

THE PARISH OF ST. AGNES CATHEDRAL

ROCKVILLE CENTRE, NEW YORK

The Ag-neWs

VOLUME 3 ISSUE 1

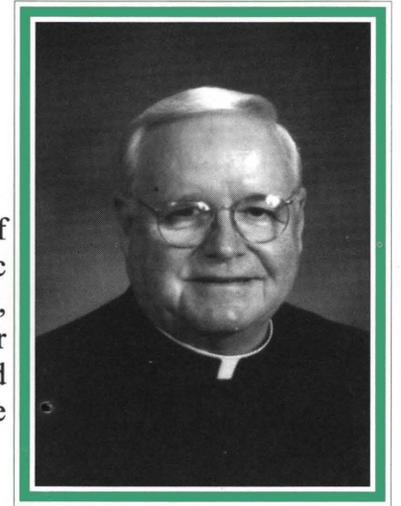
SEPTEMBER 11, 2002

We remember
We celebrate
We believe

A note from Father Kelly

DEDICATION TO THE LOVED ONES OF THE VICTIMS OF SEPTEMBER 11, 2001

We, the Parish of Saint Agnes Cathedral as well as the Village of Rockville Centre, can never forget September 11, 2001, the horrific event that attacked people who were someone's husband, wife, father, mother, sister, brother, or child. They were World Trade Center occupants, firefighters, police officers, rescue personnel, and passengers and crew of the two hijacked jets. The day leaves an ache and a scar on each of us.



You, the people who have been directly affected by their loss have been in our prayers and thoughts. Life has changed from that moment. We want you to know that we feel and care for each of you. The Parish and the Village are changed places. We all hurt because you hurt. We all have tried to stand with you at this time of loss.

We are changed people. Firefighters, police officers, and rescue workers demonstrated a new vision of heroism. People here in the Village have taken time to pray and reach out to the people directly involved. People are kinder, more thoughtful, and very concerned for you.

The military fighting terrorism is once again a force to be proud of. The flag, once a symbol that divided the hard hats from the peacemakers, again receives universal respect. New York City, known for its wealth and crime, is now renowned as a center of courage, compassion, and strength. Prayer is something that is sought after at home, in schools, and in market places. We pray for our president, our nation, and its leaders; for those who chart the course of nations; and for the work of justice and the harvest of peace.

The task ahead is to be here for you. The Parish is dedicated to God and His people. We stand with you in prayer and in thought. Please know that we are concerned and are willing to help in any way we can to help you carry your burden.

May the Lord bless you and keep you.
May His face shine upon you
and may He give you His peace
as well as His love.

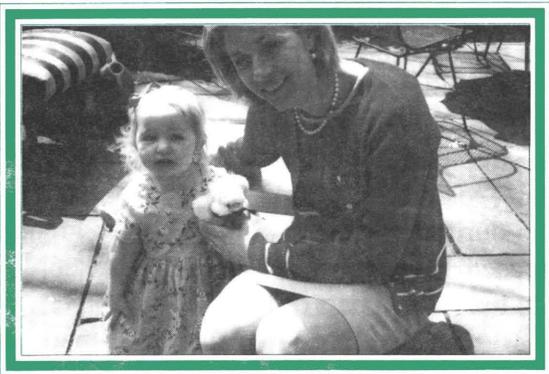
Love,

Father Kelly

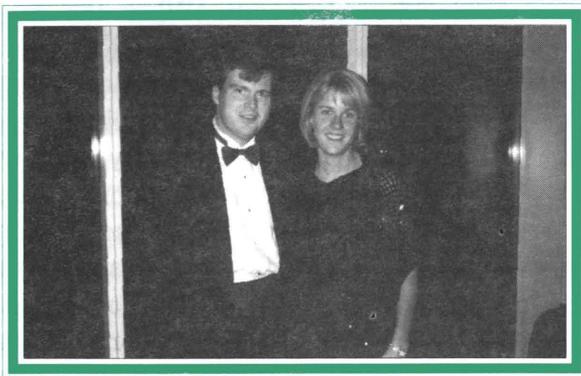
ELIZABETH "BETH" LOGLER

By Claire Logler (Beth's mom)

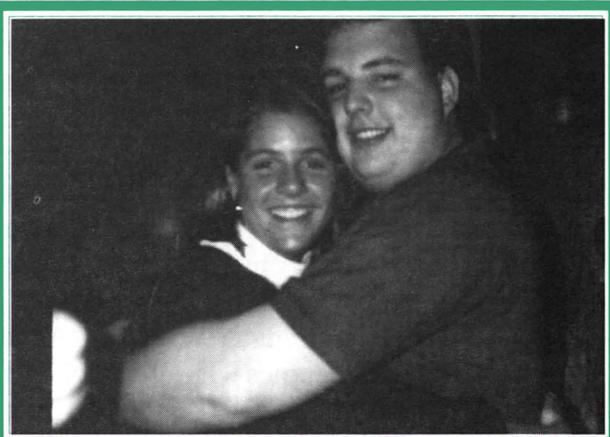
Beth was truly a Rockville Centre girl born in Mercy Hospital, she lived on Harvard Avenue for 31 years, received all her sacraments at St. Agnes and was to have been married here on December 30, 2001. Fate however had different plans for her as she arrived early for work on the 101st floor of Tower One on September 11th. Beth was a vice president for E-Speed, a division of Cantor Fitzgerald and the Director of Investment Relations. She loved her job and was very happy with her life.



Beth approached everything in life full-hearted whether she was running track for Sacred Heart Academy, life-guarding over



summers, teaching children to swim or spending time with her niece and goddaughter, little Caroline. Her friends from home and school recount all their hilarious adventures together



and laugh while wiping their tears away at the same time.

Beth was devoted to her parents, her brother Brian, her sister-in-law Jane Ellen and above all her grandparents, Pop and Nan, whom she visited weekly to stir up a little mischief.

Her fiancé Doug Cleary always said that when he first met Beth she was the greatest mixture of fun, intelligence, wit and beauty. They had a beautiful life planned and were to live in Manhattan in Tudor City, when they returned from their honeymoon.

We only had Beth for 31 years, but we thank God for having had her with us. She showered us with her love, her tremendous sense of humor, her kindness and generosity. Hers was definitely a million-dollar smile and there was nothing too big that Beth wouldn't tackle. Her tremendous spirit will always be a part of us who miss her so desperately.



TIMOTHY MICHAEL O'BRIEN

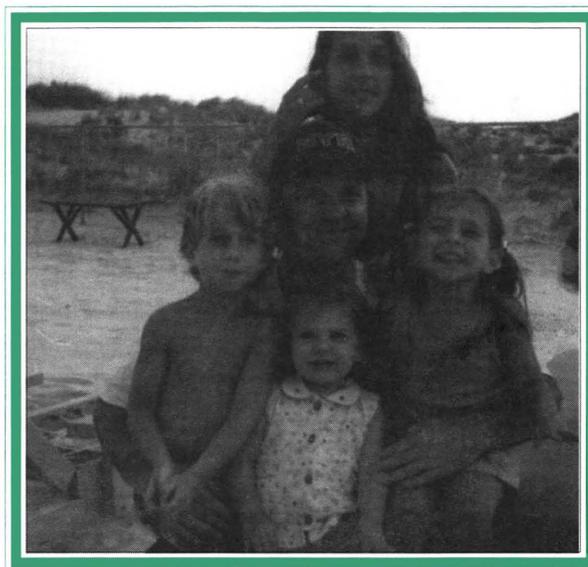
Timothy Michael O'Brien, firstborn son of Marilyn and Bernie O'Brien, was on the 105th floor of the World Trade Center on September 11, 2001. He is among the missing who worked for Cantor Fitzgerald. He was a managing partner, heading a trading desk, and specializing in mortgage backed securities.

He was a graduate of St. Agnes Elementary and St. Agnes High School. He was one of the "legendary" Coach Frank Morris State Championship players in 1979. Tim also received the Monsignor Williams Award in his senior year for his outstanding accomplishments. His team won the state high school championship at Syracuse and Tim was selected to the All-Tournament team and the All Long Island All Stars.

He received a full four-year academic/basketball scholarship to Hartwick College in Oneonta, NY. Selected by Nick Lambros, basketball coach at Hartwick, he went on to excel in his sports career and earned All-American Honors in '82-'83, along with earning his business degree. His parents and all of his sisters and brother, Bob, Kathy, Pat Therese, Sean and Kevin, traveled to Oneonta to see almost all of his games. He also enjoyed playing golf with his friends, his coach, brothers and father. He shared the love of the NY Football Giants and the NY Yankees with his family.

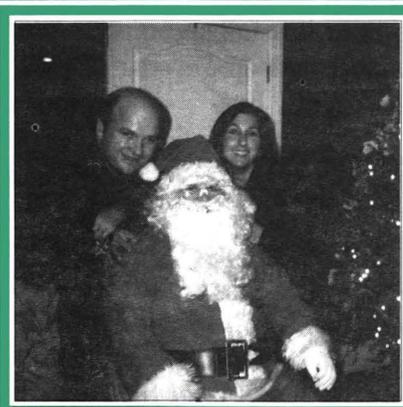
Tim was married to Lisa D'Arpino on April 9, 1994 and they have three beautiful Irish-Italian children: John, Madeline and Jacqueline whom he loved to spend time with. He was a kind, generous, God loving young man who enjoyed being with his "fun-loving family."

