

TRUST AND TEAMWORK

*A 9/11 Story of Courage, Vision,
and a Dog Named Roselle*

Michael Hingson
with Susy Flory

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*“We can do most anything we want to do.”
Michael Hingson*

Go inside the stairwell of Tower One in TRUST AND TEAMWORK as Michael Hingson and his guide dog, Roselle, fight their way down 78 flights of stairs through the blistering heat of the fires and the smell of jet fuel to survive the World Trade Center bombing. Michael’s blindness didn’t stop him from shocking the neighbors by riding his bicycle through the streets of Palmdale, California as a child, and on September 11 his blindness became an asset as he successfully led a group of people to safety during the worst terrorist attack ever on American soil.

1. CONTENT

A. The ten year anniversary of 9/11 is coming up... What’s new here?

- ~ Ten years later, the Michael Hingson story helps to bring some closure and make sense of the events of September 11. The time is right for an extraordinary story of an unlikely hero.
- ~ The events of 9-11 still haunt the American imagination, especially in light of the continued threat of terrorism and the recent attempted car bombing in Times Square. Michael Hingson’s story is an antidote; it’s positive, redemptive, compelling, and has a happy ending. In addition, the
- ~ Each chapter includes life lessons learned from Michael’s unique and heroic 9-11 experience, with additional material woven in related to growing up blind, working with a guide dog, his marriage to a woman in a wheelchair, and successfully functioning with a major disability.
- ~ TRUST AND TEAMWORK is a detailed account of Michael Hingson’s unique WTC survival experience. Although completely blind, Michael descended 78 stories in Tower One and along with his guide dog, Roselle, helped lead a group of people to safety. His story features a powerful perception of events based on sound, smell, touch, and his vision of what was taking place, along with his extraordinary role in helping to guide and calm others. Accounts of poignant life-and-death encounters include:
 - Roselle’s extraordinary calm after the initial airplane impact. Even though fire and debris was falling outside the windows, the guide dog’s composure provided reassurance to Michael that there was no imminent danger and there was time to formulate a plan to evacuate.

- Michael’s positive and upbeat attitude as he took leadership of the descent. He even reminded everyone that “all this walking is a great way to lose weight.”
 - Roselle’s presence on the stairs made a huge impact on people and their chance of survival. Michael continued to praise her: “Good dog, you’re doing great. Just keep going. You can do it.” Michael sensed the others were listening not only to what he said but how he said it. “I had the sense that others kept going because Roselle and I did. I heard later that this was so,” said Michael.
 - Encountering several victims burned beyond recognition.
 - A hysterical woman who couldn’t breathe and who needed Michael and Roselle’s reassurance. Without urging, Roselle nudged her hand, asking to be petted. The woman responded, even laughed a bit, and continued on.
 - Bodies falling or jumping from the upper floors, the smell of jet fuel, growing stronger, and the slipperiness of the stairs, starting on the 20th floor.
 - Emotional interactions with legions of firefighters climbing the stairs to the upper floors. “Even carrying all their equipment they stopped to check on me and Roselle. As they passed just about every firefighter gave her an encouraging pat and she gave them kisses in return,” said Michael. “Later, it occurred to me that for most of them, Roselle was the last living thing they ever touched and she gave them the last unconditional love they received.”
 - Michael’s cry out to God during the collapse of Tower Two: “How could you get us out of a building only to have it fall on us?”
 - After the collapse of Tower Two, a woman blinded by the debris cloud who needed Michael and Roselle to help her to safety inside the Fulton Street subway station.
- ~ Guide Dog Roselle maintained a calm and businesslike demeanor and exerted a positive effect on others fleeing the crash zone. Interestingly, early that same morning, Roselle had cowered in terror during a thunderstorm at Michael’s house. Yet she remained calm during the entire 9-11 ordeal and slept peacefully later that night.
- ~ TRUST AND TEAMWORK is the right book at the right time with the right kind of hero—a humble man and his dog with a powerful and moving story highlighting hard-earned life lessons on teamwork, trust, compassion, transparency, creativity, and the human-animal bond.
- ~ Blind from birth, Michael has triumphed over adversity throughout his life and his survival skills and feisty can-do spirit prepared him to not only survive the World Trade Center attacks but to work with his guide dog Roselle to lead others to safety, too. A skilled storyteller, Michael has vowed to continue to share his story around the world for as long as it continues to strengthen and inspire his listeners.

B. Overview:

TRUST AND TEAMWORK is a heartwarming and inspirational guide to embracing life's challenges with principles forged in the fires of 9-11.

On September 11, 2001, Michael Hingson, blind from birth, was in his element as the regional sales manager of a data backup company located in Tower One of the World Trade Center. His guide dog Roselle, a three year-old yellow Labrador retriever, was sleeping peacefully under his desk as Michael prepared for a routine training meeting later that morning. At 8:46 A.M. Michael heard a loud explosion and grabbed onto his desk as the building shuddered and bent over, tipping to the southwest for close to a minute. Michael said goodbye to his coworker and thought he was going to die. Slowly the tipping stopped and the building began to right itself, but what Michael did not yet know was that American Airlines Flight 11 had been hijacked by terrorists and crashed into his building 18 stories above. Millions of pieces of burning paper began to rain down outside the windows. The screaming started. And the stairs were the only way out.

This is the dramatic story of Michael Hingson, a blind man who, along with his guide dog Roselle, survived the terrorist attacks on the Twin Towers in a harrowing descent down 78 floors. Along the way, the Michael and Roselle team helped dozens of others in often surprising ways and were just 100 yards away when Tower Two collapsed. Now, ten years later, Michael reveals what he has learned about trust, courage, teamwork, and heroism both as a blind man, and as a survivor of the initial airplane attack, the 78-story stairwell descent, and the desperate sprint away from the collapsing tower and choking debris cloud.

TRUST AND TEAMWORK is the astonishing account of a man who refuses to be called a hero, but who displayed extraordinary strength in the face of adversity long before September 11. It's also a heartwarming and inspirational guide to embracing life's challenges with principles forged in the fires of the Twin Towers.

C. Approach:

- ~ Stories are recounted in journalistic style, emphasizing dramatic moments and unexpected twists.
- ~ Unforgettable moments presented in scenes using imagery reflecting the blind experience, with an emphasis on senses other than the visual.
- ~ Conversational. Friendly.
- ~ Life lessons shared from someone who's literally been through the fire.
- ~ Michael's humor, warmth, humility, and compassion emphasized.
- ~ Those who are sighted will be intrigued and learn what it's like to be blind. Those who are blind will appreciate reading something written from their perspective.

~ Roselle’s role and her teamwork with Michael will be highlighted with an eye to the enduring popularity of dog stories.

D. Takeaway:

TRUST AND TEAMWORK will inspire readers to:

- ~ Experience anew the tragedy and triumph of September 11 from the unique perspective of a blind person.
- ~ Celebrate the power of the human-animal bond in the partnership with his guide dog, Roselle, that saved Michael’s life.
- ~ Appreciate the trust and teamwork that Michael and Roselle used to help leaders others to safety inside and outside the Tower.
- ~ Understand what it’s like to navigate successfully as a blind person in a world designed for the sighted (or “light dependent people,” as Michael says).
- ~ Be strong in the face of adversity.
- ~ Learn to use creativity, and risk-taking to survive in a changing world.
- ~ Employ creative adaptation and teambuilding partnerships for success.
- ~ Effectively develop and strengthen relationships by building on trust.
- ~ Be energized and motivated to respond to challenges with courage and positive action.
- ~ Build a life of joy, compassion, and service to others.
- ~ Embrace Michael’s value statement: “We can do most anything we want to do.”
- ~ Last line of book: “Don’t let your sight get in the way of vision.”

E. Endorsement:

Larry King, who has hosted Michael and Roselle on Larry King Live a total of five times, has agreed to write the foreword for the book. Video clip:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8toQOVLVsDk&feature=related>

II. MANUSCRIPT

A. Length: About 55,000 words

B. Completion: September, 2010

C. Appendices: A special one to two page note in Braille from Michael; a glossary of terms related to blindness; “Blindness, a Left Handed Dissertation,” an essay by Kenneth Jernigan; For Further Reading; and, Notes.

- E. Alternate titles:
Waterfall of Breaking Glass
Intelligent Disobedience
1463 Stairs
Trusting Roselle

III. MARKET

1. Characteristics: Target readers include:

- ~ A general audience composed of dog owners, people with disabilities including blind people, business professionals, stay-at-home moms, and working class people who are interested in current events, compassionate, and somewhat socially aware.
- ~ People who are struggling in the current economy and need an inspirational book with a positive message coming out of 9-11 and delivered on the ten year anniversary of the event.
- ~ The target reader fits the Reader's Digest and the Larry King Live show demographic profile: 25-54+, with a median age of 45, a high school education and perhaps some college, and a median household income of \$65,000.
- ~ People who purchase and read memoirs, dog books, self-help, and inspirational books. Business people who read motivational books.
- ~ Millions of readers who have seen Michael and Roselle on Regis and Kelly, the CBS Early Show, or his five appearances on Larry King Live.
- ~ Readers of Reader's Digest, which featured a story on Michael.
- ~ People who subscribe to the following human interest magazines: *Guideposts*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *AARP*, *Family Circle*, *People*, *National Enquirer*, and *Family Circle*.
- ~ Readers of dog themed magazines such as *Dog World*, *Dog Fancy*, *Dog Life*, *Bark*, *Modern Dog*, and *Cesar's Way*.
- ~ Blind people who read magazines such as *Matilda Ziegler Magazine for the Blind*, *The Braille Monitor* (the leading publication of the National Federation of the Blind), *The Braille Forum* (the monthly magazine of the American Council of the Blind), and *Dialogue* (a quarterly magazine with comprehensive information on blindness and vision loss).
- ~ People who enjoy adventure and human interest movies such as *The Blind Side*, *Marley and Me*, *Precious*, *Letters to Juliet*, *Robin Hood*, *Darfur*, and *The Tillman Story*.
- ~ People who watch PBS or cable channels such as TLC, Lifetime, Hallmark, the upcoming Oprah Winfrey Network, Animal Planet, Discovery Channel, Total Living Network (TLN) and Christian Broadcasting Network (CBN).
- ~ Visitors to New York, especially the National September 11 Memorial &

Museum, now under construction. A portion of the WTC Staircase that survived the disaster will be lowered into The Pit, with the below-ground museum built around it.

