



Brian and Stanley's Escape from Tower 2

Brian Clark and Stanley Praimnath worked just three floors apart in Tower Two of the World Trade Center, but had never met one another. They could not have imagined that on that serene morning, their fates would be bound in tragedy. Their survival of the 9/11 attack is one of the most amazing and powerful stories we heard while making this film.

We were unable to share Brian and Stanley's entire account in the finished film, but it certainly deserves to be relayed in its entirety. What follows is their story, in their own words, as they told us in their interviews for On Native Soil.

STANLEY PRAIMNATH: Having my raisin bagel and coffee in my hand, the phone rings. I put down the bag, and I pick up the phone, my mother is on the phone. "Stan, are you okay?" "I'm fine." My brothers picked up in turn, Steve, Paul, Bill, "Stan, you okay? You okay?"

Everybody's calling me to find out if I'm okay. But, I don't have a clue, and nobody's telling me what happened. See, the first building was hit, I was in the elevator coming up, didn't have a clue what happened, the building is sound proof.



Couldn't hear what is happening outside. "There's a lot of love there. These people just miss me." That's my thought. I hang up the phone, and assured them I'm fine, and, I just happened to turn, looking towards Jersey City overlooking the Hudson, and what I saw was fireballs coming down from the sky.

BRIAN CLARK: "My head jerked up, because the lights in my office buzzed. And as I looked up like this, in my peripheral vision, behind me, I caught something. And I spun around and stared at my window, just a yard away. And, right up against the glass, flaming something. I mean-- I-- Flames, just swirling at the glass. That lasted for two or three seconds. The flame at the window. And then dissipated.

I had wandered over to the east side trading floor and up toward the north windows, where a number of our brokers were standing at the glass, looking up ten floors, and they had begun to see people jump. That wasn't anything I wanted to see. I took their word for it. I just didn't want that image in my retina. And, as I got about five yards off the window, one particular woman, Susan Poleo, spun around because she had just noticed the first, for her, the first person to jump.

And she ran back to me in tears. And, "Oh, Brian," she said, "people are dying!" I said, "Susan, I know. It's a, it's a terrible thing. Come on, let's--" And I put my arms around her, said, "Let's get you a little more composed." And I walked her from the east side trading floor, down the center hall toward the west side, and left her in the ladies' room, I would imagine, at five-to-nine. That's an estimate. I went back to my office, which was, as I said before, on the west side of the building. And I called my dad in Toronto and I called my wife in New Jersey.

"...they had begun to see people jump. That wasn't anything I wanted to see. I took their word for it. I just didn't want that image in my retina."

I heard an announcement, which I can quote pretty well verbatim. The strobe lights flashed, the siren went, "Whoop! Whoop!" And a very familiar voice that the man who conducted the fire drills every six months on our floor, this familiar voice came on.



Port Authority person. Said, "Your attention, please. Building Two is secure. There is no need to evacuate Building Two. If you are in the midst of evacuation, you may use the re-entry doors and the elevators to return to your offices. Repeat--" and they went through the whole announcement again. I left my office and stayed on the west side of the building. And, three or four minutes later, I found myself-- This would be at about a minute or two minutes after nine.

STANLEY: I told Delise, let's get outta here. So, we ran out of the office, went back down the hallway, all the way back to the north side of the building, we took the local elevator, and here we are now on the seventy-eighth floor, and we're waiting for the express elevator to take us down.

A group of eighteen other people from my office-- we had occupied four floors, the seventy-nine through the eighty-second floor. Eighteen people, Delise and I, twenty of us are waiting on this elevator.

The President, the CEO, the head of Human Resources, all these big shots. The elevator came, we went down. Not a word is said. I'm about to exit the building through the turnstiles, the security guard looks at me and says, "Where you going?"

"Well, I'm going home, I saw fireballs coming down." "No. Your building is safe. It's secure. Go back to your office."

And what am I supposed to do? My bosses are getting back in this elevator. And I'm skeptical in going back up. Because of the '93 bombing.