Tim was the "rock of the family," an outstanding role model. His tremendous faith



was a guiding light for not only his siblings but also for anyone who came in contact with him. To quote Father Lou, the campus priest at Hartwick, "When Tim O'Brien arrived on campus our attendance at Sunday Mass greatly increased because of his devotion. People just wanted to be a part of his life."

In the stressful and mad-mad world known as Wall Street, Tim was one of the most respected and admired bosses. He always showed great compassion, concern and understanding for everyone he worked with. When the workday was over, he left the job in the office and headed home with anxious anticipation to join his loving family. Tim was a family man and his greatest enjoyment was being at home with his family. He stated to all



his brothers, sisters and their families, cousins, all relatives and friends: "The door is always open, come and join us— no invitations needed." He was truly a parent's delight and his presence, his overwhelming generosity, love, heart-warming smile and devotion to his faith and family can never be replaced.

STEPHEN EDWARD TIGHE

October 1, 1959 – September 11, 2001

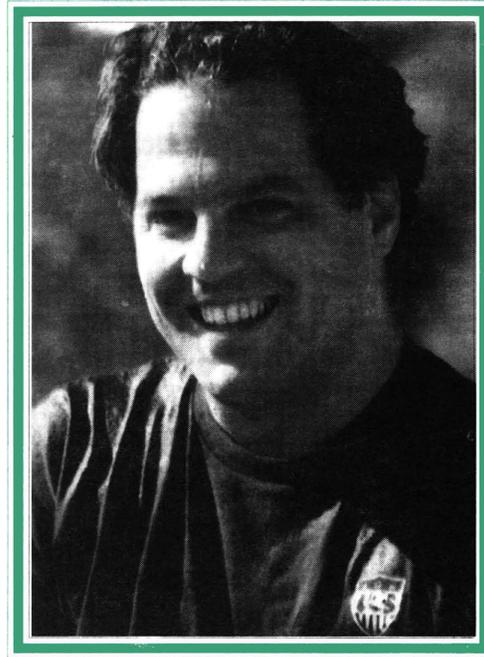
Steve was the youngest of five children born to Harold and Jane Tighe in Rockville Centre on October 1, 1959. His passion for the game of soccer began at an early age when he and his brother, Tim, played for the German-American Soccer league from 1970-1977. After graduating from South Side High School in 1977, he moved to Florida with his family where he attended St. Petersburg J.C. and continued playing soccer for the Sun-coast Soccer League until 1982.

Steve returned to Long Island in 1982 and was married to Kathleen O'Brien on August 30, 1986 at St. Agnes Cathedral, and settled in their hometown of Rockville Centre. In their 15 years of marriage, Steve and Kathy were blessed with 4 beautiful children: Elizabeth Anne (13), Patrick James (11), Michael Joseph (8) and Lindsay Grace (10 months).

Steve received his Bachelor of Arts degree in Communications from Adelphi University in 1986. To provide for his ever-growing family, Steve went to work in the financial industry in 1988. On September 11, 2001, he was on the 105th floor of 1 World Trade Center working for Cantor Fitzgerald Securities.

All the while, Steve pursued his lifelong dream of becoming a teacher/coach by attaining his United States Soccer Federation "A" license in 1999, being involved with the Rockville Centre Soccer Club since 1987, and assisting with RVC Little League. He knew his heart was with children and he had hoped, even in a small way, to make an impact on their future.

A devoted family man, Steve had a strong faith in knowing that "things will always work out." He always believed that with God, all things are possible, and if you do your best, God takes care of the rest. It never mattered whether you won or lost a game.



To Steve, what mattered most is knowing that you did the very best you could – the winning comes from within. His dedication to children was evidenced in his patience and the sheer pleasure he took in watching them play, and hearing their laughter. Whether it be teaching them a skill, or kind words of encouragement, his love of family and friends shone through as bright as the smile he always wore when around them.

Steve will be sorely missed by all, especially his wife, children, brothers and sisters (Jane O'Dea of Nanuet, NY, Jim Tighe of Fort Wayne, IN, Roberta Shea of Boise, ID and Tim Tighe of Safety Harbor, FL) and numerous nieces and nephews.

*We love you
you will be on our minds
and forever in our hearts.
May the Lord bless you and
keep you safe
in the palm of His Hand.*



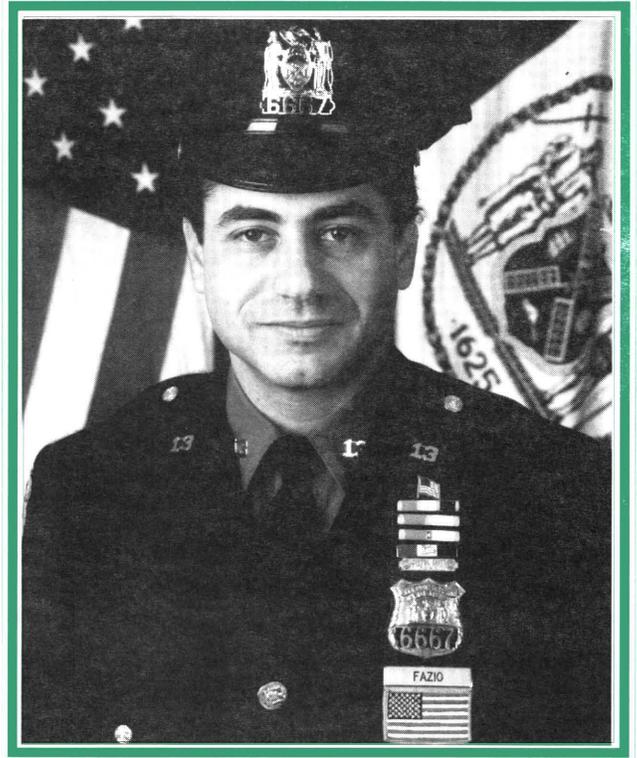
ROBERT FAZIO, JR.

POLICE OFFICER, NYPD 13TH PRECINCT

Robert was truly an officer and a gentleman. He had many things that gave him great joy in life but the main things were his love for fast cars, helping people and children.

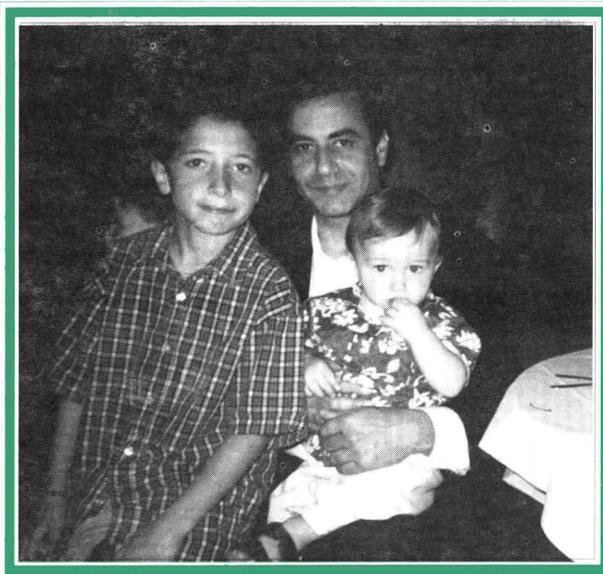
All of Rob's spare time was spent repairing and rebuilding engines for his many cars, his motorcycle and his boat. He could repair anything. Rob loved it and it came so naturally to him. If he wasn't fixing one of his own engines he was doing a favor for his family and friend, such as changing brakes, fixing garage doors or putting new wiring into my new home. He had so much patience and compassion for people.

Rob's compassion and patience are what made him a great cop. In his 17-½ year career as a New York City Police Officer, Robert solved many disputes with his extra patience to listen. Often, because of that, the people would shake hands and walk away.

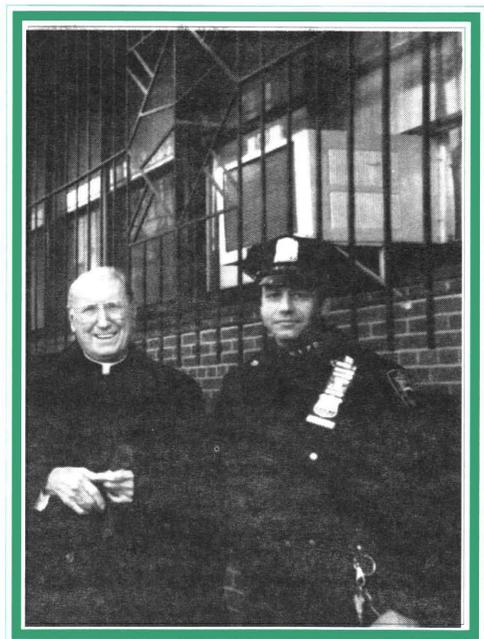


On September 11th we lost a loving gentleman. We lost a true American hero, but we gained an angel to watch over us always.