2. Competition

- ~ Books featuring 9-11 survivors, adventure stories, inspirational and motivational books, and dog stories. Books include *102 Minutes: The Untold Story of the Fight to Survive Inside the Twin Towers* by Jim Dwyer & Kevin Flynn (Times Books, 2005); *Let's Roll* by Lisa Beamer (Tyndale, 2002); *Three Cups of Tea* by Greg Mortenson (Viking Penguin, 2006); *Same Kind of Different as Me* by Ron Hall, Denver Moore, and Lynn Vincent (Thomas Nelson, 2008); *Lone Survivor: The Eyewitness Account of Operation Redwing and the Lost Heroes of SEAL Team 10* by Marcus Luttrell (Little Brown and Company, 2007); *Thinking in Pictures: My Life with Autism* by Temple Grandin (Vintage, 2006); *Scent of the Missing: Love and Partnership with a Search-and-Rescue Dog* by Susannah Charleson (Houghton Mifflin Harcourt, 2010); *September 11, An Oral History*, by Dean E. Murphy, (2002).

V. THE AUTHORS

A. Michael Hingson

Background:

Michael Hingson's life changed dramatically on September 11, 2001 when Michael and his guide dog, Roselle, escaped from the 78th floor of Tower One in the World Trade Center moments before it collapsed. Soon after, Michael and Roselle were thrust into the international limelight where Michael shared his unique survival story and 9-11 lessons of trust, courage, heroism, and teamwork. Michael and Roselle have become well known as representatives of the strength of the human-animal bond, and have been successful in communicating the power of that bond in countless media interviews and public presentations.

Although blind from birth, Michael has an indomitable spirit that first emerged when he began to spread his wings as a boy, first by riding a pedal car around inside the house, without assistance, after he learned to "hear" the coffee table. Then he shocked the neighbors by graduating to riding his bicycle, alone, through the streets of Palmdale, California. Michael was no stranger to discrimination. Raised with a can-do attitude by parents who refused to send him away to a blind school, Michael's father taught him to do math in his head and his mother taught Braille to his teacher so she could teach Michael. When he was a high school student, the school district refused to allow Michael to board the school bus with his guide dog. His father, who had an eighth grade education, did

his own research and fought the system, eventually getting his son a seat on the school bus. Michael earned the rank of Eagle Scout in the Boy Scouts of America and flourished in school. During college at University of California at Irvine, he became an on-campus radio personality, drove a car around campus at night, and even had his guide dog, Squire, stolen in a dorm prank. Michael took a master's degree in physics and is a lifetime member of the Physics Honors Society, Sigma Pi Sigma.

After graduation, Michael started work with Raymond Kurzweil, the remarkable inventor of the Kurzweil Reading Machine, the world's first omni-font optical character recognition system. In 2002 Kurzweil was inducted into the National Inventors Hall of Fame in 2002 for inventing the Kurzweil Reading Machine and Michael was fortunate enough to be in on the formative stages of the advancement of this reading machine from a prototype to a functioning product. During this time he met and married his wife, Karen, who uses a wheelchair. Later Michael went to work for Quantum, a company that manufactured tape backup systems. Quantum occupied a suite on the 78th floor of Tower One of the World Trade Center.

On September 11, 2001, Michael and his guide dog, Roselle, had just arrived and settled in to work when American Airlines Flight 11 crashed into their building in the terrorist attack that destroyed the World Trade Center. They survived the initial impact and, after descending 78 flights of stairs, Michael and Roselle were just 100 yards away from Tower Two when it collapsed. After sharing his survival story on a slew of TV and radio programs, Michael decided it was time for a change. After a 27-year career in high tech computer sales and management, Michael joined the Guide Dogs for the Blind team in 2002 as the National Public Affairs director, sharing his 9-11 story throughout the world on behalf of the school. In June of 2008 Michael left Guide Dogs to form The Michael Hingson Group to travel the world speaking about the importance of teamwork and trust in our professional and personal lives, along with serving as a consultant for corporations and organizations that need assistance with Inclusive and Diversity training as well as adaptive technology training. Michael lives in Northern California with his wife, Karen. His retired guide dog, Roselle, who was cited in the Congressional Record and who won the AKC Award for Canine Excellence (ACE) in 2002 for her role in 9-11, is now 12 years old, retired, and likes to lie in the sun with Africa, Michael's current guide dog, and Fantasia, Africa's mother and a retired breeder dog for Guide Dogs for the Blind.

Personal Marketing:

1. Michael Hingson is a ready made and savvy media veteran who has earned a reputation as a compelling guest with a heartwarming and inspirational story.
2. Accompanied by his guide dog, Michael has established a solid national

and international speaking platform and has made personal appearances to audiences averaging 15,000 people annually. Since 2002, Michael has personally reached well over 100,000 people (see attached speaking schedules for 2009 and 2010). Michael puts out a quarterly newsletter to organizational leaders, and will be actively soliciting newsletter signups prior to book publication.

3. Larry King, of *Larry King Live*, has agreed to write the foreword for Michael's book. Here's a video of Michael's 9/11/02 appearance: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8toQOVLVsDk>
4. A compelling media guest, Michael has appeared on *Larry King Live* five times. Other television appearances include *Regis and Kelly Live*, *the CBS Early Show with Bryant Gumbel*, *John Walsh Show*, *Donahue*, and *Animal Planet*. In addition, Michael has been a guest on numerous network affiliate news broadcasts and radio shows both in the US and abroad, including Japan, New Zealand, Netherlands, and Canada.
5. Numerous print publications have featured Michael's story. Some of those include *Reader's Digest*, *National Enquirer* (American Media), and *Time's One Nation: American Remembers September 11, 2001*. Michael's story was also featured in *Inside 9-11: What Really Happened* by the reporters, writers, and editors of *Der Spiegel* magazine, and New York Times reporter Dean E. Murphy's book *September 11: An Oral History*.
6. Michael is affiliated with several national organizations for the blind that will contribute to the marketing effort by promoting Michael at their annual national conventions for book signings and talks.
 - Guide Dogs for the Blind (Michael is a former employee, the Guide Dogs newsletter has a subscription list of over 60,000)
 - Council of United States Dog Guide Schools
 - National Federation of the Blind (Michael is a former employee and will be a keynote speaker at the national convention in Dallas this summer, with an attendance of 3,000)
 - American Council of the Blind (15,000 members)
7. On July 6, 2010, Michael will serve as a keynote speaker at the national conference in Dallas for National Federation of the Blind, with an audience of 3,000 people. This audience is composed of the movers and shakers in the blind and vision impaired community. In the United States, there are 15 million people who are visually impaired, with 1.3 million legally blind.
8. Michael has a close relationship with the American Kennel Club, which awarded Roselle the AKC Award for Canine Excellence (ACE) for her role in 9-11. The AKC website, which generates 1.5 million unique users per month, will promote and offer the book for sale to dog lovers.

9. Plans are in the works for The Roselle Foundation. Michael will donate a portion of the book proceeds to help fund reading equipment for those blind people who cannot afford it.
10. Michael's website, located at <http://www.michaelhingson.com>, can drive e-commerce sales. The site features a blog, video, audio, and current news. Michael blogs on personal, social, and political topics. In addition, press kits and press releases will be available for download.
11. Michael has promotional videos available. Here are two samples, professionally produced: <http://michaelhingson.com/newsite/videos/>
12. Both Michael and collaborator Susy Flory are active in social media, including Facebook, LinkedIn, GoodReads, Amazon Author Blog, and Twitter.
13. Book reviews on Amazon, Borders, and Barnes & Noble by a network of friends and colleagues.
14. Potential bulk sales opportunities include corporations and educational entities on Michael's mailing list (see list below).
15. Back of the room sales: Michael is a willing and avid marketer with a 27-year career in high-tech sales and management. He will appear at bookstores for book signings in cities where he has scheduled speaking engagements, in addition to making books available wherever he speaks. A spreadsheet of recent bookings is attached. In addition, below is a partial list of Michael's engagements:

Akron Blind Center
Alabama Veterinary Medical Association
Associated Services for the Blind Louis Braille annual award Recognition Dinner
Braille Institute of America
California Association of Private Postsecondary Schools
California County Information and Systems Directors Association
California Technologies Executive Training Institute
Central Washington University
City of Grand Rapids Michigan
Coldwell Banker
Contra Costa County Sheriffs Department
Dayton Public Library
Drake High School
Effectiveness Workshop Executive Training
Envision of Wichita
Exxon-Mobil
Federal Express
First Baptist Nederland Church
Florida Department of Education
Florida Independent Concrete & Associated Products

