

Volume Four • Issue Six



SKYword

The Official Publication of the Association of Professional Flight Attendants

DEDICATED TO THE CREWS WHOSE LIVES WERE LOST ON SEPTEMBER 11, 2001



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Cover: Roses from the Boston and New York Memorial Services are thrown into the remains at Ground Zero.

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Flight Attendant Michelle Brawley carries a rose for Karen Martin at the Boston Memorial Service

photo courtesy of Nancy Lane, *The Boston Herald*

features

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by John Ward, APFA President

President's Report

Our world changed on September 11. I know the days and weeks following the horrific events of that day have been extremely trying on us all. Just as a family pulls together during times of crisis, so too has the APFA and its members.

Almost immediately following the shocking news that American flights 11 and 77 had been hijacked and were involved in the terrorist attacks at the World Trade Center and the Pentagon, APFA Representatives and volunteers sprang into action to assist those in our ranks affected by the tragedies and the events that followed.

By early afternoon on September 11, PhoneWatch, APFA's communications command center, was up and running. With flights diverted and crews stranded literally all over the world, the PhoneWatch volunteers provided

callers not only with up-to-date operational information but with moral support, as well. Hundreds of volunteers manned the phones seven days a week answering thousands of calls from our members until all Flight Attendants had returned to their bases.

The APFA Safety Department has been actively working with management, other unions, and various government agencies to improve safety and security procedures, both onboard the aircraft and at airports nationwide. APFA's Washington lobbyist has also been instrumental in this effort, meeting with Congressional leaders and their staffs every week since September 11 helping to ensure that effective airline security legislation is passed.

The APFA Health Department has provided extensive support to the membership following the traumatic events of September 11. To cite just one example, the Health Department arranged to have trained counselors from the American Red Cross on hand at APFA Headquarters to assist in handling calls from Flight Attendants who were understandably upset and fearful following the tragedies.

As you can imagine, the APFA Communications Department

has been very busy since September 11. In addition to constantly speaking with the press and giving interviews, National Communications Coordinator Leslie Mayo still managed to keep the membership updated on changing events through the APFA HotLine and the web site. Incidentally, as a result of APFA's commitment to provide you with timely and accurate information, the APFA HotLine is now updated twice weekly, on Tuesday and Friday evenings. I highly recommend that you get in the habit of calling the HotLine regularly.

The APFA Scheduling and Contract Departments' phones have been ringing off the hook since September 11. September schedules were affected by massive cancellations and our Scheduling Reps have been there to assist. The announcement of furloughs, overage leaves and partnership flying generated many, many questions which were efficiently answered by our dedicated Contract Department.

The efforts of the APFA Hotel Department have not gone unnoticed. When confronted with the Herculean task of attempting to make certain that all Flight Attendants had transportation and hotel rooms in which to stay during the time

period immediately following September 11, APFA's National Hotel Coordinator Patty Bias proved to be up to the challenge.

As always, our incredible APFA office staff kept things running smoothly for us at APFA Headquarters. There was no task too large for them to handle. I know I speak for all of our Representatives and volunteers when I say how much we appreciated their professionalism and support for APFA and its Flight Attendants at such a difficult time.

And finally, I would be remiss if I did not acknowledge the tireless dedication of my fellow National Officers and of all the APFA Base Chairs and Vice Chairs - most especially those representing BOS/BOS-I and DCA/DCA-I. I feel extremely fortunate to be associated with such an outstanding group of professionals.

Life, unfortunately, won't ever be the same as it was before September 11. These events have reinforced what we have always known to be the case - that we need each other, and that we are much more able to deal with the challenges we face when we face them together.

In Unity,

John



From the Editor

by Leslie Mayo
Skyword Editor, APFA Communications Coordinator

We call that person who has lost his father, an orphan; and a widower that man who has lost his wife. But that man who has known the immense unhappiness of losing a friend, by what name do we call him? Here every language is silent and holds its peace in helplessness.

-Joseph Roux

Two months ago, who could have anticipated that we would be in the place we are today - mourning the loss of seventeen of our friends, living in a country at war, and some of us afraid to fly?

The intention of this issue of *Skyword* is to honor the crewmembers whose lives were lost on September 11, 2001. This has not been an easy publication to bring together, neither technically nor emotionally. To assist me in honoring our fellow crewmembers, I included in several HotLines, e-mails and web site messages, a request to you. I asked for your stories.

Several of you took time out of your very busy schedules to send me your favorite memories, lay-over stories and photographs. I thank you for stepping forward, during what was, and is, a difficult time - to remember your friends, and in some cases, your family. The following pages contain your memories.

Each of us must grieve in our own way, whether we do it publicly, behind closed doors, with loved ones, or in silence. There is no right or wrong way to grieve. I hope that, in some small way, this issue of *Skyword* will bring some comfort to you, as it has for me while producing it.

It's amazing to watch those around you, some of whom you thought you knew so well, become even stronger in the face of this tragedy. Flight Attendants came from all over the country to donate their time to PhoneWatch,

their money to the families of those we lost, and food and drink for our volunteers and representatives at APFA who worked anywhere from eight to sixteen hour shifts. Some of them lost friends in this tragedy, yet they managed to remain strong and help other Flight Attendants system wide who weren't as fortunate to have the kind of support that is abundant at APFA Headquarters. I would especially like to acknowledge Bill White for his assistance, above and beyond the call of duty, in publishing the web site with up-to-

date information every time I called. And thanks also goes to Skylar Turner who has put his heart and soul into this magazine despite his inability to get the faces of our lost colleagues out of his mind night or day while designing this issue of *Skyword*.

It used to be so easy to get bogged down with petty details -

to be overwhelmed with things that seemed so important at the time. But that luxury is gone.

And through it all I've realized something. I've realized that I take an awful lot for granted.

Several New York and Boston Flight Attendants went to Ground Zero thanks to the assistance of Connecticut Congressman Christopher Shays. This banner was designed by APFA's Graphic Designer, Skylar Turner, and placed at Ground Zero overlooking the thousands of flowers, cards, pictures and teddy bears left by families of the World Trade Center victims. It hangs there still today.



**AA FLIGHT ATTENDANTS THANK
THE FIREFIGHTERS, POLICE, RED CROSS,
FEMA, CLERGY, CONSTRUCTION WORKERS,
SALVATION ARMY AND MAYOR GIULIANI
OUR HEARTS ARE WITH YOU**

*The following poem
was read at the
Seattle Memorial
Service in honor of
our fellow
crewmembers we
lost on September
11, 2001.*

When uniforms walk ahead of bags drawn,
And loved ones are left behind because
there is a job to be done.
Remember me.

When the night skies fall before you,
and all the stars have grown,
When the silver birds soar and dance away
to places unknown.
Remember me.

When you think of someone's child,
brother or sister, significant other,
mom or dad,
When you feel afraid because of a world
seemingly gone mad.
Remember me.

When you cast your eyes upon the ocean
or see great buildings
crumble and fall,
When you think of training tense
that was meant to protect
and save lives,
Remember this time,
we weren't trained to prevent this fall.

When you're sitting alone on your
jump seat small and
watching the clouds race by,
When the dark of night seems
endless and you ask why?

Remember not only me,
but also all of us who share this
humble path in life,
though we sometimes walk it alone,
only to realize how fragile and
precious each life is.
Remember me, remember us.

I pray that these once feet of clay
will again have wings to fly,
To reach the stars and soar with freedom
and touch the face of God on high.
I pray that this mortal veil of fear
that grips our hearts nationwide
will soon be lifted,
And these crumbled hopes
that are now etched with tears will help us
once again rise above earthly cares.
Remember us.

Just who am I,
who are we that ask to be remembered?
We're the souls who too were cast upon the sea.
We're the ones who smiled a greeting in the
dawn's early morn.
We're the ones who tucked you in or got you there safely.
We're the ones who listened
to stories old and new when no one else would.
We're the ones whose lives were lost
because we stood between someone's mission and a door.
We're the forgotten ones
by our nation that grieved over the other souls
lost in a mad man's holy war.
We're the pilots who made the silver birds fly.
We're the flight attendants who made your journey seem
like a sweet piece of pie.
Please remember and forget not
- all of us.
We once had a job that seemed so glamorous
because we could fly away.
We too had a life, love and family, but that's all been
taken away.
Please remember me, remember us.

The others that died on that fateful day have been
eulogized and memorialized,
but our nation, President and home seem to have
forgotten about us.
None seem to remember that we were murdered first.
And now the job that seemed so glamorous and
one that we loved so dearly seems cursed.
We can't let the bad guys win.
We can't withdraw into pain and sorrow.
We must go forward and put this aside, to fly again.
Let forgiveness fill your hearts instead of anger or sorrow,
For now we are one with the One.
Now when you see uniforms walk ahead of bags drawn,
And the silver birds soar in freedom once again to
dance away into the dawn,
Let God's Holy light fill your hearts as you remember me, and
all of us who once wore
wings proudly upon our chests,
For now we wear new wings and soar with the angels on high.
Remember, and forget not
- all of us who fly.

*Remember
Me
Remember
Us*

Barbara E. Manrow - Northwest Airlines Flight Attendant

Barbara "Bobbi" Arestegui

October 21, 1962 – September 11, 2001



Bobbi picked up three stray and abused cats: Olive, Bruiser and Pumpkin. She'd loved animals since she was a kid in Hawthorne, a suburb of Los Angeles. "She was a gentle person, yet tough when she needed to be," said Rosie Arestegui, who gave her daughter Barbara the



Bobbi, left, at Flight Attendant training

nick name Bobbi. "She knew her job so well. She could do two or three people's work, plus hers, and it would be done perfectly." Colleagues of Bobbi repeated that praise. They remembered her as energetic; a huge heart in a 5-foot-3-inch frame.

Mariella Slattery, an IMA Flight Attendant, met Bobbi several years ago while they were both based at JFK. "I remember her beautiful smile, her professionalism, and the way she organized her galley! She always flew galley and she was the best at it. We became great friends instantly as we had many stories to share.

"She always spoke of her boyfriend Wayne, whom she had met on a flight, and her mother and sister whom she loved so dearly. I will never forget the time we rented a car while on a layover in Hartford and we decided to drive to see the Norman

Rockwell Museum in Stockridge, Massachusetts. We spent the whole day enjoying the beautiful colors of fall as well as the museum and the tea houses and little shops. We both enjoyed planning fun and interesting things to do on our layovers.

"We were in London the same week that Princess Diana was killed and we were able to join the millions of mourners at Kensington Palace to pay our respects and be a part of the experience. We also spent wonderful times shopping in London and just enjoying dinners in other countries.

"I will always cherish my wonderful memories of the times we shared together and she will always stay with me in my heart.

"Rest in peace my dear friend."