Rob, we miss you.



Rob's greatest love was children. Even though he did not have any of his own, he adored his nephews, Michael and Joseph. To Michael and Joseph, Rob was simply the "Tickle Monster."



FIREFIGHTER JOSEPH HUNTER, FDNY SQUAD 288 °

Firefighter Joseph Hunter, FDNY, Squad 288, was born September 29, 1969, to Joseph and Bridget (Tessie) Hunter in Brooklyn, NY. Joseph was the third child for Joe and Tessie, but the first brother to sisters Margaret and Teresa. A few years later, Joe received his own brother, Sean. There was not a prouder family!

Joe had an infectious smile from the beginning. He always displayed traits of being very caring, honest, sensitive, responsible, modest, bright, quick witted, but private too.

Joe showed early signs of his fascination with the Fire Department. At the age of four, Joe would race his Big Wheel to the corner in hopes of catching a glimpse of the fire truck on the move with its screaming sirens. As Joe grew older, he would follow the trucks as far as he was allowed to go by bicycle. When Joe was 10, a new family moved into the neighborhood. Matt became not only a good friend to Joe, but also his best friend.

Matt's father, J.R., was a firefighter. and a key member of the drill team for the winning Hempstead Yellow Hornets. Joe's passion began.

At age 11, Joe had his own drill team practicing in his driveway and backyard. A cluster of neighborhood buddies, along with Dad's ladder; the shed, the little red wagon and garden hose were used to recreate the action of the tournaments. Joe was so serious about the racing; he would instruct those who did not take it seriously to go home!

Joe attended Covert Elementary School in South Hempstead, then South Side Middle School and South Side High School. Joe was one of the many who was referred to as a "Hemper," a positive term used to describe someone who lived in South Hempstead, and he was so proud to be one.

Joe played baseball with the South Hempstead PBC from the age of eight to 18.

He was a Baldwin Bomber in the pee-wee league. In addition, Joe enjoyed golf, and hockey. Joe was an avid Mets and Islanders fan.

Joe was a Cyclone football player at South Side High School playing under coaches Walter Denton, a Hemper, and Dick Caproni.

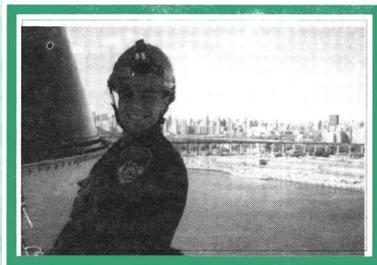
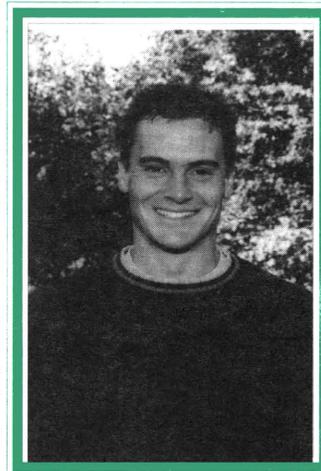
The Caproni family was also struck by the tragic loss of their beloved son, Richie Caproni, in the WTC disaster. South Side High School has implemented a football scholarship in Joe's name, and the first scholarship has been awarded to Anthony Bruno, class of 2002. Anthony has known Joe his entire life, growing up only one house away from Joe.

When Joe turned 18, he was old enough to join the South Hempstead Fire Department as a volunteer. Now it was Joe's turn to fulfill his dream and to race with the drill team. He did so for 13 years as a hydrant man for the South Hempstead Rascals. Joe has been called the best hydrant

man in Nassau County, which meant he could get off the truck, get the hose on the hydrant and turn on the water in fractions of a second.

Through the years, Joe was somewhat of a fixture in the firehouse, his second home. If he wasn't there tending to the normal firehouse duties, he was often found reading or studying in the conference room, which is being renamed the Joseph Hunter Meeting Room.

Joe graduated from Hofstra University in 1994, where he earned a B.S. in business management. Joe knew he wanted to be a New



EDWARD GERAGHTY

When a father first holds his newborn child, it is a time of considerable emotion and hopeful aspirations. I believe that the most common wish is that this child become a great man. More than forty years ago, a father's aspirations did come true. Edward Geraghty, was "a great man."

Eddie's success in life and courage as a firefighter were dwarfed by his skill and care as the "builder" of our house. You see, by our definition, "our house" is a spiritual home built with love. It is constructed with Eddie and myself, Connor, James and Colin and mortared by God!

The public's image of Eddie is that of a highly decorated Chief in the New York City Fire Department. To us he was a wonderful, loving husband, a kind, gentle father. If given the choice to talk "fire stories" or "family stories," family always won out. Every day he made us feel so very loved and cherished.

Just months after graduating from St. John's University Eddie was appointed to the FDNY in November, 1978. He was assigned to Engine 226 as a probationary firefighter in 1979. The following year Eddie transferred to Ladder 102 and began studying for the promotion exam to Lieutenant.

"Our life as a house" began with our marriage in January 1986. As with most people of Irish heritage, our foundation was centered in the roots of Catholicism. At this time, Eddie was assigned to the elite Rescue Company #1 in Manhattan. It was there that he blossomed as a firefighter. It was also during that time that the walls to "our house" were formed with the birth of Connor.

The following year was followed by a well-deserved promotion to Lieutenant. It was while a newly promoted officer that the Christmas spirit of New Yorkers were buoyed by Eddie's dramatic rescue of three children in two separate incidents during the span of six days. He was awarded a Medal of Valor for

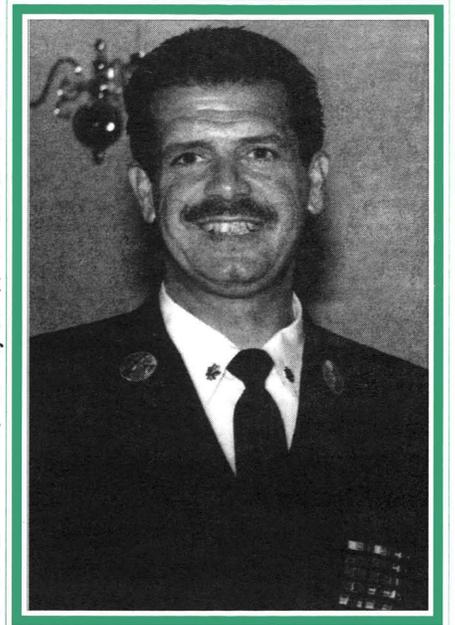
each rescue while assigned to Ladder Company 132 in Bedford Stuyvesant. It was also at this time that the "roof" of our house entered our lives, James.

He was then promoted to Captain and assigned to Engine 236 in East New York. Eddie's knowledge, dedication and enthusiasm for teaching young firefighters soon caught the eye of the newly appointed Fire Commissioner, Thomas Von Essen. The Commissioner asked Eddie if he would lead the training of all new probationary firefighters. Eddie readily accepted. Promoted the following year to Battalion Chief, he was asked to be the Executive Assistant to the Fire Commissioner. But what is a "house" without floors and windows? They came with the birth of Colin.

Eddie became more and more spiritual and realized that his life was not complete without God and turned to Him in earnest. He felt so fulfilled when he became a Eucharist Minister. "Our house" was rewarded with a new light and warmth.

Eddie was called to his Father as a result of the tragic events of September 11th. He was promoted to the rank of Deputy Chief posthumously.

I think that for all of his worldly accomplishments, Eddie's life is best defined by his spiritual endeavors. His love of God and his



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JAMES COVE

By Theresa Cove

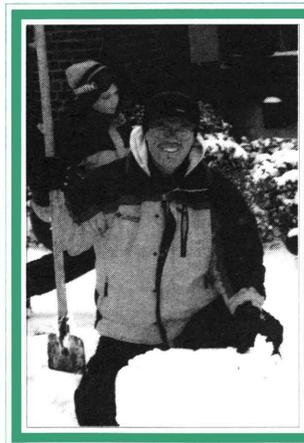
My husband Jim was an impressionable soul who lived his life simply, by moving forward gently, with honest intentions and intense concentration. But at any given moment, he could break up a “High Mass” with his infamous quick one-liners.

Born on September 27, 1952 into a middle-class Brooklyn neighborhood, Jim was raised by his wonderful and hard-working parents, Margaret Collins and Francis Cove. He went to St. Jerome’s, where he notably told the eight-grade nun that he had aspirations of becoming a professional golfer. Surrounded by a concrete playground however, Jim had to patiently wait for the opportunity to golf.

