



I love telling stories.

I love all the research.

I love the going out and covering the people and the places where I go.

And I love the hard part, synthesizing it all and looking at everything and trying to figure out how to write it and communicate it in such a way that I'm doing justice to the story.

I feel a kind of an allegiance, a double ended allegiance.

Where on the one hand I have a responsibility to the story.

And on the other hand I have a responsibility to the audience.

And all of the in between fascinates me and motivates me and keeps me going.

So I love all of it.

But again, more than anything else, I just love the stories.

I was just floundering after I graduated from college in 1969.

Which was at a time when the country was very divided because of the Vietnam war, because of civil rights.

It was a time of protest and upheaval.

And I wanted to be somewhere in the arena, but I didn't know where.

I went to a symposium at MIT on the coverage of controversial events.

It was an eye opener, complete revelation to me.

Fred Friendly was there.

Mike Wallace was there.

The editor of the Boston Globe was there.

As each of these people talked, I thought, well, this is where I want to be.

This is the vantage point.

This is the fence I want to sit on.

So that I can observe, process.

And in that process of observing and thinking, then synthesize it and convey it to whomever I'm reporting to.

So I went to work seven days a week as a waitress.

So that I could work five days a week as a freelance writer for a group of weekly newspapers.

And it was great experience.

But it was practically slave labor.

There in the paper was an ad for a radio news man.

Radio newsmen.

Maybe I should apply for that.

And so I did.

They hired me.

And I think that they hired me largely because I was cheap.

They didn't have to pay to move anybody.

And they could pay me less money.

But it was a great situation.

I kind of taught myself my job in order to teach myself how to speak and how to read.

I would transcribe those CB's newscasts with the greats, the Eric Sevareid and you name

the famous name, CB's correspondents who also did radio.

And I wrote it all out.

And I would save the recordings and I would turn them up very loudly.

And I would read in unison.

Kind of karaoke radio broadcasts.

In order to learn pacing and breathing and how to write.

One thing led to another.

And after a little over a year there, I was hired by a television station, the ABC affiliate in Grand Rapids, WZZM.

And they said, well, here's a camera.

You go shoot your own material.

And they gave me a kind of an hour lesson on how to shoot films.

Film.

And it was film in those days.

And I was hired as the city hall reporter because I was scooping other reporters in town.

In my radio days, I was the only woman in the newsroom at WZZM.

There was one much older woman at wood, the NBC station, and there was one woman at the Grand Rapids press at the time.

I moved from there to Miami, Miami to Chicago, Chicago to CB's.

And my first posting for CB's was in Atlanta.

And I started at CB's in 1977 on Halloween.

I didn't work directly with Walter Cronkite very much because I was based in Atlanta at first, and he was in New York, of course.

But my very first CB's story, I covered a disaster in a rural part of Georgia called Toccoa Falls.

A dam burst and it washed away an entire community, including a Bible college, an evangelical Bible college.

The dam collapse that dumped tons of water on a Georgia Bible college killed 38 persons, half of them children.

And many survivors lost almost everything.

Accept their faith.

Martha Teishner reports.

Debbie Metzger wasn't injured badly in the Toccoa dam race.

Just cuts on her legs and feet.

She left the hospital with her grandparents.

Her father Jeffrey, a student at Toccoa Falls College, smiled and held his Bible, smiled even though he was leaving the bodies of his wife and son.

In Toccoa, we believe in Jesus Christ.

And I know that my wife and.

Child living eternally in paradise with Jesus.

Toccoa Falls College calls itself a non denominational school, but religion is its backbone.

But with these people always is their faith.

In one of the small rooms they share at the Red Cross disaster center, students like Jim Wease and his family continue daily devotions asking God to let them accept as the will of the Lord the disaster that has destroyed their home.

Lord, we just put ourselves in your hands this evening as we lay down to go to sleep and thank you for the many blessings and the parents that you've given us.

In Jesus name we pray.

Amen.

