

friends *remember* friends

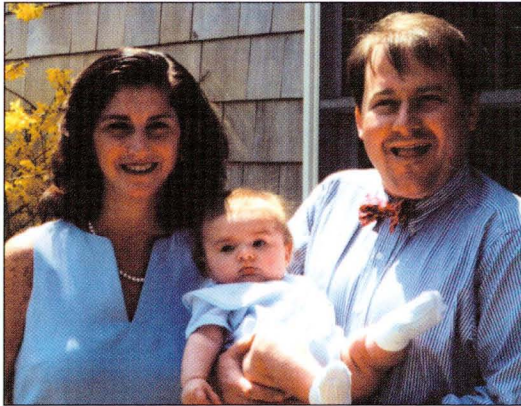
a commemorative section to honor Fairfield University
alumni who were lost on September 11, 2001

friends *remember* friends

Creating this memorial section in remembrance of the 14 Fairfield alumni who lost their lives on September 11, 2001, required the generosity of their grieving friends and families. Special thanks to all who graciously agreed to be interviewed, communicated by e-mail, forwarded newspaper clippings, and shared photographs. As you read these modest accounts of lives cut short, please note that in addition to calling Fairfield alma mater, each person who died counted many Fairfield classmates among those they called "friend."

Barbara D. Kiernan, M.A.'90
Director of Publications

Michael Lunden '86



Michelle, Matthew, and Michael Lunden.

How many people do you know who've been asked to be in twenty-six wedding parties (not including his own)? Mike had a big heart, an affinity for fun, and lots and lots of friends. "There were so many people at his memorial service at the Church of Our Savior that we had to call for an emergency ciborium to have enough communion," says Rev. W. Laurence O'Neil, S.J., Fairfield's alumni chaplain.

"That was Mike," reflects his high school and college friend Dan Douaire '86. "He transferred to Fairfield the middle of his sophomore year, and I told my friends that within a few months, he'd know more people than we did. They didn't believe me until one night a month or so after

Mike arrived. We were at a concert in the Oak Room and somehow Mike ended up on stage with the band, with the audience chanting 'Lundo, Lundo!'"

John Rachel '86 remembers Mike also as a hockey player, someone who never wore socks, and "a guy whose booming hello made you feel great." After graduation, Mike shaped a career in the securities industry, where he specialized in government bonds and government bond futures. He was a vice president and partner at Cantor Fitzgerald, One World Trade Center, and had recently joined its Transpark division for the opportunity to develop new markets in the burgeoning field of energy futures.

Never having lost that spark for fun, Mike went on to develop an expertise in gourmet food and a keen appreciation for fine wine. In fact, he had earned his qualifications as a sommelier (wine steward) from the restaurant atop the WTC, Windows on the World.

Mike is survived by his wife Michelle and their nine-month-old son Matthew, as well as by his mother, Rosemary Ritt, his father, Francis Lunden, a sister Tracy, and a brother Mark. They and legions of friends followed the nine-piece New Orleans jazz band that played the recessionall all the way down Park Avenue to the reception.

Michael Andrews '89

Just four days before he died, Mike Andrews e-mailed his Fairfield roommate, Andy Davis – and said yes. Yes to a fun article Andy was planning to write about Mike for *Fairfield Now*. Mike Andrews was no stranger to Fairfield University publications, having earlier been part of a photo featuring alumni working on Wall Street. Two years ago, he and three Fairfield colleagues at Cantor Fitzgerald (Ed Duncan '90, Liz Mulholland '89, and Mike Lunden '86) posed in front of the World Trade Center. On September 11, both Mikes died on the 105th floor of Tower One.

"The article was going to be about Mike's 'night life,' " says Andy, referring to the bar called Coppersmith's that Mike and four others had opened on 53rd and 9th. "They made it through the first year, which in New York City is an accomplishment, and Mike was really enjoying it. He had one of those personalities people like – a tough

guy on the surface and a marshmallow inside."

