

THE STONY BROOK COMMUNITY
COMES TOGETHER TO REMEMBER THOSE WHO WERE
LOST ON SEPTEMBER 11, 2001.

We Will
Never F♥rget



TENTH ANNIVERSARY COMMEMORATION PROGRAM

Monday, September 12, 2011, 12:00 pm

WELCOME	Gloria B. Snyder '72, <i>Immediate Past President of the Stony Brook Alumni Association</i>
PRESENTATION OF COLORS	Color Guard
NATIONAL ANTHEM	Stony Brook Gospel Choir
POSTING OF THE COLORS	Color Guard
LIGHTING OF MEMORIAL TORCH	Interfaith students
PRAYERS	Rev. Brenda Ford, <i>Protestant Chaplain</i> Carly-Ann Gannon, <i>Catholic Chaplain</i> Dr. Sunita Mukhi of the <i>Hindu community</i> Sister Sanaa Nadim, <i>Muslim Chaplain</i> Rabbi Joseph S. Topek, <i>Director, Hillel Foundation for Jewish Life</i> Rev. Gregory Woo, <i>Asian Christian Campus Ministry Chaplain</i>
REMARKS	Samuel L. Stanley Jr., M.D., <i>President of Stony Brook University</i>
PROCESSION TO MEMORIAL GROVE	
READING OF NAMES	
ALUMNI	Scott Middleton, Esq. '84, <i>President of the Stony Brook Alumni Association</i>
FAMILY OF UNIVERSITY STAFF	
LOCAL FIREFIGHTERS	
TOLLING OF BELL	
WREATH PRESENTATION	Letitia Dunn, Marguerite Rizza, Frank Rizza
REFLECTIVE POEM	Lauren Kaushansky
MOMENT OF SILENCE	
GOD BLESS AMERICA	Logan Family
RETIRING OF THE COLORS	Color Guard

ALUMNI PROFILES

Courtesy of *The New York Times*, The Associated Press, and *Newsday*. Published between 2001 and 2003.

JOANNE M. AHLADIOTIS '96

Joanne Ahladiotis never did anything halfway. She dressed impeccably and had her nails done once a week. She entertained regularly, making all the food herself. She took great pride in her small apartment in Forest Hills, Queens. "At Christmas," said her sister, Effie Salloum, "she would decorate her apartment like it was Macy's windows."

Fluent in Greek, Ms. Ahladiotis, 27, traveled to Greece every two years to visit her grandmother, who lives in Crete, and returned home laden with gifts of icons, jewelry, books, and cookies. In fact, Ms. Ahladiotis could scarcely go anywhere without buying presents for her family and friends. "If she was out shopping and she found something she liked but they didn't have it in her size, she would buy it for me," her sister said.

The week before she died, Ms. Ahladiotis, who worked for the eSpeed division of Cantor Fitzgerald, had to travel to Las Vegas on business. She invited her parents to accompany her. "It was the most beautiful week of my life," said her mother, Eleni. "She was a very loving person." *

JEAN A. ANDRUCKI '80, '81

Why waste time on TV when you could read or bike or help somebody out? Jean Andrucki did not even own a set. Instead, she played on two Irish women's teams: soccer on one and Gaelic football on the other. She kayaked with her three-year-old nephew. "She's paddling," said Laura Andrucki-Izzo, her younger sister. "And he's belting out 'Row, row, row your boat.' That says it all about Jean."

Her job was doing risk assessment for the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey. After hours, Ms. Andrucki, 43, was usually either helping to care for developmentally disabled children or elderly neighbors in Hoboken, NJ, or she was jogging or hiking. Her passions were nature and animals—the wildlife of South Africa and Peru, which she visited, and of Hoboken, which she fed. "The squirrels would climb seven floors to her terrace," Ms. Andrucki-Izzo said. "She loved animals and gardens and writing and poetry," she continued. "She had a British heart. But it was more Oscar Wilde than Jane Austen. More a smart, tough American woman with a soft spot."

MICHAEL A. BANE '93

J. Donald Bane believes there are debts we owe our forebears. His first wife, a professional pianist, died in childbirth, but Michael Andrew Bane, the son born of that tragedy, carried on traits of the mother he never knew. Like her, he loved to play music, and was focused and driven in everything he did.

