



My husband Brian was killed on September 11th.
He changed his flight from Monday September 10th to Tuesday
September 11th.

I get home, and I remember my mother-in-law telling me that he had called me, so the first thing I did was I walked over to the answering machine I press play, and I hear the answering machine voice with a time stamp on it and it says 8:58 am. At 8:58 am, Brian had the where-with-all and the calmness to call me from the plane.