Martha Teichner, CB's news Toccoa, Georgia.

After the story was on, the phone rang and there was a voice on the other end that said, hi or hello, Martha, this is Walter Cronkite.

I thought it was a joke.

I was convinced it was a joke and I made light of it, basically joked around and said oh, well, who is this really?

And so it was really Walter.

And I was so embarrassed.

It was just unbelievable.

And he had liked the story that I did and was welcoming me to the fold, if you will.

But I was so embarrassed because I was absolutely convinced it was some friend of mine pranking me.

And it was an extremely embarrassing moment.

And then all those people decided that I was the reason that people gave \$3 million to rebuild.

And so every year they would invite me to Toccoa Falls.

And every year they would make pilgrimage, pilgrimages to the Atlanta bureau to come and see me.

When I worked at the radio station, though, I remember they got nasty hate mail from people saying, we don't want a woman cluttering up our airwaves.

And it made me cry at Wzzm.

My bosses would kind of see my piece, compare it to the competition.

And then they would kind of take me aside and beat me up and I would go cry in the bathroom.

And then I'd come back and Rarin to go again.

But they were not doing that to be sexist.

And they were not doing it to be unpleasant.

They were doing it because they liked me and they were mentors.

The real sexism came in my early years at CB's.

It's not like that now in any way.

But when I was.

Some of the people I worked with in the Atlanta bureau, the crew members usually, well, even to a degree in Chicago I had it where they would say, well, you better do what you're going to do now because when you get old and fat, they're just going to get rid of you.

And there would be people who would just.

Even in Chicago there were certain camera crews who would belittle me because I was a woman and make it very clear that they didn't want to take instruction from a woman suggesting what to shoot.

I don't want to name names or places or situations.

But again, I emphasize that that was another day.

But it was very, very difficult because it meant that I had nobody to talk to, nobody to complain to, nobody to try to address it to so that I could change things.

I had problems with being taken off stories and men put on the stories even though I had been covering them extensively.

That kind of thing happened in the early eighties.

It happened later, too.

I only spoke to one or two people about sexual harassment.

And one of the times was I spoke to the woman I replaced in the London bureau who left the company and went to NBC.

And she told horrific stories.

And I listened to her stories.

There was nobody in management you could talk to.

I got, oh, you need to smile.

And you think, well, I'm covering dead people in Beirut.

I'm supposed to smile.

The first time I was on the evening news covering direct shooting, where I was at the gun emplacements, and people were shooting right next to me, and we were being shot at.

It was on a rainy day, and I had had to crawl on my stomach for over a block behind some little berm of sandbags to protect the people behind it, up into a ruined building and then back again in the rain through the dangerous locations with a crew, and then back to our car.

And when the piece was aired on the evening news, I was told later by people in the room with the management, the top management, oh, her hair was messy.

And I was.

On the one hand, I got a wonderful telegram or telex from Howard Stringer for my Beirut coverage, telling me that it was elegant in the tradition of great war correspondence.

But from the rest of the management, I got, oh, her hair was messy.

And the conditions under which I was doing this were so incredible that I thought to myself, I don't believe this.

And again, that would not have happened to a Mandev.

It would not have.

The first war zone I went to, I guess, was El Salvador, in the late seventies.

Later, when I was sent to London, I was sent to multiple wars.

I was in Beirut.

I was in Northern Ireland.

I covered a coup in Turkey, and so on and so forth.

It could be very difficult, because a lot of the people that you were covering were not used to seeing women, and they just thought women were sex objects, and you had to deal with that at other times.

It was sometimes an advantage to be a woman, because people would respond to you differently among your colleagues.

With my colleagues from London, I had to prove to them that I was worthy of being the person who was telling them what to shoot and where to go.

I, at times, had trouble, but over time, I was granted that authority, if you will, because of performance.

I knew the day I walked into that radio station for my first job that I was going to end up on network television.

That was where I was going.

It was very clear to me.