Mariella Slattery



Mariella Slattery and Bobbi





Jeffrey Collman

September 28, 1959 – September 11, 2001



Jeff with Jennette Lewicki
from Class 98-06

“I worked with Jeff Collman as recently as July 2001 on a San Francisco transcon from Boston. He brought chocolates from France and lemon bars from Trader Joe’s. On the return red-eye flight, Jeff again brought more treats to share along with UNO and Yahtzee. I have never had so much fun working an all-nighter as I did that night. Jeff was an incredible Flight Attendant – so personal and he remembered everything about you. He was wonderful with the passengers and will be remembered well by everyone who had the privilege of flying with him.”

Rebecca Holmstrom
BOS

“I’d like to start off by saying that I have never met anyone in my six-year career with American who loved his job more than Jeff. We met three years ago when we were both new-hires in San Francisco. I’ve never felt a warmer welcome from a complete stranger.

“Jeff had spunk. Jeff was caring. Jeff was personable. But what I remember the most about Jeff was his determination to get the very most out of this new career that he had taken on. He wanted to travel, explore, meet new people and try new things. It was great to see that someone else shared the same feelings that I did. The best part about all of this was that we flew together all month. We worked Chicago all-nighters and I looked forward to every trip because of Jeff. We would sit in the gate area before every trip and ‘people watch.’

“He was very observant, but also very mindful of those around him. He was always looking out for Michael (our other flying partner) and me. It was a great feeling to know that someone I knew very little about would be there to protect me if he sensed something wasn’t right.

“After that month of flying we went our separate ways – eventually Jeff to BOS and me to ORD.

But I could always count on him to call me when he had a Chicago lay-over. The first thing I would hear when I picked up the phone or listened to his messages was “CARRZ!” in this silly, funny and excited voice.

“He always remembered the little things about me. It was nice to know that even though weeks or months would pass without my speaking with him, I knew he always kept me in his thoughts.

“There is no doubt in my mind that Jeff did the same thing with his crew that Tuesday morning that he did with Michael and me. I hope everyone who knew Jeff would remember that. He was there to make you laugh, put a smile on your face and help you in times of need by calming your fears.

“January 1999, the month I spent with

Jeff, was one of my favorite months of flying. It is because of people like Jeffrey Collman that this job can be so great.”

Carryn “Carrz” Gatsos
ORD



Donations in memory of Jeff can be sent to:

**Jeffrey Collman
American Red Cross
Disaster Relief Fund
285 Columbus Avenue
Boston MA 02116**



Jeff, center in back



Michele Heidenberger

July 17, 1949 – September 11, 2001



Tommie and Michele celebrating New Year's 2000 on Marco Island

Michele was the senior Flight Attendant aboard Flight 77 on September 11. Michele grew up as the daughter of the American Airlines Hartford Airport Manager. She has been a part of the American Airlines family all her life.

“Michele graduated from Windsor High School in 1967 and attended the University of Hartford. Before joining the AA Stewardess Corps in 1970, she worked as a travel agent for Sage-Allen Travel Agency. Michele met her husband, Tommie, in Chicago where she started her flying career. They married in 1972 and eventually settled in the Washington, D.C., area where the entire Heidenberger family lives. Tommie is a Captain with US Airways and they have two children - Alison, 20, a junior at Loyola University in Baltimore, MD and Thomas, 14, a freshman at Gonzaga College High School in Washington, D.C.

“She really enjoyed her job - probably because she loved people so much. She came to work with a smile on her face, a smile she shared with everyone. Michele made work fun. The routines of the job were enjoyable. Michele was a wonder. As the #2 on a Super-80, she was able to board a full load, direct traffic, stow luggage (even if it meant unpacking suitcases to make them fit in the overhead), reseat families so they could sit together, set up the galley and do blankets and magazines. And she would do all of this with a smile on her face.



Michele, her dog Jameson and husband Tommie, daughter Alison and son Thomas

Alison and Thomas were the center of her world - a mother's world. She was always so proud and protective of them.

“Michele was a great friend to many - she loved her friends and they loved her. She welcomed

people into her home and into her life. She enjoyed sharing the blessings and treasures of her world with friends and family. For years, Michele spent hours holding and caressing abandoned babies and toddlers at St. Anne's Infant and Maternity Home. She also shopped with her children, on a weekly basis for a disabled resident of Maryland. Volunteering to help others in need was important to Michele.

“Michele will be missed by her fellow crewmembers. We will miss her easy-going manner, her caring concern for all of those around her and her ability to make each of us feel important. We will miss her beautiful smile and her wonderful spirit.

“I will miss my friend.”

Michele H. Smith
DCA



Donations can be sent to:

St. Anne's Infant and Maternity Home
Michele Heidenberger Fund
4901 Eastern Avenue
Hyattsville, MD 20872
Or
The American Red Cross
Silver Spring, MD
2020 East West Highway
Silver Spring, MD 20910
In Michele's name



Michele, left, and frequent flying partner Michele Smith



“There are friends in our lives whom we treat with general regard – where do they really stand? We just watch them come and go. My friend Ken Lewis never left; it would have been so easy as our lives evolved, but he never considered it.

“Ken had such a gift for life, one like no one I’ve ever known. His infectious enjoyment of each day rubbed off on everyone around him. For more than twenty years I considered Ken Lewis my best friend. Over these past three weeks I fully realized he was not only my closest friend, but everyone else’s as well. Ken consid-

as the fiber of my life. When we would get together, we’d retell our adventures of sailing in regattas against all odds – of even getting in the water – much less winning the race. Ken and I met as newly hired ski instructors for Breckenridge Ski School in Colorado. Ken had just returned from Austria as a ski instructor and I was coming off the professional ski circuit. I did not understand why the experienced instructors gave us the cold shoulder but Ken pulled me aside and explained we were a threat to them. At that point Ken knew I didn’t really get it so there he was taking me under his wing

where he held me for the next couple of decades always help-

ing me to “get it.” Those four years that Ken and I taught skiing together are filled with so many stories that he will never be out of my thoughts or become disconnected by association. Those instructors that had initially felt threatened have since become some of his greatest friends.

“In 1985 I talked to Ken about being a Flight Attendant with American – and, in fact, Ken drove me to my first interview in Boston. Once I was hired, my first thought was that Ken needed to do this too – his love of travel and his great attitude made him a perfect fit. Ken’s hire date is the same as mine – exactly one year later. He loved flying and traveling and our continued friendship

made it possible that he introduced me to my wife and was best man in my wedding. It was through flying that he also met his wife and best friend Jennifer, also a Flight Attendant.

“Theirs was a life to envy. The love and caring they demonstrated to each other was very special. They rarely flew together but September 11th, Flight 77, was the last two-day trip before their vacation – and it was to be their final trip together. The loss of my friends has left a huge hole in so many hearts and lives that I cannot even begin to describe it. I will never again be completely whole but I will remember the joy of life that Ken embraced and shared with those he touched. We all need to live life fully and honor our friends. Embrace each morning as a new adventure, keep close those who make you whole and always find a place for humor.

“Ken and Jennifer, you will be so very missed but you will never be far away in our hearts and in our minds.

“Your friend forever,”

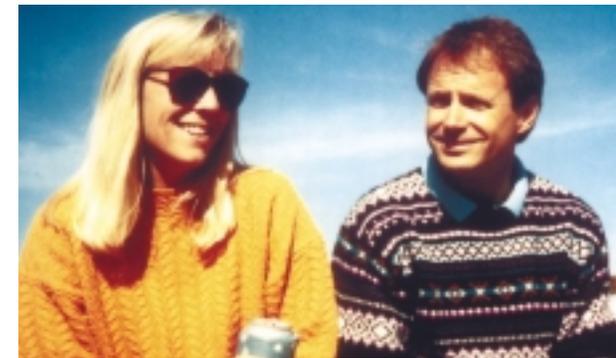
Mitch Hannon
DCA

*Eulogy delivered at
Ken and Jennifer
Lewis’ Memorial*

“Very few had the privilege to know Jennifer as I did. We went through Flight Attendant training together in 1986 and were room-

mates for five years. In our first three years together we had several different roommates – apparently Jennifer and I were the only ones who thought we made good roommates. In the end, it was just the two of us. You might think that two strong-willed women living together in an apartment might suffer a power struggle. But that wasn’t Jennifer’s style. I think I can speak for Kim and Robbin when I say that Jennifer was the perfect roommate.

“There was never a dull moment with Jennifer. Looking back, one of my fondest memories was an evening Jennifer and I spent with two wonderful guys in Georgetown, Tom Pakes and Ken Lewis. We had been friends with Tom for quite some time and always had fun when he was around. Ken was his roommate and Tom brought him along. Jennifer took an immediate interest in Ken. She spent the entire evening OVERTLY flirting with



Ken and Jennifer Lewis

Ken Lewis, February 28, 1952 – September 11, 2001

Jennifer Lewis, October 16, 1963 – September 11, 2001

ered us all his best friends – it was genuine and he made us feel warmly held and cared about. Ken was never judgmental. He accepted you as you were and went from there. For those of you who knew Ken, you will always remember his infectious enthusiasm. It was real. We could all learn a great life lesson from him about enjoying each day and placing our priorities as he did: family first, then friends and getting the most out of every day. Don’t let life come to you – go after it – delight in it.

“Throughout the years, our friendship and adventures remain



him. Tom noticed. I noticed. Ken didn't. Ken drove me home and I used that time to convince him that he should give Jennifer a call. Eventually, with encouragement from Tom, Ken called and it wasn't long before Tom and I realized that this was a match made in heaven. Ken thought she was simply angelic. Little did he know that his angel had a tarnished halo - her endless practical jokes, her Imelda Marcos-like penchant for shoes and, of course, her horrific singing voice made her all the more lovable.

"Eventually, Jennifer and I both married. Even though we were separated by distance, we were not separated in spirit. Our friendship endured the test of time. Even if weeks passed between calls, to answer the phone and to hear her voice brought a smile to my face. Every call was sure to bring a funny story or just a good laugh. Even through the saddest times in my life, Jennifer was always there to say or do something to lift my spirits.

"While I sat with Robbin remembering Jennifer and wondering what words I could find to express the joy she brought to my life, there were tears. But somehow, as we talked, laughter always prevailed through the tears. I believe that is Jen's legacy to all who knew her - her gift of laughter.

"My mother shared a quote with me: "Remembered joy is twice sweet." Experiencing Jennifer was a joy. Remembering her is just as sweet.

"I love you, Jennifer."

Heidi Prayon
DCA

Eulogy delivered at Ken and Jennifer Lewis' Memorial

"Mr. Ken Lewis arrived at IAD on June 27, 1986 at around 9:00 p.m. for the first time as a brand new American Airlines Flight Attendant. The Washington crew base has never been the same.

