

I was on a business trip on March 30, 1981, to Washington, D.C. I took along my then 13-year-old son. While we were in an upper floor of an office building next to the Capital Hilton Hotel, we suddenly heard all kinds of clangs and whistles outside. We looked out the window and down onto the street far below and saw many police cars and ambulances rushing around the hotel area.

Someone in the office who had turned on a radio told us that President Reagan had been wounded in an attempted assassination! About 20 minutes later, when we tried to drive away from the area, and as we were passing the Hilton, we were stopped by police and Secret Service agents. We were ordered out, frisked and my car was thoroughly searched. We were then sent on our way with a warning not to stop anywhere nearby. My son said we had been witnesses to a moment of history, but I was just scared as hell until we found out the attempt was made by just one gunman.

Although severely wounded, President Reagan later fully recovered. While in the hospital, he joked to his wife, "Nancy, I forgot to duck."