Fox Valley Humane Association
Galileo Technical Academy
Greater Wilkes-Barre association for the blind
Guide Dogs for the Blind
Hartz Mountain Corporation
Helen Woodward Animal Center
Humane Society of the Willamette Valley
International Association Of Pet Cemeteries
International Police Association, Northern California chapter
International Working Dog Breeding Conference
Iowa League of Cities
Irish Guide Dogs For The Blind
Jackson County Kentucky Academic Boosters
Knox County Mayor's Office, Knoxville, Tennessee
Lawrence Berkeley National Laboratory
Lions District MD4 convention
Lions West Virginia Leadership school
Little Rock foundation
Lockheed Management Leadership Association
Los Angeles County Internal Services Division
Marin forum
National Animal Interest Alliance
National Federation of the Blind
National Teen Leadership Program
NISH (National Industries for the Severely Handicapped)
North Carolina Association of Educators and Rehabilitators
Oakland County Community College, Michigan
Ohio Student Vet Program
Oregon Association of Hospital Auxiliaries
Princes Cruises Scholarship at Sea
Princeton University
Recording For The Blind & Dyslexic Achievement Awards dinner
Rochester Institute of Technology
Royal New Zealand Foundation of the Blind
Rutgers University
Saint Joseph's Hospital Emergency Department, Marshfield, Wisconsin
Samsung Corporation, South Korea
San Ramon Republican Women's Club
Santa Barbara Business College
SBC Yellow Pages
SBC Business Communication Services
Scaget Community College, Washington
Scripps College Speakers Series
Sensory Access Foundation
South West Humane Society
St. Ambrose College
Stanford Trauma Center
Starbucks Coffee Company
TEC
Temple University
Texas Humane Federation
Travel Time Meeting Planners
United States Department of Defense
University of California at Irvine speaker series
University of Tennessee Institute for Public Service
US Department of Forestry

Walk To Emmaus, United Methodist Upper Room
West Virginia Correctional Officers Association
West Virginia Equal Employment Opportunities Commission
Wild West Veterinary Conference
Yakima Lions Club

16. Michael will be available to promote this book in every appropriate way possible.

B. Susy Flory

Background:

Susy Flory grew up on the back of a quarter horse in Northern California. She took degrees from UCLA in English and psychology, and has a background in journalism, education, and communications. She first started writing at the Newhall Signal with the legendary Scotty Newhall, an ex-editor of the San Francisco Chronicle and a one-legged cigar-smoking curmudgeon who ruled the newsroom from behind a dented metal desk where he pounded out stories on an Underwood Typewriter. She taught high school English and journalism, then quit in 2004 to write full time, working for publications such as *Focus on the Family*, *Guideposts Books*, and *Today's Christian Woman*. Susy's first book, *Fear Not Da Vinci*, was co-written with Gini Monroe and published in 2006.

She's not afraid to dive into the trenches to experience firsthand whatever she's writing about. If that means smuggling medical supplies into Cuba on a humanitarian trip or sitting down to coffee to talk about faith with a practicing witch, she's there with a listening ear and notebook in hand. Her creative nonfiction features a first person journalistic style with a backbone of strong research.

Susy's newest book is *So Long Status Quo: What I Learned From Women Who Changed the World* (Beacon Hill, 2009). *So Long Status Quo* chronicles Susy's journey when, inspired by nine amazing women such as Mother Teresa, Harriet Tubman, Eleanor Roosevelt, and Mary Magdalene, she decided to get up off her comfy couch and try to change the world, starting in her own backyard. Adventure and self-discovery ensued, ranging from a secret humanitarian mission to Cuba to learning how to weld, and from going on a fast to trading her jewelry for water.

Susy is a member of American Society of Journalists and Authors (ASJA), and a CLASS certified speaker. She lives in Castro Valley with her husband, Robert, and their two children. In addition to writing books and articles, Susy serves at her local church and is a popular speaker and blogger.

Previous books include: *Fear Not Da Vinci*, with Gini Monroe, with W. Ward Gasque, PhD. (Living Ink/AMG) April, 2006; *So Long Status Quo: What I Learned from Women Who Changed the World* (Beacon Hill) March, 2009); and

Dog Tales: Inspirational Stories of Humor, Adventure, and Devotion (Harvest House, February, 2011).

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Chapter summaries

Prologue. Day of Thunder

1:30 AM on September 11, 2001: Michael and his wife, Karen, were living in Westfield, New Jersey. A fierce thunderstorm assaulted the house and Michael was awakened by his guide dog, Roselle, a yellow Labrador Retriever. Although Roselle is an easygoing dog, thunder terrifies her and she was shivering by the bed. Michael stroked her a bit, then took her to his basement office. She immediately ducked under the desk, her favorite hiding place. Michael cranked up the stereo to help mask the sound of the thunder. When she stopped shaking, he began to work on his computer. About an hour and a half later, the storm had passed and they went back upstairs to bed.

Chapter 1. 1463 Stairs

Less than eight hours later, Roselle was under Michael's desk in Tower One of the World Trade Center, this time dozing peacefully while Michael worked. His company was hosting a training meeting and several company guests were waiting in the conference room. At 8:46 A.M. Michael heard a loud explosion and grabbed onto his desk as the building shuddered and bent over, tipping to the southwest for close to a minute. Michael said goodbye to his coworker and thought he was going to die. Slowly the tipping stopped and the building began to right itself, but what Michael did not yet know was that American Airlines Flight 11 had been hijacked by terrorists and crashed into his building 18 stories above. Millions of pieces of burning paper began to rain down outside the windows. The screaming started. And 78 flights of stairs were the only way out.

Chapter 2. Falling for Nola

Although they felt the plane's impact, Michael and his co-worker, David, did not understand what was happening. Michael heard screaming in the conference room, and immediately decided to evacuate the office, directing the company guests the stairwell to begin their descent. David saw flames, smoke, and debris raining down outside the window and began to panic. Roselle sat next to Michael, calm as ever. She did not seem to sense any danger in anything going on around them. Michael completely trusted Roselle's judgment and determined that they had time to follow WTC emergency evacuation procedures. The two men debated whether they should take the time to power down the demo libraries and servers, but quickly discarded the idea. As it turned out, the minutes they saved with that decision were crucial to their survival.

Key interaction: Michael trusting Roselle's judgment

Woven in: Michael's 40-year relationship with five different guide dogs.

Flashback to a blind teacher who introduced grade schooler Michael to her guide dog, Nola. Later, Michael visited Guide Dogs for the Blind, where he met Squire, the Golden Retriever who would become his first guide dog when he was just 14 years old. Michael reflects on the human-animal bond and how he and Roselle formed a close, loving relationship as they lived and worked together. Michael and Roselle's first meeting commenced when she came into the office, walked over, and gave him a big kiss. Roselle's personality can best be described as pixie like. She plays when she can and works when she has to. Off leash she is loving, light hearted, and mischievous. In harness, she is all business. She knows her job, does it well, and demands that Michael keeps up his side of the partnership with equal intensity and dedication. "Roselle and I survived on September 11, 2001, because of our bond and close, loving relationship with each other," said Michael. "As team members we had specific jobs to do that day and we performed them well. We gave and we took. We rejoiced in our small successes every step of the way on that day as we did every day."

Chapter 3. Hearing the Coffee Table

Michael and Roselle began the descent down 78 flights of stairs. When they got to the stairs, there were a number of other people starting down, too. As soon as they entered the stairwell, Michael began to smell a peculiar odor. It was faint, but he knew it was there even though no one else seemed to notice. After a few floors and puzzling over the unusual smell, Michael had it. He told David and the others what he thought he smelled: burning jet fuel.

Key interaction: Michael assaulted by the sensory input during the stairwell descent

Woven in: Michael's childhood growing up blind in a light dependent world forced him to develop his other senses. Although he was blind from birth, his parents refused to send him away to a blind school and treated him exactly the same as his brother, Ellery. When Michael was four year old, he was given a pedal car. He loved it and peddled furiously from room to room inside the house. One day he crashed into the coffee table and ended up with a nasty cut in his chin, requiring a trip to the hospital and three stitches. "I recall Mom telling me to do a better job of watching out while driving," said Michael. "What she mean was that I should listen better." After that, Michael began to work at hearing his surroundings. He learned to hear the coffee table as he approached it, or hear a change as he passed from one room to another. He learned how to find his driveway out of all the other driveways on the block and began to build a map of the town in his head. He also shocked the neighbors by riding his bicycle through he streets of Palmdale. The neighbors, frightened for Michael's safety, would call his parents and ask, "Did you know your son is riding his bike in the street?" His parents would ask, "Did he crash? No? Then why are you calling?"

Chapter 4. Kicked Off the Bus

On the 67th floor, Michael and the others heard shouting from above to make way for the injured. Soon a knot of people rushed by, surrounding and helping a woman who had been severely burned. After they had passed, Michael asked

David about what he had seen. He said the woman was unrecognizable as a human being. Five minutes later and again, shouts from above to move aside. Another burn victim was being brought down. Afterwards, David told Michael this one might have been even more horrible than the first. A few minutes later, a woman nearby stopped and said she couldn't breathe. "We aren't going to make it out," she gasped. The group stopped to reassure the woman. Without urging, Roselle nudged her hand, asking to be petted. The woman responded, even laughed a bit, and continued on.

Key interaction: Roselle reaching up to the terrified woman

Woven in: Compassion means not just feeling sorry for someone who needs help, but using the tools you have been given to fill a need. Michael first learned about compassion from his parents, who loved and trusted him enough to let him play outside, unsupervised, with the neighborhood kids. "I don't remember thinking about being outside without my parents as some great hurdle I overcame," said Michael. "I simply remember being a little kid out with my friends." Michael's father, a self-educated electrical engineer, taught him how to do math. By the time he was six, Michael was doing algebra problems in his head. As for reading, Michael first learned Braille in kindergarten in Chicago, but forgot it after moving to California when the school district in Palmdale didn't offer it. Then Michael's mother taught him Braille to prepare him for fourth grade and the arrival of a resource teacher, Mrs. Hershberger, who had a basic knowledge of Braille. When Michael was in high school, the school board barred him from riding the school bus with his guide dog. Michael's father went to the public library and researched every law book he could find, made copies of the laws, and got all of the proper definitions. He appeared before the school board and argued that Michael should be allowed on the bus. The board disagreed. Next his father wrote a letter to the Governor of California. The following week, Michael was allowed back on the school bus.

