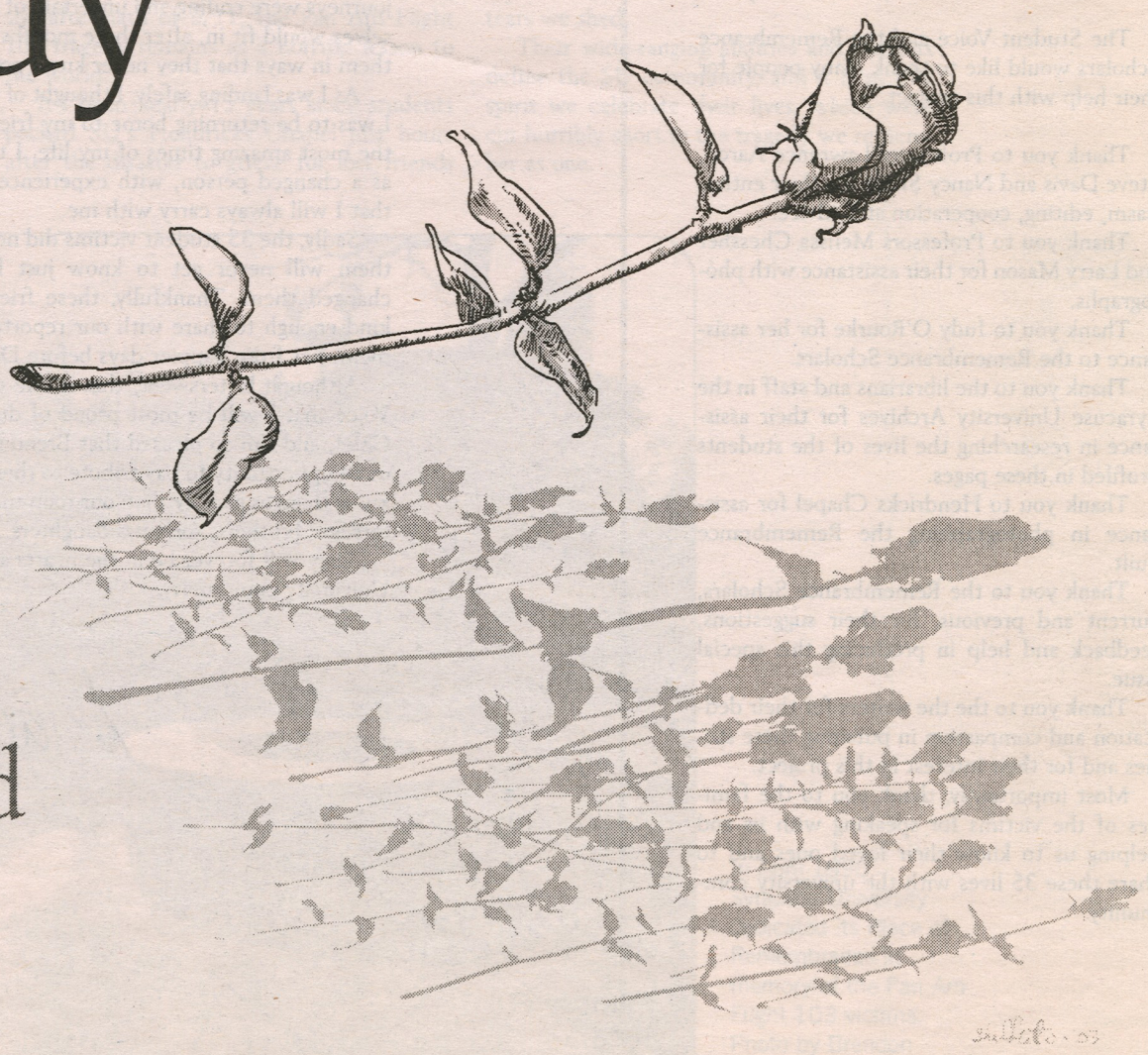
THE
STUDENT
VOICE

SPECIAL ISSUE

Nov. 6-12, 2003 • Issue #7 • Volume IX

Casting Light on Shadows of Tragedy



35 Lives Remembered

In memory of the victims of Pan Am Flight 103.

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OUR MOST SINCERE GRATITUDE

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Thank you to the the writers for their dedication and compassion in pursuing these stories and for their interest in this project.

Most importantly, thank you to the families of the victims for speaking with us and helping us to know their loved ones and to share these 35 lives with the university community.

15 years

Editor's Voice

The first time I came to Syracuse University was as a high school senior when I was visiting for a fall reception, coincidently during the annual Remembrance Week. As I toured the campus, my guide took me past the Place of Remembrance, and it was at that moment that I first became familiar with the tragedy that affected my soon-to-be school so deeply.

Seconds later, as we all stood in silence, we heard bells toll 35 times; once for each SU victim. Although I didn't realize it at the time, the victims of Pan Am Flight 103 would come to have a connective thread in my life, despite the fact that I never actually knew any of them personally.

It is strange how people we never meet can change us, but the echoes of the victims of Pan Am Flight 103 continue to resound through this university, even 15 years after they were ripped from the lives of their friends and loved ones so abruptly.

Although the disaster comes up often in class discussions and the recent settlement with Libya has kept the issue alive, many of us do not know who these victims really were. But they were, after all, students like us, embarking on their futures.

When I returned home last spring from a semester abroad in London, I felt frozen for a moment as I looked around the plane to see familiar faces returning along with me — probably somewhere close to 35 of them. The 35 victims were in the same position that we were in at that moment: excited to be going home, sad that their journeys were ending and uncertain of how their new-and-improved selves would fit in, after three months in a foreign country changed them in ways that they never knew possible.

As I was landing safely, I thought of these students and how lucky I was to be returning home to my friends and family after some of the most amazing times of my life. I touched down on the runway as a changed person, with experiences, life lessons and memories that I will always carry with me.

Sadly, the 35 student victims did not return, and those closest to them will never get to know just how their semesters abroad changed them. Thankfully, these friends and relatives have been kind enough to share with our reporters their personal stories and memories from happier days before Dec. 21, 1988.

Although bittersweet, this is one of the issues of The Student Voice that I will be most proud of during my tenure as Editor-In-Chief, and I'm so pleased that Brendon took on this project, giving us an opportunity to pay tribute to these 35 individuals and to get to know them as exactly that: our roommates, classmates, students, sisters and brothers, sons and daughters.

They will forever be in the hearts and memories of the Syracuse University community.

Ariana R. Phillips

Ariana R. Phillips
Editor-In-Chief

35: More Than Just a Number

BY BRENDON FLEMING

It's been nearly 15 years since a bomb ripped apart a Pan Am jumbo jet 38 minutes after it took off from London's Heathrow Airport on Dec. 21, 1988.

Nearly 15 years since 35 students studying abroad through Syracuse University's Division of International Programs Abroad boarded a Boeing 747, known as "The Maid of the Seas," and headed home to waiting loved ones just four days before Christmas.

Nearly 15 years since Pan Am Flight 103 exploded over Lockerbie, Scotland, at 7:03 p.m. London time, killing all 259 people on the jet and 11 more in the small town below.

In November 1991, the United States and Scotland indicted two Libyan intelligence agents in connection with the bombing. Two years later, in hopes of forcing Libya to extradite the suspects, the United Nations increased economic sanctions against the country.

The Libyan government surrendered the suspects in April 1999 to Scottish authorities for a trial under Scottish law that would take place in the Netherlands to ensure neutrality.

One suspect was convicted on Jan. 31, 2001, and is serving a life sentence, which under Scottish law, could be only 20 years. The other suspect was found not guilty.

On Sept. 12, Libya and the families reached a $2.7 billion settlement over the bombing.

Under the settlement, the families will each receive as much as $10 million.

The families who agreed to the settlement were to begin receiving the first $4 million this week, James P. Kreindler, a Manhattan attorney representing many of the families, said in a recent phone interview.

If the United States lifts sanctions on Libya and removes the country from the State Department's list of state sponsors of terrorism, the families will receive an additional $6 million, Kreindler said.

If the United States does not lift its sanctions and remove Libya from the list, families will receive an additional $1 million, he said.

With the settlement and with the global community more conscious of terrorism in the aftermath of 9/11, the Pan Am Flight 103 tragedy remains as a horrific lesson to the world.

It's been nearly 15 years since students packed SU's Hendricks Chapel just hours after the disaster to grieve for lost friends and begin the remembrance of their lives.

Since the tragedy, the university has continued remembering their lives with Remembrance Scholarships, the Place of Remembrance and the annual Remembrance Week.

This year The Student Voice and the Remembrance Scholars offer this special publication for Remembrance Week to help the university community know the students who were killed as more than a cold count, more than the number 35.

The lives that unfold in the following pages are those of the 35 students lost on Pan Am Flight 103. Thirty-five individuals who breathed energy into daily routines, explored not only the world, but also their own hearts and heads and made friends and relatives smile.

These 35 students were us. Whether they were SU students throughout their college careers or only for a semester while abroad, they embody Syracuse University — the friends we make, the laughs we share, the tears we shed.

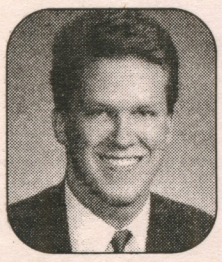
Their wide-ranging abilities and pursuits define the SU community, and it is in that spirit we celebrate their lives, which were cut horribly short in the tragedy we remember as one.

In April 1990, Syracuse University dedicated its Place of Remembrance in memory of the Pan Am Flight 103 victims. Photo by Brendon Fleming

15 years

"...dedicated to the memory of the 35 students enrolled in Syracuse University's Division of International Programs Abroad who died with 235 others as a result of a plane crash December 21, 1988, over Lockerbie, Scotland, caused by a terrorist bomb.

– Engraving on Syracuse University's Place of Remembrance memorial



STEVEN RUSSELL BERRELL

June 19, 1968 – December 21, 1988
Fargo, North Dakota
Syracuse University
Communications & Management Major

On a scale representing his life, Steven Russell Berrell achieved perfect equilibrium. He had the ability to balance the importance of working hard and having fun.

"He was fun, funny and serious," said his mom, Sally Berrell.

The 20-year-old junior from Syracuse University was on his way home to Fargo, N.D., from London, where he had studied for a semester, to be with his parents, Robert and Sally Berrell, his older brother Rob, his older sister Martha and the family's Yorkshire Terrier for Christmas when Pan Am Flight 103 went down.

For Steve, who was passionate about exploring new places, the semester in London was his third trip to Europe. As a teenager he stayed with a French family for a week as part of a chaperoned program at South Fargo High School. He was also selected to be part of a regional 18-piece jazz band that traveled to Europe for 20 days to play in various concerts. Steve's musical talent and practice earned him the position of first chair for trumpet in many high school and traveling concerts. A memorial that promotes youth music advancement is set up in his remembrance at First Presbyterian Church in Fargo.

Being a member of the student council and the tennis team did not interfere with Steve's ability to earn honor student status in high school. His determination to achieve pushed him to work harder to accomplish the high goals he often set for himself. Steve's involvement with the community did not prevent him from making plenty of time for his family and friends, to whom he was loyal at all times.

At SU, Steve's majors were in business and television, radio and film. He wanted to do so many different things in his future and did not want to be restricted to one area of study. While at Syracuse, he did some news reporting and writing, which he had always been passionate about, at the local radio station WJPZ-FM.

In the spring before Steve went abroad, which was something he had been adamant about doing for many years, he joined Phi Delta Theta, an on-campus fraternity. At that time his brother, Rob, was also a member. Steve planned to move into the house the following spring.

Steve's serious side was not limited to his academic achievements. He had a deep respect for his family and friends. One of his greatest attributes was his selflessness in helping out friends in need without expecting anything in return for his actions.

In exploring anything from museums to theaters, Steve was always looking for something fun to do.

When Steve's dad, Robert Berrell, was a Honda automobile dealer he gave Steve and his sister Martha a car to drive to Cape Cod to live for the summer. He told them not to put more than 10,000 miles on it. As the two were driving home from their summer away, Steve pulled over onto the side of the highway somewhere between Minneapolis and Fargo.

When Martha asked what he was doing, he motioned to the odometer and said that they couldn't make the rest of the journey home because they were about to go more than 10,000 miles. Eventually Steve got back on the road and continued home to humor the family with his witty ability to take his dad's instructions literally and create a story that the family would always remember.

"He was a straight shooter," his dad said.

Steve was not afraid to give his opinion and did not understand why people couldn't just be themselves.

Steve had a deep respect and love for people of all different backgrounds, as the various religious memorial services for him showed. He was baptized and confirmed at First Presbyterian Church in Fargo, but Jewish friends had trees planted for him in Israel and Catholic friends had memorial masses in his name. He encompassed every type of person, with one exception, his mom said.

"He always used to say that he just didn't have the patience for people who were phony."

– LAUREN RIDGE

35 lives

KENNETH JOHN BISSETT

December 19, 1967 – December 21, 1988
Hartsdale, New York
Cornell University
Communications Major

By age 11, Kenneth Bissett had created a comic book series that rivaled anything Marvel was putting out at the time. Ken wrote a letter to the company saying just that.

In it, the fifth-grade student criticized Marvel's narrow depiction of superheroes.

"Why are robots always the bad guys?" Ken asked. In Ken's comic books, robots were complex individuals who knew right from wrong.

Ken included an in-depth description of his main robot creations: Utonic Man, the "Ultra Strongman," with "a voice like a cyclone, [who] could change his matter through a proton converter," and "Phason, the underdog."

The 11-year-old gave his heroes fully developed emotions.

"Many say, 'Robots don't have feelings, so they are tyrannic[al],'" Ken wrote in his letter. "Well, I say phooey. Utonic man has a programmed circuit for feelings."

Ken was the focal point of his family. He was an only child, raised by his parents, John and Florence Bissett and his uncle John Anselmo, in their Hartsdale, N.Y., apartment.

After Ken's death, the Bissetts asked Anselmo, who was also Ken's godfather, to write a short biography about their son. It included a record of Ken's accomplishments.

Ken excelled in academics and achieved the highest SAT scores for his class at Iona Preparatory School in Hartsdale his senior year of high school. He was a National Merit Finalist, and he secured scholarships to both Dartmouth College and Cornell University. He selected Cornell.

Ken knew how to have a good time, too. In the biography, Anselmo recalls how Florence Bissett called Ken's gang of buddies at Iona Prep the "Night Riders," after the time they left Westchester at 11 p.m. on the train for New York City. The boys had heard that after hours was the best time to hear good jazz in the city on a Saturday night. Ken's love for jazz continued to blossom throughout his college career.

Dave Didato, one of Ken's prep school friends and fellow "Night Rider," recalled those adventures in a memorial letter addressed to Ken.

"I remember the times we used to head down to Greenwich Village," Didato wrote. "We always loved to hear the jazz greats play at the Blue Note or the Vanguard."

Didato also recalled the times he spent making music in his basement with Ken, and listening to the stories he wrote.

"I was impressed with how the world abounded with humor and irony for you," Didato recalled. "I couldn't begin to count how many laughs have come from my mouth because of you, and that will always be my most treasured memory."

At Cornell, Ken enrolled in the College of Engineering but soon realized the program was not right for him. He began writing articles for the Cornell Countryman, his college magazine, and soon decided on a career in communications. After transferring programs, Ken opted to study in London through Syracuse University. While abroad, Ken visited Scotland, France, Holland, Italy and the Soviet Union. He relayed his experiences in these places to his favorite professor at Cornell.

In a letter to this professor, Ken described his experience in the country, which was then communist, as "profound."

"Russia..." Ken wrote. "I think every American, every Western European, anyone who's unhappy with their country, should visit Moscow so they can appreciate their freedom and their way of life."

On July 3, 1988, Ken's family sat around the dinner table watching news reports that the U.S. Navy had destroyed an Iranian airbus.

"We are going to pay for this," Ken remarked to his parents and uncle.

Fewer than six months later, Ken boarded Pan Am Flight 103. Ken's mother waited eagerly at home with a birthday cake she had baked that morning. Ken had turned 21 while in Europe, and Florence Bissett had planned a day of festivities upon the safe return of her only son.

Ken planned to someday return the favor to his parents for all the love and devotion they gave him.

"In the future I would like to take good care of my parents as they have taken care of me," Ken wrote at age 11 in a school essay. "Also, when I am settled I would like to adopt a child so it could be as happy as I am today."

– CLAIRE DUFFETT

STEPHEN JOHN BOLAND

September 28, 1968 – December 21, 1988
Nashua, New Hampshire
Syracuse University
Advertising Major

One of Stephen Boland's Beatles posters still hangs in the Delta Tau Delta fraternity house at Syracuse University in his memory.

Every year, incoming pledges are required to learn about their fraternity brother's life.

"If they don't know about Stephen," said SU junior and fraternity member Matthew P. Hughes, "it's not good."

As a part of the pledge process for new members, fraternity brothers take them to the Place of Remembrance to pay their respects to Stephen, Hughes said.

Boland, a 20-year-old a junior advertising major, was returning to Nashua, N.H., after studying in London when Pan Am Flight 103 went down.

"He loved the Beatles, especially John Lennon," said his sister Kelly Boland Wood. "That's why he chose to go to London, to see where the Beatles had come from."

Boland's room at home was filled with Beatles posters, pictures and newspaper clippings. His mother even made him Beatles pillowcases out of one of his shirts to go with his room.

His sister remembers him most for the comfort he offered in the year before he went to college. She also recalls him as something of collector.

"He put a lot of work into making his room look like that," she said.