I knew it in my bones.

I did not have any imposter syndrome at all, because I figured I'd earned it.

You have to be scrappy and you have to struggle, and you have to scheme and get where you're going.

But I never had any doubts that I could do it.

I was not willing to remake myself to fit a news director's sexual fantasies.

It just, it wasn't going to happen.

I think that everybody wanted everybody to look like Diane Sawyer.

There were a lot of male managers who had crushes on Diane Sawyer, who, in addition to being really smart and really determined, also happened to be beautiful.

And so, you know, it's one of those things where I wasn't going to try to alter who I was.

And maybe that's hurt me over the long run, but, you know, I'm 76 years old and I'm still here.

My parents would ask me, what do you want to do when you grow up?

There was never any question that I would have the freedom to do what I wanted to do.

In fact, I was urged to do what I wanted to do.

And my mother's lesson to me was, you have to be able to make a good living doing what you want, to give you the freedom to live the life that you want.

I think going to Wellesley College probably had more to do with my ability to get that job at the radio station and to believe that I could actually apply for a position as a radio newsman than anything else because I thought, well, of course I could do this.

Radio news man.

Well, I could do this.

I went to a women's college where there were no barriers.

Hillary Clinton was my classmate.

One of our other classmates ended up the managing director of the World bank.

The environment of a dynamic women's college, a class that graduated in 1969 after four years of major upheaval, socially, politically, on campus in the world.

All of that propelled me and my classmates into positions that hadn't been occupied by women before and where we had no doubt that we were going to be there in those positions.

I'm not sure a career like mine is even possible now for people starting out where I've been at this moment, I've been with CB's news for almost 47 years.

You've got to just believe in telling stories and telling them honestly.

And somehow I think that that will sustain you down the road because the hardships aren't as hard.

If you love what you do, they're hard.

But if you love what you do, you're still driven by it.

I was doing a story on T Rexes, and it started out as a kind of a small story built around an exhibit at the American Museum of Natural History in New York about T Rexes.

And I said to the producer, you know, I'd like to see this bigger.

Maybe we could go to a T Rex, dig a real one where they're actually excavating for T Rex bones we thought, what could be cooler than that?

So off we went to the Badlands of Montana, T Rex country, with a team from the University of Kansas.

I was on my hands and knees scraping away with them, and something popped into my palm.

And I went to the people and I said, looky what I found.

Turns out the tooth belonged to another T Rex, even younger than Laurel tally.

After four days of digging, 13 teeth and a bone.

Not bad.

So what else is in that hill that's been keeping T Rex's secrets for 66 million years?

Not too long after I was transferred to South Africa, we got word of a small massacre.

There were something like 13 people killed in one house.

And it turned out that they were the wrong people.

They weren't even the ones that the killers were looking for.

They were killed by mistake.

And when we got there, this is a woman story.

When we got there, the bodies had been taken away and there wasn't anything much happening anymore.

And there was a hut, really, it was a cement block building, completely primitive and so on.

And there was blood all over the place.

And the producer and the camera crew said to me, eh, there's no story here.

Everything's overdeveloped.

And what I saw was a group of women in their traditional clothes, cleaning up, using sheets and blankets to soak up the blood and clean up after the killing.

And they were singing while they were doing this.

And I thought, no, no, no, I said, this is the story.

Awful symbolic tragedy being played out the way it's been played out for millennia, where the killing takes place.

And then in their grief, the women clean it up.

And that's the story I did.

There were lots of car bombings in Beirut when I was there in the eighties and 83, 84 during the war.

And I remember there was one high rise building where the entire facade of the building had been blown off by a car bomb.

There was nothing left except what looked like an ant colony.

It looked like the kind of thing you would see through glass where there were little pods of what had been the remains of apartments where people had lived.

And it was as if the whole facade of the building had been sheared off.

And as we were taking pictures of this, we saw a woman completely head to toe in black, and some children carrying plastic bags, a lot of them, and water jugs into what had been the doorway of this building and working their way up many, many floors to what was clearly their apartment.