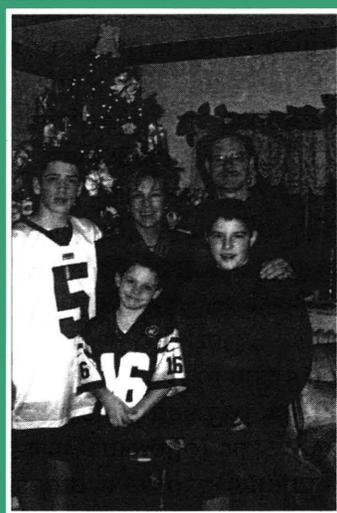
In November of 1983, Thanksgiving began to hold a deeper meaning for me: I remember telling my dad how grateful I was for this wonderful man, who filled me with such joy from his love. At a New Year’s Eve party, I mentioned to a group of Jim’s special friends (dubbed the “Jimmy Cove Fan Club”), that for Christmas I had specifically chosen a green ski jacket for Jim to match his beautiful green eyes. Our love was celebrated when we married on September 22nd of that same year.

Jim successfully achieved professional status as an insurance broker. His Senior Vice President work ethic was unmarred through his 27 years of insurance experience. Many of his colleagues have told me that no one could match his knowledge and creativity when it came to the technical analysis of the insurance industry.

Jim’s pride in the business world however, was overshadowed by his fierce and unending



pride in his family. My husband stated that the births of his three sons, Michael, Ryan and Gregory, were the happiest moments of his life. As they grew older, Jim relished the idea that he and his boys could be a foursome on the golf course in Myrtle Beach where we vacationed.



Our hearts were ripped apart by the tragedy on September 11th; we will always feel the gnawing pain of those infamous moments. However, the brilliance of Jim’s light will always shine on in our hearts.

....Until we can be together on God’s green fields again, your very own foursome,

Theresa, Michael, Ryan and Gregory



My Angel in the Sky

After the terrorist attacks on September 11th, I began to realize that my father would no longer be coming home. I knew I would be taking on more responsibility. Even though I wear a size 11, I could never fill his size 9 shoes. I intend to live my life to the fullest, never letting a day go by, where I might regret not doing something, because you never know the day when you might not come home. For my loving father, who I miss every day, **Michael**



I think I have my Dad’s sense of humor. We always liked to joke around with each other. We were becoming a golf family, even my Mom – when we’d play miniature golf!

(Continued on page 16)

JAMES GEYER

Jimmy was almost a lifelong member of the St. Agnes community, having moved here with his parents and brother Philip before Jim's first birthday. He attended St. Agnes Elementary School for four years, received his First Holy Communion and Confirmation, and then in 1984 married Cathy, also a St. Agnes parishioner. Anxious to return to the community he loved, Jim and Cathy bought a home in Rockville Centre a year after their marriage and eventually raised three lovely children, Michele (13), Matthew (11) and Laura (7). Each of the children was baptized at St. Agnes, and they continued to receive the sacraments as they came of age. Laura, the youngest, received her First Holy Communion in the Spring of 2002.

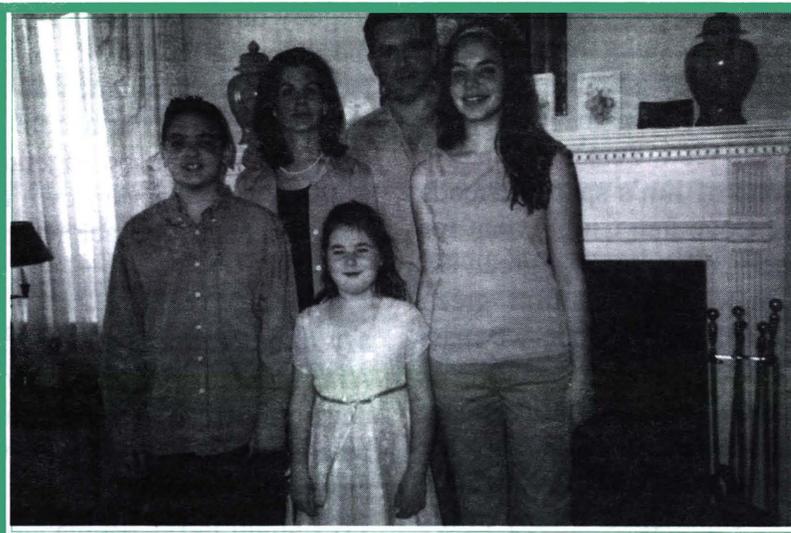
Having attended local schools, Jimmy was well known to many in Rockville Centre. He played Little League baseball, was in the Boys Basketball League, CYO basketball and played a number of sports during his years at South

Side junior and senior high schools. It was his love of sports that encouraged Jim to coach his children in the RVC Soccer League, sometimes coaching three teams at one time. He has been called a "Kids' Coach" for his desire to give every player a chance to have fun while teaching them the fundamentals of the game. Through a business acquaintance, Jimmy also spent time at the St. John's Home for Boys, playing basketball with the young residents and then eating pizza and speaking with the boys after their games. Playing basketball was a

great time to unwind, and Jim enjoyed playing in the Over 40 League at the RVC Recreation Center.

Jimmy's college years were spent at West New England College in Springfield, Massachusetts, where he played football and lacrosse. Just recently his alma mater honored Jimmy's memory with the first "Jimmy Geyer Football Award for Courage and Leadership" at the college's Fall sports banquet. This award was presented to a deserving young man, and the award will be presented annually. A permanent plaque is now in the school's Hall of Fame.

Perhaps the most vivid memories of Jimmy involved his love of life and family. He



was a devoted husband, father, son and brother who would help his friends and neighbors whenever they called on him. He did so with enthusiasm and never asked for anything in return. He was truly a "people person." Since the terrorist at-

tack on September 11th, so many heartwarming stories have been told about Jimmy – stories that not all of us had heard before. Jimmy was humble in the things he did for people, and they all loved him for it.

Jimmy's entire career was spent in the world of finance, the last ten years with Cantor Fitzgerald. He was working on the 105th floor of Tower One of the World Trade Center and was surrounded by many close friends who also perished. God bless them all. They will live in our hearts forever.

MAUREEN "RENE" LYONS OLSON

Maureen "Rene" Lyons Olson was born in Far Rockaway, NY on October 12, 1950, the third daughter of William and Dorothy Lyons. In 1954, Rene's parents, together with her sisters Susan and Ginger, and her brother Billy moved to Lynbrook where Rene's younger sisters, Tricia and Dorothy, were born.

She attended St. Raymond's School in East Rockaway for kindergarten, and was in the first class to complete Our Lady of Peace School for all eight years. She then went to Sacred Heart Academy in Hempstead where she graduated in 1968. The Lyons family were long-time members of the Ocean Club in Atlantic Beach where Rene grew to love the beach.

After high school Rene attended colleges in New York and Boston, interspersing her studies with an insurance career. After a successful career in insurance in Boston, Rene returned to New York to complete her college degree in communications at Marymount Manhattan College.

After graduating from Marymount, Rene worked at the Home Insurance Company in Lower Manhattan while living on the Upper East Side. In February 1979, she met her future husband, John Eric Olson, on a blind date. They were married in March, 1981, moved to Atlantic Beach and in 1985, when their son Christopher was 4 and their daughter, Maeve Elizabeth was 18 months, they moved to Rockville Centre.

As the children grew older, Rene returned to school, receiving a Master's Degree in library science at St. John's University where she achieved a perfect 4.0 average in 1987. Rene worked part time as a law librarian at the Long Island law firm of Rivkin, Radler. As the children entered high school, she began to work full time as the assistant head librarian at the firm.



Rene took a very active role in her children's lives including being a CCD teacher as well as their #1 fan at every cross country and track meet, soccer game, basketball game and baseball game. The Olson family has been a member of Sun & Surf Beach Club for more than 15 years.

Rene will be forever remembered for her sense of humor, sense of adventure and love of travel. In 1992, after running for only 2 years, Rene trained for and ran the New York City Marathon. In 1999 she walked in the Avon Three Day Walk to raise funds for breast cancer research. Her love of travel helped her see most of the United States as well as much of the world. A frequent visitor to Europe, Rene's favorite place was Paris. Her travels also brought her to Hong Kong, Singapore and Mexico to name just a few places.

Rene's door was always open. She was the first person to welcome a new family to the block, or to lend a hand. She loved to entertain and was a marvelous cook. Her love of the arts included being an avid theatre-goer, movie-goer and book club member.

Rene had studied, worked and lived in Manhattan for much of her life. When the opportunity came to return to the city in 1998 to work at Marsh, Inc. she accepted it readily. She loved being in the city, loved commuting

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THOMAS G. CROTTY

June 5, 1959 – September 11, 2001

One cannot help but think Tom Crotty had a hand in the unusually warm and pleasant weather we have experienced since September 11th. It was this type of weather that Tom almost demanded out of life, and it seems to be a message to us that eternity is a beautiful day, with the waves crashing against the shore, a tennis match waiting to begin, and perhaps a run slated for later on. Each day presented Tom with a singular task. Rise to life's challenges so the victory will remain sweet.