"He loved the Beatles because of the words and meaning behind their songs," said his father John Boland.

Stephen made the most out of his time in London and kept himself busy. If he wasn't doing schoolwork, he was at his advertising internship or sightseeing.

Boland collected pictures of himself at all the famous Beatles locales — Strawberry Fields, Penny Lane, in front of the Eleanor Rigby statue and by the Abbey Road Studio sign. In one photograph Stephen was frozen, mid-stride, as he crossed Abbey Road, one shoe on and one shoe off, just as the "four lads from Liverpool" had before him.

"Steve was never still one minute," his mother, Jane Boland, said of the trip, "he was always busy doing something else."

That Christmas, the Bolands were anxiously looking forward to their son's return home. The last time they had seen him was in August when he left for London.

The Christmas tree was up and ready, waiting for Stephen to come home and put the first ornament on the tree, a family tradition for almost two decades, since Stephen was one or two years old. The ornament, which his mother had bought for him, was always the same: a red ball with a picture of Santa Claus on it.

Stephen was accepted through early decision to the S.I. Newhouse School of Public Communications, where he made the Dean's list in 1986 and 1988. While abroad he was elected to become the vice president of his fraternity.

> "Steve was never still one minute. He was always busy doing something else.
>
> Jane Boland,
> Stephen's mother

In Boland's honor, the Delta Tau Delta fraternity awards the Stephen J. Boland award every year to the most active senior in the community. It's one of the fraternity's most important awards.

Boland was also active at Bishop Guertin High School, from which he graduated in 1986. During his freshman year he joined the yearbook staff, the Fellowship of Christian Athletes and participated in project Outreach, for which he served as vice president the following year.

Before he graduated he had joined the cross-country team and the St. Christopher's Parish Youth Group, founded an intramural table tennis club and worked with Students Against Drunk Driving.

Despite his academic achievements, it was Steven's dream to be a football quarterback in school, his mother said. But his height of 5 feet 7 inches and his weight of 130 pounds prevented him from fulfilling that goal.

"At times this bothered him and it made him overachieve in other areas where size didn't matter," his mother said.

– CRYSTAL HELLER & MATT SEDLAK

15 years

NICOLE ELISE BOULANGER

October 28, 1967 – December 21, 1988
Shrewsbury, Massachusetts
Syracuse University
Musical Theater Major

Nicole Boulanger had a vision. She wanted to make musical theater her life. Though she was modest and shy growing up, she found her passion in drama, song and dance.

"It wasn't something she chose, it was something she lived," said her mother, Jeannine Boulanger.

Nicole became inspired by drama just before high school after seeing a theater production at the Holy Name Central Catholic High School, the school she was to attend.

For her first high school audition, she sang a selection from "Annie." As she began to sing, with her father Ronald Boulanger playing the organ, her mother was surprised at what she heard.

"Her voice was incredible," Jeannine Boulanger said, "It was so full of passion."

She was cast as Josie Cohan in the production "George M.," then the only freshman in recent memory to land a major role.

With little more than basic dance lessons, Nicole began choreographing her own dances in the basement of the family's Shrewsbury, Mass., house.

Her mother remembers taking her to a museum to see a display of animals in cages. Nicole carefully took notes on the movements of a small animal. She then went home and choreographed a dance based on the notes she took.

For college, Nicole chose Syracuse University's musical theater program.

"Syracuse was very good for her," her father said. "She took advantage of her education."

Nicole always had a full schedule and was registered to take 23 credits during the spring of her senior year.

"Out of any of the people in our class, I think she was the most talented," said Kim Riker, a close friend of Nicole's from her study abroad program in London.

Riker compared Nicole's voice to the character Cozette in a recording of "Les Miserables" in the late 80s. When she had Nicole listen to the tape she remembers Nicole modestly saying, "Really?"

While at Syracuse, some of the productions Nicole appeared in were "$100,000 Fundraiser Gershwin Review," "Christmas Cabaret" and "Cole."

Her mother remembers Nicole calling her to tell her she went to a bar for the first time. Because Nicole was always studying and practicing theater, she had little time for social activities.

"I remember thinking 'Oh, things are looking up,'" her mother said. But then Nicole told her "Cole" had a bar scene; she wanted to experience a bar to play her character better.

While in London, Nicole worked on a French theater project. She produced a 20-minute show with a four-person cast: three who made up a clique and one who was an outcast, played by Nicole. The members of the clique put down the outcast throughout the piece. At the end, the outcast realized she did not need to fit in to be happy.

"I think that's how she felt," Riker said.

Jeannine Boulanger agreed her daughter sometimes felt alienated because of her priorities and her seriousness.

"It reflected how she came to be the person she was," said her mother. "Her journey in self-reflection and self-discovery."

After the tragedy, students from SU's musical theater department performed the production in Nicole's honor.

Nicole also had a very close and loving relationship with her older sister Renee.

"She was like me," Renee Boulanger said.

The two shared a bedroom through childhood.

While at Syracuse University for a memorial service, Jeannine Boulanger was approached by a student who had borrowed a book from Nicole. He warned her that she might be upset by a quote Nicole had marked inside.

The book, "Living, Loving, and Learning," by Dr. Leo Buscaglia, was a collection of his lectures from the 1970s. The quote she highlighted in yellow ink read: "To live is to risk dying. I'm ready for it. Don't you dare shed one tear if you hear that Buscaglia blew up in the air or dropped dead. He did it with enthusiasm."

"I sometimes wonder if she had an inkling," her mother said.

– CATHARINE RUDNICKI

TIMOTHY MICHAEL CARDWELL

July 5, 1967 – December 21, 1988
Cresco, Pennsylvania
Syracuse University
Drama Major

Tim Cardwell wore shorts all year long. No matter if it was blazing hot or freezing cold in northern Pennsylvania, the shorts stayed on. Perhaps it was to save time going from soccer practice to drama rehearsal, or perhaps it was just to get a rise out of someone.

Tim was known for his joking and good-natured sense of humor and his need to do everything at once. In a word, energetic.

Friends at Keystone Junior College, which Tim attended prior to Syracuse University, saw him as mischievous, yet always doing good things. They just couldn't help but love him and get sucked in by his personality.

"Tim would use the intercoms and say bad things when I wasn't around," said Jane Honchell, Tim's drama instructor at Keystone Junior College, "but everyone listening would just dissolve into laughter."

At age 21, Tim made time to do everything. From soccer to drama, ROTC to choir, he juggled multiple interests at a time and was still constantly looking to do the next thing. His trip to London is another example of this drive.

"He wanted to go everywhere and do everything at the same time," recalls his father, Anthony Cardwell.

Tim's counselor at Keystone College, Maria Fanning, saw him on a nearly daily basis in his pursuit of a new experience. Each day he planned his escape from Keystone, but a few minutes later he would be off to soccer practice, drama rehearsal or the dorms where he was an RA. He wanted to move on, yet was so wrapped up in his current commitments.

Tim's presence around the drama set was constant. As Randle P. McMurphy in the Keystone College production of "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest," Tim was cast perfectly.

"McMurphy comes to the hospital and changes their lives," Fanning said. "That was Tim's theme, always encouraging people to stretch who they were."

Tim excelled as an actor and a leader. He managed to turn the once unfamiliar cast of "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" into a perfectly working unit. Tim also strove to make each performance as close to a reality as possible. In a particular scene as McMurphy, Tim was required to throttle his nemesis, Nurse Ratched. He was so realistic that he scared the young actress with his force, yet he remained perfectly in control the entire time.

"Tim was like a jungle animal with muscles bunched up under the skin," said his drama instructor, Jane Honchell. "Full of energy, he had these dynamic movements."

Tim's approach to life was reflected in almost everything he did. He never took the short route, rarely backed away from a challenge. As a tech assistant in the drama department, Tim would take the largest sledgehammer he could find and hit his target repeatedly until it conformed to the shape he desired, Honchell recalled.

Tim had many interests across all different spectrums, but he gave his full attention to each. He was a sergeant in the 403rd Army Reserve National Guard at SU. As a soldier in ROTC, he went to jump school in Georgia and completed training at Fort Knox in Kentucky.

He won a Best Actor award while at Keystone College and was captain of the soccer team. As a high school student, Tim's father recalled the huge effort it took to get him to all of his different activities on time.

Tim's energy is missed around the drama set. Staff members at Keystone College recall his performances vividly, as if they took place last year, not more than 15 years ago. News of the Pan Am Flight 103 tragedy took the whole school by force, leaving Fanning and Honchell devastated. Honchell coped by writing a newspaper column, Fanning through a letter to Tim's family that took her five days to compose.

"You find five people like Tim Cardwell and they change the world," said Fanning, his counselor and friend.

Although Tim was involved, liked and respected, he had a mischievous side that helped define his personality. He was not an angelic figure, always doing the right thing. Instead he pushed the boundaries, challenged those around him and in the process earned their respect.

"He was no saint," Honchell, his drama instructor, said. "But that was what I loved about him. He was really human."

– KRISTINE HANSON

35 lives

THEODORA EUGENIA COHEN

September 10, 1968 – December 21, 1988
Port Jervis, New York
Syracuse University
Drama Major

The last black-and-white headshot taken of Theodora Eugenia Cohen accentuated her dark, straight hair and serious brown eyes. The piercing gaze that the drama major struck for future agents and casting directors hid her wit, which she shared generously with her family, friends and audiences for her performances in theater productions.

"There was never anything that came close…even her boyfriends," her father, Daniel Cohen, said about her love for the stage. In fourth grade, she won the lead role in a school play, and from then on she was known for her singing and acting.

Theo enrolled at Syracuse University in 1986 to study drama in the College of Visual and Performing Arts. After the tragedy, the school's faculty noted that, "She was at once tough-minded in her dedication to her craft, but that quality was always leavened by her zany humor."

Theo's animated personality and lively spirit helped her make friends easily. Loyalty was one of her greatest virtues, so her smile faded to a temper when someone betrayed her, Daniel Cohen said.

"If you crossed her you'd almost certainly hear about it," he said, laughing. "You knew you had certain limits with her."

Theo demonstrated that feistiness even in her early years. When she was 5, neighborhood kids teased her in her backyard because she was so short, her father said.

One afternoon, the tormenting became intolerable, so Theo grabbed the closest defense tool she could find — a two-by-four piece of wood with a nail stuck through the end. She began swinging it around at the kids, but before she made contact with anyone, her father, who had watched the scene from a window, ran outside and grabbed it from her.

"I don't know that she would have hit someone, but I think she probably would have," he said. "I was terribly proud of her. She solved her own problems to the best of her ability. She didn't lean on anyone. She was independent. She was a fighter."

Theo surely would have used that tenacity in her acting career to touch hundreds of audiences through her onstage characters.

In one of her final essays, she wrote, "We have no choice in the fact that we have to die, but we do have a choice in how we live, and let us realize that as actors we can be a powerful force for enlightenment and change in society."

She had many plans for her future, the first of which was to start an alternative theater called the Add Libb on the SU campus during the spring of 1989 with her close friend, Miriam Wolfe.

But, on Dec. 21, 1988, as she was returning from her semester in London, Theo Cohen and her fighting spirit left this world. She never had a chance to find a two-by-four to swing at the bomb that blew apart Pan Am Flight 103 over Lockerbie, Scotland.

– ALLYSON COLLINS

ERIC & JASON COKER

April 23, 1968 – December 21, 1988
Mendham, New Jersey
University of Rochester & Syracuse University
Economics Major & Communications Major

Those who met twins Eric and Jason Coker quickly pegged them as cut-ups. Those who got to know them saw what lay beneath that comedic exterior: Eric, a serious student who loved to debate economics, and Jason, a person so involved in current events that he started his own discussion group.

The antics of Eric and Jason were endless. College friends of Eric love recalling the 1987 Final Four basketball tournament, though they shared so many Molson Bradors that night the details remain cloudy, but still warm, today. Their sister remembers the time Eric and Jason creatively fashioned condoms into confetti to see her off to her first prom. And friends still laugh about the time Eric and a buddy burned through a roll of film imitating all their friends.

But life to Eric and Jason was not all about the next frat party or boyish prank.

"Just when you think you knew (Eric), he would turn around and surprise you," said John Iovieno, Eric's college friend.

Julie Norwell, the twins' sister, understands the feeling.

During one trip to the mall with Eric, Julie was having trouble fitting into that year's fashions. Eric, instead of cracking jokes, consoled her, "Don't worry about it," he said. "They make the sizes too small. You look great, Jules."

Eric, a student at the University of Rochester, was known for his love of photography and his interest in world affairs and economics. Each year, his parents bought him a new piece of camera equipment to add to his collection.

"I remember Eric loved taking pictures of women especially," Julie said. Eric constantly bugged Julie for the perfect photo of her, even though they agreed she was not photogenic.

"At the time, Eric was more worldly, unusually worldly, than other kids in our class and in our group," said Stu David, Eric's college roommate. "He had a much better grip of things and he had his life in order."

Eric, an economics major, was a member of the Newman Catholic Community, a student ambassador group called the Meridian Club and the Economics Council at Rochester.

Eric's love of debate began early in life. One of the twins' brothers, Brian Norwell, vividly remembers coming home from school to find Eric watching CNN coverage of the Iran-Contra affair, the Reagan-era scandal that illegally funneled money to rebels in Nicaragua.

"Eric sat me down and explained how important it was that the president was testifying before Congress," Brian said. "His explanation intrigued me and got me interested in what was going on (in the world). Eric loved politics, business, serious things. He was very aware of important things."

> "He was also the first person to dare me to think about the world around me.
>
> Mike Toole,
> Jason's SU roommate

Jason Coker was a student at Syracuse University's S.I. Newhouse School of Public Communications and loved to write short stories and discuss the latest news in Europe.

"He was the first person I met at Syracuse," said Mike Toole, Jason's freshman-year roommate, in a quote from his tribute to Jason in "Syracuse University Magazine." "He was also the first person to dare me to think about the world around me. It was this passion for learning and exploring that led him to London, and eventually led me there as well."

Jason founded the student group World Watch at SU for students like himself to discuss current world events.

"When the boys were in London, I got letters from them that told me about a time when their father visited them," said Barbara Primeau, the twins' mother. "Eric's letter was about a page a long and was pretty cut and dried. Jason's letter, on the other hand, was about a page and a half about (his father's) visit and was very embellished."

As far as style went, "Eric was the GQ guy," Brian said. "He always wore Polo shirts and was the one with the serious girlfriend." Jason's style ran more to the "grungy cut-offs and ripped T-shirts." The focal point of Jason's wardrobe: "bright red Chuckies and red bandana," Brian said.

Both Brian and Julie recall Eric and Jason as having a cool room back at home. "Eric brought his loft back from college," Brian said. "They had a hammock in their room along with a TV and stereo. They had the coolest room. It was a great place to be."

Julie remembers that Eric and Jason "were also the first people that I knew who bought CDs. They loved playing music."

Eric and Jason left a lasting influence on the people they left behind.

"Jason and Eric are to thank for many of my decisions," Brian said. "I went to Europe

Continued on next page

15 years

ERIC & JASON COKER
Continued

because they did it. Jason and Eric opened my eyes. I never would have thought about going abroad had it not been for them."

Brian attributes his desire for a large family to the twins.

"The first couple summers after Jason and Eric came back from college to work, I would come home to a huge party in my driveway," he said. "After they left, I would come home to an empty house and think 'This sucks.' I always want my house to be filled with the same kind of joy that Jason and Eric brought with them."

Julie said the boys helped shape her, too.

"They were so important to me," she said. As a teenager, Julie would sit in their room after school and absorb what the twins were learning in their classes at school.

"I would get to my classes and just start spewing facts that I had learned from Eric and Jason," she said. "Everyone thought I was so smart!"

They were also her first driving instructors, letting her take "The Racer," a beat-up 1976 Dodge Dart, around the back roads of Mendham, N.J., sometimes with all four wheels on the ground, and other times, not. Following in her brothers' footsteps, Julie became a journalist after studying economics in graduate school.

"Eric taught me not to be limiting," said Iovieno, his college roommate. "He opened my horizons. You just never knew what was going to happen."

At the beginning of freshman year, Eric and Iovieno had a close group of friends from orientation. About two weeks into the year, the group walked by a guy standing alone. Eric offered him a beer, and Iovieno got a little upset. He thought the group was fine just as it was. That guy was Doug Smith, now the webmaster for Iovieno's charity and one of his closest friends.

On a trip to Syracuse, Iovieno recalled meeting Jason and his group of friends and seeing how Eric and Jason interacted.

"(Eric and Jason) lived different but parallel lives," he said.

Growing up, friends and family of the boys agreed that they were inseparable.

Their father, Tom Coker, remembered them in a poem at their passing:

"Brothers together they come in sweetness and beauty. Brothers together they left in God's grace. Gifted by God with Goodness and light their privilege, their burden. Kind in the land of the uncaring. Virtuous in the land of the ambiguous. Giving in the land of the greedy. Sighted in the land of the blind. Aware in the land of somnolent. May God let them and our love be one forever."

– MARIEL HART

GARY LEONARD COLASANTI

August 1, 1968 – December 21, 1988
Melrose, Massachusetts
Syracuse University
Advertising Major

Gary Leonard Colasanti — gone, but remembered — helped push his best friend and fraternity brother through medical school and demanding surgical training.

Chris Muratore still thinks of Gary when he operates on a sick child in the middle of the night, when he works himself to the bone, when he feels too tired to get out of bed.

"All I have to do is say, 'Are you kidding me?' There are people you knew that don't have any of these opportunities and you're bitching because it's 3 in the morning and you're operating on a kid and you're helping that kid out,'" said Muratore, a pediatric surgeon at Children's Hospital Boston. "It amazingly puts everything right into perspective. You pick yourself up by the bootstraps and keep going."

