

On Eagles' Wings

On Eagles' Wings

*In Remembrance
of
all victims of the
Lockerbie Air Disaster
who died on
December 21, 1988*

And I will raise you up...

On December 21, 1988,
259 passengers and crew members
left Heathrow Airport on Pan Am Flight 103
bound for New York City.

on eagles' wings...

It was the shortest day,
the darkest day of the year.
Flight 103 entered the airspace
over Scotland...

bear you on the breath of dawn...

and received clearance for the trip
west over the ocean.
Minutes later Pan Am Flight 103
disappeared from the air traffic controller's screen.

make you to shine like the sun...

In its place were five blips on the screen.

Flight 103 had exploded.

Within minutes pieces of the plane and its occupants
rained down on the village of Lockerbie. _____

and hold you in the palm of my hand.

Eleven people in the village of Lockerbie died as well.

Since that time, the people of Lockerbie and the
families of those on the plane have entered

_____ into a bond of friendship and understanding that brings new hope to us all.

Special thanks to Peggy Hunt, Doris Cory, Shirley Scott, and Joanne Hartunian who helped contact family members, to Aphrodite Tsairis, who proofread the manuscript and to Linda Matties, who came to my aid at the end and helped write when I ran out of adjectives and energy.

—Georgia Nucci

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Produced through
The Victims of Pan Am 103
Bert Ammerman, President
135 Algonquin Parkway
Whippany, New Jersey 07981

Materials contained in this publication have been obtained mainly through information from family members. Where this was not available, information was taken from various forms of print and film media.

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U.S. Department of Justice
2000

LOCKERBIE

Gentle Lockerbie. This name, when I first came to know it, meant nothing to me. I had difficulty remembering it. As days and weeks went by, and I had the occasion to speak with the police there and eventually some of the residents, I sensed a unity of spirit in the people that I have not known for some time. The moment came to visit the place where my loved one died and I went with no expectations. I was simply drawn to the place.

Those who have not visited Lockerbie, who lost someone very dear, may speak the name with dread, may hear it as a baleful word. Go there. For all the fury that rained down on that wee village, it is a place of peace and serenity.

Out of the ashes of this disaster came a torrent of love, and friendship and help freely given from a whole community that was itself a victim. We are deeply indebted to the people of Lockerbie for their care and assistance, for the relentless searching, for the hours of laundering and ironing and folding of clothing, for their hospitality when we visit, for their charity to strangers when they themselves were beset by horror.

I would not wish a moment of pain to those kind folks. But given that the plane did indeed fall on Lockerbie, and it is done, I must say this: after being there I was left with the impression that the gentle hills of Lockerbie received them in a loving embrace. Some there will say the land is now tainted; I say it is blessed.

—Georgia Nucci

* * * *

*There are no graves here.
These mountains and plains are a cradle and a stepping stone.*

*“The Farewell”
Kahlil Gibran, The Prophet*

A Note From the Editor

From the time when I naively took on this task, envisioning a sort of memorial issue done on a copier machine with bios and photos all pouring in within a week or a month, until today, my vision of this task and my involvement in the lives of all the victims has evolved into a mission. At first it was to be a simple quick word sketch of each person. But then, as material came in, and I read all the letters, and came to know each victim, remember their birth dates and relatives' names, recognize their photos and marvel at their accomplishments, I realized a thumbnail sketch would not do. I realized that a copier-produced pamphlet was beneath them all. The task expanded.

The first difficulty of course was to contact the family members of all the victims. I believe that was done with a contact rate of 100 percent. Information flowed in in various languages—something I really had not anticipated. And the information came slowly. In June, I traveled to England and met with families there to explain my task. I met, too, with Gordon Smith, who administers the Lockerbie Trust Fund, and explained that this task, which was to provide a benefit to every victim's family, deserved a higher quality production. The Trust has, as a consequence, given financial assistance to this project. Volunteers in the United States helped track down relatives from whom we had not heard. And then I sat down to write...

It is a painful task to reduce so many sterling lives to words. Some families provided their own words, others sent a great deal of material for me to choose my own, for some there was scant information gleaned from newspapers. So, the product is uneven and the point of view varies. Still, now if I see a photo of one of these victims, I know their name and profession, and something of their personalities. Mourning has changed from focusing on the death of my own son, Chris Jones, to mourning the loss of hundreds of sons and daughters. A lady in England asked why I was carrying out this particular task. I explained that these people were very special and their stories deserved telling. She responded that **all** people were special to their families. Yes, perhaps. But when there is a mass murder, the victims are reduced to numbers: 270 dead, 270 anonymous dead. As the Spanish say, "se dice rápido," you say it fast. But when you look at each one of that number, give that number a name and face and a story, you begin to say the number more slowly. As the letters and eulogies and news articles and photos came in, I knew them all. Reading a eulogy for someone whom I had never met—never would meet now—tears streamed down my face and I resolved that these innocents would not be reduced to a statistic.

And then, as time went by, I realized that there were other things I wanted to know or acknowledge: poetry written to these victims, their seat numbers, the village of Lockerbie's loving embrace, businesses and individuals who offered their time and materials to this project. This task could expand indefinitely and never be completed. The story certainly goes on.

So, the time came to say, "This is it. Here it is. It is finished for now." I offer it in the memory of all those who perished and pray I have done them justice.

To all the families I extend my wish to you all that you someday recapture the love and joy we knew in these people and I wish you peace. To the victims: Godspeed.

Georgia Nucci

Note From the Editor on the Second Publishing

After the first printing of *On Eagles' Wings*, I began to hear from families who, either by oversight, inability, or choice, had not provided information about their family member to be included in the book. Some lamented the empty page that represented their loved one. I lamented every blank page. We still have blank pages even with this second printing 10 years later. This time those blank pages set my mind at ease a little. Mine was an undertaking conducted out of my family room with relatively scant resources. So, when the Office for Victims of Crime offered to complete the job, I was thrilled. Certainly, I thought, their communications capabilities would produce that 100-percent participation I had sought. Still there are blank pages. Those blank pages bespeak the ongoing pain and loss we all suffer. I knew when I wrote the first printing that it was a daunting task to reduce so many lives to a page or two of print. It seemed almost offensive to even attempt it. I knew the result would disappoint each of us left to deal with such a loss. And, of course, it did. Family members praised the book as a whole, but the words describing their individual lost loved one could never be sufficiently adequate to capture the essence that was gone or the vacuum that person's loss left behind. Perhaps the blank pages speak to that emptiness and in their silence tell another part of the story.

I thank the Office for Victims of Crime, especially Kathryn Turman, for this second printing, which includes so many new stories and photos. I particularly thank Attorney General Janet Reno, without whom none of this assistance would have materialized. She has recognized that justice cannot be complete without considering the harm done to the families of victims of crime. In tending to some of the needs that accompany our search for justice, a measure of relief has been provided to us that we had never experienced before.

Georgia Nucci

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U.S. Department of Justice

Office of Justice Programs

Office of Victims of Crime

Washington, D.C. 20531

Dear Families:

The Office for Victims of Crime (OVC) did not formally become involved with the Pan Am 103/Lockerbie families until the handover in 1999 of two Libyans charged with the crime. I remember very well my reactions after hearing the news of this horrific crime, and like many other people, I followed reports on the case during the intervening years. I never imagined that my own work and life would become intertwined with this crime and with the families who lost loved ones on Pan Am 103. Through them I have learned a great deal about the 270 individuals who were the victims, the enduring losses resulting from their deaths, and the remarkable capacity of people to create limitless good out of unimaginable suffering. It has been one of the most profound experiences of my life and one that has already begun to shape the work of the Office for Victims of Crime and improve the way victims of terrorism are treated in the future.

The bombing of Pan Am Flight 103 over Lockerbie, Scotland was – and still remains – one of the worst terrorism crimes in the history of the world. The lives of 270 men, women, and children were taken in a deliberate and horrifying manner, but the impact of this crime does not end with that simple statistic. The stark number of 270 murdered people is only a beginning to understanding what was lost as a result of this act. Every crime against a person – especially every violent death – produces a ripple effect that touches the lives of countless others and changes those lives forever. For the families, friends, co-workers, and communities of each victim, the loss lives on through each passing year. In that great chasm between the living and the dead are all the graduations and celebrations, friendships, first loves and marriages, careers and accomplishments, joys and woes of everyday life, and children and grandchildren that will never be.

It is right that there is a combined record of the faces and stories of those whose lives were ended in the bombing of Pan Am 103, and that this record should live on in *On Eagles' Wings*. It is a reminder that terrorism is not about politics or religion but about the destruction of life and the introduction of more evil into the world. *On Eagles' Wings* is perhaps the most poignant victim impact statement that could be created to describe what the families and the world lost as a result of this mass murder. The Office for Victims of Crime is honored to have been a part of the expansion of *On Eagles' Wings*, and we hope it endures far into the future.

Warmest regards,

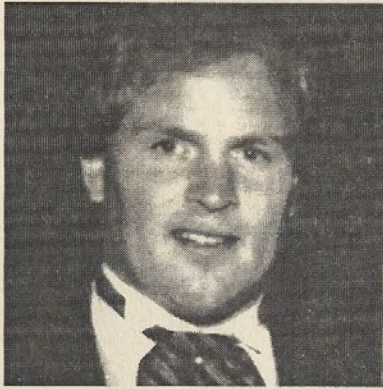
A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Kathryn M. Turman".

Kathryn M. Turman
Director



Nemo me impune lacessit.
No one dare attack me with impunity.

***The motto of the Order of the Thistle.
The thistle is the symbol of Scotland.***



JOHN MICHAEL GERARD AHERN
April 16, 1962 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Bond Broker
Seat Number 30C

John Michael Gerard Ahern, 26, of Rockville Centre, New York, was returning to the United States to spend Christmas with family members. John resided in London, England, where he worked as a government bond broker for Fundamental Brokers, Inc., a New York-based firm. He leaves his parents, Thomas and Barbara Ahern, and four siblings, Thomas Jr., Bonnie, Peter, and Colleen.

John was an enthusiastic sportsman who had planned a ski trip to Vermont with friends over the Christmas vacation. In Europe, he frequently took ski trips to the Alps and golfing trips to Scotland. A multi-dimensional person, John had a passion for art and had acquired a magnificent collection of European paintings. An open, cheerful, exuberance for life was the hallmark of John's personality.

A scholarship was established in his name at the University of Dayton, Ohio.



SARAH MARGARET AICHER
February 9, 1959 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Playwright
Seat Number 46C

PAUL STEPHEN MATHEW FREEMAN
April 2, 1963 – December 21, 1988
United Kingdom
Seat Number 46B



The youngest of Joyce and Paul Aicher's four children, Sarah Margaret Aicher was born in Evanston, Illinois. As a child she lived in Reading, Pennsylvania; Cumberland, Rhode Island; and Pomfret, Connecticut. She graduated from Cumberland High School in 1977. She then attended the University of New Hampshire, graduating in 1981 with a degree in youth drama. After college, she went to London as an aspiring actress, attending acting school there. She was a member of All Souls Church in London. Her work in the community was channeled through the church and the Samaritans of England. She began playwriting in 1986 and completed the play *Heaven* in 1988. A second play centered in Tennessee was in progress.

For her parents, Sarah's enduring traits were her vitality and her compassion. This vitality made parenting a wild, sometimes exasperating, but ultimately wonderful experience. Her compassion sometimes caused her pain but surely will not be easily forgotten by those she touched.

In her final year, she began finding her voice as a playwright, a voice that could often be heard searching for meaning in her conversations and letters. That year she completed her first play, *Heaven*, a drama about people who frequent a bar by that name near Charing Cross, London. They are street people, destitute and often homeless. Sarah, in her play, strove to bring to light the humanness of their lives, not as street people but as children of God. She had been given high hopes for its production in the coming year.

It was her vibrancy, though, that always crowds through all memory. She wanted to know, to share, to discover.

She was a deeply religious person. The church was central to her life. She and Paul Freeman, her fiancé who died with her, shared this deep conviction. She lives on in the many ways her love and caring affected those who knew her.

Paul Stephen Mathew Freeman was born in London where his father, Phillip, a successful journalist, was employed by Reuters. His mother, Donna, was a teacher and an artist. A joy to his parents, Paul was blessed with intelligence, creativity, strength of character, a generous and loving nature, and a tremendous enthusiasm for living life to the fullest. Paul had the ability to dream seemingly impossible dreams, but he also had the courage and determination to work as hard as he could to make them come true. Many incredible aspirations had already been realized, and even more were unfolding, when Pan Am 103 was blown from the skies over Lockerbie.

In 1966, the Freeman family came home to Canada. A few months later Kerry, Paul's little sister, was born. The following year, on October 2, 1967, tragedy struck when Phillip died of cancer. Two months later to the day, Donna delivered twin boys, John and Michael. At age four, Paul's life had dramatically changed. No longer an only child with a mother and a father, he was now the big brother in a one-parent home. As his mother struggled to provide for her little family, Paul learned much from her courage, fortitude, and strong, unshakable faith in God.

When he was eight, Paul was captivated by a magic show he attended. Even at that tender age, Paul made a life-shaping decision: he would become a magician. With determination and plenty of hard work, he became professional by age 11, accepting bookings for children's shows. Paul loved being on stage, and he continued to expand his repertoire until, at age 17, he began a two-summer tour of Ontario libraries with his own show, entitled, "It's Magic!" He traveled in an old apple truck he renovated, toting along his illusions, costumes, two trained white doves, and a couch. Wherever Paul performed, accolades followed, and he soon became well known for his skill and professionalism as a magician, his charismatic onstage presence, and his magnetic personality. "It's Magic!" was also taped live and broadcast on Canadian television. Paul's enthusiasm and determination continued to move him toward bigger and brighter things.

At 19, Paul joined the popular Landis & Co. Magical Theater, apprenticing for a year before joining the group as a full member. His roles with Landis required a certain amount of acting, and he loved it. Always striving for excellence (Paul graduated high school in advanced studies with above average marks), he attended the De Leon Summer Drama School while visiting relatives in England. Then he studied Shakespearan Scene Study at the Maggie Bassett Studio in Toronto, dance at the Ontario School of Ballet, and, at 21, after having appeared in numerous theater productions, Paul was accepted into the prestigious London Academy of Music and Dramatic Arts.

Paul's dual citizenship allowed him free reign to work and study in both Canada and Britain. In addition to his studies, Paul supported himself by his acting. He had to change his stage name to Mathew Freeman, however, because there was another Paul Freeman listed in British Equity. In 1985, Paul wrote, produced, directed, and starred in *The Sword and the Potion*, a children's fairytale. The play had a short but successful run on the fringe at the Edinburgh Festival. Paul was to have performed again at the Edinburgh Festival, in two different plays in the summer of 1989.

In addition to numerous stage appearances, Paul played bit parts in various movies, including *Superman IV*. He was starting to be recognized around London as he made more and more television appearances. As 1988 drew to a close, Paul's career was flourishing. He had been scheduled to direct his fiancée, Sarah Aicher's play, *Heaven*, in February 1989. In addition, Paul had been cast as a lead in a television series to be made in 1989. It was going to be a busy and exciting year. Life was good.

Throughout the four years Paul lived in Britain, he had always managed to make it home to Dundas, Ontario, to spend Christmas with his family. In December 1988, he had just finished filming *Flight 007*, based on a real life highjacking event, in which he played Aaron. Ironically, it was money from this movie that paid for his ticket on Flight 103. He had originally been scheduled to fly out of London the day before, but Paul had received a call to read for a movie role. He went to the audition, delaying his flight by one day.

When Paul was deeply moved by experiences or happenings, he wrote poems. His poems freed his mind and heart to reach out from the past, so he might embrace each new day more fully. A host of hearts were left torn and empty on December 21, 1988. May Paul's poem be a comfort.

New Beginning
by
Paul Freeman

*This is a new beginning
I will not look behind
I choose to turn towards You
To see it through Your eyes.*

*You were in the beginning
You'll be there 'till the end
Alpha and Omega
Savior and Friend.*

*I don't deserve Your love
I don't understand
Why You cared enough to come down here for me
Why You suffered hell to break these chains for me.*

*This is a new beginning
The one only You can give
I want the world to know, Lord,
It's for You I live.*

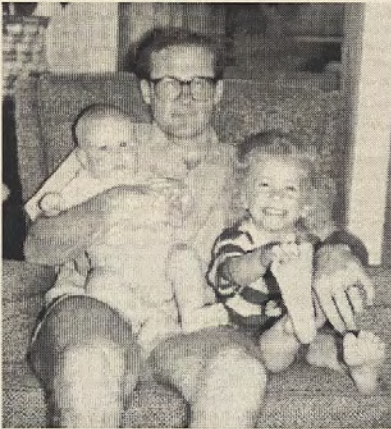
*Your love has gone before me
My voice will resound
No greater love is there
Than the Love that has come down.*

*Your strength will fill the earth
Everyone will know
As we gather here to seek our Father's face,
As we sing to You, You'll fill this Holy Place,
As we sing to You, You'll fill this empty space.*



*Photo courtesy of the Syracuse Newspapers
Photo by Dennis Nett*

**The Town of Lockerbie, from a
field along the Tundergarth Road.**



*John Akerstrom with his children
Jared and Jennie.*

JOHN DAVID AKERSTROM
May 20, 1954 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Electrical Engineer
Seat Number 25A

John David Akerstrom, living in Medina, Ohio, was returning home from a business trip to spend Christmas with his wife, our mother, and us, his two young children, who were five and not yet two years old. John's favorite way to spend his time was at home with his adored family. He was a father, husband, son, uncle, brother, and friend. We would like to share with you a little bit about him and his effect on the people who loved him and were loved by him.

I grew up idolizing John. He was a good athlete, a fantastic musician, and a successful engineer. John was also the ideal father. I remember thinking that someday I hoped I would be as good a parent. I've never seen a man who was as comfortable and patient with his children as John.

—*Laura Ford, niece*

With John being such a loving, loyal husband and father and such a conscientious worker, we truly expected the very best in life to be his lot. We looked to him and Pam to provide us with more healthy, wholesome grandchildren and to be nearby as we became older and needed assistance. He was so solid and dependable. We all lost so much when his life ended.

—*John and Emily Akerstrom, parents*

The irony is that Pam and John had lived a very intentional life. They had made plans, carried them out and accepted responsibility. They struggled together and celebrated together. They were fulfilling the American Dream in a way that few have come close to. They loved and respected their children, each other, and their community.

—*Kevin Brown, brother-in-law*

There didn't seem to be anything that John couldn't do well—he was creative with his hands, he was musical, he was athletic, and he was very intelligent.

—*Nancy Graham, sister*

We felt a great sense of gratitude that Pam had married someone who was very responsible, conscientious, and dedicated to achieving as well as a kind, loving, caring person with a great sense of humor. The future looked bright for them and we were pleased.

—Ray and Alice Brown, *in-laws*

The three things I remember most about John as my friend were his creativity, honesty, and sense of humor. He could apply his creative ability to music as well as to business and engineering problems. And when John dealt with me or anyone else, he was sincere about his feelings or perspectives and would only deal in honest terms. But regardless of how tough things got sometimes, he would always keep his sense of humor and be ready to say something to make you smile.

—Greg Mihran, *friend*

There are so many images of John that come to mind, but none of these remind me of anger or pessimism or have any negative connotations whatsoever. By example, John has shown me that these emotions do not deserve our time and attention. I will remember that, and I believe I will be changed because of it.

—Patrick Tarr, *brother-in-law*

The loss of our father and the loss of an opportunity to know him will stay with us for the rest of our lives; our lives that would be so different if he were here. We are eternally thankful to those that have supported us and told us stories of the father we never knew.

—Jared, *son, age 13 and*
Jennie, *daughter, age 16*

RONALD ELY ALEXANDER
July 15, 1942 – December 21, 1988
Switzerland
Businessman
Seat Number 42C

Ronald Ely Alexander, of New York, New York, was born in Zurich, Switzerland, in 1942. He graduated from Cornell University in 1965 and, ultimately, became the founder and president of Alexander Associates, an international investment management firm based in New York. Ronald founded the company in 1980 after he served as a partner and officer of several security companies in both the United States and Europe. He was an internationally recognized financial advisor to major European institutions.



THOMAS JOSEPH AMMERMAN
August 6, 1952 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Marketing Manager
Seat Number 16E

Thomas (Tom) Joseph Ammerman, a 1974 graduate of Villanova and marketing manager for the shipping firm United States Navigation, Inc., was returning home to his family after three weeks in Europe setting up marketing for a new service between Europe and Saudi Arabia. Tom leaves his wife, Carolyn Mayer Ammerman; two daughters, Casey and Jill; his mother, Margaret McLoughlin Ammerman; two brothers, Herbert J. Jr., and Robert; and two sisters, Mary Anne Lumley and Catherine Barry. His father, Herbert, died in August of 1988.

The Rev. Edward W. Duffy, in his memorial service, described Tom as “an interior sort of man; there was a quietness, an inner calm, a depth of being about him that enabled him to be very responsive to people and supportive of them in their needs.”

He was a family man returning to be home at Christmas.

MARTIN LEWIS APFELBAUM
August 16, 1929 - December 21, 1988
United States of America
Stamp Dealer
Seat Number 15H

A resident of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, Martin Lewis Apfelbaum was returning there from a trip to London to purchase rare stamps. He was the head of a retail, auction, and mail order stamp firm founded by and named after his father, Earl P. L. Apfelbaum, Inc. He had traded turns traveling to London with his son, John, a vice president in the firm.

A devoted, generous, and loving family man, Martin is survived by his wife of 38 years, Diane, as well as his children and grandchildren. In his business, he was known and respected for being responsible and tenacious and for demanding hard work and excellence.



RACHEL MARIA ASRELSKY
November 26, 1967 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 38D

Rachel Maria Asrelsky was an anthropology student at Grinnell College, Iowa, returning to her home in New York, New York, after completing a successful term in Florence, Italy, studying Italian art, language, and history. More than anthropology or Italian, Rachel was an ardent student and lover of life.

Described as a whirlwind by teachers, friends, and family, Rachel was active in a variety of social and political issues. Her activity was intense, enthusiastic, and breathtaking—all tempered by an irrepressible sense of humor and quick affection. A friend said of her, "Rachel lived life to the hilt. The depth of the pain we are feeling reflects the joy and love she brought to us all. Losing her is awful, but not having known her would have been far worse."

The Rachel Asrelsky Memorial Award was established in her memory at Grinnell College.



WILLIAM GARRETSON ATKINSON III
August 18, 1955 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Engineer
Seat Number 15A

JUDITH BERNSTEIN ATKINSON
January 18, 1951 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Art Historian and Consultant
Seat Number 15B



Judy and Gary, married in May 1988, lived and worked in London. They were returning to the United States to visit relatives in Connecticut and Washington.

William Garretson (Gary) Atkinson III was a project executive for Olympia and York in London. He was a graduate of Washington University, where he was honored with a four-year Engineering Fellowship. Graduating with honors in civil engineering, he did his graduate work in construction management at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, his father's alma mater. He worked in Boston for the Beacon Companies on such notable projects as the Meridien Hotel, One Post Office Square, and the Boston Harbor Hotel.

Described by his family as a "born leader," as a youth he was involved in scouting, student council, and school stage productions. He was voted by his classmates Most Likely to Succeed, Most Intellectual, and Contributed Most to Ledyard High School. He gave the valedictory address at his graduation. As an adult, he participated avidly in sailing, skiing, and cycling. Gary was interested in everything, and in his zest for life belonged to the Fine Arts Museum, attended Boston Symphony concerts, and traveled to Europe, Japan, and throughout the United States. He is quoted as saying, "The only thing that keeps a man going is energy, and what is energy but liking life?"

Judith (Judy) Bernstein Atkinson grew up in St. Paul, Minnesota. She is described as being a gifted woman in every dimension. As a precocious child she read easily and memorized multiplication tables before entering kindergarten. She graduated high school as a Merit finalist, as well as a Bet Hamidrash graduate. Her desire to learn carried her far and wide. She attended the University of Michigan for two years. As a junior, she studied in Edinburgh, Scotland, and taught on the Isle of Skye. While there, she learned of an archeology course being taught at the Hyatt Institute in Jerusalem sponsored by Brandeis University. She spent her second semester there after which she transferred to Brandeis and graduated with honors the following year.

After graduation, she entered the Masters Program in Art History at the University of California in San Francisco. She followed that with a fellowship at Yale. She worked in New York as a curator for both the Whitney and the Jewish Museum. While Judy loved art, she didn't care for curating, so when she heard of a new school of business starting at Yale, she entered the Masters Program in Public and Private Management. She enjoyed the challenge and variety of business consulting and worked primarily in New York, Boston, and Washington. Most importantly, it afforded her the opportunity to focus on the real passions of her life, people and travel.

Judy avidly enjoyed a variety of interests and volunteered her time to special causes. She enjoyed cycling, hiking, and travel everywhere. And her love of life and people extended to the community in which she lived. In New York, she worked with the lunch program for the homeless at her synagogue.

Judy and Gary are described as soul mates: active, interested, involved, contributing members of the world's society.

*The red and amber autumn,
They said it looked like a picture
I drew a red and amber picture,
But it wasn't autumn.*

*—Richard Margolis
Childhood friend and
neighbor of Judith*



ELISABETH NICHOLE AVOYNE
May 5, 1944 – December 21, 1988
France
Flight Attendant

Elisabeth (Babette) Nichole Avoyne was one of the Pan Am flight attendants on Flight 103. According to Pan Am's *Clipper News*, she "came to Pan Am in 1968 and was based in Miami, Seattle, and Washington before becoming one of the founding members of the London base in 1972. She loved to travel and entertain and radiated sincerity when showing interest and care for people both professionally and privately. Babette is survived by her husband, Didier Clément; one daughter, Aude; a stepson, Jean-Francois; and a stepdaughter, Sophie."



JERRY DON AVRITT
July 30, 1942 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Flight Engineer

Jerry Don Avritt, 46, was the flight engineer on Pan Am 103. Born in Lebanon, Kentucky, Jerry relocated to California as a young boy and lived there until his death. A loving husband and devoted father, he is survived by his wife, Judy and their children, Marcus, 16; and Angela, 15. He had served in the Strategic Air Command with the U.S. Air Force, where he learned how to work on jet engines and where he became involved in aviation. He loved working with airplanes and was proud of having been in the Air Force.

Friends and family remember him for his sense of humor and his willingness to help whenever neighbors needed mechanical repairs. Jerry had planned to retire and open a little repair shop. An avid reader, he was on a first-name basis with everyone at the public library. Jerry also held a private pilot's license.

CLARE LOUISE BACCIOCHI
March 15, 1969 – December 21, 1988
United Kingdom
Hair Stylist
Seat Number 50K

CLAYTON LEE FLICK
February 23, 1963 – December 21, 1988
United Kingdom
Businessman
Seat Number 50J

Clare Louise Bacciochi and Clayton Lee Flick were on a special trip to New York to celebrate their recent engagement.

*In love they flew, in death they knew,
together they would be.
In love they died, in pain we cried,
that night in Lockerbie.*

Clare's father, in writing about his daughter, explains, "It would take me nineteen years to describe my daughter, because every moment of her life was a wonderful experience. How can I explain what kind of person Clare was, speaking as her father? If I were some other person describing Clare I know you would believe it. This girl was just too good to last; she was loving, caring, unselfish, and on top of all this, she was so beautiful. Clare was always someone other people could share their problems with and get some help from with her warm personality. It wasn't until after we lost Clare that we realized the number of people she had helped in her short life and never spoke about it. Everyone who met Clare had noticed that special something she possessed. Her headstone will read, 'She gave nineteen years of love and happiness.' It was this wonderful child who met this wonderful boy only nine months before they both died.

Clayton Flick, a mere twenty-five years old, was the perfect match for Clare. It was a fairy tale romance, love at first sight, the promise of showing Clare the world, the perfect gentleman, and the promised son-in-law. It was on November 5th they became engaged, a wonderful night that both families will treasure forever. She phoned us just before boarding at 17:50 hours and spoke about pre-flight shopping. I was handed the phone from my wife and Clare spoke her last words to me, 'Dad, I love you.'

Clare leaves her parents John and Jean and a sister, Dawn.

Clayton was born the fourth child of Harry and Jean, the brother of Barry and two sisters, Tracy and Kerry. He was always a very happy, contented, and attractive child, who stole everyone's heart as a baby, teenager, and even as a grownup. He was a bright scholar and he excelled as an all-round sportsman in every sport he put his hand to. He represented his school, city, and country in soccer, rugby, cricket, basketball, and had numerous trophies and medals to prove his expertise. In grammar school, he achieved three A-levels and was admitted to Roehampton College, part of the University of London, where he spent three years culminating in an Honours Degree in Economics and Business Studies. He later returned to Coventry and started his own business, a supply company to the cleaning industry.

When Clayton and Clare were engaged, a ring was not enough for Clayton. In his inimitable way, he promised Clare a shopping trip of a lifetime, a three-day excursion to New York, three days to buy all their presents, three days in which to show her all the marvelous sights. Their shopping trip of a lifetime lasted 45 minutes. They were buried side by side at the village church of Clare's home in Kingsbury near Birmingham on January 17, 1989.





HARRY MICHAEL BAINBRIDGE
November 16, 1954 - December 21, 1988
United States of America
PepsiCo Attorney
Seat Number 4B

Harry Michael Bainbridge, 34, an international counsel for PepsiCo was returning home from a business trip to Rome, Italy. Born in Fairmont, West Virginia, Harry leaves his wife Dona; his son, Harry, born on March 7, 1989; his brother, Danny, of Fairmont; his sister, Sue Shumate, of Live Oak, Florida; and his parents, Lawrence and Olive Bainbridge of Farmington, West Virginia. A summa cum laude graduate of the University of Notre Dame, majoring in government and international relations, he later earned a law degree from the university.

Described as idealistic, gregarious, good-natured, and humorous, as well as adventurous, Harry traveled extensively in his business, making about 17 international business trips a year, logging more than 100,000 miles in the air. He made frequent and enthusiastic trips to Pakistan, prompting his colleagues to dub him the "Prince of Pakistan." In his eulogy he was described as a compassionate achiever who never let success get in the way of his love for people.



STUART MURRAY BARCLAY
November 28, 1959 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Businessman
Seat Number 18G

Stuart Murray Barclay, of Vermont, graduated from Brown University in 1982 and later went to business school at Dartmouth. At Brown, he studied international relations. He was an accomplished skier, loved to play tennis, and hunt and fish in the New England wilderness. He had tried investment banking, but soon decided to start a real estate concern with a partner. He had been in London to close one of their first big deals. "It was just getting started," his mother, Audrey, says.



JEAN MARY BELL
March 16, 1944 - December 21, 1988
United Kingdom
Personal Assistant
Seat Number 5A

Jean Mary Bell, a personal assistant at Clairol U.K., was from Leeds, Yorkshire, England. She was traveling to New York to visit her oldest son David, who was 24 at the time, and her American daughter-in-law for the Christmas holidays. She leaves her three sons, David, Jonathan, and Richard, as well as two sisters, two brothers, and her mother and father.

Mary is described as having fabulous taste and being very individual and very stylish. She was brave and not one to complain, dealing with burdens as they arose and overcoming them. Mary raised her three children single-handedly. She also had great success in renovating properties. For two years, Mary never used her kitchen, only using the microwave to warm-up take-aways. She had the quote, "Life is far too short to stuff a mushroom," scotch taped to the oven door. Mary enjoyed life to the fullest.



JULIAN MacBAIN BENELLO
December 28, 1962 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 23H

Julian MacBain Benello, a student at King's College, Cambridge University in England, was returning home to the Boston area for the holidays. He leaves his mother, Lestra Carpe Benello, and a brother, Allen.

Julian graduated from Phillips Exeter Academy in 1981 and went on to major in Classics at Yale. He played on the varsity squash team for four years, earning All-American status in his junior year. After Yale, he taught Classics for one year at Trinity School in New York and then began his graduate studies in the cognitive sciences at King's College. At the time of his death, he had just completed a research paper on the disambiguation of language by neural-network computer technique that has since been published. He had also just received offers from both Brown and Cambridge to continue his graduate work and research.

*But the just man, though he dies
young will be at rest. There was a
man who pleased God and was
loved by him, and while living
among sinners was taken from
the earth. Being made perfect in
a short space, he fulfilled long
years. His soul pleased God...*

—The Book of Wisdom

A multi-talented person, Julian was an accomplished musician. He possessed an excellent voice, and played both piano and classical guitar. Music was a dominant force in his life. He sang the Bach "Magnificat" in the choir in high school: his comment: "Mommy, it's so fun!!!"

Julian was greatly gifted with a fine intellect and rare talents—but his greatest gift was a loving heart. He brought joy to the lives of all who knew and loved him, with his unbounded enthusiasm, humor, and generous spirit. He will be mourned as long as those whose lives he enriched remain on this earth.

He leaves us a fragment of his poetry:

*A name for it was told to me once.
In enchanting darkness.
For ripples on a deep silvery pond,
Little breaths of air that
Send forest tree leaves
Dancing in obscure rhythms.
The reflected questioning on a
Child's face when
Pain rings through a house,
Furniture misplaced, a
Door ajar,
Half-spoken words through
The open window;
There is a name,
But I do not know it.*



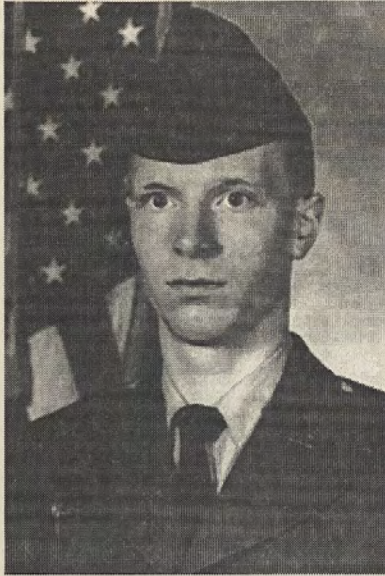
LAWRENCE RAY BENNETT
November 5, 1947 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Pharmaceutical Chemist
Seat Number 15J

Lawrence (Larry) Ray Bennett, of Chelsea, Michigan, was returning home from West Germany where he had been on business visiting a research facility for his company, Parke-Davis. He had been detained by business, which kept him in Europe a day longer than originally planned. Larry leaves his wife, Sue; and their three sons, Jim, 12; Andy, 10; and Davy, seven. He also leaves his parents, his grandmother, and two brothers, as well as several aunts, uncles, cousins, nieces, and nephews. He earned his B.A. from Wayne State University and his Master's degree from Penn State University, graduating cum laude from both institutions.

He met his wife, Sue Harcourt at an Inter Varsity Christina Fellowship retreat and they were married on September 18, 1970. Sue recalls, "After grad school there was a calling and spirit of adventure that took us to Afghanistan in the Peace Corps. Upon completing two months of intensive language and cultural training we moved to Charibar, the capital of Parwan Province. As a science supervisor, Larry set up science laboratories in all of the high schools of the province. The second year we transferred to Kabul where he taught chemistry at Kabul University and revised their laboratory manual.

Returning to the U.S. in 1974, Larry chose to work at Parke-Davis. He felt working for pharmaceutical company would be in some small way helping people. My fondest memories of Larry are of watching this gentle man at home wearing a flannel shirt and corduroys doing anything from hiking, hoeing, repairing, building, fixing, singing, and playing his ukulele (only we knew he had a beautiful singing voice) with three boys following him like a shadow. His biggest source of pride was his family. The respect and love he earned from his wife and sons cannot be compared to the merit the world offers.

Since leaving Afghanistan Larry's burden for that area of the world grew. The downing of the Iranian AirBus caused him deep concern and prayer. His concern for children sent him writing to World Vision and supporting a child in Iran. We will continue to support this child."



PHILIP VERNON BERGSTROM
December 21, 1966 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
United States Military
Seat Number 46A

Sgt. Philip Vernon Bergstrom served in the U.S. Army since age 17, and was an Apache helicopter navigator, stationed in Wiesbaden, Germany. He was on his way home to his family in Forest Lake, Minnesota, on emergency leave to be near his father who was scheduled for surgery in early January.

Proud of being a soldier, he had earned the nickname "Smiley" while in the service. "When the sergeants told him to go down and give 'em fifty, he went down smiling and came up smiling," recalls his mother, Audrey. Known as a youth for being reliable and hard working, Philip's death left a large void in this small but close knit family. Besides his parents, Philip and Audrey, Philip leaves a sister, Pennie Darwin; a nephew; and his maternal grandparents. Philip was a dutiful son who wrote home three times a week. He had hoped to become a helicopter pilot and, later, to complete a college degree and become a minister of his church.



ALISTAIR DAVID BERKLEY
April 11, 1959 – December 21, 1988
United Kingdom
Law Lecturer
Seat Number 47A

Alistair David Berkley was the eldest of three brothers. He qualified as an architect at Bristol University and the Architectural Association in London. After spending some months in Bangladesh, he took a law degree at Cambridge University and then taught law at Makerere University in Uganda, before returning to take his LLM at the London School of Economics.

At the time of his death, he was a law lecturer at the Polytechnic of Central London, where he was considered to be a gifted and devoted teacher. He had a great interest in the third world and much of his work was directed toward considering how systems of law in third world countries could be made more appropriate and helpful for the mass of the population. He was extremely hardworking and concerned for others, particularly for the disadvantaged. He was fundamentally serious, but made a lot of jokes. He was artistic, generous, witty, and kind and his death has left a terrible gap in the lives of his family and friends, students, and colleagues.



**The field next to the Lockerbie Golf Club
where many of the victims were found.**



MICHAEL STUART BERNSTEIN
July 3, 1952 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Department of Justice – Nazi Hunter
Seat Number 47D

“...but where humility is, there also is wisdom.”
—Book of Proverbs

Michael Stuart Bernstein, a U.S. Justice Department attorney from Bethesda, Maryland, was returning from Vienna, Austria, where he was representing the Department in negotiations with the Austrian government on deporting Nazi war criminals from the United States to Austria. Mr. Bernstein had the mission of finding and prosecuting Nazi war criminals who succeeded in entering the United States after World War II without having their wartime activities disclosed. So impeccable was his preparation of these investigations that he had a reputation for eliciting confessions from suspects without ever having to go to trial. Although he was personally responsible for the Office of Special Investigation's deportation of seven out of 24 former Nazis, he never touted his success. He loathed pretense and pomposity among lawyers. Known for his unpretentious manner, Michael was a persistent investigator, skillful negotiator, gentlemanly coworker, and a thoroughly compassionate human being.

Michael was a native of New York and graduated from the University of Michigan “with distinction” in 1973. He earned an M.A. in American History from Johns Hopkins University in 1975 and a J.D. degree from the University of Chicago Law School in 1979. He was an associate editor of the law review at Chicago. From 1979 to 1985 he was an associate with Covington and Burling, a Washington, DC, law firm. He joined the Office of Special Investigations as a trial attorney in 1985 and was appointed assistant deputy director of the unit early in 1988.

