NYC 9/11 Public Portal Document

Parties, Love Notes and Other Small Memories That Now Loom Large

The official number of deaths in the destruction of the World Trade Center stood yesterday at 201, and the medical examiner has identified only a few dozen victims; almost 5,000 are listed as missing. Those glimpsed on this page include six who have been confirmed dead: Bill Biggart, Pamela J. Boyce, Timothy Haskell, Joseph Lovero, Daniel W. McNeal and Yamel Merino.



Stephen Schmitt/The Journal News

Grief overwhelmed Kevin Villa, 8, at a funeral for his mother, Yamel Merino, an emergency medical technician who died last Tuesday.

LOUIE ANTHONY WILLIAMS

Love Notes on the Pillow



Louie Anthony Williams wrote his wife the kinds of letters that make women proud and bashful. Mornings did not pass without his sitting at his desk on the 66th floor of 1 World Trade Center and sending pages to his wife in a special code all their own.

If Deborah Perkins-Williams saw 381 come across her pager, she knew it was an "I love you." And if Louie, 44, typed 3814, as he did Tuesday morning, she could almost hear his voice saying, "I love you forever."

"He just liked to let you know you were loved," she said. "I'd come home from work and there was always a note on the pillow telling me to enjoy the snack he prepared for me. He was a devoted husband."

Nine years of love letters by her side, she clings to the hope that it is not too late, that the "love of her life" will soon come home. "He lived by the Bible, so I know he probably just got trapped trying to comfort someone else."

SARANYA SRINUAN

A Special Style



While Saranya Srinuan was dressing for her 23rd birthday last month, her best friend couldn't help admiring her long, straight hair and model's figure, accentuated by stylish black pants and a white blouse. "You remind me of Samantha from 'Sex and the City,'" Jan Julsuwan remembers telling her. Saranya just laughed.

Saranya always looked impossibly chic to her friends. She had modeled a little before taking a job as a bond trader after college, and confided that she wanted to work in the fashion industry some day. She loved to shop at Banana Republic and French Connection. And this week, she had planned to attend a runway show.

But Saranya's family and friends counted on more than her good taste.

"I could share really, really personal stuff with her," said Jan, who grew up with her in the same building. "We just understood each other."

FITZROY ST. ROSE

Dominica, Oh, Dominica

would rouse his mother, brother and sisters to watch reruns of his favorite comedy, "Good Times." He never missed it.

At 30, Anthony had settled into a life of comfortable routines. He always listened to hip-hop music while taking the subway to his job as a maintenance worker. He always picked up newspapers on his way home to Brooklyn, sharing them with his family. He always walked his mother to the market to buy the fixings for the Sunday dinner.

"He was the clock for our family," said his cousin, Byron Haynes. "He set the tone for the day." The only time that Anthony broke his routine, his cousin said, was when he did not come home on Tuesday. Like clockwork, he always stepped through the front door at 6 p.m.

BILL BIGGART

'I'm With the Firemen'



They found Bill Biggart's body Saturday among the firefighters. He was a photographer, 54, born to an American Army couple in the divided city of Berlin, and it seemed to his wife, Wendy Doremus, that a thread ran through his work. Bill covered division and conflict: Howard Beach, Wounded Knee, Northern Ireland, Gaza, the Gulf War. "When I saw the second plane hit, all I was hoping was that my father didn't go down; I thought, 'God, I just hope he's out sailing,'" his son William said, but by then Bill Biggart was already downtown.

Bill lived just north of Greenwich Village and he loved sailing, he loved trees. He bought people with backyards trees for their birthdays. And he spent so much time watering the trees he'd planted on Weehawken Street, near the Hudson River, that the transvestites who frequented the area were convinced he worked for Greenpeace.

During the attack, his wife called him on his cellphone to tell him it was terrorism, not an accident. "I'm O.K.," he said. "I'm with the firemen."

CRAIG STAUB

He Had 2 Birthdays Coming



A new wife, a new house and, almost, a new baby. "He got married last year and he had just had their house built for them" in New Jersey, Ken Donohue said of his younger brother, Craig home in River Edge, N.J.

The next day, he would round up the fans for a tailgate party at the stadium before the kickoff. A few weeks ago, he took his sons to a preseason game. "They loved it," said his wife, Donna. "He was a good husband and a wonderful father."

