



My husband and I were married on 9/11/2004. We originally didn't think of it as an option; we thought it might be construed as disrespectful. The more we thought about it, the more we liked the idea of taking the day back. The whole point of the attack was to make us fearful and full of doubt; to make us back away from living the lives we wanted, so Ray and I decided that was a great reason TO get married on 9/11. We had a moment of respectful silence during the ceremony, and proceeded to have a beautiful wedding. Those who died that day didn't get to go back to their families and live their lives, but we can continue on and celebrate the life and freedoms that the terrorists took away from others. Every 9/11 is bittersweet; I love my husband with all my heart yet we also are forced to reflect on the often fleeting nature of life, and how a moment can change it forever.

I see rebuilding the Towers as similar to our decision to get married on September 11. You don't want to forget, you want to respect; you don't want their death to have been in vain, for their sacrifice to only mean that we cower and try to spend the remainder of OUR lives trying not to offend. What the terrorists hate, we love – freedom of speech and religion, commerce, finance, culture, man's achievement and capabilities, the hustle of capitalism, the discourse of divergent ideas – and they destroyed the Towers because they were symbols of those things. So to do anything less than try to rebuild is to say, you are correct; all those things are wrong.

That's why with all my heart I want you to succeed. I pray for your success, and wish for good luck, good fortune for you. — Hanya Poczynok | Bellevue, WA