The fraternity brothers from Sigma Alpha Epsilon shared fun times. They met through a group of girls they both knew freshman year at Syracuse.

"He was the easiest person to get along with and have fun with," Muratore said.

He recalls times when crowds gathered around them to check out Gary's flawless Michael Jackson dance moves. Muratore remembers Gary's sweet and funny laughter.

And then there were road trips home. Gary, the Italian-Catholic boy from Boston, was the "total soul mirror image" of Muratore, the Italian-Catholic boy from New York. Muratore remembers meeting Gary's mom as she chopped garlic in the kitchen at her home and how she tried to persuade the two to go to the beach "and meet girls for Gary."

He also remembers bringing Gary home to meet his own mother for the first time. As Muratore's mom opened the front door, Gary dropped his bag on the stoop and with outreached arms said, "You've got to be Mama Muratore."

He picked her up, carried her into the house and won her love from that very moment.

"People he knew kind of lit up when they saw him," said Kevin O'Neill, an SAE brother.

O'Neill recalls late nights at the fraternity house when the parties were over, Gary in the corner with a small group of people talking seriously about what seemed like some important matter.

People were attracted to Gary and he was easy to talk to, Muratore said, but "he probably spent all night long trying to hook up with some girl he was so friendly with, but in the end that would never happen because everyone just wanted to be his friend."

Marshall Whinney, a friend from Gary's freshman year at Sadler Hall, will never forget the voice of his friend. Gary used to call his name across the Quad or down the hall of their dorm, just to see if he was doing well and having a good day.

"It's almost like every once in awhile I hear it, and then look around and say, 'No, it's not him,'" Whinney said.

Gary's father, Leonard Colasanti, still recalls 15 years ago when he realized Gary was on the doomed plane.

"It was like somebody had taken a bolt of lightning and stuck it through your body," he said.

Going to London was just in Gary's plans, his father said. He still recalls being a bit anxious when Gary said, "You know, Dad, I think this time next year I'd like to be in London."

At Melrose High School Gary played soccer and tennis. He was a passionate skier and accomplished in art and photography, winning a certificate of merit in 1985 from The Boston Globe Scholastic Art Awards. Gary was a junior advertising major when he went abroad to study in the fall of 1988.

Jennifer Mitchell met Gary on the plane on their way to London and spent the semester as his roommate, along with her sorority sister and Gary's fraternity brother, Tim Houlihan. Mitchell remembers walks through Hyde Park arm-in-arm with Gary, his immaculately kept room, trips to Amsterdam and margaritas.

"It was a really weird day," Mitchell said of the group's last day together. "Gary was so upset the London trip was over."

Gary, whom Mitchell remembers mostly as "Gary-the-funny," cried at the airport when he saw Houlihan off on an earlier flight.

Mitchell also knew twins Eric and Jason Coker, who sat in the same aisle as Gary on Pan Am Flight 103. She said when she travels by air these days she imagines the three boys are out there, "holding up the wings."

– HEIDI GITZEN

SCOTT MARSH CORY

September 27, 1968 – December 21, 1988
Old Lyme, Connecticut
Syracuse University
Management Major

Every time residents of Chadwick Drive in Old Lyme, Conn., pass by the oak tree, they think of former neighbor, Scott Cory.

For many years, a beloved white oak tree stood tall in the middle of the cozy, suburban street. One day, to many neighbors' dismay, the town cut it down. Scott, who was studying in London at the time, expressed to his mother over the phone his disbelief about the cutting down of his favorite tree. After Scott's death, John, Scott's older brother, and a friend planted a new oak tree in the exact same spot in his memory. Neighbors placed a single cherry-red ribbon on the newly planted oak tree. Fifteen years later, various bows decorate the tree in honor of Scott, a lively, athletic and independent young man.

Scott possessed a vibrant energy, a friendly smile and a spark of mischievousness.

"People said that Scott was always smiling," said Doris Cory, Scott's mother.

Scott Neville, Scott's neighbor and friend of Scott's younger brother, James, recalled that, "Scott was always outside playing right in the middle of the street."

Neville recalled Scott participating in an acorn fight shortly after Hurricane Gloria.

"I remember a bunch of the boys in the neighborhood having a huge acorn fight," Neville said. "Of course Scott was right there in the middle of it."

Jon-Paul St. Germain, Scott's best friend, remembers the days when Scott

Continued on next page

35 lives

SCOTT MARSH CORY
Continued

would accompany him on his paper route.

"Scott would be all over the place," St. Germain recalled. "He would climb up on people's houses." He stopped talking and laughed. "That's all I can say. I don't want to get him in trouble with his parents."

Neville recalled when Scott came home one weekend from Syracuse University with his hair dyed bright orange in the ultimate display of school spirit.

"I think his parents had a mixed reaction of shock and amusement," Neville said.

Much of Scott's boundless energy was directed toward sports. Scott's best friend recalled that it was sports that brought the two together. When St. Germain was 6-years-old, Scott moved into the bluish-grey, two-story house across the street.

"I heard the sound of a bouncing basketball coming from across the street," St. Germain recalled. "I went across the street to see who it was and met Scott for the first time."

From then on, the two were inseparable. At St. Germain's wedding, St. Germain said in his speech, "Scott will always be my best man," Scott's mother recalled.

During high school Scott played right fullback for the Lyme-Old Lyme High School varsity soccer team. His best friend recalled that Scott was in great shape and "very disciplined when it came to soccer."

"He wasn't the best, but he got good," St. Germain said.

Friends from Syracuse University last remember Scott kicking and juggling a soccer ball in London's Hyde Park, his mother said.

A sports enthusiast, Scott loved the Boston Red Sox and the Miami Dolphins. His best friend recalled that Scott, a loyal Miami Dolphins fan, would always bet on them winning.

"I would always lose bets against Scott," St. Germain recalled. "The Dolphins would always win. After awhile, I just stopped betting against him."

Athletic and active, Scott was also independent and driven.

"He did a lot on his own," St. Germain said. His best friend recalled that some of Scott's undertakings included teaching himself martial arts and using numchucks.

"He always did his own thing," St. Germain said. "When there was something he wanted to do, he would just do it...and he usually got what he wanted."

Scott's mother noted, "Scott was the kind of young man you can't forget."

– NICOLE YEE

GRETCHEN JOYCE DATER

May 17, 1968 – December 21, 1988
Ramsey, New Jersey
Maryland Institute College of Art
Fine Arts Major

0 Gretchen Joyce Dater wasn't upset when her car broke down sometime after midnight in the middle of nowhere. And she wasn't upset when the walk back to civilization took the rest of the night.

"We were worried sick about her, while she was having the time of her life," said Cheryl Solomon, who had been friends with Gretchen since middle school. "To her, it was an adventure." Gretchen was just enthusiastic about everything, she said, including sports.

In 1983, girls simply weren't expected to play with the enthusiasm boys did. But when Gretchen sent a floor-hockey puck flying toward the net in gym class, others learned to get out of the way.

"She not only knew how to shoot a puck, she shot it hard," said Jonathan Moncrief, Gretchen's classmate at Saddle River Day School in Ramsey, N.J. "I would not have hesitated to pick her for any athletic team, because whatever sport it was, she got into it completely."

Whether it was playing volleyball and soccer in high school — she was a defenseman, and "very, very good," said Moncrief — or catching Stevie Nicks live at Jones Beach Theater, Long Island, just after graduation, Gretchen was a "doer."

"She always wanted to go to the biggest concert, the biggest party," said Christine Casey, another of Gretchen's middle-school posse. "When we were older we would sneak into New York."

Gretchen — independent, outgoing and charismatic — loved the excitement and the people, and especially the Led Zeppelin laser show at the Hayden Planetarium in the city.

"We would go to that all the time," said Solomon, Gretchen's "very best friend." "She absolutely loved Led Zeppelin. And Pink Floyd. All that."

On a trip to England her senior year of high school, Gretchen brought her friends to Brighton Beach just to listen to "Love Reign O'er Me" there in honor of The Who, Solomon said.

When she returned abroad as a student from Syracuse University three years later, Gretchen got her picture taken on the Beatles' Abbey Road, and made a special trip to France to see the grave of the Doors' Jim Morrison.

"She made sure she did absolutely everything, the sights, clubs — she was a fun girl," Solomon said. "But especially the music. Anything artsy, Gretchen loved."

Visual arts were her real passion.

Gretchen's parents first noticed her interest when she was 3 years old.

"I would buy her that drawing board that everyone had, and good crayons, and she loved it," said her mother, Joan Dater. "But her enjoyment of aesthetics — I saw that very early when she would sit quietly in the car admiring landscapes. I don't know if that's rare or not, but it signaled something to me."

At Saddle River Day School, which she attended until transferring to Ramsey High School for 11th grade, Gretchen always had a pencil or paintbrush in hand, designing banners for pep rallies or bailing out others with her talent.

For a Medieval/Oktoberfest event in ninth grade, she helped almost all of her 70 classmates design signs and posters to attract customers for food and games.

"The sign at my table was all tricked out," Moncrief said. "I can't even remember what I was supposed to have done, but Gretchen made my project look like it was actually finished."

Throughout high school, Gretchen's passion and intensity convinced her art teachers to let her work independently of the class.

During her junior year, Gretchen began to concentrate more seriously.

"We were all so young — nobody had that focus, like she did," Solomon said.

For an entire year, Gretchen attended Saturday classes at the Fashion Institute of Technology in New York City. She followed that with a summer at the Rhode Island School of Design.

"They had her doing still life and all the simple things you start with," Gretchen's mother recalled. "But she seemed to enjoy everything and she never gave up. She kept finding all these new angles that intrigued her."

Gretchen dove into higher fine arts education, earning a spot at the Maryland Institute College of Art, one of the top three art schools in the nation. She spent her summers at "Elisart" in Cold Spring, N.Y., where she painted and designed motifs for custom shirts.

"There was an authenticity to her work in its completed form," classmate Liz Kilduff told the Victims of Pan Am 103 group of Gretchen's work at the Maryland Institute. "She had control; she could manipulate any medium."

Gretchen once told her mother she wanted to paint all day long, every day. She soon added a desire to teach middle school students and share with them her love of art.

"She had a wonderful middle-school art teacher," Gretchen's father, Tom Dater, remembered. "You know when you just click with someone. I'm sure that's why she gravitated toward that age group."

But Gretchen's drive was from within.

"I never had to motivate her," her mother said. "Since she was 16, she did it all on her own. It was her vision."

That vision has endured.

In several exhibitions at the Ramsey local library, the Daters have shared more than 32 of Gretchen's pieces from her two-and-a-half years of study at the Maryland Institute — plus one from London.

Six weeks after the tragedy, the Daters received an unfinished 20-inch by 30-inch acrylic in the mail

"We never learned who found it," said Gretchen's father. "Someone dropped it off anonymously at the consulate."

The piece was oil-stained, smelled of aviation fuel and mildew and quarter-folded to fit in the Federal Express envelope.

"Her signature was barely visible," recalled Joan Dater, who named the London rooftop scene, "Unfinished Business."

Tom had already prepared a spring 1989 opening and display of her works in mixed media at the local library. Fortunately, the Daters were able to get the piece restored and extend the exhibit for four months in order to share Gretchen's enduring passion.

For 14 years, John Y. Dater Elementary School that Gretchen attended (named after her great-grandfather) has held the Gretchen Dater Day Arts Festival near her birthday, May 17. The Parent Teacher Organization hires eight professional artists to hold workshops for the 350 students, teaching them to sculpt aluminum or make paper.

"Gretchen is the driving force," her mother said of the event. "We're teaching art in her memory."

– TYERA EULBERG

15 years

SHANNON DAVIS

February 19, 1969 – December 21, 1988
Shelton, Connecticut
Syracuse University
Child & Family Studies Major

Shannon Davis never outgrew the child in her. She embraced it.

From the time she began creating homemade baby-sitting brochures as a fourth-grader, to her pursuit of a child and family studies degree in college, Shannon blossomed with each endeavor.

"She had a knack for working with kids," said her mother, Jane, recalling how kids and parents requested her as the baby sitter. "I would always hear from mothers how much fun their kids had and how they wanted Shan to come back again."

Shannon spent her early years receiving plenty of attention as the youngest of three growing up in Shelton, Conn.

Shannon and her older sister, Whitney, once talked their parents into adopting two young puppies from a neighbor's litter.

"It was a disaster," her mother said. "We were supposed to go and pick up the last puppy, but there were two [remaining]. With each girl holding a wiggling puppy in her arms, they looked at me and said, 'We can't decide, so we need to get both.'"

Within a few years, the girls added another dog, three cats and a rabbit to their crowded house. Shannon's sense of responsibility started with looking after her pets. She fed all the animals and walked the dogs, her mother said.

By fourth grade, Shannon's love for raising animals transformed into a love for watching children. She and Whitney started their own baby-sitting service called "Mother's Day Out." The girls made brochures to hang in the neighborhood.

They were a success. Soon Shannon was baby-sitting for many families.

"She's one of the nicest people I've ever met," said Erik Martire, who was 10 years old when Shannon baby-sat him and his two younger brothers, in a rough-and-tumble household ruled by the boys.

"She was probably too nice for us because we fought a lot," Martire said. "I remember feeling so bad because we made her cry one time."

Shannon's sweet personality and her interests in pottery, sewing and crafts allowed her to enjoy working on many projects with children.

"She was so clever," her mother said. "She was really ahead of her time."

Shannon wowed her family with her maturity and sense of responsibility when she took a job as a newspaper delivery girl at 13. After learning her brother James' was giving up his eight-mile route delivering The Bridgeport Post, Shannon jumped at the chance to take half the distance.

"She was a real entrepreneur," her mother said. "She kept track of her profits and kept a record of the bills she had to pay."

By her senior year in high school, Shannon was the only child left at home. Whitney and James were away attending Syracuse University.

"Shan was dying of jealousy because she was stuck at home with mama," her mother said of Shannon's last year at home. "But we stayed busy. She and I planted 100 tulip bulbs in our yard that year."

Shannon soon joined Whitney and James after enrolling in SU's College of Human Development. Though they all lived in different areas and were enrolled in different colleges, the three siblings met weekly for lunch, James Davis said.

"I considered her my best friend," her brother said. "We were really on the same wavelength."

While at SU, Shannon broadened her horizons even more. She enrolled in art classes, and she took a sign language class to prepare for working with deaf children, her mother said.

In January 1988, Shannon's father died in an automobile accident in Saudi Arabia. Though the trip to London came soon after his death, Shannon was determined to go anyway. Her father supported the trip when the idea was first discussed.

On her father's funeral card, she wrote: "A butterfly lights between us like a sunbeam. And for a brief moment, its glory and beauty belong to our world... But then it flies on again, and though we wish it could have stayed, we feel so lucky to have seen it."

Shannon's words rang true almost a year later, when she fluttered out of sight with the Pan Am Flight 103 tragedy. But those times she lit up Shelton households as the favorite baby sitter and the mornings she tossed newspapers on neighborhood lawns will always remind her family of the beauty she brought to the world.

"She was so creative and loved kids so much," her brother said. "She would have been the perfect mom."

– ERIC FONTES

TURHAN ERGIN

May 14, 1966 – December 21, 1988
West Hartford, Connecticut
Syracuse University
Drama Major

Dr. Michael Ergin realized his son, Turhan Ergin, was something special when Turhan was only two or three days old and still in the hospital. Turhan's father remembers his little boy, with a full head of black hair, pushing himself up so he could peer out over his bed at his surroundings to study what was going on around him.

But Turhan, a native of West Hartford, Conn., didn't always have to push. He was a natural at almost everything he did.

"Everything came easy to him," his father said. Everything included both athletics and acting. But Turhan's relationship with his family and friends came just as naturally as success in sports and on stage.

Turhan's athletic success began at age 5 with the Summer League Swim Team at his family's club. He was able to swim 25 yards his first time without prior practice. From there he took off, said his mother, Florence Ergin. He was a nationally ranked swimmer by age 10 and swam on both club and Amateur American Athletic Union teams.

Turhan swam until he was 14 or 15 when he gave up the sport to focus on other athletic activities, including lacrosse. He served as his team's face-off specialist and won 70 percent of them, his father said, helping his team to an 11-5 record.

Lacrosse was one of the reasons Turhan chose to attend Syracuse University, his father said, but he suffered two knee-injuries while practicing with the SU fall practice squad, ending his lacrosse career.

Turhan played other sports as well. He was on his high school football and wrestling teams. He also skied and golfed. Turhan shot in the 80s despite never taking lessons, said his brother, Dr. Tahsin Ergin.

But Turhan had other interests besides athletics. He played the trumpet and was active in the choir, his mother said. He also wrote for "Epic," his high school's literary magazine and served as an editor of the sports section for his school newspaper.

His main interest outside of athletics, however, was acting. His mother remembers a 5-year-old Turhan intently watching and studying Gene Kelly's performance in "Singing in the Rain."

Turhan became a wonderful actor. He was always the center of attention onstage, his brother said. All eyes were always on him when he performed, his mother said.

He was born to act, said his sister, Meliha E. Niemann, and he could sing and dance too.

"He was a pretty good dancer for a jock," his sister said.

In high school plays, Turhan usually had the lead. His mother never heard him practicing his lines, she said. Instead, he knew everyone else's part and would be able to help them.

