

HIGHLAND ECHO

The Voice of Maryville College

A time for reflection A TIME FOR REFLECTION

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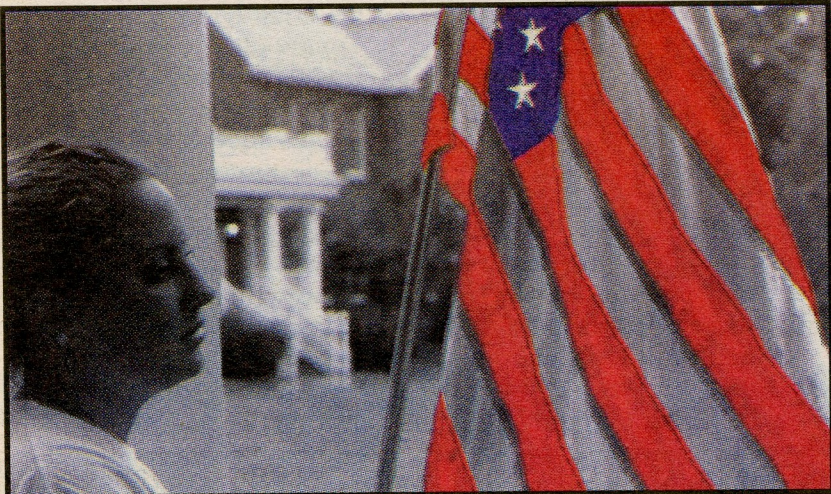


photo by Amanda Baker, photo illustration by April Braun

September 11, 2001

My eyes are open and then sleepy shut
The phones won't shut up
Walking into that room awake
Lives are gone as buildings fall
This time the credits don't come
Goodbyes and I love yous
Were said for the last time today
The birds are still flying
Alone
It is raining in a new way
Americans eyes are storming
And flooding our lost feet
We all stop at everyday sounds
Hold out breaths until we live again...free?

- Aja Rodriguez

September Eleventh, Two Thousand and One

It should have been raining today.
A part of our country died today.
It should have been cloudy.
The country mourned today.
No one should laugh today.
The square screen flashed the destruction of a
Pillar of Capitalism.
We should walk barefoot on glass today.
We should bleed for those who died.
It seemed blasphemous for the sun to shine so bright.
We wept today, collectively.
We should memorize today
Because our grandchildren will ask us about today,
And we should start by saying,
It should have been raining.

-Heidi Hansen

The *Highland Echo* staff has chosen to dedicate this issue's front page in honor of the men and women affected by the tragic events of September 11, 2001.

Junior Jackie French (left) reflects upon what the American flag symbolizes to her.

One

As the soot and ash rained down,
We became one color.
As we carried each other down the stairs of the burn-
ing building
We became one class.
As we lit candles of waiting and hope
We became one generation.
As the firefighters and police officers fought their way
into the Inferno
We became one gender.
As we fell to our knees in prayer for strength,
We became one faith.
As we whispered or shouted words of encouragement,
We spoke our language.
As we gave our blood in lines a mile long,
We became one body.
As we mourned together the great loss,
We became one family.
As we cried tears of grief and loss,
We became one soul.
As we retell with pride of the sacrifice of heroes,
We become
one people.

We are
One Color
One class
One genera-
tion
One gender
One faith
One language
One body
One family
One soul
One people
We are The
Power of One.
We are United.
We are
America.

-Anonymous



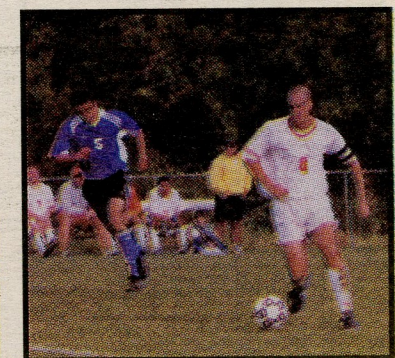
Illustration by Amanda Baker



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