all right, so I had to look after the people who had

really suffered. Just what the incident was I didn’t know, but whatever it was it was big.

I had cold-like symptoms for a week after that. I had this asthmatic cough, and three days later a high fever....All I know is I was completely immobilized....

### DREAMS THAT WON’T GO AWAY

And I kept having these dreams. The image of those station attendants with spoons in their mouths stuck in my head. In my dreams, there were hundreds of bodies lying on the ground, row upon row far into the distance. I don’t know how many times I woke in the middle of the night. Frightening....

The fact is, the whole situation made me want to cry, but I knew if I lost control that would have been the end of it. Nobody was dealing with things calmly. No one even caring for the sick. Everyone just abandoned us there the whole time and walked on by. It was absolutely terrible.

As to the criminals who actually planted the sarin, I honestly can’t say I feel much anger or hatred. I suppose I just don’t make the connection, and I can’t seem to find those emotions in me. What I really think about are those families that have to bear the tragedy, their suffering is so much bigger to me than any anger or hatred I might feel toward the criminals. ♣



*When Aum Shinrikyo released poisonous sarin gas in the Tokyo subway system on March 20, 1995 (opposite page and above), 11 people died and more than 5,000 became ill.*



## Death March



R u s s i a

ON A SATURDAY evening in May 2002, a plane landed in the western Siberian city of Omsk with three coffins. The coffins, accompanied by two women in black kerchiefs, were met by a contingent of silent, grim Russian soldiers. One coffin carried Lt. Colonel Alexander Kravchenko of the 77th Marine Brigade, the second held his 12-year-old son Anton, and the third Vyacheslav Nazvanov, also a lieutenant colonel with the marine brigade—and the father of two daughters, ages 12 and 7.

The Omsk victims were among 42 killed—12 of them children—and more than 100 injured during a

terrorist attack in Kaspiysk, a port city on the Caspian Sea in the southern Russian region of Dagestan.

### ATTACK ON A PARADE

On May 9, 2002, as Russians throughout the country celebrated the anniversary of victory over Nazi Germany in World War II, terrorists detonated a landmine packed with shrapnel along the parade route, just as the band of the 77th Marine Brigade was passing—on its way to the city cemetery for a wreath-laying ceremony at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

Children were running in front of the marine band, which was playing a traditional Victory Day song, when the explosion occurred.

One witness, Magomad Akhmedov, a teacher, described the horror of the scene immediately after the bombing: “When I got there, I saw a mound of bodies, people in panic,” she said. “Someone began giving first aid, some started to bind people’s wounds and stop the blood with whatever they could find.”



*The funeral of 12-year-old Anton Kravchenko (left); the site of the attack (opposite page) on a parade of children, veterans, and musicians in the Russian port city of Kaspiysk.*



## EYEWITNESS ACCOUNTS

Minutes after the explosion, Russian television carried pictures of soldiers sprawled in the street, bleeding heavily, and survivors desperately carrying limp children to ambulances. In the immediate aftermath, according to the Associated Press account: “A mangled drum heaped with flowers lay next to abandoned horns and an empty boot. Streams of blood trickled down the pocked

I had a gut feeling that it wouldn’t be a good idea to bring my wife and son along to Dagestan. If I had, they would have been with me at the parade.”

Volkov recalled the moment of the attack: “When the shock wave passed, there were a few seconds of dead silence. And then everyone screamed. The fragments flew. I look at my friend Slavik Lysenkov and see that blood is gushing from

1996, many of them border guards and their families, by a bomb detonated in a Russian military housing complex.

Although Dagestan borders the republic of Chechnya, where guerilla fighting continues, Russian authorities identified the perpetrators of the Kaspiysk bombing as local Islamic extremists, not Chechen rebels, according to the Russian news source *Lenta.ru*.



tree-lined road. Windows in nearby apartments were shattered.”

In the Russian newspaper *Gazeta Dona*, one victim, Lieutenant Aleksey Volkov, described the attack and its aftermath for him from his hospital bed. “I sent a letter to my wife and passed a word to my parents that I was going to accompany the wounded to Rostov, for them not to worry. It’s as though

his wound. He had time to shout ‘Duck!’ to me, and then I fell down. I wanted to get up and saw that I couldn’t. I look at my thigh and see blood gushing out. I tried to stop the flow of blood and crawl, but felt my head going dizzy.”

The parade attack was not the first time that Kaspiysk had been victimized by a terrorist bombing. Sixty-four people were killed in

During the past decade, Russia has been subjected to a succession of bombings and attacks that have killed and wounded hundreds of innocent civilians. ❧

### PATTERNS OF GLOBAL TERRORISM

On 5 February 2001, a bomb exploded in Moscow’s Byelorusskaya metro station wounding nine persons. On 15 March three Chechen men armed with knives commandeered a Russian charter flight.... On 24 March three car bombs exploded in Stavropol, killing at least 20 persons and wounding almost 100.

