

Donna worked the bombing site. She recently received an excerpt of Timothy McVeigh's book, and this is her response:

Dear Friends,

I will not forward the excerpt from the book that has been written by two reporters and a couple of shrinks about Tim McVeigh.

It was sent to me by someone I respect, and I have checked it out to be sure that the quote was accurate. And, it was. I fully expected to read this book. I wanted to know a lot of things. And, I believe that the book is an accurate account of what Tim McVeigh has said. I wanted to know why he picked Oklahoma City. I wanted to know if he implicated anyone else. I wanted to know if he took responsibility.

But, I won't read the book. After reading the excerpt I know that it doesn't matter. It won't change a thing.

I have to address this. So, buckle up, because here goes. And, before I start this tirade, I want to say that what follows I know to be fact because I saw it.

My husband set up a tent across the street from the building, right next to Little Caesar's pizza, who also set up a tent and made pizza's on the spot. Jim's company donated all the coffee and tea and equipment, and we funneled the water and cokes and other supplies that were donated through that little blue tent and to the rescuers, and the workers. So, we saw what happened, and we know. My husband, whose heart is so soft he swerves to miss a turtle on the highway, stood in that carnage, unflinching, on a knee the size of a basketball and did everything he could. This, to me, is the measure of a man.

Tim McVeigh says, and this is the only quote from the man you'll get from me

"It was my choice and my control to hit that building when it was full. ....I understand what they felt in Oklahoma City . I have no sympathy for them."

First of all, I don't think Tim McVeigh feels at all, and second, no one in Oklahoma City asked for any sympathy of any kind. Least of all Tim McVeigh's. While he was cowering away from the scene, with ear plugs in his ears, the people of my town were running toward the mess he had created. There were not just 168 bodies to be recovered. There were almost 1000 injured people to be triaged and helped. That was done. And, it was done with a speed and an accuracy that stunned the people who came later to help us.

Our construction companies had cranes in place within the first hour. Our hardware companies turned their shelves over to the effort. Vets came to help with the rescue animals.

Doctors came and worked along side construction workers and lay people. Engineers kept that wreck standing until all but three bodies were recovered

And no matter what the conspiracy people say, that was a damned miracle. When the wind blew, even a little, that building swayed and groaned so loud it was audible for blocks.

When other States sent rescue units to help us, my town fed them, clothed them, held their heads when they vomited at the carnage and comforted them when they cried. Being close to that building wasn't easy during those 19 days. It was bloody, it stank, and it was dangerous. And, in spite of this, we had trouble getting people to stand down and take a rest.

Thank you, New York Urban, and Phoenix, and Fairfax, and Dade County, and Denver, and Everyone else who came. You showed up on our door step like a good neighbor, with your equipment, and tears in your eyes, and we will forever be in your debt. You are heroes to the person, and always in my prayers. Saint Michael's heart beats in you all.

Buildings around the site stood wide open. Their foundations sprung to the extent that their doors wouldn't lock. But, locking the doors wouldn't have mattered anyway, since the windows were all gone. There was not one incident of looting. Not one. And, Joe Q. American did everything else. By midnight, that first day, we had an ample supply of blood for all. I saw people lined up around the Oklahoma Blood institute. Hundreds of people lined up, waiting for hours, to donate their blood. Business men in suits talked casually to homeless people who felt the blast and came.

And, the rescuers didn't just exist on dry sandwiches. Oh no. Little Cesar's, and the Outback, and Subway, and local Barbecue and Steak houses, and Hooter's, and Taco Bell, and Sonic, and other's too numerous to mention, some from Texas and Kansas fed everyone well. And for free. And this wasn't easy. Food had to be labeled as to date, origin, and time of arrival, and kept clean and cold in a very inhospitable environment. And, this was done.

Everyone at the site was sick, but it was never because of the food.

And, by the way, this was all done with a finesse that preserved ample evidence to get Tim McVeigh's sorry ass strapped to a gurney and taken care of. That coward won't kill anyone else's babies.

While we tended to the needs of the rescuers, the FBI, the ATF, FEMA, and the Oklahoma City Police Department worked around us, and under our feet, sometimes with tweezers, and plastic bags, picking up minute pieces of the barrels that held the explosives, and pieces as big as the axle of the Ryder Rental truck. They were professionals all, and sensitive to our feelings.

When the authors wanted to donate a portion of the proceeds from the book to our Memorial, the Memorial committee quietly said "no thank you." I am so glad, and so proud of them. No sympathy, or no money needed here. We'll handle it, thank you.

Don't buy the book. Send the \$20. to the Memorial, or to the Red Cross, or to the Education fund for the children of the victims, or to the Oklahoma City Fire Department, or the Phoenix Fire Department, or Dade County, or to Feed the Children.

This is not about Tim McVeigh. It's about the human spirit. And, it's here, and it thrives, and it asks no sympathy.

Love to All, Donna Prather