



## A message from **THE PRESIDENT**

### 21 YEARS AGO TODAY...

Many of us remember that bright, cool September morning. Another work day was just getting started; time to settle in at the desk or the shop counter and deal with the business at hand.

And then, in the course of what should have been a pleasant and unremarkable day, the unimaginable happened: Almost three thousand people lost their lives as the result of terrorist attacks on the World Trade Center in Lower Manhattan, at the Pentagon in Arlington, Virginia and a field in Shanksville, Pennsylvania.

21 years later, the tragic events of September 11, 2001 still fill our hearts with the deepest sorrow and a sense of loss so potent it is almost unfathomable. We pause in the midst of another September morning to remember those who died on that day. We share in the grief felt by those who lost precious loved ones, friends, and colleagues.

But we also acknowledge with gratitude the soldiers, firefighters, police, doctors, nurses, and civilians who came to the aid of their fellow New Yorkers when the city was in tumult. And – in a metropolis still suffering from the depredations of the global pandemic – we are reminded once again of the need for service, compassion, and empathy for our fellow citizens and for our brothers and sisters around the globe.

Unified by our common humanity, respecting the differences that make us unique, we must work together to create a world in which events like those of September 11, 2001 are remembered – and never repeated.

In remembrance,

Daisy Cocco De Filippis, Ph.D.  
President

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*To Daffodils*  
By Robert Herrick

Fair Daffodils, we weep to see  
You haste away so soon;  
As yet the early-rising sun  
Has not attain'd his noon.  
Stay, stay,  
Until the hasting day  
Has run  
But to the even-song;  
And, having pray'd together, we  
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,  
We have as short a spring;  
As quick a growth to meet decay,  
As you, or anything.  
We die  
As your hours do, and dry  
Away,  
Like to the summer's rain;  
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,  
Ne'er to be found again.

McCosker, K. and Albery, N. *Poem a Day*. P. 88.

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