Despite his natural talents as an actor, Turhan did not originally study acting at SU. He enrolled in the school of Arts and Sciences but couldn't decide what to study. He took time off from SU and went to the University of Hartford, where he studied acting part-time. While there, despite not being a full-time student, he received lead parts. Turhan then returned to SU and enrolled in School of Visual and Performing Arts. He was studying acting in London.

Performing in live theater would have been a dream come true for Turhan because he loved communicating with the audience, his mother said. While acting success depends on many factors, if it was solely dependent on talent and love, Turhan would have been a success, his sister said.

Turhan was also a natural with people. He was incredibly easy to get along with, his mother said.

"He was such a delight," she said. From infancy, Turhan went to bed smiling and woke up smiling, she added.

"He dominated any room he was in," his brother said, and was always telling a story or saying something funny.

Once, one of Turhan's friends was grounded for an extended period of time. Turhan brought his friend a birthday present — a box with a ball and chain inside. His friend's parents got the idea and shortened the length of the punishment.

"He always found the joy in life," his mother said.

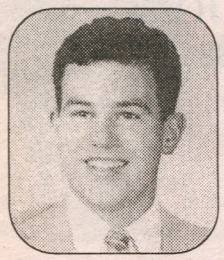
Tahsin Ergin remembered riding in the car with Turhan and his parents when the two brothers began reciting lines from Monty Python, making their mother laugh so hard that she had to pull over.

Turhan got along with everyone regardless of age, his mother recalled. All family members thought of Turhan as their best friend.

"He achieved whatever he wanted to do," his father said.

– GRAHAM MASON

35 lives



JOHN PATRICK FLYNN

November 24, 1967 – December 21, 1988
Montville, New Jersey
Colgate University
Geography & Economics Major

J.P. Flynn's favorite quote was "Losses are a part of life... It's what you do with them that counts... One should not get caught up in life's little defeats."

But right after a football or basketball game, it wouldn't be wise to remind him of former Sen. Bill Bradley's words.

"He was very hard on himself and incredibly competitive," said Kathleen Flynn, J.P's. mother. "You could never tell if he won or lost by the way he acted when he got home. We usually gave him a cold Coke, told him to go relax, and 10 minutes later he would be fine."

Captain of his high school tennis and basketball teams and quarterback of the football team, J.P. was celebrated for his excellence on the field and court but also for his work ethic, leadership and fairness.

J.P. worked hard in the classroom too.

"He was quiet," his mother said. "He didn't seek out the limelight. To him, self praise is no praise."

When some students cheated on an exam, the administration decided to throw out the whole lot. Uncharacteristically, J.P. stood up, demanded a different result and abruptly left the room. Eventually, those who didn't cheat got to keep their scores.

"I have worked really hard," he later told his mother. "It's not my fault the little creeps decided to go ahead and cheat their way through high school."

J.P. might have attempted a career in banking, said his brother Brian, who is younger than J.P. by 18 months, but he believes his brother's heart probably rested elsewhere, he said.

"He probably would have tried it for a while and gotten frustrated," his brother said. "He might have gone into coaching. He liked helping younger people."

J.P., who was a Colgate University junior, treated everyone the same, including his little brother.

"There was a lot of competition," his brother said. "There were many long days and nights on the basketball court. But it was always about the game and nothing bad ever left the court."

J.P. would often call upon his younger twin sisters, Christine and Kerry, to make teams complete out on the blacktop court in their backyard, much to Brian's angst.

"I would get so freaking frustrated with the girls out there, but he always encouraged Kerry and Chrissy," Brian Flynn said. "Even though they were five years younger, he made them feel like a part of it."

One autumn day, Brian again lost to J.P. and was still incensed about it when the two girls ran over.

"Can we play? Can we play?" they pleaded. Naturally, Brian wanted none of it, shooing the girls away. J.P. ended the debate with his usual straightforwardness: "Oh come on, shut the hell up, and let them play."

The two eventually were split up when J.P. went to Colgate and Brian entered Georgetown University. One would often spend spring break at the other's school.

"He was always great at sports, so I had to find other ways to distinguish myself," Brian said. "I tried to be funnier, a better student. He was my best audience, a big laugher. He was such a generous spirit and wanted all of my stories. I would speak for 45 minutes just about myself and tell all about my escapades. He would just listen and laugh away. I really miss that."

That generous spirit led J.P. to Todd Garvey, his best friend and roommate at Colgate. Garvey and his friends were searching for an intramural football quarterback and came upon the unlikely J.P., described as "kind of a pudgy kid, not your quintessential quarterback."

"He just nonchalantly said, 'I'll play quarterback,'" Garvey said. "We trounced everybody that year. He was a phenomenal quarterback."

Garvey and J.P. later played for Colgate basketball — Garvey on varsity and J.P. on the JV team. J.P., a shooting guard, was struggling for the varsity coach's attention. Garvey soon blew out his knee, ending his season and sending him to the hospital for more than a week. J.P. made it a point to visit his friend frequently.

"He was always there for me," Garvey said. "He was constantly at my bedside. He somehow became a part of everyone else's lives."

J.P. often wrote Garvey from London.

"He would end his letter by saying, 'Tell the guys I love them'," Garvey said. "For a guy to say that ... it might sound a little corny. But that's what a great guy he was. I miss him to this day. I look at my kids and think about the fact that I would have loved for them to know him."

– MICHAEL FEE

PAMELA ELAINE HERBERT

March 27, 1969 – December 21, 1988
Battle Creek, Michigan
Bowdoin College
Economics & Sociology Major

"Dimples."

It was more than just a nickname. Pamela Herbert's smile is something her sisters will never forget.

She was always teaching her sisters new things, always reading her Bible, always flashing her trademark smile and always lavishing a kind word on someone.

"No one she ever met could ever think of anything bad about her to say," said Vanessa Drew, her sister. "She was the type of person who if she had a dollar she would give you 99 cents."

"She lit up everywhere she went," said another sister, LaVette Herbert. "She was a lot of fun, always telling jokes. Everybody was just happy to be around her."

Time with Pamela was something to cherish, said Ruby Herbert, her youngest sister.

"Whenever Pam came home from school she always tried to teach me things," she said. When Ruby was in kindergarten, Pam taught her all about ovals. "All day I kept pointing out ovals, and she just kept on congratulating me," Ruby said.

Pamela, known to friends as Pam, piled up many academic achievements in her 19 years. She was skipped from kindergarten to second grade. In ninth grade she was selected for a scholarship to participate in the Cranbrook Schools Horizons-Upward Bound program in Bloomfield, Mich. The school was not just for regional students; she attended with others from 24 different countries. If she had an opportunity to do better she took it, Vanessa said. London was her chance to do it.

Pam excelled at almost everything she did; she became frustrated if she couldn't do something right. Though persistent, she could not learn how to crochet. She tried to learn all in one day, despite her mother's admonitions that she didn't have to perfect it right away. When she couldn't master it, she became aggravated and stopped. She was the same way with baking.

"She just loved my cookies," Vanessa said. "It's because she could do anything else but bake." Pam had made sure Vanessa would have cookies waiting at the airport when she returned from London.

Pam's faith, more than anything else, played a big role in her life. She was always involved in church work, said her mother, Shirley Herbert, and Pam put her faith into practice every day. Once when Pam came home from school, she was annoyed with the noise that her sisters LaVette and Ruby were making, and she yelled at them.

"A minute later she came back into the room and asked for forgiveness because she felt so bad," LaVette said.

Pam's Bible gives her mother strength. Before she left for London, Pam had given a lesson on one of her favorite verses in the book of Genesis. Her family received the water-creased Bible, which was recovered after the crash, amazed to find it stuck open on the same verse.

> "She was the type of person who if she had a dollar she would give you 99 cents.
>
> Vanessa Drew
> Pamela's sister

"There is not one page missing, and no pages are torn and burnt," her mother said.

While in London, Pam made friends with a girl whose father was a pastor, and they accompanied her to the airport Dec. 21, 1988. The pastor flew to Michigan to speak at a memorial service for her. He remembered the day she left: she ran back three times for hugs before finally passing through the gate, as if she knew she was never going to see them again, Vanessa said.

"That is how I know that she was not afraid. She probably didn't know what was happening, but she wasn't afraid," she said. "When the plane went down she was probably holding someone's hand praying. That's what I imagine."

"I see that she was reading the Bible," LaVette said, "and instead of her falling to the ground her soul just kept gliding straight and went up to heaven."

Pam's mission was to let people know they are never too young to serve God. She was never ashamed to talk about the Bible, and when she died she knew she was going to heaven, Vanessa said.

"She lived the best Christian life I've ever seen, and for being only 19 years old that's pretty amazing," LaVette said.

– ANDREA LAZIPONE

15 years

KAREN LEE HUNT

January 7, 1968 – December 21, 1988
Webster, New York
Syracuse University
English Major & Journalism Minor

Karen Lee Hunt was born with her eyes open, just a day after her mother's birthday.

"She was my birthday present," said her mother, Peggy Hunt.

Even as an infant, Karen was beautiful. Friends told Peggy she should get her daughter into baby modeling.

"She was a most beautiful soul," her mother said.

Karen was gifted at finding people's best traits and pointing them out, her mother said.

When Karen's younger sister Robyn was going through what her mother called "an ugly duckling period" in adolescence, Karen pointed to her sister's green eyes as a feature to be proud of.

"She always used to tell me how pretty my eyes were," Robyn said.

"Karen was always searching for the meaning of life," her mother said. "She loved to get into your head and find out what made you tick."

"Going to London was a part of it," her sister said, "and learning about herself."

Before Karen left to study in London during her junior year at Syracuse University, she and her mother spent some time philosophizing. They concluded two things: things happen for a reason, and what will be will be, her mother said.

"We both felt that way," her mother said.

Karen loved yellow roses, a symbol of friendship, her mother said.

"Karen was put here on this earth to help a lot of people grow," she said.

Karen was a great friend to Robyn too.

"I never felt alone knowing I had her," Robyn said.

As a child, Karen played soccer and was a ballet and tap dancer. In high school, she worked for the student newspaper and yearbook.

Karen spent many summers at Camp Stella Maris, a Catholic summer camp on Conesus Lake near Rochester, N.Y.

"She loved that," her mother said. "She liked learning about God and religion and being out under the stars."

Later, Robyn went to the camp too. One summer she made Karen an anklet of pearls strung on fishing line. Karen wore it all the time. After the tragedy, the anklet was returned to the family. Robyn keeps it in her box of keepsakes of Karen.

"I always felt completely loved and accepted by her," Robyn said. "You just trusted her."

Riding in the car with Karen was like a dance party, Robyn said, whether it was INXS, Duran Duran, Billy Idol or any other groups that made up Karen's broad music taste.

"She liked a little bit of everything," her sister said. "A little bit of all the '80s."

For a class at SU, Karen did a big project on "Playboy" magazine. She managed to get an interview with a "Playboy" editor in Chicago.

"She was nervous," her mother said, "and I think she wished she'd asked a few more questions."

When Karen returned to Syracuse, she pulled an all-nighter finishing the project, working in her floor's lounge in Day Hall. She topped it off by using an old "Playboy" cover as the project's cover. When she'd finished, she took a break before class and left the project in the lounge.

But the project was gone when Karen came back for it, grabbed by someone who mistook it for the magazine itself. Karen panicked, but not for long — she and friends quickly put up signs around the building pleading for the project's return.

Someone found it soon after, dumped in a stairwell — the unknown culprit unwilling to admit the embarrassing mistake, Peggy Hunt said.

Karen's mother visited her while she was studying in England. Together, they saw the London sights, traveled to Paris and had "mother-daughter time," Peggy Hunt said.

In Paris, they toured the city, captured almost all of it in snapshots and shared a feast of French pastries in their hotel room.

Karen wanted to be a writer from the time she was a little girl, when she and a friend wrote stories her mother still has.

One of her poems written in London survived in her journal, which her parents received intact after the tragedy.

"Something has happened," it reads, "To keep us apart/But always and forever/You're in my heart/Someday soon/From now 'til forever/I'll meet you again/And we'll be together/I'm not sure how/And I'm not sure when/Together, forever,/Somewhere, my friend."

– BRENDON FLEMING

CHRISTOPHER ANDREW JONES

March 4, 1968 – December 21, 1988
Claverack, New York
Syracuse University
English & Political Science Major

Christopher Jones was concerned he'd be trapped in a suit when he grew up, so he was determined to dress comfortably while he still could. Perhaps he overdid it, his mom said.

"He sort of dressed like a homeless person," said his mother, Georgia Nucci. Christopher was nicknamed "Shrub" for the curly reddish-brown hair that filled out his legs almost as much as his head.

When Christopher visited his stepfather's family in Italy during his semester abroad in London, they asked how they would recognize him. His mother told them they would just know — Christopher somehow always stood out in a crowd.

She was right. When they arrived at the rail station he was the only person wearing shorts. They knew him instantly.

"Playful is the best word to describe Christopher," said his stepfather, Anthony Nucci.

"He would sprinkle plastic ants into people's drinks at parties," girlfriend Erica Elefant said. "He liked practical jokes — gag gifts you get in novelty stores."

He sent his parents strange and sometimes "alarming" postcards during his travels in Europe. Some were from sex shops.

"I'm sure they languished long at the post office before they made it to our box," his stepfather chuckled.

Christopher loved to write, especially creative stories and music reviews, and he was an English and political science major at Syracuse University.

"He could go to a creative writing class and walk out of there on cloud nine – he just loved that class," Elefant said.

"He was the kid who always had the really funny and on-the-edge wisecracks when he came into class," said Douglas Unger, Christopher's creative writing professor. "He just wanted to write one comic, light-hearted story and move on the next as fast as he could go."

In high school Christopher once showed his mother his most recent record review.

"I said, 'Christopher, you know you shouldn't copy this stuff'," Georgia Nucci recalled, assuming he had plagiarized it. When he replied that he really had written the piece, she was stunned.

"He liked absolutely horrible music — popular music at the time," his stepfather said. He had a talent for picking new hit bands. His choices were unusually correct.

"He could spot trends. He didn't realize that was a marketable talent, but it was," his mother said.

One of the bands he picked out early on: The Cure. The U.K. band had just entered the U.S. music scene in 1985; it has now sold more than 23 million albums.

Christopher decided to study in London his junior year in part because a planned tour of Europe was canceled two years earlier. The reason: terrorist bombings.

In April 1986, the United States bombed Libya in response to its suspected involvement in the bombing of a West Berlin disco and other terrorist acts. A former Libyan intelligence agent was convicted in 2001 in connection with the bombing of Pan Am Flight 103.

Christopher was determined to study abroad, even after his sister Jennifer died in January 1988 while she was studying in Ecuador. She became fatally ill during the end of her trip, and in the weeks before her death was so engrossed in her adventure that she hardly called home.

Christopher called from Europe every week. He spoke with his mother two weeks before he was to return home to Claverack, N.Y.

"I know that you didn't get to talk to Jennifer before she died," Christopher said. "If anything happens I want to let you know that I'm having a great time."

"His response to his sister's loss was that he wanted to live every single moment of his life to the maximum and enjoy it as much as possible," Unger said.

Christopher's father Kenneth Jones recalled a photo of the two, riding their bicycles away into town together.

"Just watching the two of them pedaling off into the future, letting them go and not being able to protect them. I look at that picture often," he said.

In London, Christopher felt at home right away.

"Home was wherever he was," his mother said.

He was friends with a group of Syracuse guys in London who regularly got together to play American football and to party.

"They were a community of SU students that bonded and looked out for each other and partied together and studied together and died together," his father said.

– STEPHANIE BARLOW

35 lives

JULIANNE FRANCES KELLY

June 27, 1968 – December 21, 1988
Dedham, Massachusetts
Syracuse University
Political Science & Public Relations Major

When Julianne "Julie" Kelly's high school English teacher played his guitar, she ad-libbed lyrics for the songs, said the English teacher, Edward Morneau.

"She had a great sense of humor and a big Irish laugh," said Morneau, who taught Julie at Dedham High School in Dedham, Mass.

Along with that witty humor came Julie's sparkling smile, said her sister, Janice Reece.

One summer during college, Julie worked as a waitress and even her customers noticed that smile. Men constantly flirted with her, and, true to her style, she wrote a poem about the experience, "One Thousand Dreams."

Julie began writing poetry and prose in her journals during elementary school, and later she had several pieces published in her high school's arts magazine, said her sister, Mary Ellen Kelly. Julie's family and her high school published a book of her poetry and prose after her death.

"Julie's writing is her greatest gift," Reece said.

Her poems show that she was genuinely aware of what is important in life, Morneau said. In "Gifts," she offered several relatives her confidence, patience, grace, flexibility, youth and love.

When Julie was 17, she wrote the poem "Melody," a favorite of her sisters.

"I'll never say goodbye to you, not while there's music in my soul; your melody will linger there while I am so far away," it reads. "...For time will make more beautiful the masterpiece our love creates, if we nurture it with gentle faith and treat it with great care."

"Julianne's work speaks for itself," Morneau said. "She traveled some distance in life to find her strength and identity."

Julie had the sensibilities of an adult at a young age, Morneau said, possibly because her father passed away when she was only 13. After her father's death, Julie quickly came to appreciate the frailty of life, and vowed to take care of her mother, Kelly said.

Julie was so self-motivated and generous that she invited a high school friend who was having problems at home to move in with her family. A few years later she brought home a Syracuse University student she barely knew for Thanksgiving because he had nowhere else to go, Reece remembered.

"She was very concerned with homelessness and caring for her fellow man," she added.

This quality led her to be very popular with her fellow students. She was loyal and extroverted, so many students came to see her with their problems, Reece said. All of Julie's friends knew that she could make them laugh at the roughest moments.