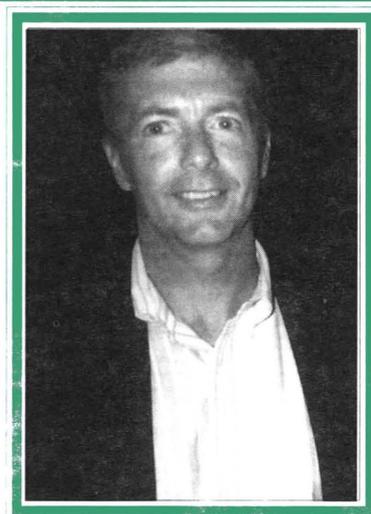
For Tom Crotty, that victory was his family, Joanne, Catherine and Caroline. A reward in that he lived, loved and worked, with a will. Tommy, as we all called him, understood that now was the only time he owned. If he let a moment of today go to waste, it would be gone.

The oldest of four sons of Thomas and Patricia Crotty, Tom was more than an older brother; his actions gave us a path to follow. His example led his brothers into athletics, demonstrating the satisfaction in setting goals and striving to achieve them. He became a sounding board for all of us, the information booth to the goings on in all of our lives. Above all else, he demonstrated that people were to be treated with respect and kindness.

As a young man, Tom had a quiet intensity that he carried with him later in life. He picked up basketball in grammar school, and soon had his younger brothers acting as the opposing defenders, shot rebounders, and miniature critics of his form. He excelled in the game at Maria Regina High School, and later at Marist College, where he graduated in 1981. Tom's friends would often describe him as a "great guy," a "tremendous competitor," someone who found a way to be both at the same time. We often meet people with one of these qualities, rarely both.

Tom carried his intensity to his career as a Managing Director with Sandler, O'Neill

and Partners. He pushed himself to provide his clients with a person who was more than just the other side of a transaction, someone who took pride in the job he was accomplishing. He measured his true success elsewhere, namely in the joy he found in his family.



Tom and Joanne first met at the beach a number of years ago; their 16th year anniversary was this past October. It was no surprise that the ocean always had a special place in Tom's heart. It is where he seemed to stop and take inventory of how fortunate he was, if only for a moment before heading off to take advantage of this sacred time. Tom swelled with pride in describing how fearless Catherine had become at such a young age, and the hours of joy she found in the pool at the Atlantic Beach Club. He loved describing the strong will of his youngest daughter Caroline. It seemed to surprise him how often he would lose a battle of the wills with his two-year-old daughter. Tom knew that he drove Joanne crazy with his weekend planned in 30-second intervals, but that time represented the fruit of his labor, there was always one more activity he had planned. I have no doubt that Tom is now asking God (respectfully), if he had really thought through the whole idea of resting only on the seventh day.

Tom's love for his family can never be captured or forgotten, it will remain with Joanne, Catherine and Caroline forever. When God measures a man, he puts the tape around his heart. Tom was the biggest man I've even known.

PETER GENCO

By Diane Genco

Peter was a warm and loving person. A dedicated, hands-on father and a wonderful husband. Peter grew up in Huntington, NY with his parents Barbara and Victor Genco who now reside in Garden City and his two sisters, Christina Genco-Brown of Oyster Bay and Jennifer of NYC.

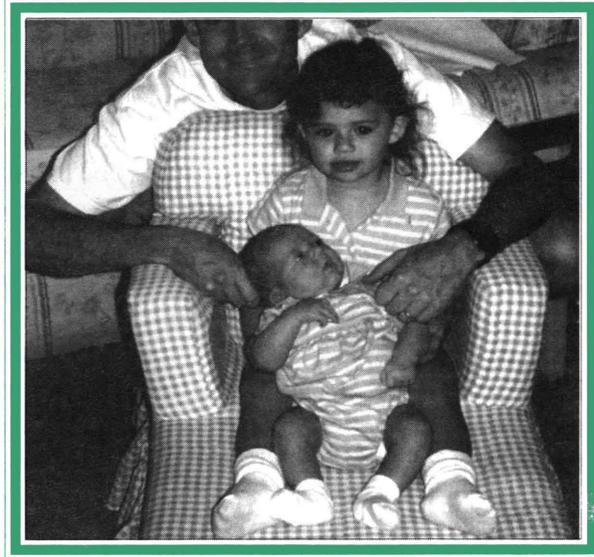
Peter Genco and Diane Zeppetella met 10 years ago and were married on November 5, 1994 at St. Patrick's Church in Smithtown. We had a wonderful honeymoon in Italy and then resided in Manhattan on the Upper East Side. In 1996, we found our dream Tudor home here in Rockville Centre.

After attending Brown University and St. John's University, Peter decided to follow his father's footsteps and begin a Wall Street career. He had worked for various firms and eventually settled in at Cantor Fitzgerald. Peter was a government bond broker on the agency desk. He loved his job and he especially loved the people he worked with. He was having a great year at work and was very proud of his accomplishments.

When Peter and I first moved to Rockville Centre, we started collecting antiques for our home. We enjoyed it so much that we began a little business of selling antique toys and collectables in a New Hampshire antique shop.

When Peter and I first moved to Rockville Centre, we started collecting antiques for our home. We enjoyed it so much that we began a little business of selling antique toys and collectables in a New Hampshire antique shop. Peter and I loved to get up early on Saturday mornings to wait on tag sale lines with die hard dealers.

In 1999 our first daughter, Annalisa Marie was born. Peter's life just revolved around her. From going to the beach, the park or just taking a walk



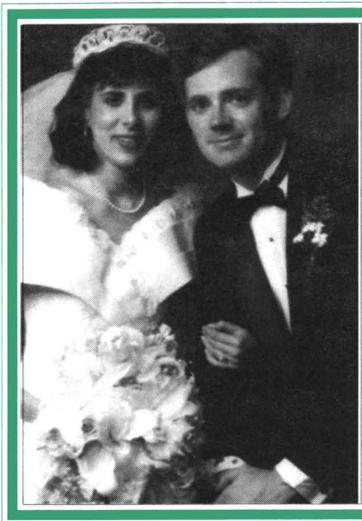
on the boardwalk, he could not wait to come home and see his "Pumpkin."

Peter really enjoyed working around the house doing renovations or yard work. One of his great loves was tending to his basil and tomato garden. He would pick up a ball of fresh mozzarella and Italian bread at A & S on the weekends for lunch. He loved to cook and enjoyed trying a new recipe. He never understood how he married an Italian girl who rarely cooked.

Victoria Rose was born in June 2001 and Peter started making plans for all the wonderful things we could do as a family. Victoria Rose was christened on September 9th. Sadly, Peter only had three months with his new baby daughter.

Peter loved being a part of the Rockville Centre community and we always felt a special connection to St. Agnes as the priest who married us, Monsignor Robert Brennan, and Peter's principal from Holy Family High School, Monsignor James Kelly, were always right here for us.

Peter had only 36 short years on this earth and he will be missed by his family, his friends and his colleagues. All have fond memories and are the richer for having known him. *I love you Petey.*



JOHN W. WRIGHT, JR.

By Martha Wright

When Monsignor Kelly asked me to write something about my husband John, I thought 500 words aren't nearly enough. John was a truly good person. He was always there whenever someone needed him. He was only 33 on that tragic day, September 11th. His death changed our lives forever.

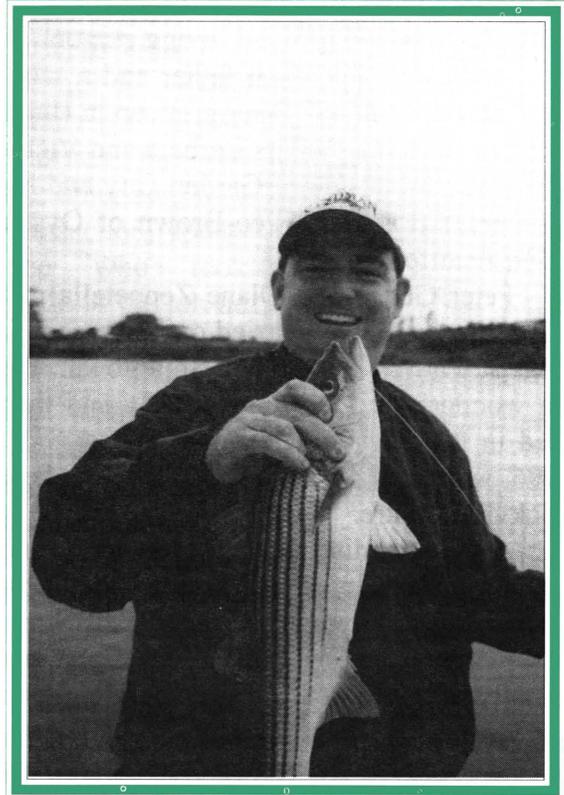
John grew up in Rockville Centre with his parents John Sr. and Virginia and three sisters, Jennifer, Melissa, and Victoria. He attended Chaminade High School and then spent four years at the University of Vermont. Following graduation he worked at Prudential Securities in Manhattan. In 1993 he moved to St. Petersburg, Florida to work for Raymond James. He was also able to fish and boat year-round.