In his Fairfield days, the history major's tough guy side showed itself mainly through sports, whether playing baseball, intramural basketball, or his real passion, flag football. Credit the marshmallow inside to his upbringing as one of seven children in a close-knit family. "He really loved his family," says Davis, noting that

when Mike opened the bar, he moved back home, pleased that his folks were "willing to put up with him." In addition to his parents, Edward and Elizabeth, Mike leaves six brothers and sisters – MaryBeth, Joe, Jeanne, Chris, Paul, and Marianne, and a soon-to-be fiancée, Liz Smith.



Jonathan Cappello '00

Joan Alvarez '89, a global studies teacher, still remembers how personable Jon Cappello was when she first noticed him wearing a Fairfield



sweatshirt in the halls of Garden City High. "Even as a sophomore, he knew he wanted to go to Fairfield," she recalls. "It was where his brother Jamey [James '94] had gone."

She also remembers his infectious energy and his concern for the underdog. In her case, he blithely summoned both qualities to create a memory she treasures to this day. "I was a second-year teacher, up for tenure the following year, and I was going to be evaluated the next day," she explains. Understandably nervous, she told the class to make sure they were prepared. Jon went further.

"He devised a plan with the other kids to show lots of class participation. The next morning, he told me that when I asked a question, the students who knew the answer would raise their right hand. If they weren't sure or didn't know, they'd raise their left. Everyone would be participating, and I'd look good. That was Jono."

"Jono" – a nickname given him as a toddler when "Jon" and "no" always seemed to be exclaimed in the same breath – had recently begun training at the international bond desk at Cantor Fitzgerald, One World Trade Center, when tragedy struck.

Rev. Gregg Grovenburg, S.J., a campus ministry chaplain, says that 1,300 to 1,400 people packed St. Joseph's Church in Garden City for Jon's memorial mass. "I was struck by the youth of everyone there, their dignity, their care. Many waited 45 minutes to an hour to sign the guest books, just so his family would know they were there, close to them and sharing their sorrow." Jon is survived by his parents, Robert and Claudia, and two brothers, Rob and Jamey.

Steven Haggis '91

"Steve was a gentle giant, with a sense of humor that always brought a smile to your face," recalls Patrick Murphy '91, who played with Steve Haggis on the men's varsity basketball team. "For someone who looked intimidating – Steve was 6'10," maybe 265 pounds – he was just the opposite. He had a peacefulness about him that affected others in very positive ways. He was way

ahead of the rest of us in that he always seemed at peace with himself."

A knee injury that required surgery red-shirted him for a season and limited his mobility, a disappointment Steve accepted by focusing even more on the business courses

that brought him ultimately to Cantor Fitzgerald. "He was so bright," says Murphy, "and so popular with the women."

Liz (Erdelyi '91) Hogan knows why. "The first week my freshman year, I was trying to get rid of a guy who was pestering me outside Campion, but he wasn't getting the hint. Steve and his friend

Glenn Pandolfini, neither of whom I had ever met, came to my rescue. Steve pulled himself up to his full height and said, 'Did you not hear the lady?'" The trio became fast friends that day, hung out together the next four years, and remained in close contact after graduation.

"Steve turned into quite an incredible man," reflects Hogan. "He was always on the shy side; people were drawn to him because he was gentle and quiet. He seemed to take in lost souls, and in that sense, he had unusual friends – probably me included," she laughs. "He also had strong convictions and, I would say, was deeply respected."

A religious person while at Fairfield, he became even more so afterwards. He and his wife Gloria were born-again Christians, very involved in their church, and held Bible studies at their home. "Steve used to say that whenever the Lord wanted him, he was ready to go," recalls Hogan. "After his memorial service, some of us were saying how blessed his colleagues at Cantor Fitzgerald were to have Steve with them that day. He probably ushered them, very peacefully, right into heaven."

Steve is survived by his wife Gloria, their two children Jaclyn (5) and Daniel (4), his parents, Steve and Maryjane, and his brother and sister, Christopher and Stacey.



"I love you daddy," was how Jaclyn Haggis (left) signed her father's memorial book after the special mass October 28 in Alumni Hall. Steve's wife Gloria and their son Daniel look at his yearbook photo.