## Shattered Lives



P a k i s t a n

by

Shazmaan Shariff

10 A.M., JUNE 14, 2002. Karachi, Pakistan. A Toyota Corolla leaves Ayesha Manzil in Karachi and speeds into the heart of the city. Aboard the vehicle are four women, three of whom are to shortly appear for their driving tests. The young women possess learners' licenses but are excited by the prospect of soon becoming bona fide drivers with proper licenses. The fourth woman is their driving instructor, for whom this is just another routine day.

The same day at around 11 a.m., an off-white Suzuki heads for I.I. Chundrigar Road. A young woman sits on the front seat while her uncle is at the wheel of the car. They exchange details of her wedding, which is to be held in a week's time. They are going to pick up some jewelry from a bank's locker, an errand that her father and brother

were scheduled to run with her that fateful morning. However, there was a change in plans at the last moment. The bride-to-be, Dr. Aaliya, decided to accompany her uncle instead, and told her father and brother to stay behind and help with arrangements for the forthcoming reception.

### CHAOS

Reaching Abdullah Haroon Road, the two cars draw nearer to each other, their tragic fates somehow running parallel. As they pass by the U.S. consulate, there is a massive explosion and chaos ensues. Minutes later, the area is littered with blood and mutilated human bodies, some charred beyond recognition. The devastated remains of vehicles lie all over the vicinity. All those aboard the two vehicles, as well as a number of police and security

*Dr. Aaliya (right) signs her marriage documents just nine days before she was killed by a terrorist's bomb. Relatives grieve (opposite page) for another victim of the blast outside the U.S. consulate in Karachi, Pakistan.*



personnel, have had their lives cruelly and suddenly snuffed out.

These are the innocent victims of terrorism, precious lives destroyed by a single violent act. Their stories, like those of any victim of terrorism, are poignant in the extreme. They reveal how the loss of a single life can leave behind ripples that can shatter the existence of entire families.

#### DEATH OF A BRIDE

The tragic news of the bomb blast near the American consulate spread like wildfire. Dr. Humaira could never imagine that one of the victims of the blast was her close friend, Dr. Aaliya, whom she had last met only two days earlier. All dressed to celebrate her best friend's wedding, she landed at the wedding venue, only to find an eerie silence. She had no inkling that Dr. Aaliya was one of the victims of the bomb blast. The guard told her that someone from their family had died. She knew that Aaliya's mother had died recently and thought the wedding had probably been cancelled for that reason. But when the guard told her grimly that it was the bride who had died, she couldn't control her emotions as she stood there in a state of shock.

Dr. Aaliya, 30, was the only sister to three brothers and was the eldest among the siblings. Having

completed her medical degree, she aspired to specialize in gynecology but she decided to switch to teaching and became a lecturer at the Hamdard University.

Mr. and Mrs. Nazeer, parents of another victim of the blast, wait-



ed impatiently for their daughter, Nida, to come back to the Khanum Motor Training school on Friday. Nida Nazeer was only 20 years old and was waiting for her admission results to the Al-Khair University. "I reached there [Khanum school] to pick her up at 1:30 p.m., but the institute people said that the car has not returned and gave vague reasons for the delay. Then the police came and inquired about the girls who were in the car. Then they asked me and my husband to go to the Jinnah Hospital."

Mr. Karim, the father of 19-year-old Nazish Karim, who was also traveling in the ill-fated car, identified his daughter's body by the thread that she used to wear on

her wrist. Her other arm and leg had been blown away, and her clothes were reduced to tatters. Nazish was a student of first year at the Sir Syed University of Engineering and was also very active in extra-curricular activities. The cups and trophies she had won for sports competitions sit on a shelf in their home reminding the parents of this enterprising daughter who became a victim of the blast.

The families cling to the hope that whoever was responsible will be punished, if not in this world then at least on the Day of Judgment. As the mother of one victim said, "We might not be able to take to task the beasts behind the blast in this world, but I believe on doomsday, there will be no escape for the killers of our daughter." ❧

*The car bomb killed 12 people and seriously wounded more than 20. Pakistani authorities arrested three suspects who are members of the Harkatul Mujahideen al-Almi organization, which is reported to have ties to the former Taliban regime in Afghanistan and to separatist groups fighting in Kashmir. This account is excerpted from an article in Karachi's Daily Dawn newspaper. Reprinted with permission from the Daily Dawn Karachi, July 4, 2002.*

#### RECENT ATTACKS IN PAKISTAN

From January 1, 2002, to mid-August, 35 Pakistani citizens died in terrorist attacks inside Pakistan, and more than 100 Pakistanis were wounded.