"I should know. I was lucky enough to be in his Flight Attendant Class, 86-10, and luckier still to be his roommate for the next six years until a certain gal by the name of Jennifer Gore came along. During these years, I got to know just how special and devoted a friend he would

become to not only myself, but also the entire base.

"I witnessed first hand, Ken's unmatched enthusiasm for life, his undying love of family and friends, and how contagious this all was to his friends here in Washington. Especially so when he flashed that ear to ear smile and at the same time gave you that hearty pat on the back, whenever he would see you, whether it was two months ago or two years ago.

"And boy, could Ken tell a story. His stories were all true because Ken did things in 49 years on this earth that would take the rest of us ten lifetimes to do. A few examples: he climbed the Grand Tetons in one day; he was a world class snow skier (he taught skiing in Austria and Colorado); and he would team up with best friend and fellow AA Flight Attendant Mitch Hannon to compete and more often than not, win, catamaran races along the Atlantic Coast. There are enough Ken and Mitch stories alone to fill the Grand Canyon 10 times over.

"Did I also mention he was a proud alumni of Hampden Sydney College, and from there proceeded to teach second grade for a number of years in his hometown of Farmville, Virginia? Also, with his good looks, Ken did television and print commercials on the side. Ken loved life - period. With all this worldly experience in him, having Ken on your flight crew made the trip much more special. He would often become "layover director" if

the trip made a lengthy stop in one of his favorite cities - Boston, Seattle, Salt Lake City or his all-time favorite layover, Jackson Hole, Wyoming.

"If you were fortunate to be with him on one of these trips, it would literally take you days to recover. You would get enough sleep alright, but being with him made you forget that you had just walked, hiked, biked, climbed and then God knows what else - all within one day - more than you had done in the entire year prior! The best part of it all was that you knew you were in good hands with Ken Lewis at your side.

"Finally, I know Ken is probably on his tenth set of angel's wings by now from exploring all of heaven, and Jennifer is still explaining to St. Peter about all the practical jokes she would pull on us crewmembers down here, but rest assured, she has a heart of gold and will be inside the pearly gates shortly. For those of us left behind here on earth - try to get some rest now - go ahead and slam-click. Because you can forget about eternal rest when we get there. You see, we



have two very special angels waiting for us there - Ken and Jennifer Lewis."

Tom Pakes
DCA





Sara Low

October 27, 1972 – September 11, 2001

“Sara was a beautiful human being with a genuine loving soul. She would light up a room with her smile and her presence

“I was blessed to have known her and to have shared a portion of my life with her while we were roommates in New York.

“She was a friend to all and touched those with whom she came in contact.

“Sara will be greatly missed.”

Sandy Polanco
IMA

“People who didn’t know her very well always admired Sara Low for her beauty. But those of us who were fortunate enough to have spent a bit of time with her knew her beauty was more than skin deep. Sara was open-minded, intelligent, modest, refined and one of the most gentle and patient people I ever knew. All of these qualities

were enhanced by an outgoing personality and a fabulous smile. She was a great conversationalist (an essential quality for surviving an all-nighter) who genuinely listened and was interested in what you had to say. I cannot imagine there was anyone with whom Sara did not get along.

“Sara was very excited about a new apartment she had just moved into in Boston. She was thrilled to finally have her own place, even though it was going to be slightly more expensive than her last apartment and she was going to have to work an extra trip each month. She and her mom had spent a lot of time redecorating and fixing the place up. From what she told me about the place, it was wonderful and I am sure Sara’s great taste only enhanced the look of it.

“On what was to be Sara’s last layover, we went to a martini bar in San Francisco for drinks and laughs (we had a lot of both). I remember distinctly that after we

left the place, the evening turned to night and the chilly fog that San Francisco is famous for had rolled off the bay and into the city. The weather had suddenly changed a lot and Sara was cold. I gave her my jacket to wear while we walked and I heard her say from behind me that although it was late, she didn’t feel tired at all and wanted to go dancing. However, someone then mentioned they were hungry and suddenly we thought that getting some food was a good idea. We decided on Thai (or perhaps we defaulted to Thai as there are not too many options for a full dinner at 12:30 in the morning). When we arrived, she couldn’t decide what to eat and I suggested my favorite thing on the menu (which I order religiously at this restaurant) and even had her order it with the same specifications I always do. She loved her meal. I remember she sat across from me at the table and wore my coat while we ate. We never did go dancing that night and I suppose I will always wish that we had.

“I will always be grateful that I was lucky enough to have had a glimpse of the beautiful person that Sara was, the way one is grateful to catch a glimpse of sunshine on a cold and cloudy day.”

Anonymous
Flight Attendant
BOS

Sara is from Batesville, Arkansas and graduated from Batesville High School and The University of Arkansas at Fayetteville. She'd just taken an apartment on Beacon Hill in Boston. She loved to ski. She was a fine athlete – a cross-country runner – and she loved to fly.

She leaves behind her parents, Mike and Bobbie Low and a sister, Alyson.

Contributions can be made on behalf of Sara Low to:

**Independence County
Humane Society
P.O. BOX 3477
Batesville, AR 72503
870-698-1587**





Karen Ann Martin

February 18, 1960 – September 11, 2001

Karen flew for American for ten years. She lived in Danvers, Massachusetts. She was a great athlete who loved to ski, golf, play tennis and kayak. She was especially close to her grandmother and she enjoyed visiting her brother in Los Angeles, as well.

Several Flight Attendants remember Karen as fun, outgoing, a free spirit and a love. She was animated when she spoke. She was one of a kind and full of life. She will be

greatly missed by her friends and her family.

“Anyone who ever flew with Karen Martin will know what I’m

talking about. If you looked at your NS prior to a trip and saw Karen’s name, you were excited. You may have even packed your suitcase differently, knowing that the flight and the layover would be full of fun and laughs. Karen’s laugh was her trademark. It was a hearty laugh that was extremely infectious. On the rare occasion when you didn’t think her story or joke was funny, you knew you would still laugh once she did. With Karen, I laughed until I cried many times. It was always such a pleasure.

“The loss of Karen, and the rest of our beloved crewmembers, has left Boston with a heavy heart. My sincere hope is that they know how much we love and miss them! They are never far from our thoughts, and I feel certain that they continue to fly with us each and every day. For that, we are grateful.”

Michelle Brawley
BOS

“Being new to the Boston base was not easy. But in a minute, Karen Martin would change all of that.

“My first month, Karen was the Purser, and she showed me what layovers were all about. From Alcatraz to the Golden Gate Bridge, to casinos in Saint Martin, golfing in San Diego, and Harley rides in L.A; there was always time for a cold one. Karen made everyone feel welcome. You got the courtesy call, whether you were a slam-clicker or brand-new. It was always an adventure with Karen. She was a window of opportunity in my eyes.

She not only introduced me to the BOS crew base, but also to some of what have now become my dearest friends. She will never be forgotten and will always be in my heart.”

Abby Bates
BOS



Karen, center, with friends at Lake Tahoe in March 1993



Karen, second from right





Renee May

May 13, 1962 – September 11, 2001



**Renee, right, with
Brenda Mackintosh**

“In August, David Spivock asked Renee to marry him. She said yes. She enjoyed giving museum tours to young visitors. Her fiancé said, “She was blessed with a sweet voice. Children loved to be with her. She was a strong woman. She emphasized that she was a safety professional, and that’s why she was there.”

At a memorial service in Washington, D.C., the following words were delivered:

“I’d like to say what an honor it is for me to say a few words for my friend, Renee May. When I think of Renee, the first thing that pops into my head is her voice. If you’ve ever met Renee, you can’t help but notice that sweet, child-like voice of hers. Along with her voice, she had a beautiful smile that immediately gave you a good feeling. Underneath that, for all of us who knew her well, there was a very private, intelligent and determined person with a very zany personality.



Renee, left, with Ilse Moscoso and Brenda Mackintosh

“Renee had this unique way about her – it was her own style. The only way to describe it was that no one else was quite like her. She was always so very determined in everything she did – from her jobs both at American and the Walters Museum in Baltimore, to her relationships. Even to fixing her 150-year-old townhouse in downtown Baltimore. Just planning an outing was important to her. If she didn’t like something, believe me, she’d let you know. She always planned

every detail perfectly, and then took you along for the ride. Her manner and approach to life were so contagious that I could never say no to her, and if I tried, she’d just shake her head and say ‘Oh, Ilse, you’ll have so much fun. Let’s do this!’ And I always did. She truly cared about making sure that everyone around her was happy. She was genuine in every sense of the word.

“When I introduced her to my good friend David, I had the pleasure to see two very special

people grow closer and closer together. And in the true Renee-like fashion, she also gave him quite the challenge just in conquering her affections. When I first introduced them, she busted my chops by commenting, ‘Well, if he’s so great, Ilse, why aren’t YOU dating him?’ As time went by, I’ve never seen anyone love so generously. She made him truly happy.

“Of my friend, I’d like to say that she was one of the most caring and giving persons I’ve ever met. But what I’ll miss the most is how she could always make me laugh with her quirky, unique way of living her life. Renee’s resolve was always to be happy, and to endure any hardship she went through. And believe me, she went through many.

“All of us now, as a family, should follow that same goal – to endure. She would be very proud of all of us if we did.”

Ilse Moscoso
DCA 



Kathy Nicosia

June 26, 1947 – September 11, 2001

Kathy was a native of Indiana. She received her bachelor's degree from Bowling Green State University in 1969, where she was a member of Alpha Chi Omega. For 32 years, Kathy was a resident of Winthrop, Massachusetts and a Flight Attendant for American Airlines. She enjoyed reading and gardening. She leaves her husband, George, her daughter, Marianne of Winthrop and her mother, Phyllis Hawk of Portage, Michigan.

"When I first started flying, Kathy was about six years senior to me. She seemed so knowledgeable. When we arrived in San Diego on one of my first layovers she asked me what I was going to do with my time. I was clueless. Kathy said she was taking me to the San Diego Zoo. We had a delightful day together where she shared her passion for travel and instructed me that I should really enjoy the opportunities layovers offered for sightseeing and exploring.

Kathy was a lovely person who generously shared her time with a lonely new hire."

Peggy Ogonowski
BOS

"Flying with Kathy was a pleasure. Her dry sense of humor and wry wit never failed to entertain her fellow Flight Attendants. She was a tireless worker and usually worked the aft galley position on the 767. If you were working coach and Kathy was in the galley, you knew that the trip would run smoothly. She was a Flight Attendant's Flight Attendant. If the load was light, Kathy would place a full cup of coffee in the last row of seats because she had discovered that passengers might shove aside Flight Attendant jackets and purses to stretch out in the last row, but would never move a full cup of coffee. Her theory was proven time and time again.

"Kathy loved working crossword puzzles during slow moments on

a flight. And she was good at it. She solved even the hardest puzzles, coming up with answers to the most obscure and arcane of clues. The vast sweep of her knowledge never ceased to amaze.