Michael loved to read the works of 20th century philosophers and traveled for a month around India and Nepal, learning about Hinduism and Buddhism. He possessed an encyclopedic knowledge of rock music as well. But his “secret vice” was a passion for his college football team, the University of Michigan Wolverines.

In all he did Michael adhered to his belief in what is referred to in Hebrew as *tikkun olam*—both the perfectibility of the world and the moral imperative of working toward the goal.

Michael leaves his wife, Stephanie; a daughter, Sara; and a son, Joseph; as well as his mother, Janet. He was especially inspired by his father's courageous battle over many years against a debilitating illness, and by his mother's selfless devotion to her husband. His father died in the summer of 1988.

Michael got his strength as well from the loving family that he and Stephanie had created. Stephanie, his college sweetheart, was his love and confidante. Each shared fully in the satisfaction of the other's professional accomplishments and together they lavished love and attention on their two beautiful children. A supremely devoted father, he was provider, protector, teacher, and playmate all wrapped into one.

*Today, the road all runners come,
Shoulder-high we bring you home
And set you at your threshold down,
Townsmen of a stiller town.*

—A.E. Houseman, "To an Athlete Dying Young"



STEVEN RUSSELL BERRELL
June 19, 1968 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 46F

Steven Russell Berrell was one of the 35 Syracuse University students on Pan Am Flight 103 who were returning home for Christmas after a semester studying in London. Steve had such broad interests that he had a double major at Syracuse, communications and management. Before leaving for England, Steve pledged with the Phi Delta Theta fraternity and planned to move into the fraternity house before the next term started on January 17. Steve leaves his parents, Bob and Sally, of Fargo, North Dakota; as well as his sister, Martha; and an older brother, Rob.

Steve was known as a loyal friend, a sensitive, considerate, and caring person who reached out in a special way to many people. He loved to explore new places and ideas with imagination and an open mind. Steve had deep respect and love for his family. He set high goals for himself and worked hard to attain them. His sense of humor and warm smile were always present. A memorial was established in his name at the First Presbyterian Church of Fargo, as well as a scholarship in his name at Syracuse University.



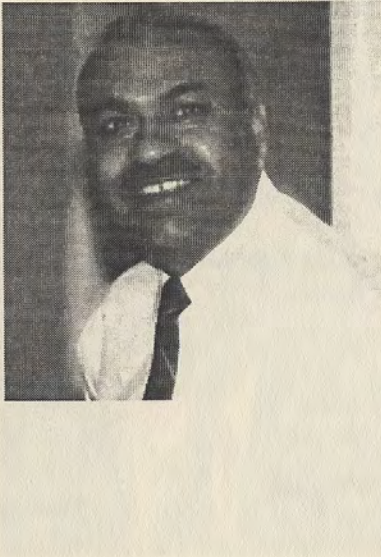
NOELLE LYDIE BERTI

December 24, 1947 – December 21, 1988

France

Flight Attendant

According to Pan Am's *Clipper News*, "Noelle's career with Pan Am began in 1970, and she was based in Chicago and New York before joining the London base in 1975. A former 'Miss France,' she possessed a quiet and unique understanding of people that easily gained the respect of everyone with whom she made contact. Noelle was single and enjoyed a close relationship with her mother, Jacqueline Campbell, who survives her."



SURINDER MOHAN BHATIA
May 21, 1937 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Businessman
Seat Number 34D

Surinder Mohan Bhatia, known as Sam, lived with his wife, Sharda, and daughter, Kiran, in Redondo Beach, California. A native of New Delhi, India, he moved to San Pedro and taught mathematics. He later became owner and president of Career Selection, Inc., an executive search firm. He traveled to London earlier in December to promote a business transaction. Sam was not supposed to be on Pan Am Flight 103, but he finished his business a few days ahead of schedule and changed plans to stop over and visit a business associate on the east coast before returning home. He then booked on Pan Am 103 as a standby passenger.

Sam was executive director of the International Thought Alliance, a worldwide association of New Thought Churches. He is remembered by friends and former students as being strict yet kind and understanding, a man who instilled good values. His family asked relatives and friends not to grieve for him, but to reflect on the experiences they shared with him during his lifetime. He believed in the continuity of the soul and the oneness of life. He is remembered for the knowledge and happiness he willingly shared with all and for having enriched and touched the lives of many.



KENNETH JOHN BISSETT
December 19, 1967 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 31J

Kenneth (Ken) John Bissett, 21, was a Cornell University junior studying with Syracuse University's Department of International Programs Abroad. Ken was an only child, and leaves his parents, John and Florence, of Hartsdale, New York. Ken was a bright, enthusiastic young man considered by his professors to be a good writer. He wanted to be "the next Stephen King" according to his friends and family. He loved writing. Ironically, he was concerned about terrorism and turned the subject into his advertising project in London. It won an award as the best work in the class.

Ken had been enrolled at Cornell in engineering but transferred to the communications program. He was leaning towards a career in advertising. He wrote for a campus publication, *Cornell Countryman*. Two of his articles, one on the legalities of drinking on campus and the other on the history of the Empire apple, were recognized for detail reporting and for the artwork that he supplied for the articles. In London, one of his photography projects was on display in a museum. At home, Ken's big hobby was music, especially jazz.

His parents write, "Kenny was a Christmas present and one that improved with age like a fine wine. Each year, his abilities and talents brought us more and more pride and joy, whether it was his grades, his writings or just being a wonderful person. God is now enjoying the fine wine that is Kenneth John Bissett, but God should have waited until 101, not 21."



DIANE BOATMON-FULLER
January 8, 1953 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Playwright
Seat Number 22H

Diane Boatmon-Fuller was born in Ann Arbor, Michigan. She leaves her parents, Cannon Fuller and Maggie Boatmon; four sisters; and three brothers. Her father has since passed away. As a hard worker in the Universal Missionary Church, to which she belonged from an early age, she eventually became the director of the young people's program. Diane led the choir and took the members on trips and numerous cultural events. She graduated from Cass Technical High School in June 1971. She later graduated from Wayne State University in January 1977 and became a schoolteacher in Detroit. As a concerned citizen, she worked unselfishly for the betterment of the community, volunteering with the Detroit Institute of Arts, the Coalition to Abolish Stress, and as a campaign worker on Mayor Young's first campaign to become Mayor of Detroit.

In 1981, Diane moved to Los Angeles, California, where she began teaching in the Los Angeles public school system. In 1983 she became a minister of her faith. While in Los Angeles, Diane's attention turned to her writing career and the entertainment industry. After publishing several articles, her talent for writing had become apparent. Early in 1988, she moved to Paris, France, to put forth all of her effort in writing. In August, she began to commute between London and Paris in an effort to produce her first play *How I Got Over*. She was traveling to Detroit on Pan Am 103 to surprise her family by coming home for Christmas.

A scholarship has been established in her name at Wayne State University, "The Diane Boatman-Fuller Scholarship Fund for Writing Excellence."



STEPHEN JOHN BOLAND
September 28, 1968 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 46G

Stephen (Steve) John Boland, one of the 35 Syracuse University students, was from the state of New Hampshire and was returning home for Christmas. He leaves his parents, John and Jane; a sister, Kelly; his paternal grandfather; and his friend, Pamela Seager. A 1986 graduate of Bishop Gurtin High School in Nashua, New Hampshire, Steve received the All-Gurtin Award, given to the student who best exemplifies the academic, religious, and spiritual ideals of the school. He was also president of the student council. He was returning to Syracuse University where he was enrolled in the S.I. Newhouse School of Communications as an advertising major, and his fraternity, Delta Tau Delta, where he was elected the chapter vice president for 1989 to 1990 while he was thousands of miles away in England.

Steve's parents describe him as, "God's personal envoy of peace and brotherhood. He extended to every human being, unconditionally, his magnetic qualities of joy, understanding, kindness, and love." His fraternity brothers agree, explaining Steve this way, "From classes to his love of the Beatles, his commitment was intense in everything he did. But Steve was not the type of person whose attitude was that of a go-getter; it was that of a friend, an advisor, a person you could trust with anything. Few people who met him weren't attracted to his love of life, something which was an inspiration to us all."

PAULA MARIE ALDERMAN BOUCKLEY
October 14, 1959 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Sales
Seat Number 39J

GLENN JOHN BOUCKLEY
February 24, 1961 – December 21, 1988
United Kingdom
Sales
Seat Number 39K

Glenn John and Paula Marie Alderman Bouckley, who had been residing in New York State, were returning from an eight-day trip to England. They had been in West Yorkshire for the wedding of Glenn's brother, Christopher, who lives in England. Glenn was best man.

Paula is the daughter of the late Gordon Alderman, a dentist, who had died earlier in 1988 and Marion Alderman. She also leaves three sisters. She was a 1984 graduate of Cornell University in Ithaca, New York, where she obtained a Bachelor's degree in Human Development and Family Studies.

Glenn was born in Sowerby Bridge, West Yorkshire, England, where he represented his school in all sports. Family describe him as a "clever and intelligent man with a great deal of common sense—he was fun-loving and helpful." After school he followed an apprenticeship and had become a fully qualified electrician.

Glenn and Paula had been "pen pals"! They had been corresponding for some years when they finally met in England while Paula was on a tour of Europe with her sister just after graduating from Cornell University. Eight months and one more visit to England later, they were married at St. Peter's Church, Sowerby. Paula had wanted to marry in England for she loved the country and was a great supporter of the traditions. Her parents, an aunt and uncle, and two of her sisters traveled from the United States for the wedding. For the first year and a half they lived in Sowerby Bridge, Paula working in retail sales, Glenn in electrical wholesales. In 1988, they moved to the United States shortly after the sad death of Paula's father.

As a couple they were a lively, thoughtful pair—always helping family members, concerned about the environment and conservation, exuberant entertainers, trustworthy, and dependable. Glenn's brother recalls they were "two very special people...warm, caring and sensitive people who worked hard for their living and did so in a very polite, courteous, and happy manner. Both were intelligent and able people with a conscience about the societies they lived in and the effect the society had on itself and on the other creatures within. They gave each other the benefits of their own cultures, they gave their culture, time, happiness, and love to all those that they came into contact with and in all the circles that they moved in."





NICOLE ELISE BOULANGER
October 28, 1967 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 28B

Nicole Elise Boulanger, a Syracuse University musical theater major in her senior year, was returning home for Christmas after studying on scholarship in London with Syracuse University's DIPA program. She leaves her parents, Ron and Jeannine of Shrewsbury, Massachusetts; and a sister, Renee. She is also survived by her paternal grandmother, Juliette Boulanger. Nicole lived in Shrewsbury most of her life and had attended Holy Name Central Catholic High School in nearby Worcester where she earned a variety of honors, including the Geometry, Art, Biology, Short Story, and Humanities awards. In school she was active in musicals, the Musical Prep Club, the Folk Liturgy group, and the Pep Club. She also worked in set design for school theater productions and was active in the Theater Guild where she served as its house manager.

At Syracuse, Nicole was a dean's list student scheduled to graduate in May 1989. Aside from her theater work, she displayed talents in drawing, painting, and costume design, along with a flair for writing poetry and prose. In London, she studied voice, dance, and drama. Her last performance was in a project for the Funge Theatre Class in London, which she choreographed and directed, and for which she performed her original dance about the effects of cliques in society. Described by friends as quiet and shy, when she got on stage she was another person—she absolutely loved theater.

One of the most talented students of musical theater, dedicated, self-disciplined, and compassionate in life, and towards her studies and those around her; she was a wonderful dancer, actress, and singer. Nicole was featured in many Syracuse productions.

*If in the twilight of memory we
should meet once more, we shall
speak again together and you
shall sing to me a deeper song.*
—Gibran



FRANCIS BOYER
June 22, 1945 – December 21, 1988
France
Engineer
Seat Number 9A

Francis Boyer was director of development for Bendix Automotive Electronics in France. He was an engineer who graduated from one of the top engineering schools in France, the Ecole Supérieure d'Electricité. He was traveling to the head office of Siemens in Detroit, Michigan, to defend an important development project for the company. Francis was originally scheduled to take the Paris to Detroit plane, but he missed his flight and had to take the Pan Am 103 flight from Frankfurt instead.

He was a good husband and father of one daughter and two sons, then 12, nine, and five years old. Although he had had a difficult childhood, he managed to overcome his personal problems and was successful in his private life and in his career.

People who knew Francis describe him as an honest, loyal, and always kind man. He will forever stay in the heart of his family and friends.



NICHOLAS BRIGHT
August 29, 1956 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Businessman
Seat Number 13A

Nicholas Bright, of Brookline, Massachusetts, was returning home from a business trip to London where he had traveled as a manager for the consulting firm of Bain and Co. of Boston. The ninth of 10 children, Nick leaves his wife, Eleanor; and infant son, Nicholas; as well as his parents, sisters, and brothers. Nick graduated from the Holderness School in Plymouth, New Hampshire, in 1975 and graduated from Bowdoin College cum laude in 1979 with a degree in economics and sociology. He later received an MBA from Harvard Business School. Nick was an avid outdoorsman and family man who was planning a Christmas in Maine with all the family. Delayed by business, he was originally scheduled to take an earlier flight from London on British Air.

Described by business associates as someone who brought to his work, without artifice or pretense, his values as a human being; he was honest and uncomplicated in his approach and so his values were clear to anyone immediately. Nicholas was particularly striking in his ability to enjoy all of life: both work and play. He brought enthusiasm, a sense of wonder and joy, to everything he did.

Possessed of skill, integrity, empathy, and a sense of humor, Nicholas' untimely death is a loss not just to his family but to all who came in contact with him.

DANIEL SOLOMON BROWNER (BIER)

August 20, 1965 - December 21, 1988

Israel

Seat Number 21A



COLLEEN RENEE BRUNNER
January 4, 1968 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 44C

A junior majoring in communications studies at State University of New York at Oswego, Colleen Renee Brunner was traveling home following completion of her college's London exchange program. Colleen was traveling home with Lynne Hartunian. The two had traveled for several weeks through Spain, France, Italy, Austria, Germany, and Switzerland after their classes in London had ended. Her favorite memories overseas included the opportunity to shake hands with the Pope and visits with her relatives in Dublin, Ireland. The youngest of eight children, Colleen is survived by her mom, Pat; brothers, Donald, Michael, William (Ann), and Robert (Tracy); and sisters, Cheryl, Karen (Leo), and Patti (Tim). Her father Donald has since passed away.

Colleen was born and raised in North Boston, New York. She was a graduate of Hamburg Senior High where she served as secretary and vice president of the Student Council, a member of the Varsity Cheerleading squad, and a three-year member of the Catalina Club.

At Oswego, she enjoyed her job in the Admissions Office and was very active in the Alpha Sigma Chi sorority. Her summer jobs included office work at the Erie County Water Authority.

A memorial Scholarship Fund has been established at SUNY Oswego in her honor and to date (2000), 27 students have received scholarships in her memory. Hamburg Senior High also presents the Colleen Brunner Student Council Scholarship yearly to a graduating senior.

Her mother explains that Colleen loved sports and received numerous awards for her athletic ability. Her love for life, family, and friends was overwhelming. She had a special gift of inner love, which projected in her warm, beautiful smile to everyone she came in contact with. Once you met her, you never forgot her.

"YEEN," you touched the hearts of so many in your short life. Your smile, personality, and all the private, special moments we all shared with you, now will be cherished as memories. We will never forget you.



TIMOTHY GUY BURMAN
October 9, 1964 – December 21, 1988
United Kingdom
Banker
Seat Number 38G

Youngest of his family, with three elder sisters, Timothy (Tim) Guy Burman was an enthusiastic scouter and athlete. He obtained a B.A., First Class in Botany at Gonville and Caius College Cambridge. He was a keen conservationist, especially concerned for trees.

The constant theme of the many tributes of friends has been that he was such good company and note is especially made of his ability to bring joy and fun into almost all situations.

He was enjoying a career in banking at the time of the tragedy and was very excited to be traveling to New York to spend Christmas with his girlfriend.



WARREN MAX BUSER
September 22, 1926 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Civil Engineer
Seat Number 35A



MICHAEL WARREN BUSER
August 8, 1954 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Media Advertising Executive
Seat Number 35B



LORRAINE BUSER HALSCH
November 6, 1957 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Special Education Teacher
Seat Number 35C

Warren Max Buser and two of his children, Michael Warren Buser and Lorraine Buser Halsch, were returning home from an impromptu vacation in England. Lorraine was expecting her second child. Surviving are Geraldine, wife and mother; Paul Halsch, husband of Lorraine; Kelly, 11 months, daughter of Lorraine; and two sisters and a brother of Lorraine and Michael.

Warren, 62, was an Army veteran of World War II and a graduate of Columbia University with a Master's degree in Civil Engineering. He worked for the Parsons Brinkerhoff Co., of New York, New York. He was a member of American Legion Post 145 and a parishioner of St. Catharine's R.C. Church of Glen Rock, New York.

His son, Michael, 34, of Ridgely, New Jersey, was a media advertising executive for A.C. & R. Co., New York, New York. A 1976 graduate of Temple University, he was a member of its Alumni Association. He, too, was a parishioner of St. Catharine's R.C. Church in Glen Rock and was active in the Glen Rock Softball League.

Lorraine, 31, daughter of Warren and sister of Michael, graduated from Old Dominion University with a Bachelor's degree in Education and worked for the Englewood Board of Education in special education. Lorraine lived in Fairport, New York, with her husband, Paul; and infant daughter, Kelly. She was a parishioner of Assumption of Our Lady R.C. Church in Fairport and a member of the Perington, New York, Welcome Wagon.



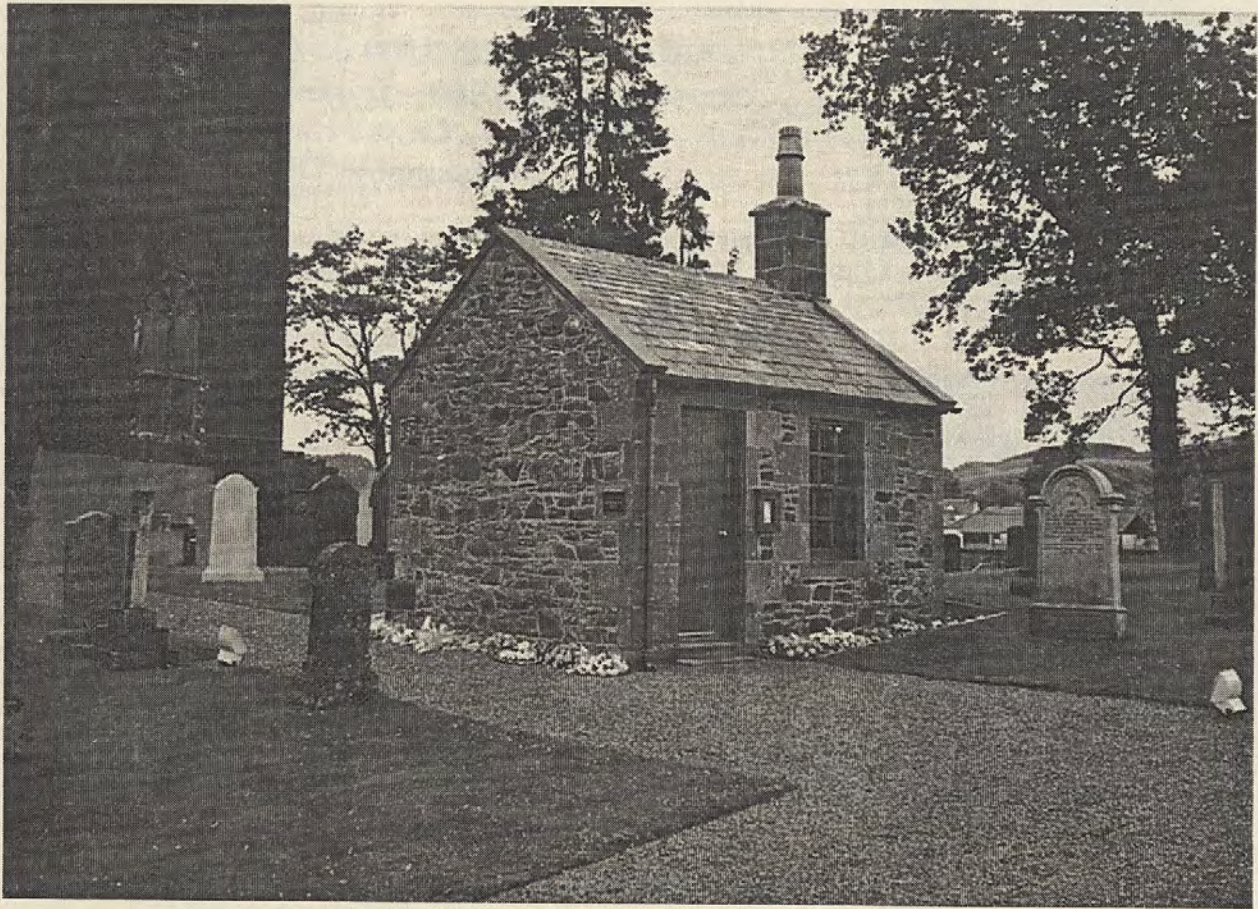
STEVEN LEE BUTLER
August 30, 1953 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Teacher
Seat Number 36G

Steven Lee Butler was born in New Jersey. He is described by his family as a traveler, teacher, and Peace Corps volunteer. From his diary, "Pleasure is the basis of my life philosophy. Just enjoy yourselves and then die. If there's more to come, deal with it then. Life is Life, Life is life." And a line of his poetry:

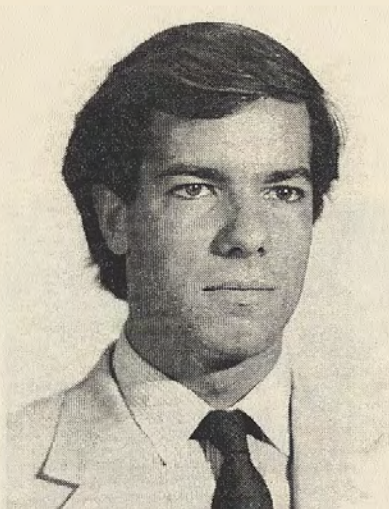
*When the brilliance of the sky
turns from golden yellow to
black nothingness
You will know the glowing light
of the sun has gone down
And that I have gone down
with it...*

WILLIAM MARTIN CADMAN
September 10, 1956 – December 21, 1988
United Kingdom
Musician
Seat Number 29J

Well known in the popular music world, William (Bill) Martin Cadman, a native of Liverpool, England, lived and worked in London, England. He had worked with the rock group, Pink Floyd, and most recently he had helped design the sound systems for the opening of the Tate Gallery at Liverpool's Albert Dock. In the spring of 1989, composer Gavin Bryars created the *Cadman Requiem* as a memorial to Bill, who was both his friend and sound engineer. In 1998, the requiem was performed at Westminster Cathedral during the 10th anniversary memorial service by the four-voiced Hilliard Ensemble and the six-viol consort Fretwork.



The Remembrance Room at the Tundergarth Church.



HERNÁN LUIS CAFFARONE
December 14, 1960 – December 21, 1988
Argentina / United Kingdom
Bond Broker
Seat Number 7A

FABIANA BENVENUTO de CAFFARONE
September 30, 1960 – December 21, 1988
Argentina / United Kingdom
Seat Number 7B



Hernán Luis Caffarone was born in Buenos Aires, Argentina. The elder son of Graciela and Luis Caffarone, he is survived by his parents and his brother Ricardo. Hernán and Fabiana Benvenuto de Caffarone were living in London, England, and were coming back to Buenos Aires for Christmas to spend some time with family and friends.

Hernán studied at St. Andrew's Scots School where he obtained a bilingual high school degree. He was also a great sportsman and represented Argentina on the Junior National Rugby Team. He studied economics at the Universidad de Buenos Aires where he co-founded the University magazine, *Base Cero*.

After working for *Ambito Financiero*, an economic and financial journal, he became a financial consultant at Citicorp Investment Group for multinational companies. He was then hired by NMB Bank, now ING Group, as leading broker-dealer in Argentine external bonds. He had a great career there and was sent to London with his wife Fabiana to work for the bank.

His brother Ricardo notes that Hernán was a great support for his family, spiritually and financially. "We all miss him a lot."

Fabiana Benvenuto de Caffarone nació en Rosario, Santa Fé, Argentina, el 30 de septiembre de 1960, la tercera de 4 hermanos. Cursó sus estudios primarios y secundarios en el "Rosario English School" de donde egresó en 1978. Se recibió de psicóloga en la Universidad Nacional de Rosario, sus metas se cumplieron.

Adoraba los deportes, el wind surf, el tenis, y el esquí, y sus hobbies eran la fotografía y estudiar idiomas. Así decidió irse a Sugarbush, Vermont, a trabajar de instructora de esquí, donde se destacó por su simpatía y habilidad para el deporte. Ahí fue donde conoció a su marido, Hernán para luego casarse el 19 de diciembre de 1987.

El 16 de julio de 1988, se trasladaron a Londres, donde su marido Hernán, fue transferido por el Banco NMB, donde trabajaba en Buenos Aires. Fabiana se incorporó como ayudante de cátedra del professor Alan Dale, de la Universidad de Brunel, en donde había hecho un master psicología laboral.

Tomaron el vuelo de Pan Am 103 para continuar su viaje de regreso a Rosario, vía New York, para pasar las navidades en familia.

Lo demás es historia.

Como dice el boletín de la Universidad de Brunel "she was a splendid person and ambassador for peace and understanding between our two countries."

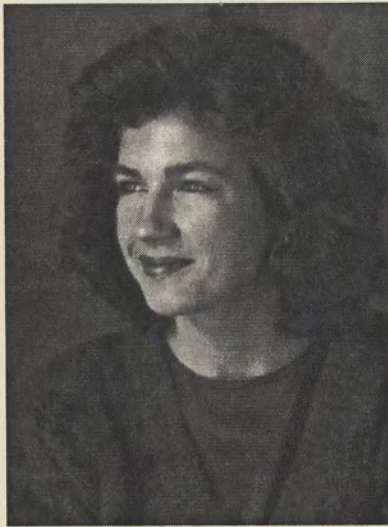
Fabiana was born in Rosario, Santa Fe, Argentina, the third of four children. Her mother writes that she attended primary and secondary school at the Rosario English School, where she graduated in 1978. She received a degree as a psychologist from the National University of Rosario; her goal fulfilled.

She adored sports, especially windsurfing, tennis, and skiing and her hobbies were photography and studying languages. She decided to go to Sugarbush, Vermont, to work as a ski instructor, where she stood out for her knowledge and ability in the sport. It was also there that she met her husband, Hernán, whom she later married on December 19, 1987.

On July 16, 1988, they moved to London where her husband was to work. Fabiana was hired as a teaching assistant of Professor Alan Dale of Brunel University, West London, where she completed a Master's degree in Industrial Psychology.

They took Pan Am Flight 103 on their return trip to Argentina, via New York. The rest is history.

The bulletin of Brunel University said that, "Fabiana had made a deep impression on many people who met her...she was a splendid person and ambassador for peace and understanding between our countries."



VALERIE CANADY
June 29, 1963 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Auditor
Seat Number 24K

Valerie Canady, 25, was the only child of Dr. and Mrs. William Canady of Morgantown, West Virginia. Valerie was en route to Morgantown to visit her parents and friends for the Christmas holidays and to surprise her parents with the news that she and her fiancé, Eric Schorr, were to be married over Christmas. She was an internal auditor for H.J. Heinz World Headquarters, based in London, England. Valerie held a Bachelor's degree in Spanish, a Bachelor's degree in Accounting, and a Master's degree in Public Accounting, all from West Virginia University, where her father is a professor of biochemistry. She carried a 4.0 grade average throughout her entire academic career and was elected to numerous academic honor societies, including Phi Beta Kappa, Alpha Phi Omega, Beta Gamma Sigma, Beta Alpha Xi, and Gold Key.

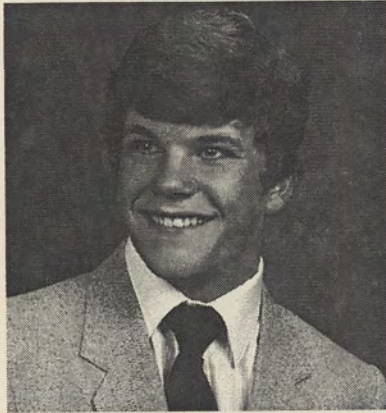
A many talented person, Valerie had studied at the University of Madrid, Spain, during her junior year. While there, she taught English to Spanish students at a language camp in Bilbao and also served as the camp's lifeguard. She was artistic as well, and had taken prizes in photojournalism at West Virginia University. In a eulogy delivered by family friend, Robert George, he commented, "Her death brings such profound sorrow precisely because her life was the cause of such great joy. Valerie's acts of decency, generosity, and loving kindness did more than help to form her character. They also contributed to the shape of our lives. We are different, and very much better, by virtue of our relationships with her. It is neither trite nor mysterious to say that aspects of her life shall live on in our lives."



GREGORY CAPASSO
December 12, 1967 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 48H

Gregory (Greg) Capasso, a senior at the University of Buffalo, was returning home from a semester studying in London. He leaves his parents, Sal and Betty, of Brooklyn, New York; and a brother, Andrew. Gregory's dream was to write and produce films. He would have graduated in May 1989 with a B.A. in Film Media and English.

Gregory's sense of humor and caring, gentle ways will be sorely missed by all who knew him. The following eulogy gives some sense of Gregory, "Greg, why were you in a twisted wreck? Greg, why is a stupid question. I know. I know nothing. Almost nothing. I grasp for meaning in the meaninglessness, search for some metaphor but I am confused, perplexed more than taught. Perhaps that is tragedy's method, by pulling the soft self-created rug of logical meaning out from under us, we fall face down into Life—short, fleeting, precious, fragile, and Greg, Gregory, Greg-or-reality you are no stranger to the absurd. The surrealist day-glo blood flow that pumped life into you made those around you laugh full laughter at the seemingly meaningless and now you leave us, confused, failing to find the humor in it. It is not here, now. Perhaps we should go on looking. Rest in Peace, Greg, and cut your hair."



TIMOTHY MICHAEL CARDWELL
July 5, 1967 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 37D

Timothy (Tim) Michael Cardwell, sports enthusiast, musician, actor, theater technician, soldier, was one of the 35 Syracuse University students who perished on Pan Am Flight 103. A junior at Syracuse University in the College of Visual and Performing Arts, Tim's broad range of interests bears testimony to his versatility. He leaves his parents, Anthony and Barbara, of Cresco, Pennsylvania; a brother, Michael; and both his maternal and paternal grandmothers.

He graduated from Keystone Junior College, which he had attended on a Presidential Scholarship, in 1987. While at Keystone, he was captain of the soccer team and was a member of the wrestling team and karate club. He also sang in the chorus and worked in the theater group. He received the Best Actor Award in 1987. He was an Army ROTC Scholarship winner, a volunteer in the ROTC Ranger program, and a sergeant in the 403rd Army Reserve National Guard at Syracuse, New York. He had completed the Army ROTC Camp Challenge program at Fort Knox, Kentucky, in 1987 and his Army Airborne Training at Fort Benning, Georgia, in 1988 where he received his paratrooper wings. At Syracuse he was a member of the Hendrick's Chapel Choir. He was posthumously awarded the Army Commendation Medal.

A former drama teacher of Tim's explains his exuberant personality, "When I think of Tim, the word energy springs out at me. He never walked; he ran. He didn't whisper; he shouted. And there was always a sense of a barely controlled force within him, like the caged strength of a young leopard."

His parents describe him, "Tim's goal was to excel physically, mentally, and spiritually. He loved life, his family, his country, and his God, and strove to be the best whether he was on stage, behind stage, jumping out of airplanes or rappelling down a cliff. The song in his heart always showed through as a broad smile on his face."



BERNT WILMAR CARLSSON
November 21, 1938 – December 21, 1988
Sweden
Diplomat
Seat Number 17H

"Blessed are the peacemakers..."

Described by the *Los Angeles Times* as "A hero to the wretched of the world," Bernt Wilmar Carlsson was returning to New York for the signing of the agreement on Namibian independence, the culmination of his most recent mission. Bernt was the United Nations (UN) commissioner for Namibia, in theory the world body's governor for the territory, though, as South Africa did not recognize its authority there, in practice he was chief administrative officer and head of the UN development programs in Namibia.

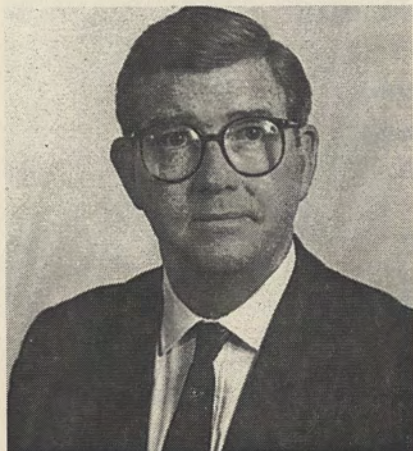
Bernt's life was dedicated to peace and marked by an ability to negotiate difficult agreements, such as the release of political prisoners from countries as diverse as Chile and Iran; the signing of the Namibia Accords between Angola, South Africa, and Cuba; negotiating a peace agreement between Iran and Iraq; and facilitating the Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO) playing a potentially constructive role toward achieving a Middle East peace settlement. Bernt had served as ambassador-at-large and as special emissary for Swedish Prime Minister, Olaf Palme, on missions to the Middle East as well as to Africa. He had previously served as general secretary of the Socialist International.

Ironically, Bernt had faced danger before in the form of bombs: while visiting Nicaragua, a bomb was found aboard the aircraft on which he should have flown and on another occasion in Portugal, when a moderate PLO member was murdered at a Socialist congress. In a eulogy to him, one associate remarked, "Through his actions many lives have been saved. It was all the more tragic that he, a man of peace, had become a victim of blind violence."

Bernt was, after the signing of the treaty, finally going to be able to allot more time and energy to his own private life. He was upon the threshold of beginning to build a life and family together with his fiancée, Sanya Popovic of New York.

Acts of violence—Whether on a large or a small scale, the bitter paradox: the meaningfulness of death—and the meaninglessness of killing.

—Dag Hammarskjöld



RICHARD ANTHONY CAWLEY
July 9, 1945 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Businessmen
Seat Number 16J

Born in New York, New York, Richard Anthony Cawley graduated from the Bolles School in Jacksonville, Florida. In 1968, he received his B.A. from the University of Virginia, where he was a member of St. Elmo Hall. Richard served with the U.S. Marine Corps before joining Dean Witter Corporation and subsequently The First Boston Corporation.

In 1976, he founded Rain Hill Group, of New York, a multinational investment and acquisition services company. He was a member of the National Venture Capital Association, the Association for Corporate Growth, the New York Academy of Sciences, the Licensing Executives Society, and the Japan Society. He served on the Executive Council of the Alumni Association of the University of Virginia's New York Chapter and was founder and Chairman of the Harriman Cup, Ltd., which benefits both the University of Virginia and Yale University. He also lectured frequently at Columbia University and New York University.

An avid sailor, Richard was co-owner of *MARGIN CALL*, a charter motorsailer based in St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. He was a member of the New York Yacht Club and the New York Racquet Club.

He is survived by his mother, Genevieve McGeehan Walters, of Manalpan, Florida; his brothers, Leo of New York, and John of San Francisco; as well as his fiancée, Constance Evans, of New York. His father, Leo Cawley, is deceased. Since the first edition of *On Eagles' Wings* was published, Richard's mother, Genevieve, has passed away.

FRANK CIULLA
August 6, 1943 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Banker
Seat Number 11B

Frank Ciulla of Park Ridge, New Jersey, was a certified public accountant and vice president and chief financial officer of Chase Capital Markets in the United Kingdom, where he was to be assigned until March 1989. His family had moved back to the United States in anticipation of his return there. He was on his way home to his family for Christmas before concluding his work in London, England.

Previously, he had worked for Price Waterhouse and then was a vice president at Citibank. He was a 1967 graduate of Fordham University in the Bronx, New York, and a member of the American Institute of Certified Public Accountants and the New York Society of Certified Public Accountants. Surviving are his wife, Mary Lou; a son, Frank; two daughters, Laurie Ann and Michelle; his parents; a sister; and two brothers.

Described by a friend as “a lover, not a fighter,” Frank was admired for his honesty and candor, his understanding of people and his ability to make them laugh, and his sense of humor (he believed, he said, in the power of pasta as a dietetic health food). “Frank’s zest for life was demonstrated in his ability to make friends. His broad smile let the world around him know that he was friendly and wanted to be friends.” He was adventurous and lively, a business and sports enthusiast who was aggressive and competitive in a positive way. He demonstrated a strength of character and confidence in himself that allowed him not only to succeed in life, but to enjoy it as well.

*And ever has it been that love
knows not its own depth until the
hour of separation.*

—Gibran



Frank Ciulla (left) with his daughter, Michelle; his wife, Mary Lou; his daughter, Laurie Ann; and his son, Frank.



THEODORA EUGENIA COHEN
September 10, 1968 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 21H

Theodora (Theo) Eugenia Cohen was the only child of Dan and Susan Cohen of Port Jervis, New York. A junior at Syracuse University's College of Visual and Performing Arts, she was returning home from a semester in London. Theo's all-too-brief life was marked by her talent as an actress and a singer.

In the fourth grade she got the lead in the class play and her life's work – and love – was launched. From that moment on acting and singing became the central focus of her life. She appeared in every high school and community production available. She never took a summer vacation. From her first year in high school she always worked in summer stock, starting as an apprentice and finally, in 1988, as the lead in the MacHaydn Theater production of *The Fantasticks*.

While in London, England, with the Syracuse's DIPA program, Theo went to the theater twice a week and traveled to Greece, Scotland, the Netherlands, and France. She took every theater course she could while in London and had plans to start an alternative theater, along with Miriam Wolfe, another Pan Am 103 victim, and other Syracuse friends, upon her return to the United States.

She was bright, articulate, talented—she had everything to live for. Her parents describe her this way, "Theodora Eugenia Cohen—Theo everyone called her—could be loving and mean; logical and hysterical; cynical and enthusiastic. She made enemies as easily as she made friends. But one thing in her life never varied, her desire to act. In sixth grade she announced 'theater is my life.' She was robbed of the opportunity to try and live that dream."



ERIC AND JASON COKER
April 23, 1968 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Students
Eric, Seat Number 43B
Jason, Seat Number 43A

Eric and Jason Coker, twin brothers from Mendham, New Jersey, were traveling home from London after completing a semester with Syracuse University's DIPA program. The only sons of Tom Coker of Mendham, they also leave their mother, Barbara Primeau, of Troy, New York; their stepmother, Dorothy Coker; twin half-brothers, Todd and Scott Bauer; three stepbrothers, Bruce, Scott, and Brian Norwell; and a stepsister, Julie Norwell; as well as paternal and maternal grandparents.