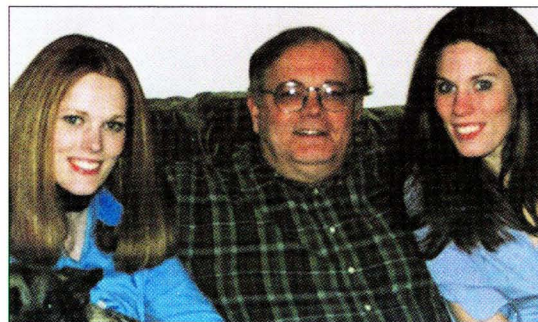
Michael Jacobs '69

The missing persons poster, seen by television viewers as far away as Germany and Australia, read, "Michael Jacobs: Last seen on Floor 90, # 2 World Trade Center."

Head of Fiduciary Trust International's corporate tax department, he had been by his office window with co-workers when the first terrorist plane struck next door. Fifteen minutes later, the second plane struck, 12 floors below Mike's office in Two World Trade Center.

"The night before, dad was helping me on the phone with my finance homework," says his daughter Jennifer, a business major at Monmouth University. "Even though he was explaining things in his simplest terms, I was having a hard time getting it. But he helped. All four of us [Michael (27), Peter (25), Jennifer (23) and Mary (21)] always thought we'd be able to count on dad to be there when it came time to plan our own finances. This is all still so unreal."

Mike's family visited ground zero in early October, hoping for some sense of comfort. "It was unbelievable, horrible beyond expectation," says Jennifer. Her brother Peter had had plans to spend the following weekend in Boston with his



Mike Jacobs relaxing with two of his four children, Jennifer (left) and Mary (right).

dad, a die-hard Red Sox fan. On the horizon for Michael was a father-son October outing in Maine. Mary had recently spent time with him at an Irish restaurant in Connecticut.

"My dad was a brilliant man," says Jennifer, "He loved learning new things." Mike, 54, was restoring a VW Beetle, making a surfboard for Peter, and in his third month of bagpipe lessons when he died. "His great love, though, was history," she continues. "What comforts me somewhat is that, even though he died young, he is now a part of history. His life and death will never be forgotten."

Marc Murolo '95

Every summer since graduation, Marc Murolo and eight of his Fairfield friends would rent a house on the Jersey shore, enjoying the camaraderie they shared in Claver, Campion, and the cottage at Fairfield Beach. Theirs was known as "The Loud House," according to roommate Ray Romano '95, who gave the eulogy at Marc's memorial service. "We were a pretty big party group, and he was a work hard/play hard kind of guy," says Ray.

In his eulogy, Romano recalled a college student so kind and concerned for a roommate's safety that he secured that roommate to the couch with packing tape after he fell asleep to prevent him from falling. Marc was also an aspiring author who began his research while at Fairfield. "No, this book was not to be *The Guide for Getting an 'A' in a Class You Never Attended*," said Romano. "Rather, it was going to be THE definitive book on golf course hot dogs."

But fun times weren't the Fairfield contingent's only memories. Marc was a young man who loved family functions, whether birthday parties for his niece and nephew or just a quick trip home for dinner with his parents.

Marc had worked at Cantor Fitzgerald for four years, and had recently transferred from its government bonds division. "He had an amazing ability to focus, to do what was needed, and to perform well on the job," says Romano. "He had enough confidence in himself not to spend much time worrying about things beyond his control. What we all remember most was his laughter."

Marc is survived by his parents, Dominic and Angela, a sister Cathy Lynn, and a brother Angelo.



Christopher Dunne '95

"Freshman year, Chris's room in Regis became headquarters for all his friends," recalls Phil Decicco, a classmate who came to Fairfield with Christopher Dunne from Garden City (L.I.) High School. "It wasn't that he was a loud guy, or even what you'd call a party guy. Chris was more like a social director. He was really into music and was quite good on the guitar. He always enjoyed playing for us, whether we were just sitting around in his room or, later, lounging at the house on Fairfield Beach."

Initially, Chris worked as a commodities broker in Manhattan. "He was making really good money," says Decicco, "but the job wasn't satisfying to him. A lot of folks wouldn't be this brave, but Chris went back to school and learned how to be a computer programmer, which was less lucrative but was more who he was."

