



"I wish I could wish it all back but I can't. There is nothing more to say...."

Images and words by
Matt, age 11, suburban Minneapolis public school
September 12 & 18, 2001



What would Carl say?

Carl Hendrickson passed away February 20, 2001, at Park Rapids MN. He was 81. I knew Carl for the last 20 years of his life. He was a common man. He never learned to read or write. He spoke little. His main occupation was as a farmhand.

But there was something about Carl.... He had little in "worldly treasures", as most of us define those words, but he possessed an infectious smile.

At his well-attended funeral, his eulogist was a well-known author and university professor who knew him well. After the funeral, someone, a friend from a neighboring town, wrote a letter to the editor "about how Carl reached out to serve and touch others' hearts in his own special, caring and humble way."

I know of only one artifact that Carl left behind: a small hand-carved wooden bird he gave my brother-in-law as a birthday gift in 1984. It occupies a place of honor still. Carl never made headlines, but he made a big difference.

I do wonder what he would say to us in these unsettled days. I wonder if we'd listen.

I wish you a Carl in your life.

Peace to all of us.



Bumper sticker on a car in Jerusalem, January, 1996.
"...Shalom (Peace), friend...."
President Bill Clinton's farewell to Yitzhak Rabin,
victim of an assassin November 4, 1995

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**The World Trade Center
New York, New York**
**May all the victims of all the tragic events
of September 11, 2001
know that we will never forget.
May they rest in peace.**

A Memory...offered by Dick Bernard

The photos at left were taken by myself at the end of June, 1972.

I was on my first, and so far only, visit to New York City when I took these photos. A short while before seeing WTC, we had visited the United Nations building. I took the second photo in route by ferry to the Statue of Liberty.

I had no idea that I was photographing history. At the time of these photos, the north tower of WTC had just been completed; the south tower was within months of completion. One of the towers opened in 1972; the second was dedicated early in 1973.

Of course these vibrant places and several thousand of those who visited and worked there, are now but a memory.

May their memory remind us of the temporary and unpredictable nature of life; of the need to live our lives as well as we can while we can. And may they remind us also of the need to strive for peace and justice in this world of which our country and its people are but a small part.

Postscript: The image of WTC collapsing will likely endure in our national memory, much like the battleship Arizona at Pearl Harbor, 60 years ago, December 7, 1941. My Dad's brother, Uncle Frank, went down with the Arizona, so each time the tape is replayed, I witness his death. May he rest in Peace, and may we work for Peace, always.

Dick Bernard.

