Jacquelyn Buglisi has said, “The Table of Silence Project represents the common threads of humanity which unite all mankind into a single force with common goals and aspirations regardless of race, culture or religion. Through this event, we wish to achieve the dual purpose of celebrating and honoring peace, through listening, a united moment of silence - a call for Peace in our world.”

A prolific choreographer, Buglisi is renowned for highly visual, imagistic dances that draw on literature, history, and heroic archetypes as a primary source. Her repertoire of more than 70 works has been seen by audiences across America.

Collaborating with Buglisi on the project are Italian Artist Rossella Vasta and flautist Andrea Ceccomori. Vasta is a renowned Umbrian artist who won a first prize at the Biennial in Florence. Andrea Ceccomori is a wide-ranging composer, and described the musical accompaniment for this dance as “simple melodies.” Participants included dancers from Buglisi Dance Theatre, The Juilliard School, the Martha Graham Center of Contemporary Dance, The Ailey School, National Dance Institute, Dance Theatre of Harlem, Ballet Hispanico, Steps on Broadway, Broadway Dance Center and Peridance Capezio Center. New York State Governor Andrew Cuomo and Mayor Bill di Blasio issued proclamations.

There is something lovely about a happening that comes and goes. The dancers wove into the Plaza at Lincoln Center, their white robes fluttering in the wind. Looking like doves, they signaled another mood and another place where people of all races and creeds cooperate.

The procession is silent, the dancers barefoot, circling the fountain at the center of the Lincoln Center Plaza. Carrying plates, they could be the apostles going to the Last Supper.

Greetings range from perfectly ordinary steps taken on an ordinary September Day to arms twisted in anguish. Three flutes and three singers, whose voices were magnified by horns, paraded and intermingled with the dancers.

That September day in 2001 was a cloudless blue, almost too good to be true. Out of my window, I watched what looked like a small passenger plane hit the World Trade Center. Odd lines like the seams created by a football's lacing webbed across the north side of the building. I turned on the television and the rest is history.

At 8:46 the dancers turned their palms and opened their wrists to the sky. This brief and moving memorial gesture is a perfect reminder that more work remains to be done to heal the wounds created by difference.