Sometimes what he did went against the grain, like dropping out of high school and working as a dishwasher and chef before enrolling in college. The younger Mr. Bane later married, worked in insurance,

and last year was promoted to assistant vice president for Marsh & McLennan's casualty claims unit. Along the way, his father and stepmother, Arline Peabody, celebrated each step.

"It was just wonderful to see him blossom like that," his father said. "He had become my adult friend as well as my child that I'm very proud of."

In August, at home in Yardley, PA, he and his wife, Tara, played host to a family reunion. On September 9, the couple sat on the porch with their dogs and had a strangely prescient conversation. "He said, 'Would you stay in the house if I died?'" and I said, "I don't think I could," Mrs. Bane said. "But it feels good to be in the house because it's not eerie. It's comforting." *

CARLTON W. BARTELS '79

Her father was aghast: There on the doorstep of her family's West Brighton home in Staten Island stood Carlton W. Bartels, suitor. "Carl had thick, wavy brown hair, down to his shoulders," recalled Jane Bartels, the object of his affection, decades later. "And a suede fringe jacket."

The couple managed to date and grow close, but then careers separated them. While in his 20s, Mr. Bartels took an 18-month trip around the world with his savings. He asked her to join him in Jakarta, where they inched toward Europe. They married in 1988. Mr. Bartels was an electrical engineer by training and had become, at 26, one of the top utility regulators in Vermont. At 44, he was a partner at Cantor Fitzgerald, specializing in using the commodity markets to encourage the reduction of greenhouse gases.

Mr. Bartels had his antic side, Mrs. Bartels recalled. While on his epic trip, living in a Thai village, Mr. Bartels took to wearing a favorite sarong, a black-and-white skirt with Buddha figures. But one day, the villagers giggled. He was wearing a sarong for a woman. Unfazed, he continued to wear it, even back home, years later, when the couple had settled back in Staten Island. Their daughters—Melina, who turns 8 today, and Eva, 4—loved it. *

WILLIAM F. BURKE JR. '80

Calling Captain William F. Burke Jr. a firefighter is a little like referring to Elvis as an entertainer. Captain Burke took the job description and set it over the high flame of his personality, rendering something else entirely. "He always made everything better," said his brother Michael, "and in Manhattan, it's nice to be around somebody like that."

Like his father, who worked in the South Bronx in the 1960s when fires raged around the clock, Captain Burke, known as Billy, believed in putting his men first. On September 11, he ordered them out of the north tower, his brother said, while he continued searching for people to rescue.

In Stuyvesant Town, the Manhattan residential complex where he had an apartment, Captain Burke, 46, enjoyed a parade of admirers.

Some were romantic interests, penciled into his address book, drawn by his singular charm. “The first words out of his mouth every single time he met a woman were, ‘Have you lost weight?’” his brother said. Then there were the neighbors he helped out. He liked to bicycle to his firehouse, Engine Company 21 on East 40th Street, but if he saw someone struggling with groceries, he’d screech to a halt.

He spent 25 summers working as a lifeguard at Robert Moses State Park, and a friend, Stuart Kaplan, remembered how the oldest living Jones Beach lifeguard turned up one day. The man was sickly and in a wheelchair, but his dearest wish was to swim in the ocean one last time. Captain Burke put an arm around him and helped him into the waves. Afterward, they shared a cold beer and then another. Everybody went home happy. *

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MICHEL P. COLBERT ’86, ’87

Michel P. Colbert had the ideal résumé, the kind that might appear in a how-to book about résumés. A master’s degree from the Wharton School at the University of Pennsylvania. A succession of lucrative jobs in Paris, London, and Milan. Fluency in French and Spanish. A balanced range of interests, from photography to scuba diving.

“I have developed proprietary mathematical models for yield curve analysis, embedded basis options,” he wrote, in the résumé that helped him secure a job as a high-level bond trader with Cantor Fitzgerald. But did Mr. Colbert really talk like that? No. And does his résumé completely reflect who he was? Of course not.

Michel Colbert was, more than anything else, the only child of Raymond and Marie Colbert. The parents were so close to their son that all three lived in the same apartment building in West New York, NJ, and ate dinner together just about every other night, said Raymond Colbert. “And weekends, of course. And holidays.” He was 38 years old. His parents are both 79. And now time crawls. “Only child, you know?” said Raymond Colbert. “We are 16-C; he was 18-G.” *

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STEPHEN M. FOGEL ’82, ’83

By Jerry Schwartz

These are the things Brittany Fogel told the rabbi about her Daddy: He took her out for ice cream and fireworks. She drew pictures for him. He was her best friend in the whole, wide world. The rabbi, Charles Kroloff, listened to six-year-old Brittany and her nine-year-old brother, Joey, talk about their father. And the next day, at Stephen Fogel’s funeral, he showed the mourners Brittany’s pictures, and he recalled the words of comfort he offered Fogel’s children. “Your father has given you gifts that will always be in your head and heart. No one can take them away,” Kroloff said.