Chapter 5. Driving in the Dark

To keep his mind focused, Michael timed how long it took to go down each flight of stairs. It was about 20 seconds. There were two flights per floor; ten steps in one flight, nine in the other. Michael began to smell stronger fumes. He also started touching the fire doors on each floor as they passed, checking for heat indicating fire on the other side. The fumes, the burn victims, and the terror of the entire situation began to get to David. He suddenly stopped and sobbed, "Mike, we're going to die. We're not going to make it out of here." Mike replied, stern. "David, stop that. If Roselle and I can go down the stairs, then so can you." David now moved to the front of the group, walking a floor ahead of Roselle and Michael and shouting back what he was seeing. He told Michael later that the stern rejoinder snapped him back to his senses. The group began to work as a team, watching out for each other and urging each other on. Michael wanted to keep it as upbeat as possible and joked that "this walking is a great way to lose weight." Later he made an offer to the group: "If the lights go out, Roselle and I are giving a half price special to get you out of here."

Key interaction: Michael's leadership in forming a survival team with David and

the group

Woven in: After a visit to the University of California at Irvine, the Chairman of the Physics department encouraged him to apply. He as accepted and found that being on a college campus was a new kind of challenge, along with being entirely on his own. Michael got to know the campus pretty well, including some frolics down in the underground tunnels where all the electrical wiring snaked beneath the campus. The campus police became familiar with Michael and even allowed him to occasionally drive a car on the campus roads at night. During his sophomore year, Michael landed a job on the campus radio station hosting a show featuring vintage radio programs for three hours every Saturday (Sunday) night. “I competed with 60 Minutes and, around Irvine, pushed Mike Wallace’s face in the ratings dust.” Michael eventually earned a Master’s Degree in Physics at Irvine. When Michael graduated from UC Irvine, his aging guide dog Squire was also awarded a degree, in “Lethargic Guidance.” Mike’s growing confidence and sense of independence came from his teamwork with Squire. “My guide dog knows that I am the team leader,” said Michael. “As the leader I use commands and give direction. However, I must let my dog do his job, too. Our relationship cannot exist if we each do not trust the other implicitly.”

Chapter 6. A Few Different Tools

On the 33rd floor, someone passed water bottles up the stairs. The stairwells had heated up and just one sip provided huge relief. Roselle was panting heavily, but there wasn’t enough water to slake her thirst. Just ahead, David called back to say he saw fire fighters coming up the stairs. At the 30th floor, here they came, carrying 100 pounds of gear per man. They each asked Michael if he was all right, and if he needed assistance getting out. Michael refused help, and instead asked, “How can we help you?” The fire fighters gave special attention to Roselle, patting her on the head and scratching her ears as they passed by. Roselle kissed each fire fighter. Later, it occurred to Michael that his dog was the last living thing they ever touched and the last unconditional love they ever received.

Key interaction: Michael offering help to the fire fighters

Woven in: After graduation, Michael went to work with Raymond Kurzweil, a futurist and the remarkable inventor of the Kurzweil Reading Machine, the world’s first omni-font optical character recognition system. The reading machine used a computer program capable of recognizing text written in any normal font. Before that time, scanners had only been able to read text written in a few fonts. Kurzweil decided that the best application of this technology would be to create a reading machine that would allow blind people to understand written text by having a computer read it to them aloud. Kurzweil and Michael worked together during the formative stages of the advancement of his reading machine from a prototype to a real product. On January 13, 1976, the finished product was unveiled during a news conference headed by him and the leaders of the National Federation of the Blind. Called the Kurzweil Reading Machine, the device covered an entire tabletop. It gained him mainstream recognition: on the day of the machine’s unveiling, Walter Cronkite used the machine to give his

signature sound off, "And that's the way it is, January 13, 1976." While listening to *The Today Show*, musician Stevie Wonder heard a demonstration of the device and purchased the first production version of the Kurzweil Reading Machine, beginning a lifelong friendship between himself and Kurzweil. In 2002 Kurzweil was inducted into the National Inventors Hall of Fame in 2002 for inventing the Kurzweil Reading Machine. When this print-to-speech reading machine was invented in 1976, the technology was regarded as the most significant advancement for the blind since Braille's introduction in 1829. Michael's success in the world of work helps to build his confidence and the feeling that his blindness "is not a handicap, really. It's just something I've always lived with," he said. "I just use a few different tools than other people do."

Chapter 7. One Heck of an Asset

As they got to the lower floors, the group's descent slowed with the number of people in the stairwell increasing steadily. On the 20th floor, Michael noticed that the floor was feeling slippery. What was it from? Spilled water? Sprinkles? Sweat? Blood? Roselle continued to pan heavily as they reached the 10th floor, but she continued to do her job, walking and guiding Michael. Finally, David called back that he had reached the first floor. Seconds later, when Michael and Roselle reached the first floor, he heard the fire sprinkles going full blast. Roselle tried to drink some of the water off the floor, but Michael refused to let her for fear of contamination. He took up her harness and then ran through sprinkles. It was like a waterfall; more powerful than any shower he'd ever felt. "My poor dog was parched," said Michael, "but, again, she did her job and took care of me." When they emerged from the water, they were in the lobby of Tower One. It was chaos. People were shouting, telling the group where to run. A member of the FBI approached and asked Michael if he needed assistance, but again, Michael refused (since his assistance was unnecessary). There was a renewed sense of urgency among the group that had emerged from the stairwell. Michael and Roselle left Tower One and ran through the concourse, and underground shopping area attached to the lobby. The shops were deserted. They went up an escalator and outside into the second floor plaza. For the first time since the chaos began, Michael and Roselle stepped into the sunlight. It was 9:45 AM, and they stopped to catch their breath. It seemed like a lifetime since they first heard the explosion. It had been one hour, almost to the minute.

Key interaction: Michael refusing help from the FBI

Woven in: Michael meets and falls in love with Karen, who uses a wheelchair. When Kurzweil's company was purchased by Xerox, Michael was laid off. Karen helps Michael turn his blindness, a perceived liability, into an asset that lands Michael the job which brings him to New York City and, eventually, to the World Trade Center. As a traveling salesman, Michael's territory was pretty much all of New England and parts of Canada. He traveled with his guide dog. "That was one heck of an asset," said Michael. "On one hand, people didn't know what to do with a blind guy. They couldn't say 'no' right away. Also, the dog became a point of conversation, and just about everybody loves dogs." Michael became a successful salesman and worked his way up to regional sales manager for

Quantum, a company that manufactured tape backup systems. Quantum occupied a suite on the 78th floor of the World Trade Center. “The real story, in my mind,” said Michael, “isn’t about how I got out of the World Trade Center. It’s how I got there in the first place.”

Chapter 8. To Walk by Faith, Not By Sight

David looks around and sees fire high up in Tower 2. Their first thought was that when their building had tipped, the fire jumped to the other tower. They couldn’t think of anything else. Michael, Roselle, and David walked north on Broadway. David had a camera and stopped to take pictures of the fires. Michael tried to call Karen on his cell but had no luck. All at once, somebody, (a police officer according to David), yelled “Get out of here!” They heard a deep rumble, which quickly became a deafening roar. Michael heard glass breaking and metal tearing as Tower Two began to collapse. The sound was something like a cross between a freight train and a waterfall of breaking glass. David screamed “Oh my God!” Michael’s first thought was a silent cry out to God: “How could you get us out of a building only to have it fall on us?” As soon as he asked the question, he heard these words in his head. “Don’t worry about what you can’t control. Focus on running with Roselle, and the rest will take care of itself.” Immediately, Michael felt a peace and a kind of protection. He was able to focus on Roselle and to encourage her. He knew beyond any shadow of a doubt that God had directed him.

Key interaction: Michael’s desperate prayer and God’s answer

Woven in: When he was in the fourth grade, Michael came home from school to find several boxes waiting for him. It was a King James Version of the Bible in Braille that encompassed 18 large volumes and taking up almost five feet of shelf space. That Bible still resides in his home office. Michael’s mother was Jewish but went to church with Michael and his dad at St Stephen’s Lutheran Church in Palmdale. “We attended services every Sunday although, like most kids, I found many of the sermons boring,” said Michael. Each year they also celebrated several of the traditional Jewish holidays. Michael’s parents emphasized that there were many different faiths and Michael learned to be tolerant and to listen to the inner voice that would guide him, if he let it. Michael had many discussions with his dad about religion, God, Jesus, and the many ways people choose to worship. Michael discovered that by not trying to control those things over which you have no control and by just putting everything in God’s hands, you are much further ahead in life. The dictionary defines ‘see’ as ‘to perceive,’” said Michael. “However perception is by no means restricted to eyesight.”

Chapter 9. A Different Way to Live

The noise of the falling tower became more intense and debris showered Michael and Roselle. In the panic and the run, Michael and David had become separated, but found each other a few moments later. They paused to breathe. Then, suddenly, a monstrous cloud of dust came roaring over them. It covered every inch of the three and nearly choked the life out of them. David said that he couldn’t see beyond six inches. Roselle guided perfectly. They ran a short

distance when Michael heard an opening on the right. Michael directed Roselle into it. She turned, then stopped to warn Michael because there was a flight of stairs. It turned out to be an entrance into the Fulton Street Subway Station. They made their way down the stairs, all the time hearing the noise of the collapsing buildings settling down into their metal and glass grave. At the bottom of the stairs was a small arcade. A woman nearby began crying and shouting that she could not see. Michael took her arm and said, "Please don't worry. I am blind and I have a guide dog named Roselle. She'll keep us both out of harm's way." The woman clutched my arm and walked with me until her eyes finally cleared enough for her to see. A subway employee named Lou came by and told the group of eight to follow him to a locker room where there was a fan and a water fountain. Soon a policeman came by and evacuated the station, and Michael and Roselle climbed back up into the sunlight.