"Kathy was devoted to her husband, George, and daughter, Marianne. To be sure that they both ate properly, she'd make dinners to be frozen the night before her trips. George and Marianne responded in kind by always driving her to work and picking her up curbside. Her crews kidded her about her 'princess parking.'

"Kathy's quick mind, quiet demeanor and humorous outlook on life were hallmarks of her personality that made her liked and respected among her peers. The flight crews flying BOS to LAX and SFO will miss Kathy's presence, as will all her friends at American."

Tom Stockton
BOS



Donations in her honor can be sent to:

Kathy Nicosia
American Red Cross
Disaster Relief Fund
P.O. BOX 37243
Washington, D.C. 20013
www.redcross.com



Kathy, right, with husband George and daughter Marianne



Betty Ong

February 5, 1956 – September 11, 2001



Betty with her parents at Flight Attendant graduation

Dear Betty, I still expect to see you quietly tearing around the corner in ops, fist full of your messages with HIBOARD gently scraping the floor. You always made time for a warm hug and kiss. I remember the quick roll of your eyes whenever we told each other of our not-so-favorite co-workers of the day.

I shall miss the soft peal of your laughter and how you used to cover your mouth to try to keep in that melodious sound. I confess I used to say or do anything to allow myself to enjoy that. We shared a lot; your calls for me to sign you in as you were always going to be late for sign in. You would always meld in with pas-

sengers as we were boarding, quietly slipping into my room after checking into the hotel for an illicit cigarette (although your preference was menthol, Newport Lights). Shh! Don't tell Robert – that handsome man of yours. What a lucky man he was to have shared his life with one of the sweetest, kindest and most warmhearted people I have ever known. You have truly earned your wings.

Your friend always,

Greg Healy
BOS



Betty, back row, right



Jean Roger

June 28, 1977 – September 11, 2001

Jeannie was a person who loved life and everything in it.

"I ran into Flight Attendant Kristine Preston in Chicago, and she asked me if I knew of any apartments or rooms for rent as she had a close friend who was about to graduate from AA Flight Attendant training. My best friend, and former roommate John had bought a house a month prior, and I had been thinking of renting out his old room. I told Kristine that I knew of a place but asked her, "Is she normal?" Jeannie was probably the most "normal" person I've ever had the pleasure of knowing. I remember meeting her for the first time in Dallas, right before she moved in with me in Chicago. She was so happy to be done with New Hire Training (who wouldn't be) and ready to start flying.

"When she got to Chicago, she was like a kid in a candy store. She was so excited to explore everything the city had to offer.

My friends and all those who met her loved her instantly - especially my Golden Retriever. He would follow her everywhere (I secretly think she bribed him with food, but that was just to make me feel better about the fact that my dog liked her more than he liked me). I remember checking out all the different sushi places and local taverns in Roscoe Village with her. She had a knack for just fitting in. We drove her to her very first trip in Chicago, so she wouldn't have to deal with the CTA and the "L" at five in the morning. She loved it. She adjusted quickly and was acting like a veteran within a couple of weeks.

"The one thing I will always remember about her is when her mom would come and stay for a few days. The two of them were like sorority sisters. Once her mom got there, the fun would begin! They would do everything together! They would be up early, outside on

the back deck (with MY dog of course) drinking coffee, relaxing and enjoying the morning. They would go shopping, eating and exploring. Jeannie loved to show her mom all the places she had found since her last visit and also discovering new places with her. At night they would hang out in their pajamas talking about everything they did that day and what they would do the next. It was awesome to see how close they were. I have never seen more love between a mother and daughter.

"Jeannie was the last roommate I had before I got married. I was moving in with my wife, and Jeannie got her transfer to Boston. She was so excited to be moving back home to be closer to her family, her friends and her boyfriend. I transferred to Boston about two months ago. It is really wonderful to see the support and friendship here at this base. I believe that Boston is truly the best base in the system. There were so many people and so

much love and support at Jeannie's memorial service. She touched many people's lives in her short time here. I am sure that all of you who met her will agree she was someone special."

Stephen Passarelli
BOS



Jean Roger Memorial Fund
The First Church of Christ
736 Longmeadow Street
Longmeadow, MA 01106



Dianne Bullis Snyder

February 12, 1959 – September 11, 2001



Dianne with husband, John

Dianne flew for American for 19 years, 17 of which were based in New York, the last two in Boston. Dianne was a loving mother and the best chocolate chip cookie maker. She was an avid tennis player, a Dartmouth Indoor Tennis Club team member and past club champion. She organized tennis groups both in Connecticut and Massachusetts. Gardening was her latest hobby and she nurtured several masterpieces. Her handmade quilts adorn many family and friends' homes. Her close friends know her as an avid hiker and camper.

Dianne's sister-in-law writes the following:

"I met Dianne Bullis Snyder eight years ago while working a flight from JFK to LAX. That flight

changed my life - she changed my life. We became instant friends and three years later she was my matron of honor when I married her brother, John.

"It's difficult to sum up Dianne's life in a few short paragraphs. She truly was the ultimate novel. American Airlines was blessed to have had her for 19 years of service. If you were fortunate enough to have known Dianne, you would know that the things in life she spoke of and treasured most were her children - Leland, 14 and Blakeslee, 11, her husband John and her siblings. And I can't forget her love for tennis - her one true passion outside of her family.

"Dianne so enjoyed having her sister and brothers close by. I think John and I spent more time

at their house than at our own. I always envied that special bond these siblings had with each other. It was quite unique.

"Dianne's laughter, smile and quick wit will be missed on board the airplane by everyone who knew and loved her. We've

lost an incredibly special lady but forever we will have a beautiful angel looking over our shoulder - guiding us forward. I love you, Di.

"Your co-worker, sister-in-law and friend,"

Jill Bullis
JFK



Dianne, second from right



Madeline Amy Sweeney

February 14, 1965 – September 11, 2001

Amy lived in Acton, Massachusetts with her husband, Michael and their two children, Anna, 5 and Jack, 4. They spent a lot of time attending hockey games to watch her brother-in-law, who played professionally.

Amy was sweet, soft spoken and a joy to work with. She took pride in being a terrific mother. If something needed to be done, Amy was the first to volunteer," stated one of her friends. Another colleague of Amy's stated, "What a wonderful Flight Attendant Amy was. She was a pleasure to fly with. She was always out there wherever there was work to be done and was pleasant to her passengers and co-workers.

Amy, right, with Jeannine Pavlik at an Englebert Humperdink concert



*Amy's friend
Jeannine Pavlik writes:*

"About 7 or 8 years ago I became friends with Amy while flying 3-day S-80 trips into Charlotte N.C. This particular trip was a long layover; we were looking for things to do since we had already done all our sight-seeing. We were running out of options, lucky for us we had Englebert Humperdink's band on our flight and we struck up a conversation. They invited us to the concert that evening, and since we had no plans we decided to take them up on their offer. They would leave tickets for the crew (myself, Amy, and Brenda Rampe) at the front entrance. When we arrived at the concert there were no tickets. The concert had been sold out for weeks. We were disappointed but decided we were going to the concert anyway. We would sneak in somehow (after all we were invited!). So we went for it. Our plan was to walk in like we

from l. to r.
Marcia Portman,
Debbie Lewis,
John Ricciotti,
Amy and
Nancy Moylan



owned the place, hold our heads up high and make no eye contact. We got right in, walked up to the front stage and enjoyed the concert.

"I will forever miss Amy's smile and laughter; she was an outstanding, incredibly professional flight attendant and a wonderful friend."

Jeannine (Staples) Pavlik
BOS



A memorial fund has been set up in honor of Amy. Donations may be sent to:

**The Madeline A. Sweeney
Memorial Fund
c/o Linda Cetrone
Middlesex Savings Bank
577 Mass Avenue W.
Acton, MA 01720**

Captain Charles "Chic" Burlingame



First, I would like to thank those of you who were able to attend Chic's memorial at the Naval Academy a few weeks ago. Chic would have been so proud to see that sea of blue uniforms filling the chapel and I know that it meant a great deal to his wife, Sheri, to witness such a powerful demonstration of love and support from the folks with whom both she and Chic worked. Our entire family was simply overwhelmed by the turnout that day.

"During this past month, Chic's friends and colleagues have shared wonderful stories about him, but none are more colorful or touch me more than the ones that come from you, the Flight Attendants. Chic had a genuine respect and affection for you. As one of his former crewmem-

bers told me with tears in her eyes and a smile on her face, "Whenever we saw that it was Chic in the cockpit we knew two things: we were going to have a fun trip and we were going to get home sooner. We called him 'Rocket Man.'

"I feel a special connection to you because of Chic, but also because I was a Flight Attendant for seven years with TWA. I know that no group within an airline company works harder, cares more about its passengers or has closer contact with them. You are on the front lines, in good times and bad. Chic knew that, too. He loved his job; you were one of the reasons.

"I know that the terrible events of September 11 have hit you particularly hard. I was told that some of you - including some of the most senior among you - are having difficulty returning to work. Some have already made the decision to resign. This is understandable; you lost friends and colleagues in the most brutal way. But I am deeply saddened and disturbed by this reaction, nonetheless. I urge you all to consider what experts agree was the ultimate goal of the terrorists: to disrupt the economy and, ultimately, to destroy our American way of life. No industry is more vital to our economy and no activity more closely associated

with the kind of freedoms that Americans enjoy than air travel.

"It angers me beyond words to know that as a result of these attacks some of the more vulnerable airlines may face bankruptcy and that a powerhouse like American has been forced to institute massive layoffs. I know that Chic would be angry, too. He would be watching the stock market and exhorting everyone he knows NOT to sell. He would be advising people to keep investing in the economy by buying goods and services. He would be urging his friends and neighbors to keep getting on airplanes, whether for business or leisure. He would tell them, and you, for God's sake, GO TO WORK. In the wake of such gross tragedy and real fear, I'm absolutely certain he would consider the act of putting on your uniform and getting on that airplane the most eloquent expression of courage and patriotism that you, as an individual, can make.

"I flew home to Los Angeles three days ago on the same scheduled flight that turned out to be Chic's last. In his honor, I wore an APEA union pin on my lapel. It was given to me after his memorial service by a Flight Attendant who told me that she hadn't made up her mind about going back on the line.

I want her to know that Chic would consider it a victory against those who took the lives of his passengers and crew if she ultimately decides to put on her uniform and show up for duty. I know she can get another one, but I'm sending her back that pin.

"God bless you all and hang tough,"

Debra Burlingame
Sister of Chic Burlingame
Los Angeles, California
September 25, 2001

"Last week, as we all were glued to the TV watching and waiting for any bit of information to help us sort through this madness, the names of the crewmembers and all those lost were listed. For the country as a whole we felt so sad to see the names, but as flight crew when we see someone we know, we, at that very moment, become numb. That very feeling came over me when I saw Chic Burlingame's name. I'd known Chic for years. He brought to mind a fun time and I thought I could share a cute story of him.