"Julianne was very special and made a great impact on many people in a short amount of time," Kelly said.

Julie also loved to sing. In fourth grade she said she wanted to sing and act on stage, Kelly said. She had the lead role in the high school production of "Grease," Morneau said, and during the summer of 1988, he and Julie recorded a demo tape after he wrote music to Julie's poem about waitressing.

As a political science and public relations dual major at SU, Julie became more politically aware, especially after traveling to the Soviet Union from London, Morneau said. Julie told her sisters that she was interested in studying law in the future. In one of her last conversations with Morneau from London, she said she was interested in the world and wanted to make a contribution to society.

Julie was an avid reader, which may have fostered her romantic, yet realistic view of the world that she projected in some of her poems, Morneau said.

"She breathed in everything and exhaled some strength," he added.

Julie's mesage to the world is clear, Reece said: "Enjoy life. Take advantage of what you have. Live life to the fullest and also give back. Take care of family, friends and strangers."

Julie's strength and wisdom remained with her family even after she passed away. On Jan. 7, 1989, just 17 days after the tragedy, Reece gave birth to her daughter, Patricia Julianne, who had serious birth defects. Patricia Julianne remained in the hospital for three months until she was healthy enough to be discharged.

"Everyone in the hospital said she was the sickest child they had ever seen survive and that there was some higher power intervening," Reece said. "We knew there was."

– ALLYSON COLLINS

WENDY ANNE LINCOLN

January 21, 1965 – December 21, 1988
North Adams, Massachusetts
Syracuse University
Art Major

Wendy Anne Lincoln had the beauty to be in front of the camera, yet she preferred the view from behind it. She found the good in people, and focused on the positive in life.

"She had a unique ability to convey to people love and understanding," said Shirley Lincoln, Wendy's mother. "She seemed to always be helping people."

A 1983 graduate of Drury High School in North Adams, Mass., Wendy's passions included dance, photography and art. She participated in student government and varsity sports in high school and later Dance Works at Syracuse University.

Wendy started dancing at the age of 4, her mother recalled.

"She did ballet, jazz, everything. Wendy just loved to dance," she said.

Wendy's flowing blond hair, soft blue eyes and effortless grace made her the envy of many of her peers. She had a wide and varied circle of friends. She was the rare pretty girl who did not act like one, childhood friend Susan Warren said.

"Wendy was one of those people that you wanted to hate because she had everything, but you couldn't because she was so nice," Warren said.

Wendy also found love. During her sophomore year at North Adams State College, from which she transferred to SU before her junior year, she met Bob Thomas. The two met in racquetball class and had an "instant attraction," Thomas said. He was struck by Wendy's modesty and humility.

"I don't think she had any idea how beautiful she was, physically or otherwise," he said. They began dating Feb. 9, 1985, and were together until the tragedy.

Thomas began working for a video production company in Boston the year Wendy started at SU as an art major focusing in communication design. Nearly every weekend, he made the five-hour drive to Syracuse. With no air conditioning, Wendy's apartment was uncomfortably hot many spring and summer evenings.

"We would sleep on the roof," Thomas recalled. "Those were some of the sweetest moments we had."

Thomas visited Wendy for a week in November 1988 during her semester in London. During his visit, a gold cross he had worn for years broke. After the tragedy, Shirley Lincoln gave Thomas a Christmas present Wendy had sent home for him in September, before Thomas's first cross broke. It was a brand new gold cross.

"I've worn it every day since," he said.

Wendy's loyalty and empathy extended to her family. She was adopted at 3 months old, "but you would never know it from the way she was with her mother and Scott [her younger brother by a year and a half]," said Joanne LaForest, Shirley Lincoln's closest friend. The relationship between mother and daughter "was the kind all girls would like to have with their mother," she said.

"Scott had to walk in Wendy's shadow, and he never resented it," their mother said.

"She always stood up for me," Scott remembered, "even when I was wrong. I was always in trouble with my Dad, and she stood up to him even when I couldn't."

Shortly before Wendy's high school graduation, her parents separated. She was the only one in the family without a grudge.

"Although the divorce was difficult for her, she didn't harbor any bitterness," her mother said. "She accepted the facts as they were."

Despite infrequent contact with her father, Wendy visited him over breaks from school, her mother said. Wendy demonstrated her selflessness in all her relationships.

"She seemed to recognize what people needed and be that to them," her mother said.

Warren wrote a song, "Keep the Memory in Your Heart," in Wendy's memory. It ends with the idea of letting go, Warren said.

"Can't keep a thing of beauty to ourselves; so we'll let go, and keep your memory in our hearts."

Part of the healing process for Warren involved the admission that Wendy "was just too beautiful to hold on to; it would be like squashing a butterfly in your hand," she said.

Wendy still fills that role for some friends.

"I think about Wendy any time I need a little extra help or extra strength," Linda Euto, a close childhood friend, said. "She was, and still is, my angel."

– ROBERT MURPHY

15 years

ALEXANDER LOWENSTEIN

February 25, 1967 – December 21, 1988
Morristown, New Jersey
Syracuse University
English Major

Brushing the unruly, sandy hair out of his eyes, Alexander Lowenstein leapt onto the tallest rock on the beach. Gazing over the horizon, Alex grabbed his board and darted off into the Montauk surf. He could always foresee the "big one."

Alex learned to surf at an early age, while accompanying his parents to their weekend vacation home in Montauk, N.Y. He grew to love the water, competing in local surfing contests and becoming a certified scuba diver at age 13. The Lowensteins took vacations to beautiful ocean destinations like Hawaii, where the whole family participated in water adventures.

One morning Alex's parents, Peter and Suse Lowenstein decided to take a walk along the shore. The sun had just risen, and the surf thundered. The couple looked toward the horizon and saw a tiny speck, a lone surfer. As they sat down on the beach to watch, the surfer began to wave at them enthusiastically. It was their son, whom they called Alexi, waiting for the perfect wave. When the right one finally came, they remember he rode into shore wearing a blue-lipped smile.

Suse Lowenstein once described Alex as a "sunny kid." He had a charismatic personality and people followed him. They saw Alex doing something and they wanted to try it out themselves. Lucas, Alex's brother, was no exception, said his parents. He, too, picked up surfing at a time when it was "out of left field." A year or two later it became the rage. His father credits the 1982 Sean Penn film, "Fast Times at Ridgemont High," the second kick-off of Alex's persona.

In high school, Alex was the first boy to join the dance team. He was very interested in break dancing. He also entered in the "Mr. Mendham" contest, a beauty pageant for men, complete with a swimsuit competition. Back then, short swim trunks and even Speedos were the fad; Alexander proudly strutted across stage in long surf shorts. His break dancing came in handy for the talent portion of the contest. Although he didn't win the "Mr. Mendham" title, he did boast first-runner up.

While studying in London, Alex matured and began to plan for his future. He decided to pursue a career in clinical psychology, which is the practical application of research findings in the diagnosis and treatment of mental disorders. It would have been a perfect career for Alex, his father said — his sincerity earned people's trust immediately.

At Syracuse University, Alex was a brother of the Zeta Psi fraternity. He loved music, enjoyed playing sports and most of all relaxing in good company. With the debut of Nintendo, he and his roommates created a round robin "Pong" tournament. It lasted for almost three months, with the guys only leaving the house for food. Friends remember him for his relaxed personality and good nature. His brother described him as easy-going — not having disputes with anyone.

Alex's rock still sits on Montauk beach. The area around the rock has been named Lowenstein Court in his memory. It is complete with landscaping, a commemorative bench and a plaque engraved with the lyrics of a Jimmy Buffet song.

– LAUREN KAY

SUZANNE MARIE MIAZGA

July 31, 1966 – December 21, 1988
Marcy, New York
Syracuse University
Social Work Graduate Student

To many 20-somethings, college years are just ending and they are forced to think about the direction of their life. But at 22, Suzanne Miazga was working toward her master's degree in social work and was already a licensed real estate agent.

"She was so grown up at such a young age," said Anna Miazga, her mother, who remembers Suzanne as organized, with her dresser drawers never messy, and helpful to others. "People always came to her with their troubles, even people she didn't know very well, and she would give them advice. She was a social worker without even knowing it before she was out of high school."

Visiting Suzanne's grave one year, Anna Miazga found an Alcoholics Anonymous coin that someone had left, a sign that whoever left it had been sober for a year from her daughter's help. When she returned the following year, a second coin showed the person's lasting sobriety.

Suzanne worked as a counselor for drug and alcohol abusers at the Benjamin Rush Center in Syracuse, and patients and coworkers remember her as always being happy and intelligent.

"One girl she counseled now follows my daughter's footsteps," Miazga said. "Suzanne loved college so much and wanted to helped the girl get into college, so she filled out applications with her, and now she is a social worker."

Suzanne also visited people with AIDS and had tea with them, her mother said.

Suzanne, a graduate student in Syracuse University's College of Human Development, saw traveling to London as a chance to grow. In a letter she wrote to her mother, she said she wanted to "live life and not just exist."

Suzanne grew and learned a lot from being in London and other countries in Europe, her mother said.

Anna Miazga visited Suzanne in England while she was studying there. Before she returned to the United States, Anna Miazga gave Suzanne the left over money she had from trip.

"She accepted it but sent it back saying she knew I needed a new car battery, so I should keep it," Anna Miazga said. "She wouldn't have done that when she was younger, she would have kept it, like most kids."

> "People always came to her with their troubles, even people she didn't know very well, and she would give them advice.
>
> Anna Miazga
> Suzanne's mother

Suzanne's trademark was a pink rose, which lives on as her symbol. When Pan Am Flight 103 exploded, her body fell far from others, near a building, and a man named George White planted a rose bush in her place, Anna Miazga said.

"He planted it not even knowing it was her favorite thing in the world," she said. "Her boyfriend called her Rose, her bank checks had roses on them, and even her china had rose prints on them."

When Anna Miazga visits Lockerbie, that rose bush lights up the place, just like Suzanne did, her mother said.

"My daughter would always light up a room," she said.

Suzanne's high school principal, Michael Deuel, remembered her kindness.

"We have a memorial scholarship in her name every June," Deuel said. "The $1,000 scholarship in her name is given to a senior going into human services that poses some of her wonderful qualities such as happiness, kindness, intelligence, and loving heart."

When Anna Miazga was leaving England, after she and Suzanne had said goodbye and parted, she felt a tap on her shoulder.

"I just remember turning around and seeing Suzanne, and she said she just wanted to say goodbye one more time," Miazga said. "I know she didn't know something was going to happen at that time, but I know I will remember that goodbye forever."

– NATALIE DOLCE

35 lives

RICHARD PAUL MONETTI

September 11, 1968 – December 21, 1988
Cherry Hill, New Jersey
Syracuse University
Newspaper & Arts & Sciences Major

"Rick never had anything handed to him," said his mother, Eileen Monetti. To almost everyone that knew him, Rick Monetti was a smart, hardworking, responsible young man.

Rick had several jobs in college. A believer in serving his community, he had been involved in his neighborhood's swim team for years and before leaving for London in 1988 served as assistant coach. During high school, he was involved in Students Against Drunk Driving and a drug education program, in which he spoke to elementary school students.

Rick's maturity and responsibility shows in all of these activities and was just as obvious to everyone he knew. On the day of the disaster, his mother had remarked to a friend on his growth.

"Rick is now at a stage where it's not like he's my son but a colleague," she said.

He was extremely loyal to his friends and even in his junior year of college maintained close ties with his friends from high school.

Despite his maturity and responsibility, Rick did not allow life to pass him by. His journal, recovered from Lockerbie, reveals his love of life and his commitment to make the most of it.

"Life is a one time deal," he writes, "Be aggressive, be fun and go crazy. There is no reason to hold anything back. Nothing to lose."

He saw his semester in London as a tremendous opportunity, and during his trip, seized upon another opportunity that would soon disappear. Rick traveled to the Soviet Union in the twilight of its existence during his semester abroad.

Rick had an intense love for sports.

"Read the sports section first," he wrote in his journal, "the news can wait till later."

Rick grew up near Philadelphia and loved its sports teams as well as Syracuse University sports. When Rick first visited Syracuse, the first thing he wanted to see was the Carrier Dome, his parents said.

He made up his mind to come to the university almost immediately thereafter. He was deeply disappointed to see SU's basketball team lose to Indiana University in the 1987 national championship game.

Rick loved to play sports and was incredibly competitive. He was a valued member of his high school soccer and swim teams.

Rick's love of sports carried over into his academic life and career aspirations. Perhaps it was his maturity, or perhaps his commitment not to pass up any opportunity, but regardless of motivation, Rick began preparing for his career early.

In his hometown of Cherry Hill, N.J., Rick wrote for the local newspaper and the school newspaper. He also announced local high school football and basketball games for a New Jersey radio station and anchored his own weekly news show.

He received an award from KYW News Radio in Philadelphia for his work in their intern program. Rick was clearly well on his way to a career in sports journalism; you could almost see him writing for "Sports Illustrated" today.

Although Rick often kept to himself and was never the most outgoing person, his journal and others' recollections of him shed light on his other side. Under his somewhat more mature demeanor lay a kid who enjoyed life and wanted to make the most of every opportunity.

His journal shows Rick as the sort of person who could laugh at himself.

"When in the presence of people who are just too serious," he wrote, "act just a bit dumb, eccentric."

To those who remember him, Rick could never take himself too seriously.

– MATT HUGHES

ANNE LINDSEY OTENASEK

January 13, 1967 – December 21, 1988
Baltimore, Maryland
Western Maryland College
Social Work Major

While studying in London, Anne Lindsey Otenasek volunteered at a school for disabled children. Every day, she swam with them, dressed them, taught them and played with them. Lindsey loved the kids, and they loved her back.

A young disabled girl made Lindsey a card, written in purple crayon: "Thank you, Lindsey, I love you." Lindsey's mother, Peggy Otenasek, has tucked it away in her daughter's memory book.

"Must've been a pretty special friendship the two of them had," she said, closing the book. "The kids just loved her. Everybody loved her."

During her high school years at Notre Dame Preparatory School in Baltimore, Lindsey was required to complete one semester of community service. She chose to volunteer with Gallagher Services, a Catholic charity for the developmentally disabled.

She surpassed the school's requirements and volunteered for four years, developing a passion for working with disabled children.

"She was always a champion for the man on the side of the road," her mother said. "She knew how it felt to be left out and she always made sure to include everyone, no matter what she did."

"She took [volunteering] to heart and it had a ripple effect throughout our high school, and it still does today," said Kristy Knuppel, a close friend of Lindsey's in high school and college. "Her life still overlaps with other people's lives."

She is remembered through several scholarships and the Lindsey Otenasek Youth Service Award, which honors outstanding young volunteers in the Baltimore area. Since 1995, the youth service award has been a part of "An Evening with Catholic Charities," a dinner and ceremony that Peggy said "is a very spiritual and uplifting evening about people helping people."

Lindsey, known as "Linz" to her closest friends, always had a way of bringing people together.

"I remember she used to drive all around Baltimore County in her little red Datsun station wagon, just to pick us all up," said Ned Martel, a friend of Lindsey's since grammar school. "She used to joke that someday she would make a great station-wagon mom, carpooling all around."

Despite being the youngest of six children, Lindsey never carried the air of a spoiled child, said her brother, Rick Otenasek.

"She was still the little sister but she had an appreciation for others and a willingness to open herself up to people," he said.

He described a typical dinner at the Otenaseks' home: the parents, their children and "always room for one more." His parents' generosity, he said, couldn't help but carry over to their children.

"Our parents always had our friends over to eat, and even the youngest in the family understood this as a way to serve others," her brother added. "Lindsey's character was really a reflection of mom and dad."

Rick remembers Lindsey's senior prom and how she begged her parents to rent a limousine for the evening to drive her and her friends around. When her parents refused, Rick and his friend volunteered to drive the high school seniors from party to party in the family's van.

"She wanted to invite everyone," her mother said. "She wanted to make sure that everybody was included; Lindsey was just a generous person."

"Including everyone was just her way of serving others," her brother said.

When Pan Am Flight 103 went down, Lindsey was a junior pursuing a degree in social work at Western Maryland College.

Her luggage was shipped back to Baltimore and arrived at the Otenasek home Dec. 19, 1988, two days before the flight. On Christmas Day, the Otenasek family opened her suitcase.

Peggy said she stopped short when she came across a guide to St. Paul's Cathedral in Lindsey's cosmetic bag. Written in the margin were the first four lines of William Blake's poem, "The Auguries of Innocence."

"To see a world in a grain of sand/And a heaven in a wild flower/Hold infinity in the palm of your hand/And eternity in an hour," the lines read.

"What was amazing was that that Christmas, I had received from a friend of my son a pillbox with those very same lines of that same poem on it," Peggy said. "That was a defining moment; we all just stood there in shock. You know that kind of coincidence is no accident."

The Otenaseks had the verses written on their daugther's tombstone.

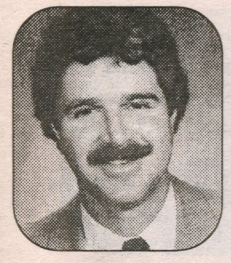
Peggy, whose husband, Dr. Richard Otenasek, died in 1996, said she gets invited to the weddings, bridal showers and baby showers of Lindsey's friends.

"Her friends are still very much a part of our family," she said.

"She can never really be gone, because even today, she still touches so many people," Knuppel said. "There is just something bigger out there that connects us."