Key interaction: Michael leading the woman blinded by the debris cloud

Woven in: Michael believes that it's okay to be blind. "We certainly don't wish anyone to become blind, but blindness is just a different way in which people live their lives," he said. Michael is a member and supporter of The National Federation of the Blind, the oldest and largest national organization led by blind people for blind people with 50,000 members across the country. The organization's former President, Kenneth Jernigan, was fond of saying, "We who are blind are pretty much like you. We have our share of both geniuses and jerks, but most of us somewhere between, ordinary people living ordinary lives." NFB members, who refer to themselves as "Federationists," hold themselves and each other to high standards of accomplishment, and they encourage and support each other in an informal network much like an extended family. NFB's philosophy is that blindness is not a handicap and with proper training it can be reduced to the level of a nuisance. "Our biggest problem isn't that fact that we can't see," said Michael. It's the perception that everyone else has about blindness."

Chapter 10. Woman on Wheels

The first thing David said was that there was no Tower Two. All he could see was a pillar of smoke hundreds of feet high. Michael asked if it were possible that the smoke hid the tower. "No," he said, "the tower was gone." The two men stood there for a moment and clasped hands, then began walking east on Fulton Street, away from the World Trade Center. They had been walking for six or seven minutes when, again, they heard that familiar rumbling sound. The time was 10:29 AM. Quickly it turned into a roar, as loud as before. Michael knew their tower, Tower One, was falling. After the noise stopped and another dust cloud passed, David said "Mike, there is no World Trade Center anymore." Michael, Roselle, and David stood there, not knowing what else to say or do. Michael took out his cell to call Karen and somehow got through to let her know he was alive. For a few moments, they could say nothing. Then Karen told him what had been reported in the news about the terrorist attacks. They spoke for a few moments, then hung up.

Key interaction: Karen and Michael's phone call

Woven in: Karen shares her side of the story from her first meeting with Michael and their wedding with a guide dog attendant, to their long and happy marriage and what it's like for a woman in a wheelchair to be married to a blind man. Karen recounts the events of September 11 from her point of view as she watched the news and wondered if Michael was alive. Karen and Michael's powerhouse marriage is an extraordinary partnership of two people who fuel each other's unstoppable energy, vision, and faith.

Chapter 11. A Brush and a Booda Bone

The aftermath of the disaster finds Michael and Roselle searching for refuge at a friend's house in Manhattan. First, thought Michael, Roselle, and David stop for soup at a Vietnamese restaurant at 12 noon. Michael ordered soup to share with David, but David was too shaken to eat. As they sat at the restaurant, they suddenly heard jets outside. They were all a bit scared at first, but then the entire place burst into applause as they realized that the United States Air Force was patrolling the skies. It was the safest feeling they had had in hours. In time they made their way home, with Michael and Roselle taking a train from Penn Station home to New Jersey. People on the train wanted to know everything that had happened downtown, but talking was hard. When he got home, there was a joyous reunion with Karen. Then Michael unharnessed Roselle and gave her a good brushing. She searched for her favorite toy, a Booda Rope Bone, even before she wanted to go outside. They enjoyed a quiet meal from their favorite Chinese restaurant, then went to bed. Roselle slept peacefully.

Key interaction: Michael brushing Roselle: two exhausted heroes.

Woven in: Soon after the events of September 11, Michael and Roselle were invited to appear on Larry King Live to share their story. The public response threw them both into the international limelight where Michael shared his unique survival story and 9-11 lessons of trust, courage, heroism, and teamwork. Michael and Roselle have become well known as representatives of the strength of the human-animal bond, and have been successful in communicating the power of that bond in countless media interviews and public presentations. A skilled storyteller, Michael has vowed to continue to share his story around the world for as long as it continues to strengthen and inspire his listeners. In 2002, Roselle was honored by the American Kennel Club (AKC) with the ACE Award for Canine Excellence, recognizing "Dogs in the Service of Mankind." Her name was read into the Congressional Record, and she was also awarded a Certificate of Resolution by Guide Dogs for the Blind for displaying "exemplary courage, steadfastness, and partnership." She was diagnosed with an immune system-related blood disorder after 9-11, quite possibly due to inhalation of debris from the WTC dust cloud. Now retired and with her blood disorder in remission, Roselle is 12 years old and likes to lie in the sun at Michael's house, snuggling with his other two yellow Labs and dreaming of her adventures with Michael.

Chapter 12. Trust and Teamwork

Michael soon realized that, after 9-11, his life would never get back to normal.

Surprisingly, he has no survivor's remorse because he feels that leads to a path that's not productive. Instead, he sees his job as working to make the world a better place. He holds strongly to the values of tolerance and inclusion and holds no grudge with Islam, only with the individuals who chose to pervert religious ideals into the motivation to carry out the September 11 attacks. He was, however, impressed with the high level of teamwork the terrorists exhibited, with 19 people functioning as a highly cohesive unit. Michael feels there are 9-11 lessons in teamwork and trust that we as a country have not yet learned. And he has always yearned to educate people about what it's like to live with blindness. Most people have no clue how blind people survive and function every day in the light-dependent world. "When you are blind, most everything is risky," said Michael. "The world wasn't set up with me in mind." He jokes that sighted people are "light dependent" and that "the light bulb was invented so light dependent people could function in the dark." In the end, blind people do not suffer so much from lack of eyesight, but from the barriers we impose. And a Civil Rights movement has yet to take place for those with physical disabilities like blindness. Even for heroes.

Glossary of terms related to blindness

Braille note from Michael

"Blindness, A Left Handed Dissertation" by Kenneth Jernigan

For Further Reading

Acknowledgments

Notes

Sample Chapter for TRUST AND TEAMWORK

Prologue

Day of Thunder

The bond with a dog is as lasting as the ties of this earth can ever be."

Konrad Lorenz

September 11, 2001

I can feel her body quivering. It's 1:30 in the morning and Roselle is afraid of the thunder. Again.

In my drowsiness, I prop myself up on one elbow and reach down to stroke her back, then touch her ears. I finger their velvety softness. She reaches up and noses my hand. Usually her nose feels cool and wet, but this time it feels warm. She's panting, and her damp foggy breath hangs in the air between us.

I hear Karen's rhythmic breathing. *Good, she's still asleep.*

Roselle's quivering becomes shaking and I know I'll have to get up. I lie back for a moment and listen. I hear the wind testing the windows but nothing else yet. Roselle knows a storm is brewing. She usually gets nervous about thirty minutes before the thunder rolls in.

I yawn and rub my face, trying to wake up. My alarm is set for 5, and I realize by the time I get up with Roselle, wait out the storm with her, and get her back to bed, I'm not going to get much sleep. She stands up and begins to pant again. I sit up and rub Roselle's chin and neck, then push my feet into my slippers and stand up and grab my robe. Roselle rubs against my legs, happy that she won't have to face this storm alone. Her powerful Labrador Retriever tail thumps against my knees once or twice as I follow her out of the room.

We head down the hallway, open to the first floor, then down sixteen stairs. The wood banister feels cooler down towards the bottom. I remember hearing yesterday on the news that this storm is a cool one, blowing down from Canada and bringing the first touch of autumn to Westfield, New Jersey.

Roselle's nails tap rhythmically and she crosses the large tile entryway, passes the elevator door and down the steps to the basement. I follow, listening for differences in the air that keeps me oriented to the three-dimensional floor plan of our house in my head.

I learned how to hear my surroundings starting when I was four years old. Someone gave me a kiddy car that I could drive around the apartment. I quickly learned to work the pedals and tore through the rooms at high speed. One day while out for a spin in the living room, I drove right into the coffee table. The hood of the car was just the right height to slide underneath and my face slammed into the edge of the table. One hospital emergency room visit and three stitches in my chin later, I faced the wrath of Mom. I suppose she could have taken away the car to make sure I never had another accident, but she didn't. "Mike, you're going

to have to do a better job of watching where you're going," she said. A funny thing to say to a blind kid, but what she meant was that I should *listen* better. So I did.

Thanks in part to Mom's encouragement, in part to my just working at it, and in large part to the desire to avoid more trips to the emergency room, I began to pay more attention to what I could tell about my surroundings through my ears. And somehow I learned to hear the coffee table as I approached it. I could hear a change as I passed from one room to another. When I walked I could hear a doorway. As I continued to race around in my pedal car, my confidence and I learned how to grow beyond the need for eyesight. How many other four year olds can race their pedal cars around the house at high speed in the pitch dark? Not the light dependent ones.

As I follow Roselle down the stairs to my basement office, I begin to hear the first deep rumbles of the approaching thunderstorm. Roselle dives under my desk and begins panting again, this time faster and louder. She is one of the most easygoing dogs I've ever known, but thunder spooks her. It's funny, though; Roselle has guided me during storms and even though she doesn't like it, her Guide Dog training prevails and she guides well.