That career change brought him to Marsh McLennan, Two World Trade Center, as a programmer in the Technology Information Systems area. On September 11, Decicco, an attorney,

watched in horror from his Brooklyn office as the towers collapsed. "I lost two close friends in the tragedy," he reflects, "but that pales in comparison to the fact that Chris's brother Charles '89 was a New York City police captain who responded to the scene and didn't leave ground zero for days in the unsuccessful search for survivors."



At the memorial service on October 4, an honor guard of 50 New York City police officers lined the church entrance, and Chris's many Fairfield University friends served as ushers and lec-

tors for what Decicco describes as "a beautiful tribute to a wonderful friend, son, brother, and uncle." He is survived by his parents, Mary and Jay Dunne, his brother Charles, and sisters Courtney and Cynthia.

Johanna L. Sigmund '98



"It was an extraordinary memorial service," says Rev. James Bowler, S.J., facilitator of mission and identity at Fairfield University. "Johanna's life was *celebrated* in the context of profound, palpable faith. She

was a young woman who clearly maximized life each day; she *loved* life and viewed it as gift."

Johanna Sigmund, 25, almost didn't go to work that morning. She had been sick all weekend and a lingering stomach bug had sapped her energy. But two bosses at Fred Alger Management were traveling that day, so she decided she'd better go in. Eight months earlier, a promotion to assistant vice president had earned Johanna a transfer from the investment firm's Jersey City offices to headquarters on the 93rd floor of One World Trade Center. Her clients included nonprofit and religious organizations whose investments the former economics major managed.

At Fairfield, Johanna played varsity field hock-

ey for three years, missing only the season she studied abroad in Paris. After graduation she and some friends headed straight for the City where they lived a cramped, fast-paced life on the Upper East Side. "It seems that Johanna had all sorts of competencies," says Fr. Bowler. "She was classically beautiful, academically accomplished, professionally qualified, and a dedicated athlete."

For the past three years, an important part of her life included Joe Bonavita '95, who was a senior her freshman year. They became reacquainted in 1998 at a Christmas party in Hoboken. "My impression of her at Fairfield had been as this cute girl who was really nice," he recalls. "Well, on that night in Hoboken, in she walked. She was now this beautiful woman, a vision to behold." A month later they began dating, and had recently begun to talk about marriage.

In his eulogy, Joe spoke of Johanna's love for dancing as well as an accomplishment that truly delighted her: completing the 2000 New York City Marathon. Johanna is survived by her parents, John and Ruth, and her brother John.

Joseph Heller '86



"I first met Joe Heller when he was in high school – a quiet young man with a coy, infectious smile. I recruited him to Fairfield from St. Ignatius High in Cleveland," recalls

Rev. John J. Higgins, S.J., rector of the Fairfield Jesuit community. As a freshman, Joe ended up, by coincidence, on Jogues 3, the residence hall where Fr. Higgins lived, and they soon formed what would become a lasting friendship.

"Sometimes I used to wonder what was behind that infectious smile of his," says Fr. Higgins, "but over time I came to realize it was three things: faith, family, and friends. As I looked out on the congregation during Joe's memorial service, I saw all three reflected back to me. And I thought to myself, 'Joe died a happy man.'"

All eight fellows from the "Caddyshack" were there, having traveled from as far away as London, Florida, and Chicago to join their junior- and senior-year housemates in mourning the loss of Joe and another housemate, Mike Lunden. "Joe was the primary reason the Caddyshack ran like a well-oiled machine," recalls Jeff Ford '86. With a practical side that preferred efficiency, Joe scheduled weekly jobs that included shopping, cooking, garbage duty, etc. "Sunday through Thursday night, a different twosome cooked a meal for all

10 guys. We ate some pretty darn good meals together," says Ford.

They found ways to stay together even after graduation. Year in, year out, the Caddyshack traveled from wherever they were to attend a men's basketball game together – in Alumni Hall, Madison Square Garden, UNLV, Boston, Chicago.