And they went in with their water and their food and proceeded to go about living there.

Resilience and endurance and I found that so extraordinary that they tried to maintain their dignity.

They tried to maintain normalcy.

And they had nowhere else to go.

And so they had no choice but to do it in what was left of this wrecked building.

And I found that really remarkable.

The big, big, big regret that I've had is not having children, not having married and being sent out of town.

Spending months and months and months on the road.

Particularly when I was overseas covering wars one after another.

Basically being the shithole reporter for CB's News for a dozen years.

The woman shithole reporter.

It meant that I never had a normal social life.

Just when I would start to get established someplace, I'd get transferred.

And you cross off the whole first year or more because you're on the road.

And how do you start over?

Meeting people and finding ways to create a circle of friends and possibilities socially and so on.

So that's the sacrifice that I made.

Those Emmys and other ones on a different shelf are acknowledgments that the stories we told were worth telling.

And worth telling in a significant way.

And if I told them, well, with the help of my colleagues, then that's worth noting.

And those awards acknowledge that.

But if somehow I've been able to tell a worthy story, well, those awards tell me to keep

going.

And they tell me that it was worth it.

Getting into broadcasting was a way of discovering the world.

Going places, doing things, meeting people, exposing myself to different kinds of lives, different kinds of places, different kinds of issues.

I don't think I would have had as much fun as in any other field other than broadcasting.

One of the things that's been very important to me as a person who reaches millions of people with every story I do is gratitude.

I'm a public servant in many ways.

And the fact that millions of people, literally millions of people watch and listen to what I say to them is a huge responsibility.

But the fact that they can quote stories back to me, lines from my own stories.

And that.

That what I do in some way has.

It's given me the opportunity to reach them and maybe even change their lives or make them happy or give them insights.

To have had that opportunity for decades.

I am so grateful that there is no way, really, to put an exclamation point big enough on that sentence.

I love telling stories.

I love all the research.

I love the going out and covering the people and the places where I go.

And I love the hard part, synthesizing it all and looking at everything and trying to figure out how to write it and communicate it in such a way that I'm doing justice to the story.

I feel a kind of an allegiance, a double ended allegiance.

Where on the one hand I have a responsibility to the story.

And on the other hand, I have a responsibility to the audience.

And all of the in between fascinates me and motivates me and keeps me going.

So I love all of it.

But again, more than anything else, I just love the stories.

I was just floundering after I graduated from college in 1969.

Which was at a time when the country was very divided because of the Vietnam war, because of civil rights.

It was a time of protest and upheaval.

And I wanted to be somewhere in the arena, but I didn't know where.

I went to a symposium at MIT on the coverage of controversial events.

It was an eye opener, complete revelation to me.

Fred friendly was there.

Mike Wallace was there.

The editor of the Boston Globe was there.

As each of these people talked, I thought, well, this is where I want to be.

This is the vantage point.

This is the fence I want to sit on.

So that I can observe, process.

And in that process of observing and thinking, then synthesize it and convey it to whomever I'm reporting to.

So I went to work seven days a week as a waitress.

So that I could work five days a week as a freelance writer for a group of weekly newspapers.

And it was great experience, but it was practically slave labor.

There in the paper was an ad for a radio news man.

Radio newsmandae.

Maybe I should apply for that.

And so I did.

They hired me.

And I think that they hired me largely because I was cheap.

They didn't have to pay to move anybody.

And they could pay me less money.

But it was a great situation.

I kind of taught myself my job in order to teach myself how to speak and how to read.

I would transcribe those CB's newscasts with the greats, the Eric Severides and you name the famous name, CB's correspondents who also did radio.

And I wrote it all out.

And I would save the recordings.

And I would turn them up very loudly.

And I would read in unison kind of karaoke radio broadcasts.

In order to learn pacing and breathing and how to write.