Steve Fogel was 40 years old, a corporate attorney at Cantor Fitzgerald. On Tuesday, September 11, he left his home in this leafy, affluent suburb and went to work and to his doom at the World Trade Center.

The men who turned airliners into weapons of mass destruction killed thousands in a matter of minutes; we say farewell to them one by one,

in sanctuaries jammed with mourners touched by their lives and deaths. Four hundred people attended Fogel’s funeral at Westfield’s Temple Emanu-El last Thursday. There was no coffin; like so many of the victims, Fogel simply vanished in the inferno. **

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STEVEN E. FURMAN ’82

Math and mitzvahs—those words ran through his family’s memories of Steven Furman, a broker at Cantor Fitzgerald who died two days shy of his 41st birthday.

Mr. Furman’s math score on his SAT was 790 out of 800, according to his brothers, Michael and Andrew. “He always wondered where the other 10 points went,” Andrew said. “He knew he’d gotten them all right.” After 13 years as a trader on the New York Mercantile Exchange, Mr. Furman joined Cantor last April.

An observant Orthodox Jew, Mr. Furman and his wife, Chavi, lived in Wesley Hills, NY, with their four young children: Nisan, Sarah Rachel, Naomi, and Menashe. “He didn’t have a fancy house or a fancy car,” said his sister Jayne Furman. “The more money he made, the more money he gave away.”

He paid one young man’s school expenses, bought another a new suit, drove neighbors on errands. He did not fit easily into the father, Marvin Furman. “His family, his religion, the people in his community—that was his life.” *

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RICHARD S. GABRIELLE ’76

He called it his “Baby P,” a 1999 black Volkswagen Passat. It was kept in a garage in West Haven, CT, and brought out only when the weather was fine—or when it was time for Richard Gabrielle’s racing lessons.

Mr. Gabrielle’s wife, Monica, who was not allowed to drive the Passat, said she had little doubt that her husband’s fairly recent passion for driving a souped-up little car around a racetrack at Lime Rock Park in Lakeville, CT, was the result of a midlife crisis.

Mr. Gabrielle, a 50-year-old insurance broker at the Aon Corporation, was an extraordinarily gentle man in most ways. Even moths, when they got in the house, would be carefully ushered out, uninjured. But he would also never tell his wife how fast he went during his driving lessons, and he recently bought a radar detector, so that he could, as he put it, “practice” on the highways.

“He’d tell me, ‘Better than than women, don’t you think?’” she said. *

KUIFAI RAYMOND KWOK '94

Raymond Kwok was the best son any Chinese parents could hope for. At age 31, he worked as a network administrator for Cantor Fitzgerald and lived in Flushing with his parents as well as his wife and their nine-month-old daughter, following the Chinese tradition to serve his parents in old age.

"Everything they asked for, he gave it to them," said Yunyu Zheng, his wife. "When they berated him, he never talked back." The couple bought a three-bedroom condo just before Ms. Zheng gave birth, and he moved his parents out of their apartment in Chinatown, where the family had settled after they immigrated to America 20 years ago.

"I know the worst thing for him would be not to see his daughter growing up," Ms. Zheng said. "He was very content. Our child is cute, and his parents really care for us. The two of us really loved each other. We had never fought. We only wished to have a few more children." Karen, their baby, has just learned to say "baba" in the past week. *

EDWARD J. MARDOVICH '81

By Ann L. Kim

In a private dining room at the exclusive Manhattan restaurant Alain Ducasse, Edward and Laura Mardovich toasted the 16 years of their marriage with four close friends on September 10. They raised their glasses and counted their blessings—four children and comfortable lives cushioned by financial success. Edward "was on top of the world," his wife said. They spent that night in the city, and the next morning Mardovich headed to his office on the 84th floor of Tower Two while his wife prepared to return to their Lloyd Harbor home.

He called her cellular phone after the first hijacked plane ripped through Tower One. "I said, 'Please come home with me,'" Laura recalled. "He said, 'I'm fine. I'm in the safest place I could be. Nothing else is going to happen. You go home, it's going to be chaos in the city.'"