"Something in my heart is telling me, Stan, it is not right. Don't do it."

Something in my heart is telling me, "Stan, it is not right. Don't do it." So, I turned to this young lady who was with me, I said, "Delise, why don't you take the

rest a the day off." She looks at me, she says, "Stan, are you sure?" "I'm positive. Go home."

The head of Human Resources was there, Brian Thompson, head of General Affairs there, and these guys are looking at me, Stan, we have a job here to do.

"Stan, how can you make this judgment call?" "No, no, she's going home." And as this young lady's walking going home, she's turning back looking at me, "Stan, are you sure?" "I'm positive. Go. Go. Go."

It was just an inclination I had. You've gotta go home. Run. Go, go, go. And as she's going, I can still remember, she's turning back, she's looking at me. And Jack Andriaky was holding on, on the one side of the door, and Manny Gomez is holding on the other side of the door.

"Come on, Stan, the man. We don't have all day. You're not scared to go back." I still don't have a clue what happened to the first building. Nobody ever told me anything.

So, here I am, half heartedly, walk back in this elevator, and I'm still looking at Delise leaving, and she's still looking at me, smiling, not knowing that's the last smile I'll -- I'll ever, ever get.

I'm still looking at Brian Thompson, this man is looking at me, smiling, not realizing that I will never see this group of people again in my life. And then, less than one minute, this elevator zooms back up, and we were on the seventy-eighth floor again.

BRIAN: I found myself talking to Bobby Coll. Bobby had told me he had been down a few floors, heard the announcement, and had come back up. And he and I were just discussing this-- We were no more than a yard apart, just standing, you know, arms folded, I suppose. Having this discussion when, boom!, boom! There was this double explosion noise. And, in an instant, our room fell apart. It was destroyed. Not by flame, not by black smoke, but just a percussion, an implosion.

I don't quite know how to describe it. But everything came out of the ceiling. Uh, air conditioning ducts, lights, speaker cables, the works. All the ceiling tiles, of course. Just rained down on us. And Bob and I went into this sort of athletic ready stance as the building-- And this was the only time that I was terrified that day. For the next ten seconds, the building went one way, toward the Hudson River.

It just kept moving. I am not exaggerating. I couldn't measure it, of course, but the sensation at the time was that the building swayed six to eight feet. I know that sounds extraordinary, but that's the, that's the feeling I had. Did it move that far? I don't know. But that was the sensation that Bob and I had. It went one way only. It stopped. And then it slowly came back to vertical. The whole process took ten seconds. It just came back to vertical and stopped. It didn't swing back and forth, to my, to my feeling, at least.

STANLEY: I just happened to raise my head, I'm looking out towards the direction of the Statue of Liberty, and what I saw was this giant aircraft, gray in color, this plane is coming towards me, eye level, eye contact.

I can still see that big U on the tail of this plane. And this is happening in slow motion. This is not real. I can still hear this revving sound of this engine that this plane is getting closer and closer.

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And all I remember doing was I drop this phone and I scream, and I said, "Lord, you can't-- I can't do this. You take over." And I dove under my desk. That's all I remember saying. And I don't have a clue why I said that.

And the next thing I know, are the most thundering and air shattering sound. That plane just came straight, and just -- just crashed into the building.

I can see it. After I dove under this desk, I can see this plane just came like this-- bam! On impact. And just crashed straight into the building, and the bottom wing is wedged in my office door, twenty feet from where I am.

It -- it is just not normal that a plane would crash in the real world, and you just walk away. I want you to understand this perspective. I'm huddled under a desk, right here, in a fetal position, and I'm screaming, "Lord, send somebody, anybody."

And as I look under the rubble, right where this door is, there's a plane wing wedged right there in the office space, which is about twenty feet from where I am. And, I'm screaming, realizing that I'm covered up to shoulder in debris.

BRIAN: We gathered in a group of seven people. And, with my flashlight, I led us, this group of seven, down a hallway toward the east. And we came to center crossroads, the-- In the Trade Center, both towers had a north-south hallway and an east-west hallway. The, the portion of the hallway that we went down was one of the four segments that did not have a stairway. I knew where the stairways were because I was a fire warden.

