

Story of 9/11

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How many people here are 10 years old or younger? I am going to tell you a true story today, that happened before you were born. It is a story about feelings, hurting others, and Peace.

First I want to tell you something about me, because I am in part of the story. Listen closely because you will need to remember this later.

Every since I was very small, about 7 years old...raise your hand if you are 7 years old.... I realized that when I watch something on TV or in a movie that is scary, or someone gets hurt...I don't forget it.

The picture stays with me in my mind and my heart gets a very small cut – like a wound....because when I feel afraid or very sad....it touches my heart..... Now if I don't watch these really scary things or really sad things then the cut or scratch on my heart will heal with time.

TEN years ago today something very sad happened. A small group of people decided that they were going to fly an airplane into some buildings where people were working, and that is what they did. About 3,000 people were harmed.

It happened on the morning of September 11th. It is very hard to understand why someone would do such a thing - harming others, and now this story is part of our country's history. This event affected everyone's heart.... Everyone who saw this on TV or read about it in the paper, everyone felt a wound to their hearts.

So in the afternoon around 3:30 on September 11th, 2001, I was home waiting for my daughter Elisabeth to get home from school...she was 11 years old. I did not watch the event on TV to see this happening over and over and over again....because do you remember what I told you about things that I saw on TV when I was 7 years old? If I kept watching this on TV my heart would get a deeper cut or wound and it would take longer and longer to heal-just like when you have a fall and cut yourself sometimes it takes a long time to heal and sometimes there is a scar...the scar is a reminder of the time you were hurt.

When Elisabeth came home from school she told me what her teachers told her about what everyone saw on TV. I told her that she and I would watch this event together for 10 minutes on television and then we were going to go somewhere – where do you think we went? We went to beach by the ocean.

I told her that this story was so sad, and that it was not good that we watch it over and over again and that we needed to go to the beach to feel peace, to be with others who longed to touch peace.

When I am close to nature I feel really strong in the peace. I believed that if I brought peace into our life, it would not change what happened, but peace would bring balance and healing back to our hearts.

When we got to the beach – the parking lot was really full, which was unusual for a weekday. I remembered the air was so still and quiet. I now realized that if sad or scary things happen – there is something I can do right away.

I CAN bring peace in my life....

I CAN be quiet,

I CAN pray

I CAN meditate.

When I am quiet, praying, and meditating, I begin healing my heart that has the wound. PEACE becomes my medicine. So today let us remember that Peace is our medicine and Peace can restore our wounded hearts.

The way to peace in the world.....begins with each one of us – (read PEACE). May we take a moment, close our eyes and PICTURE Peace in our mind, so that our hearts can see it and feel it.

The search for a peaceful way of being is as old as humankind. The way to peace in our world begins with each of us....with our hearts being opened to 'being' in a new way.