No one knows for sure why some dogs are terrified of thunder. It may be that they are more sensitive to drops in barometric pressure. Or perhaps, because dogs hear at much higher and lower frequencies, they are simply hearing the storm before we do. Another possibility is that dogs smell storms coming. Lightning ionizes air with the formation of ozone, which has a

characteristic metallic smell.ⁱ More likely it has to do with changes in the static electric field and the subtle variations that precede a storm. An electrical engineer named Tom Critzer had a dog named Cody with a severe storm phobia. Inside the house, Cody would pant, pace, and bark and claw at the walls in fear. Desperate to help his dog, Critzer began to do research and came across a theory that the static charge before and during thunderstorms was the trigger that upset dogs, so he designed a cape with a special metallic lining that discharges the dog's fur and shields it from the static charge buildup. I don't have a thunder phobia prevention cape for Roselle, but I do crank up the volume of a radio news program to help mask the rumble and boom of the thunder.

As we wait through the storm together in the dark, Roselle cocooned at my feet, I turn on my computer and do some work to pass the time. Between the radio, my fingers tapping on the keyboard, and the rhythmic mutter of my screen reader, Roselle stops shaking and I can sense her body starting to relax. I don't mind having the extra time to prepare for my morning meeting. We're expecting 50 guests for four sales training sessions and as regional sales manager, I'm in charge of the presentation.

An hour and a half later, the thunderstorm has passed and Roselle and I head back upstairs to bed. In less than five hours, we'll be at the World Trade Center.

We have a big day ahead.

Sample Chapter for TRUST AND TEAMWORK

Chapter 1

1463 Stairs

It was one of those moments in which history splits,
and we define the world as “before” and “after.”

New York Times Editorial, September 12, 2001

Roselle is under my desk again. This time she’s not quaking in fear but snoozing, as only dogs can, in utter relaxation. I’m scrambling to get ready for the morning sales training sessions.

It’s already been a very busy morning. Between sitting up with Roselle during the storm and then getting up just a few hours later at 5 AM, I almost wish I’d had coffee instead of my usual cup of PG Tips tea.

Because of the scheduled meetings, I had set my alarm for a little earlier than usual. I needed to get to work early and make sure everything was perfect both for the presentation and for breakfast. I looked forward to serving our guests what I thought were the best ham and cheese croissants in New York City, ordered from the 44th floor Port Authority cafeteria called The Sky Dive.

While I'd shaved, showered, and dressed, Roselle continued sleeping on her blanket next to the bed. *She's probably still worn out from dealing with the thunderstorm.* I let her sleep as long as I could. When it was time to go downstairs and eat, Roselle tracked my movements, as usual, running ahead of me down the hallway and then down the steps to the kitchen. I opened the back door and let her outside to go to the bathroom, then turned on the TV. While I started in on a bowl of Special K, I listened to the news. My mind was on the morning meetings, but in the background I heard a little bit about the primary elections and something on the start of school. I got up and let Roselle back in and she grabbed her favorite toy, a rope bone, and played quietly while I finished breakfast.

A few minutes before six, I called Roselle and buckled up her harness. She has a pixie-like personality—energetic and fun loving. She plays whenever she can and works when she has to. But the leather guide dog harness is like Roselle's uniform, and when she wears it her behavior changes. She becomes less bouncy, more focused, and she always takes her job seriously. She demands that I do my job, too. And she loves being part of a team.

Charlie, the owner of Happy Fox Taxi, picked us up for the ten-minute cab

ride to the New Jersey Transit station. We waited at the station for the 6:18 train, but a public address system announcement said the train would be 15 minutes late. This was a surprisingly rare occurrence, and especially disappointing on a day I had planned to arrive early in New York. After two more announcements of additional delays, the train finally arrived. The train was stuffed full of passengers all equally annoyed, and our arrival at the Newark station couldn't arrive too soon.

In Newark we immediately caught a PATH train headed for the World Trade Center. PATH stands for Port Authority Trans-Hudson and provides rail service between New York City and New Jersey. The tracks cross the Hudson River through century-old cast iron tubes that rest on the river bottom under a thin layer of silt and then continue through tunnels under the streets of Manhattan. We got off the train at the World Trade Center PATH station, which connected to the World Trade Center towers via an underground concourse and shopping station. The concourse connected the two towers and was like a city, always bustling with people hurrying to work or going in and out of the restaurants, bars, and shops. We took our usual route through the underground parking lot on the fourth sub level to an elevator that took us to the lobby of the North Tower, or Tower One. I had my security card scanned there and we entered the elevator.

I loved working in the World Trade Center. The building complex, made up of seven buildings and a concourse, was dominated by the twin towers. The last building in the project was completed in 1973. For one year, Tower One and

Tower Two were the tallest buildings in the world. Each tower had 110 floors rising 1,353 feet, and 21,800 windows. The building components of the towers included 200,000 tons of steel, 425,000 cubic yards of concrete, and 600,000 square feet of glass window area. New Yorkers loved to brag that the Twin Towers weighed 1.5 million tons, and the World Trade Center even had its own zip code.

Roselle and I got off the elevator at the 78th floor. I unlocked the door to the office suite for Quantum ATL, a company that provided data protection and network storage systems. I served as the Regional Sales Office Manager and head of all operations in New York. Just seconds after we arrived, so did the breakfast deliveryman. I helped him unpack and organize the hot plates, pastries, bagels, coffee, and ham and cheese croissants in the conference room.

A few minutes later, David Frank, a Quantum colleague from our California headquarters, arrived along with six people who would be attending the meeting. Roselle and I greeted them all, then I went back to work setting up the conference room and testing out the presentation on my laptop. Roselle snuggled into her favorite spot under my desk. This was her usual office hangout when not performing her self-assigned duty as greeter.

A little after eight, one of the guests left to return to the lobby to greet and direct others as they arrived. This left five guests in the conference room. In my office, David and I worked on the spreadsheet listing the meeting attendees, making a few additions and corrections as we confirmed names. We prepared to print out a final list on Quantum stationery to fax downstairs to the WTC security

people but I had run out of stationery at my desk.

Just as I turn to the supply cabinet to get some more letterhead, I hear a booming explosion. It's 8:46 AM. The building shudders violently. Then our tower starts to groan and slowly tip to the southwest. In slow motion, it leans over something like 20 feet.

I grew up in Earthquake Country near the San Andreas Fault in Southern California, so my first instinct is to go and stand in the doorway but I know this is no earthquake. Roselle stays put under my desk, while David clutches it for support. We are both confused. "What could that have been?" David and I ask each other.

Was it an explosion? Something hitting the building? What could make it tip that way?

Could it be an attack? *No, it doesn't make sense to put a bomb that high up.* It must be some kind of a gas explosion.

As we talk, the building continues tipping. A disaster seems imminent. Another few seconds and I fear the building is going to fall over and we are going to plummet to the street. Tearfully, we say goodbye. I'm pretty sure I'm going to die.

Then slowly, miraculously, the tipping stops and the building begins to right itself. The whole episode lasts about a minute. Roselle wakes up from her nap. She emerges from under my desk and looks around. I leave the doorway and grab her leash to make sure we can't be separated if anything else happens. We have no idea what has just happened.

David looks out my office window and shouts “Oh, my God.” The windows above us have blown out and there is smoke and fire and millions of pieces of burning paper falling through the air. I hear debris brushing past the windows.

What we didn’t know then is that American Airlines Flight 11, a Boeing 767 leaving Boston for Los Angeles, had been hijacked. Five men affiliated with Al Qaeda, a Muslim terrorist organization spearheaded by Osama bin Laden, had broken into the cockpit and taken over the plane. The hijacker-pilot, a 33 year old Egyptian man named Mohammed Atta, flew the commercial jet into our building at the speed of 500 miles an hour, obliterating the 93d through 98th floors. Loaded with 92 people and over 10,000 gallons of jet fuel, the impact blasted the North Tower with a force equal to 480,000 pounds of TNT.ⁱⁱ The shock registered magnitude 0.9 on a seismograph at Columbia University, equal to a small earthquake.

The impact created a huge fireball. As the plane plowed through the building, it created a cloud of jet fuel that ignited into fireballs, burning an estimated 1,000 to 3,000 gallons of jet fuel.ⁱⁱⁱ An instant inferno, the blaze was so intense that it drove temperatures as high as 2,000 degrees and generated heat equivalent to the energy output of a nuclear power plant.^{iv} The impact also caused acute structural damage, demolishing some 35 exterior columns between floors 94 and 98 and destroying portions of those floors.

Although the impact was over a dozen floors above us and on the other side of the building, our office is a mess. The swaying of the tower caused the contents of the office to hit the floor, along with ceiling and building materials.

I hear our guests screaming in the conference room.

David yells “We have to get out of here NOW!”

“I agree,” I say. “But let’s slow down and do it the right way.” I want to get our guests out first, then follow after we close up the office. I’d attended many of the World Trade Center emergency training sessions and we did fire drills every six months. I run over the guidelines in my mind. Avoid the elevators. Take the stairs. And don’t panic.

Don’t panic. That might seem easy for me to say because I can’t see the flames, smoke, and debris out the window like David. Here is the blind guy telling him to do something contrary to what his eyes and his instincts are telling him to do. But I have a good imagination and I understand what’s going on, as much as anyone could understand such a surprising and horrific event.

But what David doesn’t understand is that I have a piece of information he does not have. When the debris began to fall and the flames leaped out of the floors above us, and even while the guests were running and screaming, Roselle sat next to me as calm as ever. She did not sense any danger in the flames, smoke, or anything else that was going on around us. If she had sensed danger, she would have acted differently. But she did not. I choose to trust Roselle’s judgment and so I will not panic. Roselle and I are a team.

We point our guests towards the stairwell and I ask David to go with them to make sure they find the stairs. While he’s gone, I call Karen. “There’s been an explosion of some sort. We’re okay, but we’re leaving the building now.” She’s anxious, so I keep my voice calm. “David, Roselle, and I are together. We’re

going to take the stairs.” I tell her I will call again as soon as possible, but I have to go.