– SARA DAUCSAVAGE

15 years



PETER RAYMOND PEIRCE

September 28, 1948 – December 21, 1988
Port Clinton, Ohio
Syracuse University
Architecture Graduate Student

Catawba Island was a short trek from their home in Port Clinton, Ohio. The summer haven provided a warm, safe atmosphere for the Peirce family — a temporary escape from their fast-paced lives. Peter Peirce loved relaxing on the coast of Lake Erie.

His wife, Cherry Peirce, now resides there permanently. The installation of double-paned windows and a Jeep Liberty have helped her survive the harsh winters of northern Ohio. She prefers to live among the countless memories she shared with Peter and their three daughters.

It has been 15 years since Peter watched the sunset from the porch, swam in the waters and spent time there, but his family still vividly remembers his passion for it.

"We would go bicycling," said Tori Kwiatkowski, his stepdaughter. "We played all kinds of summer water sports."

Peter cherished every moment of their vacations, never taking anything for granted. Those who knew him agree he had a great love for life, embodied by his intense desire to learn all he could.

"When we met, he told me his one wish was to be really smart," his wife said. "He loved learning new things, and he loved to travel."

Their family travels took them to San Francisco, the Virgin Islands and Florence, Italy, among other places. Experiencing the world had allowed Peter to first discover and then immerse himself in his passion for architecture.

Florence, home to a Syracuse University study-abroad center, was the site of Peter's two-semester study of architecture, which would have led him to earn his second master's degree. At the end of the fall semester, he flew from there to London, where he met up other SU students flying on Pan Am Flight 103 to the United States.

Peter had intended to become a professor, so that he could share his love of design. His eagerness to learn all he could about architecture had resulted in his acceptance to the SU School of Architecture's Master's of Architecture II program in Florence.

He undoubtedly possessed the "clear professional objectives" that the program's mission stresses, having graduated cum laude from the prestigious School of Architecture at the University of Detroit Mercy. He also finished programs at Ohio State University, the University of Toledo, the San Francisco Institute of Architecture and Urban Studies and Warsaw Technical University. Peter's dedication to his studies was in character with his passions for life. He was a hard worker and a perfectionist.

"He had an office in the basement of our home," Kwiatkowski said. "We called it 'The Hole,' and he wouldn't come up until he was satisfied with the project he had sunk his teeth into."

Peter chose to do much of his work in his home office so that he could be close to his wife and stepdaughters, balancing his two greatest loves: drawing and family. Danielle Fodor, his youngest stepdaughter, whom he raised from age 7, is now married to an architect. Her mother suggests a childhood of architecture influenced her choice in a husband.

"One Christmas, Peter was down in the basement working," Cherry Peirce said with a laugh. "I told him if he didn't come up and help put up the tree, I would throw it away."

Family members say Peter was a talented artist, drawing in charcoal, painting in watercolor and constructing 3-D models. His wife recently uncovered his charcoal drawing of an Italian cathedral, which she used as a part of his memorial. The couple founded their own design firm, Peirce Design Group, after they married and worked together on high-end buildings and shopping centers. He designed the exterior of buildings, and she designed the interior.

"They were very in love," Kwiatkowski said of the two. "He was very loving. He would have wanted the sanctions lifted from the starving people in Libya, and in a way, he made that happen."

"I'm not remarried," Peter's wife said. "He's a hard act to follow." The Peirces were introduced by college friends and bonded immediately through their common interests in design. They lived happily with her three daughters JoEllen, Tori and Danielle, whom he raised as his own.

Peter's dedication to his wife and stepdaughters was unquestionable.

"He was so special," his wife said. "They never die unless they're forgotten, and he'll never be forgotten. He'll always be alive in our hearts."

– EMILY NGO

SARAH SUSANNAH BUCHANAN PHILIPPS

August 15, 1968 – December 21, 1988
Newtonville, Massachusetts
University of Colorado at Boulder
English Major

Sarah Philipps could light up any room with what friends described as her sunny personality and stunning beauty. People could not help but be attracted to her warm, considerate and incredibly fun nature.

"She was the center of her circle of friends," said her mother, Elizabeth Philipps. "Everybody called her to find out what was going on Saturday night."

Sarah loved to laugh, cook, ski and read. She was natural, friendly and upbeat. Friends from Newton North High School, in Massachusetts, remember her throwing parties and never being alone.

"She was friends with everybody," high school friend Jennifer Lowney said. "Everyone knew her."

In high school, a boy once wrote, "I love you Sarah," in paint on her driveway. Admirers left flowers at her front door, which the family never used. They found the flowers days later, usually wilted.

Sarah was beautiful and athletic. She was a great skier; she always tried to keep up with her brothers. She also excelled in field hockey and track through high school, but was more fun-loving than competitive.

"We used to skip track practice and bake chocolate chip cookies," Lowney said.

During her senior year of high school, Sarah's friends convinced her to try out for the cheerleading squad for the first time. They knew she would succeed because she was so bubbly, capable and upbeat. Despite her lack of experience, she made the team due to her athleticism and personality.

She had a close relationship with her older brothers, James and Andrew. She chose the University of Colorado at Boulder both because she loved the idea of skiing in the sunshine and because Andrew was at school there. While visiting the campus, James convinced an admissions counselor to accept him as a transfer student, so all three siblings were at the university together.

Sarah loved Shakespeare, poetry and theater. An English major at the University of Colorado, she was considering a career in either law or publishing. In her junior year at the University of Colorado, Sarah took advantage of Syracuse University's study abroad program. Although she did not know anyone she would be traveling to London with for the semester, she "just went along and made it work," her mom said. With her friendly and outgoing personality, Sarah made friends quickly.

James visited Sarah in London for Thanksgiving. They wanted to make an American Thanksgiving feast, so Sarah called her mother for the gravy recipe. But when the it was complete, the gravy was clumpy and surely inedible. They later realized that they forgot one essential ingredient: the broth. They laughed it off and sent their mother a picture of the blunder.

Sarah lost her return ticket for Pan Am Flight 103 a few weeks before she was to fly home. With some persistence and her gift of persuasion, she convinced the airline to give her another one.

On Aug. 15, 1989, the day that Sarah would have turned 21, 450 of her friends and family members gathered in the rain at a local park to dedicate a bench in her memory. As teenagers, Sarah and the other girls used to hang out in that park and wait for the boys to come by.

"Many of her friends said that a barstool would have been more appropriate for Sarah," her mother said. "But they decided it had to be a bench because Sarah was never alone."

A stone sits next to the bench with the inscription, "We remember her bright presence and love of life. We miss her smile and laughter. Her love shines in our hearts and warms us still."

When the family visited the memorial that Christmas, they found two pairs of sneakers with the toes pointing towards the stone as though people stood there with Sarah. The next year, two pairs of boxer shorts replaced the sneakers.

Sarah's parents set up a travel grant at the University of Colorado for English majors to travel abroad. So far, more than 20 students have earned the $3,000 devoted to encouraging travel while abroad.

"I think of how much pleasure Sarah would get from that," her mom said. "I just ask that they go have a drink with Sarah in a pub."

Sarah's parents buried her in Scotland, because she loved traveling there so much and there was no place special enough for her near home.

"We go there every year to be in touch with her," her mom said. "We prefer to think of her as part-way home."

– KRISTEN PETTIT

35 lives

FREDERICK SANFORD "SANDY" PHILLIPS

May 8, 1961 – December 21, 1988
Little Rock, Arkansas
Syracuse University
Management Major

Sandy Phillips had a passion for people. His character was multifaceted, but each aspect of his life involved interaction with others.

"He wasn't just out making friends," Caroline Stevenson, Sandy's mother said, "He cared about people, he understood them, and he wanted to be a true friend."

Born and raised in Little Rock, Ark., Sandy's first loyal companions were his two brothers. Sandy spent his early years with Doug, who was older but had a mental illness, and Clark, who was two years younger. Sandy was a role model to both.

Doug and Sandy had a unique relationship that their mother said helped to define Sandy's personality by allowing him to become sensitive to a person's needs. Sandy experienced emotions from love to frustration when dealing with his brother's mental illness, yet he never just turned away from Doug. After high school, Sandy shared an apartment with him.

Sandy spent three years at the University of Arkansas before leaving to, as his mother describes, "widen his horizons." Sandy understood others but needed to spend some time exploring himself. It took Sandy a little longer to be ready to enter adulthood, Stevenson said. He spent a few years acquiring life experience and then headed north. Sandy's non-traditional path agreed with him. When he entered Syracuse University as a first-year student in 1986, he did so as a man who would not pass up an opportunity before him in the next four years.

Professor Pat Cihon taught Sandy in a law and public policy class and often continued discussions with him after class.

"Maybe it was because Sandy was a bit older that he seemed to appreciate the opportunities that the university provided, " Cihon recalled, "but he certainly was determined to make the most of his time here at SU."

As a student in the School of Management, Sandy was preparing to someday take over the family real estate and construction business run by his father, Chester Phillips.

Sandy's SU peers appreciated his enthusiastic curiosity for opportunities and interactions, and often learned from his maturity. "Sandy was admired for his life experience," wrote Beth St. Hillaire, a close friend and flat mate in London, in a 1999 article in "Truth Quest," the newsletter for the Victims of Pan Am Flight 103 group. Sandy often shared his experiences with younger people at SU through anecdotes. Sandy's mother said that his friends knew he was a lot of fun, but also knew his serious side.

In his sophomore year, Sandy became involved with the Student Government Association. The decision surprised his mother because it was something Sandy had never done before, nor had he expressed an interest in political activity. The following February, Sandy was elected vice president of administrations operations. What wasn't surprising was his mission. Sandy said it was his goal to improve the communication between the students and the governing body. He wanted a better understanding among those in the university community.

Once, Sandy helped a student group determine its budget, and in doing so showed his intuition for understanding others, his mother said. A group had requested a large sum of money, a sum that did not take into account other SGA needs.

"Sandy started asking, 'Oh, well, what else to you want?'" his mother said.

He calmly repeated this question until it was apparent to both SGA members and the group themselves that there was no end to the group's wants. Without lecturing, Sandy had communicated to the group their own selfishness.

It is easy to imagine how Sandy would have succeeded in his later life. His eagerness to understand and help others also provided a skill. Professor Cihon said that a great career in business or politics or even both could have easily been in Sandy's future.

"SGA really whet Sandy's appetite for change and improvement," his mother said.

She laughed quietly and said that among many possibilities, maybe he would have returned to Arkansas and run for governor.

– ERIN JOHNSON

LOUISE ANN "LUANNE" ROGERS

February 13, 1967 – December 21, 1988
Olney, Maryland
Maryland Institute College of Art
Fine Arts Major

Louise Ann Rogers wore purple and red before anyone wore purple and red.

"She had this flair about her, very elegant but not sophisticated," said her older sister, Becky Rogers. "She simply had an aura surrounding her, this charm and sweetness."

Luanne, as her friends and family called her, certainly had style. In her last pictures, Luanne was behind a Picasso sculpture, dressed in a long, flowing black skirt and a jacket with a scarf draped gracefully around her neck, her long blond hair falling back.

Luanne's elegance was showcased at Bloomingdale's in Washington, D.C., where she worked one summer offering samples of Chanel perfume. The sight stopped Luanne's supervisor in her tracks.

"Oh my gosh," she said. "She is so Chanel."

"When she would walk into a room, everyone would notice," said Luanne's mother, Ann Rogers.

When Luanne, the third of four children, went out on the town with her older brother Lawton, the two made a special pact.

"We would look at each other, and we would both agree that no matter where we were going, no matter who we were with, no matter what happened, we would have a good time," Lawton said. "And whenever I was with Luanne, I did."

Whether it was having fun or finding the perfect green jacket at the right price, Luanne had a knack for getting what she wanted on any continent, in any language.

When she was 17, she visited Senegal with Becky, who at the time was a Peace Corps volunteer. While in a small village in the east African country, Luanne and Becky, who both grew up in Maryland, went bargain shopping. A bone bracelet caught Luanne's eye at the market. That was that.

She didn't speak the language, but she battled with a native, fighting for a deal.

"She was going to town with this guy," her sister said. "Everyone was thinking, 'Gosh Luanne, you're crazy!' But that's how Luanne was. She was a breath of fresh air. She knew what she liked, and she would get it. She never settled for second- best."

Luanne got the bracelet at her price.

Luanne attended the Maryland Institute College of Art, but was not a naturally talented artist. Relying on her focus and resolve, Luanne set out to improve her skills. She tirelessly practiced drawing. She painstakingly organized her art supplies. When a sibling borrowed a pencil or brush, she was quick to show her dissatisfaction when it wasn't returned to the exact spot.

"She would get so mad; she was born organized," said her sister, who has many of Luanne's art pieces throughout her house, including black-and-white charcoal drawings and intricately painted medallions.

One of the most cherished pieces the family has is a huge 6-foot by 10-foot painting that Luanne created while studying at the Syracuse University center in London. The drawing has bright white angels painted in a top corner. It was recovered, slightly chipped, several weeks after the explosion, having been blown 60 miles from the wreckage. The painting now is framed in her parents' home, and many friends and family have their own large prints of it.

If she wasn't drawing, chances were Luanne was doing something else creative. She arranged flowers for a flower shop and photographed children.

"She could put anything together," her mother said.

Luanne, who switched her major to fine arts from interior design, loved the challenge of finding the perfect outfit at second-hand stores or garage sales. She was a college student with little money, but she made sure her apartment was stylish. With her touch, anything could be turned into the perfect accessory. She draped a scarf over an old sofa, added a pillow she found at a thrift store and placed hats on top of lampshades.

Luanne also loved to learn. She avidly read works by female authors. She wrote in her journal constantly. She practiced yoga.

"She enjoyed life and lived it to the fullest," said Jay Rogers, her younger brother by two years. And nothing could keep her down, as her parents quickly discovered.

As a toddler, Luanne loved playing on her swing in her backyard. Many times, her parents remember, Luanne would fall, ungracefully landing on her head. She would lie frozen on the ground, just long enough to scare her parents, before gradually rising to her feet and climbing back on the swing.

"That's how Luanne was," her mother said. "She had plenty of life in her. She got down, but she would always get back up. She just loved to get out and go."

– STEPHEN WILSON

15 years

THOMAS BRITTON SCHULTZ

January 5, 1968 – December 21, 1988
New York, New York
Ohio Wesleyan University
History & Politics and Government Major

"Mom, we have to go dancing when you come," Thomas Schultz wrote in a letter to his parents inviting his mother to journey with him through London. "Better bring lots of money as we have plays, Harrods, Brown's Tea and shopping to do."

In his junior year of college, Thomas Schultz, then 20, spent a semester in London through Syracuse University's study abroad program visiting the museums of Britain and enriching his life with the culture that the historical city of London had to offer.

"You will love the elegant surroundings we live in," he wrote to his parents.

Jane and Jack Schultz had developed a close bond with their son over the years.

Other letters came from Tom: "Also, it is about time we start to clean up for mom's arrival. It's kind of mess, but the bathrooms aren't too dirty."

One of the high points of Thomas's semester was the visit from his mother. The two spent time traveling through both London and Paris and had an unforgettable visit.

"My last thoughts of him as I watched him walk off to an English history class were such happy ones," Jane Schultz said after Thomas' death. "Just before he turned the corner forever to be gone from my vision, he turned, threw up his arms, gave me a thumbs up, and blew me a kiss with that wonderful Thomas Schultz smile."

Tom's smile is forever branded in her mind.

"When I returned from my wonderful trip to London and Paris, visiting and traveling with Thomas, I was filled with such an overwhelming sense of pride for my young son — certainly I had reached the pinnacle of motherhood," Jane Schultz said. "As much as I loved Thomas I was ten times more proud to have him call me mom. Thomas had truly turned the corner from a boy to a man."

"Tom left Jack and me so much," Jane Schultz said after her son died.

Jane and Jack Schultz are thankful to have Tom's letters as one of the few tangible possessions they have left of him.

"God has been kind to us," his mother said shortly after his death. "He gave us two such wonderful sons who loved us very much and gave us every fiber of their being."

At 10 years old, Thomas' younger brother Andrew died in a fatal accident, but with the help of his unyielding faith in God and his loving parents, Thomas overcame the tragedy to find a positive attitude toward life, family and friends recalled.

"Tom made our burden so much easier to bear and we often felt that out of Andrew's death came the Thomas Schultz that you all knew," Jane Schultz said in her eulogy of him.

Thomas had a special relationship with his parents and felt that they had a tremendous bond with deep roots in love, openness and trust. In his personal statement to Ohio Wesleyan University, Thomas wrote that he felt the dinner table was the place where he and his parents grew closer. He felt that they left each meal feeling better and more confident.

Friends and teachers describe Thomas Schultz as an overachiever who could do almost anything. As a dual history and politics and government major at Ohio Wesleyan University, Thomas maintained high marks while being the house manager of Phi Delta Theta and a merited long-distance runner on the track team.

"He was the kind of student you pray for," Michael Good, his politics and government professor at Ohio Wesleyan, said after Tom's death. "He was a sponge."

Friends described Thomas as a caring individual who they could always depend on. They often associated the Dionne Warwick song, "That's What Friends are For," with his lighthearted thirst for life. In letters to Thomas's parents, his friends wrote about his plans for his 21st birthday, which included a few friends and a few drinks. Thomas would have celebrated this birthday just two weeks after his death.

In a final letter home to his parents, Thomas wrote, "I love it here and may never come home again."

– LISA LAMOTTA

AMY ELIZABETH SHAPIRO

October 28, 1967 – December 21, 1988
Stamford, Connecticut
Syracuse University
Photojournalism Major

Maddy Shapiro will never forget the night her daughter Amy played her first piccolo solo in concert.