## Firehouse



WE USE THE TERM HEROISM too freely in an age when many people seem to confuse celebrity with achievement, image with bravery. But then we confront the real thing: the saga of New York City's firefighters on September 11, 2001, when terrorists aboard two hijacked planes turned lower Manhattan into a fiery piece of hell.

In a new book, *Firehouse*, noted journalist David Halberstam explores the world of New York firefighters through the microcosm of a fire station on the upper West Side of Manhattan—Engine 40, Ladder 35, a group known as 40/35.

Thirteen firefighters of the 40/35 answered the call on September 11. Twelve never returned.

United States

by

David Halberstam

A FIREHOUSE, MOST FIREMEN believe, is like a vast extended second family—rich, warm, joyous, and supportive, but on occasion quite edgy as well, with all the inevitable tensions brought on by so many forceful men living so closely together over so long a period of time. What gradually emerges is surprisingly nuanced; the cumulative human texture has slowly evolved over time and is often delicate. It is created out of hundreds of unseen, unknown, and often unidentified tiny adjustments that these strong, willful men make to accommodate one another, sometimes agreeably and sometimes

grudgingly. It incorporates how the men live with one another day in and day out, and surprisingly the degree to which, whether they realize it or not, they come to love one another (sometimes even as they dislike one another)—because love is a critical ingredient in the fireman's code, which demands that you are willing to risk your life for your firehouse brothers.

The men not only live and eat with one another, they play sports together, go off to drink together, help repair one another's houses, and, most important, share terrifying risks; their loyalties to one another, by the demands of the dangers they face, must be instinctive and absolute. Thus are firehouse codes fashioned. When a probie—



a probationary or apprentice firefighter—joins a firehouse, he must adjust to the firehouse culture, rather than the firehouse adjusting to him. It is like the military in that respect: Idiosyncrasy can come later; adherence to the rules and traditions comes first.

#### SPIRITUAL REDEMPTION

Reverend Robert Scholz [pastor of a nearby church] long ago decided that there was something special to firemen and their traditions, that they had chosen this profession because it expanded their lives and gave those lives additional meaning. Many of the men, he said, were not necessarily angels or saintly—far from it, in fact—and they were not, in the traditional sense, necessarily very religious. But there was also a certain spiritual redemption to what

they did. They could be on occasion rowdy and combative and they had their allotted share of human flaws, of which they themselves were often all too aware. But whatever they had done wrong the night before, the next morning when they were at the firehouse, they were able to take extra meaning from their lives, and to find some form of redemption because of the nature of the job, because of the risks they take for complete strangers.

#### A FATHER'S QUEST

If any one moment brought home the sheer human horror of that day, it was when John Morello, father of Vincent Morello, one of the men from 40/35, found out what had happened. In the early-morning hours of Wednesday, September 12, John, a retired [fire department]

battalion chief, was still trying to determine what had happened to Vincent, who was listed as being on Ladder 35 and was missing. Communications with fire authorities had been terrible; the city's Emergency Command Center in 7 World Trade Center had been destroyed early in the terrorist attack, and any real information had been sketchy.

It had been some 17 hours since the Ladder 35 rig left the house, and Morello, fearful of the worst, but having no inkling how bad the worst really was, had been calling various private department phone numbers he knew. He was by this time with his daughter-in-law Debi at her and Vincent's home in Middle Village, Queens. Finally, around 2:30 a.m., he got through to someone. Morello explained that he was a retired battalion chief and





that his son had been down at the World Trade Center. The man at the other end of the line agreed to help him. Morello did not realize that Debi was listening in on the first-floor extension. “Thirty-five Truck,” the man had said [which is how fire-fighters refer to the Ladder Truck]. “Thirty-five Truck is missing.”

“What the hell does that mean, Thirty-five Truck is missing?” Morello asked. “The whole company is missing?”

#### A WHOLE COMPANY MISSING

“Yes,” said the man at the other end, “the whole company is missing.” That was when John Morello heard Debi on the line, screaming in agony, not just for herself, it seemed, but for every family member connected to 40/35 and all the other New York firehouses that day.

September 11 was a special kind of hell for 40/35. No one who works at the firehouse has really yet comprehended the apocalyptic nature of what occurred. That morning 13 men set out on the house’s two rigs, and 12 of them

died. It was a tragedy beyond comprehension, not just the worst day in the history of New York City, but one of the worst days in American history—a day that people would compare to Pearl Harbor, 60 years

so. There have been acceptable days and there have been bad days, when the pain was almost unbearable.

