

## **AUDIO TRANSCRIPT**

## **Ester DiNardo**

The last time I saw my daughter was the night before September 11. It was my birthday, and she ask me if I will like to go spend my birthday at the [Window of the World] and I said, "Yes. I'd like that." So we all went there, the whole family, and during the night, we stopped by the windows, and I said, "Wow, they're beautiful place. I feel like I'm up in heaven, it's so pretty." And she said to me, "Mom, I got you on the top of the world." The next morning, when I saw the plane just hit the North Tower, and that's where she was. I said, "I know Marisa is very strong. She's very soft heart, and she always help other people." I says, "Probably she is helping somebody, probably she got down." I could not think that she was not around anymore. About a year later, a policeman called me, and he said, "Your daughter's name was Marisa DiNardo?" I says, "Yes." I say, "Why, you found something?" He says, "Well, we found her pocketbook." He told me to go pick it up, and that's when it really felt that she was not here anymore when I found the pocketbook.

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