

I wrote the poem "Last Call" at 3am on September 19, 2001 after a long night of grief and reflection on the events of September 11. This was the night that the New York Police and Fire Chiefs proclaimed this was no longer a rescue mission, but a RECOVERY mission. That's when the enormity of this tragedy really sunk in for me. After moments of prayer, sobbing, and writer's block, I felt an energy or spirit enter my body, creating an incredible peace. Twenty minutes later, I read these words I had written:

LAST CALL

As smoke and heat diminished from the mangled steel and glass
The hope of rescue workers faded in and out so fast.
These heroes of our nation working tirelessly to find
A sound, a breath, some proof of life, to keep that hope alive.

The victims were so innocent, just doing their life's work
In a nation called America, the most free on this earth.
Suddenly, a worker finds a cell phone flashing red.
He plays the 'last call' message, and this is what it said:

Chorus: "Hello, it's me. I'm calling to tell you I'm all right.
I've made it up to heaven; I tried to call last night.
The group that I arrived with is strong and brave and tall
And proud to be Americans while answering God's call.

I love you all and know I've been in all your thoughts and prayers.
You need to know I felt no pain and safely made it here.
Now let me say a prayer for you of closure and of life
Move on with courage and with faith that we will reunite.

I know it's sad; I'll age no more, but in this you can trust
My dreams were put back on the earth in particles of dust.
That dust is in the air you breathe; I've passed it on to you.
So please breathe deeply every day, and make my dreams come true.

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My words are dedicated, with Love, to every victim and their loved ones. May this poem and the beautiful song sung by the incredible voice of Sara Green, add some measure of peace to our continual healing process.

God Bless America and the World."

- Dave Timmons