In October 1994 he married Martha. They returned to the New York area in early 1997 to be closer to their families. John started working for Sandler O'Neill at that time. In September 1997, his first child was born, Emily. How he loved his little girl!

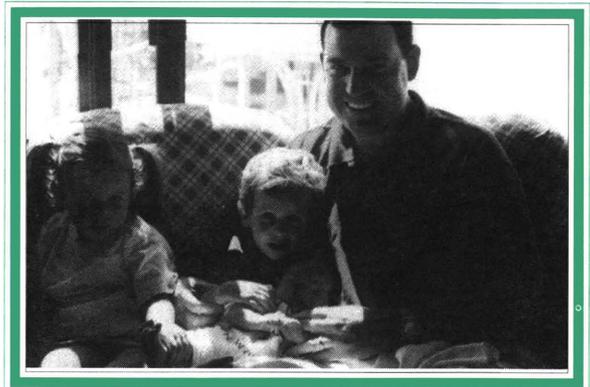
In early 1999 we moved back to Rockville Centre as he wanted to raise his children in the close-knit community that he grew up in. His second child Robert was born that same year in May. He was so proud of his new son.

John loved spending time with Emily and Robert. He often took them to the beach, on the boat, ice-skating, sledding, and out for dinner. He was a Giants, Mets, and Rangers fan. He even named his dog Messier.



Three weeks prior to September 11th, John was blessed with a third child, a son who was named after him. John would rush home after work to hold his new infant.

John gave so much to his family, friends, and even complete strangers and expected nothing in return. If John were alive today, the world would be a better place. But John is not here and his wife, children, family and friends miss him dearly.



PAUL TALTY

By his loving brother, Mark

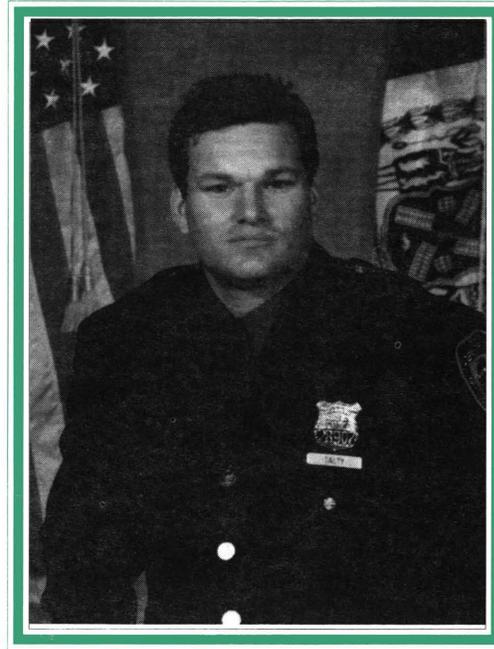
Paul Talty touched each of our lives in different ways. There was never a dull moment or unhappy memory from his presence in our lives these forty years. He will not be forgotten.

Each of his family members and friends has different memories of him but every one can say that Paul was a person who encouraged you to reach your highest goals. He brought a light to our home that will never be extinguished. His strength, motivation, and love for his fellow human being were extraordinary.

Paul's sense of humor is unforgettable. He had a passion for humor and happiness, which he shared with everyone he knew. Paul was always looking out for others, putting them before himself.

Paul's memory will live on in our home, and in our hearts. In his untimely passing, we have learned more about him than we knew. His amazing spirit will help his family live day by day.

Paul's children taught him a great appreciation of life and he saw them as a celebration of life with God. He believed children can make the world a better place.



If you needed a favor or were in a crisis, no matter how big or small, Paul would come to the rescue. It was his nature to help people. After the favor or crisis was resolved Paul would tease, "who is better than me?"

I can honestly answer this question for his family. There is no one better than you, brother, no one!

IN LOVING MEMORY
of a SON, BROTHER, HUSBAND,
FATHER, and FRIEND

POLICE OFFICER
Paul Talty
EMERGENCY SERVICE SQUAD NO. 10

(Continued from page 11) RENE OLSON

with her husband, and loved taking advantage of everything the city had to offer. The city is where she wanted to be, and that is where she was on September 11, 2001.

Rene Lyons Olson was known to her family as a rock of strength and will remain forever in their hearts and prayers.

MARY WIEMAN

The moment Mary Wieman first visited the village of Rockville Centre she fell in love with it. She decided that it would be the perfect place to raise her children. It was her goal to live in Rockville Centre.

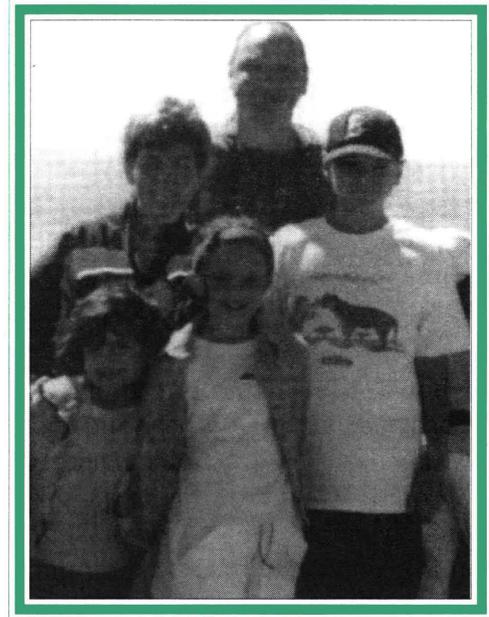
Mary and Marc achieved that goal by first moving into an apartment, then a co-op and finally the house on Berkshire Road. And now, as he and their three children struggle with the loss of Mary, Marc knows it was the right decision.

Mary had an early morning meeting for her company Aon on the 102nd floor of Two World Trade Center on September 11. The family never heard from her again. But they have heard from the community Mary wanted to be hers. "The outpouring of love and support has been unbelievable," Marc said.

Mary thrived on her hectic schedule, working long hours and still being a dedicated mom to Christopher, 12, Alison, 8, and Mary Julia, 6. Christopher attends South Side Middle School and the younger children attend St. Agnes.

She loved to be the "wow." When people looked at her schedule, her immaculate house and her loving family, Mary got a kick out of their saying "Wow." For Mary, making sure everything was just so was a delight.

She loved being a mom. The kids were the center of her world. They took long bike



rides and played at the Hewitt School playground. Shopping with the girls was also a favorite activity. "What we did together," Marc said, "was raise the children."

Mary and Marc met while attending the University of Dayton. He made a play for her roommate, was rejected and started dating Mary. There is no question in Marc's mind that he got the better end of the deal. From the beginning, it was comfortable. "It fell into place so quickly and easily," he said. "I wouldn't trade it."

On September 5, 2001 they were married 20 years.



(Continued from page 9) JAMES COVE

When it comes to being handy, I am exactly like him. We both enjoyed building things and working with our hands. My artistic ability comes from him. We were planning to build a pond in the backyard, similar to the one my friend Kris has. In the spring, I plan on putting one in the backyard in his memory. Your loving son, **Ryan**



I think I am a lot like my Dad when it comes to playing golf and being a sports spectator. We love the NY Rangers and Yankees. He really liked watching Phil Mililson and senior Lee Trevino in golf tournaments. I watched them with him on TV. I even picked out the golf shirt he wore when he played golf with me. I put that shirt on my Teddy Bear. I'll always love you, **Gregory**

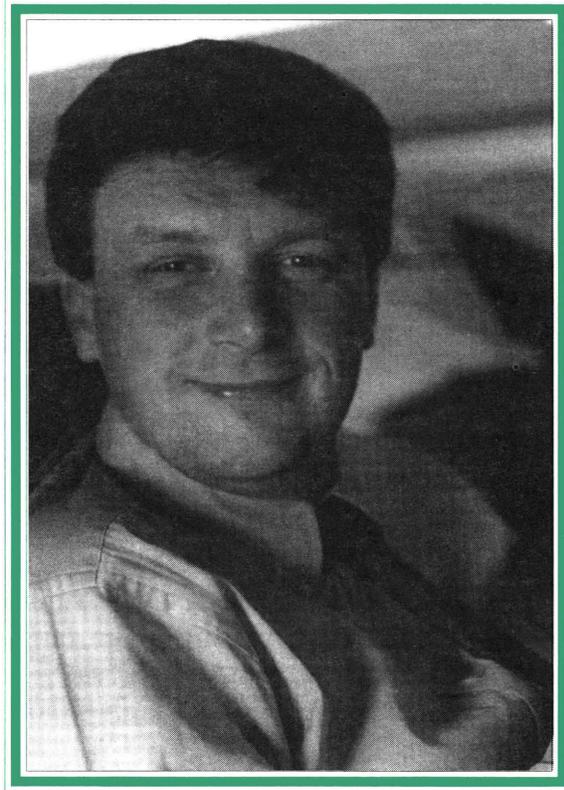
FRANK BRENNAN

MEMORIAL MASS – SEPTEMBER 28, 2001

Francis Henry. Loving husband, brother, son, uncle and loyal friend. Senior Vice President and Limited Partner Cantor Fitzgerald. Victim of the terrorist attack on the World Trade Center.