"Years ago, a few of us flew the MIA all-nighter from LAX (mainly because it was all we could hold and you know, you make the best of it). Chic lived in Florida and would pick us up at the airport at 5:30 a.m. and take us to

his house where each one of us (three Flight Attendants) would have a beautiful bedroom. He let us sleep for a few hours, then took us out on his boat for diving, snorkeling and for me, just plain seasickness! When we returned to the house, Chic would bring us back these great chicken dinners while we would shower and get ready for our trip home.

"I remember the first time I went to grab a towel. His towels smelled so good! I couldn't believe a guy would have such great smelling towels! I asked him what he used so I could have great smelling towels too, and I'm proud to tell you that Chic introduced me to Downey. I know it may seem like a silly thing to remember, but I guess I hadn't thought about it for forever and when I thought about him and what a great guy he was, it just brought that back.

"Time went by, and we didn't have to fly all-nighters anymore. Chic went on to get married and the last time I saw him he showed me pictures of his lovely wife and his two beautiful dogs. Quite clearly he was happy. That's what we should remember."

Jo Ann Mondrus
LAX

Chic is survived by his wife, Sheri, a Flight Attendant based in DCA.





Captain
John Ogonowski

John was married to Margaret (Peggy) Ogonowski - a Boston based Flight Attendant. They had three children - Laura, Carolyn and Mary Kate. He was a loving husband and father.

He was a fourth generation farm boy who never forgot his roots. He also grew hay, corn, blueberries and peaches on his family's 150 acres in Dracut, Massachusetts that will be preserved as open space to his legacy. He and his brother Jim operated the farm together.

John graduated from Lowell Technological Institute with a bachelor's degree in nuclear engineering. While at school he

made the Dean's List and was listed in Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges in 1971-72. John flew with the US Air Force as a C-141 Commander and was a 23-year veteran with American Airlines.

"I had about five years with the company and was still on a reserve rotation when I was assigned the extra position to Phoenix. I got on the 727-200 and handed my "blue sheet" to the Flight Engineer. I noted to myself that I did not know him even though he was based in Boston and I thought I knew almost everyone there. The number one on the trip was a favorite of mine, a senior lady

named Norrie Stanton. In her usual teasing way and with her Scottish accent she kept telling me to go talk to the Flight Engineer because he was cute and single. I finally did and we got married 11 months later. We would have been married 18 years in October.

"It was wonderful to be John's wife. I thank all my fellow co-workers who have always told me over the years that he was one their favorite pilots."

Peg Ogonowski

BOS





First Officer

Thomas McGuinness, Jr.

Tom was a devoted husband, married 18 years, as well as a loving father to his two children Jennifer and Tom, Jr. He loved his family with all his heart. Tom was selfless, a man of honor and integrity. He was a true friend.

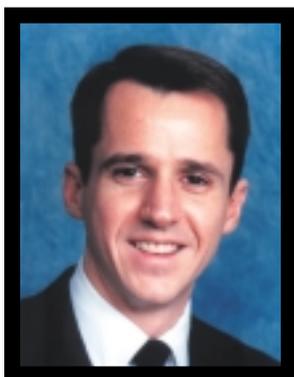
Tom was a graduate of Boston University, a Lieutenant Commander and F-14 pilot in the US Navy, and a 12-year veteran with American Airlines. Tom was a member of Bethany Church and was devoted to His Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, in whom he had placed all of his trust.

He was deeply loved and will be sorely missed by all who knew him.



Donations can be made in honor of Tom to:

**Thomas McGuinness
Memorial Fund
c/o The Bank of New Hampshire
P.O. Box 243
Rye, NH 03870**



First Officer

David Charlebois

“Several years ago, David and I had made plans to meet for lunch and I was, as usual, running a little late. As I approached the deli, I saw David coming out of the shop with a sandwich in his hand. My first thought was that maybe he’d grown tired of waiting for me and had already ordered his lunch. He then walked over to a homeless man lying on the sidewalk and handed him the sandwich. I asked David what that was all about and he reluctantly, in almost an embarrassed manner, told me that he had asked this gentleman what he wanted for lunch and bought it for him.

“This was the kind of guy David Charlebois was.

“Soon after I learned of this awful tragedy, I got a call from an old high school friend who had met David briefly about seven years ago. Even though he lives in Pensacola, Florida, my friend, without hesitation, said that he was going to drive the 14 hours it would take to get here

for the memorial service. He barely knew David, yet somehow he felt connected to him. This is the effect David had on people.

“I first met David ten years ago at initial pilot training for American Airlines and we soon became friends. David’s first base assignment was Washington, D.C., his home, and he encouraged me to transfer there despite the fact that I was slightly senior to him. He graciously took me into his home until I got settled into my new place and was always there to help me grow comfortable with this big, beautiful city that he loved so much.

“Over the years we became closer and even as I made more friends, he was always the person I turned to when I had important news, whether it was good or bad. He was a great listener. I remember how he spoke lovingly of his family and friends. I never met anyone who didn’t like David. He was always compassionate, kind, and had this quiet, modest self-confidence that I admired. David

had a unique way of making people feel good about themselves. As self-deprecating as he was, he would not tolerate that quality in others and had a special ability to detect when someone was in pain or uncomfortable, and he sought to help. These are not simply words that come to mind now that David is gone; these are words that people used to describe David throughout his life.

“Our mutual friends often teased us that we rarely worked. Although we all know that this is not completely true, the nature of our job schedule did afford us a regular opportunity to spend time together over lunch or coffee while our friends were at work. It was during these conversations that I came to appreciate David’s passion for his convictions and his ability to eloquently articulate these beliefs to those who had differing ideas. I always admired David’s courage.

“As difficult as it is for all of us to try to understand the motivation behind these despicable acts, David, more than anyone I know,



would never understand such evil. If David were alive, he would be the first person to lend a hand, contribute his time and selflessly comfort those in pain. I have heard time and time again from friends that this tragedy has given them a new perspective on life, shown them what is really important – family, friends and relationships. That is what makes this so painfully ironic. David knew all of that before this tragedy. David got it. I will not allow this to be an awful tragedy that I will eventually get over and go back to “life as usual.” I intend to start living my life more like David lived his life all along. And I’m going to miss him.

“Never in my life have I been more proud to be an American, an American Airlines pilot, and David Charlebois’ friend.”

First Officer Ken Headley
DCA



Memorial Offered at the New York Service

by JFK Chairperson Michelle Nasca

“On behalf of American Airlines, United Airlines, and their employees, I would like to first extend my sincere thanks and appreciation to both Pastor Hill and Pastor Recla, whose incredible support and love has helped bring this beautiful service to light. I would also like to thank all of you who have volunteered countless hours of your time on behalf of all of those that you helped, my heartfelt thanks.

“I am one of those people who is really affected by music. I am also one of those people that work well under pressure. So, late last night while I sat at my computer to put on paper what I would say today, I put on some of the most beautiful music I know and started to write.

“I could have written all night. I feel there is so much that each of us has to share with one

another and as we do share our thoughts and emotions, the healing will begin. It will take a long time. Today, our hearts painfully hurt, our spirits are black and blue and our minds are in a cloud of smoke. We struggle through our days only to find we have accomplished one small task. But, over time, with the strength and love that we give to one another, we will survive. The pain in our hearts will sub-

side, the bruises of our spirits will fade, the cloud in our heads will dissipate. And, in reality we have already started this journey. It’s ironic to me how whenever I start to doubt humanity, I am confronted with a huge dose of compassion. Right when I need it most. It is like a wake up call from God. You all were that dose for me. Almost immediately, the calls started coming in, ‘How can I help you?’ and ‘What can I do?’ And you were there, not only for each other, but also for our companies and our nation. It really has been incredible to watch it unfold right before my eyes.

“I do have one personal suggestion and that is do not try to make sense of this horrible tragedy, as you will never achieve this. Instead, find an appreciation in every day that dawns before you. I, for one, will never look at life the same again. The words cherish, priceless, and treasure have taken on a whole new meaning for me.

“We are strong and we will get through this. I was amazed at the strength that was shown when on the first day that we resumed operation, hundreds of crewmembers showed up in their uniforms – still frightened, but ready to work. You impressed your companies, you impressed your unions, the passengers, and most of all, you should have impressed yourselves. It was not easy; of this I am sure.

“We have much to be proud of: who we are as crewmembers, who we are as employees, and most of all, who we are as human beings. Carry your head high, wear your uniform proudly, and spread your compassion freely as you have these past two weeks. We all desperately need it.

“We will miss our fellow crewmembers deeply. They will never leave our thoughts and prayers. I feel confident that we all have made them proud of us; not only in our resolve to be strong but also in the way we have celebrated their lives.

“I would like to close with a few lines of a beautiful song entitled ‘Prayer to St. Peter’ by Edwin McCain.”

*Let them in Peter, for they are tired.
Give them couches where the angels
sleep and light those fires.*

*Let them love Peter, for they’ve had
no time, they should have bird songs
and trees, and hills to climb.*

*And tell them how they are missed,
but say not to fear, it’s going to be
all right with us down here.*



Memorial Offered at the Los Angeles Service

by LAX Chairperson John Nikides

“I would like to introduce myself. My name is John Nikides. I am the Los Angeles Domestic Chairperson for the Association of Professional Flight Attendants. While I actually represent American Airlines Flight Attendants only, the airline family has, historically, thrown down all boundaries in a time of crisis. When one of us is cut, all of us bleed.

“A little more than a week ago, my greatest representational concerns were unfair check rides and passenger complaint letters. How could we ever have envisioned the events that would befall us that horrific Tuesday morning? Even now, most of us have not even begun to comprehend the enormity of our loss ... as airline crew ... as airline employees ... as citizens, and as a country.

“For the most part, going to work on an American Airlines aircraft has always represented a comfort zone for us. Our identities, whether we like to admit it or not, are inextricably lined with our employer, and with our coworkers. When our faith in the system is shaken, and the security of our comfort zone is challenged, we respond in many ways: fear, confusion, anger and grief, to name a few.

“My dear coworkers gathered here today in loving memory of our fallen colleagues are still struggling, as is the entire country, to come to terms with the tragedy which has touched us all so. Every crewmember, no matter how junior or how senior, male or female, finds themselves at some point emotionally onboard those doomed aircraft, living through that awful scenario, trying to make some sense of what is an unfathomable situation. The crews of American flight 77 and flight 11, as well as our brethren on United flight 175 and flight 93, are us, and we are them.