When we got to the crossroads, there was a decision made that only took an instant to make. But, ahead of me, was Stairway B, about five yards. To my right was Stairway C, about five yards. And to my left was Stairway A, about five yards. For no reason whatsoever, I turned left to Stairway A. No decision, it was just-- I just went that way. I don't know what pushed me left. We started down the stairway. We only went three floors, to the 81st Floor.

I heard somebody banging inside the 81st Floor, making a noise and then screaming. And I sort of took myself out of this conversation with my group on the stairwell and listened, straining to hear some strange voice yelling inside the 81st Floor, "Help! Help! I'm buried. Is anyone there? I can't breathe." That sort of calling. I grabbed the fellow beside me by the shoulder. Just happened to be Ron DeFrancesco, one of my associates.

And I said, "Ron, come on, we've got to get this guy." The exit door for the stairway had blown off the drywall with the explosion. So, Ron and I went in through the crack in the wall. And my flashlight, you know, I shone it inside the 81st Floor. Pitch black, smoke roiling. And wherever I pointed my flashlight, all you could see was this, if you like, a high-beam of light. Almost like driving down a country road at night

in the fog. All you could see was the light ahead of me. And the voice would direct us. "To the right. Come this way. To the left." That sort of thing.

Halfway there, a rather miraculous thing happened. And, I say miraculous because I have no other explanation for it. Halfway there, Ron, who was carrying a gym bag and using it to filter the smoke, was overcome by the smoke. And he left me. I mean, I understand why, but he was overcome with the smoke and went back to the stairs and went up.

For some reason, around me was a, a bubble, if you like, of fresh air. And I noted it at the time. And I have no explanation for it. But right beside me, Ron was overcome with smoke. A strange voice is yelling, "Help! Help! I can't breathe." And around me, I'm breathing normally. And I noted it at the time. Very strange. So I kept moving toward this voice that was calling. And when I got close to him, I couldn't see anything, but I probably wasn't more than a yard away.

"For some reason, around me was a, a bubble, if you like, of fresh air. And I noted it at the time. And I have no explanation for it. But right beside me, Ron was overcome with smoke."

STANLEY: And I'm crouched down, realizing I can't stand up. So, I decided I'd lie flat down. And I started to crawl. I crawled the entire length of the loans department, through the lounge, into the computer room, into the communication room, and there I am, that one wall.

And it's strange. Why that one person, whoever it is, with that one light? Am I really dreaming? And the person's saying, knock on the wall and I'll know where you are.

And I started to bang on the wall, the person said, "I can hear you." "What is your name?" "Brian Clark." "What are the chances for you to have a flashlight?" "I'm a fire warden." Well, I'm a fire warden, too. I don't have a flashlight. "You wanna live, you climb over."

"And I started to bang on the wall, the person said, ... 'You wanna live, you climb over.'"

BRIAN: "Can you see my hand? Can you see my hand?" this person said. And all of a sudden, not-- less than a yard away, this hand that was waving in front of me came into focus. And I shone it down the arm. And there, coming out of a hole, if you like, in a wall, wide-eyed and very animated, waving his hand, was a stranger. And when I focused the light on him, there was this question that threw me off, frankly, right at that moment.

"One thing I've got know. Do you know Jesus Christ?"

I was not ready for that kind of a question at that moment. And I stammered out a rather weak response. "I, uh, I go to church every Sunday," was the best I could do under those conditions. Which, it's a true statement, but that was the best witness I could give at that moment, I'm embarrassed to say. And, "Hallelujah, I've been saved!" said this voice. Or something in that vein. I said, "Well, come on. We gotta, you know, get focused on the task at hand, here. Let's get on with this."

STANLEY: "Do you go to church?" Why am I asking this man if he goes to church? See, in my heart, I know that this man shares God, the common denominator here, the common factor, with me. And, if I'm to die, he's to pray with me, my soul is gonna make it to heaven. It was strange.