One thing led to another, and after a little over a year there, I was hired by a television station, the ABC affiliate in Grand Rapids, WZZM.

And they said, well, here's a camera.

You go shoot your own material.

And they gave me a kind of an hour lesson on how to shoot film.

And it was film in those days.

And I was hired as the city hall reporter because I was, I was scooping other reporters in town.

In my radio days I was the only woman in the newsroom at WZZM.

There was one much older woman at WOD, the NBC station.

And there was one woman at the Grand Rapids Press at the time.

I moved from there to Miami, Miami to Chicago, Chicago to CB's.

And my first posting for CB's was in Atlanta.

And I started at CB's in 1977 on Halloween.

I didn't work directly with Walter Cronkite very much because I was based in Atlanta at first and he was in New York, of course.

But my very first CB's story, I covered a disaster in a rural part of Georgia called Toccoa Falls.

A dam burst and it washed away an entire community, including a Bible college, an evangelical Bible college.

The dam collapse that dumped tons of water on a Georgia Bible college killed 38 persons, half of them children.

And many survivors lost almost everything.

Accept their faith.

Martha Teichner reports.

Debbie Metzger wasn't injured badly in the Toccoa dam race, just cuts on her legs and feet.

She left the hospital with her grandparents.

Her father Jeffrey, a student at Toccoa Falls College smiled and held his Bible.

Smiled even though he was leaving the bodies of his wife and son.

In Toccoa, we believe in Jesus Christ.

And I know that my wife, a

Child living eternally in paradise with Jesus.

Toccoa Falls College calls itself a non denominational school, but religion is its backbone.

But with these people always is their faith.

In one of the small rooms they share at the Red Cross disaster center, students like Jim Wease and his family continue daily devotions asking God to let them accept as the will of the Lord the disaster that has destroyed their home.

Lord, we just put ourselves in your hands this evening as we lay down to go to sleep and thank you for the many blessings and the parents that you've given us.

In Jesus name we pray.

Amen.

Martha Teichner, CB's news Toccoa, Georgia.

After the story was on, the phone rang and there was a voice on the other end that said hi or hello, Martha, this is Walter Cronkite.

I thought it was a joke.

I was convinced it was a joke and I made light of it, basically joked around and said, oh well, who is this really?

And so it was really Walter.

And I was so embarrassed.

It was just unbelievable.

And he had liked the story that I did and was welcoming me to the fold, if you will.

But I was so embarrassed because I was absolutely convinced it was some friend of mine pranking me.

And it was an extremely embarrassing moment.

And then all those people decided that I was the reason that people gave \$3 million to rebuild.

And so every year they would invite me to Toccoa Falls, and every year they would make pilgrimage, pilgrimages to the Atlanta bureau to come and see me.

When I worked at the radio station, though, I remember they got nasty hate mail from people saying, we don't want a woman cluttering up our airwaves.

And it made me cry at Wzzm.

My bosses would kind of see my piece, compare it to the competition, and then they would kind of take me aside and beat me up, and I would go cry in the bathroom, and then I come back and Rarin to go again.

But they were not doing that to be sexist, and they were not doing it to be unpleasant.

They were doing it because they liked me and they were mentors.

The real sexism came in my early years at CB's.

It's not like that now in any way.

But when I was, some of the people I worked with in the Atlanta bureau, the crew members usually, well, even to a degree in Chicago, I had it where they would say, well, you better do what you're gonna do now.

Cause when you get old and fat, they're just gonna get rid of you.

And there would be people who would just.

Even in Chicago, there were certain camera crews who would belittle me because I was a woman and make it very clear that they didn't want to take instruction from a woman suggesting what to shoot.

I don't want to name names or places or situations.

But again, I emphasize that that was another day.

But it was very, very difficult because it meant that I had nobody to talk to, nobody to complain to, nobody to try to address it to so that I could change things.

I had problems with being taken off stories and men put on the stories, even though I had been covering them extensively.

That kind of thing happened in the early eighties.