Graduates of West Morris Mendham High School, which they had attended with Alex Lowenstein, another Pan Am 103 victim, they were remembered by teachers there as playful and likeable. Described by a high school teacher as "just a lot of fun," their family all feel the loss of joy in their presence. Eric and Jason teamed up for practical jokes. "Together? They were ruthless. If they were teamed up against you, you threw in the towel," reports a college friend who recalls their playful nature.

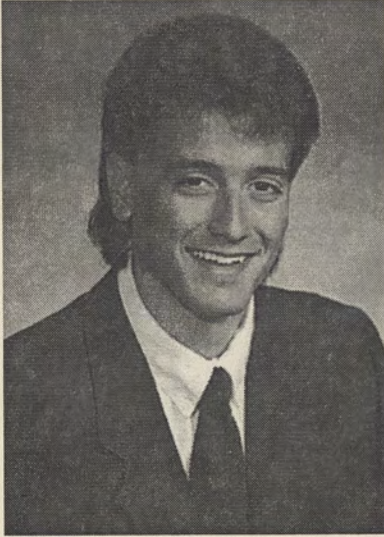
Eric was a junior, majoring in economics at the University of Rochester. He was a member of the Newman Club, the Meridian Club, and the Economics Council organization. He was also instrumental in organizing university ski trips. Eric planned to study for his Master's degree in Economics after obtaining an undergraduate degree in the subject.

Jason was a junior at the Newhouse School of Communications at Syracuse. He was on the staff of the *Orangeman* and was co-founder of World Watch, an international current affairs club at the college. He had hoped to work in either television or newspapers as a journalist.

Their parents describe them further:

*Brothers together they came 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 the somnolent
 May God let them and our love be one forever.*

*Then let us pray that come it may
 (As come it will for a' that),
 That Sense and Worth o'er a'
 the earth,
 Shall bear the gree, an' a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 It's comin' yet for a' that,
 That Man to Man, the world
 o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that.*



GARY LEONARD COLASANTI
August 1, 1968 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 43C

Gary Leonard Colasanti was a junior at S.I. Newhouse School of Public Communications at Syracuse University, returning home for Christmas after a semester studying with Syracuse in London, England. He leaves his parents, Leonard and Joanne, of Melrose, Massachusetts; as well as a sister, Karyn; and brother, Paul; paternal grandparents; and maternal grandfather.

Gary's hallmark was a zest for life. Talented and enthusiastic, Gary is described as popular, dependable, and humorous by friends and teachers. Gifted in art, he was tutored in various mediums during his elementary school years and, in 1985, was the recipient of a certificate of merit from the Boston Globe Scholastic Art Awards. At Melrose High School he lettered in soccer and tennis. He was also an avid skier. At Syracuse he majored in advertising. He was a member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity.

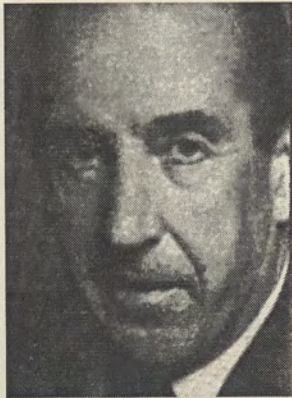
Gregarious and energetic, Gary wanted to meet new people and see new things. That curiosity about the world took him to London and travels throughout Europe. "He left a trail of friends wherever he went," said his father.

His parents remember him this way, "Gary Leonard Colasanti is remembered by his family and friends as caring, warm, and very special. His ever-present smile and unique sense of humor touched the hearts of many. Gary had a way of noticing what was important to others and doing what he could to make it better. He left us a wonderful legacy—memories of him!"

THOMAS CONCANNON
November 21, 1937 – December 21, 1988
United Kingdom
Seat Number 33G

BRIDGET CONCANNON
July 13, 1935 – December 21, 1988
United Kingdom
Seat Number 33H

SEAN CONCANNON
February 18, 1972 – December 21, 1988
United Kingdom
Seat Number 33J



JOHN MULROY
April 1, 1929– December 21, 1988
United States of America
Journalist
Seat Number 34G

SEAN KEVIN MULROY
May 3, 1963– December 21, 1988
United States of America
Seat Number 34H



INGRID ELISABETH SVENSSON-MULROY
April 22, 1963– December 21, 1988
Sweden
Student
Seat Number 34J

John Mulroy, director of international communications for The Associated Press, and five members of his family were on Pan Am Flight 103. He was traveling with his son, Sean, 25; and Sean's wife, Elisabeth, who were residents of Sweden. John's sister, Bridget Concannon; her husband, Thomas; and their son, Sean, who lived in a London, England, suburb completed the family group that perished together. The Concannons are survived by their daughter Bernadette.

John had joined the wire service in 1984 after 25 years with Pan Am, where he had been director of communications. He is survived by his wife, Josephine, of East Northport, Long Island; a daughter, Siobhan; and a son, Brendan.

Elisabeth's parents write, "Our daughter, Ingrid Elisabeth Svensson-Mulroy was 25 years old when she was taken away from us. She was a student at the University of Lund and was planning to become a speech therapist. The summer before she died, Elisabeth married Sean Kevin Mulroy. Sean and Elisabeth were the same age and had met when Elisabeth was working in New York at a country club. When Elisabeth decided to return to us, her mother, Britt, her father, Curt, and her younger sister Karin, Sean decided to go with her. He got a job in a factory in Malmö and they were married on June 11, 1988, less than six months before they left us behind.

Their wedding was attended by Sean's parents, sister, and many relatives and friends from all over the world. (The photo was taken on a lovely June day, filled with happiness, outside the church in Ivetofta, Bromölla.) Elisabeth and Sean had a happy life with us here in Sweden and they had plans to stay on here a long time. The Christmas of 1988 was getting closer and after much thinking they decided to spend the holiday season in New York with Sean's family. They had not seen each other since the wedding and as we thought that we would have many Christmases together, they left. In London they met up with Sean's father and some other relatives going over from England.

We would never see them again and our lives will never be the same."



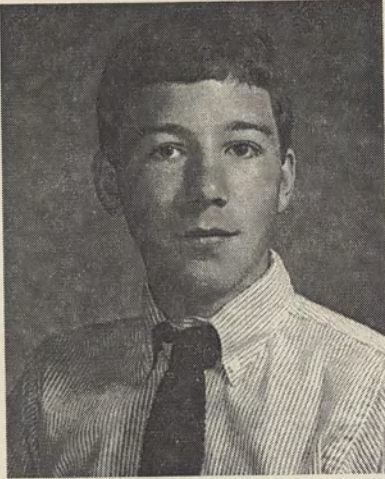
TRACEY JANE CORNER
May 4, 1971 – December 21, 1988
United Kingdom
Student
Seat Number 33A

Tracey's family originally left the following in the copy of On Eagles' Wings in the Remembrance Room at the Tundergarth Church.

Tracey Jane Corner, a seventeen-year-old student of Sheffield, South Yorkshire, was flying out to Long Island to spend Christmas and New Year with one of her twin brothers, a journey which was to be a trip of a lifetime and would have been her first experience of the States.

There has been sadness on previous visits when reminded of our missed opportunity to contribute a photo and words to Tracey's page and so leave this today to mark our visit for the tenth anniversary. The sadness came from people not seeing her picture, which speaks of her happy and carefree nature.

Tracey lit up the lives of so many people; to know her was to love her. Her kind and caring ways were and continue to be an inspiration to us all.



SCOTT MARSH CORY
September 27, 1968 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 46D

Scott Marsh Cory was one of the 35 Syracuse University students returning home for Christmas after studying for a semester in London, England. He was a junior at Syracuse's School of Management. Before leaving London, he stated that the semester abroad was the greatest experience of his life. Scott was the son of Doris and John Cory, and the brother of John Jr. and James. He was the grandson of Leonard and Hildur Marsh, and Mina and David Cory.

His parents write, "Scott had an infectious exuberance for life, had an irrepressible sense of humor, and brought joy to those around him. Scott was a well-rounded and outgoing student and athlete. A graduate of Lyme, Old Lyme High School in Connecticut, Scott was on the varsity soccer and tennis teams. His friends tell us that some of their last memories of Scott were of him juggling the soccer ball in Hyde Park, London.

A granite memorial bench was erected in his memory, and a memorial scholarship fund established at his High School in Old Lyme. The scholarship is presented each year to a student that exhibits the same values and well rounded interests personified by Scott. The bench contains the inscription:

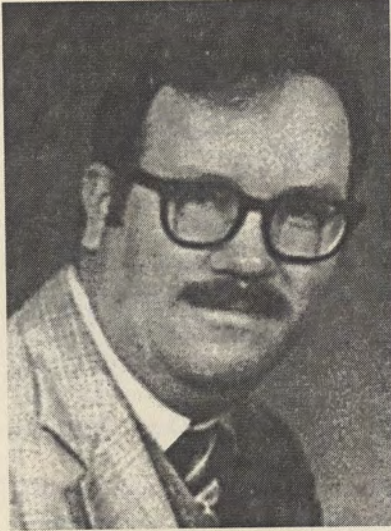
Climb High, Climb Far
Your Goal the Sky, Your Aim the Star

The inscription was chosen as it portrays the philosophy that Scott followed as he lived his life to the fullest.

How does one sum up a child's life? Words are never adequate. Scott will always be alive in our hearts, and his beautiful smile and joy of life will be with us always."

*As I rest on Lockerbie hill,
and watch the evening sun go down,
For me it means just one day less
of waiting till we meet again.
Yet that same sun will shine on you
from dawn till dusk where e'er you be,
And lighten up your memories
of joys we've shared our whole life through.*

—Stuart D. Murray



WILLIS LARRY COURSEY
August 25, 1948 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
United States Military
Seat Number 36K

Willis Larry Coursey was an Army sergeant traveling home to spend Christmas with his family in San Antonio, Texas. He leaves his wife, Margaret; two sons, Robert, 17; and Scott, 15; his parents, Willis and Rosie of Faulkville, Georgia; and a sister, Patricia Steele.

Willis, a career military man, was on a two-year tour of duty at Wiesbaden, West Germany. He and his family had made their home in San Antonio, where he had been stationed at Fort Sam Houston. He was 18 months away from reaching his 20-year retirement date. Described by his mother as a person who managed to combine a serious, businesslike attitude toward work with a love of life, he was a regular churchgoer. Fishing and car races were his favorite forms of leisure. His talents, sense of adventure, and a keen sense of patriotism made him a natural for the military, first the Air Force and then the Army. After retiring he planned to attend college and become a physical therapist.

His wife, Margaret, describes Willis this way, "He found fun and excitement in his life everywhere: he fixed cars, overhauled engines, built our new living room with its warm fireplace, and he learned carpentry, plumbing, masonry, and electrical wiring to do it. He saw the beauty in the world and knew how to enjoy it. He loved to walk on the beach, work in the yard, camp at state parks, or just watch the evening sky. We'd sit on the picnic table he made, and we'd talk about our plans and dreams together. Plans of being together. Forever. Dreams blown apart in an instant. Forever."



**The field at Tundergarth Main where the cockpit
of Pan Am 103 landed.**



PATRICIA MARY COYLE
June 4, 1968 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 20B

Patricia (Tricia) Mary Coyle, of Wallingford, Connecticut, was a junior at Boston College. She leaves her parents, Jan and Matt; sister, Brenda; twin sister, Krisann; as well as her maternal grandparents.

Tricia was an education major at Boston College. She had gone to Vienna, Austria, to study for a semester through Webster College with a classmate, Karen Noonan, also a Pan Am 103 victim. In Vienna, she studied history and political science, which encouraged an interest in pursuing a law degree after graduation from Boston College. Karen and Tricia were returning home, via London, from their semester in Vienna to be with friends and family for Christmas.

Tricia's favorite poem:

Comes the Dawn

*After a while you learn the subtle difference
Between holding a hand and chaining the soul
And you learn that love doesn't mean leaning
And company doesn't mean security
And you begin to understand that kisses
Aren't contracts
And presents aren't promises
And you begin to accept your defeats
With your head held high and your eyes open
With the grace of a woman
Not the grief of a child
You learn to build your own roads
On today because tomorrow's ground is too
uncertain for planning
And futures have a way of falling down in
mid-flight
After a while you learn that even sunshine
Burns if you get too much
So plant your own garden and decorate your
own soul
Instead of waiting for someone to bring you
flowers
And you learn that you really can endure
That you really are strong
And you really do have worth
And you learn and learn and you learn
You learn with every good bye—you learn*

—Veronica Shoffstall

Perhaps the best summation of Tricia's character comes from an article in the *Record-Journal*, a newspaper in Meriden, Connecticut, in which columnist Ted Moynihan writes, "The terrorists think they killed Tricia Coyle along with the other 258 passengers on Flight 103, but they were much too late for that. For in the short span of 20 years she had packed too much living for any group of madmen with some twisted cause to ever obliterate.

They silenced her heart, but they couldn't kill the love that it contained. They stilled her brain, but they couldn't cover the understanding that Tricia so vividly exhibited. They drew the breath from her body, but they couldn't overcome the effects of her compassion. Tricia's love, understanding, and compassion will live on in the heart of a young deaf woman from Yalesville (Ted Moynihan's daughter, Lea) and hundreds of others she touched long after terrorism has vanished from the face of this earth. For those are the very human qualities that will eventually bring such hatred to an end."

Tricia's high school class presented a memorial granite bench to Sheehan High School listing her many accomplishments and awards—Vice President (Class of 1986), Varsity Scholar, National Honor Society, Literacy Volunteer, German Club, Tennis Captain, Girls Football Captain, Class of 1983 Scholarship Award, Daniel Sullivan Scholarship, and Boston College.

A memorial scholarship fund was established in Tricia's name to assist graduates of the two Wallingford high schools, Sheehan High and Lyman Hall, with college tuition. Tricia was an excellent tennis player and each year Wallingford Healthworks Club sponsors a club championship tennis tournament in Tricia's name. All proceeds benefit her scholarship fund. The Wallingford Public Library garden was renamed "The Patricia M. Coyle Memorial Garden," in Tricia's honor.

In addition, the library at St. Augustine's Elementary School in Boston, where Tricia and Karen Noonan taught, was dedicated to the girls—"The Karen Noonan/Patricia Coyle Memorial Library." She was smart, popular, pretty, and kind.

*"The term is over: the holidays
have begun. The dream is ended:
this is the morning."*

*And as He spoke he no longer
looked to them like a lion; but the
things that began to happen after
that were so great and beautiful
that I can not write them. And for
us this is the end of all the stories,
and we can most truly say that
they all lived happily ever after.
But for them it was only the
beginning of the real story. All
their life in this world and all their
adventures in Narnia had only
been the cover and the title page:
now at last they were beginning
Chapter One of the Great Story,
which no one on earth has read:
which goes on forever: in which
every chapter is better than the
one before.*

*—The Chronicles of Narnia
"The Last Battle"
C.S. Lewis*

JOHN BINNING CUMMOCK
March 31, 1950 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Seat Number 3A



John Cummock with his wife and children.

JOSEPH PATRICK CURRY
March 21, 1957 - December 21, 1988
United States of America
United States Military
Seat Number 44K

Joseph (Joe) Patrick Curry was born in Peabody, Massachusetts. According to *The Army Times*, Captain Joe Curry was returning from Germany where he had attended a planning conference on a parachuting exercise. He had been stationed at Fort Devens since September 1986. For the past 18 months, he had commanded a 12-man operational detachment, or A-team, specializing in unconventional warfare. His fellow Green Berets describe Joe as an industrious, funny, caring person who had distinguished himself as one of the better A-team commanders.

A graduate of the University of Maine and commissioned from the ROTC, Joe began his Army career in May 1981 with the 25th Infantry Division in Hawaii. It was there that he volunteered for Special Forces training, and also, where he met his future wife, Jodie. He also leaves his mother, Helen Marie Curry; brothers, Jim and Army Capt. Mike Curry; and sisters Janice Qaderi and Karen Clark. His wife writes that he, "Enjoyed reading, rugby, trucks, and parties with friends. He became a cat lover and owner of three cats."



*Bill Daniels with his children
Erin, Brice, and Melanie.*

WILLIAM ALAN DANIELS
March 28, 1948 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Research Chemist
Seat Number 9H

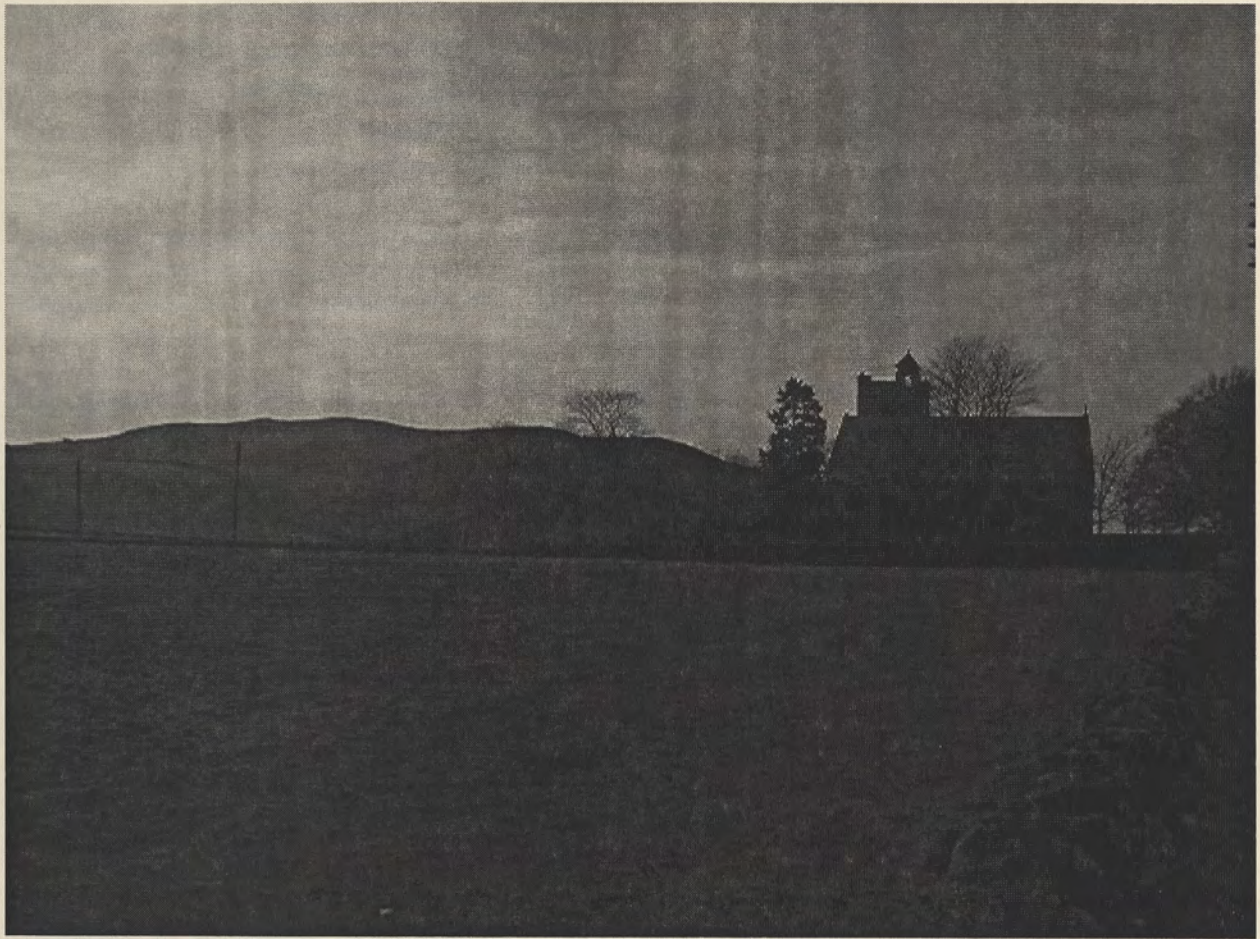
William (Bill) Alan Daniels was a Group Leader in Process Development at American Cyanamid Company in Plainsboro, New Jersey. He had a B.S. in Chemistry from Emory University and a Ph.D. in Chemistry from Penn State. He leaves behind his wife, Kathy; and three children, Erin, 10; Brice, seven; and Melanie, two. He also leaves his parents, Jean and Gerald; his brother, Scott; and his sister, Susan Hendricks.

Bill, Kathy, Erin, Brice, and Melanie lived in Belle Mead, New Jersey, where Kathy and the children still live. Bill and Kathy grew up in the southeastern United States—they met in Atlanta, Georgia. Bill is buried in Columbia, South Carolina, near Kathy's parents' home. Kathy's father is buried near Bill; he loved Bill like he was his own son.

Bill had gone to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England, on December 18, 1988, with colleagues from American Cyanamid. Bill was leading negotiations with a company there to produce a Cyanamid product at their pilot plant. At the time, Cyanamid did not have their own pilot plant. Now, they do, and they have dedicated the building to Bill. The group finished up a day earlier than expected. Most of them stayed to shop and enjoy themselves, but Bill and another man left. His colleague flew TWA home; Bill flew Pan Am because he believed it to be safer.

Bill had several patents for Cyanamid for chemical processes. He was a brilliant man—well respected in his field, in his company, and by all others who knew him. He was 40 years old and upwardly mobile.

Bill was a family man. He loved his wife and children very much. He also loved woodworking and the outdoors—camping, hiking, and sailing. He built a room onto his former house, put in a fireplace, and built on a deck and greenhouse. In the present house, where he had lived less than two years, he had laid tile and marble. He was always working on the house in his spare time. Bill loved to sail and spent many happy hours at Lake Murray, Columbia, South Carolina, with Kathy's father. He loved to camp too. He was trying to visit every National Park in the United States. In the picture here, taken by Kathy atop a mountain in Sequoia National Park in August 1987, Bill had hiked to the top, with his camera and Melanie on his back.



Tundergarth Church.

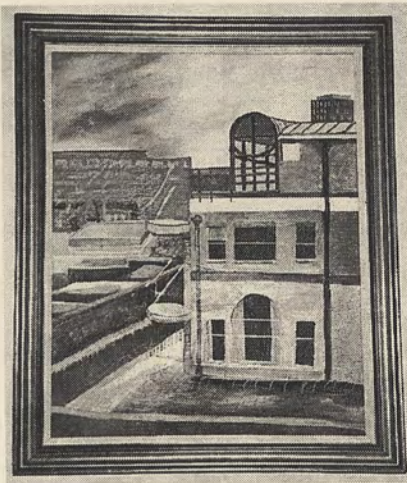


GRETCHEN JOYCE DATER
May 17, 1968 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 52J

Gretchen Joyce Dater was a junior at the Maryland Institute of Art, studying in London, England, through Syracuse University. She lived in Ramsey, New Jersey, with her parents, Tom and Joan; and her brother, Christopher.

Showing artistic talent at an early age, Gretchen's years at the Maryland Institute, College of Art in Baltimore, Maryland, represented the culmination of a dream to study art at a top college. Those years were the delight of her life. While working toward a Bachelor of Fine Arts degree, her skill at drawing and painting increased measurably and steadily. Her work was chosen more and more to be displayed in various exhibits. She spent the last two summers working in Cold Spring, New York, at "Elisart," painting and designing motifs for custom designed tee-shirts.

Her fall semester in England represented a goal that she had set for herself when entering college. Her entrance portfolio for the Syracuse's DIPA program revealed an aesthetic sense, innate perceptual ability, and acquired skill. Her experience abroad led her to appreciate original works of the masters in museums and galleries in London, Paris, Amsterdam, and Florence. Her aspiration was to apply to graduate school and continue further study in art education. She was thinking about teaching art to children on an elementary level.



An acrylic painting, signed by Gretchen, was found amongst the wreckage at Lockerbie. Sent to the Dater family, it was restored and framed. Since it was not completed, Gretchen's mom has named it, "Unfinished Business." Its photo shows the unfinished sky of a scene in London. It has been the focal point of several art exhibits since the bombing.

Prior to the disaster, Gretchen and several members of her art class at the Syracuse Art Center in London had visited Windsor Castle to see the drawings of Leonardo da Vinci in the Royal Library. Two weeks after the bombing, letters of sympathy were received from Queen Elizabeth, and from the librarian at the Royal Library. The Queen's sympathy was expressed by her Equerry, Sir Robert Fellowes, from Sandringham as follows:

The Queen has only just heard that your daughter, Gretchen, was a victim of the tragedy at Lockerbie. Her Majesty knows that she, together with three colleagues had spent a most enjoyable morning at the Royal Library at Windsor, looking at the drawings by Leonardo da Vinci there. Her Majesty was told that the party was an extremely popular one with the employees of the Royal Library, who were as shocked to hear of the tragedy, and particularly Gretchen's death, as she was herself.

This letter comes with The Queen's heartfelt sympathy to you both in your tragic loss.

Friends remember Gretchen for one attribute above all others: her broad and everpresent smile. Her artwork has continued to be on display in her hometown area, in Bennington, Vermont, and in Washington, DC.



SHANNON DAVIS
February 19, 1969 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 31A

Shannon Davis was a junior in Syracuse University's College for Human Development. Shannon, from Shelton, Connecticut, leaves her mother, Jane; a brother, Jim; and a sister, Whitney, also Syracuse graduates. She was predeceased by her father who died earlier in the year in an accident in Saudi Arabia.

Shannon's goal was to start a day-care center when she graduated. Her life long interest was young children. As a fourth grader she and her sister, Whitney, had a business: "Mother's Day Out," a babysitting service. Her interest in childcare persisted through her life. In London, England, Shannon studied child development and worked at toy libraries, places where children could go and play with toys.

Her mother writes, "When I think of Shannon I see her beautiful hands as well as her sparkling smile. In her young life, she happily and busily went about leaving her mark of daffodils on much she touched.

With her hands she learned to sign, to mold clay, to stitch samplers, to sew, to create eye-catching bulleting boards wherever she worked with young children. She dreamed of directing a Family Center that offered childcare and numerous activities for all family members to participate in together.

The words on her funeral card were found among Shan's notes about her Dad who was killed in 1988 in Saudi Arabia, and the daffodils depicted were drawn on the last letter I received from her."

*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.*

GABRIELE DELLARIPA
April 3, 1942 - December 21, 1988
United States of America
Airline Employee
Seat Number 2B

Gabriele DellaRipa, a Pan Am employee, was born in Italy, but lived in the United States. He was returning home to New York for Christmas to be with his wife and children after visiting with his family in Italy. He leaves his wife, Luisa; and his two daughters, Carmela and Maria.



JOYCE CHRISTINE DI MAURO
May 9, 1956 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Marketing Director
Seat Number 11J

Joyce Christine Di Mauro, youngest child of Philip and Theresa, sister of Philip Jr. and Celeste, and fourth grandchild of Carmela, was director of marketing design for Inter-Continental Hotels Corp (ICH). She was in London, England, in December 1988, to help with preparations for an international conference. Like so many people aboard Pan Am 103, she was hurrying home to be with her family at Christmas.

Born in the Bronx, New York, Joyce attended Public School 71 and Villa Maria Academy. She developed an interest in graphic design soon after starting at Cardinal Spellman High School, where she enrolled in a special art program. Joyce earned her college degree at Parson's School of Design, and lived in Manhattan, New York. She began her professional career at Hertz Corp., and joined ICH in 1982.

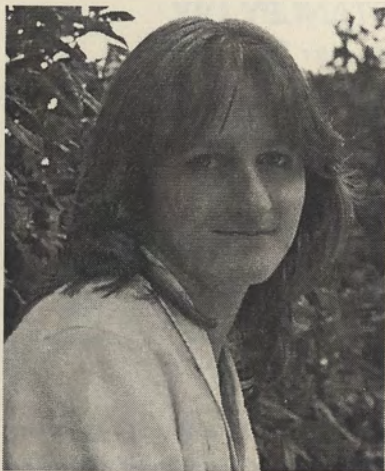
Joyce was nurtured by a close and loving extended family, enjoying special relationships with her aunts, uncles, and cousins. She belonged to an affectionate and cohesive generation of the family that includes seven first cousins in addition to her sister and brother. In terms of age, she was right in the middle of the group, which may have had something to do with her role as a powerful unifying force within the family. Joyce was the sort of person who made the most of the little things, like picking up a perfect gift for someone during her travels – no special occasion necessary. And when people really needed her, whether they were family members, friends, or co-workers, Joyce always made an extraordinary effort to lend support.

Joyce's kindness and concern sprang from her natural ability to see the world from points of view other than her own. She could reach out with an open mind and an open heart, a quality that new acquaintances often found absolutely disarming. Her sincerity and charm won the devotion of many friends in New York and in the countries to which she traveled in her work.

One of her colleagues wrote to the family, "Many people are better off for having known and loved this sensitive, enthusiastic, caring, and beautiful woman. I'll always carry her memory with me and use all she taught me about being 'Joyce-like' in the future."

*When you are sorrowful look
again in your heart, and you shall
see that in truth you are weeping
for that which has been your
delight.*

—Gibran



GIANFRANCA DI NARDO
October 14, 1962 – December 21, 1988
Italy / United Kingdom
Seat Number 20C

Gianfranca Di Nardo was born in Rome, Italy. After receiving a certificate as a surveyor, she went to live in London, England, because she wanted to improve her English. She had been living there for two years and before moving back to Italy, she planned to spend Christmas in New York with an Italian friend who was living there.

Her curiosity and her desire to always learn more gave her a love of travel. She liked drawing and loved the mountains. Her youth ended with the flight to New York. Gianfranca left behind her father, her mother, her beloved sister, and her two young nephews.

Her parents write, "Gianfranca was a happy, healthy woman, full of life and the desire to do so much, but a cruel fate tore her from her family and their affections much too soon.

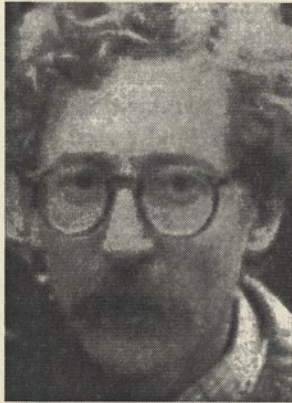
It leaves an incomparable emptiness; it leaves two parents, tormented by the pain, a sister, and two nephews who only knew her for such a short time, but speak of her as if she were always present.

If truly there is another life, another dimension, then surely Gianfranca will have succeeded in reemerging and distinguishing herself, even there, and from the heavens above she looks down on her loved ones and helps and protects them continuously."

Gianfranca era una ragazza allegra, sana, piena di vita e voglia di fare ma un destino crudele l'ha staccata dalla sua famiglia e dai suoi affetti troppo presto.

Lascia un vuoto incolmabile, lascia due genitori straziati dal dolore, una sorella e due nipoti che l'hanno conosciuta per poco tempo ma che ne sentono sempre parlare come se fosse sempre presente tra loro.

Se veramente nell'aldilà c'è un'altra vita, un'altra dimensione, sicuramente Gianfranca sarà riuscita ad emergere e a distinguersi anche lì e dall'alto dei cieli guarda i suoi cari e li aiuta e protegge continuamente.



PETER THOMAS STANLEY DIX
May 6, 1953 – December 21, 1988
United Kingdom
Management Consultant
Seat Number 14B

Peter Thomas Stanley Dix, 35, a management consultant for a U.S. firm with offices in London, England, was making a quick business trip to New York. He was not meant to be on Flight 103—his booking was changed at the last minute so he could travel with a colleague, Nicholas Bright.

Born in Dublin, Ireland, he had joined Bain and Co. after running an art business in the United States. He leaves his wife, Elizabeth Delude Dix, an American; and a son, Dermot. He also leaves his father, Stanley; and his sister, Pamela.

OM DIXIT

December 29, 1933 - December 21, 1988

India / United States of America

Seat Number 24A

SHANTI DIXIT

December 14, 1934 - December 21, 1988

India / United States of America

Seat Number 24B

Om and Shanti Dixit of Fairborn, Ohio, husband and wife, were returning to the United States from the wedding of their son in New Delhi, India. Traveling with them were their daughter, Garima Rattan; and their two grandchildren, Suruchi, three; and Anmol, two.



GARIMA RATTAN
July 15, 1959 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Computer Programmer
Seat Number 23D

ANMOL RATTAN
September 24, 1986 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Seat Number 24C

SURUCHI RATTAN
June 20, 1985 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Seat Number 23E



Garima Rattan and her two children, Suruchi and Anmol, were returning home to Ohio after a family wedding. Her husband, Shachi Rattan, a doctor, had returned home days before with her brother, also a doctor, to return to work.

Garima was born in Agra, India, in 1959 and came to the United States in 1973. She graduated from Central State University in Wilberforce, Ohio, with a major in computer programming. She was a computer programmer by profession. Her husband describes her as a good wife and excellent mother. She was very excited about her brother's marriage in India. This was to have been a happy time.



Suruchi and Anmol, both born in Dayton, Ohio, had enjoyed their trip to India, the wedding, and meeting their new aunt. Suruchi is described by her father as exceptionally smart, bilingual in English and Hindi, an excellent singer, and very playful. "Nobody can have a better daughter than her! Nobody!!" Dr. Rattan says she was an excellent sister, who loved her brother very much. Of Anmol, the two year old, he recalls that he used to play on his own and didn't bother his big sister. "He was very good—an excellent son and brother."



DAVID SCOTT DORNSTEIN
April 3, 1963 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 40K

David Scott Dornstein of New York, New York, was returning home from Israel. He had been working on a project for a New York based organization called Alternatives in Jewish Education. He leaves his father, Dr. Perry Dornstein, of Melrose Park, Pennsylvania. The spirit of David is best summed up in an acknowledgement of a book dedicated to him. Jacob Neusner writes,

“David Dornstein graduated from Brown in the class of 1985. Later this year he would have been twenty-six years old, had he taken some other plane.

David was incandescent, a Roman candle, a sparkler burning bright in everybody’s night. David could act, he could write, he could dream, he could charm. Oh, could he charm! Paper late—or never written? A smile would suffice. Appointment missed? A splendid question, elegantly framed, made up for it. What we hoped for David, all of us who knew him, knew no limit. The sky was the limit. Not that he was at the boundaries of his fate the day he died, not at all. He was here but going there.

He thought for a while of becoming a rabbi or a scholar of Judaism—or maybe he told me he was thinking about it to make me happy.

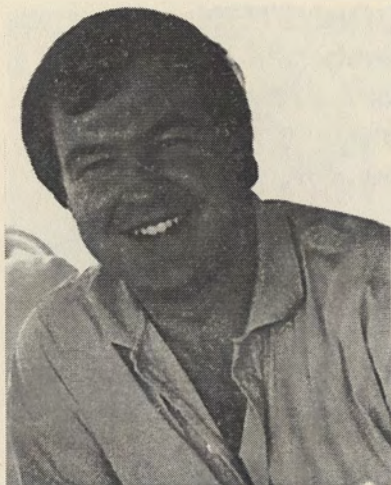
That was David, David of the burning eyes, David of the luminescent spirit, David of the vivid conversation, David of the vital argument, the one that mattered, the one you would remember. And that was the David who could write with fervor, but no discipline, who could dream of everything, but finish nothing. His was not a life that would ever get to finish anything. David floated through life with no clear direction in mind.

I always thought David was destined for something special, something great, and I think he did too. So did everyone who ever knew him. Now comes no disappointment, for there remain no unkept promises, no unfulfilled hopes: the youth lies dead, along with everyone else who took the wrong plane that day. There are brutal truths in life.

Blazing star, sparkling light, in the gloom of a Scottish night the light gave way to darkness. While he was among us, we already wondered what might be; we do not have now to ask what might have been. We know. How do you mourn the incandescent life, the star gone dark in the distant sky? Remembering the light from on high, I suppose. So David wept for Jonathan: ‘... glory... lies slain on your heights.’”

*Farewell to you and the youth I
have spent with you. It was but
yesterday we met in a dream.*

—Gibran



MICHAEL JOSEPH DOYLE
May 21, 1958 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Accountant
Seat Number 9B

Michael (Mike) Joseph Doyle was the manager of accounting research and projects at the Scott Paper Co. of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. He was flying home after a business trip to London, England. He had been with Scott for two years and worked there on the accounting aspects of corporate acquisitions. He had previously worked at the accounting firm of Price Waterhouse.

Mike was born in White Plains, New York, and was a 1976 graduate of Cherry Hill High School East. He then earned a B.S. degree in Accounting and Business Management from the University of Dayton in 1980, when he was also accredited as a Certified Public Accountant.

In high school, Mike was an avid sports fan who played varsity baseball. He followed Philadelphia's professional sports teams avidly. He was a golfer and also played on the company softball teams.

Mike leaves his wife, Noreen; and daughter, Kelly, who was 19 months old at the time of the bombing. He also is survived by his mother and a sister.

His family and friends describe him as always happy—always wearing a smile. He was generous to others with his time and energy.



EDGAR HOWARD EGGLESTON III
October 13, 1964 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
United States Military
Seat Number 32D

Edgar Howard Eggleston III attended school all around the world. He started at the International School of Bangkok, Bangkok, Thailand, and graduated with honors in 1983 from Queensbury Central School, Queensbury, New York. Edgar was a finalist for the National Merit Scholarship and received an Air Force ROTC Scholarship to study electrical engineering at Clarkson University, Potsdam, New York. He attended Clarkson from August 1983 to December 1984.

While at college, he found computer science to be his true area of interest, and he entered the U.S. Air Force in July 1985, enlisting as a computer programmer. He continued his education through the University of Maryland, and only lacked seven semester hours to receive his Bachelor's degree.

Edgar was an avid reader and expert computer buff. He believed if it could be done, you could do it with the properly programmed computer. He was an Air Force Sergeant stationed at Ramstein Air Base, West Germany, at the time of his death.

He was on Flight 103 because of his love for his terminally ill mother, who was in the hospital and not expected to recover. She died the next day. He is survived by his father, Edgar Eggleston.



SIV ULLA ENGSTROM
September 21, 1937 – December 21, 1988
United Kingdom
Flight Attendant

According to Pan Am's *Clipper News*, Siv joined Pan Am in 1960 and was based in New York before becoming one of the charter members of the London base in 1972. Siv's interests were broad, ranging from psychology and Chinese philosophy to classical music and theater. She was well known for her involvement with charitable fund-raising events, particularly the "Save the Children Fund," for which she organized an annual Christmas Fair at the London base. She was always willing to take anyone who needed her "under her wing." Siv is survived by her sister, Lillian Villanueva.



TURHAN ERGIN

May 14, 1966 – December 21, 1988

United States of America

Student

Seat Number 28C

Turhan Ergin was a junior at Syracuse University's College of Visual and Performing Arts. He leaves his parents, Dr. Michael and Florence Ergin of Connecticut; and four siblings. He was returning home with other Syracuse students for the Christmas holidays before returning to Syracuse for the second semester.