But, I'm asking this man all these crazy questions. The man says jump. So, I jump the first time. Try to grab on, on top. And, I missed.

BRIAN: I removed a lot of debris this side of the wall. And then there was this immovable wall between us.

STANLEY: "I can't climb over. I'm too cut up. I'm too bruised. I'm too swollen. I can't do it." "Think about your family. Climb." I jump the first time. But I missed. This is a ten feet sheet rock wall, I'm five feet ten. I can't do it.

I tried to prevent a piece a sheet rock that caved in. I raise up my hand, and a nail went straight through. And when I winced, the man said, "What happened?" I said, "A nail went in my palm." He said, "Bite it out, try again." I said, "I can't do it." He says, "You must do it. Try again."

And I'm down on my knees at this point and I'm saying, "Lord, just this one time more. What is gonna happen to Stephanie and Caitlin, my two daughters? Who's gonna take care of my wife and all this bills that we have? Look, just this one time more."

"I remember as clear as day... as I looked at this wall, in my heart, this wall does not possess a challenge anymore."

I'm looking at a sheet rock wall, and I'm just caressing this wall. But, I don't have a clue why I'm caressing this wall. But, I remember as clear as day, and I'm touching this wall, but I'm looking at this wall, and as I looked

at this wall, in my heart, this wall does not possess a challenge anymore.

BRIAN: And I finally said to him-- I climbed up on some things and said, "You must jump. You've got to go over this wall." And he scrambled up, this stranger, the other side. Didn't make it. I said, "You must do this. This is only way out."

STANLEY: I got up, I looked at that wall, and I decided I'll take a swing. But I punch with every ounce a strength that I could muster. I punch with such -- with such force, that my fist just passed right through that sheet rock wall. The man said, "I can see a fist."

I said, "When you see my head, yank my body through." I punched, the whole got bigger, I jumped the second time, grabbed on, on top. Stuck my head through that hole, and the man give me a headlock.

BRIAN: Up he came. And I reached down and somehow got under his arm or around his neck somehow. And heaved him up. Up and over the wall he came and we fell in a heap on the floor. And me on my back.

STANLEY: And he pulled with such force, I just flew over the other side, and knocked the man over. I landed on top of that man, reached down, hugged that man, gave him a kiss and said, "You're my guardian angel." And the man stretched his hand, he says, "Brian Clark."

"And this man puts his hand around my shoulder and says, 'Come on, buddy, let's go home.'"

And this man puts his hand around my shoulder and says, "Come on, buddy, let's go home."

BRIAN: This stranger gave me this big kiss. And I said, "Uh, I'm Brian." "I'm Stanley," he said. And that's how Stanley and I met.

And, I said, "Come on, we've got to-- You know, let's, let's go." And up we got in the smoke and the dirt. Stanley had a puncture wound in one of his palms. His-- Let's say his left palm. I forget which was which now. And I had a matching puncture wound in my other palm.

And he said to me, uh, he said, "You'll be my brother for life." And I said, "Well, I, I don't have any brothers or sisters-- or any siblings." I said, "Uh, you can be my brother." And we slapped our hands together, which is rather a bizarre thing to do in this day and age. But there we were, two strangers becoming blood brothers on the 81st Floor. And we made our way back to the stairs. I pointed my flashlight down the stairs and all you could see in the darkness, was smoke coming up.

"This stranger gave me this big kiss. And I said, 'Uh, I'm Brian.' 'I'm Stanley,' he said. And that's how Stanley and I met."

STANLEY: And we started to hobble, you have to walk ten flight a stairs toward a little landing, another ten flights of stairs, then you cover one floor. We have sixteen hundred and twenty steps to go down. And this man, like a brother, shouldered me all the way, until we got downstairs. We actually slid down from the eighty first floor, to the eightieth floor. The was so much debris.

We started to walk down, but there was so much debris there, we just slid right down all these broken sheetrock and crumbled furniture and everything that was there. We just sat down. And, we just slid right down.