"I didn't want to leave the city without him, because I felt like I was abandoning him," she said.

Mardovich, 42, and known to most as "Mardo," remains missing. He was president of Euro Brokers Inc. and had worked at the World Trade Center for two years.

"My kids still have hope and so do I," Laura said. "And whether that's right or wrong I don't know, but we'll always hope he'll be back."

According to one of his co-workers, Mardovich was last seen trying to help others get out of the building. That account squares with her husband's caring instincts, Laura said. Despite his business success he always stayed grounded, looking out for his parents and serving as an usher at Our Lady Queen of Martyrs Church in Centerport. "He just took care of everybody. He had a heart of gold," his wife said. "People on Wall Street were so cutthroat, but he said he would never be like that."

With his four children—Leigh, 14, E.J., 12, Victoria, 11, and Joseph, 8—Mardovich would go bike-riding or Jet-Skiing. His wife referred to him and their two sons as "my three boys."

"Most of you know how Ed loved to talk and tell stories," Laura Mardovich wrote in her eulogy. "I don't know anyone who knew more

about 'everything,' and if he didn't know it, he'd go to the library to find out so he could tell you the next day. He never ran out of stories or things to talk about."

Besides his wife and children, Mardovich is survived by his parents, Doris and Ed Mardovich of Jericho; a sister, Doreen Pelloni of Heathrow, FL, and a brother, Jamie Mardovich of Jericho. ***

RUDOLPH MASTROCINQUE '80

He did not want to miss a minute of the soccer goalie clinic he was running later that night, so Rudolph Mastrocinque arrived at his office in the World Trade Center early on the morning of September 11.

As his wife, Meryl, put it, "soccer was his life."

It started out as something for the children, Peter, 11, and Amy, 16. But one day a group of parents got together to play and someone noticed how quick Mr. Mastrocinque's feet were. He went on to become one of the most enthusiastic members of the Kings Park Soccer Club on Long Island, and coached several children's teams.

When he was not playing soccer, "he'd be telling me joke after joke after joke," Mrs. Mastrocinque said. "Rudy was very funny." Mr. Mastrocinque was 43 and a vice president for property claims at Marsh & McLennan. Mrs. Mastrocinque talked him into buying a boat "to find some relaxation on the water" after his long hours at the office. He did, and fishing on Long Island Sound became one of his favorite things to do—second only, perhaps, to soccer. *

MICHAEL P. MCDONNELL '89

Michael McDonnell was unflappable, always joking and fun to be around, said his wife, Cheryl, who met him when they worked together at a Roy Rogers takeout restaurant. They grew up in Brooklyn and had just moved to Middletown, NJ, and were learning the rigors of home ownership. The pump at the pool would break, or the fish in the fishpond would go belly up, and Mr. McDonnell would calmly proceed to Home Depot for instruction in the finer points of suburban life.

"He said 'I feel like I'm the EPA with these test strips,'" Mrs. McDonnell said, recalling how he would test the water quality of the swimming pool and the fishpond.

Mr. McDonnell, 33, the controller at Keefe, Bruyette & Woods, usually got home at 6:30 pm. "From the moment he walked in the door, the kids were his," Mrs. McDonnell said, referring to Kevin, 4, and Brian, 2. "He'd throw the kids on the bed, wrestle with them and play a little game called Daddy Monster, where he would crawl around on the floor and try and catch them. While I was getting dinner ready, every night he'd read the story and get them to bed, help them out in the bath. Bedtime was his." *

MANIKA NARULA '00

Manika Narula, 22, was approaching her first-year anniversary with Cantor Fitzgerald, a law firm whose offices occupied the highest floors of World Trade Center's Tower One.

"She is a lovely, beautiful girl," said Surgit Singh, a close family friend. "She's always smiling."

Narula's family has been awaiting word about her since Tuesday. They have circulated posters and photos of her throughout Manhattan. One poster hangs on a street sign at the corner of Third Avenue and 10th Street.