#### NO PANIC OR FEAR

There is a quick flash of videotape that shows Lieutenant John Ginley, Michael Lynch, Steve Mercado, and Mike D’Auria as they descend the stairs into the lobby of Building Four and head for the lobby of the south tower. The tape runs in slow motion for about ten seconds, and though no one is sure of the exact time it was shot, it obviously takes place well into the disaster—the air is full of debris. Some authorities believe it was filmed a little before 10:00 a.m., just prior to the two terrible collapses. It is easy to identify the men. They are loaded up with gear, and their expressions are unusually stoic. Their brothers from 40/35 find it almost unbearable to watch the brief clip, because they



earlier. The New York Fire Department was the institution that bore the brunt of it—343 men killed—and the 40/35 firehouse was among the hardest hit. The aftershocks of the tragedy have persisted not just in the grief for the men who were lost, but also in the guilt among the survivors, who have continued to wonder not just why they lived, but whether it was wrong to have done

can imagine what the men already know about their chances of surviving, and yet they are going forward, with no panic or fear on their faces. They are, in the fire-fighting lexicon, calm, and they are doing the right thing....

It was both fascinating and haunting to watch the video—the clarity with which it showed the collapse of the south tower was almost

*The assignment boards for Engine 40/Ladder 35 company for September 11, 2001 (above and opposite page). Twelve of the 13 men who responded to the attack at the World Trade Center did not survive.*

unbearable to see. One minute the giant structure is still standing, proud but badly damaged, smoke pouring out of its upper stories, and then, with an unbelievable force driving it, the collapse began, windows popping out, floor by floor, ever so sequentially, like a series of dominoes toppling. And then there was nothing but smoke and dust.

#### ONE LAST LOOK

What made the video even more dramatic, indeed almost unendurable for the men in the firehouse, was the brief section that showed the men of Ladder 35 as they made their fateful entry into the south tower. One morning in early February of 2002, the men of 40/35 played the video over and over at the firehouse, trying to identify everyone on the tape....

There they were, men who had once been the closest of friends, men who had once dominated this very room with the force of their personalities, in the final moments of their lives. It was hard to identify the individuals because, in addition to the erraticism, the video had been shot at some distance. Nonetheless, there they were, moving quickly in single file toward an entrance. “Okay—now watch, that’s the captain,” said Ray Pfeifer. Then right behind him, staying very

close was the most junior among the firemen, Dan Marshall—and that was according to tradition: the most junior man, staying right next to the officer. “There! That’s Mikey Otten and that’s Michael Roberts,



and that’s Kevin Bracken,” said Pfeifer. And everyone agreed with him.

The only figure about whom there was some doubt was that of a man who entered the building a few seconds ahead of [Captain] Callahan. The debate was whether it was Jimmy Giberson. The men questioned why Giberson would have gone in ahead of the captain.

Then Mike Kotula arrived, and they ran the tape several times for him. Kotula had been exceptionally close to Giberson and had taken his death very hard. Now, as he watched, he was absolutely sure it was Jimmy. “That’s him! No doubt about it!” said Kotula. “Then, why is he out in front?” one of the others asked. “Jimmy was always in front. Always. With those long legs, you couldn’t keep up with him. And no one was going to stop him on something like this,” Kotula said.

One of the men asked Kotula if he was *absolutely* sure it was Giberson. Yes, said Kotula. “Look at the way he holds his tools. That’s Jimmy. Look at how long his legs are. See, his coat seems to be short on his body because he’s so tall. That’s Jimmy. No one else.”

The men sat there, playing the tape again and again, getting one last look at their friends, walking into the building from which they would not come out alive. ☪

*These excerpts are from Firehouse. Copyright © 2002 by David Halberstam. Published by Hyperion. All rights reserved.*

**PATTERNS OF GLOBAL TERRORISM**  
Both towers collapsed, killing approximately 3,000 persons, including hundreds of firefighters and rescue personnel who were helping to evacuate the buildings.

## The Tower Infants



LIFE IS INSISTENT, even in the face of tragedy and death. More than 3,000 people perished in the attacks of September 11, 2001—more than 2,800 in the twin towers of the World Trade Center—yet new lives have also started in the aftermath.

One estimate is that at least 50 young widows, pregnant before September 11, have since given birth. *People* magazine contacted many of these families—now bereft of husbands and fathers—yet at the same time filled with the joy of a new child.

Thirty-one new mothers and their infants accepted the invitation and were photographed for a special section of the February 25, 2002, issue of the magazine. The babies' older brothers and sisters also were

included in individual family portraits. The session, wrote managing editor Carol Wallace, required 35 *People* magazine staffers to set up the photography, handle art direction, talk with the mothers—and help manage 32 babies (one set of twins).

“For a lot of them it was the first time they were being photographed with their babies,” said photographer Erica Berger. And despite the grief that brought them together, all the mothers endured a photo session that lasted eight hours. “It was like they needed to do this for the record,” said picture editor Maura Foley.