BRIAN: He had been, sort of, so near the explosion that his clothes were ripped. And he was beaten up. So I was making sure he was okay. But we got through these difficult floors. On about the 78th Floor, which I understand is probably the point of impact of the fuselage, there was just one layer of drywall there, and it was cracked. And, through the cracks, you could see flames licking up the other side. But that one layer, at least, was holding for Stanley and I to pass through.

At the 74th Floor, we came into normal conditions, meaning the lights were on, the air was fresh. There was water underfoot. That was the, that was the only abnormality at the time. But, at that time, it was like breathing a sigh of relief. "We're okay. We're going to make it," if you like. We kept on down. At the 68th Floor, we met the only person that we would pass in the stairway the whole day. One person was walking up. He was a coworker of mine named Jose Marrero. Jose was also on our technology staff, carrying a walkie-talkie. And I said, "Jose, where are you going?" He said, "I can hear Dave Vera up above. He's helping people. He's on the walkie-talkie, he's helping people. I'm going up to help him." I

said, "Well, I'm, I'm going to get this guy from Fuji Bank out."

STANLEY: There's one man walking up. He had a walkie talkie in his hand. And, Brian knew this man. Introduced him. He says, look, this is Jose Marrero.

And, somebody had called, that they were in a problem. And, this poor man is going up to help the rescue. We're introduced. Brief introductions. This man went up. The man never made it out. And we start to walk down again.

BRIAN: He said, "Oh, that's fine. I'll be all right." And up he went. He didn't sprint past us, but he was-- It was just this passing moment. And Jose went up that day and, not to be seen again. But so, in my mind, he's-- You know, he's my hero, that's for certain.



Stanley and I continued on down until we got to the 44th Floor. And we went in the 44th Floor because it's one of the sky lobbies in the buildings, where you change from an express elevator to a local elevator.

It's like a hotel lobby in the sky. We went in there, and there was one person that we could see. One security guard in his blue blazer. A retiree, I think. An older gentleman just, you know, earning some spare cash. And he said, "Do you have telephones?" He looked at us wide wide-eyed, and I said, "No." He said, "Well, I'll look after this." And he pointed behind his desk.

And there was a male down on the floor, moaning. Massive head wounds, massive back wounds. How he got the injuries, how he got to the 44th Floor, I don't know. But this security guard in his blue blazer said, "I'll stay with this man, but you must promise me, as soon as you can, to make a phone call to get a medic and a stretcher up to the 44th Floor." I said, "I understand. We'll do our best." Stanley and I went back to the stairs, down, down, down, down... About the 15th Floor I said to him, "Hey, let's slow down a bit." I said, "I don't want to be limping out of here on a sprained ankle." So we went a little slower. No sense of urgency. Got to the plaza level where we came out against the north wall, looking out at the courtyard.

STANLEY: We, eventually, got to the ground floor. When we got to the ground floor, it is so strange. On a normal day, you would see thousands of people in the lobby, on the mezzanine level. There's nobody. Very, very silent. And, we're looking all around.

“The only people we saw were the firefighters and the cops. And, the EMS workers. And when they saw us, they were surprised. They were shocked. Like, ‘Where did these two people come from?’”

The only people we saw were the firefighters and the cops. And, the EMS workers. And when they saw us, they were surprised. They were shocked. Like, "Where did these two people come from?"

Now, we passed, I'm guessing, thirty to fifty - I didn't

count at the time - firemen, policemen who were rather casually putting on their equipment, whatever. There was no running, no panic. And we certainly seemed to be the only citizens evacuating.

BRIAN: Walked casually to that corner. Made or right turn and got to Liberty Street door, by the Sam Goody store. And a fireman said, "Hey, guys, if you're going to cross Liberty Street here, you've got to run for it." I said, "Why? What, what do you mean?" He said, "Well, there's debris falling from above." I said, "Should I look up?" He said, "No, just go for it." I couldn't do that. So there happened to be an overhang there at 4 World Trade Center, so we went out five yards and I kind of stuck my head out and looked up.