The regular season was supposed to start last Sunday.

MICHAEL IKEN

One Night to Count the Stars

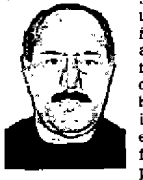
It would be hard for anyone who came to Michael Iken's 37th birthday party, on the Saturday night before the disaster, ever to forget it. Michael, a bond trader at Maxcor/Euro Brokers on the 84th floor of 2 World Trade Center, insisted that that night's celebration be at home on the terrace of the garden apartment in Riverdale he shared with his wife, Monica.

"It just had to be surf and turf," she said, "so I got his favorite teriyaki beef, and the lobster tails, and ordered his favorite key lime pie from Florida, because you just can't get decent key lime around here," she said.

Of course, close friends Jennifer and Andrea were there. The food and conversation tried to make his way into the building to rescue his sister but was rebuffed by the police. "That's the hardest part," he said. "I witnessed everything happen."

JOSEPH LOVERO

Fan of the Firefighters



Joseph Lovero was the ultimate fire buff. He fell in love with firefighting as a child hanging out at the firehouse a few doors down from his family's house on Bergen Avenue in Jersey City. His brother and friends became firefighters; but a heart problem disqualified Mr. Lovero. So he joined the Jersey City Gong Club, a fire buffs' group, and turned up at every fire, often with the club's canteen, helping out the firefighters.

Several years ago, the Jersey City Fire Department began hiring civilian dispatchers. Mr. Lovero, who had worked in construction and hoped for a cameo role in "The Sopranos," got one of the jobs. Late Tuesday, his family learned that he was in St. Vincent's Manhattan Hospital, where he laughing. "I think she finally found a little mark on her ear."

YAMEL MERINO

Fulfilled by Acts of Kindness

Yamel Merino had a soft, sweet voice and a gentle smile, yet she could be as strong as a bull. She had to lift heavy patients onto gurneys in her job as an emergency medical technician. She knew her job was dangerous. Every night, she prayed for God to protect her 8-year-old son, whom she was raising on her own.

She felt most fulfilled when she was helping people. She was one of the first people to reach the trade center complex before the first building collapsed.

The 24-year-old mother lived with her son in Yonkers. Her big goal was to return to school to become a nurse. She had struggled mightily to get where she was. She didn't finish high school, though she eventually got her general equivalency diploma. She had worked at Metrocare, an ambulance company, for more than three years. A close friend recalls she had been nervous about whether she would get the job. She need not have worried. "They loved her," said the friend

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with her," said Jan, who grew up with her in the same building. "We just understood each other."

FITZROY ST. ROSE

Dominica, Oh, Dominica

Fitzroy St. Rose displayed the national flag of his island country, Dominica, on the bedroom wall of his sparsely furnished apartment in the East Bronx. He was constantly trying to set people straight about the Commonwealth of Dominica, part of the Winward Islands.

No, he told them, it's not the Dominican Republic, where even Dominica's postal mail is sometimes sent.

He was so loyal to his impoverished homeland that last year he helped organize a group, the Exodus Club, to raise money for its hospitals and other institutions. The club often met in his small apartment.

His loved ones gathered there for a prayer meeting Saturday night, returning to clean up Sunday morning.

Fitzroy, 40 and single, was a computer technician for General Telecom in 1 World Trade Center. He had a shy smile and an upbeat stride. He seemed to stand a bit taller, one close friend said, when he was doing things out of the goodness of his heart.

"Ninety people in the world would say he's my best friend," says Irving Guye, the friend. "That's how connected he was to the rest of the world."

ELAINE CILLO

Photographs to Remember



Elaine Cillo loved to take pictures. Her two-bedroom apartment in Bensonhurst, Brooklyn, might as well be a photo gallery, with pictures even crowding the walls in the bathroom. There are photographs of the Brooklyn and Verrazano-Narrows Bridges, of apples in a basket, of autumn leaves in upstate New York. She has a beautiful shot of the Eiffel Tower.

Elaine's twin sister, Lynne Cillo-Capaldo, was looking at the photos on Saturday with her husband, Paul Capaldo. Elaine, 40, a vice president at Marsh Technology and Information Service, worked on the 97th floor of the north tower.