Turhan was handsome, athletic, academically talented, and, above all, cheerful. Drive and accomplishment were his hallmarks. In his high school yearbook he selected this quote from Theodore Roosevelt, which aptly sums up his philosophy of life, "Far better it is to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs, even though checkered by failure, than to take rank with those poor spirits who neither enjoy much nor suffer much, because they live in the gray twilight that knows not victory or defeat."

His parents describe him in a thumbnail sketch, "Actor, singer, dancer; accomplished athlete; fun-loving, with a great sense of humor; filled with joy of life; fiercely devoted to his family and friends; comfortable with his world; 'always on stage, forever turned on by life'; sharing it all with others. 'Ergo.'"

By age 12, Turhan was one of the top 25 ranked swimmers in the United States. He competed enthusiastically in the sport and went on to participate in others: lacrosse, football, wrestling, golf, tennis, squash, and skiing. Not just good at sports, he had other interests in which he was equally accomplished: he was a member of the Glee Club; a vocal ensemble, Graffiti; and had lead roles in many dramatic productions at school. He also was on the staff of his high school's literary magazine, associate sports editor and writer for the school newspaper, and he wrote for the pleasure of it.



CHARLES THOMAS FISHER IV
December 24, 1953 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Banker
Seat Number 25K

Charles Thomas Fisher IV, an assistant vice president working in the Loan Syndication Group of Citibank's Investment Bank in London, England, was returning to the United States for the holidays and family gatherings: first with his daughter, Kristin, 10, who lives in New York, New York, with her mother, then with his parents Beth and Charles at Grosse Pointe Farms in Michigan. Charles had been in London since January 1988 when Citibank assigned him overseas.

Charles, great-grandson of Charles T. Fisher, one of the seven brothers who founded Fisher Body Co., had attended the Canterbury School in New Milford, Connecticut. He then earned an undergraduate degree in 1976 from Georgetown University in Washington, DC, and an M.B.A. the following year from Southern Methodist University in Dallas, Texas. Prior to joining Citibank in 1984, Charles had worked as a certified public accountant with Ernst & Whitney in New York for seven years. Associates describe him as talented and popular.

Besides his daughter and parents, he leaves four siblings and his paternal grandmother.

KATHLEEN MARY FLANNIGAN

January 26, 1947 – December 21, 1988
Sherwood Crescent, Lockerbie, Scotland

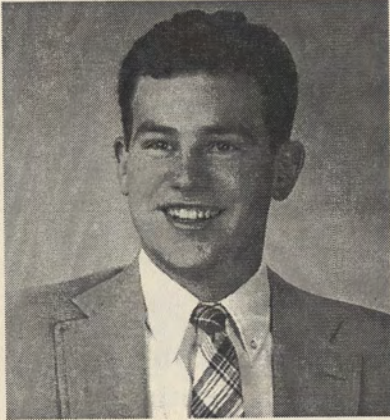
THOMAS BROWN FLANNIGAN

December 20, 1944 – December 21, 1988
Sherwood Crescent, Lockerbie, Scotland

JOANNE FLANNIGAN

June 13, 1978 – December 21, 1988
Sherwood Crescent, Lockerbie, Scotland

The Flannigan family lived on Sherwood Crescent in Lockerbie, Scotland. They were survived by two sons, David and Steven, who were not at home when the fuselage of Pan Am 103 crashed into their house. David Flannigan died in Thailand on December 29, 1993, and Steven Flannigan died in England on August 20, 2000.



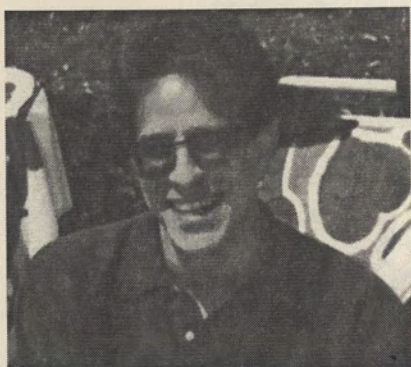
JOHN PATRICK FLYNN
November 24, 1967 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 45A

John Patrick Flynn, called "J.P." by friends and family, was a Colgate University junior majoring in geography with a minor in economics who had joined the Syracuse University DIPA program for a semester of study in London. He was returning home to his family for Christmas having completed that semester. He leaves his parents, Jack and Kathleen; a brother, Brian; two sisters, Christine and Kerry; and both grandmothers.

J.P. was an all-around athlete who was captain of his tennis and basketball teams at the Delbarton School in Morristown, New Jersey. He was a football quarterback who, in the course of his high school athletic career, earned 10 varsity letters.

At Colgate he was a brother in the Kappa Delta Rho fraternity and is described by classmates as a well-liked person who made friends easily. He was leaning towards a career in his father's field, banking.

His favorite quote, "Losses are a part of life...It's what you do with these losses that counts...One should not get caught up in one's little defeats." (Senator Bill Bradley) Fr. Bruno, the Headmaster of Delbarton, summed up J.P.'s potential, "He could have made a difference."



ARTHUR FONDILER
December 12, 1955 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Attorney
Seat Number 47C

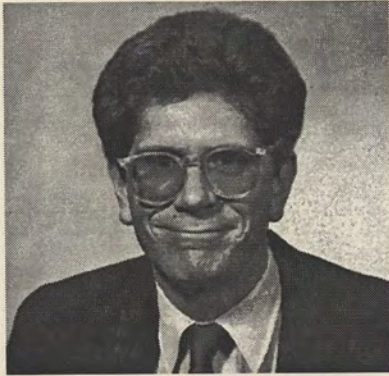
Arthur (Art) Fondiler, of West Armonk, New York, was 33 years old. He was a lawyer and worked in the airline industry. Art came from a closely knit family that included his wife, Lori; his two children, Mollie, four, and Alison, who was born eight days after her father died; his parents; two sisters; two brothers-in-law; and maternal grandmother.

Art graduated with honors in history from the University of Michigan, and received his law degree from George Washington University. His love for history was strong and he carried it with him throughout his life. A memorial history prize has been established in his name at the University of Michigan.

Art is remembered by his family and friends as having a gentle, loving, and generous soul and a wonderful sense of humor. He was genuinely liked by all who knew him. He enjoyed his life thoroughly, and took particular pleasure in reading books, listening to music, and playing sports, particularly basketball and racquetball. To his family, he will always stay forever young.

*May God bless and keep you always
May your wishes all come true
May you always do for others
And let others do for you
May you build a ladder to the stars
And climb on every rung
May you stay
Forever young*

—Bob Dylan



ROBERT GERARD FORTUNE
July 24, 1948 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Insurance Executive
Seat Number 1A

Robert (Bob) Gerard Fortune was on a short business trip to Europe and had left home on Sunday, December 19. He was due to fly home on Thursday, December 22, but he had discussed the possibility with Deirdre, his wife, of his wrapping things up a day early, which he did. A friend, Elia Stratis, traveled with Bob on Flight 103.

Bob was the youngest of four sons born to William and Alice. He attended Catholic grammar and high schools and graduated from St. Peter's College in Jersey City, New Jersey. Later he served in the U.S. Army from 1970 to 1972 and was stationed in West Germany. Besides his parents and brothers, he leaves his wife, Deirdre; and two children, Ann, who was almost seven; and James, who was four and a half.

When Bob's passport was recovered, found tucked in the leather folio was the photo he took of his wife and children just before leaving for England. They stand next to the Christmas tree in the living room. When Deirdre went to put the picture in a frame Bob carried in his suitcase to various hotel rooms around the world on his business travels, he stopped her. He wanted to carry the picture on his person. He cherished his wife and children.

Deirdre writes, "Memories flood over me unmercifully. I can see Bob slowly dancing with our daughter in his arms moments after her birth, tears in his eyes. God had given him the greatest gift—a child. His own little life to love. I can remember drifting into wonderful sleep after the long delivery and Bob whispering that he was going around the corner to celebrate with Tom and Chris Barrett. Hours later I was woken by this giddily weaving new Daddy as he announced THE NAME... 'Her name is Ann!!' His Ann. She cries herself to sleep almost every night. How do I quiet her broken heart?"

When Bob held James for the first time he cooed a lullaby. It became the 'James Song'. I can still hear Bob singing this silly little song with me just before lights out. And now, when I can't sing anymore, James wraps his strong five-year-old arms around me. He tries to quiet Mommy's tears ... his own still won't come."

*Your joy is your sorrow unmasked.
And the selfsame well from which
your laughter rises was oftentimes
filled with your tears.*

—Gibran



STACIE DENISE FRANKLIN
February 16, 1968 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Flight Attendant

Stacie Denise Franklin was a member of the Pan Am crew on Flight 103. She had just begun her career with the airline in April 1988 at the London base. She leaves her parents, Stephen and Donna; and a sister, Shawna.

Originally from Phoenix, Arizona, where her family had made their home for 40 years, Stacie graduated from high school in 1986 and went to work for America West Airlines as a reservation clerk before becoming a flight attendant for Pan Am.

Stacie loved life, family, and friends. She often expressed this with her actions as well as her words. She felt blessed to have so much and to be so happy. Everyone who knew her could feel her energy for life and happiness. She left behind her wonderful spirit and, as her mother explains, "She will always be forever young and always in our heart."

In the Pan Am's *Clipper News*, Stacie is described as bringing "tremendous knowledge and competence coupled with grace, sophistication and warmth to her profession. For those who knew her or just met her along the way, she had a ready smile to warm their heart."

Her cousin, Christy, has eulogized Stacie this way, in a poem,

*A smile on your face
With a story to tell;
Those who knew you
Loved you well.*

*Your life dream
You made it true;
Flying through the air
In a sky so blue.*

*Drying a tear
From a scared little child;
Your touch was so tender
And ever so mild.*

*We'll always have a special place
For you in our heart;
It was someone else's anger
That tore us apart.*



JAMES RALPH FULLER
September 17, 1938 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Vice President – Volkswagen, U.S., Inc.
Seat Number 3H

James Ralph Fuller, a native of Boston, Massachusetts, and graduate of Northeastern University, received his M.B.A. from Fairleigh Dickinson University. At the time of his death, Jim was Vice President of Volkswagen United States, Inc. Before joining Volkswagen, he held executive positions with Ford Motor Company and Renault USA. Surviving are his wife, Georgann; a daughter, Stacey, 19; and a son, Christopher, 18.

All references about Jim make note of his zest for living. As one friend noted, Jim believed that “anything worth doing was worth doing to excess.” He loved cooking and wine, art, literature, and cars. Two weeks before his death, he single-handedly prepared a gourmet dinner for 20 guests while Georgann was out of town. He enjoyed zooming along a highway or racetrack in fast cars. And he loved to travel.

Aside from his energetic enthusiasm, he was also known as a man possessed of depth, with a very keen mind, someone with great sensitivity to his fellow humans, which manifested itself in many ways with family, friends, colleagues, and business associates.

A leader in industry, he also supported causes in which he believed with equal vigor. Deciding that an automotive company should spearhead the campaign against drunk driving, he threw his personal untiring support, as well as the support of the whole Volkswagen organization, behind “Mothers Against Drunk Driving.”

Jim’s life was made up of a vast collection of loves. Love for his wife, love for his children, love for his friends, love of great cars, love of cooking, and love of being with people. This gave him a foundation from which flowed an incredible amount of energy, enthusiasm, understanding, and zest for living.



IBOLYA GABOR
June 14, 1909 – December 21, 1988
Hungary
Seat Number 26F

Ibolya Gabor was born in Budapest, Hungary, in 1909. She was married to Dr. Robert Gabor and had two sons.

Her son Peter writes that Ibolya survived two World Wars, Nazi persecution, post-war famine, and communist oppression. After the crushing of the 1956 Hungarian Revolution, her sons escaped to the West and ended up in the United States, following their graduation from medical school at McGill University in Montreal.

Ibolya was traveling on her annual trip from Budapest to Los Angeles to spend the Christmas holidays with her family. During a stopover in Frankfurt, she was asked to interpret for a family who spoke only Hungarian, a husband, wife, and an eight-year-old girl—the Rollers. According to witnesses at the time, the Pan Am plane was still at the gate when she got there, but the agent refused to let her and the Rollers board the plane. The plane left with her luggage on board, which arrived intact a few days later. Instead of booking her and the Rollers onto a non-stop flight to Los Angeles, Pan Am put them on a flight that was going to London, New York, and then on to Los Angeles. She should not have been on that ill-fated flight that was blown out of the sky.

Her family, waiting at the airport in vain, was told by Pan Am that Ibolya was to arrive after midnight on a TWA flight from Frankfurt. It was only when she failed to arrive that they began to suspect the worst. The Pan Am handling of the catastrophe only made the situation worse.

It was a dark Christmas for her family and a tragic end to a still very young spirited person who was so much looking forward to seeing her family in sunny California.



AMY BETH GALLAGHER
August 30, 1966 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 23G

Amy Beth Gallagher, of Pointe Claire, Quebec, formerly of Chazy, New York, was the daughter of Garth and Betty Gallagher. She is also survived by a brother, Patrick of Hanover, New Hampshire; and both grandmothers.

Amy attended Plattsburgh State University College for two years and graduated from Emerson College in Boston, Massachusetts, in May 1988 with a B.A. in Communications. She had spent the last three and a half months touring the British Isles and Europe.

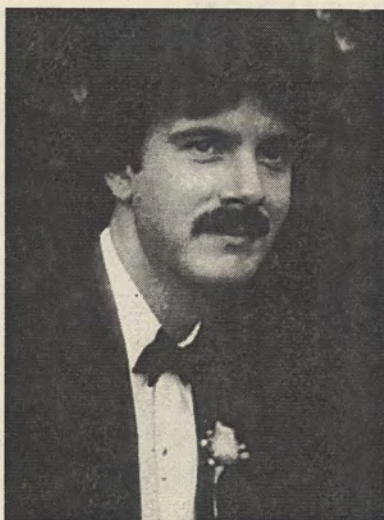
A neighbor from Chazy, in the North Country of New York State, where Amy grew up, describes her as very kind, intelligent, and pretty; the pride and joy of her parents, a person who took time for others. In a letter to the editor, the neighbor concludes, "I am so sorry, Amy, that this crazy, mixed-up world that you had so much to offer only gave you the chance to be heard in death."

*Your children are not your children.
They are the sons and daughters
of Life's longing for itself.*

—Gibran

MATTHEW KEVIN GANNON
August 11, 1954 - December 21, 1988
United States of America
Foreign Service Officer
Seat Number 14J

A member of the State Department's Diplomatic Security Service, Matthew Kevin Gannon was the political officer of the U.S. Embassy in Beirut, Lebanon. He was from North Ardmore, California.



KENNETH RAYMOND GARCZYNSKI
October 17, 1951 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Industrial Engineer
Seat Number 47K

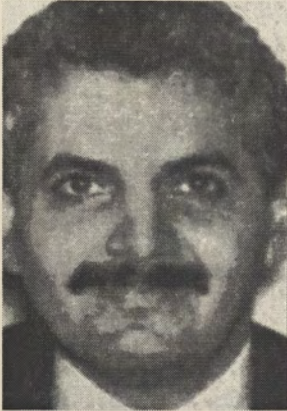
Kenneth (Ken) Raymond Garczynski, 37, lived in North Brunswick, New Jersey, with his wife of five months, Lynn. He was born and grew up in Great Neck, New York, where he lived with his parents, Raymond and Anne, and his brother, Douglas.

Ken attended Great Neck South High School on Long Island and was a member of the high school baseball team. He graduated from Pratt University where he earned a Bachelor's degree in Industrial Engineering.

Ken worked for four years with Whitehall-Boyce International in New York where he was recently promoted to director of the Manufacturing and Engineering Division. He was extremely devoted to his work and always gave 150 percent to everything he did. He was not only admired for his professional capabilities, but mainly because of his kind and unassuming personality.

Ken and his wife Lynn were married on July 23, 1988, at Our Lady of the Mount Church, Warren, New Jersey. They lived in North Brunswick, where they were preparing their home and planning for the future.

Eulogized in Great Neck, where he grew up, his brother Douglas stated, "For those of us who knew and loved him, our eyes will never shine as bright as when Kenny was alive." Ken left behind a loving wife, family, and friends, and the memories of him will always be in their hearts.



PAUL ISAAC GARRETT
November 16, 1947 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Flight Attendant

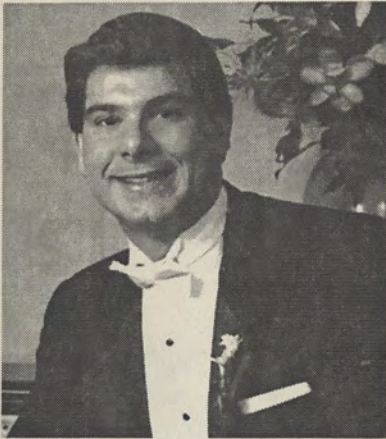
According to Pan Am's *Clipper News*, "Paul Garrett began his career with the company in 1973, and was based in London until his transfer to San Francisco in 1978. He returned to the London base in February of 1988 and moved to Paris, where he opened a fashion boutique. He received praise from both coworkers and passengers alike for his professionalism, poise, and calm demeanor. Paul is survived by his wife, Dominique, and his parents, Ernest and Nadine Garrett."



KENNETH JAMES GIBSON
February 16, 1968 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
United States Army
Seat Number 48K

Army Specialist Kenneth James Gibson served with the U.S. Army in Germany. His hometown was Romulus, Michigan, where he was returning for Christmas after 18 months abroad. James had attended Romulus High School near Detroit and, after graduating in 1986, he joined the Army. James leaves his parents, Ruth and Larry, as well as two brothers and a sister—Eric, 14; Jason, 12; and Lisa, 18. He is also survived by his maternal grandmother and paternal grandparents.

Specialist Gibson was posthumously awarded the Purple Heart “for wounds received in action” as well as The Army Commendation Medal.



WILLIAM DAVID GIEBLER, JR.
July 8, 1959 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Bond Broker
Seat Number 30B

William David Giebler, Jr., known by family and friends as J.R., was 29 when he was killed on Pan Am 103. He is survived by his wife, Wendy; his father, Bill; his sisters, Tracie and Christy; his nieces, Jenna and Angelica; and his nephew, Alfred, as well as numerous aunts, uncles, cousins, friends, and colleagues, who have all lost a very special person. His mother Denise passed away on December 19, 1991.

J.R. was successful as a government bond broker for the London Division of Fundamental Brokers, Inc., based in New York, New York. He and Wendy had been living in London, England, temporarily. He enjoyed his work tremendously and had an excellent reputation with his peers. Wendy had returned home for the holidays on December 16 to do their Christmas shopping and J.R. was to follow home on the 21st.

J.R. had an incomparable zest for life and lived each day to its fullest potential. He had an enormous capacity to give love and warmed the hearts of anyone who came into contact with him. Wendy describes him, "He was the kindest, most caring individual that has ever touched my life and I was truly blessed to have been loved and married to such a wonderful man."

He was an avid athlete and worked out often. He never missed an opportunity to play golf, basketball, football, or softball, and he brought confidence, natural ability, and sportsmanship to any game he participated in.

J.R.'s strength of character, aggressive nature, and winning way with people made him a born leader and winner. He overcame any obstacle that was put before him without ever compromising his strong values and beliefs. "The world is a better place for the magical mark he made whilst he was here, but it will never again be as vibrant without him."

His aunt Joy writes, "In honor of all who were lost at Lockerbie, may we find the strength to carry on and make the world a better place."



ANDREW CHRISTOPHER GILLIES-WRIGHT

May 2, 1964 – December 21, 1988

United Kingdom

Site Agent

Seat Number 55G

Andrew Christopher Gillies-Wright was the only son of an eminent eye surgeon and his wife, Elaine. He had two sisters, Candace and Fiona.

After attending Lancing College School, he studied at Birmingham University (United Kingdom). He spoke German fluently and, like his father, had considerable musical talent.

He enjoyed traveling and had friends in many countries. He had recently spent a year in Australia and returned to the United Kingdom in June 1988. His goal was to earn enough money to visit the United States, Canada, and South America.

In his work as a site agent, he was responsible for making architects' drawings and specifications into bricks, mortar, and concrete buildings. He employed the necessary skilled workforce and made sure the required materials were available and that the contracts were completed on time. His mother said, "Andrew was very proud of his work."

*The human mind cannot be
absolutely destroyed with the human
body, but there is some part of it
which remains eternal.*

—Baruch Spinoza



OLIVE LEONORA GORDON
March 9, 1963 – December 21, 1988
United Kingdom
Seat Number 45G

Olive Leonora Gordon was 25 years old and a single mother. She had just finished a hairdressing course and was looking forward to working as a hairdresser and beautician. She loved dancing, traveling, and meeting people. She was an extremely pleasant and popular girl. She left behind a daughter, four sisters, and four brothers.

Olive was born in the United Kingdom, but spent her childhood in Jamaica. Olive went back to the United Kingdom to live three years prior to her death and settled down with her daughter in London. Her sister, Donna Ellis, writes, "Olive was full of surprises and it was a shock to find that she had changed her mind about spending Christmas with us in Birmingham and decided to go to shopping in New York City instead. She loved clothes and often thought that it was better to buy in America because it was different. Olive booked a ticket on the twelve o'clock flight and missed it, but decided to catch the six o'clock Flight 103 instead."

She did not reach her goal in life. She wanted to run her own hairdressing business, but that dream was cruelly taken away from her. Olive left a void in the family that cannot be filled, even with all the years gone by. She is sadly missed by all her friends and most of all, her family.

To: Auntie
From: Tanneisha

*Words cannot express how we felt that day
To know that you were gone and taken away
Never to speak or hold you again
Only the Lord knows our sorrow and pain
Had I known that goodbye was the last
I would have said I love you more in the past
Never a minute goes by without you on our mind
We speak of our memories with you all the time
We miss you a lot and keep your spirit alive
You were a big part of our lives
We love you and pray to see you again
One sweet day with the Lord in Heaven*

ANNE MADELENE GORGACZ
September 27, 1912 - December 21, 1988
United States of America
Seat Number 38A

LORETTA ANNE GORGACZ
March 15, 1941 - December 21, 1988
United States of America
Seat Number 37B

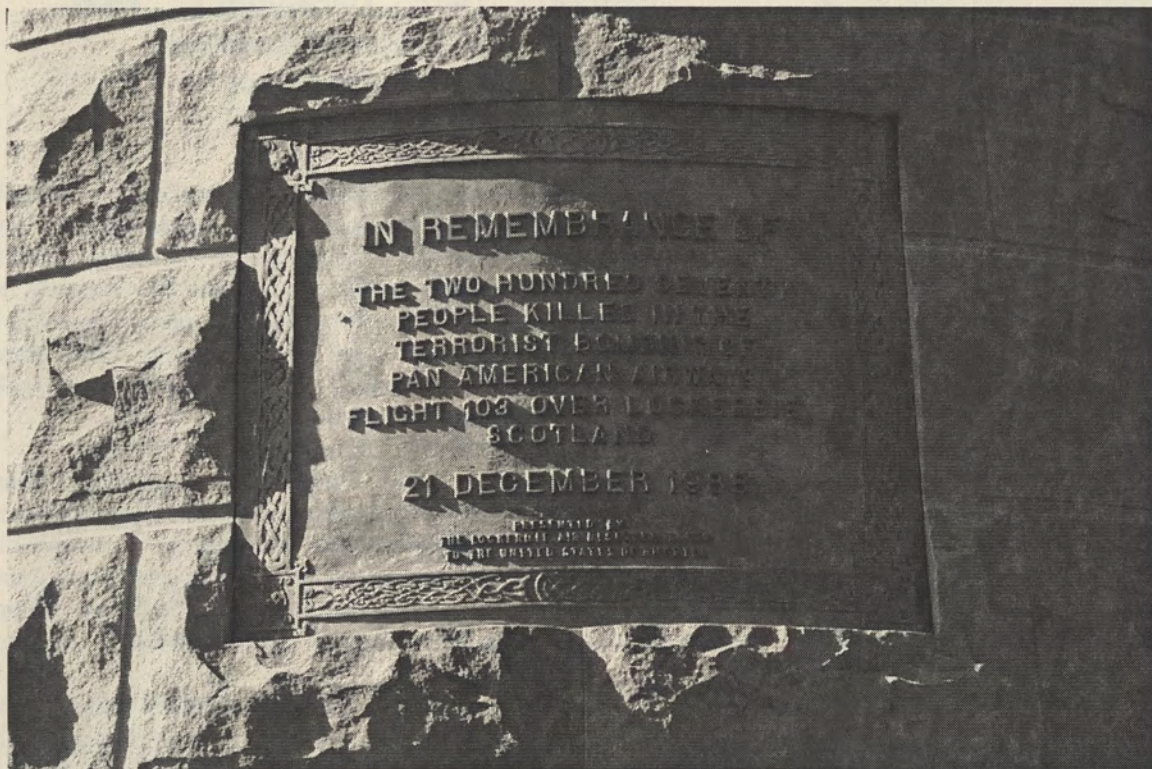
LINDA SUSAN GORDON-GORGACZ
September 15, 1949 - December 21, 1988
United States of America
Seat Number 37A

Anne Madelene Gorgacz, 76, of New Castle, Pennsylvania; along with her daughters, Loretta Anne Gorgacz, 47, also of New Castle; and Linda Susan (Gordon) Gorgacz, 39, of London, England, formerly of New Castle, were passengers on the ill-fated flight, returning home for the holidays. They had been visiting the younger Gorgacz who had been working for the Disney corporation in London.

Anne was the daughter of the late Joseph and Susan Hubrosky Chabak. She was preceded in death by her husband, Frank. She was a homemaker and a member of the church and of its Little Flower Club. She is survived by a daughter, four sisters, a brother, and three grandchildren. She was also preceded in death by two brothers.

Loretta was employed as a processor by Airway Industries, Inc. and belonged to St. Mary's Church in New Castle.

Linda was a graduate of Penn State University and a member of St. Mary's Church as well.



In Remembrance Of

*The Two Hundred Seventy
People Killed In The
Terrorist Bombing Of
Pan American Airways
Flight 103 Over Lockerbie,
Scotland*

21 December 1988

Plaque on the Cairn at Arlington National Cemetery.



DAVID J. GOULD
January 3, 1943 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
College Professor
Seat Number 22C

David J. Gould was an associate professor in the Graduate School of Public and International Affairs, and director/founder of the International Management Development Institute (IMDI) at the University of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. David headed the Pitt program that conducts in-country and university-based management training for public and private officials from Third World countries. These training programs, conducted in French, Spanish, English, and Arabic, annually bring several hundred high-level officials to Pitt.

David, who had taught economic and social development at Pitt since 1976, was an international authority on public administration in developing countries. He directed 45 seminars as a consultant to USAID and NASPAA, and at various times served as a consultant to the World Bank, the Foreign Service Institute, a U.S. House of Representatives Subcommittee on Africa, and the Rockefeller Foundation.

Always the active scholar, in high school David participated in youth groups in the synagogue; on the baseball, football, basketball, and track teams; he was class president; in the National Honor Society; a Merit Scholar; East Coast delegate to a model United Nations; stage manager of the play "Our Town;" an exchange student to Switzerland through the American Field Service; an American Legion representative at the Boys State Conference; and an officer of the Key Club. At graduation, David won the award for proficiency in French, the B'nai Brith essay award, the American Legion citizenship award, and a four-year scholarship to Harvard University. He later earned the prestigious Root-Tilden scholarship to New York University to pursue graduate studies there.

David received a B.A. degree in Romance Languages and Literature from Harvard in 1965. He earned a J.D. degree from New York University in 1968, and a Ph.D. in Public Administration from the same institution in 1971.

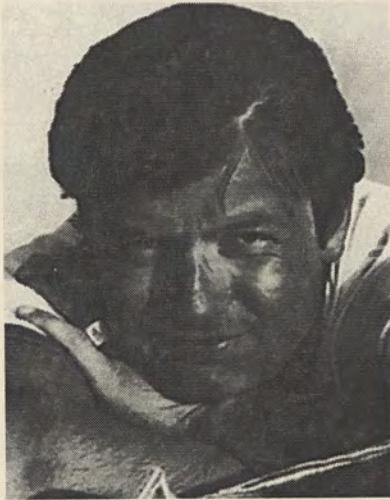
David is survived by his wife, Terri; a daughter, Deborah; a son, Daniel; his parents, Sylvia and Haim Gould of Caldwell, New Jersey; and his sister, Judith of Brooklyn, New York. His parents have since passed away.

David was returning from his 10th trip to Africa in 1988. He had friends all over the world, most especially in Africa. The president of the University of Pittsburgh, Wesley Posvar, explained, "David Gould devoted his professional life to promoting peace and understanding among nations, particularly between the United States and developing countries such as those of Africa and Latin America. His legacy is one of far-reaching friendship, understanding, and goodwill." In his eulogy, his sister describes his character: "He was a man of peace. He had enemies: they were misunderstanding, selfishness, ostentation, arrogance, greed, waste."

Described by his daughter, Deborah, as a loving, caring, involved father and husband, she concludes of this altruistic man, "Now I can't help thinking, or the only way I can make sense of what's happened, is to wonder if maybe he was just too good for this world we live in. A friend said to me that my father was like a gift that we were only able to have for a short period of time. I'm just grateful that I was able to have him in my life for the time that I did and I feel that for the rest of my life his love will be with me."

*I shall not disappear without a
trace,
Within your hearts my flame shall
find a place.
I'll carry this great truth across the
earth,
That man is holy, yes, beyond all
worth.
From land to land I'll seek my
radiant goal.
'Til man shall reach the heights of
his own soul,
'Til every demon shall be
overthrown
And freedom come at last unto its
own.
The path I choose leads on from
heart to heart.
No, not without a trace shall I
depart.
The treasures of my life are yours
to keep.
The harvest of my days is yours
to reap.*

—Ber Green



ANDRÉ NIKOLAI GUEVORGIAN
November 11, 1956 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Businessman
Seat Number 11A

André Nikolai Guevorgian, a trader for Clarendon, Ltd., commuted regularly between New York and Europe. He had previously worked for Bankers Trust in its international trading group. The son of a Russian immigrant to whom he dedicated many of his achievements, André was the embodiment of the American dream. He was survived by his mother, Tatiana, and loved by all who knew him. His mother has passed away since the first publication of *On Eagles' Wings*.

When you think of André, you just have to smile. André had a short life, but what a life! From a childhood on New York's roughest streets, he made it to Harvard Yard, across the river to the Business School, and beyond. He was a walking, always talking, personification of the American dream. But André fit no stereotypes. He was unique; everything about him was a delightful paradox.

To simply say André loved life would be unfair: he embraced it, he squeezed it, he kissed it. Last dance, last run, last call—that is where you would always find André. Above all, he loved people and he was all the more fascinated when they were a little bit different, if they were, as he'd always say, an "individual." He was the master of the affectionate insult. With friends and strangers alike, it was his way of saying, "Relax, don't take yourself too seriously, I'm OK, you're OK, and life is great."

André was a most complex man—enigmatic almost. No one person really knew all the dimensions and depths of his personality. People at work, from college, the South of France, or Sea Cliff, where he lived, saw one or several sides of him but never all of them long enough to say they truly knew him. Yet, he moved easily from one crowd to the next, making people from various backgrounds feel comfortable in his presence. His ability to dictate and control discussions and activities in order to keep everyone's interest was nothing short of an art form. He was the nexus to a most unusual and motley world he crafted out of places as diverse as Harlem, New York, London, and Harvard. This aspect of his personality made him an unpredictable character.

André's life was also strewn with seeming paradoxes that only added to the power, appeal, and complexity of his personality. This was no common man who led a most uncommon life.

*Trust the dreams, for in them is
hidden the gate to eternity.*

—Gibran

NICOLA JANE HALL
February 3, 1965 - December 21, 1988
South Africa
Seat Number 23K

Nicola Jane Hall, from South Africa, was traveling to New York to spend Christmas with her fiancé. She leaves her parents, Tony and Pippa, and her sister, Suzi.



LYNNE CAROL HARTUNIAN
March 13, 1967 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 44A

Lynne Carol Hartunian, 21 years old, of Niskayuna, New York, was a senior at State University of New York at Oswego majoring in communications studies. She was studying in her college's London, England, exchange program for a semester. She was traveling home for Christmas and to be godmother to her new nephew. Lynne leaves behind her parents, Joe and Joanne; her two older siblings: a brother Rick, and a sister, Patricia O'Keefe; as well as six nephews and one niece.

Lynne was born in Troy, New York. A 1985 graduate of Niskayuna High School; she also was a graduate of the Barbizon School of Modeling in Albany, New York, where she continued as a model and a teacher. During summer breaks, she was employed at her father's business, the Star Supermarket in Latham, and as a playground director with the Town of Colonie Recreation Department. Upon graduation from college, Lynne had aspired to go into television communications or advertising.

During her semester in London she managed to tour a great part of Europe. In Florence, Lynne danced in a disco. In Rome, she shook hands with the Pope. In France, she toured the Palace of Versailles. Lynne liked to shop for other people and had spent a lot of time picking out just the right gifts for her family and friends. Among items recovered from her luggage that fell on Lockerbie was an intact bottle of French wine for her parents.

Talented and beautiful, open and generous, a good listener and friend, loving and playful daughter and sister; Lynne's presence, whether among friends or a family gathering, enlivened any event with her effervescence. She loved music, she played the piano, she sang, she danced (tap and ballet), and she loved her brother's convertible. She generally brought her ladylike grace and goodness to all she did.

She was graduated from Oswego cum laude posthumously. A scholarship is awarded each year in her name from her high school.

*D. The Balloon
From the small hand of a child
I was set free
to soar the canopy of the earth
Driven by the howling winds
I traveled like a nomad
passing in and out
of innocent snowy puffs
Passing me
Zoomed the jet plane
And in the distance
the lightening cracked
the thunder rumbled
And then the sun descended
as the moon rose
I drifted to a nearby star
and popped.*

—Lynne Hartunian



ANTHONY LACEY HAWKINS
November 13, 1931 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Businessman
Seat Number 28K

Born in London, England, Anthony (Tony) Lacey Hawkins came to the United States 20 years ago as a salesman for Revox Corporation and Beyer Dynamic. For the professional audio market, he opened up the United States to both these high quality products. He was employed by Martin Audio in New York, New York, for a number of years. He also worked as National Sales Manager for Beyer Dynamic. A highly creative man, Tony established his own company, Midsummer Sound, in 1975 in order to manufacture and distribute the "Runaround"—a tape recorder console and mobile editing trolley. He designed, built, and shipped this fine quality furniture to professional recording studios around the world. He offered his services as a sound engineer consultant, very often on a volunteer basis, supplying equipment and his expertise.

He met his wife, Helen Ruth Engelhardt, on New Year's Eve 1972. Their only child, Alan Lacey Richard, was born December 14, 1982.

He went to England on December 12, 1988, in order to visit a desperately ill uncle and to retrieve the remainder of his father's belongings stored in his uncle's home. He timed his trip to take place between his son's birthday party and Christmas. He went at this time of year, rather than in January, because his Pan Am Frequent Flier free flight to England would have expired on December 31 of that year. He was originally ticketed to return on December 20, but he extended his stay by 24 hours in order to see more of his family and friends.

He is remembered by all of us as a gifted raconteur, keen photographer, and superb cook; a man of extraordinary generosity, enthusiasm, humor and wit, and loving kindness. We cherish our memories of him.

*It is this I should like to say, offering
it with humility and wisdom, to
everyone who loses someone he has loved,
and inevitably, done less well by them than he
would like to have done: The dead don't,
can't want guilt or regret...How fancy and
absurd to speak thus of the dead.*

—Lael T. Wertenbaker

DORA HENRIETTA HENRY
March 27, 1932 - December 21, 1988
Sherwood Crescent, Lockerbie, Scotland

MAURICE PETER HENRY
July 18, 1925 - December 21, 1988
Sherwood Crescent, Lockerbie, Scotland

Maurice Peter Henry was born on Arranmore Island, off the North West Coast of Ireland, more than 60 years ago. In his early teens, he, like many of the Island's men, had to immigrate to Scotland to look for work. He worked for many years in the Dumfries area where he was engaged in draining, dyking, kerking, and road construction. Then he met and married Dora Henrietta Moffat from Eskdalemuir. Soon afterwards, they purchased No. 13 Sherwood Crescent, Lockerbie, which he named "Arranmore" after his native island. After a bad car crash some years ago, his health deteriorated and he was unable to lead such an active life.

He was a great supporter of his local church. On the evening of December 21, while sitting quietly at their own fireside, their house received a direct hit from Pan Am Flight 103. The house completely disappeared leaving only a yawning crater and neither Maurice nor Dora's body was ever found.



PAMELA ELAINE HERBERT
March 27, 1969 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 37J

One of the 35 Syracuse University DIPA students aboard Flight 103, Pamela (Pam) Elaine Herbert was a junior at Bowdoin College in Brunswick, Maine. An extraordinary woman, both spiritually and intellectually, Pam made her mark early in life and leaves us inspired.

She was born the third of five girls in Detroit, Michigan. A member of the Church of God in Christ, wherever she went she was always sure to find a church to attend. At college, she was instrumental in organizing music programs for the church she attended there. Peer pressure did not prevent Pam from stretching out her faith.

As a child, Pam was double promoted from kindergarten to second grade. In middle school, she became an active participant in Academic Achievement Games and excelled academically. In the summer of her seventh grade year, she was recommended to attend Horizons Upward Bound at Cranbrook in Bloomfield Hills, Michigan. After attending Renaissance High School her freshman year, she was presented with a full academic scholarship through Horizons Upward Bound to attend Kingswood Preparatory School.

Pam was an achiever of her goals. Among her awards were the Archimedes Award, Honors List Award, Academic Honor Roll, American Legion Award, Academic Games Award, Captain of Junior Varsity basketball and volleyball teams, Dorm Council Representative at Cranbrook, Newspaper staff, Sportsmanship Award, and many others. She attended Project LEAD at the University of Arizona in 1985 as one of 30 students. She was also a participant at the National Conference for College Women Student Leaders in Washington, DC, in June 1988.

The plight of homeless people in London, England, moved Pam. She wanted to do something about it, so she planned to work with the homeless back in Michigan in the summer of 1989. "Her biggest accomplishment, she felt, was helping people," said a childhood friend, Angela Murphy.

Pam had a dual major in economics and sociology. The semester abroad allowed her to study at the London School of Economics. "She was always looking for the best," said her father. "Whatever was about to occur that would move her forward she would take advantage of."

Pam lived her life to the fullest and always gave God the glory, always singing, always smiling, and always on the go. That's the Pam that will always be remembered.

*I am being driven forward
Into an unknown land.
The pass grows steeper,
The air colder and sharper,
A wind from my unknown goal
stirs the strings
Of expectation.*

—Dag Hammarskjöld

RODNEY PETER HILBERT
July 19, 1948 - December 21, 1988
United States of America
Seat Number 16H

ALFRED HILL

June 29, 1959 - December 21, 1988

Germany

Seat Number 14A



KATHARINE AUGUSTA HOLLISTER
August 26, 1968 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 54C

Katharine (Kate) Augusta Hollister of Rego Park, New York, was returning home for the Christmas holidays after spending a semester abroad at the College of Ripon & York St. John in York, England. She leaves her parents, William and Babette, and a brother, Benjamin.

