I think it’s safe to say that 10 years ago I was young and naïve. I was a seventh grader at a junior high school in Arlington, Texas who was playing his first year of football and loving every minute of it.

So, when our coach told us our Tuesday night game was cancelled, I was disappointed. I didn’t understand why we couldn’t play our game and I definitely did not understand why several of my friends were pulled from school in the middle of the day. To me, the only thing that mattered was football. It’s only now that I realize why we didn’t play that meaningless football game on Sept. 11, 2001.

Tomorrow is the 10th anniversary of the day terrorists attacked our homeland. As with most anniversaries, I found myself recalling that day, not what took place that day, but rather my thoughts and actions throughout the day.

The most popular question asked about that day is where were you when you found out the Twin Towers and Pentagon had been hit by passenger jets. In what should be no surprise to those who know me, I was on a football field. I’m pretty sure I wasn’t supposed to overhear that conversation between a pair of my coaches, nor was I supposed to the see what was on their television following practice.

“I just got a call from my wife. Something happened in New York involving a plane and the Twin Towers,” the coach said.-------for the rest of the story see The Yazoo Herald printed edition or subscribe to the Digital Edition.----------