“I refuse to believe that my fellow crewmembers gave their lives in vain. As senseless as their deaths appear to be, they gave their lives so others could live in peace. We are forever changed by the events that befell them. They are, indeed, looking down upon us, watching over us, empowering us, and cheering us on.

“We cannot let them down.

“The airline family is a lot smaller than any of us could ever realize. The term “six degrees of separation” describes our community. No matter the color of your uniform, or the style of your wings, we are one. We have all been touched by this tragedy. Every one of those crewmembers was

somebody’s best friend, somebody’s buddy bidder or somebody’s roommate in training. Our profession is our bond.

“The Flight Attendant family is a unique one ... teamwork and ingenuity are our hallmarks. The same tenacity that allows us to serve a full load of passengers with minimum crew will help us persevere and survive these horrific times. The same ingenuity that enables us to make 30 meals stretch to serve 50 passengers will empower us to play our role in improving the system, so that nobody else will ever have to give their lives in such a senseless way.

“Please allow yourselves the time to grieve. Out of our grief will come healing, and from that healing will come strength. We will emerge stronger; more unified and ever more vigilant. We owe it to our fallen colleagues, and those of us who remain behind to carry on their legacy. They are here with us today ... and they would want it no other way.

“I salute you, my fellow airline family, in the name of all those who gave their lives in the line of duty that fateful Tuesday morning.”



The Blue Platoons

The following article appeared in the *Washington Post* on October 1, 2001.

by **David Montgomery**
Washington Post Staff Writer

The first blue platoons reach Dulles International Airport at dawn. With perfect hair, they disembark from employee shuttle buses, snap out the handles of their black rolling bags, and step smartly through the terminal – the men silent on thick rubber soles, the women clicking and clacking on short, square heels.

Their uncovered heads and the diminutive stripes on their uniform sleeves signal their place in the pecking order. Hats and fat stripes are for captains and first officers. These are flight attendants, and pretty soon they will be serving coffee.

Now it's time for some respect. Twenty-five flight attendants died

in the line of duty on Sept. 11. At least two were stabbed by hijackers, according to cell phone conversations reported later. At least two others reportedly made calls to their supervisors on the ground, giving details about the crimes in progress, doing their jobs until the end.

Hundreds of others were in midair throughout the hemisphere when word of the terrorist attacks reached their planes. Federal officials ordered pilots to turn around, or divert to unexpected locations. In those scary minutes it fell to flight attendants to keep the passengers calm – while they wondered if their own planes might be next.

When takeoffs resumed out of every airport but Reagan National, most flight attendants pushed aside fear and grief, and returned to duty. On this morning at Dulles, the facial expressions are resolute, the small talk minimal, as the blue platoons file briskly down the corridor to the security barrier.

The firefighters who rushed into the inferno of the World Trade Center have been turned into folk heroes, deservedly so. Flight attendants have not enjoyed a fraction of the acclaim.

Maybe we're finding it just a little hard to ascribe personality, biography, emotion, heroism to airborne actors stuck with lines like, "Please place your seat backs and tray tables in an upright and locked position."

What thanks are flight attendants getting?

How does this sound: You're fired.

Since Sept. 11, airlines have announced more than 90,000 layoffs. Some details announced so far: Continental says it will furlough 1,800 flight attendants; American says it will furlough 1,000 who have less than six months' seniority; United will cut 5,000 for the month of October, with future plans to come, according to the attendants' union.

They're scared, all right: of ter-

rorism and unemployment, not necessarily in that order.

Let us then inquire of the blue platoons. What is going on inside the well-coiffed head, behind the reassuring mask?

Francois Schneider, a United Airlines flight attendant bound from Dulles to Brussels, has the bearing of a man who is going to war. "It's so unsure what's going on with the layoffs, safety on the planes," he says, frowning his brow. Then his body stiffens and his face clears. "I won't let those people get to me and I won't let them change my way of life ... No matter what, I will make sure people know they are safe."

As they pass through security and file to their gates, there's something to add. It is the universal prayer of flight attendants – a plea for respect.

It's on the lips of Betty Malish, heading to Denver with United: "They might see us as a little bit more than a waitress."

Grief in the Galley

Their job is to be the smiling face of flight. The public identity of a critical chunk of the economy is distilled in that peppy figure at the front of the cabin.

With base salaries topping out around \$39,000, they are trained to handle crash landings, births, air rage – though not terrorists

bent on suicide. Since the late 1960s they've been living down "Coffee Tea or Me?," the best-seller purporting to chronicle the adventures of two stewardesses.

They are so good at what they do that we stopped paying attention. We did not get out the laminated safety information cards to study the closest emergency exit. We were sold: Flying was safe and easy, and flight attendants were the hired help to ease us on our self-absorbed journeys to fabulous vacations and vital business meetings.

Now the smiling face of flight is grieving and scared, mostly on the inside. Still, some can't quite nail the main trick of the trade anymore, the underappreciated ability to communicate at a glance a profound message: "All is well."

Hundreds have sought counseling. Some disappear into lavatories to collect themselves when rogue insecurities threaten that outward unflappability.

Some return to duty a little too tightly wound. Last week a Northwest Airlines flight attendant mistakenly declared an emergency on the Dulles tarmac, prompting the pilot and cockpit officers to abandon ship via rope ladders. (The flight attendants were afforded no such means of escape – something else for them to ponder.)

Some have been temporarily grounded by horrible nightmares.

"People put on that uniform, and they get through security, and they can't do it," says Jennifer Grega, a United flight attendant who provided emotional support at Dulles as co-chair of the Association of Flight Attendants' employee assistance program. "The hardest part for everyone is getting on that airplane. Once they're on, they can keep it together."

The images in a flight attendant's mind are still horrifyingly personal.

"Those bastards were here," Grega says. "They were in this airport. You walk through security and you see the same people looking at those screens, and you tell me: What's changed?"

Martine Primm, with US Airways, watches replays of the fiery crashes, and pictures herself inside one of the doomed cabins. "I could imagine getting my neck slit in order to move the passengers back to the back," she says. "I know what went on in the galley. I can see the fear. I can feel the surprise of it."

Lost Colleagues

Eight days after the tragedy, dozens of professionally chipper people are weeping in unison on South West Street in Culpeper, Va. About 240 of them, all in uni-

form, line the street as cars bearing the families of Kenneth and Jennifer Lewis drive slowly up to Culpeper Baptist Church. The Lewises – "Kennifer" to their friends – were flight attendants aboard American Airlines Flight 77, which crashed into the Pentagon. The couple would often "buddy-bid" – apply for identical flying schedules.

The women and men in the long line of blue place their hands over their hearts, wipe tears, embrace, clutch boxes of tissue, grasp red teddy bears with golden wings. The bears are a symbol of the Wings Foundation, an organization to help American flight attendants.

Inside the church, his-and-hers pressed blue uniforms with the thin silver stripes on the sleeves are stretched on mannequins near the pulpit.

The eulogies offer glimpses of the real people behind the smiling faces. The Lewises had both accepted Christ as their personal savior. Jennifer first flirted with Kenneth in a Georgetown bar, and both were Parrotheads – devotees of Jimmy Buffett. Two Buffett songs are played in church – "Come Monday," about returning home to your sweetheart after a long weekend away, and "Son of a Son of a Sailor," about the rakish adventures of travel.

Flight attendant Lisa Young describes several pranks. During

one flight, when a colleague launched into the safety demonstration before takeoff, he opened the safety information card and held it up so the passengers could see. There, in big letters, Jennifer Lewis had written, "Help I Need a Date."

"The crowd was laughing so hard, the captain actually stopped the airplane to see if everything was okay," Young says.

Another time Lewis got passengers in the first five rows to throw pillows at another flight attendant as soon as they heard the words "Fasten your seat belts."

Stories of how flight attendants live might not erase the image of how they died, says Barry Gore, Jennifer Lewis' brother, addressing the congregation. He conjures up the picture he likes to stamp on those final moments.

He can see the two in "a big old bear hug."

"They were there for each other to the very end," he says. "I believe they were in the best of hands when they were with each other."

A Change in the Rules

The actions of the flight attendants on the four hijacked planes may never be known for sure. Almost certainly they operated under the old assumed ground rules. Hijackers were thought to be desperate to reach a particular destination, extract ransom or score politi-

cal points without necessarily sacrificing their own lives.

Flight attendants were taught not to resist and to keep everything calm. "We need to make sure that gets updated to reflect the realities that we know now," says Dawn Deeks, spokeswoman for the Association of Flight Attendants.

Aboard American Airlines Flight 11, which took off from Logan International Airport, flight attendant Madeline Sweeney used a cell phone to contact a ground services manager, according to an FBI report disclosed in the Los Angeles Times.

Two flight attendants had been stabbed, she said. "A hijacker also cut the throat of a business-class passenger, and he appears to be dead."

The manager asked if she knew her location. She responded: "I see water and buildings. Oh my God! Oh my God!"

The call ended abruptly, and Flight 11 was the first to crash into the World Trade Center.

Aboard United Airlines Flight 93, some passengers with cell phones learned from people on the ground about the earlier hijackings. They apparently resolved to regain control of the aircraft.

Flight attendant Sandra Bradshaw called her husband and told him the flight attendants were boiling

water to throw at the hijackers, according to her hometown paper, the *News & Record* of Greensboro, N.C.

"We're all running to first class," she said. "I've got to go. Bye."

The plane crashed in rural Pennsylvania.

An Ocean Away

At about that instant, flight attendant Tammie Andersen was high above the Atlantic Ocean, aboard a United flight 3 1/2 hours out of London's Heathrow Airport, heading to Dulles.

The first officer emerged from the cockpit to speak to the purser, the lead flight attendant. Then the purser quietly informed Andersen that two airliners had crashed into the World Trade Center.

The captain came on the intercom and told the passengers that the United States had declared a state of emergency, and he was flying the plane back to London. He connected a BBC news feed to the cabin that the passengers could listen to on their headphones. The news was constantly updated, and soon the passengers knew more than the flight attendants. The passengers told them of the crashes into the Pentagon and Pennsylvania.

Andersen didn't know whether to let herself – force herself – to smile. She wanted to put on a

brave front for everyone.

"You find yourself smiling, have-a-nice-day type thing," she recalled. "Then you think, How can you smile? You also want to show you're human."

Three days later, Andersen was preparing for that tense initiation, the first post-Sept. 11 flight. She picked up a Gideon Bible and started reading the 23rd Psalm, a favorite of her grandfather's. She noticed some of the words echoed in a newspaper headline in the hotel room: "Shadow of Death."

The same crew and many of the same passengers were booked on the flight to Dulles, but one flight attendant declined to make the trip. It was too soon after the tragedy.

Andersen discovered she did not feel afraid. "I'm not going to let this take over my life," she told herself.

Airborne, she gingerly attempted a little humor as she and some first-class passengers chuckled over having to use plastic knives to cut airline pork – no easy task.

