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I'm amazed at my own pettiness sometimes. Yesterday my main concern was my statistics test, then I go home and learn that thousands are probably dead in New York and hundreds are dead in Washington D.C.

Yesterday morning I sat on my couch and watched people jump from a 110 story building. I watched it collapse. Then I saw the second one fall. God only knows how many people died in that short period of time. And I was worried over a statistics test.

But what was so surreal was the way life went on despite the tragedy. The buses ran, people went to work, my cat had to be fed, dishes had to be washed, and I had to take my test.

Maybe humanity lies in these little things we take for granted. Maybe the reason we have lasted so long is that the little things do continue. I found peace in cleaning my apartment last night, and in doing my homework. I went to Wal-Mart and bought a birthday present for my dad. For the first time I didn't agonize over it being the "perfect" gift. I was too busy thanking God that everyone I love is alright and praying for those who have been hurt in any way by this senseless act.