

## Chapter One - The Cry for Truth

From as early as I can remember, life felt like a struggle.

Not always tragic. Not always loud. But heavy, in a quiet way.

I looked for God in all the places they told me to look. In Catholic School, communion and confirmation classes, in Church and family. But He always seemed just out of reach?like He couldn't hear me. Like I wasn't worthy of being blessed.

Then came the day the sky fell.

I remember where I was.

You probably do too.

Because trauma brands memory into place like a hot iron across the soul.

It was 9/11.

What I witnessed that day on television was not what the narrative told me it was.

I am not here to debate whether or not I saw a jet escort the second plane,

or that Building 10 was still standing as a reporter claimed it had already fallen.

What I am saying is: it was easy to detect that something was seriously going wrong.

That was the day the first crack appeared in the Garden Wall.

Not in a museum. Not at a monument. But on TV. My son was in kindergarten. I was at work when I heard the news, a plane had hit one of the Twin Towers in NY, less than 30 minutes from where I stood. By the end of the day, both towers would fall, and with them, so did something in me. I saw things live on TV that the news later said didn't happen. I heard explanations that didn't match the obvious. And I knew, without needing proof, that something wasn't right.