It happened later, too.

I only spoke to one or two people about sexual harassment.

And one of the times, Washington, I spoke to the woman I replaced in the London bureau who left the company and went to NBC.

And she told horrific stories.

And I listened to her stories.

There was nobody in management you could talk to.

I got, oh, you need to smile.

And you think, well, I'm covering dead people in Beirut.

I'm supposed to smile.

The first time I was on the evening news covering direct shooting, where I was at the gun emplacements.

And people were shooting right next to me, and we were being shot at.

It was on a rainy day, and I had had to crawl on my stomach for over a block behind some little berm of sandbags to protect the people behind it.

Up into a ruined building and then back again in the rain through the dangerous locations with the crew, and then back to our car.

And when the piece was aired on the evening news, I was told later by people in the room with the management, the top management, oh, her hair was messy.

And I was.

On the one hand, I got a wonderful telegram or telex from Howard Stringer for my Beirut coverage, telling me that it was elegant in the tradition of great war correspondence.

But from the rest of the management, I got, oh, her hair was messy.

And the conditions under which I was doing this were so incredible that I thought to myself, I don't believe this.

And again, that would not have happened to a man.

It would not have.

The first war zone I went to, I guess, was El Salvador in the late seventies.

Later, when I was sent to London, I was sent to multiple wars.

I was in Beirut.

I was in Northern Ireland.

I covered a coup in Turkey, and so on and so forth.

It could be very difficult, because a lot of the people that you were covering were not used to seeing women.

And they just thought women were sex objects, and you had to deal with that at other times.

It was sometimes an advantage to be a woman, because people would respond to you differently.

Among your colleagues.

With my colleagues from London, I had to prove to them that I was worthy of being the person who was telling them what to shoot and where to go.

I, at times, had trouble.

But over time, I was granted that authority, if you will, because of performance.

I knew the day I walked into that radio station for my first job that I was going to end up on network television.

That was where I was going.

It was very clear to me.

I knew it in my bones.

I did not have any imposter syndrome at all, because I figured I'd earned it.

You have to be scrappy, and you have to struggle, and you have to scheme and get where you're going.

But I never had any doubts that I could do it.

I was not willing to remake myself to fit a news director's sexual fantasies.

It just.

It wasn't going to happen.

I think that everybody wanted everybody to look like Diane Sawyer.

There were a lot of male managers who had crushes on Diane Sawyer, who, in addition to being really smart and really determined, also happened to be beautiful.

And so you know, it's one of those things where I wasn't going to try to alter who I was.

And maybe that's hurt me over the long run, but, you know, I'm 76 years old and I'm still here.

My parents would ask me, what do you want to do when you grow up?

There was never any question that I would have the freedom to do what I wanted to do.

In fact, I was urged to do what I wanted to do.

And my mother's lesson to me was, you have to be able to make a good living doing what you want, to give you the freedom to live the life that you want.

I think going to Wellesley College probably had more to do with my ability to get that job at the radio station and to believe that I could actually apply for a position as a radio newsman than anything else because I thought, well, of course I could do this.

Radio News man.

Well, I could do this.

I went to a women's college where there were no barriers.

Hillary Clinton was my classmate.

One of our other classmates ended up the managing director of the World bank.

The environment of a dynamic women's college, a class that graduated in 1969 after four years of major upheaval socially, politically, on campus in the world.

All of that propelled me and my classmates into positions that hadn't been occupied by women before and where we had no doubt that we were going to be there in those positions.

I'm not sure a career like mine is even possible now for people starting out where I've been at this moment.

I've been with CB's news for almost 47 years.

You've got to just believe in telling stories and telling them honestly.

And somehow I think that that will sustain you down the road because the hardships aren't as hard.

If you love what you do, they're hard.

But if you love what you do, you're still driven by it.

I was doing a story on T Rexes, and it started out as a kind of a small story built around an exhibit at the American Museum of Natural History in New York about T Rexes.