One passenger came up and hugged Andersen, saying, "I'm back and here for the flight and so glad to see you. Is your family all right?"

Andersen was struck by the shift in passengers' attitude toward her. Flight attendants from many air-

lines have been reporting the same phenomenon: Passengers are treating them more like real people.

An answered prayer. How long will it last?

On that first flight, one of Andersen's colleagues was pushing the meal cart through the cabin. The dinner selection was not to the liking of one passenger.

"Don't I have a choice?" she wailed.

Nothing the flight attendant said would console the hungry passenger. The smiling face of flight retreated, before losing its temper.

Andersen recalls the incident later, as she watches a bomb-sniffing dog patrol the Dulles terminal.

"We were all just thinking: People lost their lives, and you're worried about a meal choice?"

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American, United

*We've always done what we do best
Up in the friendly skies.
And then one awful, fateful day
We're taken by surprise.
An unseen, unknown enemy
Attacking us in hate,
And using what has made us proud
To destroy what's made us great.*

*We watch in shock the scenes unfold,
We watch in disbelief.
We shake our heads, we wipe our eyes,
Unspeakable, the grief.
And through it all, while it unfolds
We cannot help but cry -
American, we cling together
United, we ask why?*

*Please, wake us from this nightmare,
It all seems so unreal.
We force ourselves to carry on
In a new world, so surreal.*

*Lean on each other for support,
Lend others a helping hand.
American, our dedication,
United, we will stand.*

*We ask each other, "How they dare?"
We cannot understand.
We search for answers, search for meaning,
No answer is at hand.
Hate must not replace sorrow,
Of this we're very sure.
American, we bow our heads,
United, we'll endure.*

*The unknown numbers, now with God,
As angels, by his side,
Must want for us to carry on,
To not withdraw and hide.
And so, it's in their memory,
That we will hold so long.
American, we will stand tall,
United, we'll be strong.*

Suzanne Moses
September 13, 2001

Contributions

TO THE APFA
9/11/77
Memorial
Fund

During the midst of the tragic happenings of September 11, 2001, Flight Attendants were calling in and requesting APFA to initiate a memorial in honor of our fallen crewmembers. We made the decision to ensure a permanent marker would be erected at APFA Headquarters to remember the loss of our seventeen crewmembers. Thanks to the generous contributions of so many wonderful Flight Attendants, associates and family members, more than enough money was collected to purchase a large oak tree and a granite memorial marker. This memorial will be put in place on the northwest grounds of APFA in the very near future. We will place a

photo of the memorial in *Skyword* when the project is complete.

APFA would like to thank the following people for their contributions:

Raymond & Sharon Torrey

Brad W. Leete, III, IMA

Michelle Draper, IMA

Curtis J. Jones, LAX

Gregory W. Stone, LAX

M. Greenough

Debbie Richardson, DFW

Jan Delanois, DFW

Barbara Goodwin, LAX

Jane M. Ooms, LAX

Cynthia A. Van Pelt, JFK

Carol Davis Bullock, MIA

Tina Lee Jordan, LAX

Stephanie P. Steinruck, ORD

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Martina S. Graf, SFO

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Stan L. Lemmel, SEA

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Rosemary J. Thibodeau, IDF
Marty Turner, IDF
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UAL Pilot Deborah L. McEndree & AAL Mechanic

Randle C. McEndree

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Angela M. Acosta, IDF

Maria T. Renner, IOR

Bradley Puckett, SFO-I

Gail S. St. Onge, ORD

Nicki Saunders, IMA

Debbie Guidry, DFW

Therese R. Marcinko, IDF

Robert and Gail Armstrong

(relatives of BOS-I F/A Joann Matley)

Lori and Gordan Buenger, parents of F/A Sue

Medrow, and in memory of Sara Low

Barbara Myers, IDF

Lenard Blackwell, DFW

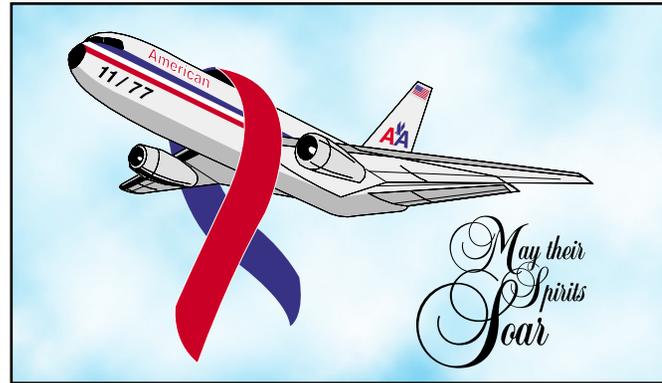
Lawrence Mock, DFW

Pamela Sutherland, LAX

Linda Locastro, IMA

James Andrews, DCA

Helen Matley, mother of BOS-I F/A Joann Matley



This bag tag insert was created in honor of our fellow crewmembers whose lives were lost on September 11, 2001. All proceeds will go to their families. As of the date of *Skyword's* printing, we have received well over \$7,000 in donations from Flight Attendants system wide.

The following is an example of some of the messages that were included with the donations.

"We hope this will assist in some small way those affected by this terrible tragedy."

"Please accept this donation in honor of our daughter, an 18-year flight attendant with American and in memory of Sara Low, who was so tragically killed in one of the airplanes. Thank you for working to keep the crews safe."

"Please accept this donation on behalf of our family. Our daughter is a F/A out of ORD; our heart goes out to the families."

"My contribution to the 11/77 fund; I give it with pride and honor."

"Thank you for giving us a chance to give ... Our loss goes so deep. There are no words for this sadness."

"I'm so very sorry this unspeakable tragedy came to us; I don't know what to do or say to comfort. Please accept my sincerest condolences and my deepest sympathy."

"Please accept this small contribution as a token of my heartfelt anguish at the loss of our co-workers, friends and AA family."

"We will never forget the heroism of our fellow crew members. God be with their families and with all of us."

Jim Highfill, JMH Printing in Grand Prairie, TX, is our printer and honorary Union member. He donated the cost of printing for 5000 of these inserts. We cannot thank him enough for his love, and kindness throughout this terrible tragedy.

If you would like to receive a bag tag insert, please send a donation (payable by check) to 'APFA Bagtag'. If you would like to order more than one, please include at least \$1 per insert and specify the number of inserts you would like.

Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope and mail to:

APFA Bagtag
c/o Communications Department
1004 West Eules Blvd.
Eules, TX 76040



by Laura Glading

During the week of September 24th there were memorials held in New York and Boston for the American and United crewmembers lost in the World Trade Center tragedy. Both memorials had a “rose ceremony” where a single red rose represented each fallen crewmember. I was honored when the Base Chairs from Boston and New York asked me to participate. Both services were beautiful.

GROUND



The New York service was very well attended despite poor weather and the (now) ever-present challenge of traveling around the New York area. The service had to be delayed while we waited for people who sat in traffic for hours due to car searches and random checks at bridges and tunnels. There was no press coverage. The press and politicians could not possibly attend the hundreds of memorial services held in New York each week, however, hundreds of New York based crewmembers attended the service to honor and bid a peaceful goodbye to their co-workers.

The Boston service was enormous. It was held outdoors at the Boston Civic Center and was attended by some 25,000 people. Bette Midler sang and the Boston Symphony Orchestra string section performed. The Governor of Massachusetts, the Mayor of Boston, and other politicians, religious leaders and union representatives all took part in the service.

I was asked to arrange for the roses from both ceremonies be brought and left at Ground Zero, their final resting place. Although it was not an easy task, I managed to get permission from the Mayor's office for

a small group of six people to be transported by the New York City Police Department from JFK to the heart of Ground Zero. The group consisted of a Flight Attendant and Pilot from American and United (all union representatives), an IAM representative and Father Richard Uftring, the chaplain who presided over the Boston service.

Our journey to what was once the World Trade Center took place early on September 27th. We had been warned by the Mayor's office and the Police Department that we may find the scene very disturbing. They also warned us that the rubble was still smoldering and that there was a terrible stench. Despite

the warnings, I was very much looking forward to this trip. I have lived my entire life in New York. I not only knew one of the crewmembers, I grew up with one of the fire fighters that was killed and knew people working in the Twin Towers. A close friend of mine with three teenage children lost her husband in this tragedy. His firm lost 60 of their 80 employees that day. My father and uncle were New York City fire fighters, and my brothers are traders. Everyone in my family knew someone who was killed. My community, like all the surrounding communities, is mourning losses. I clearly remember missing school while in college so that I could visit the observation deck of the Twin Towers the very day that it opened. It all hit so close to home. I felt like war had broken out in my backyard. For some inexplicable reason I believed that visiting the site would help me heal.

ZERO



area would need to be knocked down due to structural damage. The streets were muddy due to the constant spraying of water to keep the dust and debris from flying around. There was a definite stench, but luckily it was a cool and breezy day. It very much looked like a war zone. As I

We walked directly to the partial cavity that had once been Tower One. We said a prayer and had a moment of silence for the fallen crewmembers. Then we took the roses and tossed them onto the rubble. How bright the red roses looked in contrast to the ashen rubble.

Initially, I felt like an intruder. I sensed people watching us and thought perhaps they considered us trespassers or voyeurs. But after our short service we went and introduced ourselves to some of the rescuers. We thanked them for all of their hard work. They were anxious to share their stories and show us around. I met one of the fire fighters who was trapped and rescued the day of the tragedy. He told me that he responded to the call with a group of 28 co-workers. He was one of the eight survivors. He had returned every day since then to help with the rescue and recovery effort. They actually had quite a few questions for us. We were a piece of this horrible puzzle. It occurred to me that we all were

Nothing I had been told nor anything I had seen in the newspapers or on the television had prepared me for the scene at Ground Zero. We had to walk about three blocks to reach the rubble that was once the towers. The street and buildings along the way were covered in gray ashes. Storefronts were boarded up and the buildings were all

evacuated. The only people on the streets were police officers, fire fighters, soldiers, and sanitation and construction workers. All were very dusty, very tired and very solemn. There were many dilapidated and burnt-out buildings surrounding those buildings that had already collapsed. I was told that most of the structures in the immediate

studied the massive heaps of rubble I noticed that they consisted of no more than crumpled cement and twisted and torn metal. I did not see any desks, computer parts, phones or even glass. The fire dissolved the entire contents of the building. It is still very hard to believe that all of the devastation occurred in a matter of hours.

Flight Attendants grieve at Boston Memorial Service.
(Photos courtesy of Mark Garfinkel from the *Boston Herald*)



looking for answers. In a very short time camaraderie had formed. We are all hard working people who wear uniforms. We are all suddenly mourning the loss of our brave co-workers.