Born Sept. 25, 1950 in Brooklyn, NY. Frank grew up in Rockville Centre the eldest of six children of the late Frank Sr. and Mary Brennan. At 6'7" and with a soft hook shot he was one of the stars of the legendary St. Agnes High School Basketball Team of the late 1960s where he was tabbed with the nickname Zelmo. Frank graduated from St. Agnes and went on to star at Quinnipiac College in Hamden, CT. While his stature made him hard to miss visually it was his good nature, sense of humor and generosity that separated Frank, more than his physical prowess. Frank was honest, unaffected and straightforward. He never put on airs or assumed himself to be other than he was. "A simple boy.", his words.

After graduating from Quinnipiac Frank went on to manage and own several nightclubs on Long Island, most notably Solomon Grundy's of Bay Shore. In the early '80s Frank took his talents to Wall Street where he ultimately became one of the best and most well known government securities brokers. There



are few in the business who haven't been touched by him.

A longtime bachelor he found the love of his life and wed Barbara Hanley in 1988. Of all his successes Frank was most proud of his association with The New York Police and Fire Widows' and Children's Benefit Fund where he was recently named to the Board of Directors.

Along with Barbara Brennan of Oak Beach, Long Island, Frank is survived by his mother Mary of New Canaan, CT, his brother Brian and sisters Kathleen Carey, Ellen Flaherty, Mary Jones and Sarah Jerome.



KAREN NAVARRO

By Edward and Elizabeth Navarro

First we want to thank everyone at St. Agnes who has helped us during these last few months. We are very grateful to the church and our friends in Rockville Centre for all the love they have expressed to our family.

Karen was born on May 27, 1971 at Booth Memorial Hospital in Flushing, NY. We lived in Jackson Heights, Queens, until 1972. We then moved to Medford, Long Island, where we lived for four years. In 1975 we moved to Rockville Centre.

Karen began her education first at Morris Elementary and then at Hewlett Elementary. When she was in Junior High she played in the girls soccer league and began taking violin lessons. She continued playing violin until she graduated from high school in 1989. Karen attended Nassau Community College for two years and then transferred to Cortland College (SUNY). She graduated with a degree in elementary education in 1994. Unable to obtain a



teaching job at that time, she applied for a job at Dean Witter in New York City.

Karen was a Futures Commodity Operations Assistant working on margin accounts and processing daily commission adjustments. In 1995 Karen transferred to the Foreign Exchange Desk at Dean Witter. Carr Futures bought the desk from Dean Witter so Karen moved to the new company and worked there until the tragedy. Even though Karen moved out of Rockville Centre in 1995 to live in New York City with two childhood friends from Rockville Centre, her roots were in the village she loved. Karen had many friends, but what I remember most is that many of her friends' parents treated our daughter as one of theirs.



(Continued from page 7) JOSEPH HUNTER

York City firefighter. In 1999, Joe was handpicked to join Squad 288 in Maspeth, Queens. Members of the squad receive specialized training in areas like confined space rescue, collapse rescue and terrorism.

Joe has been reunited with his sister Margaret who lost her life 21 years ago. Joseph, a beloved son, an adored loving brother, a proud uncle to his nieces, Kelsey and Haley, a brother-in-law, a proud Irishman, a cousin, nephew, a friend, boyfriend, a confidant, our pride and joy, our hero. **Thank you Joe.**

CHRISTOPHER MATTHEW PANATIER

MAY 5, 1965 – SEPT. 11, 2001

Excerpts from a eulogy given by Al Marino
Chris was first and foremost an incredible man, with morals and values so true. Chris was a loving and caring husband to his wife, Carolyn. He was also incredibly lucky to have met the love of his life at such an early age – high school sweethearts. Married for 11 years, together they created a wonderful home.

Chris was an all-knowing dad to his children Annie and Christopher – always ready to play games, dance silly or read them a story.

Chris was a loving son and brother, always bringing joy and always there to lend a hand.

Chris was a dear friend who could make you laugh without saying a word. He had a unique and wonderful sense of humor. Whenever you were with Chris, you were always smiling and laughing, especially with his laugh, it was infectious.

Chris was one of the most loyal people I know. He was also sensitive enough to be the first one to ask if you needed anything during a trying time. He would be there in a second to help out in any way he could.

Chris embraced everyone. He never judged anyone and always saw the good in people. People would gravitate to him. In our circle of friends, Chris was a trendsetter and a leader, who was never concerned about what

people thought of him. Chris knew how to live life with no bounds and he lived. His sense of adventure was sometimes reckless, but always amusing; his zeal for a good time always evident.

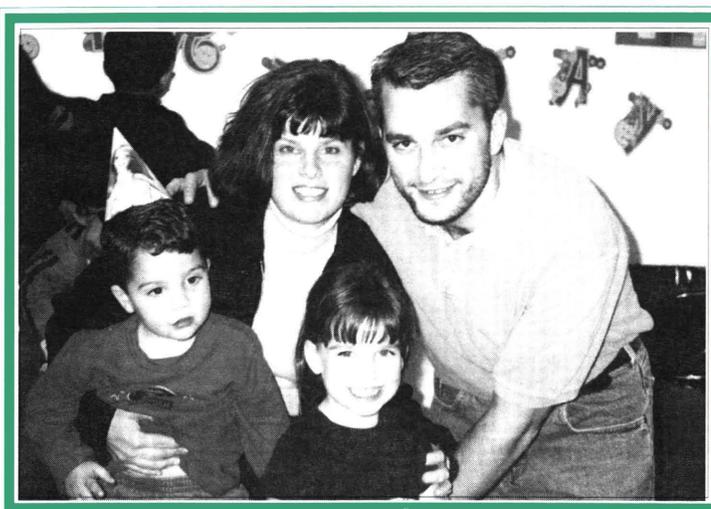
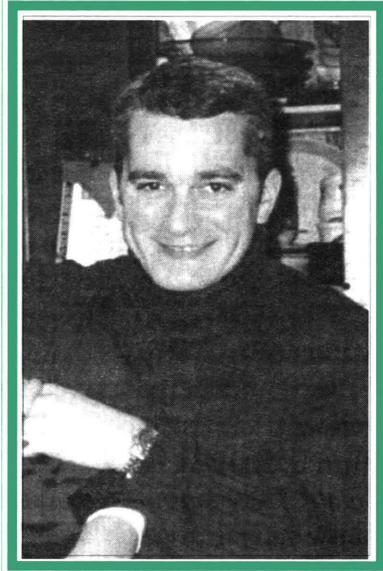
Anyone who knew Chris also knew how much he loved to play hockey. He was a born hockey player, strong, bold and tough. I've always admired his dedication and commitment to his sport.

In his short life, Chris lived life to the fullest; he was always up for anything. He traveled with his hockey team to Canada and Las Vegas. He was always the first one in for a golf trip or trip to the Super Bowl.

He and Carolyn were also adventurous enough not to let a great opportunity pass them by. They moved to Japan for a year so Chris could work in his company's Tokyo offices. Upon their return in 1993, they settled into their home in Rockville Centre, started their family and forged new relationships with their neighbors who have surrounded Carolyn in the face of such terrible tragedy.

Chris may not be here in body but he will always live on. When we see his son Christopher, who is only 4 and already proficient in skating, we will think of Chris. When we see his daughter Annie, 6, dancing, we will think of Chris. We have all learned a lot from our time with Chris.

So, till we meet again, please watch over us and give us the strength to laugh when we want to cry and the courage to carry on when we want to quit.



EDDIE SCHUNK

By Greg De Verna

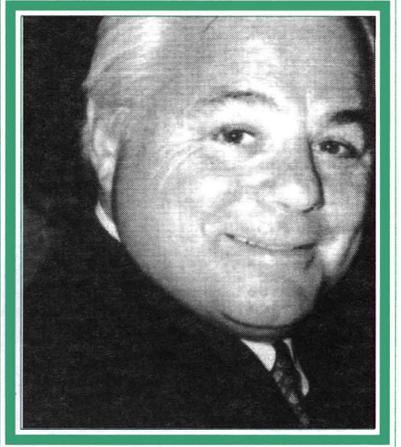
Eddie truly enjoyed life. With his infectious smile and hearty laugh one could not miss Eddie's presence in a room. He made everyone better because he knew how to live. As an only son, Eddie showed devotion to his mother, Dottie, from week-end visits and chores to the annual pilgrimage of driving "Miss Daisy" to Florida for a winter break. Eddie was always available to assist Linda and Nancy. The three shared a mutual love as deep as any siblings could have. Eddie and his brother-in-law, Phil, knew each other for almost forty years and had a special relationship, always having each other's trust when it came to the good of their family.

Eddie found the love of his life in Lisa. Their dating, engagement, wedding day and life together remains vivid in the memories of all who love them. How rewarding and satisfying it was for Mr. & Mrs. Juliano to see through their daughter's eyes how she and Eddie loved and cared for each other! And Paul rejoiced that his sister found happiness with Eddie whom she so cherished.