"Joe's roommate, Paul Haralson, gave a eulogy that was both poignant and funny," recalls Fr. Higgins. "He spoke about how he first knew that Joe was in love with a certain field hockey player, Mary Jean 'M.J.' O'Shea. I probably shouldn't say this, but Joe told Paul with great admiration that he had met 'one ballsey chick.'"

"Over the years, whenever I ran into Joe, he'd talk about M.J. and show me pictures of the kids. It touched me deeply when Paul turned to her during the eulogy and reminded her that she'd now need to call upon the quality of courage that had so attracted Joe to her, in the challenging task of raising their four children alone."

Joe, 36, was a commodities floor broker in the New York Mercantile Exchange, and was employed by CARR Futures, located on the 92nd floor of One World Trade Center. In addition to M.J., he is survived by Jack (8), Catherine (6), Grace (4) and Michael (1), his parents, Howard and Roberta, two sisters, Colleen and Marybeth, a brother Robert, and a grandmother.

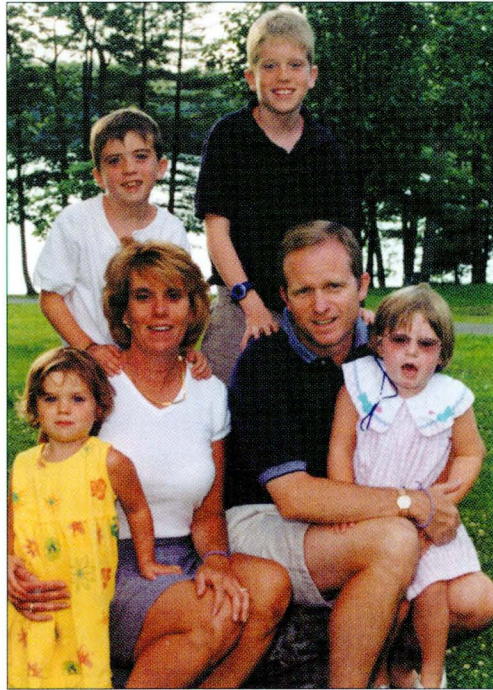


Nearly 1,700 family members, alumni, and friends filled Alumni Hall on October 28 for a memorial mass honoring the 14 alumni who died in the World Trade Center.

Patrick McGuire '82

They had a routine. Forty-year-old Pat McGuire would leave his Madison, N.J., home every morning well before his wife Danielle and their four children woke up. Two hours later they would call him in his office at Eurobrokers, on the 84th floor of Two World Trade Center. The morning of September 11, as usual, he spoke with all four kids – Sean (10), Ryan (7), Mara (4) and Shea (2) – about the previous night's football game and about their plans for the day.

Just before 9 a.m., he called Danielle to say he was leaving the building. A plane had just hit the other tower. Long-time friend Michael Murray '82 was at the same desk and also decided to leave. "The stairwells were mobbed and I thought Pat was with me; I didn't realize he wasn't until around the 40th floor," recalls Murray. "I found out later that he had gone into the bathroom first, and someone announced over the P.A. that the situation in our building was secure (which was the truth at the time). The person Pat was with left anyway, but Pat must have gone back to his desk." Murray's



*Danielle and Pat McGuire with their children
(l-r) Shea, Ryan, Sean, and Mara.*

was a double loss that day – McGuire, the first friend he made when he transferred into Chaminade High in 10th grade, and his brother John who worked at Cantor Fitzgerald.

Longtime friend Marilou (Poulin '83) Rowan remembers the friendship well. "Whether tooling around campus in a baseball cap or readying himself for an exam, Pat was always ready to joke. Routinely he would be seen with his best pal, Michael Murray, wandering around campus searching for their friends. We called ourselves 'The Goon Squad.' It was wonderful for Pat's many Fairfield friends to witness his growth into a devoted,

loving, and faithful family man."

That he was. According to an article in the local paper, "Around town, Pat McGuire was seldom spotted without a child in tow." From Little League games to evening bike rides, he lived for the chance to spend time with his family. In addition to Danielle and the children, Pat is survived by his mother, Marion McGuire Carr, two sisters, Kathleen and Maureen, and four brothers, James, Terrence, Thomas, and John.