After all, it was only the second day Amy had ever even held the instrument.

"Amy was ready to try, to taste, everything," her mother said, recalling the day her daughter arrived home from junior high school with not only her flute in hand, but a piccolo too.

The piccolo player was sick, Amy explained, and with a concert planned for the next night, there was no one to fill in for his solo. Amy had been playing the flute since grade school, and because the piccolo was a similar instrument, the band instructor asked if she was up for the challenge of filling in. Naturally, she was.

The next evening, Amy played alone, after only one day of practice.

"I think I was more nervous than she was, but she just had this natural courage," her mother said. "She was always chasing after adventure."

Packed into her petite frame was a 21-year-old girl so full of life that instead of walking, she literally bounced, said longtime friend Michelle Jabloner-Weiss. Amy wasn't one to be underestimated.

"When you were with her, you knew you had better put your seatbelt on because you were going on an adventure," Weiss said, recalling a time Amy convinced her and other friends to jump the fence—and moat—at a Grateful Dead concert to sneak into the show for free.

"Amy was fun, personified," Weiss said. "She just wanted to experience everything."

> "She just took care of people. Everyone would say that Amy was their biggest fan.
>
> Michelle Jabloner–Weiss
> Amy's longtime friend

Amy, a native of Stamford, Conn., was a student at Syracuse University's S.I. Newhouse School of Public Communications. She loved photography and writing and planned to pursue a career in the magazine industry. At SU, she was a photographer for The Daily Orange. Aside from journalism, Amy was involved in tennis and track, and she enjoyed skiing.

Those who knew Amy said she was not only a free spirit, but also a wonderful friend.

"Amy had a softer image, but she always gave solid advice and was always there," her mother said. "She was the rock."

For Weiss, Amy's insight helped her through the time they shared at SU. Weiss recalls her days in college as a time when she often questioned who she was.

"I was always second-guessing myself and trying to be something I wasn't," Weiss said. "Amy would always be the one telling me to just be myself because she loved me for who I was."

"There was no doubt in your mind that Amy was your best friend," Weiss said. "She just took care of people. Everyone would say that Amy was their biggest fan."

Amy was extremely close to her younger brother Jim, with whom she shared a special bond, their mother said.

When Amy left for London, Jim was just beginning his freshman year at Yale University. Shapiro didn't realize just how close her children were until she received the phone bill.

"After Amy left, I started getting these phone bills that were insanely high, between $500 and $600," their mother said. "And then I noticed that all the calls were from New Haven to London and were being charged back to me."

Just as she was getting ready to call Amy and Jim to "read them the riot act," she balked. She'd been working for years for this — for her two children to reach out to each other and be close.

She never made that call.

Those who knew Amy feel they were permanently blessed by her spirit and life.

Julie Ellis, a friend of Amy's who attended camp with her as a child, wrote in a letter to Amy's mother that Amy was a role model, with "an infectious smile and a personality that beamed."

Amy captured the very essence of what it meant to be vibrant, Weiss said.

"From the shine in her hair to the sparkle in her eyes, you could tell that Amy was a special soul," Weiss said. "She really must have been needed up there."

– AMANDA WADDELL

35 lives

CYNTHIA JOAN SMITH

October 6, 1967 – December 21, 1988
Milton, Massachusetts
Syracuse University
Retailing Major

Cynthia Smith had an outstanding talent. She could create beautiful, unique art. But in the fall of Cindy's senior year at Milton, High School in Massachusetts, she found herself really struggling with one of her art portfolio pieces.

Karen Flodden, now the director of art for Milton Public Schools, assigned a still-life project: students had to assemble a piece comprised of objects that reflected their own personalities.

The deadline was fast approaching and Flodden told Cindy she needed to come up with something soon.

Cindy wanted her project to be just right. She was one of the few art students that year who had strived to turn in the best product she could, Flodden said.

Although Cindy struggled through the assignment, hers was the most impressive of them all.

"It was the most incredibly beautiful arrangement," Flodden said.

Cindy used a silk handkerchief, part of a cashmere sweater she loved, a string of pearls and the heel of a shoe.

"While all the other kids used silly things such as key rings and CD players, Cindy's was so elegant, so classy, so mature," Flodden said. "Her project was just timeless."

On the 10th anniversary of the Pan Am Flight 103 tragedy, Cindy's parents donated money to the Milton High School art department to honor her love for art. Some of the money went toward a scholarship fund for art students and the rest to renovate the art rooms. Each year the $1500 scholarship is given to the most dedicated art student. It is Milton High School's largest scholarship.

Every year, the art students learn about Cindy and her family.

"It's the first thing we tell the students each year," Flodden said "Cindy is truly a living legacy."

But art wasn't her only strength. Cindy wanted art to always be a part of her life, but she came to Syracuse University to keep her options open and explore other career paths, Flodden said. She was well-rounded in many subjects.

"Cindy was so funny and talented that you would never think she was in all honors classes," recalled Jennifer Affinado, one of her best friends.

Many considered Cindy kind and selfless because she always tried to help people. In high school, she participated in a program called "peers educating peers." She would learn about issues teens faced, such as drugs and drinking. She then educated younger students.

Friendship meant a lot to Cindy, and she was very popular among her friends.

"Cindy was the coordinator of the group," Affinado said. "If it wasn't for Cindy, I'd still be sitting at home. She took me under her wing."

– JULIE FITT

MARK LAWRENCE TOBIN

April 4, 1967 – December 21, 1988
Hempstead, New York
Fordham University
Communications Major

When Mark Tobin began experiencing an irregular heartbeat as a teenager, the doctor told him he probably would grow out of it. His only advice: stay active. Mark certainly took the doctor's orders.

Mark rarely missed out on an opportunity, and that included studying abroad in London in the spring semester of his senior year at Fordham University. Helen Tobin, his mother, recalled students could spend a three-day weekend doing a home stay on a farm with animals or on a farm with children.

"Mark chose the animal farm," his mother said. The host family was impressed and surprised by Mark's enthusiasm. "He was the only student they ever had who woke up at sunrise to help milk the cows."

"All the other students requested that they be woken up in the morning, but none of them ever actually got up," she said.

Mark was rarely thought of as a spectator, unless he was sitting in the stands to watch a New York Yankees or New York Islanders game.

"He never missed out on a concert, a game or a party," recalled his older sister, Mary Beth Macaluso of Garden City, N.Y. "He was your typical, sleep-deprived college student."

Mary Beth met her brother in New York City for a concert that took place at the Felt Forum while he was a student at Fordham. The band was Depeche Mode, the popular '80s English group.

"He fell asleep because he was so tired from going out the night before," his sister said. "If you've ever heard Depeche Mode before, you know they are not a group most people fall asleep to."

Every year, Helen hosted a party for Mary Beth's entire grade in the family backyard at their home in Hempstead, N.Y. At Mary Beth's second-grade party, Mark, who was only a year old, was the center of attention, his sister recalled.

"He was in his playpen and I just remember 25 kids in my backyard all playing with him," she said. "He was always a part of the crowd, even when he was 1 year old."

Helen recalled her son's interest in sports from a young age.

"None of the children on our block played hockey, but the children on the block next to us played all the time," his mother said. "Mark decided to start to playing with them. I still drive by there today and see kids playing hockey, and it reminds me of Mark playing there with them."

Pat Adelman, Mark's oldest sister, always thought of her brother as active.

"He loved to play sports, hang out, go to the beach, go to concerts, and go out with his friends," she said. "He was just always very upbeat."

On one of Mark's visits to Chicago, he joined her for a Bears game even though he did not have a ticket.

"He hitched a ride with us and was confident he could just buy a ticket when we got there," Adelman said. Sure enough, Mark found a father with two children selling an extra ticket. "Another man was bidding for the tickets off the father at the same time. Mark took the father aside and asked him who he would rather sit with his kids during the game — him or the other man?

> "He was very funny and could make a joke out of anything.
>
> Pat Adelman
> Mark's sister

"Not only did he get the ticket, but he talked to the kids and even took them on bathroom trips the entire game," Adelman said.

"Whenever there was a big chore in the house for all seven kids to do, we would pair up into groups," she said. "Everyone wanted to work with Mark because he would make everything fun. He was very funny and could make a joke out of anything. He would do these imitations of my father that would make us all howl."

"When Mark was just 4 years old, he would do this thing when it was someone's birthday," Adelman said. "He would go into the person's room whose birthday it was and take something from their bureau. Then, he would wrap it all up and give it to them as a gift that night. He would say something like 'I thought you would like it,' when he gave it to you."

Mark's mother was not concerned about her son meeting people when he told her he wanted to travel to London through Syracuse University's study abroad program in his senior year at Fordham, even though he did not know any students going.

"Mark didn't need a pal to travel with," she said. "He knew he would just meet somebody when he got there. He was just meeting people all the time. He met people on the trip who were students, and he hung out with local London people, too."

While in London, Mark also continued his interest in golf. Before he left, he received a set of clubs from the pro shop at the Hempstead Golf Club.

"When the Scottish police rescued everything that could be found in the crash, they found one of his clubs and they sent it back home in perfect condition," said Mark's father, Joseph Tobin. "I still use my son's club today."

– ELIZABETH SATENSTEIN

15 years

ALEXIA KATHRYN TSAIRIS

July 6, 1968 – December 21, 1988
Franklin Lakes, New Jersey
Syracuse University
Photojournalism Major

Everyone told Alexia Tsairis that the London semester abroad program would be a great opportunity for her. And, before her fateful flight home, it was.

When she talked to her mother, Aphrodite Tsairis, on Dec. 20, 1988, Alexia was excited. She was coming home, and she had a huge surprise for her family. So huge that she wanted her grandmother to come with her family to the airport to pick her up.

"I asked her what it was, but she wouldn't tell me," her mother said. "Just wait until I come home" was all Alexia said.

Alexia's family never discovered what her secret had been. Perhaps it was that she had the highest grades of all of the international photography students. Or, maybe that she had just been picked as the most promising photojournalist in the program abroad.

Alexia made her desire to be a photographer well known.

"She carried her camera with her and photographed the world," said David Sutherland, a professor who taught Alexia. "She photographed a lot more than most students do," he said.

Alexia's talent matched her desire.

"She had everything it takes to be a fine photojournalist: timing, a good sense of light and composition, strong technical control over her medium and compassion for others," said Lawrence Mason, another of Alexia's professors.

"There is every reason to believe that she would have reached all her lofty goals in the field," he said.

One of those goals was to eventually publish a book with her mother. Alexia "had already proven herself a gifted shooter...yet, she always had a problem with the captions," her mother said.

Their perfect solution was for Alexia to take the pictures and for her mother to provide the words.

"It would have been a wonderful collaborative effort for a photographer and a writer who just happened to be mother and daughter," her mother said.

Alexia's photography skills had already led her to two summer internships at The Associated Press. Her career looked promising.

The joy Alexia found in photography was a part of her overall joy for life.

"She was radiant, seeming to glow with joy in her various endeavors," Mason said.

"I will always remember her radiant smile," he said.

Alexia led a rich life, doing much more than snapping photos.

"She was a complete person," Mason said, "an excellent athlete and an excellent student."

Alexia's athletic passion was volleyball.

Her fellow Syracuse University Orangewomen knew her as the "dust bunny." The name came from her excellent defensive skills and her knack for diving into the dust and digging the ball before it hit the floor. Her "awesome" serve meanwhile led to many wins for her team. Alexia managed to accomplish all of this at the height of 5 feet 4 inches, extremely short for a volleyball player.

"Her teammates bonded to Alexia not only because of her love for volleyball, but for her feverish love of life," said her coach, Dan Shulte.

Alexia was also an avid supporter of peace efforts, and was a member of both Amnesty International and Greenpeace. She had a deep belief in the responsibility of individuals to mold and promote peace within society.

Alexia's mother remembers vividly how Alexia called home from London on more than one occasion and asked to be allowed to go to Nicaragua the following summer with the Witness for Peace organization. No matter how hard Aphrodite tried to convince her daughter of the dangers in such an endeavor, Alexia remained firm.

"Mom, they don't kill photographers," Alexia said.

Alexia's legacy for peace lives on in a scholarship her parents created in her honor. The Alexia Foundation for World Peace awards photographers who are dedicated and working toward goals similar to Alexia's — using photography to promote peace.

As if perhaps Alexia knew her fate, she wrote a poignant message to her father in his birthday card a month before the tragedy.

"We will travel far away from each other," she said, "but we will always be together."

– DIANA CAMMARATA
& DAVID HINES

NICHOLAS ANDREAS VRENIOS

August 20, 1968 – December 21, 1988
Washington, D.C.
Syracuse University
Photography Major

Nick Vrenios looked for the perfect photograph everywhere he went. Fearlessly, he would hang from tree limbs or fly across oceans, going to any lengths for his love of photography.

But it has been 15 years since Nick climbed a tree for a picture. Fifteen years since he left Syracuse University for a semester studying in London. Fifteen years since tragedy struck. Pan Am Flight 103 stole Nick's gregarious life, leaving behind nothing but a legacy of images.

"I have a picture of Nick taking a picture and he is out lying on rocks overlooking the ocean," said Nick's mother Elizabeth Vrenios. "He was quite the daredevil."

Snapshots like this mark memories of Nick. They are the everlasting impression of his outgoing personality. In the mind of his younger brother, Christopher, the images keep Nick's spirit alive.

"Each photograph is a memory that I have," his brother said. "I have dreams of these memories all the time and sometimes the dreams are even more concrete than the actual events were."

The Vrenios family loved to travel, a pastime that sparked Nick's love of nature, often exhibited through his photography.

"He loved looking at nature ever since he was a little kid," his mother said. "We traveled a lot when he was a kid, did lots of hiking and cross-country trips. He would always take so many pictures and not normal pictures."

Nick's eye sought the atypical, and he took pictures at odd, unusual angles, discovering shots that no one else would think of, she added.

Nick's vivacity shone through in every moment of his life. For him, something as common as studying turned into a social experiment. He decided against the library, instead opting for a spot in the elevator, where he could both do his homework and say hi to all his friends.

Such antics continued when Nick traveled with the SU Division of International Programs Abroad to London.

"While he was in England at the Port of Penzance, he saw a homeless guy playing guitar," his mother said. "Nick took the guitar from the man and started playing in order to earn more money for him. He was always doing things like that; he was always trying to encourage and help everyone around him."

Nick's favorite expression was "Go for it!" He always wanted everyone to try their best and do what they loved. His enthusiasm went across the board. Even in the face of misfortune, Nick retained his hopeful outlook.

David Sutherland, an SU photography professor, taught Nick during his semester in London. He remembers Nick as always optimistic with a smile that beamed from his face.

"He was always off traveling somewhere, having misadventures on the trains," Sutherland said. "One time he was gone for a long, long weekend. He came back without a camera after basically being robbed and physically tossed off the train — smiling laughing about it. Most of us would have come in crying, 'Woe is me.' Not him. For Nick, it was just another life adventure."

Although it's been 15 years and recollections of the time in London have faded, Sutherland's memory of Nick's high-spirited personality sticks with him. It is not a common characteristic, Sutherland added, and he is only reminded of it every so often.

Nick's achievements as a photographer also come to mind occasionally.

"I have a picture that he made for my basic photography class," Sutherland said. "It's in this pile of good students' work. Every once in a while I flip through that stack and come across that picture."

For a long time, every day after Nick had passed away, his mother had a candle lit as a tribute to her son. Still, it wasn't enough.

"I wanted more," she said. "Now I have an electric candle that sits in my window and remains on all the time in remembrance of Nick. Like the candle, Nick really was a light for all of us. That is how we viewed him. That is how we still view him."

– ANDREA COWSERT
& NOELLE STOUT

35 lives

KESHA WEEDON

October 2, 1968 – December 21, 1988
Bronx, New York
Syracuse University
Social Work Major

Loving. Helpful. Faithful. Generous. Quiet caring. Hardworking. People-oriented. This was the life of Kesha Weedon. This was the way everyone she encountered would describe her.

Kesha grew up in the Bronx with a desire to be constantly active in the community around her. A big inspiration for her interests was her work with her church, Shiloh Baptist.

"God was the main focus of her life," said Paulette Owens, 34, her best high school friend. "You could see that by the things she did and said."

Kesha participated in her church choir, community service projects and retreats through her youth group. Interested in helping young children, she worked at a daycare center in high school.

Kesha started her higher education at Virginia State University and later transferred to the School of Social Work at Syracuse University. She planned on continuing toward a master's degree after graduating from SU.

Her studies at Syracuse led her to travel abroad with the London program. There she took social work classes and volunteered her time at Swinbrook Nursery Center.

At the center, Kesha worked with many immigrant families who spoke little English.

"She communicated — it wasn't a barrier," Darrell Slover, a School of Social Work faculty member, said after the tragedy. "Her concern, her pleasure, her joy, her understanding — the children felt, heard and understood."

Her heart was not given only to those children but also to the circle of friends, students and teachers she affected in her daily life.

"She was a lovable person; people loved her, and she loved people," said her mother, Barbara Matthews-Weedon.

"Kesha has modeled for us what text books and professors seek to teach; openness and acceptance of others and their ideas; listening, not just hearing; and quiet determination to reach a goal," fellow London student Cynthia Lange said in a tribute to her. "Kesha is always a part of my memories and will always be part of my future as a social worker."

Other than being a model student and an active community service participant, Kesha enjoyed the life of a normal college girl. Lange described how she would come into class with her books and a notebook, but tucked away would be the latest fashion magazine. Shopping at Macy's, looking for jewelry in Chinatown, playing the violin and spending time with her boyfriend were among the things that she enjoyed outside her academic life.

