

Dear friends and family,

" Rejoice for the steps of a righteous man is ordered of the Lord." Even though darkness surrounds us and death looms all over us. The peace we have in the name of the Lord...that sweet name of Jesus.

It's a big miracle that I am alive this moment. Most of you know that we used to work in the World Trade Center in Manhattan. I used to work on the 81st floor of WTC One and my wife Mini on 71st floor of WTC Two.

Let me tell you what happened. I reached my work at 7:30 in the morning. I just faxed out some documents and was returning to my desk and I heard this real loud explosion, our building shook and tilted...screams went out all over our floor, the first aircraft had hit the floor above us. Soon debris from the aircraft flew into our office and everything started going up in flames.

Everyone held their calm and we started making our way to the stairway. That moment my heart sank as I had no clue if the plane had hit our tower or the one my wife was working in. She is about to enter the building as she starts work at 9 in the morn.

We were all being evacuated through the stairway...my cell phone would not work so I had no idea to reach my wife. So as I came down I entered an office on the 53 floor and tried to make some calls...the only number I

could reach was my cousin's wife who lived in Queens, NY. I told her that I was fine and that I am coming down the stairs, but I was really worried about my wife, then I continued my run down the stairs. While we were going down there were hundreds of firemen and policemen going up to rescue people trapped. These brave men will never make it to their homes.

So they escorted us thru the exit of World Trade 2 and I had just reached the revolving door of the building that I heard a loud explosion and the whole building collapsed. Would u believe that my friends, the 110 storey building collapsed and I was at the door of the building with everything flying over us, boulders, mortar. Few of us huddled to one end of the building and God gave me this strength that saw me thru. I started pleading the blood of Jesus told the people around me that all of us were gonna die and if there was anyone who did not know Christ to call upon his name. So >everyone started crying Jesus. When you are near death believe me some people are so ready to accept our Jesus.

By then the whole building had fallen and we were in the debris not a single boulder or any material fell on me. I found myself in 3 ft of white soot...I got up...by then there was silence. I could see dead bodies all over. God directed me to a guy on the ground who had a search light on. I picked him up...and said only Jesus can save us and that we had to live. When he was up I saw this jacket which had FBI written on it. We held our hands...and started walking thru the rubble, that flashlight saved our lives. We could not see anything miles, it was like a snow blizzard all the concrete and ash flying allover. The Holy Spirit then showed me a light flashing on top of an ambulance so I told this FBI guy that light was where we had to head to cause that ambulance was on the street. We somehow made to the ambulance, which was hit badly by the flying mortar but God had kept the flashing light on just for me. From there on it was quite easy making our way out.

But the feeling that gripped was that my wife Mini who was to be on WTC 2 she should be dead. All kinds of images went thru my mind..

Crowds started running from all over downtown to safer places far away from the skyscrapers. We ran, walked for an hour and throughout the whole time from 8:45 am when the first plane landed I was trying to use my cell phone to no vain. 12 pm and my cell rings...it was Mini and she said she was alive and when she heard my voice she realized that I was alive. This is another miracle of how I received this call as anyone was able to make or receive calls. Mini had not made it to the Tower. Her train reached the site 5 minutes after the first crash so she did not make it to the Towers. She was hysterical on the streets thinking I was dead and she could see people jumping out of the building.

Both of us were alive. She reached 39th street in Manhattan near the Ferry and somehow I reached there. We looked back and could see our building both in ashes all that remained the smoke going up.

I cannot explain the sense of relief that we had when we saw each other. Both of us were so close to believing that we would not see each other. When that explosion took place and the building was crumbling over me I could see the pictures of my wife, my parents, grandmother loved ones flash thru my mind and now what a relief that we are alive.

God is so good. This story of our is too good to be true. I have no scratch on my body. Let me tell you something friends God knows the count of our hair and our God never sleeps or slumbers.

His coming is so soon. Live each Day as if He is coming today.

Appreciate all your prayers. Many from all over the world have called us. My heart goes out for thousands who died in our building many of them people we knew.

God Bless you all.

Sujo John