In February 2002, they were infants; but at the next gathering—and certainly there will be more in the future—they will become the Tower Children. ❧

U n i t e d   S t a t e s

*One of the tower infants, Joshua, enjoys the attention of his older brother (above). Thirty-two of the tower infants pose with their mothers early in 2002 (opposite page); their names are listed below the photograph.*



Evelyn Rodriguez *with Morgan*  
 Stacey Staub *with Juliette*  
 Andrea Russin *with Olivia*  
     *and Ariella*  
 Vycki Higley *with Robyn*  
 Jennifer Bowman *with Jack*  
 Linda Dickinson *with Patrick*  
 Lisa Reina *with Joseph*  
 Taryn McHale *with Collin*  
 Tammy Perconti *with Julia*  
 Elaine Lyons *with Mary*

Paulina Cardona *with Joshua*  
 Mindy Gabler *with Alexis*  
 Kellie Lee *with Allison*  
 Baraheen Ashrafi *with Farqad*  
 Kimberly Statkevics  
     *with Chase*  
 Susan Retik *with Dina*  
 Gigi Nelson *with Lyndsi*  
 Holli Silver *with Danielle*  
 Jeannine McIntyre *with Lauren*  
 Courtney Acquaviva *with Paul*

Jenna Jacobs *with Gabriel*  
 Dawn Shay *with Jonathan*  
 Dena Smagala *with Alexa*  
 Jacqueline Milam *with Ron*  
 Jennifer Maerz *with Noelle*  
 Maria Ryan *with Colin*  
 Carolann Larsen *with August*  
 Nancy Taylor *with Luke*  
 Jane Terrenzi *with Elizabeth*  
 Ronda Boyle *with Nathan*  
 Jennifer Tarantino *with Jason*



## Sara Harvey



Nicaragua and  
the United States

by  
Eric Green

THOSE WHO KNEW HER remember the indomitable spirit that worked to help poor children in Nicaragua have a better life. Now many more people will learn of her good deeds.

An expanded school lunch hall in Nicaragua has been dedicated in the name of Sara Manley Harvey, a 31-year-old New York telecommunications analyst who was killed on September 11 when a hijacked jet slammed into her office at New York's World Trade Center.

Dedicated at a ceremony in Managua on April 26, 2002, the Sara Manley Harvey lunch hall offers a fitting tribute to the volunteer who since the mid-1990s raised money through the Fabretto Children's Foundation for Nicaragua's poor. Fabretto, founded in 1953,

works in underserved communities in Nicaragua, identifying children at risk of dropping out of school due to poverty, lack of food, inability to afford school uniforms and supplies, or the need to work to help support the family.

### GLOBAL IMPACT

Sara helped with the first Fabretto "Night for Ninos" fund-raiser in New York in 1994 and had served as the charity's corporate contributions coordinator ever since. It was through a Fabretto benefit in 1998 that she met her husband, Bill, whom she married exactly one month before being killed in the terrorist attack.

With the help of a grant exceeding \$76,000 from the U.S. Department of Agriculture, the

*The community of Somoto in Nicaragua (right) welcomes Sara Harvey's family and friends for the dedication (opposite page) of a school lunch room named for their "guardian angel," who was killed at the World Trade Center on September 11.*





new lunch hall in the rural community of Somoto will offer expanded space to provide school lunches to a greater number of Nicaraguan children each year. The lunch hall, said U.S. Ambassador to Nicaragua Oliver Garza in remarks at the ceremony, will serve as a monument to Sara's charitable work.

"At 31, Sara was the very definition of success," said Garza. "Sara was a citizen of the United States, but the impact of her life was global. Her story illustrates more poignantly than any words why the attacks of September 11 were attacks not only against the United States, but against the ideas of freedom and democracy that are shared by people the world over."

"Nicaragua has lost a guardian angel," said Nicaraguan President Enrique Bolanos at the ceremony. "But the work that Sara began, with the help of so many other people, has not ceased with her death."

Fabretto officials say their present building was not big enough to serve all the children who need to have lunch, which is often their only substantial meal of the day. Besides lunch, Fabretto provides more than 1,500 children in Somoto and three other regional centers in the country with a variety of services—including clothing, health care, after-school programs

in sports, arts and music education, and vocational training. By 2005, Fabretto hopes to have 5,000 Nicaraguan children enrolled in its programs. Fabretto was named for the Italian missionary Rafael Maria Fabretto, who founded a group of

here today," Garza said, "to understand how many people one person touches in the course of life, even if that life, as in Sara's case, is cut short." Each life lost, said Garza, "affects thousands more," which shows "the magnitude of the horror inflicted by terrorists" on September 11.

President Bolanos said Fabretto has given the neediest children in his country medical attention, food, scholarships, school supplies, and ultimately "what is needed to create men and women that are the future of our country."