I delivered roses and a message to our fallen heroes that day. During our moment of silence I told them that we all know what really happened that day; we know that they did all that they could. There was nothing in a manual or training class that could have begun to prepare us for this unfathomable act of terror. I told them that we will never forget them, and we will try to take care of their loved ones. And then I asked God to bless and take care of them.



As written and read by
Trice Johnson, MIA Flight
Attendant, at Miami's
Memorial Service.

The Defining Moment

My name is Trice Johnson. For those of you who are AA Flight Attendants, you may know that I was the Eastern Strike Coordinator for our union in our recent contract negotiations with AA. While I did not know any of the Flight Attendants or passengers who lost their lives last Tuesday, I can tell you that if they were remotely like any of the other Flight Attendants that I have seen the last week at our union headquarters in Dallas, then I know they were incredible people. I spoke with the Boston and Washington union Base Chairs who told me that all of the Flight Attendants and pilots who lost their lives were truly amazing individuals. I would like to share just a bit of what I witnessed at union headquarters this week that is truly a testimony to what we are all capable of in times of incredible adversity and sadness.

Within just a few hours after the accident, our union's main conference room which served as our

PhoneWatch Center during contract negotiations is up and running within a matter of hours as a new modified care resource center, of sorts, for Flight Attendants who are stranded all over the world. Additional phone lines are suddenly pulled from the ceiling and in its first 28 hours of operations, Flight Attendants in Dallas have taken over 1,600 phone calls from other Flight Attendants around the country who are in distress and seeking information. Phones are ringing; bulletin board information is updated; and memos are strewn about the room as countless volunteers stream in to offer assistance. Tables of Subway sandwiches, Krispy Kreme donuts, and home-made pies and cakes are offered buffet style for anyone in the building. Suddenly, an announcement is made in the room that there are two Flight Attendants there who are licensed counselors and available for any callers needing help.

A call is put out in the room for Flight Attendants who have their uniforms and can immediately work trips to Boston and Los Angeles transporting members of the AA and APFA's Care and Go Teams. These teams are trained to respond to such catastrophes. The Flight Attendants leave out on flights within just a few hours.

In the next room, our union Communications Coordinator is

working with our webmaster to set up a "disaster page" that will offer information on everything from donating blood to local counseling services so that Flight Attendants all over the world can "click on" their computers and get the info they need for dealing with this crisis.

Several Flight Attendants take sandwiches and chips to the AA crew schedulers who have been on duty for hours and have the grueling task of trying to build flight sequences and contact crewmembers to work potential flights. As events are changing so quickly, this daunting challenge is roughly the equivalent of building a sand castle every hour only to have a rip roaring tide wash it away as soon as the work appears finished.

In an ironic shift of events from the previous months of tension and disagreement over contract negotiation matters, our union President and Vice President are in the next room suddenly having very productive and cooperative conference calls with senior AA management on how we can all work together to make sure Flight Attendants are getting the information and resources they need to weather this disastrous storm.

On day two and three, the television in the background at union headquarters has reporters commenting on people's attempts to "get back to normal" with their daily lives. But do we really want

to go back to "the way it was," now? What's normal? Was this event and the lost lives of our friends and coworkers somehow a sign for us all to slow down and take notice that the way we were living before might not have indeed been "normal" after all, and that we need to come up with a different way of living our precious, yet frenetic, lives?

I had gone to Dallas late Monday night for a "wrap up" meeting regarding our years long struggle to obtain a contract with American Airlines management. I was tired and worn out from that struggle. I left Thursday night on one of the only flights to Miami knowing that my coworkers in Dallas had taken over for me as volunteers in this next battle and that it was time for me to rest at home while the lives of all of Tuesday's victims are resting eternally. I decided that I would go back to work and fly a trip as soon as I felt the time was right for me. After all, if we live in fear and become filled with hate, then the terrorists win and we become them.

And for the first time in a very long time of flying, I climbed aboard the 777 back to Miami and sat up and took careful notice of the billowing clouds below me. It was not only a simple observation of beauty and appreciation, but a new and defining moment of life's goodness that was just good enough.

Trice Johnson
MIA



Phone Watch

On September 11, 2001 at 8:45 a.m. while the APEA phone volume reached an unmanageable number, APEA Operator Sandy Watson, was handed the following hand scribbled message to give Flight Attendants:

“The APEA Hotline will be updated when information is confirmed.

“Flight Attendants are not to go to the airport. If they are at the airport instruct them to go home or to their hotel.

“Call your local base Flight Service Manager.”

Prior to PhoneWatch opening, the initial brief was hastily written so that shell-shocked volunteers would have some sort of guide with which to assist callers. By 3:00 p.m. PhoneWatch had once again taken over the Unity Pays Conference Room at APEA Headquarters. Previously dismantled in August, thanks to the volunteers who showed up that first day and the weeks to follow, it was once again fully functional.

The daily incoming call chart peaked on September 12 with at 742 calls. Volunteers logged over 7900 total calls before tapering off prior to closing PhoneWatch on Friday, October 5th. During the period the call volume was high-

est, volunteers stayed until late in the evening working tirelessly. Flight Attendants and local businesses brought in food and refreshments to show their support for our incredible workers, and several others walked through the door offering to assist in any way they could.

Many key factors attributed to the success of PhoneWatch during those three weeks. Special thanks go to the IDF/DFW based Flight Attendants, and those who were displaced here until they could get home, who continued to come day after day throughout the crisis. Without the dedication of these incredible men and women, the membership would have just heard a busy signal when they called. George Berry once again stepped up to the plate and organized PhoneWatch which was up and running by the afternoon of September 11. He didn't miss a day until we literally had to push him out the door to enjoy some time with his family. He is an asset to APEA and we couldn't have done it so well without him. Myrene Sanders was there nearly every day, as well, helping George with briefings, stuffing PhoneWatch manuals with the latest information, training new volunteers and answering calls herself.

The American Red Cross played a vital role by having licensed therapists in the PhoneWatch room to assist with callers, volunteers, staff, APEA representatives and many of our co-workers who walked into Headquarters the weeks following the attacks. These Red Cross volunteers arrived in groups of three or more every day and stayed during operational hours for two weeks, including two of the week-ends PhoneWatch was open.

Because we had so many programs and tools in place for negotiations, APEA was able to reactivate PhoneWatch and quickly respond to the crisis. Many diverted crewmembers remembered reading in their strike handbook that they were supposed to “Phone Home” to PhoneWatch and thanks to the many people who volunteered their time, there was someone at the receiving end of the call. The silent and selfless way these current and retired Flight Attendants offered their support for those in need was noticed by all who passed by that room, or called to reach a human voice.

The following Flight Attendants stepped up to the plate and volunteered their time to answer phone calls at APEA PhoneWatch:

Myrene Sanders
Emily Carter
Barbara George
Steve Watson
Bob Walker
Jennifer Walker
Kim Coats
George Price
Patrick Hancock
Art Cline
James Andrews
Jan Randall
Kimberly Pitcher
Ben Seaman
Marty Turner
Gail Houston
Sandy Wroe
Mona Adams
Romy Skower
Greg Gatzke
Doug Scott
Carolyn Maricle
Amber Laswell
Steve Sanders
Don James
Tina Todd James
Sharon Harville
Dabney Kidd
Hyon M. Noh
Lisa Dahlgren
Bryce Dahlgren
Rick Lange
Julie Tips
Ed Brophy
Diane Tayman
Debra Whittington
Carmen Romero Murphy
Debbie Guidry
Anke Dawson
Susan Henry Busch
Barbara Schutz
Rosemary Eskridge
Jan Howell
Janice Freeman
Rebecca Cooper
Lisa Blakeman
Jennifer Pena
Shawna McMillin
Nancy Marquart
Anna Marie Jensen
Vicki Gebow

Jim Cornetta
Ron Harris
Brett Ranger
Shirly Cohen
Steve Williams
Tom Blowers
Vicki Hlavacek
Jay Narey
Sam Morales
Cheryl Sauve
Gail Maconkey
Marie Lockbaum
Patti Humburger
Christine Helms
Bobby Webb
Diane Schiaub
Susie Allen
Leanne Duffin
Giselle Medina
Lance Dunahoe
Danielle Dunahoe
Marcia Spencer
Donna Chadbourn
Carol Schaper
Jamie Reynolds
Claudia Crandall
Keith Anderson
Brad Laprairie
Monette Lesley
Amy Carter
Marianne Durden
Sherri Hackman
Belinda Mooney
Kathy Fagan-Besse
Patty Sinclair
Courtney Weddle
Cindi Grove
Doris Berube
Rosa Coburn-Gonzalez
Brenda McKenzie
Kimberly Davison
Jan Buck
Debbie Trapp
Lise Paulson
Cheryl Jahreis
Noelle Weiler
Jennifer Hubbell
Robyn Stewart
Adriana LaDuke
Trey Hopkins
Nancy Archer

Jennifer Thomas
Gloria Allen
Kip Fry
Becky Kroll
Jennifer Thomas
Patti Smith
Glenda Weitzel
Kim Hart
Jane Warren
Allyson Osean
Maddi Shelton
Rita Lawson
Evelyne Miller
Diane Schiavo
Barbara Tabor
Bonnie Jarreh
Adriana Chapa
Lori Hall
Elizabeth Kelley
Brett Ranger
Marsha Gayle
Paul Lchman
Lee Robinson White
Russ Kidwell
Lu Ann Rutledge
Rachel Mitchell
Lynne Anderson
Mary Johansen
Nonette Lesley
Linda Shea
Ron Aparo
Debi Duckworth
Edi Arbogast Alvarez
Sandy Mock
Tim Myers
Judi Franckowiak
Joan Whitehouse
Julie Molaw
Gaye Greenamyner
Skylar Taylor
Sandy Lee
Jennifer Mann
Rosemary Thibodeau
Shonda Johnson
Briggs Brower
Melissa Carter
Susan Nunn
Leslie Mayo
Hugh Wagner
Andy Tan
Teri Roundtree



**Times of laughter, now times of tears
Times of joy, now times of fears**

The following poem was read at the DCA Memorial Service

**Smiling faces, now out of sight
Vengeful enemies, now filled with delight**

**Questions unanswered we hear people call
Surreal events that have happened to us all**

**But times of unity have now begun
For these monsters must know that they have
not yet won**

**Although tragic events have caused
loved ones to part
They live on strongly in our memories
and our hearts**

**Throughout all the heartache and
anger we feel
These innocent souls will help us deal**

**Listen to their whispers and you will hear
A message that will come loud and clear**

**These heroes will never be entirely gone
In our familiar skies their spirits forever live on**

**For what this sadness and grief undoubtedly brings
Are several new angels to sit on our wings**

*In Memory, With
Love*

**Kaitlin Kisela
Daughter of Pamela Kisela, DCA
September 12, 2001**



**Association of Professional
Flight Attendants**

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Eules, Texas 76040

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