At home, she shared a warm, loving and sensitive relationship with her mother.

"I will always remember her smile and her words 'I love you,'" her mother said. "She never hung up the phone without saying 'I love you.' My fervent wish is that all families with daughters be fortunate enough to share a... relationship as Kesha and I [did]."

Because of the strong mother and daughter relationship they had, Kesha's close childhood friends keep in contact with her mother as a way of keeping memories of Kesha alive. Owens, her best friend, still attends church with Kesha's mother every week. Another high school friend calls her every year on Kesha's birthday.

As much as Kesha accomplished in her shortened life, her mother envisioned so many more experiences in her daughter's future.

"She did not have the privilege to grow up and get married," her mother said. "Those things in her life, I was hoping she would do."

Although she died young, Kesha is remembered as someone who truly lived and appreciated life.

"We know we can't choose how or when we die," Diane Murphy, Kesha's academic adviser in the School of Social Work, said in a tribute to her. "We can only get to say how we will live. Kesha knew how to live fully, and in doing that she touched us all. For that, we are better."

– MATT HOCH & KATIE RYCHECKY

MIRIAM LUBY WOLFE

September 26, 1968 – December 21, 1988
Severna Park, Maryland
Syracuse University
Musical Theater Major

To some, art is entertainment. To Miriam Luby Wolfe, it was life itself.

"She was a singer, an actress, a director, a prolific writer, and teacher, and even a budding artist," Rosemary Mild, Miriam's mother, wrote in her book, "Miriam's Gift: A Mother's Blessing – Then & Now."

Following her death, Miriam's family received more than 1,000 letters telling them about Miriam's ability to make positive changes in the lives of everyone she met. Her family began calling this skill "Miriam's Gift," which gave the book its title.

Miriam, who was a junior musical theater major, aspired to take her talent and love of theater and share that with the youth of the nation. She had a passion to teach, a passion shown through her writing of children's stories along with countless other essays.

In addition to her book, which is available in the Syracuse Universiy Bookstore, Miriam's mother published some of her daughter's works after her death. They appeared in The Washington Post, children's publications and small magazines.

In her short story "Outstanding in the Field," which appeared in "Cricket" in June 1994, Miriam writes of a pair of sixth-grade benchwarmers, Miriam and Shannon, on a girls' baseball team. To the surprise and horror of both they are chosen to play center and right field in a play-off game.

Miriam's team wins the championship as she catches a fly ball safely in her glove. Scenes in the story are painted vividly and visually — very much like a play. Describing the way the coach's wife approaches the girl, Miriam writes: "She looked like a person in a movie, running to the sound of violins across a field of daisies."

Another of Miriam's written works is a first person narrative called, "There are No Small Parts." It is a reminiscence of her high school drama club days, written in her freshman year at Syracuse University and published in the April 1992 issue of "Dramatics" magazine.

Miriam, the protagonist, is devastated when she finds out she had not gotten the lead in the school's latest production. Her best friend Stephanie scolds her for being "stuck up" and Miriam decides to take the humble role of "chorus."

But the lead quits, and Miriam is offered the part. She debates it for hours; being in the chorus would broaden her perspective. Then comes her unique twist: "But, hell, I took the part. How stupid do you think I am?"

In both pieces, readers get a glimpse of her optimistic take on art and life. She had the extraordinary talent to express in abundance her passion, creativity and vision. She was confident, determined and dauntless — and if an opportunity were to come her way, she reached for it without hesitation.

Miriam's semester in London during the fall of 1988 inspired her and her friends to make some changes within the drama department at Syracuse University.

"Perhaps her most important project in London was her formation of the Add Libb Theatre Company, an 'alternative' theater group to bring back to the Syracuse Drama Department," Rosemary Mild wrote. "They sought to expand the department's traditional horizons into dance, mime, workshops, seminars, guest speakers, improv, etc. and to bring theater to the entire city of Syracuse."

Miriam influenced many in her life.

"Miriam transformed everyone who met her," one of Miriam's best friends told Rosemary Mild.

Miriam's unique gift of inspiriation affected more than children and friends — she touched the lives of professors and adults as well.

"When you met her, she locked hearts with you," said the president of Colonial Players Theater in Annapolis Maryland.

Miriam enlightened not only herself, but countless others throughout her life. Whether it was advocating the performance of "Grease" at her high school, inspiring children or bringing new ideas to the Syracuse University campus, she was always a person who could inspire others.

In Miriam's last days, she wrote what she believed was the way in which she would live her daily life.

"This day is mine," she wrote. "It is unique. Nobody in the world has one exactly like it. It holds the sum of all my past experience and all my future potential."

– BRIAN MCCLINTOCK
& MAKI SHIBATA

15 years

From Lockerbie's Hills to SU's Campus, Memories of Pan Am Tragedy Endure

BY HEIDI GITZEN

Lockerbie, Scotland, seemed a peaceful and welcoming place when a classmate of Syracuse University students lost on Pan Am Flight 103 visited to see for himself where innocent friends had fallen.

"I was being shown around to where various parts of the plane had fallen onto these rolling hills of green that were just studded and littered with all of these sheep and lamb," said Chris Muratore, an SU alumnus whose friends were aboard Pan Am Flight 103. "It was ironic to me that all of those people on that plane — and any terrorist event, whether it be Pan Am 103, 9/11 or whatever — were just like sacrificial lambs, and there it was just all over Lockerbie for anybody to walk up and see. No matter what year you'd come back to see it, there it was."

The Rev. Dr. Thomas Wolfe, dean of Hendricks Chapel at SU, has offered many prayers and watched the Remembrance Convocation evolve since coming to Syracuse in 1990. He recalls the words of a J.S. Bach hymn, "Sheep May Safely Graze," which was performed at a memorial. Wolfe remembered those words, too, in 1999, when he went to the place where the cockpit of the Boeing 747 came to rest.

"I went to this Anglican church on a knoll across the road from that place," Wolfe said. "I climbed the fence, and I went out to that spot in the field. I just kind of closed my eyes and imagined what it would have been like. I began to feel how profoundly impacted I was as a citizen of the world, and I tried to imagine what it must have been like to be a parent of one of the students. I just let myself have all of those feelings. When I opened my eyes for a moment, the thing I could see was the sheep and all of a sudden that text came back to me —''Sheep May Safely Graze' — and I thought how appropriate it has been that we have used that text to be sung at those occasions."

In the 15 years since the tragedy of Pan Am Flight 103, Syracuse University has strived to be a place of healing and a place to learn about terrorism. Most significantly, perhaps, the university has promised to never forget those whose lives were cut short at a time when they were pursuing their dreams.

"Those students were doing what you all are doing now," said Leonard Colasanti, the father of SU student and Pan Am Flight 103 victim Gary Colasanti.

In January 1989 the first official SU memorial service was held at the Carrier Dome. The large and emotional gathering can be seen on SU's College of Law Web site.

"At first these were very heavy, very somber occasions, and it was absolutely appropriate," Wolfe said. "But once we got to the 10th anniversary it was time to shift."

Just as downtown Lockerbie residents finally made the decision to turn on their Christmas lights after 10 years of darkness, Syracuse wrestled with how to move forward while continuing to maintain constant respect for what had happened.

"At no point are we removing the faces of this event," Wolfe said. "At no point do we cease to make it about Pan Am 103 and the tragedy and the loss. But at the same time we are asking the deep question, 'What are we going to contribute to this world?'

"The awarding of the [Remembrance] Scholarships keeps this very alive," he added. "And the emphasis of students who are the recipients of these scholarships — wearing one of the names and images of one of the 35 victims throughout the [Remembrance] Week — is just powerful."

During Remembrance Week 2002, the scholars passed out to the SU community carnations with small cards attached with the names of the students who were killed, a picture and random facts to raise awareness, said Doug Weck, a 2003 SU graduate and 2002 – 2003 Remembrance Scholar.

The people of Lockerbie walked the hills outside town after the disaster, searching for pieces of the plane.
Photo by Larry Mason

"By the end of the day hundreds of carnations covered the wall," Weck said of the Place of Remembrance in front of the Hall of Languages.

The scholars are asked to understand their role in making a world that is a different place, and also to learn the good that came from the tragedy.

The people of Lockerbie, Wolfe said, have provided a wonderful example of that. They walked over hundreds of square miles to gather even the smallest pieces of wreckage.

"They walked it all — in teams — walked it all," Wolfe said. "That's how they found the little fragment that they could trace to the bomb. How they did that is beyond human belief."

But they also found clothing, luggage and laundry.

"So the women of Lockerbie said, 'You can't just turn this stuff back. You can't just send it home this way. It'll be dirty,'" Wolfe said. "And so the women, they took the laundry and they did with their own hands in their own homes. And they wrapped and folded it carefully and placed in it notes of love and support, and they showed human dignity in the face of such human indignity."

In the name of the students who were lost, each year $5,000 Remembrance Scholarships are awarded to 35 exceptional SU seniors, and two students who have just graduated from Lockerbie Academy receive one-year scholarships to study at SU. The scholarships are among the highest honors an SU student can receive.

The university funds the 35 scholarships, said Judy O'Rourke, assistant to the vice president of undergraduate studies. Fundraising and thousands of donations helped endow the scholarships, O'Rourke added. Two of the biggest donations came from the Fred L. Emerson Foundation and Richard and Jean Thompson.

The two Lockerbie Scholarships are funded half from SU and half from Lockerbie. Remembrance Week is organized by the scholars who each year plan a series of events in memory of the victims of Pan Am Flight 103.

Remembrance Week was a student idea, O'Rourke said. About four or five years after the tragedy, when the university community changed, the scholars realized there were students applying for the scholarships who no longer knew any of the victims.

"And so they came to the administration and said, 'We don't want this to be an in name only scholarship,'" O'Rourke added. "'We want it to have meaning.'" O'Rourke is one of the scholars' primary advisers as they go through the remembrance process. Although different activities are planned each year, she said two themes consistently emerge — remembrance and education.

The university funds Remembrance Week, but is completely student run.

The Place of Remembrance at SU's main entrance in front of the Hall of Languages was dedicated in April 1990. It includes words about the tragedy and memorializing the victims, but at first, in its explanation of the tragedy, it did not include the words, "caused by a terrorist bomb."

Muratore recalls the heartbreak and devastation of the families when they saw those words were left out. He and his fraternity brothers at Sigma Alpha Epsilon were ready to start a letter writing campaign.

But Chancellor Melvin Eggers quickly made the decision to have the additional words, "caused by a terrorist bomb," inscribed along the lower portion of the wall under the 35 names, O'Rourke said.

The SU chaplains are committed to always holding a service on Dec. 21, at 2:03 p.m., the time the plane exploded. The service now is usually in Hendricks Chapel's Noble Room because the students who were here in 1988 have moved on from Syracuse and a venue the size of the Dome is no longer needed. Anyone in the community who would like to sit in remembrance is welcome to attend, light a candle and carry it out to the Place of Remembrance.

"My hope for the future is that this eventually takes hold and the human race stops doing this, but I don't believe that will happen in my lifetime," O'Rourke said. "So my hopes for the future in a realistic way are that the students who are Remembrance Scholars and Lockerbie Scholars will at least be an ever increasing number of voices out there, preaching reason and peace and dialogue, and that the people they come in contact with will learn something from that — for our children's sake."

A Remembrance Scholar Reflects:

Out of the Tragedy, New Friendships Are Born Between Two Communities

BY KATE BRENNAN

Bitter winds cut across my face as I slowly walked through Dryfesdale Cemetery. But nothing chilled my bones more than the dark, stone wall that stared back at me on that cloudy afternoon. Three giant slabs of cold stone. Six columns. Two-hundred and seventy names. Thirty-five belong to us; 11 to Lockerbie, Scotland.

Ever since my first trip to Lockerbie 18 months ago, I feel two tugs at my heart each time I think about the Pan Am Flight 103 air disaster.

Like most people, I feel the first tug as a result of the tremendous loss of life that our university, Lockerbie and more than 20 countries suffered 15 years ago. But I feel the second tug because of the life that SU and Lockerbie have gained since that time.

There is an ironic beauty that has kissed this tragedy, and most people know nothing of it. But for some, for me, it has been magic. For the past 15 years a magnificent web has been woven between two cities that may never have otherwise met. American families have traveled to the rolling green hills where their loved ones died to say goodbye, but instead found themselves saying hello to people they now consider loved ones.

Nearly every year, the families and friends of the Lockerbie Scholars visit Syracuse and return home with a few more addresses to add to their books and a lot of invites to return. Some SU professors who teach in London take entire classes on train rides to visit the village during their semesters abroad. And when May comes, it isn't unusual for the Lockerbie Scholars to leave Syracuse with a few American pals who want to see their homeland.

I went to Lockerbie under the guidance and direction of two S.I. Newhouse School of Public Communications professors, with about a dozen other print and photojournalism students. We went to write a book in celebration of the life that exists today in a place where tragedy once struck.

For a week, Scottish families opened their homes to us, where we ate, slept and formed bonds that will last a lifetime. During the days we ventured through the green pastures where sheep grazed, down narrow streets where mini cars hummed slowly along, and into tiny village shops where locals chatted about the sliver of sun that peeked through the gray clouds.

Before bed, we would gather around the television and watch the newest British reality show, listen to music and tease each other about our accents.

It was during these trips, that I understood what many families of Pan Am Flight 103 victims have said about Lockerbie. It is a place of peace, of calm, of healing. It is a place of beauty, a place of love. And although faces still become blank and voices still grow quiet when the tragedy is mentioned, the people of Lockerbie too feel the same second tug at their hearts that I do. A new life has been born.

Beneath a horrifying crime that we undoubtedly would have prevented in a second if we could, I believe there is reason to be grateful.

We are not alone in our grieving; Lockerbie grieves too. We are not alone in remembering; Lockerbie remembers too. The tragedy has given birth to invaluable friendships and romances. Together, we've shared laughter and tears. We've embraced one another and prayed for one another. We look fondly to them and they to us.

In a world where terrorism has become a household word, I believe SU and Lockerbie have a reason to celebrate. We have faced a horrific evil and together we have prevailed.

Wreckage of Pan Am Flight 103 fell on Lockerbie, Scotland, Dec. 21, 1988, killing 11 residents, in addition to the 259 victims aboard the plane. Syracuse University has since developed a relationship with the town, building friendships out of the tragedy. Photo by Larry Mason

REMEMBRANCE WEEK EVENTS

November 7–14, 2003

Each fall, Syracuse University and the Remembrance Scholars host a series of events and activities in memory of the 270 victims of Pan Am Flight 103, including Syracuse University's 35 student victims.

NOVEMBER 7 –14
Classroom visits by Remembrance Scholars

NOVEMBER 9 –14
Photo exhibit and video of "Dark Elegy"
Sculptures created by Suse Lowenstein, mother of victim Alexander Lowenstein
Noble Room, Hendricks Chapel

NOVEMBER 10
Carnation and lapel ribbon distribution
(Ribbons available all week)
On the Quad and Schine Student Center

NOVEMBER 10 – 14
Campus-wide exhibition of posters of the 35 student victims
Various academic buildings

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14
Rose laying ceremony
2:03 p.m. (the time of the disaster)
Place of Remembrance (in front of the Hall of Languages)

The 14th Annual Convocation for Remembrance Scholars and Lockerbie Scholars
4:00 p.m.
Hendricks Chapel
Remembrance and Lockerbie Scholars will be recognized and honored, and Mr. Graham Herbert, Rector of Lockerbie Academy, will receive a Chancellor's Medal.

Syracuse University Remembrance Scholars

2003 – 2004

The Remembrance Quilt, completed in 1998, hangs in Syracuse University's Hendricks Chapel during most services. Photo by Brendon Fleming

Scott Austin
English and Textual Studies & Secondary English Education

Dalton Beaver
History, Art History & Social Studies Education

Emalie Berezov
Communication and Rhetorical Studies

Kathleen Brennan
Magazine Journalism, International Relations & Spanish

Sarah Buynovsky
Broadcast Journalism

Heather Cable
Policy Studies & Public Relations

Alexandre Chapeaux
Chemical Engineering

Ian Cochran
Policy Studies

Allyson Collins
Magazine Journalism & Biology

Susan Crandall
Policy Studies

Jill Ennis
Communication and Rhetorical Studies & English and Textual Studies

Robert Fiato
Political Science & Public Relations

Brendon Fleming
Political Science & Newspaper Journalism

Heather Foreman
Biology & Women's Studies

Joanna Furmanska
Biology & Linguistics

Phillip Georgakopoulos
Civil Engineering

April Gurley
Social Work & Policy Studies

Gaynor Hall
African-American Studies & Broadcast Journalism

Danielle Jensen
Biochemistry

Colin Keating
Music Education

Christine King
Political Science, Sociology & History

SarahKate Kirk
Political Science & Policy Studies

Erin Maghran
Political Science, Policy Studies & Public Relations

Janel Ovrut
Dietetics

Alaina Potrikus
Newspaper Journalism

Assad Rajani
English and Textual Studies, Political Science, History & Religion

Kimberly Salley
Advertising & Marketing

Melissa Santos
Environmental Design - Interiors

Tunisia Sharpe
Television, Radio and Film

Andrew Shin
Political Science, Policy Studies & Political Philosophy

Ingrid Skoog
Computer Science & Mathematics

Andrew Whitehead
History & International Relations

Sarah Young
Social Work

Artur Zak
Computer Engineering & Mathematics

Matthew Zarit
Policy Studies & Political Science

Syracuse University Lockerbie Scholars 2003 – 2004

Jamie Graham

Erin McLaughlin