Over the summer, the sisters and Paul vacationed in Greece. Lynne said her husband got a great picture of Elaine: It showed the camera buff taking a photo.

ANTHONY HAWKINS

On Tuesday, the Clock Broke

Anthony Hawkins always made sure that his day started with a laugh. At 5 a.m., he

These profiles were written by Diane Cardwell, Glenn Collins, Stephanie Flanders, Winnie Hu, Andrew Jacobs, Dean E. Murphy, Lynda Richardson, Jenny Scott, Barbara Stewart and Joyce Wadler.



and, almost, a new baby. "He got married last year and he had just had their house built for them" in New Jersey, Ken Donohue said of his younger brother, Craig Staub, who had worked at the World Trade Center long enough to be there the first time it was attacked. On Tuesday, Craig Staub's wife, Stacey, who is due on her husband's birthday this Saturday with the couple's first child, sat at home, unable to watch the news, wearing her husband's slippers, bathrobe and a T-shirt he had gotten that read, "I survived the World Trade Center bombing."

Mr. Donohue said his only hope that his brother was still alive lay in a joke the two shared. Watching a horror movie, he explained, when the monster burst in, they would turn to each other and say, "Time for self," which meant, "There was no time to say goodbye, it was just time to run," Mr. Donohue said. "Like I said to Stacey, Craig knew what time for self was."

FANNY ESPINOZA

Dedication, and Doughnuts

Fanny Espinoza was earning extra pocket money working behind the counter at a doughnut shop on Fordham Road in the Bronx when she met her husband, Luis, in 1988. At first he was there for a coffee and a doughnut. But pretty soon he was there for Fanny. "He likes doughnuts. But I don't think he likes them that much," said Harry Borrero, a younger brother of Mr. Espinoza. They were married at City Hall the next year.

Mrs. Espinoza, 29, was the kind of person that you wanted to tell your problems to. Especially if you were a child. When her children, Christian, 11 and Stephanie, 9, were in the first and third grades at Public School 33 in the Bronx, she volunteered as a guidance counselor for both grades, even though she was holding down one job and studying for a paralegal degree at Bronx Community College.

"When children were sad or misbehaved, she was always there with good advice," said Karen Wilson, a teacher and guidance counselor at P.S. 33. "She'd say 'Keep trying, you can do it.' And she did that in her own life, too. She was a real go-getter. When she told me she got a job at this fancy firm, Cantor Fitzgerald, in the World Trade Center, I was so happy for her."

CHRISTOPHER ALLINGHAM

The Giants' Biggest Booster



Christopher Allingham loved his family, and he loved the Giants. A season ticketholder, he never missed a home game. He even roped his sons, Christopher, 6, and Kyle, 4, and various relatives and friends into joining him. "He was like a kid," said his brother-in-law, Craig Kepple. "He was just having a good time." The night before a game, Christopher, 36, would usually pack up the portable grill, marinate the steaks, and dig out his Giants T-shirt, sweatshirt and ball cap at his

"so I got his favorite teriyaki beef, and the lobster tails, and ordered his favorite key lime pie from Florida, because you just can't get decent key lime around here," she said.

Of course, close friends Jennifer and Andrea were there. The food and conversation were so great that even the neighbors stopped by.

Then all four of them sat on the lawn "and hung out till the wee hours," Monica said, "and counted the stars."

Monica cried for a bit. "I am so grateful to have that memory. Because he was so happy."

DANIEL W. McNEAL

The Heart in the 3-Piece Suit



Daniel W. McNeal wore a three-piece suit in high school. He followed the stock market, loved Ronald Reagan and considered politics as a profession.

His mother advised against it. So Daniel went to business school at Georgetown University and one year ago became an analyst for the firm of Sandler O'Neill on the 104th floor of 2 World Trade Center.

His plan was to make a name for himself on Wall Street, then write books and become a professor at Georgetown, his sister, Kathleen, said.

In the meantime, his annual Christmas present to his family in Towson, Md., was a trip to New York City and a night on the town. "He was so proud of New York and the people he had met and the places he had been," Ms. McNeal said.

Daniel liked helping people, she recalled. Once, on a golf course, he threw himself between a hurtling ball and a woman who was about to be hit, Kathleen said. The woman emerged unscathed; the gentlemanly Daniel ended up bleeding from the head and apologizing profusely to the golfers, whose ball he had intercepted, for having interrupted their game.

