

*Administration of Donald J. Trump, 2025*

**Remarks on the Anniversary of the September 11, 2001, Terrorist Attacks at the Pentagon in Arlington, Virginia**  
*September 11, 2025*

Thank you. Thank you very much, everybody. Thank you very much.

*Assassination of Turning Point U.S.A. Founder and Executive Director Charles J. Kirk in Orem, Utah*

Before we begin, let me express the horror and grief so many Americans, at the heinous assassination of Charlie Kirk, have felt.

Charlie was a giant of his generation, a champion of liberty, and an inspiration to millions and millions of people.

Our prayers are with his wonderful wife Erika and his beautiful children. Fantastic people, they are.

We miss him greatly. Yet, I have no doubt that Charlie's voice and the courage he put into the hearts of countless people, especially young people, will live on.

I'm pleased to announce that I will soon be awarding Charlie Kirk posthumously the Presidential Medal of Freedom. The date of the ceremony will be announced, and I can only guarantee you one thing: that we will have a very big crowd. Very, very big.

*Anniversary of the September 11, 2001, Terrorist Attacks*

Thank you, my fellow Americans.

Eighty-four years ago this morning, the banks of the Potomac were filled with the clamor of construction workers who broke ground on the building now known as the Pentagon, on September 11th, 1941.

At the time, it was the biggest building ever built. From that moment forward, this structure stood as a monument to American strength, power, and cherished American freedom.

Exactly six decades later, on September 11, 2001, those same walls, built with the sweat and muscle, blood of our parents and grandparents, were scarred by flame and shaken by terror as our country came face to face with pure evil. On that fateful day, savage monsters attacked the very symbols of our civilization.

Yet, here in Virginia and in New York and in the skies over Pennsylvania, Americans did not hesitate. They stood on their feet, and they showed the world that we will never yield, we will never bend, we will never give up, and our great American flag will never ever, ever fail.

That terrible morning, 24 years ago, time itself stood still. The laughter of school children fell silent. The rush of our traffic came to an absolute halt. And for 2,977 innocent souls and their families, the entire world came crashing down so suddenly.

In the quarter of a century since those acts of mass murder, 9/11 family members have felt the weight of missed birthdays and empty bedrooms, journals left unfinished, and dreams left unfulfilled. To every member that still feels a void every day of your lives, the First Lady and I unite with you in sorrow. And today, as one Nation, we renew our sacred vow that we will never forget September 11th, 2001.

Amid the horror of that morning, some used cell phones and office lines to whisper their final words to those who mattered most. They whispered, indeed.

At 8:59 a.m., aboard United Flight 175, Brian Sweeney called his wife Julie. He told her: "Do good. Go have good times. I totally love you. I'll see you again. I'll meet you up there." Four minutes later, his plane hit the South Tower of the World Trade Center.

At 9:12 a.m., aboard American Airlines Flight 77, Renée May called her mom. Just the day before, Renée had learned that she was 7 weeks pregnant, but she never got the chance to share the news. She simply said, "I love you, mom." Twenty-five minutes later, Renée's plane struck the Pentagon. So violent a strike it was.

At 9:53 a.m., aboard United Flight 93, Elizabeth Wainio called her stepmom: "They're getting ready to break into the cockpit. What do I do? I love you so much. They're going to break in." Ten minutes later, Flight 93 ended in the hallowed field near Shanksville, Pennsylvania.

At 10:25 a.m., Tom McGinnis was trapped on the 92d floor of the North Tower when he told his wonderful wife Iliana on the phone: "There are people jumping from the floors above us. If we get out of here, it will be a total miracle. I love you, darling. Take care of Caitlin"—beautiful daughter. Three minutes later, the tower fell.

Out of the ash, we witnessed the awesome power of that incredible love. We've seen it rise again. Out of the wreckage, we watched unbelievable courage suddenly take form. And out of the darkness, we saw the timeless truth of American character shine for the world to see.

In America, we take blows, but we never buckle. We bleed, but we do not bow. And we defy the fear, endure the flames, and emerge from the crucible of every hardship stronger, prouder, and greater than ever before. Last year, we were a dead country. Now we have the hottest country anywhere in the world.

In New York, there were heroes like Chuck Costello, a 46-year-old elevator mechanic and a member of the Knights of Columbus. He selflessly ran into the World Trade Center to free people trapped in the elevators. His body was not found until the following January, deep under the debris.

While going through his belongings, Chuck's widow Mary, a phenomenal woman, discovered a personal prayer written in his own words: "Help me to light the way for those in the dark; and when I enter the darkness, let me not panic, but patiently wait to remember the light." Beautiful words.

When the time came, Chuck ran boldly into the darkness of hell on earth, and now he shines in the light of Heaven above. We remember him this morning.

That day, we learned that the American heroic spirit was all around us. We saw it in the police officers, the great firefighters, the servicemembers here at the Pentagon, and in the hearts of every American who answered history's call.

One such hero was Army Sergeant First Class Steve Workman, who was on the edge of the impact zone when the—when this incredible Pentagon was hit. He was right there.