The Fabretto Foundation said its school programs in Nicaragua are vitally needed,

since 85 percent of the country's children under age 14 live in poverty. Fabretto said 22 percent of children age six to nine suffer malnutrition, while 44 percent do not know how to read or write.

Unfortunately, Sara Harvey never had a chance to come to Nicaragua. "But in Somoto, a living, functioning monument to Sara will rise to remind others of her deeds," Garza said. "The lunch hall that will stand in her name will continue to fill stomachs with food and minds with inspiration, until long after terrorism has been starved from this earth. And Sara's spirit, her wonderful spirit of caring and giving, will live on in the children of Somoto." ❧



children's homes in Nicaragua's rugged northern region.

#### A COUNTRY'S FUTURE

According to Fabretto, hundreds of Sara's friends, her family, her former employer, Fred Alger Management, and other companies raised much of the funds required for construction of the lunch hall. The facility will enable the charity to better offer nutrition and education programs to over 400 impoverished children in Somoto, "and is an important step in Fabretto's efforts to more than triple the number of children in its programs by 2005," the organization said in a statement.

"One needs only to look around at the hundreds of faces

## Enough Is Enough



G r e e c e

IN DECEMBER 2001, after years of silence and mourning, families and relatives of victims of terrorism in Greece gathered for a candlelight vigil in front of the Parliament building at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. It was the first public event for an organization known as Os Edo, translated sometimes as “No More,” or “Enough Is Enough.”

The protest took place just days before the 26th anniversary of the first attack by the Greek terrorist organization calling itself “November 17”: the killing of U.S. embassy official Richard Welch outside his home in Athens.

In an open letter to the Greek people, as reported by the Greek English-language newspaper *Kathi-*

*merini*, Os Edo said: “The terrorists turn our silence into an excuse. In this way, they continue their terrorist activity without any substantial hindrance. The truth is that the merciless killers have managed to harm not only us but the country as well.”

### SILENT NO LONGER

In June 2002, according to the Athens News Agency (ANA), Os Edo launched a media campaign to educate and sensitize the public on issues and human costs of terrorism, including information about their Web site ([www.osedo.gr](http://www.osedo.gr)). It also called upon organizations named for two of Greece’s dominant political figures of the 20th century—the Constantine Kara-

*Heather Saunders and her daughter Catherine (above) watch as the coffin of her husband, Brigadier Stephen Saunders (right), is carried from a plane at London’s Gatwick airport. The British military attaché was murdered by the terrorist group November 17 in Athens in June 2000.*



manlis Institute for Democracy and the Andreas G. Papandreou Foundation—to open a broad dialogue on the need to reject violence outside the constraints of partisan politics and ideological convictions.

The public campaign was launched on another sad anniversary: the murder of British defense attaché Stephen Saunders in June 2000. But foreign diplomats were hardly the exclusive targets of the November 17 killers, whose name came from a 1973 student uprising against the ruling military junta of the time. Their targets have included publishers George Athanasiades and Nikolaos Momferatos; government officials Mihalīs Vranopoulos, former governor of the Bank of

Greece, Pavlos Bakogiannis, member of Parliament, and prosecutors Anastasios Vernardos and Konstantinos Androulidakis; and businessmen Alexandros Athanasiadis, Dimitris Angelopoulos, and Konstantinos Peratikos.

#### RECENT ARRESTS

In late June 2002, an extraordinary break occurred when a bomb accidentally detonated in the hands of a terrorist in the port of Piraeus. That incident led to a rapid series of arrests of more than a dozen figures alleged to be members of November 17—along with the discovery of hideouts, documents, and weapons directly connected with several November 17 murders.

After more than two decades of frustration, it appeared that Greek authorities have decimated one of the most elusive and longest-surviving terrorist organizations in Europe—all within a period of several months.

According to ANA, Public Order Minister Mihalīs Chrysohoidis said that Greece “had dealt a powerful blow against terrorism that amounted to a victory for democracy.”

*The daughter and grandson of a terror victim take part in Os Edo's first demonstration outside the Greek Parliament building in December 2001; “No More” reads the sign at left.*



## Seeds of Peace: My Friend, The Enemy



U n i t e d S t a t e s

by  
R u t h A n d r e w  
E l l e n s o n

WHEN BUSHRA Jawabri, now 20, a Palestinian refugee from the West Bank, arrived in Maine for a summer camp session at Seeds of Peace, she was terrified at the thought of sleeping in a cabin with her sworn enemy.

“I remember at the opening ceremony I was afraid to introduce myself because that person might be Israeli, and the picture I had of them were of soldiers who wanted to kill us,” recalls Jawabri of the visit in 1995 at the camp in rural Otisfield. Since 1993, Seeds of Peace has hosted teens from conflict-ridden regions around the world.