Christopher Orgielewicz '87

"Chris was the only person I ever met who, after he'd buy his books at the bookstore, would go back to the room and make sure all the chapters were there," quips his former roommate, Hank Blaney. "He was dedicated to getting good grades and liked to be sure about things."

When the soft-spoken young man first arrived on campus, he was seen by his friends as "this gullible, good-natured guy." An accounting major, Christopher also enjoyed sports and was a fullback on the rugby team. But his crusade to learn how to

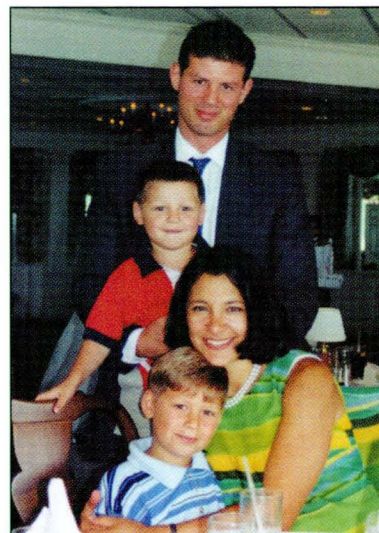
slam-dunk a basketball on a ten-foot rim is what many of his Fairfield friends remember most.

The story (short version) goes like this: Two guys on the hall, John Patterson '88 and John Burns '87, got their picture on the front page of the *Bridgeport Post* dunking a basketball on an outside court. "Chris couldn't believe they had actually dunked the ball. They kept taunting him about it because they were all about the same height," recalls Blaney. For the rest of the year he did squats and bars and lifted weights, trying to improve his

jump. "Ever meet anyone who weighed weights?" asks Blaney. "Chris did, because he wanted to make sure the 45 pounds on each side were balanced."

When he returned the next fall, Chris could jump high enough to dunk a tennis ball on a ten-foot rim. That's when his friends told him – the hoop in the photograph was only eight feet high. Chris laughed right along with them. It's that laughter his friends remember most – a precursor to the joy he would know as the devoted family man he became in the ensuing years.

Chris, who worked in fixed income research at Sandler O'Neill (Two World Trade Center, 104th floor) is survived by his wife Olga and their three children, Ryan (6), Thomas (3), and Kathryn (12 weeks).



Chris and Olga Orgielewicz in June with sons Thomas (top) and Ryan. Their daughter Kathryn was born in August 2001.

William Micciulli '93

"Bill Micciulli's baseball glove and his Fairfield University warm-up jacket greeted the many former teammates who gathered on September 26 to remember their beloved friend," says Rev. Thomas Regan, S.J., who concelebrated Bill's funeral mass at St. Clement's Church in Matawan, N.J. "The

Bill and Colleen Micciulli with daughters Sara and Emily on Sara's christening day.



walls of the church were affixed with pictures of Bill and his family as well as with mementos of Bill's illustrious athletic career."

At Fairfield, he was a varsity pitcher whose energy level and penchant for practical jokes earned him the nickname "Mad Dog." Yet "Mad Dog," according to his roommate and Fairfield Beach housemate Paul Skibniewski '93, knew how to separate having fun and working hard.

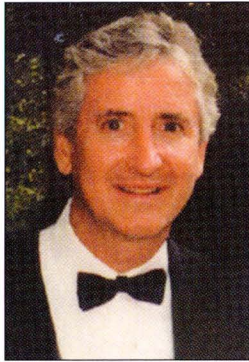
Bill married his high school sweetheart, Colleen Fitzgerald, and they moved to Old Bridge, N.J., three years ago to raise their two children, Emily (3) and Sara (1). At the time of his death, he was a partner and senior vice president with Cantor Fitzgerald, where he worked as an international equities trader on the 104th floor of One World Trade Center.

"Bill was the first one to kid his friends and the first one to offer them help as well," recalls Fr. Regan. "Such devotion to the people he loved was so evidently reciprocated in the fact that it seemed as though half of the class of 1993 had made the journey to New Jersey that morning to offer their prayers and support for Bill and his family."

In addition to his wife and children, Bill is survived by his parents, William and Joan, two sisters, Joanne and Andrea, and a grandmother.