DORIS ENG

The Dream Job

Long after her friends had left the nest and set up homes of their own, Doris Eng was still sharing an apartment in Flushing, Queens, with her mother, Sui-Kam Eng. Doris, club manager for Windows on the World on the 107th floor of 1 World Trade Center, was single-minded in her devotion to her mother, a garment worker whose husband died last year. "Everything she did was for my mom," her younger brother, Jerry, 27, said in a telephone interview as his mother sobbed in the background. "She cared about other people more than herself."

Doris was also devoted to her work. A graduate of New York University, she had worked in some of the city's finest establishments — Le Cirque, the Mayfair Hotel and the Warwick Hotel — but her job at Windows was, he said, a dream come true. She worked from 6 a.m. until 5 p.m., and sometimes came in on the weekends.

A network administrator for the City Council, Jerry was on his way to work last Tuesday when he saw the first plane hit. He

Several years ago, the Jersey City Fire Department began hiring civilian dispatchers. Mr. Lovero, who had worked in construction and hoped for a cameo role in "The Sopranos," got one of the jobs. Late Tuesday, his family learned that he was in St. Vincent's Manhattan Hospital, where he later died.

Asked why Mr. Lovero had been at the World Trade Center, his sister-in-law, Joan Lovero, said, "We're not certain. Because we didn't ourselves know that he was there."

JOAO AGUIAR

A Knack for Defying Odds



Last year, while sailing off the coast of New Jersey, Joao Aguiar was knocked unconscious by the flying boom of his catamaran and fell into a coma. The prognosis wasn't good, but Mr. Aguiar emerged from unconsciousness two days later. In two weeks he was out of the hospital. His uncle, Raymond S. Smith, said he was not surprised that his nephew defied the odds.

"J. J. is a strong, athletic guy," he said. "Just like then, I'm sure he'll pull through."

Joao, 30, of Monmouth Beach, N.J., worked for KBW Investments on the 86th floor of the south tower. Mr. Smith said he learned from co-workers that his nephew made it to the 76th floor.

"He's resourceful, a really smart kid," said Mr. Smith, who raised his nephew after his parents returned to Portugal while Joao was still in high school.

Joao was crazy about horses, and he recently met a woman while riding. Mr. Smith said he was planning to move in with his girlfriend, who owns a horse farm in Colts Neck, N.J. "For the first time in his life, he was in love," Mr. Smith said.

PAMELA J. BOYCE

A No-Nonsense Life



Sometimes people would see Pamela J. Boyce's direct, no-nonsense style and take it for abrasiveness, says her partner, Catherine Apello. But Pamela, 43, refused to change. "It was similar to slapping someone in the face," Catherine says of the woman she shared a life with in Dyker Heights, Brooklyn. "If there was someone who lost a loved one and had been grieving too long, so that they were not living their life, she would say, 'Stop. It's not what they would want. They are in a better place.' She said, 'I'm not afraid to die because I know where I am going is beautiful.' "

Pamela had been the assistant vice president of accounting in the New York office of Carr Futures, on the 92nd floor of 1 World Trade Center. She was a competitive disco dancer. One of her happiest moments was serving as a Lamaze coach for her sister Desiree when her niece Kristina was born. "She was so neurotic there she had to find something specific on the baby to make sure they got the right one," Catherine said,

finish high school, though she eventually got her general equivalency diploma. She had worked at Metrocare, an ambulance company, for more than three years. A close friend recalls she had been nervous about whether she would get the job. She need not have worried. "They loved her," said the friend, Maureen Nicie.

LYNETTE VOSGES

Big Surprise



Last February, Lynette Vosges invited about 100 of her closest friends to a party to celebrate the 15 years she and her friend, Maurice, had been living together. Once everyone had gathered at a New Rochelle banquet hall, she announced the surprise. The party was a really a wedding. She and Maurice then exchanged marriage vows in front of a guest who was a justice of the peace.

The daughter of immigrants from Guadeloupe, Lynette grew up in Queens and studied English at Queens College, without graduating. Her first real job was at Guy Carpenter & Company, working in the claims department.

Later, she moved to AON Insurance, where she was eventually promoted to senior vice president of reinsurance, at a six-figure salary. She and Maurice bought a home in the Douglaston section of Queens, which they were renovating and redecorating.