STANLEY: Run. Run. Run. Do not look up. Do not look around. Just go. Go. Go. And, as we're running out of the building, these men, are running back in.

And, you can hear that scream as debris just fell on one of them. And, we got a choice. Stopping. Investigating. And, dying. Or running forward. And, these good men, are dying, so that Brian and I could live. And, we're running out, with every ounce of strength that we have.

BRIAN: And didn't see anything coming. I said, "Stanley, I don't see anything. You ready?" He said, "Okay." And we-- I said, "Let's go," and we sprinted a block and a half. Across-- So, a lot of debris and so on. Liberty Street's quite wide there. We got about a block and a half south to a delicatessen where the deli owners were - or a sandwich shop or something - were outside of their, their place of employment, looking up at the Trade Center. Looking to the north. And we stopped. And I said, "Do you have any water?"

I said, "We've come eighty floors and, and, you know--" He, he said, "Yeah." They went in. Came out with a couple of bottles of water. He said, "Here." He said, "Wait a minute." He went back in. Came out with a breakfast tray wrapped in cellophane. The cantaloupe and sweet rolls. And he says, "Nobody's coming for this, this morning." So he gave that to me. And we walked another block south. And we ended up behind Trinity Church on, on Trinity Place, I guess it is. And we came across two ministers from the church.

STANLEY: The next thing I remember, I'm holding onto the fence of Trinity Church. And, I'm looking at Brian and said, this building is going down now. And, Brian looked at me and said, Stan, you've gone through a lot. What you see all burning there is drapery, cosmetic and paper.

By profession, I'm an engineer. And, steel doesn't bend. And, he stopped short of what he was saying. And, he still asked me, the last time we met, how did I know this building was coming down. And, I don't have a clue.

BRIAN: And Stanley broke down. And he said, in, in tears, “This man saved my life!” You know, it was interesting that he was saying that. The towers are still standing and we’re not thinking about anything that was about to happen. And I said to him, I said, “Well, you may think that, Stanley. But,” I said, “maybe your voice calling in the darkness saved my life.”

And as we got above the cemetery Stanley stopped and he looked back at, to the World Trade Center, which was all you could see because the Towers are off set and high in the sky. Of course, the smoke is billowing out and Stanley stopped, and he said, grabbed onto the railing of the cemetery, he says, “Ya know, I think that Tower could come down.” And I said, I stopped, I said, “There’s no way”, I said, “That’s, that’s a steel structure, that’s just carpets, and furniture, and drapery burning...”

And I didn’t finish my sentence when way up high, boom! Out pops the glass. And that’s something you don’t see on many of the film clips. But against the blue sky the glass that was bursting out into space was this glitter way up high. But loud explosions were heard at ground level as well.

And way up high, gradually, boom, boom, boom, I mean the whole event only took ten seconds but it just seems to expand in your mind when your seeing it. How it seemed like a longer time than ten seconds because of all the images that you take in. And the pancaking of

course the floor started, and, and rather coldly I’ll say, that at that time I was in some sort of shock I suppose, or numbness because I wasn’t comprehending what was really happening, you know, the death that was happening at that moment. I wasn’t thinking of that. Somehow I was just mesmerized by this spectacle. And I know that might sound cold; I’m just telling you that that’s what was happening in my mind at the time. I was seeing something very objectively not subjectively.

“...Boom! Out pops the glass. And that’s something you don’t see on many of the film clips. But against the blue sky the glass that was bursting out into space was this glitter way up high.”

STANLEY: So, the people who were roped around three blocks you couldn’t see them because, it looks like a giant tsunami, a tidal wave, is coming towards. And, I’m saying, oh, my God. What is happening? Because, you see thousands of people one second, they’re gone.

Now you’re not seeing anything. And, everybody was just enveloped in the smoke. And, you could hear every form of expression. Some people swearing. Some are cursing. Some are praising God. And, the ladies were taking off their shoes. And, they were running. And, the not so abled, were trampled.