Born in New York, New York, she graduated from Bronx High School of Science in June 1986. Kate was a junior at the University of Rochester where she was majoring in English. She was a member of Delta Zeta sorority.

Kate was an avid theatergoer, a fan of Shakespeare, *Star Trek*, *Doctor Who*, and *Blake's Seven*. A good, kind, funny young woman, brimming with expectations about her future, she brought joy to the lives of all who knew her.



JOSEPHINE LISA HUDSON
May 14, 1966 – December 21, 1988
United Kingdom
Nurse
Seat Number 50D

Josephine (Jo) Lisa Hudson was the youngest daughter of Tricia and Brian, although her father died of cancer when she was only 13 years old. She is survived by her mother and stepfather, Tricia and Michael Booth; and her two older sisters, Jacqui and Vicki, who are both married and living in the United States.

Josephine's mother writes, "Jo had just received her S.R.N. in London where she did her nursing, first at the Royal Masonic Hospital, then Roehampton Hospital where she was working when she died. She loved traveling and was due to go to Australia for a year's nursing. She really enjoyed life and was a great party girl. She loved animals and even concealed a cat in her apartment unbeknownst to anyone! She loved knitting—strangely—but in her profession it was easy to pick up and put-down.

She grew up in Sheffield and went to boarding school in Richmansworth, North London, after which she attended Leeds Secretarial College before commencing her nursing career.

Jo was to go skiing in New England with her sisters that fateful Christmas. Jo has been greatly missed but her spirit lives on. Michael and I greatly miss our beloved daughter and nothing will ever fill that gap, although three wonderful grandchildren help a little with the pain."



MELINA KRISTINA HUDSON
January 25, 1972 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 29A

Melina Kristina Hudson of Albany, New York, was returning home for the holidays after a semester at the Exeter School, Exeter, England, through an exchange agreement with her high school back home, the Albany Academy for Girls. She was the first American girl to attend the Exeter School. Only 16, Melina had originally been scheduled to fly home on December 22, but travel plans were inexplicably changed. As reported in the *Syracuse Post Standard*, "Melina went along with her flight change as easily as she had adjusted to England. Most sixteen-year-olds might have had trouble with being an exchange student at Exeter...but she was far from ordinary. Her soft beauty won her a runner-up spot in the 1986 Miss TeenAge New York Pageant, but beneath the softness Melina was headstrong and tough. When it came time to sell Girl Scout cookies, she peddled 300 boxes."

Melina leaves her parents, Paul and Eleanor; her three brothers, Stephen, Paul J., and William David; and her grandparents, William and Maybelle Hudson, and Jus and Melina Rossi. Her father describes Melina as being full of life, beautiful, and beloved. Her brother Stephen writes, "Anyone who knew my sister knew she had raw emotions that were never hidden. My sister was part of me. Many of our thoughts and ideas were the same. She demanded respect from whomever she met. She spoke her mind, which would offend some, but was beneficial to many. For a sixteen-year-old girl to be her own individual is something hardly found. I saw the intense love she had for family and friends. I also learned from my sister that one's values cannot be compromised. Because once one has compromised his or her values for popularity, friendship, or prosperity, then that person has lost his individuality and uniqueness and is now only a face in the crowd. My sister did not sit down and think about this, she lived this philosophy. With hard-set values there comes a degree of loneliness and doubt, but one cannot give in. My sister went through a difficult sixteen years, but never did she give in. An explosion is the only thing that could have killed her."

Melina's school notebook was found and returned from Lockerbie. On its cover she had written, "No one dies unless they are forgotten."

"A child of excellence returned to the Lord"



SOPHIE AILETTE MIRIAM HUDSON
September 22, 1962 – December 21, 1988
United Kingdom / France
Seat Number 29H

Sophie Ailette Miriam Hudson's aunt, Christine Paul, writes, "Sophie was born in Harrogate, England, the daughter of a French mother and an English father. Her brother Robert followed two years later. They grew up in Yorkshire and Sophie went to school in Buckinghamshire at Stowe. Sophie's Dad died of a heart attack when she was 15 years old. The death of her father drew the family even closer together, especially Sophie and Robert. She graduated from Stowe in 1980, after which, she attended the University of East Anglia in Norwich, England, where she received a bachelor of arts degree in 1984. Her majors were literature and language.

Following her graduation from College, she moved to Paris to be near her mother, who had moved back to Paris in 1985. Soon after she arrived she began working for Laura Ashley, where she became the personal assistant of the retail operations director, responsible for sales in Continental Europe. After a few years, Sophie decided she would like to return to England and live in London. In 1988 Sophie resigned from Laura Ashley and moved to London. She had found a new position and was going to start her new job in January 1989. During this time, Sophie met a young man, Bill Cadman, of whom she became very fond. The two of them were on their way to the United States for Christmas. Sophie's family was gathering together for the holidays in Connecticut and she wanted Bill to meet them. A new happy chapter was starting in her life.

Sophie was a bright, talented, and very pretty young woman. She was witty, always happy, and yet very responsible. She was a great influence on her brother, a confidant and a close friend to her mother, and a joy for all of us.

We miss her terribly. Sophie left us with wonderful memories, which are a solace to our grief."



KAREN LEE HUNT
January 7, 1968 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 31K

Karen Lee Hunt, of Webster, New York, was a Syracuse University senior at the College of Arts and Sciences, majoring in English with a minor in Journalism. This lovely, swan-necked, thoughtful girl had hoped to become a magazine writer. She wrote sensitive poetry and kept a journal that was returned to her parents from Lockerbie.

Karen leaves her parents, Bob and Peggy, and a younger sister, Robyn. A close-knit family, Karen and her mother often shared long conversations. Karen had taken care to buy special gifts for her family while she was in England with special attention to her sister, Robyn, and her parents. One of those gifts, a teapot, survived the crash and is now one of Peggy's prized possessions...a reminder of Karen's generous spirit.

The last time Peggy saw her daughter Karen was in October of 1988. They had met in London and then traveled to Paris for three days. As many of the Syracuse students' parents who visited their children in Europe during the fall of 1988, Peggy remarked on the new maturity Karen demonstrated after spending some time abroad. But most of all, Karen is remembered by friends, family, and teachers as a warm and caring person who embodied goodness.

From Karen Hunt's journal:

*I wake to sleep
and I take my waking slow
I feel my fate
In things I cannot fear
I learn by going where
I have to go*

—Theodore Roethke

*Something has happened
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*

—Karen Hunt



The Memorial at Dryfesdale Cemetary.



ROGER ELWOOD HURST
July 12, 1950 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Marketing Manager
Seat Number 2H

Roger Elwood Hurst, a vice president in promotions and public relations for Inter-Continental Hotels, leaves his wife, Bernadette, and his two children, Matthew, three and a half at the time of the bombing, and Anna, 13 months. He also leaves behind his parents, his sister, and two brothers. A devoted husband and father, Roger loved quiet times at home with his young family, books, fishing, and music—he played the guitar. Roger showed his love in subtle ways. He was a very caring person, concerned not only for his wife and children, but frequently concerned about the dilemma of a friend or colleague. Words used by friends and colleagues to describe him are: intelligent, warm, witty, consistent, self-disciplined, scintillating, magical. Across the nation, friends related to Bernadette how much they missed their telephone chats with Roger.

A 1972 graduate of Rice University with a B.A. in English and Behavioral Sciences, Roger graduated Phi Beta Kappa and magna cum laude. In 1977, he earned his MBA in Marketing from Southern Illinois University. Professionally, he rose quickly through the ranks and achieved a great deal of success. Success, however, did not alter Roger, as a friend explained in a letter to Bernadette:

“Roger excelled in every facet of human life. He achieved so much yet had the demeanor of a sensitive, calm gentleman. He accomplished more than most overachiever types that have to be always striving to flaunt and impress.

He was a scholar and well respected by his professors at Rice. He was a great college buddy and always managed to have a good time throughout his college days. He made juggling a great academic career and (heavy) socializing look easy...Roger was always the catalyst that got everyone else's enthusiasm going...yet he never acted like a leader, 'cause he always listened to other people who were his close friends.

After college he continued to maintain this excellence in so many areas. Usually people are good at one thing or a few, but Roger seemed to be excellent in all areas.

His career was a steady climb of promotions...he met a great person in college to spend the rest of his life with and was always faithful to her. He always had time for his kids while still having a demanding career. He found time to keep in touch with his group of loyal friends.

He was a complete person as far as meeting all his adult responsibilities...yet he always managed to enjoy all the good times.”

His mother notes, “Roger had accomplished every goal that, as his parents, we knew he would. He was success-driven from a very early age and nothing stopped him from reaching for the stars...People who Roger called ‘friend’ could count on him at anytime for anything. That was just one of his numerous qualities of which we, his family, will always be proud.”

*Shall the day of parting be the
day of gathering?
And shall it be said that my eve
was in truth my dawn?*

—Gibran



ELIZABETH SOPHIE IVELL
April 21, 1969 – December 21, 1988
United Kingdom
Dog Handler
Seat Number 19C

From her mother, "All children are special to their parents, Eli was that and more. I not only lost a daughter, but my best friend.

She was both shy and forthright and her love of animals uniquely un sentimental and caring. Her ambition to train guide dogs for the blind engaged her life from the age of eight. Learning Braille, dog-walking, helping with riding for the disabled, later kennel work and finally supervising kennel management trainees at Bellmead. After her death, I was amazed at the number of people that had been touched by her. One said to me: 'She died because they were running out of angels.' I feel that this applies to all the young that died on that plane for what other reason could there be?"

A monument to Elizabeth (Eli) Sophie Ivell is to be put up at her workplace. The director of the Bellmead Dogs' Home in Old Windsor, Mr. David Cavill, plans to erect a statue of Eli in the grounds of the dogs' home. The work will be in bronze complete with a figure of her German Shepard dog, Kitta. The statue will be sculpted by renowned Sussex artist, Mary Cox.

Elizabeth was traveling to New York as a courier for a delivery of gifts, architect's drawings, and company documents. Her mother, Kristina Ivell also works as a courier and wanted to go with her. However, the delivery firm said it was standard practice for only one courier to accompany a load. So, Mrs. Ivell arranged to follow on the equivalent flight the next day with another load.



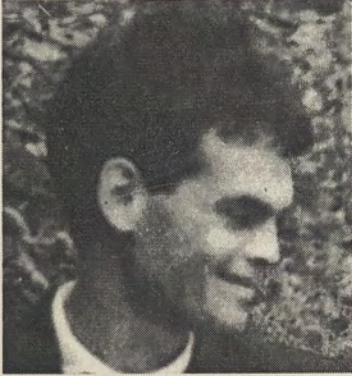
KHALED NAZIR JAAFAR
May 1, 1968 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 53K

Nazir Jaafar writes, "My beloved son Khaled was twenty years old, handsome, and polite. He was loved by his family and friends and he never hurt anyone in his life.

He finished his first year of college in Lebanon and was ready to continue his education in the United States, the country he loved the most. As the only passenger of Arabic origin aboard the flight, Khaled was subjected to numerous media allegations, which the insurance and airways companies exploited in an attempt to shift the blame. All suspicions were proven wrong by the British courts. Again his killers and their lawyers adopted the same allegations during the trial in the Netherlands, trying again to shift the blame...

No matter what they do, and how much they try, they cannot change the truth. They cannot hurt him because he is in peace away from them. Khaled is forever in his family and friends' hearts."

ROBERT VAN HOUTEN JECK
October 8, 1931 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Seat Number 4J



PAUL AVRON JEFFREYS
February 13, 1952 – December 21, 1988
United Kingdom
Musician
Seat Number 38J

RACHEL JEFFREYS
April 29, 1965 – December 21, 1988
United Kingdom
Advertising
Seat Number 38H



*"...were lovely and pleasant in their lives,
And in their death they were not divided."*

2 Samuel IV 23

Rachel and Paul Avron Jeffreys were flying to New York for a delayed honeymoon and to visit friends, three months after their delightfully informal wedding on September 10, 1988.

They lived near London, England, where Rachel worked in the television department of the international advertising agency, Young & Rubicam, while Paul ran a successful delivery service for records and tapes. Paul was a very talented bass guitar player...his parents proudly possess the gold discs he was awarded in the mid-70s when he was a member of the chart-topping group "Cockney Rebel."

Rachel and Paul were very caring people who loved nature. They were keen supporters of Greenpeace and other wildlife charities and they got out into the country whenever they could, usually accompanied by crazy dog Todger.

They had so much to give, so much to live for.



KATHLEEN MARY JERMYN
December 27, 1967 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 49A

Kathleen Mary Jermyn of Staten Island, New York, leaves her parents, Margaret and Raymond, as well as four siblings, Raymond, Kevin, John, and Barbara. A junior business major at Oneonta State College, Kathleen left for Europe in August to begin a semester abroad at London's Ealing College. She worked at the Ground Round Restaurant in Staten Island when not attending college, and was planning on returning to work after Christmas.

A graduate of Moore Catholic High School, Kathleen is remembered by her co-workers at the Ground Round for her high-spirited playfulness and the good friendship she offered. In her high school yearbook, Kathleen, ever the loving daughter wrote, "Mom and Dad—I love you both. Thank you for all you've done for me."



BETH ANN JOHNSON
March 24, 1967 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 36E

A 1985 graduate of Greensburg Central Catholic High School in Pennsylvania, Beth Ann Johnson was a senior at Seton Hill College, Greensburg, Pennsylvania, majoring in psychology and had related studies in music and drama. She had been studying at Regent's College in London, England, for one semester. Beth leaves her parents, Glenn and Carole, and two brothers, Glenn P. III, and Gene Alan.

Beth was elected to *Who's Who Among College Students* in her junior year at Seton Hill where she was the president of the psychology club. She was a member of the Alpha Lambda Delta National Honor Sorority and Psi-Chi National Honor Society in psychology at the college. She was a member of the chambers singers, the concert and handbell choirs, and Westmoreland Symphonic Winds, an instrumentalist for campus ministry, and an organist at Assumption Hall.

Beth regularly participated in theatrical productions at Seton Hill College and at the Apple Hill Playhouse, near Delmont, Pennsylvania. She was co-captain of the Seton Hill cheerleaders, a member of the Greensburg Musical Society, and a member of the American Federation of Musicians Local 339. She was also a member of the woman's softball team.

Beth had completed a psychology internship at St. Joseph's School day care TARGET program for mentally and physically handicapped children, assisting with the care and education of the children. She did her psychology practicum at Child Development Center, Seton Hill College, where she observed and supervised three- to four-year-old children to supplement child psychology class theory.

Cheerleader, musician, library worker, McDonald's employee, athlete, scholar, tutor, Beth Ann Johnson was the embodiment of an All-American, involved and enthusiastic. Her loss diminishes us all.



MARY LINCOLN JOHNSON
June 14, 1963 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Seat Number 33D

Mary Lincoln Johnson, a graduate of Brown University, was returning home to Wayland, Massachusetts, after more than a year of travel in the Far East, including a stint of tutoring in Taiwan. In high school she had been active as a class officer, a member of the Latin and drama clubs, a yearbook editor, and a varsity athlete in soccer and field hockey. At Brown she majored in women's studies. She later worked in San Francisco, California, saving for this lifelong dream trip.

People were Mary's vocation. She spent her young adulthood affirming the spirituality of others. She was exuberant in her quest for new friends and new experiences. Her love for underdogs and worthy causes ran deep.

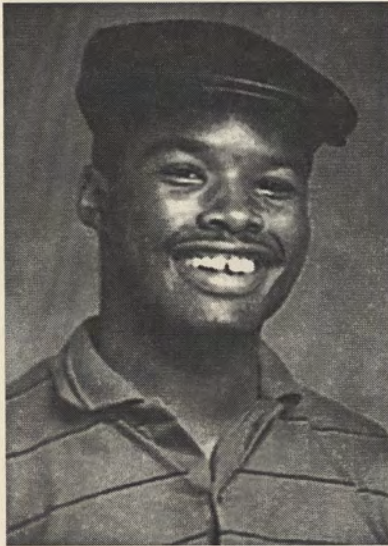
A caregiver herself, she reserved her ultimate respect for those teachers who teach for teaching's sake, who devote their lives to sending the young off in new and exciting directions. Her own life was cut short before she could become what all believe would have been that kind of teacher.

To memorialize her life and its loves, an annual award was established in Mary's name. Each year the *Mary L. Johnson Travelship* provides a rare opportunity for a Wayland teacher to travel anywhere in the world—to share Mary's joy in discovering old cultures and making new friends.

Mary left her mother and father, a sister, and five brothers.



The Cairn at Arlington National Cemetery, Arlington, Virginia.



TIMOTHY BARON JOHNSON
November 30, 1967 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 26A

KESHA WEEDON
October 2, 1968 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 37H



Timothy (Tim) Baron Johnson, of Neptune, New Jersey, was returning home for Christmas after a two-week visit to Europe with his girlfriend, Kesha Weedon, a Syracuse University DIPA student who was studying in England, and who died with him on the ill-fated flight. Tim and Kesha had met while studying civil engineering at Virginia State College in Petersburg, Virginia. Kesha later transferred to Syracuse and Tim had taken a semester off from school to work. He was planning to return to school in January 1989.

Timothy leaves his parents, Grace and William; as well as his sister, Penelope Batchelor; and two brothers, Bruce and William. Another brother died at the age of one, six years prior to Tim's birth.

Tim graduated from Neptune Senior High School where he was a member of the track team, one of their top sprinters. He was described by teammates as studious, dedicated, and helpful. He also participated in the wrestling team, the glee club, and was an Explorer in the Boy Scouts of America. He had a keen interest in art and won recognition for some of his art works. At Virginia State University he was a member of the Rangers in the ROTC. A member of the Baptist Church, he was an usher, as well as a member of the Junior Choir and the J.H. Ashley Men's Club. Tim was also a Mason.

Kesha Weedon was returning home from a semester of study with Syracuse University's DIPA program. She was a junior at the School of Social Work at Syracuse.

Kesha grew up in the Bronx, New York, and was very active in Youth For Christ, a campus religious group. She also sang in a number of campus and church choirs. Her musical talent extended to the violin, which she had played since second grade. She played in the University's orchestra.

Kesha's goal was to work with young children. In high school she had worked in a day care center and while in London, England, she worked in a nursery. She planned to continue working on her Master's degree after her graduation from Syracuse

Kesha is survived by her parents, Lee Weedon and Barbara Matthews. Kesha's mother writes in the Syracuse yearbook, "Moments remembering Kesha are some of the most pleasant, pensive moments of my life. That gentle smile, her soft melodious voice saying 'I love you, Mommy' I'll remember that forever. My fervent wish is that all families with daughters be fortunate enough to share a warm, loving, and sensitive relationship as Kesha and I."



CHRISTOPHER ANDREW JONES
March 4, 1968 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 52K

Christopher (Chris) Andrew Jones, a Syracuse University junior majoring in English and history, was returning home for an especially nostalgic Christmas at his home in Claverack, New York. It was to be the family's first Christmas since the death of Chris' 18-year-old sister, Jennifer, in January 1988, while she was an AFS exchange student in Ecuador. Chris leaves his mother and stepfather, Anthony and Georgia Nucci, of Claverack, New York; his father, Kenneth Jones, of Wenham, Massachusetts; and three stepsisters, Monica Nucci, Lisa Brittain, and Kim Matteson.

A 1986 graduate of Hudson High School, in Hudson, New York, Chris was a well-liked student, respected by faculty and students alike for his easy sense of humor and for being a reliable friend and good student. He was on the varsity basketball team, where in two years he scored two points, but he never missed a game or practice! "Those two points were the most cheered in Hudson basketball history," said a classmate. He was on the varsity tennis team and received the Most Improved Player Award, and he played on the varsity soccer team. Obviously no great athlete, his participation was prized for the sense of eager fun he brought to all he did. His enthusiasm for life, sports, popular music, or whatever his attention turned to, drew others in to the enjoyment Chris experienced in all he did. His special gift was to bring joy to the lives of those who knew him.

At Syracuse, Chris, known only as Shrub by his classmates because of his curly mop of hair, wrote for the *Daily Orange*, the Syracuse newspaper, participated in intramural sports, and did promotional work for the school radio station. His greatest contribution was as a sympathetic ear and provider of encouragement for classmates and friends who were discouraged. A promising writer, Chris' favorite class was his short story class. His stories, always humorous, still provide hours of whimsical reading. He was a fan of P.G. Wodehouse, Monty Python, and Gary Larson, and all the Boston sports teams, win or lose.

While his future plans were far from firmed up, writing certainly would have played a part of his life, although it is hard to imagine Chris in a profession that did not involve interaction with people. In his high school yearbook he describes his future plans: College, Sportswriter for *The Boston Globe*, marriage upon retirement, spend final happy days in Boston Garden enjoying another Celtic dynasty.

*...you will never be gone: your great,
great expectations must live on in all of
us. That is where we can find you now.
That is how we'll bring you home.*

*—Syracuse University professor,
Douglas Unger*



JULIANNE FRANCES KELLY
June 27, 1968 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 21E

Julianne Frances Kelly was returning home to Dedham, Massachusetts to spend Christmas with her mother, Rita; and two sisters, Mary Ellen Kelly and Janice Reese. Her father, Thomas Kelly, had died in 1982. Julianne was a Syracuse University student, one of 35 on that plane, who had spent a semester in London, England. She was a junior in the S.I. Newhouse School of Public Communications who was pursuing a double major in political science and public relations.

Described as “romantic” by her teachers, Julianne had graduated from Dedham High School in 1986. She was remembered there as a gifted writer, head of the cheerleading squad, lead performer in a school production of *Grease*, and a talented singer. Her interest in writing and the arts led her to Syracuse. Teachers explain that she was also a very good songwriter. This multitalented dreamer had recently refocused her educational plans and was considering studying law after graduation from Syracuse. With her many talents and interests, the future looked indeed bright for Julianne.

A prolific poetry writer, Julianne leaves us this poignant fragment of her poetry.

Orb

*We are all like night snow that dances through the silvery
orb of the streetlight then is lost.*

*Think of me as night snow that, in turn, danced through the silvery orb of the
streetlight*

then was lost in soft darkness.

—from “Journals” by Julianne Frances Kelly

JAY JOSEPH KINGHAM
March 3, 1944 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Pharmaceuticals Executive
Seat Number 5B

Jay Joseph Kingham, senior vice president for international affairs for the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, had been attending business meetings in London, England, and Geneva, Switzerland. He was returning to Potomac, Maryland, where he made his home with his wife, Patricia. He is also survived by a son from his first marriage, Matthew of Alexandria, Virginia; his mother, Loretta of Arlington, Virginia; and brother, Richard of Washington, DC.

Jay had joined the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association in 1972 as a regional director for Latin America. Before that he was with the Defense Intelligence Agency, first as an intelligence staff member at the U.S. Embassy in the Dominican Republic, and from 1968 to 1971, as a Latin American desk officer at the Pentagon. He then worked for a year in New York, New York, with the Executive Staff Council of the Americas before he returned to the Washington, DC, area to take a job with Pharmaceutical Manufacturers.

He was born in Quantico, Virginia. His father was a Marine, and he was reared in North Carolina, California, and Jordan. Jay graduated from the old Woodward School for boys in 1962 where he was valedictorian. He graduated from George Washington University in 1966 with a degree in international affairs. During his college years, Jay was a copy boy for the *Washington Star*.

Colleagues describe him as a man of good humor, able and willing to enjoy life at every opportunity, yet ever conscious of his obligations and anxious to fill them. He had a lively wit and was capable of making fun of himself as well as of other people. He believed deeply in the issues for which he fought, convinced always that a healthy research-based pharmaceutical industry was a necessity if there were to be further progress against disease and death. In June 1989, he was honored with the Commissioners Special Citation from the Food and Drug Administration in recognition of his activities with the World Health Organization. The Heritage Foundation has also established the Jay Kingham Fellowship in International Regulatory Affairs in his honor.



PATRICIA ANN KLEIN
June 16, 1953 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Social Worker
Seat Number 28A

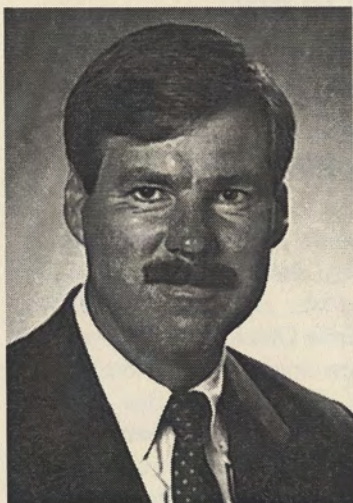
Patricia (Patty) Ann Klein, a lifelong resident of Trenton, New Jersey, was returning home from England where she had been visiting an ailing nun who was a family friend. She was employed by the New Jersey Department of Corrections, Juvenile Division, for the past 13 years, most recently as director of professional services. Patty was a graduate of St. Anthony's High School, class of 1971. She received her B.S. degree and Master's degree in Education at Trenton State College. She leaves her parents, Francis and Marie Klein; her sister, Theresa Parker; her brother, Jeffrey Klein; and her paternal grandparents.

Described by those who knew her as a "shining light," the assistant commissioner of the state's Juvenile Services recalled the children Patty helped and some of the "miracles" she made while working at the Training School for Boys and Girls at Jamesburg, the Training School for Boys and Girls at Skillman, the Youth Reception and Correction Center in Yardville, and while starting a group home for troubled teenagers. Some of those same youths recalled her too, with great affection, as someone who helped them get their lives "together."

Far from being a somber, serious, "do-gooder type," Patty is recalled as fun-loving and playful. She loved traveling, music, and sharing cheer. Her philosophy of life is reflected in this fragment of her poetry:

*For each thorn, there's a rosebud...
for each twilight—a dawn...
for each trial—the strength
to carry on,*

*For each stormcloud—a rainbow...
for each shadow—the sun...
for each parting—sweet memories
when sorrow is done.*



GREGORY KOSMOWSKI
October 8, 1948 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Marketing Executive
Seat Number 8H

Gregory (Greg) Kosmowski was returning home to Milford, Michigan, to spend Christmas with his family. He was in England to attend business meetings in Birmingham. Greg was a vice president of market development for Lucas Industries, a British automotive supplier with offices in Troy, Michigan. Described as a bright and aggressive marketing expert who blazed trails for his company's products, Greg had earned a Bachelor's degree in mechanical engineering at Wayne State University after serving four years in the U.S. Air Force.

Greg is survived by his wife of 20 years, Sue; and two sons, Eron, 10; and Eric, 18, a student at the University of Michigan. A long-time friend explains, "All I can say is he was a fantastic person—good dad, good husband, good friend. They're good, good people."

Greg was an avid skier, runner, and golfer who was proud to have run in several Boston marathons.

At his memorial service a quote from Ralph Waldo Emerson served to describe what was important in life to Greg, "To laugh often and love much; to win respect of intelligent persons and the affection of children; to earn the approbation of honest critics and to endure the betrayal of false friends; to appreciate beauty; to find the best in others; to give of one's self; to leave the world a little better, whether by a healthy child, a garden patch, or a redeemed social condition; to have played and laughed with enthusiasm and sung with exultation; to know that even one life has breathed easier because you have lived—this is to have succeeded."



ELKE ETHA KUEHNE
March 17, 1945 – December 21, 1988
West Germany
Flight Attendant

Pan Am's *Clipper News* explains that Elke Etha Kuehne began her career with Pan Am in 1970 and was based in Washington, DC, and New York before joining the London base in 1976. To all who came in contact with her, Elke truly represented the hallmark of professionalism. To quote a passenger, "It is only a person of such high caliber as Elke Kuehne that makes the cost of flying worthwhile." Her character and quick wit won her many friends as well as respect. Elke was single and is survived by her parents, Dr. Lothar and Ruther Kuehne; and two brothers, Ulfar and Rainer. Dr. Kuehne describes his daughter.

Elke Kuehne wurde am 17.03.1945 in Gotha geboren. Dorthin war die Mutter mit den beiden älteren Brüdern vor dem Bombenhagel aus Berlin geflohen. Der Vater—Dr. Lothar Kühne—war Rechtsanwalt und Notar, die Mutter entstammt einer preußischen Adlesfamilie. Nach der Flucht aus Mitteldeutschland kam die Familie über Rinteln a.d. Weser nach Hannover. Nachdem der Vater aus der Kriegsgefangenschaft zurückgekehrt war, konnte er in Hannover als Anwalt und Notar tätig werden und baute – zusammen mit der Mutter – die Kanzlei auf.

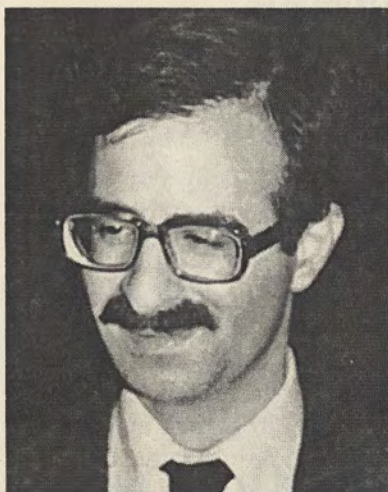
Elke studierte nach erfolgreichem Schulabschluß Sprachen in London und Paris, wo sie ihre Dolmetscher-Examina ablegte. Sie wurde Auslandskorrespondentin in Paris. Doch entschied sie sich bald zu dem Beruf einer Stewardess bei der PANAM. Unabhängig von der Trennung von der Familie, zu der sie immer ein sehr inniges Verhältnis hatte, suchte sie die Erfüllung in ihrer selbst gewählten Vorstellung.

Von Miami kam sie über Washington und New York nach London. Elke war eine Frohnatur. Sie löste Vertrauen aus und gewann es. Durch ihr immer fröhliches Wesen und ihre lautere Hilfsbereitschaft war sie sehr beliebt. Das brachte ihr nicht nur Anerkennung sondern auch viele Freundschaften mit ihren Kolleginnen. Sie lebte in ihrer Pflicht, brauchte das "nie Sichgehenlassen" nicht erst zu lernen. Sie war treu bis zu ihrem Tod, in den sie auf so grausame Weise gerissen wurde.

"Elke Kuehne was born in Gotha. Her mother had fled there with her two older brothers to escape the bombing in Berlin. Her father—Dr. Lothar Kühne—was an attorney and a notary, her mother comes from a Prussian noble family. After their escape from Central Germany, the family came over through Rinteln, to Weser, and then to Hannover. After her father was released as a prisoner of war, he returned to Hannover and was able to build his practice there as a notary and an attorney, along with the help of his wife.

Following her successful graduation, Elke studied languages in London and Paris and took her interpreter exams. She then became a foreign correspondent in Paris. But, she soon decided on the occupation of a flight attendant with Pan Am. Although it would mean greater separation from her family with whom she had always been close, it meant the fulfillment of her chosen goals.

Starting in Miami, she worked in Washington and New York and then went to London. Elke had a happy nature. She inspired trust and she won it. She was well liked due to her joyful nature and she was always willing to help. This brought her not only acknowledgements but also many friendships with her colleagues. Her work was her life. She remained true to herself up until her cruel death cleaved her from life."



MINAS CHRISTOPHER KULUKUNDIS
December 17, 1950 – December 21, 1988
United Kingdom
Ship Brokerage Director
Seat Number 51K

Ironically, Minas Christopher Kulukundis was traveling to New York to attend the funeral of an uncle. Other members of his family had taken the Concorde earlier that day and were waiting for him at the airport. Dutifully, Minas had come in later because he had work to finish at the office. He was the head of the ship broking firm, Kulukundis & Rethymnis, which had been established by his late father. He leaves a widow, Marina, and three young sons.

Born in England, he was the middle of three children and leaves a brother, Elias, and a sister, Angela. Minas attended Corpus Christi College Oxford on an Open Scholarship. At Oxford he studied classics, ancient history, and philosophy. After university, he joined More Stephens, a city accounting firm. He studied for his Certified Public Accountant exams and became a chartered accountant in 1976. He then joined London and Overseas Freighters P.C.C. and was company secretary for a number of years. He specialized in financial management and accounting. In 1985, he became assistant managing director of London and Overseas Freighters and also a director of Kulukundis & Rethymnis, Shipbrokers. He was highly respected in the city and was extremely conscientious and hard working.

Minas married in 1974 and had three boys, John, 10; Constantine, six; and Elias, four. He was devoted to his family and was very involved in the upbringing of his children. His interests included the arts, especially the opera. He loved visiting museums and art galleries and was a member of the National Trust. He enjoyed traveling and loved touring Italy and France.

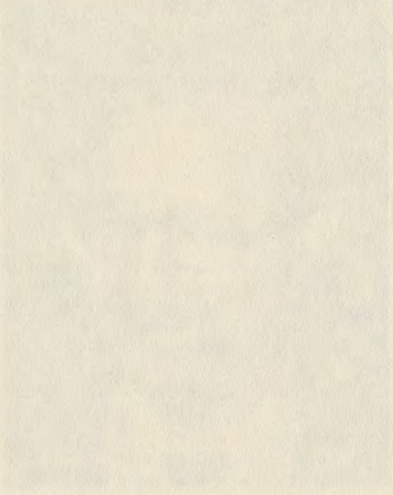
In a memorial a friend writes, "Minas Kulukundis, the gentle, cultured, energetic but so modest a person; the responsible family man who looked forward to a full and fulfilling life with his wife, Marina, whom he had known since the age of four...their marriage...was the crowning glory of their long-standing childhood romance. He loved to go to Greece each summer, and followed the family tradition by staying at Vouliagmeni, now, so prematurely, his final resting place."

MARY BROWELL LANCASTER
January 12, 1907 - December 21, 1988
Sherwood Crescent, Lockerbie, Scotland



[The following text is extremely faint and largely illegible. It appears to be a biographical or archival record, possibly containing dates and names.]

RONALD ALBERT LARIVIERE
November 19, 1955 - December 21, 1988
United States of America
Seat Number 20H



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MARIA NIEVES de LARRACOECHEA

March 3, 1949 – December 21, 1988

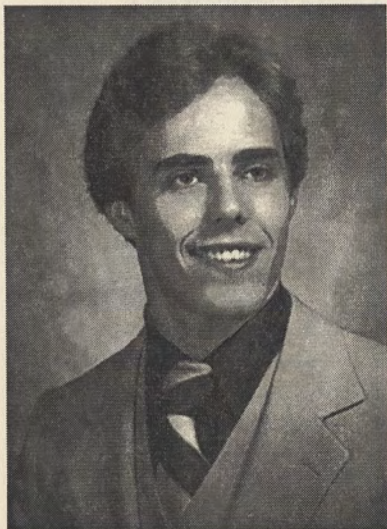
Spain

Flight Attendant

Maria Nieves de Larracochea was the only Spanish stewardess employed by Pan Am. She had been with the company almost 18 years and was based in New York, New York, from 1971 until she transferred to the London base in 1978. She was a very popular person at the London base and received many awards because passengers often wrote letters to Pan Am praising her performance. She was a four-time recipient of the Clipper Ship, a Flight Attendant Recognition Award, and was known as a vivacious and utterly charming person who loved to travel and learn. She liked to work in economy class because she wanted to be with many people, although she could have asked to work in first class. Her career was launched from an ad in a newspaper in Spain in which Pan Am was looking for flight attendants. She had an interview in Madrid, Spain, and they hired her because of her friendliness and her language skills. She had been educated in Spain, France, and England.

Nieves leaves her German husband, Frank Rosenkranz; and her parents, Francisco and Marina Larracochea; as well as a sister, Marina. She and her husband lived in France, Germany, and at the time of her death, in Madrid. The family is very close and she was very happy to be able to see her friends and family more often in Bilbao, Spain. In order to start to work she had to commute to London, England.

A dynamic couple, Nieves and Frank started their marriage in 1979 with a three-day wedding celebration with friends and family in Bilbao.



ROBERT MILTON LECKBURG
October 12, 1958 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Engineer
Seat Number 34C

Robert Milton Leckburg, of Piscataway, New Jersey, was on a business trip to England for his company, Egan Machine Division, John Brown, Inc., of London, England. He worked at the company's office in Somerville, New Jersey. Robert leaves his parents, Robert and Norma of Cold Spring, New Jersey; and both maternal and paternal grandmothers. His father Robert passed away in 2000. Born in Cape May Courthouse, he was a 1977 graduate of Lower Cape May Regional High School in Erma, New Jersey, where he was a member of the National Honor Society and also played on the football and track teams. He received his Bachelor's degree in Engineering and his Master's degree in Science Management from Stevens Institute of Technology in Hoboken, New Jersey.

He went to work for Brown in 1981 as a product engineer and was promoted in 1986 to product manager, the youngest person in the history of the company to hold that position.

WILLIAM CHASE LEYRER
August 24, 1942 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Businessman
Seat Number 2J

William (Bill) Chase Leyrer, a vice president with freight-forwarder, Universal Transcontinental Corporation, had wide-ranging responsibilities for shipments related to World Food Program, a United Nations organization. He was on his way home from a business trip to Africa and the Middle East. A lifelong resident of Bay Shore, New York, he leaves his wife, Andrea; a son, Billy, 14; and an eight-year-old daughter, Liese. Bill graduated from Bay Shore High School in 1960, attended Syracuse University, and served in the United States Coast Guard during the Vietnam War.

He had formed his own ferry company serving Fire Island after a number of years as a ferryboat captain. He formed his own shipping and brokerage company, which he owned and managed for many years before joining the ranks of UTC. He is described as a compassionate, soft-spoken family man whose primary motivation was his wife and children.



WENDY ANNE LINCOLN
January 21, 1965 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 28D

*"Grace was in all her steps,
Heaven in her life,
in every gesture, dignity and love."*

Wendy Anne Lincoln, one of the 35 Syracuse University students returning home for Christmas from a semester in London, England, was widely mourned by the residents of North Adams, Massachusetts, her hometown. She was fondly remembered for her compassionate and gentle nature, but especially for her humility—humility in the face of great beauty and talent. Wendy was majoring in art and specializing in communication design, graphic illustration, and photography at Syracuse, where she was enrolled in the College of Visual and Performing Arts. A friend lamented, "Where have you gone so quickly? We took for granted that we would behold your smile again...We took so much for granted."

A 1983 graduate of Drury High School, she was an active, involved student, participating in gymnastics, dance, school government, sports, and the yearbook committee. In college, her interests expanded to painting and photography. Wendy displayed a painting of hers and two photographs at a student art show in London. The show was open to the public, and Wendy's work won accolades. In London, her friendly nature shone through. "Every time we went somewhere she would meet someone," reported a classmate, "When we were on a train or a plane she would start up a conversation with someone."

Wendy leaves her mother, Shirley, and her father, Charles; her brother, Scott; her maternal grandparents; and her paternal grandmother. Her mother, Shirley, remembers her, "Beauty radiated from within her. Gentle and kind, full of laughter and joy—surrounded by love. Her greatest virtue was humility, her greatest joy, helping others."