Her father and sister, who also work in Manhattan, have visited every hospital between Manhattan and Staten Island, looking for any information. Singh said that Cantor Fitzgerald has set up its own command center for other missing employees. Friends have been visiting Narula's home in droves since the tragedy. "We miss her and we're praying for her—all her family and friends," Singh said. "We're waiting to hear about her and praying very hard to God." ***

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CHRISTOPHER M. PANATIER '87

Christopher Panatier embraced his spirit of adventure and determination at an early age. At three, he clambered behind the wheel of his father's 1959 Cadillac and managed to put the car in neutral, said an older sister, Patricia. The car rolled down the family's sloping driveway and into the cul-de-sac, and crashed into the neighbor's bushes.

"I ran to the car, thinking the worst," Ms. Panatier said, "but there he was with a big smile on his face. He was ready to go. He was ready to do it again."

On the eve of a benefit triathlon in Sag Harbor, NY, he realized that he had forgotten his bicycle helmet. Instead of skipping the race, he wore his hockey helmet. "It was ridiculously funny," Ms. Panatier said.

Mr. Panatier, 36, of Rockville Centre, NY, was a foreign-currency trader for Cantor Fitzgerald on the 104th floor of 1 World Trade. He married his high school sweetheart, Carolyn, and they had two children, Annie, 6, and Christopher, 4. His ample esprit drew many lifelong friends. "People just gravitated to him," Ms. Panatier said. "He was a great husband and father, which was paramount to him." *

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JOHN W. PERRY '85

John W. Perry was not your typical police officer. He spoke French, Spanish, Swedish, and Russian, and was learning Albanian. He was a graduate of New York University School of Law. He ran in three marathons and took part in a swim around Manhattan. He was an extra in Woody Allen films. He volunteered one day a week for the Kings County Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. He was in the New York State Guard and was a board member in the New York Civil Liberties Union. He collected bulletproof vests from retired police officers and gave them to officers in Moscow.

On the morning of September 11, Mr. Perry was filing his retirement papers at 1 Police Plaza, intent on becoming a medical malpractice lawyer.

When he learned of the attacks, he ran the few blocks to the World

Trade Center. Colleagues said he disappeared in the rubble when the south tower collapsed, just moments after he tried to help a woman who had fainted.

"I always wondered why John did so much," said his mother, Patricia Perry. "As a child he was classified as having a learning disability, but he rose above it. He always felt he had something to prove." *

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LISA J. RAINES '79

By Andrew Pollack (Published September 13, 2001)

Lisa J. Raines, one of the earliest and most prominent lobbyists for the biotechnology industry, died on Tuesday in the crash of the hijacked airplane that hit the Pentagon. She was 42 and lived in Great Falls, VA.

Ms. Raines was senior vice president for government relations at the Genzyme Corporation, a biotechnology company in Cambridge, MA. She was flying from Washington to Los Angeles aboard American Airlines Flight 77 to attend a company sales meeting in Palm Springs, CA.

Ms. Raines played a role in shaping virtually all of the laws affecting the biotechnology industry over more than a decade, including laws that strengthened patent protection and accelerated the approval of drugs by the Food and Drug Administration.

Henri A. Termeer, the chief executive of Genzyme, said that when the FDA Modernization Act of 1997 was signed into law, Senator Edward M. Kennedy, Democrat of Massachusetts, gave the pen he received from President Bill Clinton to Ms. Raines for her role in pushing for the law, which streamlined the drug approval process.

Ms. Raines sometimes was at odds with people who complained that drug prices were too high. Genzyme charges more than \$150,000 a year for its drug for Gaucher disease, a rare inherited disorder. But Ms. Raines always argued that the high price was necessary to encourage innovation and bring new treatments to market.

"Ninety percent of the time we were on the opposite sides, but you had to have the utmost respect for her," said Abbey Meyers, president of the National Organization for Rare Disorders, an advocacy group for people with rare diseases.

Many who knew her said Ms. Raines was persuasive, whether on Capitol Hill or around the family dinner table. "When she was convinced of something she would argue you into the ground," Ms. Meyers said. "I could imagine her on that plane," she added, referring to the hijacked airline. "She isn't the type who would have sat in her seat."

Ms. Raines is survived by her husband, Stephen Push, a former vice president for corporate communications at Genzyme; her father, Arthur Raines of Lovettsville, VA; her mother, Marilyn Raines of Boynton Beach, FL; and a brother, Douglas Raines, of Wayland, MA. *

JONATHAN S. RYAN '90

Colin Jonathan Ryan was born on October 2, 2001. He will never know his father, Jonathan S. Ryan, who died at the World Trade Center on September 11, 2001.