### SMALL STEP, BIG REVELATION

Despite her fears, Jawabri slept in a bunk with 10 other girls—half of them Israeli, the other half Palestinian—and, to her relief, “woke up the following morning with the

Israeli girls and nothing had happened. Nothing had happened to me; nothing had happened to them.” Now a junior at Manhattanville College in New York, Jawabri said it was a big revelation.

Such moments are daily occurrences at Seeds of Peace, an organization founded by the late John Wallach, a former journalist who had covered the Middle East. The first two-week session brought together 40 Israeli, Palestinian, and Egyptian teenagers. In the summer of 2002, Seeds of Peace hosted about 450 children and 75 adults from 22 countries, including this year, for the first time, Afghanistan.

Although the program began by focusing on the Middle East, it has greatly expanded its scope over the last two years. “Our signature program was the Middle East. Because that model was so impres-

*Deputy Secretary of State Richard Armitage (right) welcomes participants in Seeds of Peace’s 2002 summer program to the State Department in Washington. Some Seeds of Peace campers (opposite page) choose to wear traditional Muslim or Jewish head coverings.*





sive, we started to get approached by other people,” said Dena Fisher, executive director of the program.

#### PAIRING ENEMIES

“Cyprus was the first non-Middle Eastern country to come, in 1998, and the Balkans were added in 2000,” Fisher said recently from her office in New York. Other countries, including India and Pakistan, were added only last year.

“We could expand a million-fold, it’s just a question of resources,” Fisher said, citing Ireland as a country they would like to bring into the program. Aside from a small group of U.S. campers, the children come from war-torn countries where they have been taught to distrust outside cultures. The tactic is to pair them with other kids whom they would otherwise see as enemies.

Kids who attend the camp sessions are selected by their own governments. The only exceptions are

the Americans, who apply for a small number of slots through the Seeds of Peace office.

The camp’s operating budget is expected to exceed \$1 million this year, and although the program has received about \$300,000 in funding from the U.S. State Department over the last two years, most of its operating costs are covered by private charitable donations, among them contributions from the Annenberg Foundation, UBS Warburg Foundation, Novartis, and Lockheed Martin.

#### AN EVOLUTION

So how do these potential seeds of peace get planted? Don’t assume these kids simply gather in the woods to share their mutual understanding, warned Wallach in one of his last interviews. The kids undergo an evolution, which is far from easy. At the beginning, “each side views themselves as the victim, and the other side as the aggressor.

“The first week they come, they are either completely idealistic or determined to prove that their point of view is the only right one,” Wallach said. In the second week, they begin to “understand that the version of history they have been taught may not be the only reality there is,” but they also come to realize there are very real reasons hate exists between the two sides. “The third week, they realize they have to deal with that hatred and still need to accept each other anyway.”

“If everything that is happening is going on and I can still receive an e-mail from an Israeli Seed telling me about their concern, I feel there is hope for the future,” said Jawabri. “Seeds of Peace is the only reason I am hopeful about the crisis in the Middle East today.” ☪

*This article appeared first in the Los Angeles Times on May 23, 2002.*





## Oklahoma City and Memory



AT 9:02 A.M. ON APRIL 19, 1995, a terrorist with an animus against the U.S. government named Timothy McVeigh detonated a truck filled with 4,800 pounds of explosives outside the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building in downtown Oklahoma City.

As the subsequent investigation revealed, he had parked the truck only minutes before, timing the blast with regular office hours to ensure a maximum number of casualties. He succeeded: The attack killed 168 people, including children in a day-care center. The explosion also injured hundreds of others, caused extensive damage to the city, and traumatized an entire community.

U n i t e d   S t a t e s

As part of the recovery process, the entire community engaged in a lengthy and extensive program to conceive, design, and build an appropriate memorial that captured the enormity of what happened on that April day. According to authorities, the Oklahoma City National Memorial honors “those who were killed, those who survived and those changed forever.” It is widely recognized as one of the most successful memorial processes in history.

In the conclusion of his book, *The Unfinished Bombing: Oklahoma City in American Memory*, author Edward Linenthal describes the struggle of the American community to recover from and memorialize the most horrific act of terrorism on U.S. soil before September 11, 2001.

THE UNFINISHED BOMBING  
by Edward Linenthal

MEMORIALS ARE, of course, expressions made by particular communities of memory, in this case a community made up of family members, survivors, rescue workers, and civic-minded individuals who were not so directly seared by loss. Through a painstaking process they learned to work together, crafting a

mission statement that declared the memorial would be shaped primarily by the sensibilities of family members and survivors. It would not be done *for* them, but it would be done *by* them. Faith in the process and allegiance to the mission statement helped this large and diverse community of memory negotiate a host of difficult issues....