ALEXANDER LOWENSTEIN
February 25, 1967 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 20D

*Beachgrass, as if frozen, stands still
and lethargic waves crash
slowly...*

*Alex, I think they miss you—they
whisper
your name—but somehow I know
you're with them forever.*

—Janice Cunningham

“Alexander was very special. His ability to fully enjoy life; to make us laugh; to draw his peers to him; to make us love him. Our only hope now is that he is on a beach somewhere warm and bright. We love him and miss him so very much...” Alexander, a senior at Syracuse University’s College of Arts and Sciences who was participating in the London, England, program, is remembered by his parents for these qualities which permitted him to seek not only the perfect wave but also a useful purpose in his life.

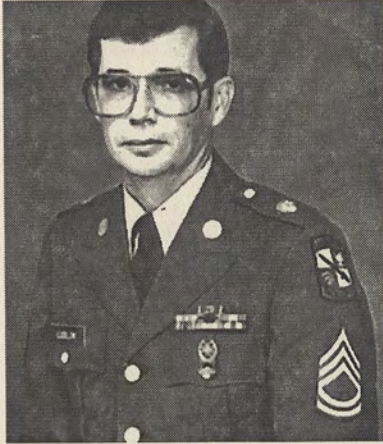
Although he majored in English at Syracuse, he had planned to work in a psychiatric clinic when he graduated. He wanted to get a degree in clinical psychology eventually, and felt this experience would help guide his career choice. In the various eulogies written for and about Alexander, it is clear that his individuality often drew people to him.

Alexander was a water person who loved to surf and scuba dive. He is missed every day by his parents, who live in Montauk, at the eastern tip of Long Island, where he is buried and where a plaque in Alexander’s name has been placed on a huge rock called Atlantic Terrace.

He is also survived by his brother, Lucas, who lives with his family in New Jersey.

*You were always the sunshine...
but the sun hasn't set for you, Alex
my friend—
it has only risen
on another
beach.*

—J. Cunningham



LLOYD DAVID LUDLOW
February 6, 1947 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
United States Army
Seat Number 51A

Lloyd David Ludlow was returning home to Hutchinson, Kansas, on December 21, 1988, for his sister's funeral—Janice Jagers, who had died the day before. "We had been out all day...making (funeral) arrangements for my sister," says Agnes Coslett, Ludlow's only surviving sister. "We had no idea that a plane had crashed." Lloyd's wife, Barbara, called from Mainz, Germany, where her husband had been stationed, to find out if he was aboard the doomed aircraft. That's when the entire family learned of the tragedy.

A 1965 graduate of Macksville High School in Kansas, Lloyd had played football and basketball for his alma mater before attending Hutchinson Junior College. He married in 1967 and worked as a meat cutter before joining the U.S. Army on March 29, 1971. Lloyd made the Army his career. He and his wife had three children—Shelly, 21; Shela, 19; and Kelly Tippie, 17. He also leaves his parents, three grandparents, as well as his sister, Agnes.

Prior to being assigned to duty in West Germany, Lloyd was an administrative non-commissioned officer in the Reserve Officers Training Command program at Pittsburgh States University, Pittsburgh. He was at that post for three years, until mid-1987, when he was sent overseas. In Germany, he was assigned as acting first sergeant of an Army postal unit at Sinthen Airfield, outside Frankfurt. He had served in Thailand with an Army adviser group during the Vietnam War.

Friends and relatives remembered Lloyd as an outgoing person. "He never knew a stranger," said his mother-in-law Lois Dick, "When he walked in the room, if he hadn't met you before, he'd just walk over and shake hands. He loved sports, and was a bowler and a fisher."

*The time I was here,
was to show you there is love,
That there is happiness in everyone,
If you look just hard enough.*

—Shela Ludlow, daughter



MARIA THERESIA LÜRBKE
November 26, 1963 – December 21, 1988
West Germany
Teacher
Seat Number 52A

Maria Theresia Lürbke was born in Balve, Westphalia, Germany. She lived happily with her two elder sisters, Ursula and Anna, and her younger brother, Heiner, on her parent's farm. Her sister, Anna, writes, "Maria excelled in sports and loved nature and animals, especially her horse. Her athleticism helped her to become an outstanding tournament rider.

Maria studied education at the University of Münster, Westphalia, and graduated in spring 1988 as one of the best in her class. During her studies, she worked in different educational institutions and was much appreciated by her colleagues for her pedagogical skill, her team spirit, and her friendly nature. In fall 1988, she started to work as a teacher in a special-ed primary school in Münster. Maria felt lucky to get time off in December and January to visit her sister, Anna, in Argentina. Like so many others, she got her ticket (Frankfurt to Buenos Aires via New York) at the last minute and boarded the fatal Pan Am Flight 103 with a heart full of excitement and a suitcase full of Christmas gifts.

Since 1985, Maria had been a very active member of the 'Deutsch-Französisches Jugendwerk' (German-French Youth Association) working enthusiastically for the friendship and better understanding between the French and Germans. In summer 1988, she co-organized an international youth project developed to enhance cultural awareness and tolerance. Who would have imagined that four months later she'd be a victim of international terrorism? Among the many loved ones at her funeral was a large group of friends who came from France to pay their last respects and share our grief. To this day, we enjoy warm contact with Maria's German and French friends.

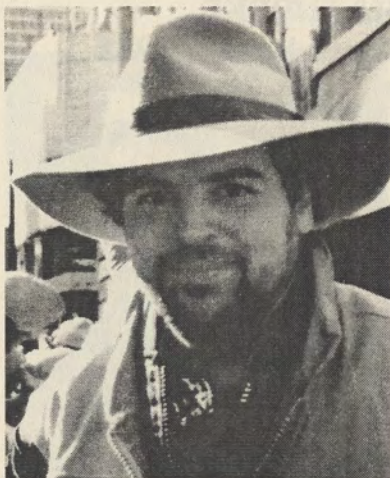
Our family is very close and the love that united Maria with us during her life unites us with her after her death. Maria's name has been carried on in our family with the christening of Ursula's two daughters, Maja Maria and Amely Maria. With her happy laughter and her loving, charming nature, Maria will always be alive in our hearts."

Maria's favorite poem:

Stufen/Stages
by Hermann Hesse

*As every flower fades and as all youth
Departs, so at every stage,
So every virtue, so our grasp of truth,
Blooms in its day and may not last forever.
Since life may summon us at every age
Be ready, heart, for parting, new endeavor,
Be ready bravely and without remorse
To find new light that old ties cannot give.
In all beginnings dwells a magic force
For guarding us and helping us to live.
Serenely let us move to distant places
And let no sentiments of home detain us.
The Cosmic Spirit seeks not to restrain us
But lifts us stage by stage to wider spaces.
If we accept a home of our own making,
Familiar habitat makes for indolence.
We must prepare for parting and leave-taking
Or else remain the slaves of permanence.
Even the hour of our death may send
Us speeding on to fresh and newer spaces,
And life may summon us to newer races.
So be it, heart: bid farewell without end.*

(Translated by Richard and Clara Winston,
in *The Glass Bead Game*, New York:
Henry Holt, 1990)



WILLIAM EDWARD MACK
April 24, 1958 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Puppeteer
Seat Number 36B

William (Bill) Edward Mack, of New York, New York, was born in Evanston, Illinois. After attending Evanston Township High School, Bill went to the University of Connecticut and entered the Puppetry Department. He joined Jim Henson & Associates in 1979, working on *Sesame Street* and the *Muppet Show*. In 1981, Bill became a founding member of, and artistic director for, Union Square Theater in New York.

Bill formed the *royal short company*, known as the r.s.c., a puppetry theater company which toured the world, from Japan to Australia, and was a regular presence at the Edinburgh Festival in Scotland. He also entertained theatergoers in front of the Delacorte Theater in New York for seven years with insightful, witty, and comical adaptations of classical productions.

In 1988 Bill and Liz Marek were working on a one-man off-Broadway play, *an evening with the r.s.c.*, which was scheduled to open in the spring of 1989. The show contained “an entire season in just one night” along with film scenes of the life of “the actors” and how they became a part of the r.s.c. The work was based on the r.s.c.’s productions of classic stories condensed into hysterically funny quick productions. Some of the shows were *The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby in 8½ minutes*; *War & Peace (all 15 Parts & 2 Epilogues) in 5½ minutes*; *Gone With the Wind a blow by blow account in 13 minutes*; *Swan Lake an American classic of the russian ballet*; and *It’s Terrible—Just Terrible*, a music video.

Critics around the world hailed Bill’s style and work:

“Mack’s wit & visual presentation is original and refreshing.” – Radio Scotland

“Bill Mack does the impossible.” – New York Post

“He is someone to keep your eye on.” – Newsweek Magazine

“Mack is a fast & witty talker, you have to be on the ball to catch everything he throws at you.” – TV Times, Hong Kong

Joseph Papp said of Bill, "We will miss his friendship and creativity, and will never forget the sound of his laugh. For Bill, the world, truly, was his stage."

Bill's family was not restricted to the traditional family one is born with, but extended to close friends and their families. He could always surprise you with a visit or a phone call at any time. It touched a wide range of people around the world when his stage went dark.

The Elizabeth Marek and William Mack Scholarship Fund at the University of Connecticut supplies two-year scholarships for those enrolled in the Department of Fine Arts.



WENDY GAY FORSYTHE MALICOTE
July 31, 1967 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Military Wife
Seat Number 48A

DOUGLAS EUGENE MALICOTE
August 31, 1966 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
United States Army
Seat Number 48B

This Lebanon, Ohio, couple would have been married four years on December 27, 1988, so Douglas (Doug) Eugene Malicote and his wife, Wendy Gay Forsythe Malicote, wanted to do something special. They planned to fly home where they would celebrate their anniversary and the Christmas holidays with friends and family. The couple had been high school sweethearts, attending Lebanon High School. They graduated in 1984 and Doug entered the Army that September. Three months later they were married. He completed basic training at Fort Jackson, South Carolina, and was then sent to Fort Gordon, Georgia. After that he completed a 14-month stint in Korea and then on to Fort Huachuca, Arizona, before his latest assignment with the 97th Signal Battalion in Sandhofen, Germany. Doug repaired field communications security equipment.

Doug is survived by his parents, Donald and Ruth; a brother, Donald; and a sister, Theresa; as well as his paternal and maternal grandmothers.

Wendy is survived by her parents, Larry and Marline Forsythe of Miamisburg, Ohio; a sister, Julie; and paternal and maternal grandparents.

The couple was buried together with full military honors at the Miami Valley Memorial Gardens near Lebanon.



ELIZABETH LILLIAN MAREK
February 17, 1958 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Actress and Peace Activist
Seat Number 36C

*"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst for righteousness:
for they shall be filled."*

—Matthew 5:3-12

Elizabeth (Liz) Lillian Marek and Bill Mack had decided to take a trip on a whim—the reduced fares to London were an irresistible incentive for these serendipity friends. How to describe Elizabeth? Certainly not by way of appearance—her hair especially was subject to unexpected fluctuations of length and color. We cannot describe her by buildings built or by dollars earned. That kind of achievement was not in Elizabeth's realm. We must describe her by her spirit, which lingers still and cannot be killed—in a sense because Liz was all spirit, she will never die.

We get an idea of Liz from the memorial service planned for her by friends and family. The program was in the form of a playbill. The playbill announces, "A New Play, Based on the Life and Times of Elizabeth Marek. The action takes place nonstop. There is a beginning. There is no end." It also points out that Liz defied a one-line description—and explains that it is because of her family, "a special group." It goes on to describe the very human, funny, and frustrating moments in Liz's life. We see the enthusiastic student: drama club, National Honor Society, chorus, UConn, marching band, band, and senior class president. She was chosen by her class as the wittiest, most popular, most dramatic, and class clown. She created the Story Book Players. All of this interspersed with lines from the theater of her own life. "She kept us on our toes." "Hey kids, let's put on a show!" "Look for me on NBC." "The universe will provide." "Saving the planet is a tough business." "We live in a Burger King mentality. We want it in 60 seconds, we want it wrapped in plastic, we want it now."

Never losing site of her acting career, Liz blended her musical and acting talent with her desire for world peace. On The Great Peace March, Liz was in a singing group called the Wild Wimmin for Peace. She was often stage manager or director for a variety of peace organizations. She wanted to be a "star"...and now she is one. Liz left a large and like-minded family: her parents Adelaide and Bill; three sisters; and two brothers. Her father, Bill Marek, died of a heart attack five months later.

Liz: "You're never lost, you're just seeing different stuff."



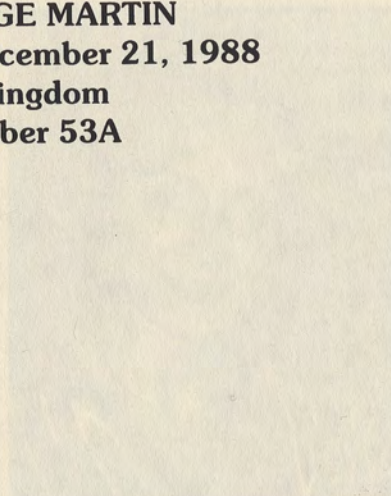
LOUIS ANTHONY MARENGO
February 9, 1955 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Volkswagen Marketing Director
Seat Number 3J

Louise (Lou) Anthony Marengo, of Rochester, Michigan, traveling home for the holidays with Jim Fuller, also a Volkswagen executive, is remembered above all as a loving dad and husband, a family man who easily and quickly made friends with his neighbors, joined readily in games of basketball with neighborhood kids, and frequently took bike rides with his own children. He leaves his wife, Maria; and three children, Anthony, eight; Elizabeth, seven; and Dominic, six months. He was a positive, upbeat type of person with a vibrant personality.

Educated in his home state of California, he earned a B.S. degree from the University of Santa Clara and an M.B.A. in International Marketing from West Coast University. He began his automotive career at Ford and in 1981 joined Volkswagen. He was director of marketing for VW-US, having started as a district sales manager for VW's regional office in Los Angeles, California. He subsequently held several other key positions in the company, including dealer development and business management manager at VW's Washington Region, sales organization manager at corporate headquarters in Troy, Michigan, and assistant regional manager for the Los Angeles region. In 1986, Lou was appointed regional manager in charge of Audi's Western Region, a position he held until returning to Troy in March 1988, as director of marketing at Volkswagen United States.

Lou is also survived by his parents, a brother, and sister, all of California.

NOEL GEORGE MARTIN
May 31, 1961 – December 21, 1988
United Kingdom
Seat Number 53A





DIANE MARIE MASLOWSKI
August 10, 1958 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Vice President: Drexel, Burnham-Lambert
Seat Number 8B

Diane Marie Maslowski, an American citizen residing in London, England, was born in Colorado, but grew up in Haddonfield, New Jersey. After graduating from Skidmore College in 1980, with a double major in French and government and a minor in dance, Diane headed to New York, New York, to pursue her dreams of becoming a professional ballet dancer. When a devastating ankle injury dashed her ambitions of becoming a dancer, Diane had to rely on her language skills to pursue another career. Her knowledge of language and her sharp mathematical mind led her to the banking industry. She quickly worked her way up at many banking institutions, including Bank of America and other large foreign banks, in their trading departments. In 1985, at the age of 27, Diane was promoted to vice president of bond trading for the investment firm of Drexel, Burnham-Lambert. Ultimately, all of her promotions led her to London.

Other than dance, Diane's passions were cooking, travel, and gardening. Her greatest love of all was that of her family. Diane loved them more than anything and was so looking forward to coming home to a "home cooked Christmas" and love.

Diane's family has established a scholarship fund at Skidmore College in her name.

Her parents, Norma and Stan; two brothers, Michael and Steven; and her sister, Susan, survive her.

She is loved and greatly missed.

*And when the earth shall claim your
limbs, then you shall truly
dance.*

—Gibran

WILLIAM JOHN MacALLISTER
October 18, 1962 - December 21, 1988
United Kingdom
Seat Number 14E



LILIBETH TOBILA MacALOLOOY
November 2, 1961 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Flight Attendant

From Pan Am's *Clipper News*, "Her friends and family knew her as Lili. Born in the Philippines and fluent in Tagalog, she moved as a young girl to San Pedro, California, with her family. Lili enchanted passengers with her thoughtful care and attention to their needs. She, too, received many passenger commendations. One passenger wrote, 'If one of your goals is striving for excellence among your employees, you've accomplished that goal with Lili. It is because of her that I will fly Pan Am in the future.' Prior to joining Pan Am, Lili worked as a make-up consultant and as an aerobics instructor. She was engaged to Pan Am employee, Tony Andre-Janscz from Frankfurt."



JAMES BRUCE MacQUARRIE
September 30, 1933 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Commercial Pilot

James Bruce MacQuarrie, the captain of The Clipper Maid of the Seas, had been a pilot for 32 years. He made his home in Kensington, New Hampshire. James leaves his wife, Janet; and two children, Michael, a pilot for Pan Am; and Pamela, a nurse. Captain MacQuarrie is described by friends as having two primary interests—airplanes and his family. He enjoyed working on his 200-year-old colonial home and restoring vintage automobiles. He is described as “A pilot’s pilot in every way.”

He graduated from Peterborough High School in 1951 and served in the U.S. Navy for three years before attending Boston University, where he received an Associate degree in Aeronautics. He had belonged to the Massachusetts Air National Guard where he held the rank of Major.

“Not only was he an outstanding pilot, he was a gentleman,” reports Colonel Wilfred Hessert, deputy commander for operations for the 101st Air Refueling Wing at the Guard Base in Bangor, Maine.



DANIEL EMMET McCARTHY
November 2, 1957 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Banker
Seat Number 6B

Daniel (Dan) Emmet McCarthy, a vice president in international operations for Credit Suisse First Boston was based in London, England, for approximately one year and was returning home to Brooklyn, New York, for the holidays. He is survived by his mother, Vivian; his father, John, a retired attorney; his older brother, John, Jr., a currency trader; and his younger brother, Peter, a practicing attorney. His parents have since passed away.

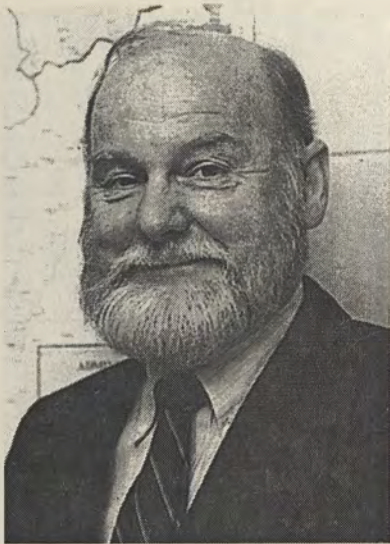
His father writes, "We, his family, miss this 6'4", 200 lb., quiet, gentle member of our home and like all of the surviving families try, each in our own way, to cope with this sudden, unexpected tragedy which has come our way. His mother and I talk of him a lot—his brothers seem to find this more difficult—often re-reading the many letters of condolence we received from friends and co-workers around the world. We were and continue to be amazed at the outpouring of grief and compassion that has come to us in lengthy handwritten letters so touching and eloquent that they make the tears come readily.

We are all of us aware that the suddenness and the violence of his death contributed to and stimulated to a great degree this overwhelming response, but the pride we feel in the knowledge that he touched so many people in so many positive ways in a much too short life helps us to handle this heavy burden."

Dan's younger brother (and best friend) expressed his feelings in part, "Dan did not cure cancer and could not bend steel in his bare hands; he was not Mother Theresa nor was he a noted delegate for world peace, but he was a kind, gentle, fun-loving, generous spirit and a friendly presence has been taken from our midst."

"On the day of his funeral Mass in Fort Hamilton, Brooklyn, New York, additional services were held in London and we treasure the words that were said then and since, such as: 'The good memories are yours and please do not let anyone ever steal them from you.' 'I have a son and I hope that he grows up to be like your son, a loving and decent person.' 'The memory is left, it cannot be taken. No terrorist in the world can do that.' 'I know Dan was the best kind of man and I know that God is holding him now.'

So, while the hurt is deep and ongoing, we are overwhelmed by the reaction of so many people whose lives our son had touched. He did not live long enough, but he will never again be hurt."



ROBERT EUGENE McCOLLUM
May 12, 1927 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
University Professor
Seat Number 7J

His colleagues remember Dr. Robert (Bob) Eugene McCollum, associate professor of education at Temple University, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, as a kind, committed teacher who worked tirelessly for understanding among people. He had a legendary reputation for caring deeply about his students at home and abroad. Dr. McCollum is survived by his wife, Carol, of Wayne, Pennsylvania; a son, Robert of Wayne; a daughter, Anne of Philadelphia; a brother, Daniel of Haddon Heights, New Jersey; and a sister, Shirley Swiecicki of Powhattan, Virginia.

A member of the Temple faculty since 1967, Dr. McCollum had served for the past seven years as director of the College of Education's two staff development programs in Nigeria, Africa, programs supported by UNESCO and the United Nations Development Programme. "Not only did he secure funding for these programs, but he also served as day-to-day administrator and in every other role needed to make the program successful," said Dr. Richard M. Englert, Dean of the College of Education. "As a result of his effort, more than 100 Nigerian teachers and administrators received the master's degree in education. Bob's role in the success of the program was outstanding."

At the time of his death, Dr. McCollum was returning from discussions with officials of UNESCO in Paris in regard to the next Temple/Nigerian project. A former public school teacher, Dr. McCollum was known as an authority on social studies education. He served on numerous university-wide committees and was a member of such organizations as Phi Delta Kappa and the National Council for Social Studies.

"Bob was a soldier with a mission—to create educational programs and systems that involved children in learning in powerful and significant ways, and to empower them through the ability to inquire into and solve the challenges and problems facing them. He died like a soldier—a sudden victim of ignorance, hatred and violence, things which he despised the most. But his enlightened ideas live on in the hundreds, perhaps thousands, of his students and colleagues that he influenced over the years, all over the world. We will miss you, Bob, but what sustains us is the knowledge that you led the good life, made the good fight, and made your mark on education." (Elliot Seif—former colleague)



CHARLES DENNIS McKEE
December 3, 1948 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
United States Army
Seat Number 15F

Major Charles (Chuck) Dennis McKee was affectionately known as “Tiny” because of his height and bulk, 6’5” and 270 pounds, and the irony that this bear of a man was assigned the most delicate of assignments—intelligence officer in the troubled city of Beirut, Lebanon, with the Defense Intelligence Agency—is not lost on friends and family. Chuck was an extraordinary man in many respects. Described as having “the right stuff,” he spoke fluent Arabic and distinguished himself by finishing at the top of his class at least four times in the process of acquiring highly specialized intelligence training. He graduated first in his class in officers’ training school at Fort Benning, Georgia. Chuck had entered the service in November 1970 after graduation from Pennsylvania State University.

Chuck’s military career of more than 18 years was characterized by superlative performance in all his duties and endeavors. He was the recipient of the Legion of Merit, Defense Meritorious Service Medal, Meritorious Service Medal, Army Commendation Medal with two Oak Leaf Clusters, Army Good Conduct Medal, National Defense Service Medal, Armed Forces Expeditionary Medal, Army Service Ribbon, Overseas Service Ribbon, the Army Superior Unit Award, Parachutist Badge, and Ranger Tab.

Chuck leaves his mother, Beulah of Trafford, Pennsylvania; his daughter, Aimee, of Bradenton, Florida; and two sisters, Marjorie McKee and Nancy McCuean. His father, who died in 1982, and a sister, Patti Bock, preceded him in death.

His mother describes him as a devoted son who would visit her any time he was in Washington for more than five days. Chuck, who spent the last 10 of his 18 Army years abroad, did his best to reassure his mother he was safe.

*...the wind bids me leave you.
Less hasty am I than the wind, yet I must go.
We wanderers, ever seeking the lonelier way, begin no day
where we have ended another day; and
no sunrise finds us where sunset left us.
Even while the earth sleeps we travel.
Brief were my days among you...
—Kahlil Gibran, “The Prophet”*



BERNARD JOSEPH McLAUGHLIN
December 2, 1958 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Marketing Manager
Seat Number 36A

Bernard (Bernie) Joseph McLaughlin, a Cranston, Rhode Island, native, moved to Bristol, England, in 1986 to open the UK office of Ross Systems, Ltd., a computer software company, where he served as European Marketing Manager. In October 1988, Bernie traveled to Rhode Island for a surprise visit in order to attend his cousin's wedding. He was there for a brief 18 hours. Two months later he was flying from London, England, to New York, New York, to spend a couple of days Christmas shopping with his brother and then planned to go on to Rhode Island for a family Christmas, with his parents, Ann and Edward; his four brothers, Edward A. III, Michael, James, and William; and his sister, Nancy.

Bernie graduated with honors near the top of his class at Cranston High School East and was named to the All-State Cross Country team his senior year. He also was a staff member on the school newspaper, participated in choir, volunteered at the Meeting Street School for disabled children, and attained the rank of Eagle Scout. Family and friends established a scholarship in his name at Cranston East which is awarded each year to the college-bound senior who best reflects Bernie's commitment to excellence in academics and athletics and his civic-mindedness. Additionally, the annual Track and Field Invitational at Brown University awards the Bernie McLaughlin Memorial Trophy to the outstanding Rhode Island interscholastic competitor.

Continuing his education, Bernie attended Harvard University where he graduated cum laude in 1982 having participated in intercollegiate cross-country, among other activities. Bernie worked for two years at Manufacturer's Hanover Bank in New York City before joining Ross Systems. He spent two years with Ross Systems in New York before moving on to the UK assignment. As an avid runner he competed during this time in the New York, London, and Boston marathons, as well as in with many other road races.

While he brought a tremendous amount of enthusiasm and dedication to more "serious" pursuits, such as education and his job, Bernie is most remembered as a handsome and personable guy, with an animated personality that would "light up a room." With a playful sense of humor and a razor-sharp wit, Bernie loved and enjoyed his family, friends, associates, and life itself.

Edward A. McLaughlin, Jr., Bernie's father, a CPA working for the Internal Revenue Service, died of a sudden and unexpected heart attack in February 1990.

Oh Lord,

*You gave him to us
to be our joy and
You have taken him
away from us; we
give him back to
You without a
murmur, but our
hearts are wrung
with sorrow.*

—St. Ephrem

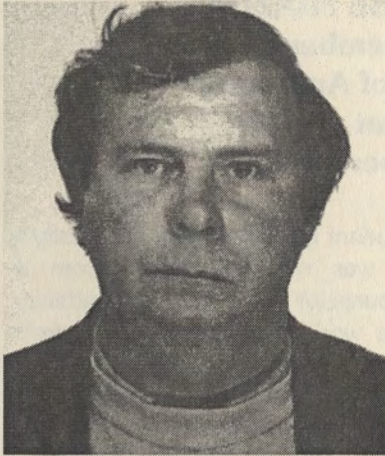


JANE SUSAN MELBER
January 1, 1961 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Musician and Teacher
Seat Number 27H

Jane Susan Melber, 27, of Plainfield, Connecticut, formerly of Brecksville, Ohio, and living in London, England, was the daughter of Theodore W. and Lucille Minarik Melber of Plainfield, Connecticut, and fiancée of Alistair Parnell of Nottingham, England. A fall 1989 wedding was planned.

She was born in Cleveland, Ohio, and graduated from Brecksville High School in 1979 where she was active in the band and choir. She was a 1983 graduate of Gettysburg College, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, with a B.S. in Musical Education. She was a little sister of Sigma Nu Fraternity and president of Sigma Alpha Iota music sorority. While in college, Jane wrote and directed several high school marching band shows and one for her college band. She received the Sigma Alpha Iota College Honor Award.

Jane went to London for the postgraduate course at the Royal College of Music to further her saxophone studies. In addition to her studies at the Royal Conservatory of Music, she studied clarinet with Sidney Fell and saxophone with John Harle in London, and Daniel Kientzy in Nice, France. While in England, Jane performed with the Cambridge Independent Theater, several provincial orchestras, appeared on Welsh television, and performed at the American Embassy, where she entertained Prince Charles. As a founding member of the Mistral Saxophone Quartet she toured England and several cities in the United States. Upon completion of her studies, she continued to perform with the quartet, teaching in several schools, and had private students in London and Nottingham. As director of the Nottingham Wind Ensemble, Jane was continuing her successful career as a performer, teacher, and director.



JOHN MERRILL
July 11, 1953 – December 21, 1988
United Kingdom
Seaman
Seat Number 37K

John Merrill, a seaman with BSSM since April of 1986, was flying to New York, New York, to join his ship, the "Scottish Star." John had served on the "Churchill," "Canterbury Star," "Scottish Star," and the "Australia Star." He was well-liked and respected by all who knew him and many messages of sympathy were received throughout his company's fleet and from terminal staff at the port of Newark, New Jersey.

Tributes were given in his name to the Royal National Lifeboat Institute at the request of his parents who survive him.



SUZANNE MARIE MIAZGA
July 31, 1966 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 23A

Suzanne Marie Miazga, a graduate student from Syracuse University's College of Human Development, was returning home from a semester in London, England, as a counselor in the drug dependency unit of St. Mary's Hospital. She was working towards her Master's degree in Social Work. Described as congenial and intelligent by coworkers, Suzanne had also worked as a counselor for drug and alcohol abusers at the Benjamin Rush Center in Syracuse. "She was marvelous. She was able to establish a great rapport with patients," says Tonya Ryan, director of social services at the center.

Suzanne saw traveling to London as a chance to grow. In a letter she wrote to her mother, Anna Marie, she said she wanted to "live life and not just exist." Her overseas studies also allowed her to see other parts of Europe: France, Italy, and Switzerland.

Originally from Utica, New York, she was a 1984 graduate of Oriskany Central High School, where she won the Business Award, was a member of the National Honor Society, Student Council, Spanish Club, a cheerleader, and a participant in the Colgate Seminar Studies. She attended Mohawk Valley Community College, where she majored in Family Services and later earned a Bachelor's degree from Syracuse. She was also a licensed real estate agent. She is survived by her mother, Anna Marie; her father, Richard; two sisters; and her paternal grandmother.

JOSEPH KENNETH MILLER
May 27, 1932 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Accounting Firm Executive
Seat Number 10B

According to the *New York Times*, Joseph Kenneth Miller was a director of Yeshiva University's Stern College for Women since 1987. A senior partner in the Manhattan accounting firm of Miller-Ellin & Company for 25 years, Joseph had served as treasurer of the Union of Orthodox Jewish Congregations and was an executive member of the United Jewish Appeal. He had been in London, England, on business.

"He was a model of commitment to Jewish life," said Sandra Quinn, chairman of the Stern board, referring to Joseph. "Words cannot truly express how deeply we all feel this loss." Joseph, a graduate of Baruch College and New York Law School, is survived by his wife, Rhoda, and four children, Alan, Gary, Geoffrey, and Sharon.

JEWEL COURTNEY MITCHELL
June 11, 1956 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
United States Army
Seat Number 27A

Jewel Courtney Mitchell's mother, Lucille Benfield, remembers her son, "Jewel was born on Thursday night, the 11th of June, 1956, my first son and second child. He was a very friendly and warm person who was like the Shepherd looking over his flock that was his two sisters and two brothers. They were very close knit, always together. They all came to the United States on November 14, 1980, and Jewel spared no time in enrolling at Pace University to further his education in the field of accounting. At the same time he joined the Army Reserve, and after completing basic training went on to the ROTC, where he worked very hard, and in no time was commissioned a Second Lieutenant.

After graduation, Jewel was sent to Germany in October 1987, which marked the first Christmas he was ever separated from his brothers and sisters. His brother, Harrison, spent the summer of 1988 with him and Jewel longed to be home to see his family and hold his son, Elon, who was just one year old when Jewel left. He called me two days in succession before he left Germany reminding me of all the goodies he was expecting when he got home, and was eagerly looking forward to being with us for Christmas; but that was not to be, for we shall all share the same grief and the pain will be with me until I die. I never in my wildest dreams ever thought I would bury a child."



RICHARD PAUL MONETTI
September 11, 1968 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 20E

Richard (Rick) Paul Monetti was a junior at Syracuse University's S.I. Newhouse School of Public Communications who was considering a career in journalism, although he had a keen interest in history and political science. Sports, however, were his love. "He was a real Philly sports fan," said his mother, Eileen. When looking for a place to go to college, Rick and his father visited Syracuse. The first thing that Rick wanted to see was the Carrier Dome. That decided where he was going to college.

A 1986 graduate of Cherry Hill East High School in New Jersey, Rick made his mark in high school as a student, athlete, and sports journalist. He received school honors for his special talents in broadcasting and sports casting and also received an award from KYW News Radio in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for his work on their intern program. He wrote for the local newspaper, the school paper, and broadcast regularly on the school's cable TV station. An avid sports fan, he was also a valued member of the school's swim and soccer teams. Rick was involved in Students Against Drunk Driving, and spoke to elementary school students as part of a drug education program. For many years, he was a leading member of his neighborhood swim club team and, in 1988, he was the assistant swim team coach and the pool's assistant manager.

In his journal, recovered from Lockerbie, Scotland, we see that for Rick, much of his life was a sports metaphor. "Rick's Philosophy of Life or What I've Learned in 20 Years," gives us an insight into this delightful young man. "Read the sports section first, the news can wait until later." "A positive attitude is worth 5 points." We can see his humor: "When in the presence of people who are just too serious, act just a bit dumb, eccentric." His faith: "God really is watching and helping me." And finally: "So analytical tonight—feeling old at 20, that lost innocence of youth. Don't sit back, make the most of everything. Do all you can while you can. Life is a one-time deal. You can't ever re-do what you missed the first time. The opportunity is here, stop looking past it. Sure, December 21 is going to be great, but so is October 10. Be aggressive, be fun and go crazy. There is no reason to hold anything back. Nothing to lose."



JANE ANN MORGAN
March 19, 1951 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Attorney
Seat Number 42A

Jane Ann Morgan was coming home for the holidays from London, England, where she was an attorney with the Albert Partnership, specializing in entertainment law. She had cancelled an earlier flight on TWA so she could finish the day's business.

She is survived by her parents, Dr. and Mrs. George E. Morgan of San Martino, California; a brother, Dr. G. Edward Morgan; and his wife, Dr. Karen S. Morgan, of Pasadena, California.

Jane grew up in Pasadena where she attended PolyTechnic Schools—elementary and high school—graduating in 1968. She was an exchange student at the Stanford Campus in Buckinghamshire, England, and graduated from Stanford with a B.A. in English in 1972. Jane studied law at Duke University and received her degree of Juris Doctor in 1977. She attended Columbia Law School doing post-graduate work in European, Chinese, and Soviet law. After being admitted to the New York State Bar, Federal (Southern District New York) Bar, and Connecticut Bar, she was employed by Cravath, Swaine & Moore, New York, New York. In 1983 she went to work for Jerome Minskoff, Broadway producer, in all phases of production. In 1984 she became an associate of Shaw & Reed, specializing in international transactions followed by an offer to go to London.

EVA INGEBORG MORSON
April 29, 1940 - December 21, 1988
United States of America
Seat Number 19G



*"I've immersed my youthful spirit
in the universe."*

HELGA RACHAEL MOSEY
September 21, 1969 – December 21, 1988
United Kingdom
Student
Seat Number 22K

*"I give them eternal life; they shall never perish,
neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand."
—John 10, 28*

Helga Rachael Mosey, a brilliant music student, was taking a 10-month working break as a nanny in America before resuming her studies. She was the daughter of a German mother, Lisa, and an English father, the Reverend John Mosey, a minister of the Pentecostal Church. She was originally from Barnstaple, a small market town not too far from the sea in the southwest of England. It was there that she spent the first six happy years of her life, and where she is still fondly remembered for her brightness and friendliness.

When Helga was six and her brother, Marcus, was three-years-old, her father took up the pastorate of the Pentecostal Church in Oldbury, near Birmingham, England. To move to this industrial part of England from a sleepy Devon town, and from a class of seven pupils to one of 35 meant a lot of adjustments for Helga. But she learned to cope. She grew to find a personal faith and love for God, a concern for people, giving her parents loyal support in family and church at all times, and as she grew older, teaching in Sunday school and playing the piano for the choir and in the services.

Helga was fortunate to get a place at King Edward VI High School for Girls. She loved her school; and her teachers and school friends will remember her for her enthusiasm, her infectious cheerfulness, and her lovely voice. She sang with the Birmingham Bach Society and was a member of the English National Youth Choir.

She was going to study music at Lancaster University. After passing her A-level exams she had taken a year off from her studies. From the beginning of September 1988 she had been living with a family in Westfield, New Jersey, helping to look after their three lovely children. Even in that short time Helga had joined the Choral Art Society of New Jersey, and by the tributes received after her tragic death, she was well liked there and her musicianship appreciated. She had just come home for a week to receive a music prize at her school and to spend some time with her family and friends before returning to the States for an American Christmas.

Adhering to the admonishment of St. Paul, "Don't be overcome by evil, but overcome evil by doing good," Helga's family has established the Helga Mosey Memorial Fund which helps provide housing and education for poor homeless children in Karachi, Pakistan. Construction of the home there is already under way.

*"The term is over: the holidays
have begun. The dream is ended:
this is the morning."*

*And as He spoke he no longer
looked to them like a lion; but the
things that began to happen after
that were so great and beautiful
that I can not write them. And for
us this is the end of all the stories,
and we can most truly say that
they all lived happily ever after.
But for them it was only the
beginning of the real story. All
their life in this world and all their
adventures in Narnia had only
been the cover and the title page:
now at last they were beginning
Chapter One of the Great Story,
which no one on earth has read:
which goes on forever: in which
every chapter is better than the
one before.*

*The Chronicles of Narnia
"The Last Battle"
C.S. Lewis*



MARY GERALDINE MURPHY
May 14, 1937 – December 21, 1988
United Kingdom
Flight Attendant

Mary Geraldine (Gerry) Murphy, a resident of Twickenham, England, for the last 15 years, was the Senior Purser on Pan Am flight 103. She had been flying for more than 25 years. She had expected to be working over Christmas, but in order to be back for the festivities managed to get on an earlier flight and was excited and happy when she left.

Gerry came from a large and extended family, and she maintained close links with her many relatives who were often in her thoughts and prayers. She had been engaged to an American who was also tragically killed a number of years back.

Holding an Honors degree in Grief Counseling, Gerry earned a fellowship to study counseling and recently graduated with honors from the Open University of London with a degree in social psychology, thereby gaining membership in the British Psychological Association. She then attended some counseling courses over a two-year period at the Richmond Fellowship, which supplemented her academic qualifications. At the same time, she also worked as a voluntary counselor with single parents for the Life Organization.