We get down to business shutting down our demo libraries and servers. At this point, we have no idea what has happened and when we’ll be allowed back in and we want to protect our data. I figure if fire fighters are going to come in with fire hoses, it’s best if we cut the power to minimize water damage. However, it’s taking too long to move each piece of equipment to reach the individual plugs; we get anxious and abandon this idea. The minutes we save by deciding to leave later turn out to be crucial.

It’s time. I strap on my briefcase and clutch Roselle’s harness. “Forward,” I say, softly.

Forward is used when setting off with the dog in harness and it’s one of the very first commands all Guide Dogs are taught when training begins. You stand with your left foot out alongside the dog before giving the command, then synchronize the verbal command “forward” with the forward hand-signal, a short forward motion with the right hand. You wait for the dog to start pulling and when you feel the pull on the harness handle, you take the first step with your right foot.

Roselle guides me carefully through the debris. She stay calm and focused, even with things falling on top of her. The three of us leave the office and head out into the central corridor. People are running around. There is confusion, smoke, and noise.

Each tower has three stairwells, and we are closest to Stairwell B, so that’s where we head.

Safety is somewhere down below, and 1463 stairs are the only way out.

Forward.

Sample Chapter for TRUST AND TEAMWORK

Chapter 6

A Few Different Tools

Intuition is linear; our imaginations are weak. Even the brightest of us only extrapolate from what we know now; for the most part, we're afraid to really stretch.

Raymond Kurzweil

Roselle is panting heavily, her big Labrador tongue lolling down one side. The stairwell is hot now from the hundreds, maybe thousands of people inside. We're walking sometimes two abreast, sometimes single file, and beginning to pack more closely together. I feel fairly calm but my adrenaline is surging and that's making the stairwell feel even warmer and more crowded. However, most people are still calm and focused. It's been 30 minutes since the explosion and we've made it down to the 33rd floor.

My throat is as dry as Roselle's and breathing in the fumes of the jet fuel makes me feel like I've been drinking kerosene. I hear an excited buzz in the

voices of the people below me and I can just make out the words: “Water bottles!” Someone has broken open a vending machine and people are passing cold water bottles up the stairs.

I pass a few bottles to the people behind me, then twist open a bottle and take a few swallows. The cold water is a relief and it tastes sweet compared to the acrid taste of the fumes.

Roselle nudges my hand. Her nose feels hot and I wonder if she can smell the water. I bend over and offer her the bottle. She begins to lick the top and I tilt it just a bit so she can drink the rest. I know she’s thirsty because she hasn’t had anything to drink for a while. Guide dogs usually don’t eat or drink anything in the mornings so they don’t have to interrupt work to relieve themselves and Roselle is no different. She hasn’t had any food or water since last night. She finishes up the bottle and wants more. She licks the last few drops. I can hear her smacking her lips and then she begins to pant again. She’s still thirsty.

“Good, Roselle,” I say. I gently grab the sides of her head, just under her ears. I rub her cheeks with my thumbs. Other people around me have stopped to drink some water, too, and I can feel them listening. “Good dog. You’re doing great. Just keep going. You can do it.”

I know I have to stay calm for Roselle. If I show fear or begin to panic, she will pick up on it and she might get scared too. It’s important that Roselle doesn’t sense that I am afraid. If that happened, it would make it harder for us to get out. So far, we are staying calm and focused and I’m able to control my fear.

Except for one. There is one fear that I can’t shake. It’s haunting me, even

as I toss the empty bottle into the corner of the landing and start back down the stairs again with Roselle. *What if the lights go out?*

So far the power has remained on despite the initial explosion, the tipping of the building, and the fire on the floors above. But I'm afraid what might happen if the power goes out and thousands of light dependent people are instantly plunged into darkness.

The thought makes me shudder inwardly. *What would I do? Roselle and I will do just fine in the dark. But what about everyone else?*

Dark or light makes no difference to me. As a kid I spent many happy hours reading books late into the night, sitting in my room in total darkness. It was one of the advantages of being blind; I didn't need to hide a flashlight under the covers.

Roselle would be just fine, too. Of course she'd notice if the lights suddenly went out. But as long as the harness is on, I am confident that she will continue to do her job just as she always does. Dogs are not as visual as people and their primary sense is smell, said to be a thousand times more sensitive than that of humans. Roselle has more than 200 million olfactory receptors in her nose, while I only have about 5 million.^v These receptors feed information to the highly developed olfactory lobe in Roselle's brain, making her a sniffing machine. She lives in a world of smell, not sight, and thus is not light dependent. either We have that in common.

She also has a better sense of hearing; dogs can hear sound at four times the distance humans can. That means if I can hear things happening 20

stairs below, she can clearly hear what's going on 80 stairs below. She also has a powerful sense of touch. Not only does she hone in on the signals I send through my hand on the upright handle of her harness, but her entire body is covered with touch sensitive nerve endings, and around her eyes, muzzle and jaws she has exquisitely sensitive hairs called *vibrissae* that continuously feed her information about her environment.

On top of that, dogs even seem to have a sixth sense, sometimes surprising us by predicting earthquakes or finding their way home from a distant location. They can read our moods through our pheromones, the chemicals produced by our bodies in connection with emotion. They seem sensitive to changes in the earth's magnetic field and to infrared wavelengths of light. And, like Roselle did earlier this morning, dogs can detect sudden changes in barometric pressure when a thunderstorm is brewing.

Thinking about Roselle's special abilities gives me confidence and I try a little joke to banish my fear. "Roselle and I are offering a half price special to get you out of here if the lights go out." People laugh but I hope they understand that they do have a lifeline in Roselle and me. I know I have to be prepared to take charge in a darkened stairwell, so I want to lay a foundation sort of like flight attendants at the beginning of every airplane flight. Not many listen carefully to every word of those briefings, but if only a few passengers remember the emergency instructions, they can help the rest. Maybe my words will be that one small thing to prevent total panic on the stairs if we lose power and lighting.

We are close on the stairwell and our defenses are down. All we have is

each other and there is a feeling of working together to make it out safely. We are strong.

A few steps below, David calls out. “There are firemen coming up the stairs. Everyone move to the side.” I go down to where David stands.

It’s the 30th floor and here they come. As they approach, we instinctively string out into a single file line to let them pass. The fire fighters are loaded down with equipment. Besides a protective thigh-length jacket and pants, most of them carry 50 or 60 pounds of gear including helmets, gloves, axes, and air tanks. They are tired and sweaty and they’re not even halfway up to the fire.

Recent reports on the events of September 11 suggest that the firefighters in the stairwell didn’t know much more about what was going on than we did. Cell phones and radios weren’t working well and communication was spotty, at best. Oral histories from the few firefighters who survived say they were “clueless” and knew “absolutely nothing” about the reality of the impending crisis.^{vi}

“Hey, Buddy. Are you okay?” The very first of a long line of firefighters stops and talks to me on the 30th floor.

“I’m fine.” I feel Roselle moving and I know he is petting her. It didn’t seem like the time to give him a lecture about not petting a guide dog in harness.

“We’re going to send somebody down the stairs with you.”

“You don’t have to do that.” Things are going fine and I don’t need any help.

“Well, we’re going to send somebody down with you because we want to make sure you get down okay.”

I think of the millions of pieces of burning paper raining down outside my office windows. *These guys need to get up those stairs to fight the fire.*

“You don’t have to do that.” I can tell he’s determined to help me. “I’ve got a guide dog and we’re good.”

“Nice dog,” he says, stroking Roselle. She is friendly, as usual, and gently mouths his hand.

“Anyway, you can’t get lost going downstairs.” I try to make it light.

His voice deepens and takes on a bit of an edge. I can tell he’s used to being listened to. “We’re going to send somebody with you.”

I want to tell him my blindness isn’t a handicap, but it’s not the right time for that lecture either. I use the last gun in my arsenal. “Look, my friend David is here. He can see, and we’re fine.”

The firefighter turns to David. “Are you with him? Is everything okay?” David reassures him we’re fine.

I hear him shrug his shoulders and resetttle the tank on his back and I know he’s about to head upstairs. The men below him stir, restless. They’re anxious to get upstairs and get to it.

“Is there anything we can do to help you guys?” I ask.

“No,” he says. “You’ve got to go.”

He gives Roselle one last pet. She kisses his hand, probably the last unconditional love he got in his life, and then he is gone.

I tighten my grip on the harness. The cold water is long gone and I can almost taste the jet fuel in the air.

“Forward.” We head down the stairs. I think about Roselle and the firefighter and wonder. *Can she smell courage?*

* * * * *

I’ve had a lifetime to develop the skills needed to navigate through a world not set up for me. And if there’s one thing I’ve learned, it’s this: sight is not the only game in town.

Blindness is not a handicap; it’s something I’ve always lived with. The real handicap comes from the prejudices people have about blindness. I just use a few different tools than other people do. One of those tools allowed me to do something I’ve always wanted to do: fly an airplane. But first, let me tell you about some of the others.

When I was growing up, because there were so many other blind children, the Chicago school system created a special kindergarten class for blind kids. There were about 13-14 kids in the class, and they hired a teacher who knew how to read and write Braille.

A tactile system developed in Paris by Louis Braille in 1829, Braille is a reading and writing language all blind people should learn how to use. By using combinations of up to six raised dots, a person can interpret printed codes for letters of the alphabet or combinations of letters by running their index finger across the raised surfaces. One way Braille can be produced is by using a slate, a hinged piece of metal with several series of six-hole cells. Paper is inserted and

a pointed stylus is used to emboss the paper through the cell holes.

I was just getting a feel for Braille when my father moved us out to the high desert in Palmdale, California. At that time Palmdale was a pretty small town at the time with no Braille teachers to be found. I went to school with the rest of the neighborhood kids and mastered my studies with my parents' help in spelling, arithmetic, and reading. For me, reading meant my mother reading me stories and exercises until I knew them by heart. It became a way of life to study with Mom. I worked hard to memorize stories, especially if I knew I was going to have to "read" aloud the next day.

