

# A 9/11 Monologue

## By Christopher Hudson

I remember that day; every aspect, every facet. It all comes back to my mind clearly. So much time has passed, but the memories of that day are still just as fresh as they were on that day.

I remember the day not because it was like every other day of the year.

I don't remember it because it was the beginning of my Senior year of high school, or because it was a little over two weeks till my 18<sup>th</sup> birthday.

It wasn't the bright weather, or the lingering heat that makes that day stand out in my mind.

No. If it had been any of those things, it would have been just another day.

But it was not just like any other day. It was a day that will forever live on in the hearts and minds of those who witnessed it.

Those who saw the events of that day were forever changed. We remember a day that shook us to our very core. A day that we could never forget.

The reason I remember that day, is because it was the day that everything changed.

In 1941, President Franklin Roosevelt's iconic words were broadcast across the nation, "December 7, 1941, a date which will live in infamy."

In 1963, Walter Cronkite said, "there has been an attempt on President Kennedy's life."

Both statements changed those who heard them. People remember exactly where they were and what they were doing when these now iconic words were breathed for the first time.

In 2001, it was not a president or a national news anchor, but my mother who called on the morning of September 11<sup>th</sup>, on the point of hysteria,

wondering where I had been and why I wasn't answering my phone.

I could take you back to that house today and show you the exact spot in the living room where I stood and listened to her tell me that a plane had crashed into the World Trade Center.

I can show you the very spot where I stood, dumbfounded as I watched the reports of the second plan flying into the second tower. And all I remember feeling was numb.

I went about the business of getting ready for my 10 AM class, all the while listening to the reports of death and destruction.

It really sank in just how horrible things were when I got into my truck to come to school. I had a favorite radio station that I would listen to every morning. There were two guys that had a morning show. I loved to listen to them talk and make jokes while I drove the six miles to my school.

On September 11<sup>th</sup>, no one made jokes. No one laughed. The two least serious guys on the radio were somber and on the verge of tears as they read the latest report, that one of the towers had collapsed.

The teachers did the best they could to make us feel safe and to return to business as usual, but it was all a lost cause. No one focused that day, and for the first time in history, I doubt if they cared.

The day went on and more news came pouring in. The second tower fell. A plane crashed into the Pentagon. A brave group civilians, having nothing but their hands nerve took back a plane, intended for only God knew where. Heroes were born that day. And heroes died that day.

As that day came and went, and our nation began to mourn, I watched in outrage as people in other nations had the audacity to celebrate the murder of more than 3000 Americans. There were even those in our own country who claimed "we got what we deserved."

And as I watched these things happen, I found myself growing angry. Angry at the murderers. Angry at the ones who funded them. Angry at the ones celebrating. But the one that surprised me the most was that I found myself angry with God.

And as I thought about that, I began to wonder why He had allowed this to happen. After all, this is the same God that claims to love His creation. This is the same God who has claimed to have taken care of us through all the tough times in our lives. This is the God of love. This is the God of peace. This is the God of justice. This is the God of righteousness.

And if God was all knowing and He was all powerful, then how can he allow this to happen? How could this serve His end? What message could possibly be found in the slaughter of thousands of innocents?

So my anger grew. And anger grew into disgust. I found myself not even wanting to acknowledge a God who was so obviously a hypocrite. Who would worship that?

But as our nation began to heal, I saw something that amazed me. People began to change. Political lines were forgotten. Blood feuds between rival parties were laid aside in favor of unification against a common enemy.

Men and women who had not even seen a church in 20, 40, 60 years, were finding themselves packed into pews alongside the devout.

And as the nation changed, it grew stronger. It came together. A fractured shield made of many factions, was suddenly unified in a way that it had not been in a generation.

And in the midst of it all, God was there. And it was only then that I realized that God was not standing at a distance with His back to us, wagging a finger and saying “see what happens when you don’t listen to me.”

In the midst of the storm, in the midst of our suffering, in the midst of the explosions and collapse of buildings, it was God who was standing beside us and shouting at the top of his voice, “LET ME LOVE YOU! LET ME TAKE AWAY YOUR PAIN. THIS IS WHAT I DIED FOR, THIS IS WHY I SUFFERED, SO THAT I COULD TAKE YOUR SUFFERING AWAY. I want to carry you, if you will only let me.”

And for the first time in there lives, many men and women heard God’s voice calling, louder than the hate, louder than the pain, louder than death and hell itself.

Time has passed and we have grown. And in the years since, many have forgotten the pain of that day. Many have forgotten the fear. And many have forgotten God’s plea to us. September 11<sup>th</sup> is little more than just another day to most people, no different than any other.

But that is not what God would have of us. That is not what those who died that day would have of us. September 11<sup>th</sup>, 2001, a date that will live in infamy, was the beginning of a revolution.

Amid the smoke and the fire and the fear, God cried out to us. He is still crying out to us.

Revolution starts with just one. Just one determined soul who will not give up the fight until the last tortured breath is torn from their bodies.

It only takes one. Because one can become two and two becomes a group. A Group grows to an army. An army becomes a multitude, and a multitude will shape a nation. And that nation will change the world. God only needs one. One soul who will stand. One soul who will fight. One soul who will refuse to forget the beginning of the revolution.

Let this be the day that hell is put on notice. Let this day be the day that we stand as one, unified against the evil one to shout our battle cry in challenge against the night. We will tell him that the blow he meant for evil, God used for good. The blow that was meant to divide, God used to unify.

The blow that he meant to destroy, God will use to destroy him.

Stand! Stand up and be counted. Do not let the memory of that tragic day a decade gone by fade into obscurity. Honor those who fell with your life. Abraham Lincoln told us, “the ones left standing will carry on,” and that is what we must do.

We carry on because it is our duty to those who cannot stand for themselves.

Fight the night, defeat the evil. The revolution has begun. And God is looking for just one.

Will that one be you?