After leading hundreds of people to escape routes, Steve turned back and plunged into the inferno itself. Pushing through the debris, he came upon a severely burned Navy lieutenant, the only survivor from the Navy Command Center. Only one.

The wounded lieutenant looked into Steve's soul and said, "Don't let me die." Steve replied, "I won't. I've got you. Just hang on." He wheeled the lieutenant out of the wreckage on the back of a maintenance cart before getting in the ambulance and taking him to Walter Reed Hospital.

That man Steve saved, Lieutenant Kevin Schaeffer, went on to join the elite team of CIA operatives who located Usama bin Laden.

Steve, you're an American hero. We appreciate it. We appreciate what you've gone through. Please stand.

Please stand. Where are you? Oh, good-looking man. You're a good-looking guy. You remember that day. You remember that day. [Applause] Good. Thank you very much, Steve.

That was something. That was something.

In the years that followed, America's warriors avenged our fallen and sent an unmistakable message to every enemy around the world: If you attack the United States of America, we will hunt you down, and we will find you—go all over this sometimes magnificent Earth. We will crush you without mercy, and we will triumph without question.

That's why we named the former Department of Defense the Department of War. It will be different. We won the First World War. We won the Second World War. We won everything before that and in between. And then we decided to change the name. Well, now we have it back to where we all want it. Everybody wanted it. Everybody is so happy to have it back.

You will fail, and America will win, win, win. The enemy will always fail.

Twenty-four years have passed since that Tuesday morning in September, and an entire generation of Americans have come of age in a totally different world. While they cannot remember the agony of that day, they are carrying on the legacy of those who lost.

Around 8:30 a.m. on the morning of the attacks, Army Lieutenant Colonel Kip Taylor sent an e-mail to his friends and family describing the joys of fatherhood and his excitement for the upcoming birth of his unborn son. He wrote: "After you have kids, there are days that you just get going and you say, 'Hi honey. I'm home.' What we do until that moment pales in comparison." But just that little statement: "Hi, honey." So American, so beautiful. But that's really the point of it all, isn't it?

An hour after he sent that e-mail, Flight 77 flew into Colonel Taylor's Pentagon office and claimed the life of a very proud father and true patriot.

Six weeks later on October 25, 2001, Colonel Taylor's son Luke was born. Luke then tragically lost his mom to cancer when he was just 2 years old, leaving him to be raised by his father's brother.

As a young boy, Luke asked his uncle about the folded flag on the bookshelf, and when he learned about his dad's decades of devotion to the Army and the horrors of September 11—that's when he learned.

Luke carried that memory with him and joined the ROTC as a college freshman. He graduated just last year, and I'm pleased to say he is with us today as a second lieutenant and doing very well. He's rising quickly in the infantry, preparing for Army Ranger School.

He's spitting image of his dad, they say. Luke says that every time he puts on a uniform, he feels connected to his father and to our country. But it was a father he never knew.

Luke, your parents are together in Heaven, and they could not be prouder of the man that they have produced. They produced you. Those two great people produced you.

Luke, please stand. Thank you, Luke. You look good, Luke. You look good. They're looking down on you. They're very proud.

This morning we recall the light of America's best and bravest and the love that they showed in their final moments. In their memory, we make a solemn pledge and a noble promise: We will honor, always, our great heroes. And you are our heroes.

There's a group of people that don't want to talk about our heroes, but we will always talk about our heroes, and that's the way our country is, and that's the way the people feel. We will defend the nation they served, the values they upheld, and the freedom for which they died.

We will support our troops. We will protect our families. And we will preserve the American way of life for every future generation.

We will build taller, grow stronger, fight harder, and soar higher, and together, we will go forward as one people with one heart, one fate, one flag, and one glorious destiny under Almighty God.

May God bless the memories of those who died and the heroes who fought and the soldiers who still stand watch. May God bless the United States of America.

Thank you very much. Thank you. Thank you.

NOTE: The President spoke at 9:54 a.m. at the Pentagon. In his remarks, he referred to Julie Sweeney Roth, wife of Brian Sweeney, who was killed when United Airlines Flight 175 struck the South Tower of the World Trade Center in New York City on September 11, 2001; Nancy May, mother of Renée May, who was killed when American Airlines Flight 77 struck the Pentagon on September 11, 2001; Esther Heymann, stepmother of Elizabeth Wainio, who was killed when United Airlines Flight 93 crashed in Shanksville, PA, on September 11, 2001; Iliana Guibert-McGinnis, wife of Thomas H. McGinnis, who died in the North Tower of the World Trade Center on September 11, 2001; and Dean Taylor, uncle of 2 Lt. Luke Taylor, USA, and brother of Lt. Col. Kip P. Taylor, USA, who was killed when American Airlines Flight 77 struck the Pentagon.

*Categories:* Addresses and Remarks : September 11, 2001, terrorist attacks at Pentagon in Arlington, VA, anniversary.

*Locations:* Arlington, VA.

*Names:* Costello, Mary; Heymann, Esther; Guibert-McGinnis, Iliana; Kirk, Charles J.; May, Nancy; McGinnis, Caitlin; Schaeffer, Kevin; Roth, Julie Sweeney; Taylor, Dean; Taylor, Luke; Workman, Steve.

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