And I said to the producer, you know, I'd like to see this bigger.

Maybe we could go to a T Rex dig, a real one where they're actually excavating for T Rex bones.

We thought, what could be cooler than that?

So off we went to the Badlands of Montana, T Rex country with a team from the University of Kansas.

I was on my hands and knees scraping away with them, and something popped into my palm.

And I went to the people and I said, looky what I found.

Turns out the tooth belonged to another T Rex, even younger than Laurel tally.

After four days of digging, 13 teeth and a bone.

Not bad.

So what else is in that hill that's been keeping T.

Rex's secrets for 66 million years?

Not too long after I was transferred to South Africa, we got word of a small massacre.

There were something like 13 people killed in one house.

And it turned out that they were the wrong people.

They weren't even the ones that the killers were looking for.

They were killed by mistake.

And when we got there, this is a woman story.

When we got there, the bodies had been taken away and there wasn't anything much happening anymore.

And there was a hut, really, it was a cement block building, completely primitive and so on.

And there was blood all over the place.

And the producer and the camera crew said to me, eh, there's no story here.

Everything's overdeveloped.

And what I saw was a group of women in their traditional clothes, cleaning up, using sheets and blankets to soak up the blood and clean up after the killing.

And they were singing while they were doing this.

And I thought, no, no, no, I said, this is the story.

Awful symbolic tragedy being played out the way it's been played out for millennia, where the killing takes place.

And then in their grief, the women clean it up.

And that's the story I did.

There were lots of car bombings in Beirut when I was there in the eighties and 83, 84 during the war.

And I remember there was one high rise building where the entire facade of the building had been blown off by a car bomb.

There was nothing left except what looked like an ant colony.

It looked like the kind of thing you would see through glass, where there were little pods of what had been the remains of apartments where people had lived.

And it was as if the whole facade of the building had been sheared off.

And as we were taking pictures of this, we saw a woman completely head to toe in black, and some children carrying plastic bags, a lot of them, and water jugs, into what had been the doorway of this building and working their way up many, many floors to what was clearly their apartment.

And they went in with their water and their food and proceeded to go about living there.

Resilience and endurance.

And I found that so extraordinary that they tried to maintain their dignity, they tried to maintain normalcy, and they had nowhere else to go.

And so they had no choice but to do it in what was left of this wrecked building.

And I found that really remarkable.

The big, big big regret that I've had is not having children, not having married and being sent out of town.

Spending months and months and months on the road.

Particularly when I was overseas covering wars one after another.

Basically being the shithole reporter for CB's news for a dozen years.

The woman shithole reporter.

It meant that I never had a normal social life.

Just when I would start to get established someplace, I'd get transferred.

And you cross off the whole first year or more because you're on the road.

And how do you start over?

Meeting people and finding ways to create a circle of friends, possibilities socially and so on.

So that's the sacrifice that I made.

Those Emmys and other ones on a different shelf are acknowledgments that the stories we told were worth telling, and worth telling in a significant way.

And if I told them, well, with the help of my colleagues, I then that's worth noting.

And those awards acknowledge that.

But if somehow I've been able to tell a worthy story, well, those awards tell me to keep going.

And they tell me that it was worth it.

Getting into broadcasting was a way of discovering the world.

Going places, doing things, meeting people, exposing myself to different kinds of lives, different kinds of places, different kinds of issues.

I don't think I would have had as much fun in any other field other than broadcasting.

One of the things that's been very important to me as a person who reaches millions of people with every story I do is gratitude.

I'm a public servant in many ways.

And the fact that millions of people, literally millions of people, watch and listen to what I

say to them is a huge responsibility.

But the fact that they can quote stories back to me, lines from my own stories, and that it.

That what I do in some way has.

It's given me the opportunity to reach them and maybe even change their lives or make them happy or give them insights.

To have had that opportunity for decades, I am so grateful that there is no way, really, to put an exclamation point big enough on that sentence.