BRIAN: I wasn’t thinking of people being killed floor by floor almost at that time. None of that was-- I wasn’t internalizing any of that. And we stared at this as it happened. And then over Trinity Church came this wave of white soot; dense, densely packed but non the less this-- it was clearly air that being blown at us that was full of junk.

Stanley and I ran 30 yards up to Broadway, turned south and gone only as far south as 42 Broadway when the wave caught up to our backsides. And we dove in this strange lobby that we hadn’t been. And it was then that I realized, bizarre what you, what you do at times like this. I was still carrying the breakfast tray that I had been given a few blocks back. No idea that I was doing that as I was running. I mean how odd, or how stupid, or how incredible. I put it up on the reception desk and all sorts of strangers in there were grateful that it was there. It got torn open and everybody was eating the food that was provided.

Stanley and I talked for 45 minutes before we left the building. Nobody was really leaving, but after about 45 minutes, finding out each other's families and so on, he gave me his personal business card. He and his wife had a tiny business. They made some clothing or sold some clothing from their home.

And it had *Stanley and Jennifer Praitnath* on the business card. I put the card in my shirt pocket and he and I went out onto the backside of that building. I think its called New Street. And we started to wonder toward the FDR on the East River.

And bizarrely, it wasn't that crowded but somehow we got separated. And neither of us understand to this day how that happened. We were shoulder to shoulder walking down the street and then suddenly he wasn't there.

STANLEY: And, Brian and I got separated from each other. Now, this man, who I was holding onto for my support, he's no longer there. And, I'm screaming for Brian. And, I can hear he's screaming for Stan. But, I can't see this man.

"I'm screaming for Brian. And, I can hear he's screaming for Stan. But, I can't see this man."

BRIAN: And this feeling came over me that

Stanley doesn't exist. He was a guardian angel sent to get me. I mean I had those thoughts for 10 or 15 seconds. I was running back and forth with my hand in the air, Stanley, Stanley, no response.

And then I remembered the business card. And I reached into my pocket and I pulled out the business card and of course there was a Stanley, or, there *is* a Stanley. And it would have been a marvelous story if there was no business card in there. But I knew Stanley was real and I put the card back. And I still carry it in my wallet. [chuckle]. Crazy.

BRIAN CLARK: Can I tell you one more story?

Because to me it's very important. And I often cry here, but it's significant to me. A week after the event, on the Monday night, I fell into a dream.

And in my dream I was dreaming for me an odd thing. I was dreaming that I was in my bed with my head off my pillow. And to the foot of my bed came Jose Marraro, who I had passed on the 68th floor.

And Jose was wearing a bright white shirt, not, I didn't see any tunnel of light or flashing lights around him or anything like that but he just had this pure silk blousy on and this glorious smile. He was known for his handsome face and bright smile. And he didn't say a word.

He just nodded at me down and I stared at him. I said, "Jose, you're alive. That's amazing. How did you do that? You fooled everybody." I said those four sentences and he didn't say anything he just again, this big smile, looked down at me.

And the message he conveyed, without verbalizing it, the, the message I took in from his expression was a very casual, 'well, you'll figure it out'. That's all he really conveyed to me. And I stared for another second, and then I shook my head, and of course when I cleared the cobwebs I woke up.

There was no Jose at the foot of my bed but there I was in exactly the position I had been in, in my dream. And it was so seamless other than that little shake of head that I sat up in bed, and I looked

around the room like how did he do that? And two seconds later, beep, beep, beep, beside me my alarm went off.

And I have known from that instant that Jose is fine, all my coworkers are fine, you and I will be fine with the fulness of time. And I have been able to tell my story with some objectivity and rationality. And I have not felt guilty about being alive.

I am left with great sadness about all the people that I knew and all the other people that I didn't know that died that day, the senselessness of it. But I still am hopeful for the future, as a result of that dream. So that's been the gift to me out of all of this, that I've been able to carry on.

I began to wear a bracelet, actually, with Jose's name on it. Because he's just so important to me: his existence and his message.