Francis N. McGuinn '74

"Gwinny had this hot little sports car, an Austin Healy, and when he drove around campus, he always looked like a million bucks," recalls Frank McGuinn's former roommate, John McGroarty '74. "Senior year he got a Chevy con-



vertible. I still remember him roaring over the crest of the main campus road, with the top down – in the middle of winter – enjoying every minute of it."

Years earlier, Frank McGuinn had made a different sort of arrival in the middle of winter, as a 1952 Christmas baby.

After attending Iona Prep, he came to Fairfield on an academic scholarship. "He was a very, very smart guy," says McGroarty. "He used to hang out in Fr. [John] McIntyre's office, the English professor, and they'd talk about literature for hours."

In his post-Fairfield days, Frank earned an MBA at Iona and began a 20-year career on Wall Street. Most recently he worked at Cantor Fitzgerald, on the 105th floor, where he managed a desk of 50 traders for Emerging Markets while developing an electronic trading platform for Cantor's E-Speed Company.

"I knew Frank all four years at Fairfield," says Mike O'Rourke '74, "and often ran into him at University events. He still had that great Irish face, so full of enthusiasm. People gravitated toward Frank because he always had a fun story to tell you. What was special about him, though, was that he always wanted to hear your story, too."

Frank was active in charities including the American Red Cross, the Catholic Sisters of Charity, Hale House, and the Foundation for Cancer Research, and was a member of The President's Circle at Fairfield University.

"His was the first alumni memorial service I traveled to," says Rev. Aloysius P. Kelley, S.J., University President. "Along with the overflow crowd, all of whom were touched deeply by his death, I listened to his wife Lynn and his brother remember a man who had an enormous love for family and friends, and who enjoyed all that life had to offer. According to what was noted in the eulogies, he was probably infused with the Christmas spirit from birth. And so, in the final celebration of his life, we all sang 'Silent Night,' fervently praying that Frank now 'sleep in heavenly peace.'"

In addition to his wife, Frank is survived by three daughters, Danielle, Elizabeth and Carolyne, his mother Sophy, a brother Edwin, and two sisters, Tracy Donovan '77 and Trish Lawrence.

Christopher Slattery '92

"On Thursday morning, I drove to Oyster Bay, New York, to attend a memorial service for Chris Slattery," recalls Rev. Charles F. Allen, S.J., executive assistant to the president. "At the service his sister told a touching story that went like this:

"I was somewhat younger than Chris when he went off to college, and I used to cry because I missed my older brother so much. One night my parents took me down to the shore. We looked across Long Island Sound toward Connecticut. My parents told me that Chris lived over there. They picked out one lonely light on the opposite shore and said that was Chris's room.

"Whenever I would feel lonely I would walk to the shore and look for that light, knowing that Chris was there. Last night, I walked down to the

shore. This time I didn't look across the Sound, but rather looked up at the sky. I picked out one solitary star and said to myself: 'That must be Chris's room.'"

Family meant everything to Chris, according to his close Fairfield friend, Terrence Fay '92, "and I never knew him to miss mass on Sunday. He was this HUGE Giants fan, and loved to go to games with his dad and older brother," says Fay. "Every year, the family took a winter ski trip out west, and in the summer spent a week at the beach."



(continued...)

Dennis Fahey '92 roomed with Chris on campus, at the beach and, after graduation, in NYC. "There was a large contingent of us living in the City, and Chris was the glue that held us together," Fahey recalls. "He was the one who made the calls, who planned things, who was always available to go out for a beer."

Chris was working at Cantor Fitzgerald on September 11, as senior salesperson in the portfolio equity trading group. When, by 6 p.m., Chris's family had still not heard from him, Fahey and

Fay began a two-day sojourn to all the City hospitals, hoping to find Chris while sparing the family that ordeal. Their difficult pilgrimage – in many ways a modern-day version of the Stations of the Cross – was a journey both said they *wanted* to make. "Yes, it was hard, but I it was the right thing to do," explains Fahey. "Chris was my best friend; he would have done the same for me."

Chris is survived by his parents, Linda and Jim, a brother Daniel, and a sister Erin.

We also mourn ...