Eddie was an accomplished golfer. He won the Club Championship at the Rockville Links three times and finally broke through and shot a round of golf in the 60's. This feat

really made his summer. Recently Eddie took an interest in fishing and was outfitted with the best surf-casting equipment. He never caught a fish, never knew if he really had a nibble on his



line. What he did have was the company of his wife whether in the early morning or on a fall evening. Eddie's many friends have memories that will allow them to embellish stories of him in years to come as his spirit remains close to all of us.

The loss of Uncle Eddie is devastating and confusing to Chrissy, Suzanne, Erin, Kaitlin, Megan, Becky, Amy and Sammie. He will continue to guide them with his approval and pride which live on. On September 11th I lost a friend who was more like a brother to me. I take comfort in knowing that when Eddie was taken from us he was in the company of friends from work. They must have strengthened each other to the end. Eddie is in God's hands now. I know the journey from the 105th floor to heaven was as swift as it was direct.



(Continued from page 8) EDWARD GERAGHTY

family meant everything to him, and to his family. Eddie's greatest promotion is that to "great man."

That is our "Life as a House." I hope you noticed that I say "is" for Eddie is always with us. He is the warm light shining through our window every morning. He is the sudden rustle of leaves on a soccer field. He is the goodness and love that exudes from our children. He is my strength. He is Connor's determination. He is James' gentleness. He is Colin's playfulness. He will always be our inspiration. He is my "Eddie." He is their "Dad." He "is."

JOHN A. SHERRY

John Sherry was born on September 20, 1966 in Rockville Centre. He was the youngest of six children born to Frank and Maryann Sherry, Rockville Centre residents. John played on many sports teams such as soccer and football. He graduated from South Side High School in 1985. He attended Adelphi University and earned a Bachelor's Degree in Business Management. John worked as a bond broker on Wall Street for Eurobrokers, Maxcor, Inc.

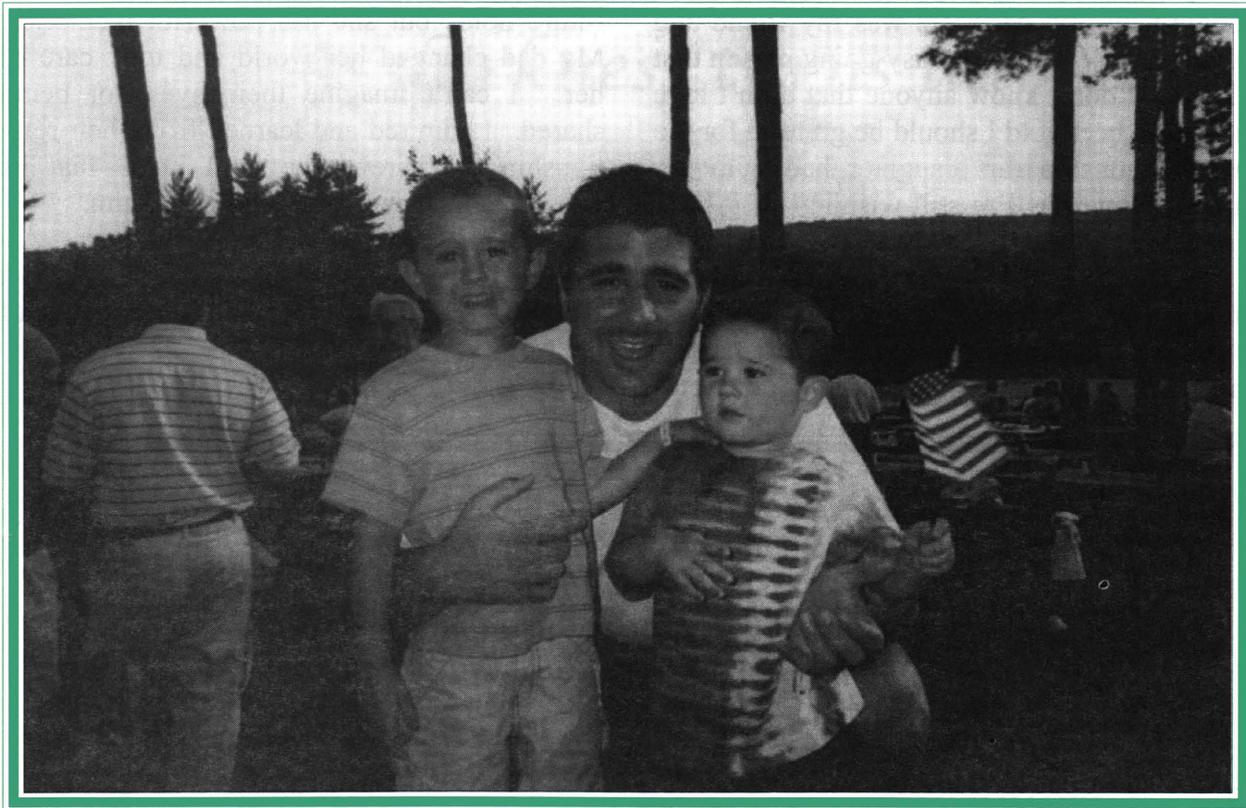
He married Missy McIntyre also from Rockville Centre and had two sons, James (5) and Johnny (3). John and his family also resided in Rockville Centre, a community they loved.

John was an unbelievable family man. He lived every day for his wife and children and had a wonderful relationship with them.

He worked so hard to give them a happy and fulfilling life. As long as he was spending time with them he was completely content.

John was the most generous, loving, caring and well-respected man around. He was so loved by all his family and friends. He will be sorely missed, but he will live forever in all our hearts.

Along with his wife Missy and children, John is survived by his parents, Frank and Maryann; four sisters, Denise (Michael) Holmes, Michele (Bill) Mosca, Debra Sherry, Kristine (Michael) Dilullo; his brother, Robert (Lori) Sherry; his sisters-in-law, Lisa (Tim) Rhoades, Kathleen McIntyre; brother-in-law Michael (Cheryl-Ann) McIntyre; mother-in-law Catherine McIntyre; and nine nieces and nephews, Lisa, Michael, Nick, Dominique, Jessica, Julia, Mikey, Taylor & Dylan.



RALPH MERCURIO

By Genevieve Mercurio

It's hard to describe my dad, since most of the time I can't understand that he is gone. It's difficult to imagine him in a better place than home with his family. The only way I can keep him with us is to tell you the kind of man he was.

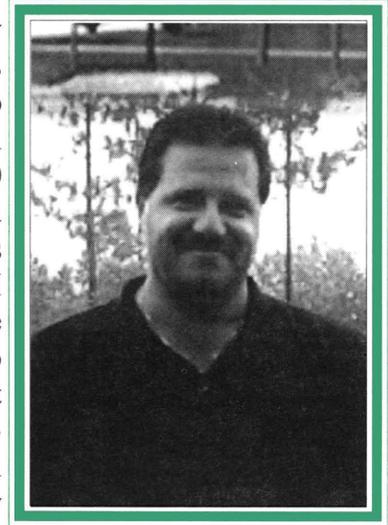
My dad was a hard worker. His day started at 6 a.m. and he wasn't home until around 8:30 p.m. Still, no matter how tired he was, there was always a smile on his face, especially when he came home to a house full of his nieces and nephews.

On the weekend he would work in the house on small projects. He was a perfectionist. The inside of our home is a tribute to his quality of work.

He was also a wonderful husband and father. They say anyone can be a father, but only some can be a dad. Believe me, I was daddy's little girl. There wasn't anything I couldn't tell my dad. He was my friend and the most understanding, easy-going person that I knew. I don't know anyone that didn't love him. I've been told I should be grateful for the rare relationship this daughter had with her father. However, I'm still wishing for it back everyday.

Every father is a hero to his son. My brother Joey looked up to his dad. He loved the time that they spent together at the batting cage, or the movies, or just dinner. Sometimes

he tells me how much he misses him. It's hard to see my dad in the eyes of a 10 year old boy and explain what has happened. I know that he will grow up to be the man that my dad was because he is such a good boy already.



It's a beautiful idea to make a commitment to spend the rest of your life with someone and grow old with that person. No one ever thinks of that being taken away. This is my mom's reality. She is in the process of re-defining her life. She does not know what the future holds but she has powerful memories. My dad changed her world and took care of her. I can't imagine their lives not being shared. I admired and learned from their relationship. Wherever he is, I know that he misses her and she always thinks of him.

Our family is broken apart now. Although we appear as only three, there is a fourth right behind us walking every step of the way.

*In this issue we have commemorated the lives of those
whose Memorial Services were held at
St. Agnes Cathedral.*

*We also remember those whose family members
are known to us at St. Agnes:*

*Jacqueline Donovan
Terry Hatton
Vincent Kane*

*James Horan
Arthur Jones
Stephen Siller*



*May songs of the angels welcome you
And guide you along your way.
May the smiles of the martyrs
greet your own
As darkness turns into day.
Every fear will be undone,
And death will be no more,
As songs of the angels bring
you home
Before the face of God.*

