NYC 9/11 Public Portal Document

weekends, no parking is allowed on the street—ensuring that most of the beach is reserved for Belle Harbor residents and their friends.

Mike Terino, a 37-year-old longshoreman whose next-door neighbor had a plane turbine fall on a boat parked out in the driveway, describes Belle Harbor as a community where "everybody knows a brother of somebody, and everybody knows your name." And your nickname, too. Placards for local fundraisers for World Trade Center victims identify those who perished by their monikers: "Fundraiser for Mondo" (Frank Monaghan, a Cantor Fitzgerald employee) or "Fundraiser for Bells" (firefighter Steve Belson). The community is so tightknit that the Red Cross closed the temporary shelter it opened for evacuated families after no one showed up—families displaced by the crash just went over to relatives' or friends' houses.

Family ties. Last week's death toll provided a painful reminder that the web of grief left behind after September 11 still lingers here. One of the first firefighters' funerals at St. Francis de Sales was that of Capt. Walter Hynes. Hynes, who left behind a wife and three young daughters, was a friend of Bernie Heeran's and a longtime business partner with him at the Harbor Light, as was Fire Department Lt. Tom Farragher, one of Hynes's brothers-in-law. Farragher was among the many firefighters who rushed to the Flight 587 crash site—after checking first to make sure his mother was safe (she was in church attending morning mass at St. Francis when the plane hit). His wife, Patricia Hynes Farragher, teaches gym at the high school that Christopher Lawler's sisters attend. And Hynes's other brother-in-law, Richard Fanning, is a retired deputy fire chief. He, too, headed out to help.

While Belle Harbor residents say they won't forget the losses of September 11 and now the November 12 plane crash, they take solace in helping each other. Veronica Hynes, Captain Hynes's widow, reports that she has been overwhelmed by the "kindness and support" of neighbors. Her brother, Richard Fanning, says that every day for 30 nights after Hynes died, neighbors brought dinner to his sister's house. Other friends, unbidden, showed up to take her girls to soccer games, mowed the lawn, and started a prayer group for her. Faith, and a tradition of public service, also seem to nurture belief in the future. "We'll mourn our losses and go on," vows Lieutenant Farragher. "As people around here sometimes say, the worst in humanity brings out the best in humanity." ●

With Richard J. Newman

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