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John Crowe: Athlete Who Feared Heights

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John Crowe made friends the way he played sports: for keeps.

"We were still friends with people he went to grammar school with," said his wife, Pam. "He has friends from his first job that we still see. Clients that are no longer his clients that he still saw for dinner or lunch. He went on golf outings with former clients. His entire life has somehow been intertwined with friendship."

That extended to his relationship with his two sons, now 29 and 26. "They also became his friends," said Mrs. Crowe, a manager at a law firm. "They would golf together and kayak together."

Mr. Crowe, 57, a benefits consultant for Aon Corporation in the World Trade Center who lived in Rutherford, N.J., was such an eager athlete he sometimes pushed his body further than it could go.

"He played softball till he had so many injuries I begged him to quit," his wife said. "He broke a finger, he did something to an ankle, severed a tendon on his 50th birthday playing basketball."

Mr. Crowe did have one fear, though: heights. "You couldn't get him on a ladder," Pam Crowe said. "But he felt perfectly safe on the 101st floor. He'd call once in a while and ask what the weather was like and I'd get annoyed and say, 'Look out the window.' He'd say: 'I can't see. I'm above the clouds.'"



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Ten Years Later: Prep Remembers 9/11



A decade ago, the world was shaken by a display of dispiriting hatred and shocking violence on September 11, 2001. During the first period of the second day of the 2001-2002 school year, Saint Peter's Prep went from forming young men ready to lead their world in complex times, to bearing eyewitness to the horrific extremes those times could produce.

But throughout the most trying day in the school's – and perhaps in the nation's – history, and throughout the process of healing and renewal that followed, the school community displayed remarkable resilience, unity and compassion. Faced with unspeakable inhumanity, the Prep family at Grand & Warren and beyond responded with generosity and dignity.

The following are a series of reflections on the events of September 11, 2001 and their aftermath. They are written from various perspectives – the families of two alumni who lost their lives; an alumnus who experienced these events as a student beginning his junior year; and another alumnus who served as Prep's principal at the time – and they serve as *Prep Magazine's* tribute to those who lost their lives, those who worked tirelessly to bring comfort in a time of turmoil, and to the Prep community that endured the tribulations of a pivotal world event, only to emerge stronger than ever.

The Greatest Tribute

by Brian Crowe, '94

With the 10-year anniversary of 9/11 upon us, it's sometimes hard to believe so much time has passed. Other times it's difficult to believe it's only been 10 years. My family has seen two weddings to amazing women that our father never knew. We've celebrated the birth of his beautiful granddaughter, now just over one year old. Some of us live in houses that he never set foot in, have different jobs and even new careers; and there are many other ways in which our lives are different than in 2001. Yet sometimes it feels like a part of us will always be living in that moment, slightly paralyzed, just trying to move forward.

Time has healed the wounds some, but there is always a struggle to move on when someone who was so important to you and who you loved so much is suddenly gone. In my case, the events of 9/11 most immediately meant the death of my father. Yet they were also a global

tragedy, discussed and debated, nationally and internationally mourned, of which we are also now a part. It was a complex sadness for us, as we grieved over my father, but also all those who were lost, and tried to understand the larger meanings and implications. The world, and our small part in it, was changed forever.

The Latin phrase used in the *Prep* magazine to denote the passing of classmates and colleagues has always resonated with me, and became even more relevant after 9/11 – "Vita Mutatur non Tollitur," life is changed, not taken away. I believe that my father's life is still being lived, as long as we remember him, tell stories about him, and continue to love him. I see him in my mother, in my brother, in my relationship with my wife, and in the eyes of my daughter. I'm thankful that I had as much time as I did with my father – for that I consider myself incredibly lucky.

I hope that as people commemorate the 10th anniversary of September 11th, the thing they will take away most is not the hatred displayed that day, but the love that they're able to have and show for one another. It's the greatest tribute the living can show the departed.

Brian Crowe's father, John Crowe, P'91, '94, died on September 11, 2001.



Tom Sullivan, '80 with footsteps as a member