In addition to the alumni who died on September 11, other graduates and one student also lost loved ones.* We invite you to join the University community in praying for them, their families, and friends.

Fathers

Joseph Coppo, father of Kathleen Coppo '01
Richard Fitzsimons, father of Sean Fitzsimons '93; father-in-law of Christine Heald '96
Patrick Hoey, father of Sharon Hoey '04

Husbands

Timothy Coughlin, husband of Maura O'Callaghan '89
James Straine, husband of Patricia Carr '90

Children

James Henry Lee Ford III, son of Maureen Ford, SCE '86
John Henwood, son of Mary Hudson Henwood M.A.'84, CAS'85
John Murray, son of Philip Murray '57

Brothers

Kevin Cleary, brother of Thomas '79, Cathleen '81, and Christopher '89 Cleary
Thomas Brennan, brother of Paul Brennan '89
Christopher Dunne '95, brother of Charles Dunne '89
Edwin Graff III, brother of Michael Graf '82
Mark Hindy, brother of Greg Hindy '91
Timothy Kelly, brother of Christine (Kelly '76) Fabbri; brother-in-law of Eugene Fabbri '75
Frank McGuinn '74, brother of Tracy (McGuinn '77) Donovan
John Murray, brother of Michael Murray '82
Paul Rizza, brother of Christine Rizza '94; brother-in-law of Ken Nippes '94
David Winton, brother of Sara Winton '98

In-laws

Daniel Libretti, brother-in-law of Jim Hunt, Fairfield men's ice hockey coach
John McErlean, brother-in-law of Terri McCarthy '83
William McGovern, brother-in-law of Patricia (Burke '86) Prial
Stacey McGowan, sister-in-law of Andrew McGowan '81 and Laurie (Slack '82) McGowan
Frank Palumbo, brother-in-law of Mary Sullivan Courtier '78
Paul Rizza, brother-in-law of Steve '94 and Maureen (Leary '94) Minnick, and Lydia (Minnick ') Wallace

* The above list includes names submitted by families and friends, and is printed with permission of the families. If we have missed other loved ones, please contact Janet Canepa, director of Alumni Relations, at (203) 254-2355.



Candlelight vigil on campus, September 20, 2001.

SEPTEMBER 11 MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP FUND

To honor the memory of the 14 alumni who died during the terrorist attacks in New York City, Fairfield University has restricted \$1 million of its own institutional endowment and with it has established the September 11 Memorial Scholarship Fund. This fund will help underwrite full tuition for the following groups who have financial need:

- 1) Current Fairfield University students who lost a parent in the September 11, 2001 disaster;
- 2) The children of rescue workers from the New York Police Department, the Fire Department of New York, the New York City Emergency Medical Services, and the New York Port Authority Police who died in the disaster;
- 3) The sons and daughters of Fairfield alumni who were lost in the September 11, 2001 disaster, should they become Fairfield University students:

Jaclyn Hags
Daniel Hags
Jack Heller
Catherine Heller
Grace Heller
Michael Heller

Matthew Lunden
Danielle McGuinn
Elizabeth McGuinn
Carolyne McGuinn
Sean McGuire
Ryan McGuire
Mara McGuire

Shea McGuire
Emily Micciulli
Sara Micciulli
Ryan Orgielewicz
Thomas Orgielewicz
Kathryn Orgielewicz

This fund will continue to provide assistance to eligible students as long as necessary. After those directly associated with the disaster will have completed college, funds generated by this scholarship will benefit exclusively children of Fairfield University alumni.

Although Fairfield University is not actively soliciting funds, numerous individuals have contacted us seeking an appropriate way to remember alumni and classmates who died. For those who desire, contributions to the September 11 Memorial Scholarship Fund may be made in honor of all of the victims or may be designated in memory of a specific individual. Such gifts may be sent to the Office of Development, Bellarmine Hall, Room 228, Fairfield University, Fairfield, CT 06430.

FAIRFIELD UNIVERSITY PERMANENT MEMORIAL

Fairfield University will also commission a permanent memorial on campus which will serve as a visible and meaningful reminder for future generations of an event that affected our nation and the University so profoundly.