Lately, she would return home in the evening and immerse herself in fabric swatches and paint samples.

TIMOTHY HASKELL

Prepared for Emergencies



Timothy Haskell trained his dalmatian, Blaze, to "stop, drop and roll." He took the dog to the school where his sister, Dawn Haskell-Carbone, teaches. "Timmy would say to the dog, 'Your clothes are on fire! What do you do?' " she recalled yesterday. "She would stop, throw herself on the ground and roll. He would ask the kids, 'What if you smell smoke?' The dog would crawl on her belly over to a door. Timmy would say, 'Feel the door first to see if it's hot.' And the dog would put her paws on the door."

Timothy grew up in Seaford, N.Y. — on a skateboard, then a dirt bike, and always on the water. As an adult, he loved scuba diving and extreme games; he was getting his pilot's license.

Timothy, 34, and two of his brothers, Thomas and Kenneth, followed their father into firefighting.

"All my brothers, they all got perfect scores on their physical, and their tests were almost perfect," his sister said. "It was that important to them, that they worked hard at it."

Timothy's brother, Thomas, is still missing.

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THE NEW YORK TIMES, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 2001



Tyler Hicks/The New York Times

Irina Ostrovskaya, who lives in Brooklyn, gazes at the Manhattan skyline during an afternoon ferry trip. New York City began running a Brooklyn-Manhattan ferry service yesterday for the first time in 59 years.

THE BROOKLYN FERRY

On a Free Boat Ride, 'It Hurts to Even Look'

By NICHOLE M. CHRISTIAN

They came by the hundreds, hoping that an early morning ferry ride from Brooklyn to Lower Manhattan would somehow ease the anxiety of returning to work to offices in the middle of a disaster area.

But for many of the bond traders, bankers and other Wall Street workers who boarded boats outside the Brooklyn Army Terminal, the free 30-minute ride across New York Harbor became just another haunting reminder of all that was lost in the terrorist attack on the World Trade Center last week.

As the New York skyline came into view on the 7 a.m. run, dozens of people walked to the front of the boat, staring out at what on any other day might have been a postcard-perfect morning. Yet the smell of smoke and the white cloud that has become an eerie marker of where the twin towers once stood overshadowed the beauty of the day and the historic nature of the ferry rides.

It marked the first time in 59 years that the city had run service from Brooklyn into Manhattan. (In the last decade several private companies have run ferries on the route. The last of those, SeaStreak America, discontinued its service in July.)

"It hurts to even look in that direction," said Bernadette Artus, 30, who works for the city's Landmarks Preservation Commission but like so many others was headed to temporary offices. "I never thought of the trade center as being a particularly beautiful building, but to look up and not see it just breaks my heart."

Alan Saly, who opted to take his two daughters to school via the ferry, could not bring himself to look away. "I just keep thinking about all of the firemen, rescue workers and police who died over there," he said. "Their expertise could have saved a lot of lives in years to come, but it's all gone now. Just gone."

Iris Weinshall, the city's transportation commissioner, said there was little choice but to reopen the ferry service, given the level of congestion on the streets and the fact that the N and R subway lines, which served much of Brooklyn, were running only on a limited basis.

The ferry, which can carry 1,280 passengers, runs between the Brooklyn Army Terminal and the Whitehall Ferry Terminal in Manhattan hourly, from 6 a.m to 9 a.m. and from 3:30 p.m. to 7:30 p.m.

"We want to get people back to work, back to their normal lives but without having them get on the roads, which right now are all pretty backed up," Ms. Weinshall said, referring in particular to the Gowanus and Brooklyn-Queens Expressways. "If there is a demand, we will continue to make it available during the crisis."

In all, 1,133 commuters rode the Brooklyn ferry yesterday. Some people who had waited years for a city ferry service from Brooklyn, even lobbying politicians, found it hard to rejoice about the return.

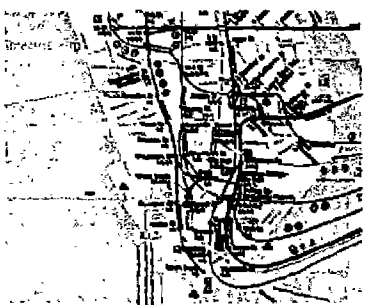
"It took an act of war by terrorists to bring a ferry back to Brooklyn," said Kathryn Kash, a psychologist at Beth Israel Medical Center. "Even though it makes life for a lot of us here a lot easier in terms of getting into Manhattan, it's hard to be happy about it."