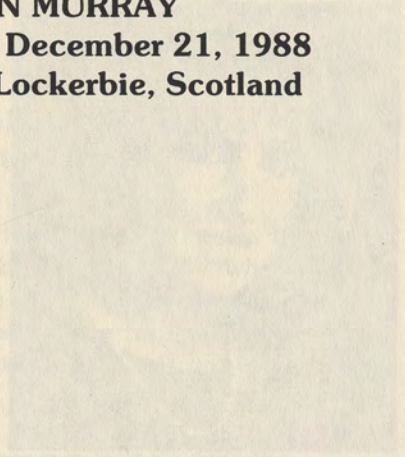
Her many interests included music, dancing, Italian art, skiing, and dressmaking. Her energy and enthusiasm enabled her to maintain all this alongside her irregular working schedule.

As a veteran of many thousands of flights with Pan Am she was seeking a fresh challenge and recently applied for a new position through their recruitment and training section.

Gerry's love and excitement of life spilled over, infecting all those around her. But she was also able to reach out and share her anxieties with those around, and thereby gain support. She always gave back more than she received and was a sensitive and generous listener. She will be remembered for her warm and generous spirit.

*"And I think that if spirits could steal
Through the regions of air
To re-visit past scenes of delight
She would come to me there,
And tell me our love is
remembered
Even in the skies."*

JEAN AITKEN MURRAY
November 29, 1906 – December 21, 1988
Sherwood Crescent, Lockerbie, Scotland





KAREN ELIZABETH NOONAN
December 26, 1967 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 20A

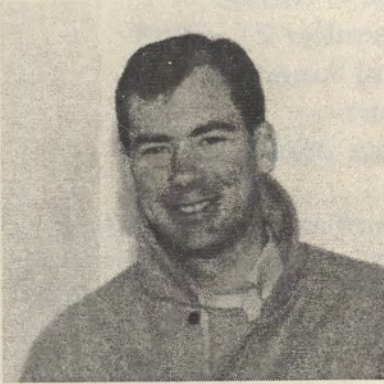
*"The purpose of life is to serve others.
The joy of life is to love others."
—Karen Elizabeth Noonan*

On December 21, 1988, just five days before Karen Elizabeth Noonan would have celebrated her 21st birthday, Karen, an early childhood education major at Boston College, was returning home after spending a semester studying in Vienna, Austria, and looking forward to celebrating the Christmas holiday and her upcoming birthday. The daughter of Patrick and Nancy, she was a 1986 graduate of the Connelly School of the Holy Child, from which her sister, Dawn, also graduated in 1988.

At Our Lady of Mercy Grade School, Principal Sheila O'Donnell remembers Karen as a vivacious, popular, gentle young woman interested in community concerns and those less fortunate than herself. "She loved people and she loved them far beyond their station in life," Principal O'Donnell said. "Even as a young child, she had a very broad vision—of others' needs, their temperaments, their senses of humor. She was just a wholesome young woman."

Karen gave herself to the school through involvement in class, varsity sports such as field hockey, basketball and lacrosse, and involvement in campus ministry. She received letters for playing varsity lacrosse and varsity field hockey. Senior year she was elected president of the Service Club. She performed volunteer work at the National Institutes of Health's day care center, which may have led to her decision to study early childhood education at Boston College. Karen determined early in life that she wanted to be of service to others and dedicated herself to being a teacher. She loved most her student teaching experiences at St. Augustine's Elementary School in South Boston and the joy of helping the "little people."

Holy Child Principal Sister Margaret Doyle remembered Karen as "a wonderful young woman, full of life and enthusiasm and caring for other people. She was going to make a great contribution wherever she was going to be. She was a *gem*." Karen was involved in all aspects of community service and upon graduation from Holy Child, she received an award for *distinguished volunteer service* over a period of four years to the needy of the greater Washington area.



DANIEL EMMETT O'CONNOR
September 22, 1957 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
United States Diplomatic Service
Seat Number 25H

Daniel Emmett O'Connor, of Dorchester, Massachusetts, had been living in Nicosia, Cyprus, since the beginning of 1988, where he was a security officer for the American Embassy. He was returning to Dorchester for the Christmas holidays to see his family. Daniel was praised by officials of the State Department for his skill and commitment. Note was made of his rapid rise within the embassy security division, and his help in designing bug-proof embassies. He was a patriotic man and a gifted engineer eager to lend his expertise.

As a high school student Daniel was a member of St. Ann's Junior Legion of Mary, a program aimed at helping the elderly. As an adult he assisted in the restoration of St. Ann's Church, where his family are parishioners. He graduated from Christopher Columbus High School in 1976 and then attended Wentworth Institute of Technology where he earned a Bachelor's degree in Engineering.

He took a job with Turner Construction after college. He was assistant superintendent during construction of an additional wing at the Boston Globe plant. He was a student of Irish music, history, literature, and culture. He was also an architecture enthusiast with an eye for travel. When he later joined the State Department it was out of a sense of adventure and as an opportunity to serve his country.

He leaves his parents, Daniel and Helen of Dorchester; three sisters, Mary Lou O'Connor, Catherine Thurbide, and Eileen Carrier; and his maternal grandmother.



MARY DENICE O'NEILL
April 2, 1967 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 38K

Mary Denice O'Neill of the Bronx, New York, is mourned not only by her family and friends here, but also in a place halfway across the world. This 22-year-old pre-medical student spent two and a half months in Ughelli, Nigeria, prior to her death, working in a local hospital and living with a Nigerian family. A student of Hampshire College in Amherst, Massachusetts, Denice, who wanted to be a pediatrician, was studying how Nigerian mothers raise their children. She interviewed 100 mothers and several doctors for the project. She had previously spent a semester in London, England, working at the Children's Hospital there.

This cheerful, bubbly, active young woman embraced and integrated a wide range of interests, which converged into a central theme: children's and women's health issues and care in developed and developing countries. Medicine, anthropology, child psychology, feminist theory, racism and sexism, developing countries: she merged them all and directed her copious energies toward working on public health issues, one of the crying political issues of today's world. Most 22-year-old women do not know that health care is a political issue; Denice was working, writing, preparing herself to grapple with the problem.

Her college advisor writes, "I also knew she was everywhere all the time: in the science lab, attending a reproductive rights conference, working at the Women's Center, babysitting for faculty...always in the company of numerous pals. (She was) a bright, gregarious, energetic, wild and crazy eighteen-year-old, with a smile rather permanently fixed onto her face. Every semester I wondered if she would lose the trademark giggle which rounded out her wonderfully upbeat personality. Denice carried a full load of courses spanning pre-med science, biological and cultural anthropology, child development, and feminist studies. I was always pleased with the quality and quantity of her work. And there was the Women's Health Newsletter that she organized and produced, and there was the Anthropology Interest Group, which she helped pull together, and there was her semester abroad in London at the Westminster Children's Hospital. You probably cannot believe that all of this was accomplished in three years, but there is more. She traveled by train to Philadelphia to attend the American Anthropological Association meetings. She listened to papers on racism and ethnocentrism, on poverty and its effect on women's health, and on Native American Health.

Denice O'Neill would have left her mark on the health profession, one way or another, you can be sure, if she had lived. There was passion in her belief that one person could make a difference in the world."

Denice left her mother, Ann Gillis of the Bronx, New York, who died in the fall of 1990.



ANNE LINDSEY OTENASEK
January 13, 1967 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 45K

Anne Lindsey Otenasek, one of the Syracuse University group, was returning home to her family in Maryland. Lindsey was a junior at Western Maryland College, and was taking her junior year through Syracuse. She leaves her parents, Dr. Richard and Margaret Otenasek and five siblings. Her parents write, "Exuberant, loyal and compassionate best describes Lindsey, the youngest of six children. Her concern for 'the man by the side of the road' led to a social work major at Western Maryland College. DIPA offered the opportunity to combine education and cultural exploration (in her favorite city)." Lindsey was very interested in deaf education and was learning sign language. Her goal was to work with deaf children.

The following excerpt is taken from Baltimore City's Catholic Charities Publication of "Blessings," (Summer Edition, 2000):

"OTENASEK SCHOLARSHIP DINNER" (May 18, 2000)

For ten years now, employees and friends of Gallagher Services have gathered on a May evening to honor a young woman whose life ended far too soon, but whose memory lives on through a scholarship program in her name.

Anne Lindsey Otenasek died in the 1988 bombing of Pan Am Flight 103 over Lockerbie, Scotland, as she was on her way home to Baltimore from a semester in London. A student at Western Maryland College, she was working on a degree in special education with a focus on hearing impairment—a career interest developed after serving as a Gallagher Services volunteer for three years. 'Lindsey...wanted to serve people who were less fortunate, in particular those with developmental disabilities' said her mother, Peggy Otenasek.

Lindsey's family (including her mother and father, the late Dr. Richard J. Otenasek, three older brothers, and two older sisters) decided to set up a scholarship fund as a way to create a positive response from this devastating event in their lives. Family members, hundreds of friends, and MBNA America, where Lindsey had worked as a summer intern, enthusiastically supported their efforts.

Some of the scholarships go to Gallagher employees to further academic pursuits related to their careers. Others go to high school or college students who, like Lindsey, became 'Special Friends' to Gallagher residents. This year there were five recipients.

Gallagher Services is a Catholic Charities' program that provides residential and day programs for people with developmental disabilities in 32 locations throughout Baltimore city, Baltimore County, and Anne Arundel County.

The following poem was written by Lindsey's brother, John, and was read at Lindsey's funeral mass on January 13, 1989, her 22nd birthday:

*Today we carry her home,
Returning her body to earth and sky,
In spirit, she rides the wind.*

*The life we share now echoes with her deeds,
Her words, her smile, indeed rare.*

*And at once, we've gathered to pray,
Lord, receive our young one—we loved her so much.*

*Through her life, we were all touched.
By her death, memory forever fills our hearts,
Within that place of our hearts beats our hope,
Constantly on the heels of sorrow.*

*God has called Lindsey to Himself.
God has blessed our family with a child.
What hangs in the balance is the way we live our lives
And our great loss to be reckoned with.*

*So now that you have our attention Lord,
Show us the map to salvation.
Help us to clear the direction of peace*

*And with our hearts broken,
Give us the grace and courage to go on.
Lindsey wants this,
Of that I am sure.*



BRYONY ELISE OWEN
April 29, 1987 – December 21, 1988
United Kingdom
Seat Number 19D

GWYNETH YVONNE MARGARET OWEN
May 3, 1959 – December 21, 1988
United Kingdom
Student
Seat Number 19D



Gwyneth Yvonne Margaret Owen's mother writes of her daughter, "Yvonne was a very artistic person; her paintings and pottery are something everyone should see. You would never meet a kinder or more generous person than Yvonne. She would help anyone who needed her. She had a BA degree in Social Sciences and she was back in college to take another degree to be a social worker so that she could help more people. She would have finished college in June 1989. During her college studies she worked at a 'woman's aid,' a refuge for battered wives and children. She was broken-hearted at the way they were treated, and did everything in her power to help them.

She was a single parent with a beautiful little girl called Bryony Elise, whom she lived for. Bryony was like a little angel (which she is now). The only thing I can thank God for is that Yvonne and Bryony were together, as I know that my Yvonne could never have lived without her daughter...and that's the way I feel without my daughter and grand-daughter."

"May God Bless and Keep Them Both...From Mum."

ROBERT PLACK OWENS
March 5, 1943 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Seat Number 35G

MARTHA OWENS
June 2, 1944 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Seat Number 35H

SARAH REBECCA OWENS
December 9, 1974 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Seat Number 35J

LAURA ABIGAIL OWENS
January 8, 1980 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Seat Number 35K



ROBERT ITALO PAGNUCCO
October 20, 1937 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
PepsiCo Attorney
Seat Number 4A

Robert (Bob) Italo Pagnucco was returning home for the holidays with another PepsiCo executive, Harry Bainbridge. Bob and his family lived in South Salem, New York. He leaves his wife, Judy; three sons, Peter, Paul, and Raymond; and a daughter, Michelle Bostrup.

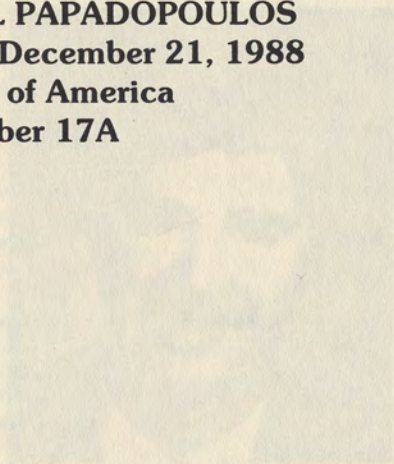
The son of a former Family Court judge for New York, New York, Bob graduated from Maritime College of the State University of New York in 1959 and earned his law degree at night from New York University in 1964. He joined PepsiCo a year later and rose through the company's legal division. In 1981, he was appointed vice president of the Eastern European Region for Pepsi-Cola International in Vienna, Austria. He returned to the United States with his family in 1983 and assumed the position of vice president and general counsel at the company's Somers office complex in 1987.

Coworkers and friends describe Bob as an uncommon man—one who had attained the comforts of corporate success but who had dedicated much of his life to others. He lent more than his name to the list of charitable groups that counted him among their board of directors. He didn't only get involved in civic activities at the highest level...he got involved in the everyday work as well. Before he sat on the board of directors of Catholic Big Brothers of New York from 1972 to 1981 he was himself a Big Brother.

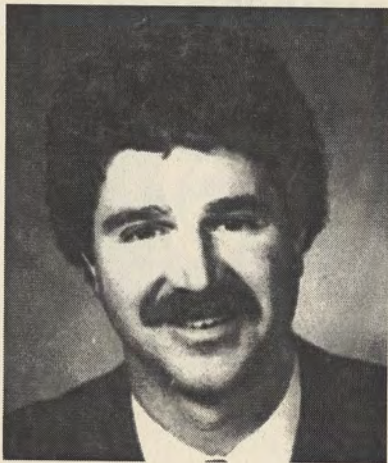
He also served on the board of managers for Lincoln Hall, a school for troubled boys in Somers, since 1983. In the late '60s and early '70s, he volunteered at its halfway houses in Queens and the Bronx, New York. In addition to his other activities, he was executive director of PepsiCo's United Way campaign and a 15-year member of the South Salem Fire Department.

A friend sums up Bob's personality, "More than a gallant crusader in the quest for fairness—an exuberant personality who convinced, moved and inspired, a fine gentleman, and an unforgettable friend."

CHRISTOS MICHAEL PAPADOPOULOS
November 11, 1943 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Seat Number 17A



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PETER RAYMOND PEIRCE
September 28, 1948 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Architect and Student
Seat Number 47G

Described by his wife as “a modern renaissance man and an old-fashioned gentleman,” Peter Raymond Peirce was returning with the Syracuse University group after a semester of study with Syracuse in Florence, Italy. Peter was one of only 11 students in the program that is part of the University’s architecture curriculum. He was seeking a Master’s degree so that he could teach his craft. Returning to Perrysburg, Ohio, for a holiday break in his two-semester program, Peter had linked up with the other Syracuse students for the trip from London, England, to New York, New York. Peter and his wife owned and operated an architectural design firm in Toledo, Ohio. Besides his wife and business partner, Cherry Peirce; he leaves three daughters, Joellen Birkenkamp, Tori Kwiatkowski, and Danielle Kwiatkowski; his mother, Elizabeth; a brother; two sisters; and three grandchildren. Peter is missed every day by his family.

Born in Toledo, where his father and grandfather had a construction company, Peter was the founder of Peirce Design Group and PDG Architects, also in Toledo. His architectural, construction, and design work is recognized throughout the states of Ohio and Florida for its outstanding beauty and function. Peter was a 1971 graduate student of Ohio State University where he earned a B.S. in Industrial Design and Psychology. He then did graduate studies in business administration and finance at the University of Toledo and San Francisco Institute of Architecture and Urban Studies. In 1983, he went to Poland to study at Warsaw Technical University on a scientific exchange program. His architectural academic pursuit started at the University of Detroit from which he graduated cum laude in 1983 with a degree in architecture. This diverse and intensive study of architectural design prepared Peter for completing his academic training at the Syracuse Florence Center.

Peter viewed the business of architecture as a very demanding profession in terms of personal commitment to creativity, time and financial management, as well as human relations. Since work allowed little time for independent study into the advanced theory and practice of architecture, he sought to develop and mature in the profession through a program of study.

FOR PETER

The Court Jester wobbled in the middle of my life
While I cowered in the corner separating tears from my eyes.
Who is he to pick and choose?
Who am I to stand accused?

He teetered most suspiciously while handing down my sentence.
A life missing my friend would serve as my greatest penance.
How can you take him and leave me behind?
No mercy in death. And life's become a crime.

He did nothing wrong, my friend one of the young.
Can this murder somehow be undone?

The distant eyes of the Jester told me all I needed to know,
That life is not for me to decide and death is letting go.

You can't take everything. You can't have my pain.

Life's Jester toppled and rolled across the floor.
Life's cruel jokes could be played on me no more.

Friend, if you cross over to a world that is white,
I'll stay behind and dream of your most fantastic flight.

Send me a message if you can from that place,
And my tears will fall more slowly.....
But you will never be replaced.

—Cherry W. Peirce
(1988)



MICHAEL C. PESCATORE
September 6, 1955 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Businessman
Seat Number 17J

Michael C. Pescatore was a 33-year-old vice president of supply and distribution for British Petroleum Chemicals in Cleveland, Ohio.

He was the first child of Gus and Emily Pescatore and grew up in West Roxbury, a suburb of Boston, Massachusetts. Michael attended Holy Name School, was an altar boy in the parish and also a member of the Christian Youth Organization and its hockey team. After completing his high school education at Boston Latin School, he attended Harvard University in Cambridge, Massachusetts, receiving a Bachelor's degree in Engineering and Applied Physics. Following graduation in 1977, he achieved a Masters of Business Administration (M.B.A.) degree from the University of Chicago in 1979.

Michael joined Sohio Oil as an operations planning and supply analyst at Cleveland in July 1979 and later became a senior crude trader before joining Standard Oil Chemicals as project manager of licensing. In 1984, he rejoined Sohio Oil where he held several management positions in planning and development before being promoted to vice president in BP Chemicals in January 1987.

Michael was married in May 1986 to Faith (Holtsinger) and they resided in Solon, Ohio. He was actively involved in the M.B.A. recruiting program for BP American, where his compassion and dedication to seek out, hire, develop, and promote the best possible talent was his extraordinary ability. Michael had an impact on subordinates, peers and superiors; to many he was their role model.

He was very enthusiastic in sports, particularly tennis, where he was a regular participant in the Volvo Tennis League. Racquetball, skiing, golf, and running were sports he enjoyed with great competitiveness. He excelled in almost everything he attempted and had so much more to give to the world.

He is survived by his wife, Faith; his parents, Gus and Emily; three brothers, John, Joseph, and Robert; and a sister, Carol.



SARAH SUSANNAH BUCHANAN PHILIPPS
August 15, 1968 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 21F

A junior from the University of Colorado at Boulder, Sarah Susannah Buchanan Philipps had joined up with Syracuse University's DIPA program in order to take a semester in London, England. An avid sports enthusiast, she excelled in field hockey and track, and had decided to spend only one semester abroad so she could return for the ski season in Colorado. She leaves her parents, Dr. Ervin and Elizabeth Philipps, of Newtonville, Massachusetts; two brothers, James and J. Andrew; as well as her maternal grandparents.

Sarah left behind a legacy of laughter so compelling that her best friends can't help but remember her with a smile. Her parents describe her as bright, funny, friendly, beautiful. She loved people, beaches, ski slopes, sunshine. She was going to be a clever publisher or a witty lawyer, a tender wife and mother, a sturdy citizen. Where Sarah was, there too was laughter and joy.

Born in Boston, Massachusetts, she had lived in Newtonville, Massachusetts, for many years and was a graduate of the Clafin School in Newtonville, the Frank. A. Day Junior High School, and Newton North High School. While she was attending Newton North, she had been a member of the girl's hockey team, the ski team, and the track team. An English major at the University of Colorado, Sarah contemplated a career in either law or publishing—such was the diversity of her interests. A lover of books, poetry and theater, Sarah enjoyed life and its gifts...the world is dimmer without her.

FREDERICK SANDFORD PHILLIPS
May 8, 1961 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 49C

*They Shall Not Grow Old
As We That Are Left
Grow Old
Age Shall Not Weary Them
Nor The Years Condemn
At The Going Down
Of The Sun
And In The Morning
We Will Remember Them*
—Scottish War Museum
Edinburgh

Frederick Sandford (Sandy) Phillips, a student of Syracuse University's School of Management, had only just begun to find new direction in his academic career. He had transferred to Syracuse after a hiatus in his college education that started at the University of Arkansas in his home state. After working in his father's business for three years, he had a sharper vision of what he wanted from his education. He wanted to widen his horizons through new intellectual challenges and travel, and to learn about the political process through participation in the Student Government Association (SGA). After just one year at Syracuse, as a junior, he was elected administrative vice president of the SGA.

Sandy was a talented musician, athlete, and poet. He was a multi-dimensional person whose gifts live on through his memory, his influence on his family and friends, and his poetry. Sandy was retuning home with Christmas gifts and stories of his exciting semester in London, England.

He leaves his father and stepmother, Chester Phillips and Mary Cockrill; his mother, Caroline Stevenson; brothers, Douglas and Clark; a stepsister, Lila Pearsall; plus two nephews who never got to know their wonderful uncle.

From his collection of poems, entitled "YOUs," Sandy describes the quest of young people beginning to realize their potential and also encourages us to continue living with hope and courage.

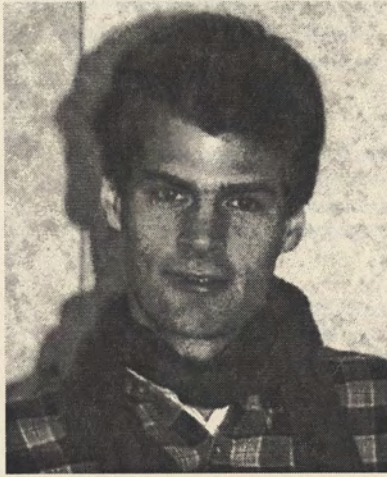
*A fire that burns, as leadership
Awakens, in the heart of a quiet man.*

*Flowers that bloom know their beauty
will be short lived and that soon they
must return to the earth to nourish
other living things.*

*The blade you carry into the dust
and smoke of battle, the field of
conquest, may cause that long
terrible fall you now face. Pick
yourself up.*

*Alive with color and the warmth of the
sun, they ask only that we stop for a
moment to draw in their fragrance and
beauty. Have the strength to be that
Flower.*





JAMES ANDREW CAMPBELL PITT
November 6, 1964 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 29K

James (Jim) Andrew Campbell Pitt, an accomplished linguist, fencer, and poet from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, leaves his mother, Sallie Hughes Pitt, of South Hadley; his father, Captain William Pitt, of Norfolk, Virginia; a sister, Leslie; and a brother, William. He was coming home to South Hadley, England, to celebrate Christmas with his mother and then on to Norfolk to visit his father.

Known for his long letters home to friends and family, Jim was remembered for his diligent efforts to promote understanding by breaking down language barriers. Fluent in French, German, and Spanish, Jim attended Columbia University for two years before going to Germany to study at Berlin's Goethe Institute in the spring of 1985. He later was transferred to the Free University of Berlin. He planned to re-enroll at Columbia in the fall of 1989. Because of his fluency in languages, Pan Am had hired him for a part-time job as a customer service representative.

Born in California, Jim grew up in Hackettstown, New Jersey, where he was a champion fencer as a high school student. Handsome, talented, loving, and affectionate, his minister explained that if one were to measure life by length, Jim's was "too short," but if one were to measure it by affection, "Jim was rich beyond all measure." A friend, writing to his mother explained more about Jim, "Jim was the finest friend a person could ever hope to find—even the long separations and absences, punctuated by elliptical, voluminous letters, melted into an immediate intimacy, as we stumbled our way through adventures of the spirit and mind. I miss him more than I can say."



DAVID PLATT
December 13, 1955 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Architect
Seat Number 8A

David Platt, a resident of Staten Island, New York, was returning home to his family after a business trip to London, England. He leaves his wife, Lisa; three daughters, Katherine, five, Christine, three, and infant daughter, Erin; as well as his father, David; two brothers; and three sisters.

David had been transferred to London in October by his Manhattan, New York, firm, Olympia & York Battery Park Co., where he worked as an architect. He had graduated cum laude from the New York Institute of Technology, with a B.S. degree.

His sister, Eileen, describes David, "To say that he was an enthusiastic, generous, and caring individual who loved his young wife and three small daughters is an understatement. His zest for life will live on in the three children left behind. Not a day goes by that someone does not reminisce about the man who could literally drive you crazy with his incessant teasing, laughing manner, yet in the next moment dry your eyes with a warm, comforting word of encouragement. David's faith in God is part of the legacy that he bestowed on his family. His strong and unyielding religious convictions have been a source of strength...Dave bequeathed to his family three valuable treasures that help to keep his memory alive. Dave's intellect and quick wit can be observed in six-year-old Kathy. Three-year-old Christine already exhibits her father's independent and tenacious nature. Although Erin is not yet one, she carries the mark of her father's generous and warm smile. Through Dave's example of love, kindness, and encouragement, we have found the strength to move forward."

AN IRISH BLESSING

*May the road rise up
to meet you.
May the wind be always
at your back.
May the sun shine warm
upon your face
and the rains fall softly
upon your fields
and, until we meet again,
May God hold you
in the palm of His hand.*

WALTER LEONARD PORTER
March 10, 1953 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Musician
Seat Number 25C

Walter Leonard Porter was born in the village of Mespotomia, St. Vincent, where he attended primary and elementary schools. Migrating to the United States with his family in 1969, Walter continued his formal education and pursued his early love of music. From 1982, a string of hits would come from this talented and versatile composer and entertainer, among them "P'tani Mas" and "Celebration."

In 1985, during the Caribbean Entertainment Journal's Annual Awards Function, Walter was rated best new artist. This would prove to be only one of several awards he would receive. On October 29, 1988, he was honored by his brothers and sisters in the St. Vincent and the Grenadines Entertainers Guild of North America on the occasion of its Anniversary Dance celebrating the ninth year of independence for St. Vincent and the Grenadines. Walter had founded the Guild in 1985 to promote and foster this culture in North America.

The impact of his tragic demise has struck chords of sorrow and outrage throughout the Caribbean Community in America, as well as in Canada, England, and his native St. Vincent. He will be remembered as a kind, giving, and caring individual. He was self-sacrificing, often offering to pass up an opportunity in favor of someone less fortunate. A family man, he was deeply devoted to his mother, Mary; wife Molena; son, Walter Porter, Jr.; brothers; and sisters.



PAMELA LYNN POSEN
January 30, 1968 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 26K

Pamela (Pam) Lynn Posen, a senior psychology major at Boston University's College of Liberal Arts, and a resident of Harrison, New York, was returning from a semester of study in London, England, through a University of Maryland study abroad program. Boston University awarded her degree posthumously in May 1989. Pam leaves her mother and stepfather, Bonnie and Martin Gregge of Harrison, New York, with whom she resided; her father and stepmother, Carol and Jack Posen; her brother, David; a sister, Julie; two stepsisters, Alison and Lauren; and her half-sister, Jennifer.

Poet, music-lover, avid journal-keeper, eternal optimist, Pam let her light shine wherever she went. On the last page of her journal, Pam proposed a title for the movie she had dreamed of making one day, "I Laughed. That's all That Mattered." A 1985 graduate of Harrison High School, she loved to laugh, sing, and dance. "She radiated good vibes," said her brother, David, "And she could fill up a room with them. She brought enthusiasm to everything she did."

Pam's poetry gave a glimpse of her humor and sensitivity. One poem addresses her feelings of loss when her family moved. A touching love song to her mother captured the strong sense of family that was among her strongest values. She called her mother her best friend. She waxed poetic over her love of food, her flirtations of boys, her love of music. And always, like Pam, her poems are funny, witty, insightful, and upbeat.

*You're always there in times of need
you cheer me when I'm blue
So whether I'm home or far away
remember—I LOVE YOU!*
—Pam Posen

Pam's family does, indeed, remember her love.



WILLIAM PUGH
February 29, 1932 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Businessman
Seat Number 21D

William (Bill) Pugh, of Margate, New Jersey, was an international business and financial consultant. He was born in Philadelphia and was a 1950 graduate of the Episcopal Academy; Wesleyan University, in 1954; and Harvard Business School in 1959. He served for three years as a lieutenant in the United States Naval Reserve. He worked for the General Electric Corporation from 1959 to 1961; Cresap, McCormich and Page from 1962 to 1972; and, at the time of his death, was president of Profit Sources, Inc. He worked for the Eagles of the Republican Party in the 1984 Presidential campaign. He was a member of the Yale Club and the Army and Navy Club. A sister, Charlotte Ellithorp, and a brother, Richard Pugh, survive him. A memorial service was held at The Church Center for the United Nations in New York, New York, six days after his death.

Bill's sister, Charlotte, elaborates, "The facts about William Pugh Jr. are listed and are important, but who was William Pugh Jr.? Bill was my brother. I remember him as a gentle, kind, and considerate person. In high school and college he was well rounded in academics, sports, and school activities. As he matured he continued to have a childlike enthusiasm with subtle witticisms. Family and friends were a priority. He was a popular and thoughtful uncle. He attracted friends in school, at the university, in the Navy, in business school, and in business worldwide. From the Wesleyan University Yearbook (1954) I quote, '*By persevering ye shall see the fruits.*' In all phases of life, Bill was persistent. He was a capable and successful businessman, delighting in challenging roles." Charlotte continues, "Bill is especially remembered as a warm and friendly person. He was a special person in my life!"



ESTRELLA CRISOSTOMO QUIGUYAN

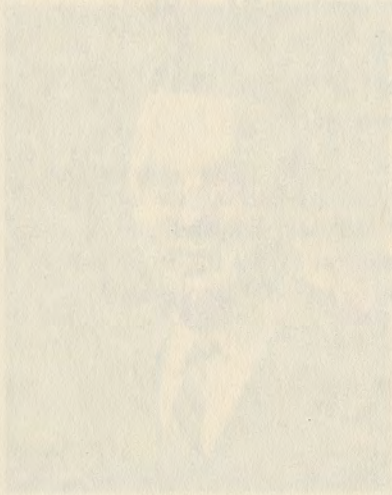
March 16, 1945 – December 21, 1988

Philippines

Hotel Cashier

Seat Number 30A

Estrella Crisostomo Quiguyan, fondly called Ella by her family and friends, was a resident of Wembly, Middlesex, England, since 1972. Ella was assistant head cashier for Marriott Hotels for 16 years. She was traveling to New York, New York, to spend the holidays with her family.

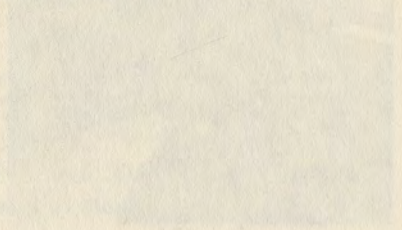


RAJESH TARSIS PRISKEL RAMSES
May 26, 1953 – December 21, 1988
India
Seat Number 22A

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ANITA LYNN REEVES
September 3, 1964 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Seat Number 45D





MARK ALAN REIN
February 12, 1944 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Businessman
Seat Number 2A

Mark Alan Rein was born in Brooklyn, New York. His parents, Florence and Morris, had had another son, Bert, three years earlier. The boys grew up close friends, and it became apparent at a very early age that Mark would excel in sports. He had many friends, and was always eager to play basketball, or any other game in the local schoolyards. Academically, he did extremely well in both mathematics and science. His family was very close knit, and he saw a lot of his cousins and grandparents throughout his childhood.

In 1961, he graduated from Poly Prep, a private school in Brooklyn, and went on to attend the United States Naval Academy. There, he was a star basketball player, and was chosen to be in the Maccabian Games (the Jewish Olympics) in Israel. He was unable to attend due to Naval Academy obligations. After graduation, he served in the Navy for four years, stationed in Japan, the Philippines, Viet Nam, and California. He decided not to become a career officer, and instead went to Columbia Business School, where he earned an M.B.A. in 1971.

After graduation, he worked briefly at Kidder, Peabody, and then went on to become the Syndicate Manager of Yamaichi International in New York. In January 1976, he received an offer to join the training program at Salomon Brothers, and he worked there until the time of his death. He had risen to the position of Treasurer of the company and was also a Director.

Mark and his wife, Denny (Helman), met during the summer of 1972, and were married December 23, 1973. Weekends and summer vacations were spent in Lakeville, Connecticut, but they continued living in New York, New York. A daughter, Nicki, was born on October 2, 1976, and a son, Alex, on November 20, 1979.

Mark was very close to his family, and spent as much time as possible with his children. There were many family vacations to various ski resorts, Florida, and to Washington, where his brother, Bert lives. He always loved being very active and was an excellent tennis player, golfer, and skier. Very rarely could he be seen sitting still, unless working or watching a game on television. He was a warm, easy-going, loyal, loving man and a terrific husband and father. He died returning from a two-day business trip to Salomon's London, England, office.

*Deep is your longing for the land
of your memories and the
dwelling place of your greater desires;
and our love would not
bind you nor our needs hold you.*
—Gibran



JOCELYN K. REINA
May 26, 1962 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Flight Attendant

Jocelyn K. Reina was born in Los Angeles, California, where she attended school and went on to Cypress College. She majored in drama and took classes in French language. While studying drama, she fell in love with Shakespeare. She made TV commercials for Fuji films and Disneyland, but found it hard to make a living acting in Los Angeles. She took a course in hair design by Vidal Sassoon and became a cosmetologist. A lifelong dream of becoming a flight attendant, however, eventually led her to fly for Pan Am.

When she was accepted by the carrier she found she could unite her dream of being a flight attendant with her love of Shakespeare: she was based in London, England. Jocelyn had 11 months of service with Pan Am when she died, six of those months she was happily based in London.

Jocelyn had a very winning smile and shared it with everyone. Her ability to stand out in a crowd was uncanny and she made friends wherever she went. She is missed by all those friends and by her family. Jocelyn is survived by her parents, Betty and Ted, and a brother, John.

A co-worker remembers Jocelyn's quick wit and zest for life, "Whatever she pursued, it was with intelligence and endless enthusiasm. You could not easily forget Jocelyn. I hope you were lucky enough to have met her."



DIANE M. RENCEVICZ
July 13, 1967 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 29G

One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
—John Donne
“Death Be Not Proud”

Diane M. Rencevicz was a 21-year-old senior at Temple University in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, majoring in radio, television, and film, and was hoping for a career in the music production industry. Diane was thrilled when she learned that she was accepted into Temple's London, England, program and would have the opportunity to study abroad for a semester.

A 1985 graduate of Burlington City High School in New Jersey, Diane was a member of the National Honor Society and graduated as salutatorian of her class. Most people would describe Diane as quiet, intelligent, and easy going. People fortunate enough to have known her well, such as her twin sister, Denise, also knew her as full of life and passionate about the things that she loved. Diane loved music and sports and was a huge Philadelphia Flyers hockey fan, watching their games whenever she could. Diane began taking piano lessons at Temple because it was something that she always wanted to do. She also liked to bake and play tennis. Diane worked as a tennis instructor for the Burlington City Recreation Department, teaching tennis lessons to children during the summer.

In 1996, Diane's family established the Diane M. Rencevicz Memorial Scholarship Fund at Temple University. Each year, one student from Temple University is selected to study in London for the fall semester. To further remember Diane, a commemorative brick bearing her name was placed at the First Union Center in Philadelphia, home of the Philadelphia Flyers hockey team.

Diane is survived by her parents, Leonard and Agnes; three sisters, Barbara, Karen, and Denise; and her maternal grandmother.



LOUISE ANN ROGERS
February 13, 1967 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 29D

Louise Ann (Luanne) Rogers, a Maryland Institute of Art senior, was studying in London, England, through the Syracuse University DIPA program. While in London, she roomed with Gretchen Dater, another Maryland Institute student killed in the bombing, and three Syracuse students. In college, Luanne tried a range of art in painting, sculpture, and photography. She planned to design clothes after graduation in the spring of 1989.

Two months shy of her 22nd birthday when she died, Luanne's life was full of dreams and promise. Colorful and offbeat, Luanne did everything with style. Funny and feisty, creative and hardworking, warm and determined, Luanne kept a sense of purpose. She wanted to learn from life all she could and was a serious student in school, work, and play. She enjoyed fine arts and photography and studied both while in London. Luanne made a strong impact on everyone she met and her loss leaves an incredible void in the lives of her family, parents, Oregon and Ann; and siblings, Becky, Ken, Rob, and Jay.

During her sister's Peace Corps service in Senegal, Luanne spent five weeks visiting the village where she was working, NDiaye, where death is a frequent visitor and the infant mortality rate is more than 50 percent. The people of the village expressed their sorrow at the death of Luanne, whom they had come to know and love. Luanne's sister, Becky explains, "They grieve with all the families. Senegalese always greet a friend by asking if God is with your family and sending greetings to the people of your home and kind. When my family wrote me their condolences, they asked me to greet my people: the other families of Pan Am 103. Now, in closing, I send you all sincere and deeply felt love and sorrow from one small African village. They knew one person but understand more than most, all our grief and sorrow over the loss, waste, and wreckage of God's most precious gift."



JANOS GABOR ROLLER
March 26, 1959 - December 21, 1988
Hungary
Seat Number 26E

ZSUZSANA ROLLER
December 21, 1961 - December 21, 1988
Hungary
Seat Number 26G

EDINA ROLLER
November 24, 1983 - December 21, 1988
Hungary
Seat Number 26D





HANNE MARIA ROOT
December 15, 1962 – December 21, 1988
Canada
Management Consultant
Seat Number 34K

Hanne Maria Root, a 1985 Harvard University graduate, leaves her husband of four months, John.

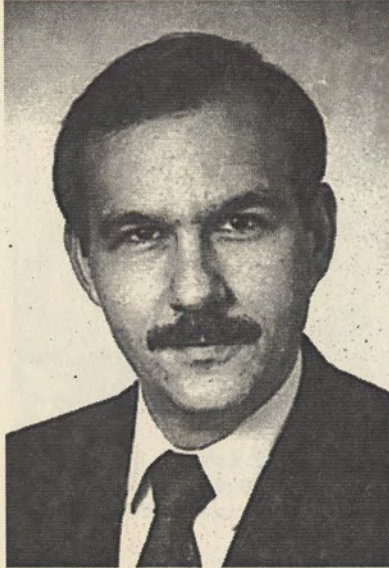
EVE: It is my prayer, it is my longing that we may pass from this life together—a longing which shall never perish from the earth, but shall have place in the heart of every wife that loves, until the end of time; and it shall be called by my name.

But if one of us must go first, it is my prayer that it shall be I...life without him would not be life; how could I endure it? This prayer is also immortal, and will not cease from being offered up while my race continues. I am the first wife; and in the last wife I shall be repeated.

At Eve's Grave

ADAM: Wheresoever she was, there was Eden.