At school, the teachers gave me oral exams and often I was forced to spell words in front of the whole class. Everyone else in the class knew my grade before they knew their own. Most of the time I didn't mind. But since I couldn't read during study periods, I was often bored and drifted off into daydreams.

At home is where the real learning took place and I'm pretty sure I learned more from my parents than the rest of the students ever learned in the classroom. My mother graduated from a high school in New York, but my father was mostly self-educated. He graduated from eighth grade, then left school. He taught himself electronics and electrical engineering and then picked up more at a technical school he attended after World War II. I studied math with my dad and by the age of six I was doing algebra problems in my head. But I had forgotten my Braille.

The summer before fourth grade, we heard the school district had hired a resource teacher named Cora Hershberger. She would be training us in Braille

as well as the other skills we needed to keep up with our regular classes. In anticipation, my parents bought me a Braille writer from Germany called a Marburg. A Braille writer is a wood and metal machine about half the size of a typewriter. Six Braille keys and a spacing key are made of wood topped with ivory. The six keys operate the mechanism that produces dots to form the letters, contractions, or symbols used to write Braille. Paper is fed into a cylindrical paper roller and turning knobs, at either end of the roller, feed the paper into the machine.

The Perkins Brailler, manufactured by the Howe Press in Massachusetts, was the best Braille writer on the market, but it cost over \$100, a small fortune at the time. The Marburg was half that, so I used it for three years before the local Lions club bought me a Perkins.

That summer, my mother spent hours every day reacquainting me with the basics of the system so when I entered fourth grade, I could read for myself again even though I was not a fast Braille reader. Mrs. Hershberger worked with me every day for an hour after school to improve my reading speed and writing accuracy. She also obtained Braille copies of the same books my peers used in class. At last I was right up there reading and writing with the rest of my class. I got to participate in free reading, as well as reading aloud. I felt like I belonged.

When I was nine I discovered “talking books” and became enthralled with Perry Mason and Nero Wolf, two of the greatest fiction mystery heroes of all time. Talking books were recordings made by professional actors and readers, I listened to many classic and contemporary books recorded on twelve-inch

records. These books were created by a program administered by the Library of Congress. Special libraries were established throughout the United States to distribute or loan out these books to blind people. Some books required ten to twenty records and I remember hearing that the recording of *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* required 56 records. I decided to skip that one.

While in college a fellow student, Richard Rubinstein, took an interest in securing me access to the computer systems on campus. Most scientific oriented students on campus need to learn and use the UCI computer systems in order to traverse their courses. After much research Dick found a way to modify an existing computer printer to produce standard Braille. Beginning in my junior year I had the same access to the computers as my sighted colleagues. In 1971 there were no inexpensive readily available voice output systems I or any blind person could use.

I still listen to talking books, work on my computer, and use Braille daily. But instead of a wood, metal, and ivory manual Braille writer, I now use a BrailleNote, a small computer specially designed for reading and writing in Braille. It's portable, about the size of a brick, and allows me to electronically read and write in Braille with no monitor needed.

Another technological tool I use daily is a talking smart phone. I have software on my computer that operates a screen reader that verbalizes the information contained in documents, spreadsheets, and on websites. After years of practice, I can listen to and decipher the voice of my screen reader when set to a high rate of speed. The voice sounds a little like an auctioneer on speed, but it

allows me to get through email and documents quickly.

Just a couple of years ago, along came an amazing tool that enabled me to do something I never thought I'd be able to do. Thanks to the KNFB Reader, I can now read whatever I want to read, whether books, magazines, instructions, labels, recipes, or even junk mail. This device represents the latest and most advanced reading system on the market today. Here's how it works: using a cell phone, the user takes a photo of the print to be read and the character recognition software in conjunction with high quality text-to-speech will read the contents of the document aloud.

The KNFB Reader is the great grandchild of the Kurzweil Reading Machine, the world's very first omni-font optical character recognition system. This remarkable machine was invented by Raymond Kurzweil, a futurist and inventor who came up with a computer program capable of recognizing text written in any normal font. Before that time, scanners had only been able to read text written in a few fonts. Kurzweil decided that the best application of this technology would be to create a reading machine that would allow blind people to understand written text by having a computer read it to them aloud.

My very first job out of college, in a remarkable stroke of luck I got to work with Ray.

Kurzweil first approached the National Federation of the Blind (NFB) with his idea for a reading machine back in 1974. They were skeptical at first, but after an eye opening demonstration at the inventor's laboratory on Rogers Road in Massachusetts where the reading machine read some of the materials the NFB

brought, they began a working relationship. With his help, the NFB approached foundations for funding and purchased five machines, which were placed in various locations around the country for blind people to use. These were the prototypes and were about the size of an apartment sized washing machine. The reading machine used a flatbed scanner and scanned just one line at a time. It took about 30-45 seconds to scan an 8 ½ x 11” page of text, then another minute or so to recognize the text and begin to read it out loud.

The first five machines were located at Iowa Commission for the Blind; Blind Industries and Services of Maryland; New York Public Library; University of Colorado; and, Orientation Center for the Blind in Albany, California (later moved to the San Francisco Public Library).

These machines were just prototypes and needed the bugs worked out, so I was hired by NFB out of college to work with the machines, teach people how to use them, and to write the training curriculum. I traveled from place to place collecting data about how people were using the machines and then incorporated that into recommendations for the production model of the machines. I was the day-to-day guy. I had a ball traveling around the country, teaching people how to use the machines and helping to make their experience a good one so they could use the machines and provide us with feedback.

In 1978 I began to work for Kurzweil directly, doing the same thing I had done before, with human factor studies and working on ways to make the machine better. Later I ended up moving into the sales force and selling the commercial version of the product. I took a Dale Carnegie sales course and

proved to be successful at helping to move the reading machine into the corporate world where it was a great product for companies who wanted to scan documents. Eventually Xerox purchased Kurzweil's company and brought in their own people. I was the last non-Xerox person to be let go from sales.

The Kurzweil Reading Machine was revolutionary. On January 13, 1976, the finished product was unveiled by Raymond Kurzweil and NFB during a news conference and gained him national recognition. On the day of the machine's unveiling, Walter Cronkite used the machine to give his signature send off, "And that's the way it is, January 13, 1976." While listening to *The Today Show*, musician Stevie Wonder heard a demonstration of the device and purchased the first production version of the Kurzweil Reading Machine, beginning a lifelong friendship between himself and Kurzweil.

Kurzweil was always interested in music and went on to start a company that developed the most state of the art music synthesizer in the industry. He ended up selling that company to Yamaha. Then he started working on voice recognition and the most successful programs on the market are based on algorithms he created.

That washing machine-sized reading machine that originally cost \$50,000 is now under \$2,000, and I carry the software on my cell phone so I can use it to read anything, anywhere, anytime.

Oh, and one last tool. This is the one that allowed me to fly a plane. I purchased a GPS system that integrated with my Braille Notetaker. I had to fly to a speaking engagement in Idaho. The pilot was a friend of my brother-in-law,

Gary Ashurst. Gary had arranged for me to deliver a speech in Hailey, Idaho and he also arranged for a friend to come to Boise to fetch me in his private plane. While we were walking to his aircraft, the pilot noticed my BrailleNote, hanging over my shoulder. He also noticed the external GPS receiver and started asking me questions. Before we took off I showed him how my new GPS device worked and told him I was going to use it to track our flight.

I got my guide dog settled, buckled up, and we took off.

Just after we lifted off, it happened. “How would you like to fly the plane to Hailey?”

I didn’t need a second invitation. After all, if I could learn to hear a coffee table, ride my bike around Palmdale, hop on a horse, and drive a car around the UC Irvine campus, then I could certainly fly a plane.

Since I was flying in the right hand seat which also contained full access to the equipment necessary to fly the plain I took those controls. I got some lessons on how to use the stick and other relevant controls and then the pilot released the operation to me. My trusty GPS talked me through the skies above Idaho and guided me to the Hailey, airport. Roselle slept through the whole thing. I landed the plane with a few instructions, and we noticed the altimeter on the GPS was not quite accurate. In fact, it was 100 feet off, showing that we were lower than we actually were. It didn’t ruffle me much; I’d rather err on the low side than thinking I was higher than I really was.

When we rolled to a stop, I gave the GPS a pat.

When times are rough, Roselle has her nose and her ears to get her

safely through the smoke and the heat. And, like the GPS, I have the tools I need. I just need the courage to use them.

ⁱ Pet Place, “How Do Dogs Sense Oncoming Storms?” PetPlace.com.

<http://www.petplace.com/dogs/how-do-dogs-sense-oncoming-storms/page1.aspx>

ⁱⁱ Dennis Cauchon, “For many on Sept. 11, survival was no accident.” USA Today.

<http://www.usatoday.com/news/sept11/2001/12/19/usatcov-wtcsurvival.htm>

ⁱⁱⁱ New York Times Magazine, “How the Towers Stood and Fell.” New York Times.

http://www.nytimes.com/packages/html/magazine/20020908_911_TOWERS/index.html

^{iv} Howell Raines et al, *A Nation Challenged*. (New York: New York Times/Callaway, 2002)

^v Julio E. Correa, “The Dog’s Sense of Smell.” Alabama Cooperative Extension System, Alabama A&M University, UNP-0066, July 2005.

<http://www.aces.edu/pubs/docs/U/UNP-0066/>

^{vi} Jim Dwyer & Michelle O’Donnell, “9/11 Firefighters Told of Isolation Amid Disaster.” The New York Times, September 9, 2005.

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