

## Flight 93 memorial rolls from sea to shining sea

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Louis "Joey" Nacke II never finished his trip to California. On Sept. 11, 2001, terrorists hijacked the plane he was taking to San Francisco. He died when it crashed in a Pennsylvania field.

Today, eight years later, Nacke's brothers, cousins and folks he never met, including relatives of others who died on United Flight 93, will finish that trip on his behalf - and on behalf of the 39 other passengers and crew who perished when thwarting their hijackers.

Their trip is the same, from Newark, N.J., to San Francisco International Airport, and it will end this morning shortly after 11 a.m. - when Flight 93 was to have landed. The only difference: Joey traveled by plane and his family will arrive astride rumbling Harley-Davidsons.

"We're completing the journey for them as they ride with us," said Joey's brother Kenny Nacke, 48, who organized Ride With the 40. "That's how I envisioned it."

The road trip is meant to remember Joey Nacke's big personality in a big way, to remind people of what happened in the sky near Shanksville, Pa., and to raise funds for and awareness of the Flight 93 National Memorial, scheduled to break ground in 2011.

For the riders completing the more than 3,000-mile journey, those who chanced to join them along the way and those who met them on the long road, the trip has been its own roving memorial.

Folks who had family members on the flight met the riders when they passed through their towns. Strangers at a gas station in Sacramento asked about the occasion and shook hands and hugged. Drivers on the highway turned their heads as the roaring column passed, saw the flags and signs and, maybe, remembered.

But on the road, motorcycle riding, even in a pack, is ultimately a solitary voyage, each rider alone with quiet thoughts and plenty of time.

### Final farewell

Erich Bay, astride a BMW, remembers in detail how his wife, Lorraine, woke up feeling ill on Sept. 11, 2001, and thought about calling in sick. But planes can't leave without a full crew, and she didn't want them to call another flight attendant. He watched her tidy her beautiful hair and was in the shower as she left for work.

"She squeezed my cheek, and gave me a big fat kiss to say goodbye. That was the last I ever saw of her," he said.

He's 72 now; she was 58 when she died. It bothers him that crews of the planes that went down on Sept. 11 don't always receive their due recollection. When he heard the Nackes' plan through the network of Flight 93 families, he decided to go along for the ride.

"Detroit" Hank Kinzey, 64, skipped the giant annual America's 9/11 Ride he has done every year on Sept. 11 to be with the handful of riders accompanying Nacke. He recalled the riders who joined and left along the way, who heard they were coming and showed up to greet them.

"We pulled into one truck stop and there's 60 motorcycles waiting for us. That was in Omaha. We come around the corner and they're all clapping."

After a long pause, he added: "I'm kind of a tough guy. But not on this trip."

Catherine Miller came from Chico to see the riders as they passed through Reno on Wednesday. Her stepdaughter, Nicole, was a student at West Valley College in Saratoga who was coming home from an East Coast vacation on Flight 93.

Kenny Nacke, with his brother Dale, rode near the front of the pack Thursday from Sacramento - where Joey Nacke was headed on business when he died - to Union City, where a memorial bears his name and the names of the 39 others on slabs of purposefully unfinished stone.

Wednesday would have been Joey Nacke's 50th birthday. It was a hard day, Kenny Nacke said, with a lot of tears at the end. But he does not plan to weep today when he arrives at San Francisco's airport, the final leg of the trip.

"I'm not going to shed any more tears. Sept. 11 is not a defining moment in his life. That's just the day he died," he said. "It's time to celebrate his life, because he was a remarkable individual. As they all were that day."

Kenny Nacke hasn't reached his goal of raising \$250,000 for the memorial, but he's satisfied with how far he's come.

## **End of the road**

After they get to the airport, the riders will go to the Dudley Perkins Harley-Davidson dealership in South San Francisco. This afternoon, they will ride to Lincoln Park in San Francisco, where a concrete pillar marks the end of the Lincoln Highway, the transcontinental road that passes near the site in Shanksville where Joey Nacke died.

The end of a long road, the end of a long trip.