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TERRORIST ATTACKS



AP Photo

It may be a while before residents of lower Manhattan can permanently return home, so many of them visited to collect belongings yesterday.

For Now, Home Is Not So Sweet

By Jessica Kowal
STAFF WRITER

David McCallen looked forward to returning to his eighth-floor apartment yesterday, mainly to pick up his bicycle and a few odds and ends.

But before he could get in, McCallen, 44, had to wait until authorities arrived to collect body parts found on terraces in his building, 500 feet south of Tower Two.

It was not the homecoming that the residents of 75 West St. must have wished for. Their building is inside the fenced-in frozen zone around the Trade Center's ruins. Most believe it will be months before they'll return home for good.

"It feels weird being here," said McCallen, a businessman.

The Puerto Rico Urban Search and Rescue Task Force has set up in the lobby of the building. Several dozen task force members wandered in and out yesterday afternoon, while a rescue worker napped in the entry hall and a black Labrador sniffer dog rested near the concierge desk.

A police officer with a flashlight led McCallen up a pitch-black stairwell to his eighth-floor apartment. Halfway up, a piece of debris caught McCallen's eye: He picked up a business card from AON Corp., *an insurance company in Tower* Two that lost 200 employees in last Tuesday's terror attack. The owner of this card, though, appears on a list of survivors.

McCallen learned yesterday that one of his neighbors, who works in Tower Two, was killed last Tuesday. Another neighbor found an arm on his terrace, while others found similarly grim reminders of terror's results around the building and in the streets.

McCallen's apartment now looks like a haunted house because of the veil of gray, powdery ash that blew through every open door and window when the towers collapsed. Dust coats his desk, his bathroom and his framed photographs, including *a picture of the Twin Towers* taken from the Statue of Liberty.

In his living room, the ash covers his couch, chairs, television, magazine rack and artwork on the walls. In his bedroom, bits of brown, cement-like rubble landed on his bed.

A 4-foot-long twisted piece of metal, probably from one of the towers, landed on McCallen's terrace, *along with hundreds of office documents* blasted across the financial district. Something else sliced through a white plastic chair and knocked over his glass porch table.

Face down in a corner of the terrace, McCallen found a binder containing several hundred pages from Dai-Ichi Kangyo Bank Ltd., which was on the 49th floor of Tower One, *farther away from his apartment.*

Remarkably, some of the 1990 documents notify American Airlines that its airplanes may not be covered in the event of "war risks and allied perils" during the Persian Gulf War.

A photograph of a baby in a pink sleepsuit, more business cards, pieces of plasterboard and twisted strands of yellow insulation also sit on McCallen's terrace.

The stone building was a refuge for McCallen and many of his neighbors on the day the towers fell. As the south tower imploded, McCallen and others who were standing on Washington Street dove into the marble lobby as metal, cement and other debris flew horizontally past the front door. Firefighters and police rushed in soon after, many bleeding and injured.

Grieving Waits As Hope Lives

Families caught between emotions

By Jamie Talan
STAFF WRITER

Larry Nedell's family holds out hope.

They know that Nedell, 52, of Lindenhurst, missing since last Tuesday's World Trade Center disaster, would routinely take his wallet out of his pocket and lock it in his desk when he arrived at his job as a risk management specialist for Aon Corp., an insurance company with headquarters in *Chicago.*

Nedell, who worked in Tower Two, spoke to his wife, Lorraine, just minutes after the first plane hit Tower One. Some people have told her they saw him leave the building. But he told one co-worker, *who made it to safety,* that he was going back in to make sure an elderly colleague on the 92nd floor was OK.



Larry Nedell of Lindenhurst

"I am 99 percent sure he didn't have any ID on him," his wife said. The family has plastered the city with photos — hoping that he's alive, unconscious or amnesiac.

She has not yet reached out to grief counselors. She is not yet grieving.

"Until I hear otherwise, I can't assume anything bad happened," Lorraine Nedell said.

Without confirmation of a death, many families are caught between hoping their loved ones survived — and grieving their loss.

"Part of the grief is knowing what happened, and coming to terms," said Dr. Harold Koplewicz, director of the NYU Child Study Center. "The country is not ready to say that all of these people are dead. We are hoping against statistics."

Holly Shaw, a certified trauma therapist from Bayville, said that once death is established, wakes and funerals are important in helping people accept the reality of death.

But "it is exceedingly difficult to let go," she said. "We cling to that hope."

Families who are hoping their loved ones will be found alive can use help in many ways, Koplewicz said.

"Reach out," he said. "Pick up the phone. Tell them that you are here for them. Make a dinner. Pick up their kids. Take a walk.

"It's not yet the time to grieve with them. We are in new territory. This is a benchmark for a new amount of grief and mourning. When we have to bury 5,000 people, that will have an effect on all of us."

Counselors helped others yesterday as they returned to their jobs in lower Manhattan, filled with grief, tears and fear.

"The ones who do not share feelings are the ones who have more residual feeling later on," said Richard Chaifetz, chief executive of Chicago-based ComPsych Corp., which provides employee assistance services to about 450,000 workers, many in large banks and financial services firms.

Employees have been reaching out for help. "Our volume is up by a thousand percent," Chaifetz said.

Rachel Yehuda, a professor of psychiatry at Mount Sinai School of Medicine and director of the hospital's traumatic stress program, fears that some mental health professionals will suffer from their own burnout before their jobs are done.

Many therapists will reach "compassion fatigue," Shaw said, a predictable response to mass human suffering.

"Most therapists I speak to say that they are feeling drained already," she said. *"They want to know* how they can deal with all the sadness."

The psychological associations of Nassau and Suffolk counties have spent the past week putting together programs to assist Long Islanders.

Patricia Dowds, a board member of the Suffolk association, said that they *have 40 volunteer therapists who will* offer two services: disaster response crisis intervention and crisis therapy. The intervention consists of one to three sessions and the crisis therapy is more in-depth.

"A lot of people need to be heard," said Dowds, who has already met with people who lost co-workers in the attack. "I am just being quiet and listening. I am giving them a chance to be heard, bearing witness to their pain."

At the Family Therapy Institute where she works in Smithtown, Dowd said that yesterday morning, five calls from survivors or victims' families awaited her.

"This is the first day that the calls came in," she said. "In time, as people let go of the hope they still have, there will be many more people in need."

Shaw said it may actually be too early to do the real work of dealing with trauma and the loss.

Among associations that are offering assistance:

The Suffolk County Psychological Association: 631-423-2409.

The Nassau County Psychological Association: 516-377-1010.

Stony Brook University Hospital, disaster relief programs: 631-444-2571.

Staff writer Patricia Kitchen contributed to this story.

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