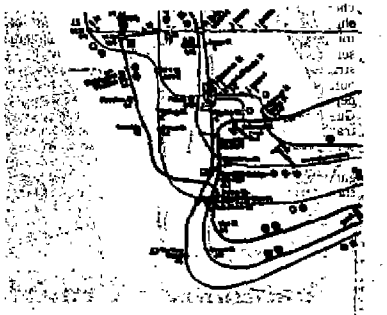
Ron Rice, 46, who works at a Signature Bank branch at 70 Broadway, said: "I love New York. But I'm paranoid now. A lot of stuff I took for granted, like going to a Yankees game, being in a crowd like this, makes me nervous."

Tom Mitchell, a 57-year-old lawyer, looked over at his friend and tried to offer a bit of consolation: "Like the president said, all we can do is push on, do our jobs and hope we figure out what it means to be normal again."

A Grim Reality, a New Map

New York City Transit released a new subway map yesterday that reflects changes in service because of damage to tunnels and stations near the World Trade Center. The map is available on the agency's web site — www.mta.nyc.ny.us. It shows changes that officials said will probably remain in effect for many months.





Subways and Stations

1 No service south of 14th St.

2/3 Local service from 96th St. to Canal St. Chambers St. and Park Place will be bypassed.

9 No service

A Stops at 163rd St. and 155th St. Chambers St. will be bypassed.

C No service.

E World Trade Center station is closed. Service extended to replace C in Brooklyn.

N Service replaced by M in Brooklyn and W in Manhattan and Queens.

R Service replaced by J in Brooklyn and Q in Queens

4/5 Wall Street will be bypassed.

Buses

LOCAL BUS SERVICE

South of Canal St. service is limited to the M15 and the M103.

EXPRESS BUS SERVICE FROM OUTER BOROUGHS

South of Canal St. buses will drop off and pick up passengers along Water St. and Pearl St.

There will be no X3, X25, X90, X92 buses.

Bridges and Tunnels

BROOKLYN BRIDGE

No cars, open to pedestrian traffic

BROOKLYN-BATTERY TUNNEL, HOLLAND TUNNEL

Only open to emergency vehicles and buses

Commuter Trains

PATH TRAIN

Will run to 33rd St.

Ferries

New ferry service will run from Brooklyn to Manhattan. A free shuttle bus will make regular bus stops along Shore Rd. (from Fourth Ave.), Bay Ridge Ave., Second Ave. and 68th St., with additional stops at 65th St. and 60th St. on Second Ave.

Limited parking will be available in Brooklyn.

OTHER

Private ferries running normally.

NY Waterway ferries to downtown have been rerouted to Pier 11.

The New York Times

THE FAMILY CENTER

Relatives of Missing Find a Place for Their Comfort

By JANE GROSS

Virtually overnight, the New York City government has put together a family center for relatives of people missing in the terror attack on the World Trade Center that veteran disaster workers say transcends anything they have ever seen.

The center, which opened yesterday morning at Pier 94, at 55th Street and the West Side Highway, offers hot meals and child care, telephones and Internet access, a television lounge and a cafeteria, interpreters who speak at least eight languages and curtained interview cubicles — each with a box of tissues — for filing missing person's reports and delivering DNA samples.

The center, open from 8 a.m. to midnight, won high praise from Heidi Snow, who lost her fiancé in the explosion of T.W.A. Flight 800 and founded an agency for relatives of those lost in air disasters.

She marveled at the sense of both order and compassion, with booths carefully labeled and volunteers with name tags, all in patriotic red-white-and-blue. "At the Ramada," she said, referring to the hotel where T.W.A. families gathered, "it was so confusing what people's roles were."

Mental health workers and clergy members wander the 125,000-square foot space, three and a half times the size of the armory on Lexington Avenue that had been serving the families until yesterday.

In the child care center, where trained workers amuse youngsters while their parents conduct their grim business, there are diapers and changing tables, crayons and drawing paper.

There are also teddy bears. "A lot of the adults are walking around holding them," said Gina Giallonardo, a volunteer member of the Red Cross rapid response team.

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