Mr. Ryan, 32, who worked at Euro Brokers and lived in Bayville, on Long Island, wanted a name for his boy that had his initials, J.S.R.—like Jake Spencer Ryan or some such. In his absence, his wife, Maria, chose Colin.

“Our daughter, Autumn, just started calling her unborn brother Baby Colin,” she said. “It seemed to fit.”

There are many things Mrs. Ryan is going to tell her son about his father.

“I want him to know how many people his dad touched,” said Mrs. Ryan, 31. “Daddy played lacrosse at college. Daddy was a bond broker. Daddy just went to work as usual, trying to make a living for his family. He was excited that you were coming. He knew you were a boy, but he wasn’t sure if he wanted to know. This is how he found out: The doctor wrote down your sex and put it in a sealed envelope. A week later we went out for dinner for our fourth wedding anniversary. He needed two martinis before he could open it.

“When he did he screamed, ‘It’s a boy!’” *

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MARGARET M. WALIER SEELIGER '92

Margaret Seeliger gave up her place on a crowded elevator leaving the 100th floor of 2 World Trade Center to two colleagues, an act of generosity that surprised neither her husband nor the oldest of her eight siblings. Worrying about others was her way.

Mrs. Seeliger, 34, worked long hours as head of the student health division for Aon Insurance. Yet most weekends she and her husband, Bruce, were on a plane— either to Buffalo to visit her mother, 64, who is in the advanced stages of Alzheimer’s disease, or to Rochester, Philadelphia, Atlanta, or California to see one of her 11 nieces and nephews—whoever had a special soccer game or a role in a play.

With her 40-year-old sister, Beth Schlehr, who lives in Georgia, Mrs. Seeliger saw to the smallest details of her mother’s care: manicure appointments, clothes shopping, and maintaining family traditions. She so fully filled her mother’s shoes—and so resembled her—that Mrs. Seeliger was known to her nieces and nephews as “grandma.”

“She doted on those kids,” Bruce Seeliger said.

She even served as delivery-room coach when Mrs. Schlehr had the first of her three children.

Mr. Seeliger said that he and his wife had not yet made “the kiddie decision” because of the demands of their jobs and the cost of life in Manhattan. But Mrs. Schlehr knew better. Margaret Seeliger, precise in all things, had intended to start trying to get pregnant in November and had already laid claim to the cribs and baby clothes in her sister’s basement. *

PETER A. SIRACUSE '96

Peter Siracuse lived for competition. As a child he jockeyed for attention with his three older brothers. As a young adult, he took his aggression out on the gridiron and in lacrosse. He also played football in college.

So when Mr. Siracuse, 29, became a teacher and a coach at Bethpage High School on Long Island right after college, his family thought he was a natural, since he also loved children.

A little over a year ago, he married his high school sweetheart, Alana, and had a child of his own, Ryan Joseph, now nine months.

“He was just so excited that he had a son and a child,” said Matthew Siracuse, one of Mr. Siracuse’s brothers. “That was probably the biggest thing in his life at this time.”

Four years ago, Mr. Siracuse left the blackboard for the brokerage house. He quickly developed an affinity for his new job as a bond broker at Cantor Fitzgerald.

“He loved it; it was like game day every day,” said George Siracuse, another of his brothers. “He loved the whole camaraderie of his co-workers. He loved the competition. He thrived on it.” *

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WALWYN STUART (attended '91 to '93)

Oh, the mouth he had, that Walwyn Stuart.

His smile was incandescent, and his kisses ever-flowing. His wife, Thelma, used to chide him over his enthusiasm for his newborn daughter—You’re going to smother her!—and Mrs. Stuart didn’t much like it when he came after her with his hugs and smooches. Well, actually, she did. Just not all the time.

Mr. Stuart, 28, was a Port Authority police officer who loved his family, chess, and the Lord. He had been a narcotics detective with the New York City police, but switched jobs after Mrs. Stuart became pregnant because he wanted a safer assignment. He became a father last year, and when he worked late, nothing meant more to him than returning home to Valley Stream, NY, and holding little Amanda. He was great with children, but Mrs. Stuart would sometimes look on, just a little worried.

“I would be like, ‘Honey, that’s enough,’” Mrs. Stuart said. “He once said to me, ‘You know, you never know when the day is going to come and you are going to want that hug from me and I’m not going to be there for you.’” *

* Courtesy of *The New York Times*

** Courtesy of *The Associated Press*

*** Courtesy of *Newsday*, originally published in 2001/2002



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