With the opening of the Memorial Center, memorial expression was *anchored* in a specific site (clearly delineated sacred space), *embodied* by family member and survivor docents [guides], *expressed* in the Memorial Center’s exhibition, *preserved* in massive archival collections, and *disseminated* through the activities of the institute and the educational imperative of the foundation to engage in public education about the impact of violence, the human face of government, and the necessity of nonviolent means of social change as an integral element of civil society.... ♣

*The Unfinished Bombing: Oklahoma City in American Memory. Copyright © 2001 by Edward T. Linenthal. Published by Oxford University Press, Inc., 198 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10016.*



*The mother of a one-year-old Oklahoma City victim (opposite page). A relative grieves at the Oklahoma City National Memorial (above); the chairs honor the 168 people killed in the 1995 bombing.*



EXECUTIVE EDITOR : George Clack  
EDITOR : Howard Cincotta  
MANAGING EDITOR : Chandley McDonald  
TEXT EDITOR : Rosalie Targonski  
ART DIRECTOR : Diane Woolverton  
PHOTO RESEARCH :  
Gloria L. Castro  
Barry Fitzgerald  
John Miller  
Maggie Johnson Sliker  
John Wicart  
JS Photo Research

Office of International Information Programs  
U.S. Department of State  
<http://usinfo.state.gov>

#### ON THE COVER

The Oklahoma City National Memorial consists of 168 empty chairs, dipped in bronze, to commemorate the victims killed in a terrorist bombing of the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building in 1995.

#### PHOTO CREDITS

Front cover: Steve Liss, TimePix. 1: AP/Wide World Photos (AP/WWP) from NTV Russian Channel; Ken Karuga, AP/WWP; Luis Benavides, AP/WWP; Louisa Buller, AP/WWP. 2: Jean-Marc Bouju, AP/WWP. 3: AP/WWP Pool. 4: Courtesy the Namdar Family; Sabah News Agency. 5: Murad Sezer, AP/WWP. 6: Ctsy. the Gabrielle Family. 7: Barry Fitzgerald, U.S. Department of State. 8: ABS CBN/AP/WWP; Dave Williams, Wichita Eagle. 9: Agence France-Presse. 10: HO/AP/WWP; Aaron Favila, AP/WWP. 11: Bullit Marquez, AP/WWP. 12: Ctsy. the Taylor Family; John Wicart. 13: Ctsy. the Taylor Family. 14: AP/WWP from EFE/Txema Fernandez; Dennis Doyle, AP/WWP. 15: AP/WWP from EFE/Fernandez. 16: Ctsy. the Hamdani Family; Chicago Tribune File Photo. 17: Viorel Florescu © 2002 Newsday, Inc. (2). 18: George Mulala, Reuters/TimePix; John McConnico, AP/WWP. 19: Jean-Marc Bouju, AP/WWP. 20: U.S. Embassy Nairobi. 21: Sayyid Azim, AP/WWP. 22-23: Brennan Linsley, AP/WWP (3). 24: Peter Morrison, AP/WWP; Buller, AP/WWP. 25: Alastair Grant, AP/WWP. 26: AP/WWP from EFE; Paul Mcerlane,

Reuters/TimePix. 27: Dylan Martinez, AP/WWP. 28: Ctsy. the Tarrou Family (2). 29: Jim Damaske, St. Petersburg Times. 30: Bouju, AP/WWP. 31: Damian Dovarganes, AP/WWP. 32: Ctsy. the Aversano Family. 33: Fitzgerald. 34: Reuters/Time Pix; AP/WWP. 35: Benavides, AP/WWP. 36: AP/WWP from El Tiempo. 37: Oswaldo Paez, AP/WWP; Daniel Munoz, Reuters/TimePix; Benavides, AP/WWP. 38: © Sankei Shimbun/Corbis Sygma. 39: © Tokyo Shimbun/Corbis Sygma. 40: © Corbis Sygma. 41: © Yomiuri Shimbun/Corbis Sygma. 42: Ivan Sekretarev, AP/WWP; Sergei Svetlov, AP/WWP. 43: AP/WWP from NTV Russian Channel. 44: Anwer Abbas, AP/WWP; Daily Dawn Karachi. 45: Abbas, AP/WWP. 46-47: Brian Williams, Hyperion. 48-49: Jonas Karlsson, Vanity Fair. 50: Mark Peterson, Corbis Saba. 51: Erica Berger, Corbis Outline. 52: Father Fabretto Foundation (2). 53: Andy Castro, U.S. Embassy Managua. 54: AP/WWP Pool (2). 55: Thanassis Stavrakis, AP/WWP. 56: Pat Wellenbach, AP/WWP; Michael Gross, U.S. Department of State. 57: James Lukoski. 58: Liss, TimePix. 59: David J. Phillip, AP/WWP. 60: Brian Williams, Hyperion; Aranberri, AP/WWP; Abbas, AP/WWP; Sekretarev, AP/WWP.