Mark Twain
"The Private Lives of Adam and Eve"



SAUL MARK ROSEN
November 24, 1953 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Businessman
Seat Number 32A

Saul Mark Rosen was born in Wakefield, Massachusetts, and had lived in Morris Township, New Jersey, for five years. He was the president of Prosys Tech, Inc., of Florham Park, New Jersey. Prosys' home base is Cambridge, England, and Saul made frequent business trips abroad in his capacity with the company.

He was a member of the Morristown Jewish Community Center and the Rose City Runner Club. He graduated from Wakefield High School in Massachusetts in 1971 and received a Bachelor's degree in Chemical Engineering from Northeastern University, Boston, in 1975 and a Master's degree in 1977. Prior to becoming president of Prosys, he worked for Exxon Corporation in Florham Park, New Jersey, and Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

He is survived by his wife, Meryl; a son, Scott Matthew, five; a daughter, Elizabeth Carolena, one and a half; a brother, Steven; and a sister, Marcia.

Saul was an avid runner who also enjoyed going on family bicycle rides. He loved the wilderness and was an excellent photographer—a hobby he picked up from his father. His favorite weekend activity was to stay home with his family—especially when he had been doing a lot of traveling.

*...my manhood is cast
Down in a flood of remembrance.
I weep like a child for the past.*
—D. H. Lawrence

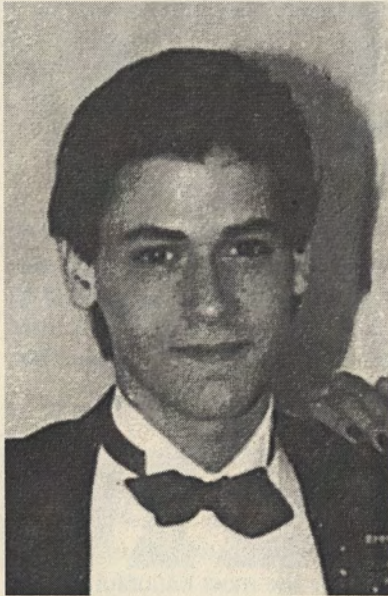


ANDREA VICTORIA ROSENTHAL
February 5, 1966 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 35D

Andrea Victoria Rosenthal was a 1988 graduate of Brown University returning home from Asia, where she had ridden elephants and reveled in a sunrise over the Himalayas. Her travels had taken her to Nepal, Japan, China, and Thailand. This was her final leg home after great adventures experienced since August. Andrea leaves her parents, Charles and Phyllis, and a sister, Nicole.

An art history major, Andrea had long dreamed of a trip to the Far East. On her return home she stopped in Paris, France, to visit two Brown graduate students who recounted how “she was at the base camp of Mt. Everest to see the sunrise, how the whole wall of the Himalayas had glowed orange-pink. It was the most beautiful sunrise of her life.” Well-known to many students for her effervescent manner, Andrea had many friends. She is described as warm and joyous, a person well liked and respected by both her peers and her teachers. She was intelligent, receptive, imaginative, and persevering. “People gravitated towards Andrea. She made them feel they could trust her and that she would always be there for them,” according to a high school classmate from the Brearley School.

At a memorial service for Andrea, a professor reflected, “I think Andrea would have been a great teacher—of what I’m not absolutely certain, nor do I suspect was she. But she had it all—the sincerity, the discipline, and the compassion to provoke learning, as well as the charm to make learning as beautiful as it should be. Hate, greed, arrogance—these were not part of her. She was all affection. People of every conceivable sort meant a great deal to her. She explored people and peoples, and found some productive fascination in all of them. She seemed born to be understanding. What a rare trait, and how tragic it always is to have one who understands no longer available to understand—when so very much needs to be understood, particularly about human action and inaction in its various noble and not so noble forms.”



DANIEL PETER ROSENTHAL
June 2, 1968 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 21J

Daniel Peter Rosenthal was an education and history student at Vassar College in Poughkeepsie, New York, who was coming home after a semester spent teaching at a primary school in Abingdon, England. He made his home in Staten Island, New York, with his mother, Lynne Fraidowitz; sister, Elizabeth; and brother, David. He also leaves his father, Isidore Rosenthal; stepmother, Jean; and half-brother, Michael.

He very much enjoyed working with young children and had a gift for communicating with them...this tall young man seated in a little chair, knees at his nose, seeking to be at eye level with his young charges, was approachable and accessible to them. "His lap was always available for two or three children at a time and his voice always encouraging." At Vassar and in England, the children he taught were touched by his special warmth.

*Would God I had died for thee,
O Absalom, my son, my son!*
—Samuel



MYRA JOSEPHINE ROYAL
December 20, 1958 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Flight Attendant

Myra Josephine Royal was born in the Dominican Republic and moved to the United States with her mother and other siblings in 1964. She attended Tilden High School in Brooklyn, New York, and the State University of New York at Binghamton. She was a member of the U.S. Air Force Reserve pursuing her interest in aeronautics. A year before her death, she was recruited by Pan Am to serve as a flight attendant and had worked for them since April 1988.

Myra is survived by her mother, Eloisa; her father, Boswell; three brothers; one sister; and her maternal grandparents.

Described by a niece as “a good auntie...she was the giggliest of the relatives.” Myra also won the admiration of her co-workers with her enthusiasm and her delightful sense of humor. She was known to have a rare ability to lend a kind and sympathetic ear to people in any situation.



ARNAUD DAVID RUBIN
May 18, 1960 – December 21, 1988
Belgium
Engineer and Computer Scientist
Seat Number 39G

Arnaud David Rubin's parents, Jerry and Toni, and his siblings Yves and Nathalie, describe him, "Arnaud was born very premature and the gynecologist said, after birth, 'You can declare him stillborn!' But Arnaud was not of the same opinion. He displayed the strongest will to live, and live he did indeed, to full capacity. He did not, however, come out of this experience unscathed. For reasons unknown, he could see only with one eye, and even the good eye was far from perfect. Yet, he stubbornly learned how to cope and accomplished all his years at school without trouble, though not without effort. When it came to university, he chose to become an engineer. He could never see the blackboard, yet by dint of strong will he finished the five years of hard studies and obtained his master's degree in engineering (electronics).

Long before it was known in Belgium or even in Europe, he became interested in Artificial Intelligence and he decided that he would work in this field. He found a job that he loved, as a researcher in artificial intelligence, and marveled that his employer paid him to do something he utterly enjoyed. When his employer sent him to the United States to work on a specific project, he was delighted to have the opportunity to 'live the American experience.'

Arnaud had a wonderful personality. He always knew what he wanted, and nothing could force him to deviate from the path that would lead him quietly to his objectives, however difficult this path might be. He took a deep interest not only in his work, but also loved the cinema, music, chess, deep sea diving, and above all computers, networks, and space. He always had time for his many friends, welcoming them warmly and affectionately, and even for strangers who needed his computer expertise; it was thus that his family saw a university professor come into the house 'to consult him on a specific software!'

He was a great reader, in French as well as English, and left a collection of more than three thousand books, all of which he had read. He had a marvelous sense of humor, which he used at his own expense, never at the expense of others. When he walked into the house the sunshine entered with him.

Arnaud's basket was full of projects he intended to realize with those around him: to continue to learn and apply this knowledge, create computer software and participate in the computer revolution, use artificial intelligence in space applications, share his joy and love with family and friends, get married, raise a family....

Some criminal hands cut this tree, and all the branches fell. The fruits will not grow, we will not, in our prime or old age, be allowed to lean on his solid body or rest in the shadow of his quiet, reassuring presence, a beacon on land and a guide in life. It is said that he who saves one life, saves humanity. What can be said against those who kill many, and with their chilling hands, squeeze our survivors' hearts into stone?

Arnaud had come to Brussels for just five days, to visit his father who had undergone surgery. He was supposed to return to the U.S.A. on December 20th, but he stayed one day longer to attend a business lunch and to meet his new boss.

Arnaud was always so absorbed by everything he did that he was often late for appointments; when we said goodbye to him December 21, 1988, the last words we pronounced were, 'Arnaud, hurry up, or you'll miss your plane.'



ELYSE JEANNE SARACENI
June 1, 1968 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 36D

Elyse Jeanne Saraceni was returning home after four months of study in piano performance and composition at London, England's, Royal Academy of Music. While in London, Elyse composed both choral and instrumental works and participated in recitals and ensembles. She traveled to Scotland, Wales, France, and Austria during her time abroad.

Elyse was awarded the Gabriel Burda music scholarship when she entered Seton Hall College in 1986 as a piano performance major. Her musical studies included 13 years of piano as well as guitar, voice, and baritone horn. At Seton Hall, she served as an accompanist for liturgies, recitals, and various choral groups. Her summer job in 1986 was as an accompanist for Conley's Motor Inn Show. The next summer she was music director at a camp in Maine. For the summer of 1988, she was an apprentice for the Civic Light Orchestra of Pittsburgh. As a result of her work there, the Civic Light Opera Guild awarded her a scholarship in November 1988.

This multi-talented young woman also studied art and won many awards. In 1985, Elyse was accepted into a special program at Bucknell where she studied etching. One of her works from that program was selected to hang in a yearlong exhibit in the office of the governor of Pennsylvania.

Also interested in theater, Elyse served in backstage and design capacities for several high school productions. She also appeared at Apple Hill's Johnny Appleseed Theatre and Seton Hall College Theatre.

Elyse was the daughter of Iva and Dr. Gene Saraceni. She is also survived by her older brother, Christopher, and two sets of grandparents.



SCOTT CHRISTOPHER SAUNDERS
May 20, 1967 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 24D

Scott Christopher Saunders, a Colgate University senior studying through Syracuse University's DIPA program, was returning home to Macungie, Pennsylvania, from his second study-abroad trip. On the first trip, he went as an English major, but he returned as a history major. His advisor and professor, Margaret Mauer, said, "He was a kid who went to London, loved London, and wanted to go back again. You have to be chosen to participate in a study group and it is very unusual to be chosen to go again."

He was a 1985 graduate of Emmaus High School. At Colgate, he was editor of the *Colgate Political Review* in both his sophomore and junior years. The *Review* was his pride and joy and he made a "second home" in a small office where he solicited manuscripts, edited, and produced the semi-annual publication. In 1987, Scott worked as an intern with the Air Products Company in Allentown, Pennsylvania. His research work there in corporate law helped to solidify his desire to pursue a law degree.

By his second semester abroad, he referred to London, England, as his "home turf" and he enjoyed being able to explore many parts of England and the continent. He especially enjoyed photography and took many pictures on these trips. He had a part-time job at The Three Kings Pub at Earl's Court in London. This job not only enabled him to earn money to finance his junkets, but also to meet and talk with people from all over the world. Upon learning of Scott's death, his friends from the Pub, co-workers and patrons alike, contributed £300 in his memory to the British Red Cross.

His mother Lynn wrote, "Scott was a kind and caring friend and son. He had so many special qualities that we will all remember. Scott's memory will bring smiles to the faces of all those he touched and knew him well."



THERESA ELIZABETH JANE SAUNDERS

October 24, 1960 – December 21, 1988

United Kingdom

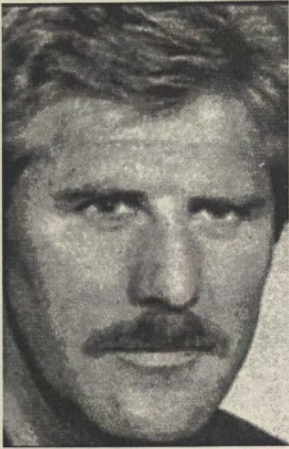
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Seat Number 14F

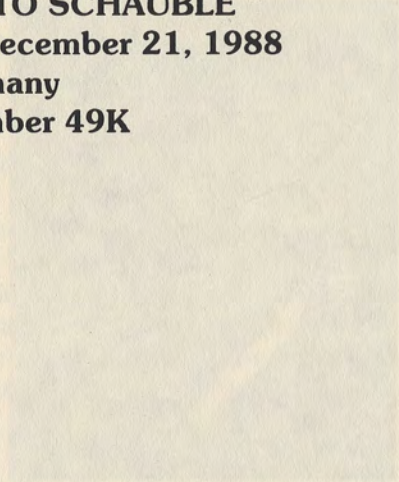
Theresa (Terrie) Elizabeth Jane Saunders was traveling to the United States with her fiancé, Billy MacAllister. They were to make family visits in New York, New York, and then go on to Minneapolis, Minnesota, to spend Christmas with friends there. Terrie and Billy were to be married in June 1989. She is survived by her parents, George and Kitty, and her brother, Kevin. Her parents have since passed away.

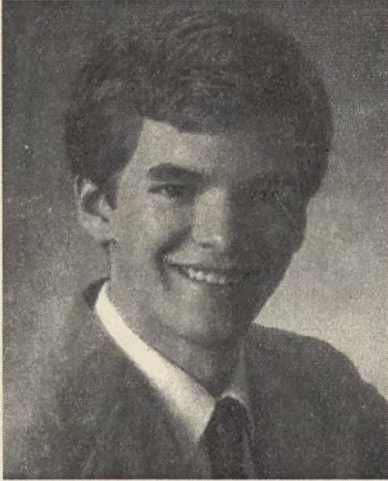
Terrie went to St. James Roman Catholic School and later to Gumley House Convent Grammar School. She started to work for Barclay's Bank in 1977. She had most recently been at Barclay's London, England, Western Regional Office where she worked as part of the training team before joining the Marketing Department in 1986. She was remembered as an extremely popular colleague because of her easygoing manner, her helpfulness, her sense of humor, and her dedication to all she did. Barclay's Bank has put a seat in her memory in St. Paul's Churchyard Gardens, near her place of work. Barclay's has also put a similar seat in West Moors Cemetery where Terrie and Billy are buried together.

Terrie's mother said her daughter was caring, loving, and generous. She added that family, friends, and colleagues will miss her radiant smile.



JOHANNES OTTO SCHAUBLE
August 8, 1947 – December 21, 1988
Germany
Seat Number 49K





ROBERT THOMAS SCHLAGETER
August 12, 1968 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 28G

Robert (Robbie) Thomas Schlageter, a junior at the University of Rhode Island, was halfway through two semesters as an exchange student at the University of East Anglia in England. A history major with a journalism minor, he had finished the semester early and was sightseeing in Central Europe. His girlfriend of four years, Marion Menzies, received a letter from Robbie the day after the crash. Included was a photograph showing his new beard—a Christmas surprise. “I had been counting the days—114—since Rob left. We had been making plans for my visit to England during spring break.”

At Pilgrim High School, Robbie was involved in the Academic Decathlon. He won five metals in 1985. According to friends and teachers, the decathlon helped his self-confidence. “He was always talking about it. It definitely changed him, he became more outgoing and that came from excelling.”

Robbie was the youngest of the seven children born to James and Norma Schlageter. His siblings are James, Gary, David, Patricia, Gail, and Sandra. The family belongs to the Christadelphian Church in Cranston, which is modeled after the gatherings of the first century Christians. David Pride, secretary and arranging brother at the church, said at the service, “Robbie had the strength to be interested in the world around him. His personality was such that he could have fun with the little things that make life special, but he always remained true to his belief in the principles of the word of God.”

A family member, Richard Schlageter, wrote a poem in memory of Robbie that was published in the *Warwick Beacon*. Its final portion is a loving farewell:

*In my walk through arboreal nights
I find no enemies
Winter eyes sparkle in a velvet sky.*

*A whispering chill, a beckoning home
I am not fearful of where I've been.*

*Before the clutch of clearing warmth
before I leave the wood
a last glance into the abyss
it is there, a lovely encounter.*



THOMAS BRITTON SCHULTZ
January 5, 1968 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 45C

A young scholar, Thomas (Tom) Britton Schultz had spent the semester retracing the footsteps of Britain's greatest social architects and political philosophers. At Ohio Wesleyan, he was pursuing a double major in history and politics and government. It was his intellectual curiosity that led him to enroll in the Syracuse University European semester abroad. Ohio Wesleyan has posthumously awarded him a Bachelor's degree.

Studies didn't always come easily to Tom. He struggled when he started high school at Suffield Academy. But officials there recalled that he became an achiever, that he overcame his shyness to become an adventurer of sorts. He loved to travel, for example, and relished every new experience. One summer he went to France; another year he had an internship with a Dallas newspaper. He spent five years at a rugged camp in Maine where he and fellow instructors built bunkhouses. A new one has recently been built there by friends and dedicated to his memory.

Tom had maintained a 3.8 average at Ohio Wesleyan. He was house manager of his fraternity, Phi Delta Theta. He was also a two-year letter holder in track and cross country. Professor Michael Good of Ohio Wesleyan said, "He was the kind of student you pray for. He was a sponge. Every experience or piece of information you could give him, he would absorb."

Tom is survived by his parents, John and Jane of New York City, New York, and Ridgefield, Connecticut. The Schultz's only other child, Andrew, died in 1978, at the age of eight, the result of a tragic accident in which a grenade found in the basement of their new home exploded in his hands. How ironic that not one, but two explosions could shatter the dreams that one family had for its sons.



SALLY ELIZABETH SCOTT
January 15, 1966 – December 21, 1988
United Kingdom
Chef
Seat Number 56G

Sally Elizabeth Scott was born at home in Sanderstead, England. She had a happy childhood, enjoying being a Brownie Scout. One of the first badges she worked for was her cooking badge. She attended the Ridgeway School, Sanderstead. She played the recorder in the school band and took ballet lessons.

In 1975, her family immigrated to Huntington, Long Island, in the United States. Sally and her brother, Tim, adjusted to a new life very quickly. She was able to make friends easily; she joined the Girl Scouts and became a leader. She attended Huntington High School where she played hockey and also joined the DECA Club. After graduating in 1984, she attended Johnson and Wales College in Rhode Island and received a degree in culinary arts. She was always interested in cooking and gave wonderful dinner parties.

Sally and her boyfriend, Cisco (also a chef), moved to Buffalo, New York, and worked in a restaurant. Their plan was to open a restaurant of their own, but unfortunately this was not to be. Cisco was killed in a motorbike accident in 1987.

Sally returned to Long Island and went to work for a food distributor. She was a real fun-loving person and would buzz around Huntington in her sports car, her pride and joy. She would always attract a lot of young people around her. But for all this, Sally couldn't really settle down. After her brother, Tim, married in June 1988, she decided to move to London, England, back to her school friends and the Rugby Club where her father was president.

While in London, an opportunity arose for Sally to start her own business, supplying lunches for the Stock Exchange. She asked her mother, Shirley, to be her partner. Shirley went to London in November and for the next four weeks they looked for and found a fully equipped kitchen. They had their first customer, supplying 40 lunches a day. At last everything was going so well for Sally. She called the company "For Starters." Sally was returning to New York to spend Christmas with her family.



AMY ELIZABETH SHAPIRO
October 28, 1967 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 37G

Amy Elizabeth Shapiro, a student at Newhouse School of Communications at Syracuse University, was coming home from London, England, after a semester abroad with the Syracuse DIPA program. Majoring in photojournalism, Amy had planned to turn her two favorite pastimes—writing and photography—into a career in magazines. Amy's mother, Madeline, went to England that fall because her daughter's semester abroad was "too long to go between hugs." Her mother describes Amy, "She was like the sun, with all those who knew her moving towards her as though we were heliotropes—seeking the comfort of her warmth, light, and understanding." Amy is also survived by her father, Richard; her younger brother, James; both maternal and paternal grandparents; an aunt; an uncle; and cousins.

A graduate of Stamford High School in Connecticut, Amy was on the track and tennis teams as well as on the staff of *Vertigo*, the literary magazine. During the summer of 1987, Amy was an intern at the *Stamford Trader*. She took photographs and wrote articles including an Arts Section cover story on a local summer theater group. Her boss there remembers her as "eager, smiling, charming—a soft light." At Syracuse, she was on the photography staff of the campus newspaper, the *Daily Orange*. Amy's many accomplishments include awards in photography, three published pieces of her own prose and poetry, and musical talents that were manifest through her singing, flute, and piano playing.

Amy wrote poetry; and she leaves us this fragment:

*She glanced toward the sky and tried to trace the fall of a tiny flake;
But it blended into another and her thoughts blended with it.
She remembered her youth and how beautiful life had been.
Once, she too had been one of the fresh sparkles which
glimmered in the moonlight.
But time does not stop.
A gust of wind broke the synchronicity of the snowfall.
The snow turned to rain,
And as the last crystal was washed away, the woman
closed her eyes, and she too, was gone.*

—"After the Storm"
Amy Shapiro



MRIDULA SHASTRI

February 12, 1964 – December 21, 1988

India

Rhodes Scholar

Seat Number 24H

Dr. Mridula Shastri's mother, Shanthy, describes her beloved daughter, "A vivacious, bright, fun, loving, very talented kid. I as a mother, used to wonder, where does she get all the energy to be a doctor, a swimmer, an artist, an avid reader, and a danseuse? She had won many prizes as the best actress at school. She had won the All Around Best Student award four times: at school as a junior and senior; by the Cadbury's; by the Rizvi Foundation; and at her college, Jai Hind. She had stood second in her final M.B.B.S. exams. She had captained the Indian Women's team as a swimmer and water polo player. She had won many prizes for elocution competitions. She had modeled at the Taj for a Chinese friend—walking the ramp, just for friendship's sake. She was a well-loved person and a very kind-hearted human being. She had told me that after her stint at the Oxford, she would go to a village and start a hospital for the poor."

Continuing, Mridula's mother writes, "All in all, she was a complete person and honestly, believe me please, I as a mother feel she was lent to me by my Lord Ganesha for a very brief period of twenty-four years. How the years flew I don't know. Each day with her was a day of achievement. I relished each day with anticipation. Both my husband and I had to face a lot of difficulties, but darling Mridula used to bring her joy and I especially forgot all our difficulties and welcomed each day with joy....Before departing to Oxford, on receipt of her Rhodes Scholarship, my baby Mridula's last words to me were, 'Mummy, only two more years, then I will see to it that you don't have to struggle.' She kept her word—but in a negative way. She was flying to meet her fiancé in the U.S.—a doctor."

Besides her parents, Subramanyam and Shanthy, Mridula's brother, Devdutt, an architect in San Francisco, also survives her.

JOAN SHEANSHANG
December 16, 1942 - December 21, 1988
United States of America
Seat Number 41C

IRVING STANLEY SIGAL
May 23, 1953 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Research Biologist
Seat Number 13B

Dr. Irving Stanley Sigal, 35, was senior director of molecular biology at Merck Sharp and Dohme Research Laboratories. An internationally recognized expert on recombinant DNA, Dr. Sigal was on his way home to Pennington, New Jersey, after lecturing at the Royal Biochemical Society in London, England.

He joined Merck in 1982 and established and directed a research program that used the techniques of modern molecular biology to study the structure and function of biologically important proteins. His work led to major insights into the function of an enzyme that plays a causal role in human cancer. Dr. Sigal spawned a new field in pharmacology with his seminal work on andrenergic drug receptors, which are involved in cardiopulmonary disease. More recently, he spearheaded a major effort aimed at discovering a drug against the AIDS virus.

Born in Indianapolis, Indiana, Dr. Sigal received a B.S. in Chemistry from Indiana University and a Ph.D. in Biochemistry from Harvard. He received postdoctoral training at MIT, Harvard, and the California Institute of Technology. Prior to joining Merck he had worked at E.I. DuPont where he published a landmark paper on mutagenesis.

In addition to his wife, Catherine, a researcher at Merck, he is survived by a sister and three brothers. His late father was the director of research at Eli Lilly and Company.



MARTIN BERNARD CARRUTHERS SIMPSON

October 25, 1936 – December 21, 1988

United States of America

Financier

Seat Number 27K

A multitalented jetsetter, energetic, athletic, generous, and courageous, Martin Bernard Carruthers Simpson had made his mark on the competitive world of international high finance. A native of South Africa, he came to the United States in 1965 after living in Canada and became a citizen in 1972. His undergraduate degree was from Cambridge University in England. He had Master's degrees in both law (1958) and economics (1970) from New York University. He was founder, director, and president of his own brokerage company in New York, New York.

In his youth, Martin traveled to every country in Africa. He never forgot the land of his birth and continued to give to charities in Capetown as well as to his school, Michaelhouse.

He married a Canadian, Patricia Hand, and took her on a two-and-a-half year honeymoon to South America, Australia, the Far East, Africa, Iran, and Iraq. The filmed record of this extensive trip was shown on the BBC. In addition to his wife, Martin is survived by his grown children, Rachel and David.

One friend talked of Martin's outstanding characteristics as courage, tenacity, and "unconditional loyalty." Another friend speaking at the memorial service, recalled Martin's keen intellect and "a mind that was so well-trained that he could have a truly prodigious capacity for productive work. With this came the rare skill of cutting through to the essence of an issue, shaping it and moving ahead...there was a sense of motion to everything Martin did."

The eulogy concluded by citing a verse from a poem by Matthew Arnold that epitomizes the life of Martin:

*Is it so small thing,
To have enjoyed the sun,
To have lived light in the spring,
To have loved, to have thought, to have done,
To have advanced true friends and beat down baffling foes?*



IRJA S. SKABO
July 3, 1950 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Flight Attendant

Irja S. Skabo was born in Norway and was equally proud of her heritage and U.S. citizenship. She was known as a dynamic and hard working person who took her job responsibilities seriously. A passenger commendation stated, "The attentiveness and courtesy that Irja extends lies beyond words."

Irja joined Pan Am in 1972. She had been based in Miami, Los Angeles, New York, and San Francisco before joining the London base in 1987.

In her private life, Irja was devoted to her seven-year-old son, Kevin. Her husband, Bjorn, wrote that Irja was "a loving mother to her son and an exciting life partner to me." In her free time, she guided physically and visually disabled people on cross country ski adventures both in Norway and in the United States.



CYNTHIA JOAN SMITH
October 6, 1967 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 41A

Cynthia (Cindy) Joan Smith enrolled in the Syracuse University College of Human Development because she wanted to be a fashion designer. She then participated in the DIPA program in London, England, because she wanted to learn more about European fashions. She also enjoyed personal market research—she loved to shop! For her 21st birthday in October, while she was in London, her family in Milton, Massachusetts, put money in her account and told her to “buy something fun in Paris.”

Abigail Kedem, her London roommate, recalled how much Cindy enjoyed visiting museums throughout Europe. “She would get angry if anyone tried to rush her out of a museum.” Abigail remembers how outgoing Cindy was, too.

Cindy helped people. In high school she worked with other students to help them with problems such as drinking, drug use, pregnancy. She also worked on a weekly cable television program that focused on the same issues. When a friend was sitting alone, Cindy would find out what was wrong, according to her mother, Joan. “She was always like that.”

Her father, Edward, said, “We spoke to her Wednesday, December 21. She was so excited about coming home. She had everything going for her—personality, friends. She just loved life.”

INGRID ANITA SMITH
November 12, 1957 – December 21, 1988
United Kingdom
Chiropodist
Seat Number 4H

According to an article published in the *Washingtonian*, Ingrid Anita Smith was on her way from her home near London, England, to meet her husband, Bruce, a Pan Am pilot, in New York, New York, for Christmas. Ingrid and Bruce had been married only four years.

JAMES ALVIN SMITH
March 11, 1933 - December 21, 1988
United States of America
Seat Number 27G

MARY EDNA HALL SMITH
July 14, 1957 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
United States Army
Seat Number 34A

She hadn't been home for the last two Christmases, but this year Mary Edna Hall Smith had planned to surprise her mother in Kalamazoo, Michigan. Her sister, Ruth Collins, said Mary boarded Flight 103 in Frankfurt after missing an earlier flight.

Mary attended Kalamazoo Central High School and joined the U.S. Army in August 1979. She was stationed in Sandhofen, Germany, where she worked as a single channel operator for the 97th Signal Battalion. Her father, Rev. Harvey Hall, said her life revolved around the military. "She made a life and a career in the Army." Mary had achieved the rank of sergeant.

Mary is survived by her husband, Sgt. Roosevelt Smith; her parents, Harvey and Marie; and six brothers and sisters. Her sister, Ruth, said, "She was a very good friend as well as a sister. She was loved a lot."



JOHN SOMERVILLE

March 25, 1948 – December 21, 1988
Sherwood Crescent, Lockerbie, Scotland

ROSALIND HANNEY LATER SOMERVILLE

May 31, 1948 – December 21, 1988
Sherwood Crescent, Lockerbie, Scotland

PAUL SOMERVILLE

January 21, 1975 – December 21, 1988
Sherwood Crescent, Lockerbie, Scotland

LYNSEY ANN SOMERVILLE

July 13, 1978 – December 21, 1988
Sherwood Crescent, Lockerbie, Scotland

Janet Boyes, sister of John Somerville writes, "John, affectionately known as Jack to family and friends, was at home along with his wife, Rosalind (whose christened name was Rosaleen), and children, Paul and Lynsey, on the fateful night of 21 December, when Pan Am Flight 103 exploded in the sky causing parts of the engine to fall on their home, killing all four of them and destroying everything. All that was left was a huge crater in the ground."

Jack and Rosalind were born and raised in Glasgow, moving to East Kilbride where they married and where Paul and Lynsey were born. They moved to Lockerbie some five years before their deaths, through Jack's employment in the car trade where he managed a large car showroom in Dumfries. They were a very happy and devoted family and enjoyed the quieter lifestyle living in Lockerbie provided. Shortly before their deaths they had a great sadness in their lives when their baby son, David, born on the 17th of July 1988, died after living for only one day. This caused Jack and Rosalind to become involved in 'Cot Deaths Syndrome' for which they raised funds. There is a Family Comfort Room in Dumfries Royal Infirmary dedicated to their memory.

Little did we know as we stood at the graveside in Dryfesdale Cemetery burying this little baby that in six months time we would be back again burying the remains of all four of them."



JOHN CHARLES STEVENSON
September 13, 1950 – December 21, 1988
United Kingdom
Seat Number 22D

GERALDINE ANNE STEVENSON
March 31, 1951 – December 21, 1988
United Kingdom
Seat Number 22E

HANNAH LOUISE STEVENSON
September 23, 1978 – December 21, 1988
United Kingdom
Seat Number 22F

RACHAEL STEVENSON
September 1, 1980 – December 21, 1988
United Kingdom
Seat Number 22G

The tributes that were written about John Charles Stevenson and Geraldine Anne Stevenson best sum them up as a family. "It was very apparent that they were an extremely happy family." "Their enthusiastic and happy approach to life contributed to the positive ambience that they always created around them."

John and Geraldine had known each other since primary school in Stockport and had both worked in and around Manchester until John's work took them to Poole in Dorset, and eventually to Surrey.

John, Geraldine, Hannah, and Rachael were traveling to New England to spend Christmas with Geraldine's sister and family. The girls were so excited about spending time with their cousins. Hannah and Rachael were vivacious girls, much loved by all their cousins and a source of delight to their grandparents.

John worked for Visa International in Kensington, London, where he was recognised as a competent and diligent professional dedicated to the company. He was also a person with a zest for life, who loved playing football and who got great pleasure from entertaining their girls with his piano and guitar.

Geraldine, a graduate of Sheffield University, was an inspirational English teacher who worked wholeheartedly to get the best out of all of her students. Geraldine was so enthusiastic and knowledgeable about her subject that she made it easy for anyone listening to her to be enthused. She was just about to take up a new post at St. Maur's Convent School in Surrey.

Geraldine was a very talented person, and she delighted in sharing her talents with her children and friends.

John, Geraldine, Hannah, and Rachael were very active in their parish in Hinchley Wood. The previous Sunday they had all sung together in the Family Carol Concert. In their memory, the parish room has been named the Stevenson Memorial Room.

Their memory hasn't faded. All their family and friends recognise that the Stevenson family's zest for living would have enhanced their own lives.

May they rest in peace.





MICHAEL GARY STINNETT
May 27, 1962 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
United States Army
Seat Number 19H

CHARLOTTE ANN STINNETT
February 7, 1952 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Seat Number 19J



STACEY LEANNE STINNETT
July 30, 1979 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Seat Number 19K

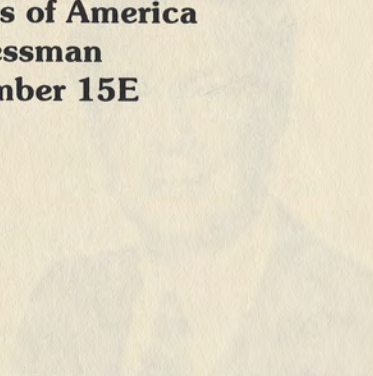


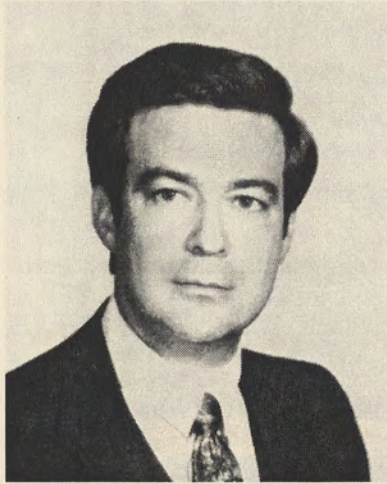
Specialist Michael Gary Stinnett and his wife Charlotte Ann Stinnett had planned to surprise relatives in Red Oak, Texas, with a Christmas visit. With them on Flight 103 was Charlotte's nine-year-old daughter, Stacey Leanne Stinnett. Charlotte's 14-year-old daughter, Velma, who knew of the surprise, was waiting to meet the three Stinnetts in South Carolina and then fly on to Texas with them.

Charlotte's sister, Linda White, said the deaths were so especially tragic because Michael and Charlotte had been so happy since their marriage three years ago. Michael joined the U.S. Army at that time. As Linda explained, "Work was real scarce here in Texas. They both just decided that it might be the best thing to do." The couple had been in Germany since July where Michael was assigned to the Twelfth Aviation Brigade. They liked Germany and were planning to bring Velma over to live with them and Stacey. "They had just started learning the language and they were really getting kind of used to being there."

Michael, 26, is survived by his parents, Donald and Elizabeth, and a half-sister, Dawn. Charlotte, 36, is survived by her mother, Velma McGuire; three brothers; and a sister. In addition to Stacey and Velma, Charlotte had two other children by a previous marriage, Melvin and Tammy. Linda White said that Michael was very close to Charlotte's extended family. "Us having such a big family, he just sort of adopted us."

JAMES RALPH STOW
July 18, 1939 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Businessman
Seat Number 15E





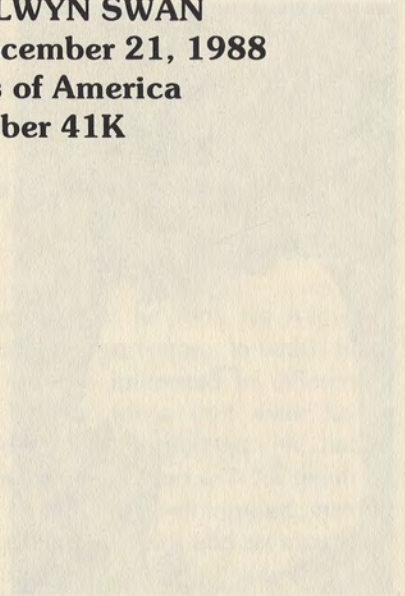
ELIA G. STRATIS
June 17, 1945 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Accountant
Seat Number 1B

Elia G. Stratis, a trustee of Fairleigh Dickinson University and a senior partner in a large international accounting firm, changed his flight reservation from December 22 to December 21. He had finished his business dealings in London, England, early and was eager to return to his Montvale, New Jersey, home for the holidays with his wife, Mary Kay, and his children, Christopher, Lia, and Sonia.

Born in the Sudan, Elia came to the United States in 1956. He received both his B.S. and M.S. degrees from Fairleigh Dickinson University. He had met his wife at Fairleigh in the late 1960s. University spokesperson, Alice Olick, called him "probably our most dedicated alumnus." He was so deeply involved in athletics and alumni affairs that he became the first alumni member of the Fairleigh Board of Trustees to be given the authority to vote on school matters.

The accounting firm of Campos and Stratis has 20 offices throughout the world. On one trip to Johannesburg, South Africa, Elia sponsored and brought back two black students; on another trip he sponsored two runners, bringing them to live with his family. His partner, Chris Campos, said, "He was a super intelligent, industrious person dedicated to his family. There's going to be a big gap...with his friendship and his leadership in the firm." His long time secretary echoed the feelings of many when she said, "I will miss his guidance and understanding and enthusiasm for life."

ANTHONY SELWYN SWAN
May 15, 1959 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Seat Number 41K



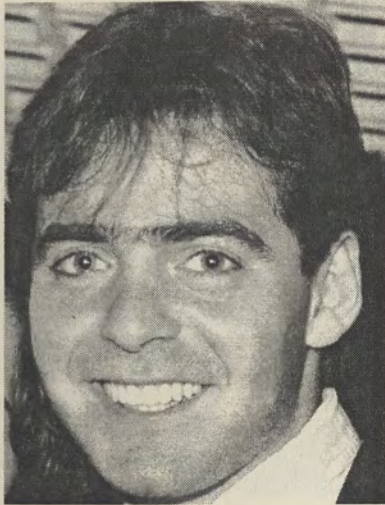


FLORA MACDONALD MARGARET SWIRE
December 22, 1964 – December 21, 1988
United Kingdom
Medical Student and Researcher
Seat Number 39D

Flora MacDonald Margaret Swire was flying to the United States on the day before her 24th birthday to spend Christmas with friends. A medical student at Nottingham University, Flora had gained first class honors and was doing research for a Ph.D. before completing her clinical studies. The focus of her research was human brain waves, for which she constructed special electronic equipment and taught herself computing. She had been invited to join a small group at the Institute of Neurology in London, England, to extend her vital research into Alzheimer's disease.

One of her Nottingham professors said, "Flora was one of the cleverest medical students we ever had at the University. She also did a very rare and brave thing in interrupting her medical studies to work on a Ph.D. She was a highly intelligent, lively, friendly, and beautiful girl." To allow others to follow her example, the University and her parents have established the Flora Swire Memorial Fund to support future medical students working for Ph.D.s during their medical training.

Others recall Flora's zest, vitality, and creativity. She was an accomplished pianist and guitarist. She sang in choirs and operas, sculpted, and had started a novel. She is remembered at the Westminster Synagogue in London as a "seeker after truth." Albert Friedlander wrote, "She let every person who she encountered recognize that here was someone with love and compassion to whom one could talk, and that there was a special, warm, and good person in our midst."



MARC ALEX TAGER
August 3, 1966 – December 21, 1988
United Kingdom
Seat Number 26H

Marc Alex Tager, 22, was traveling to Florida for a holiday. He was asked to fly via New York, New York, for a business meeting. For this reason he was on Pan Am 103.

Marc went to City of London School, where he took his A-level examinations. His preferred subject was modern history, in which he excelled. After leaving school Marc became interested in different areas of business. He had many brilliant ideas that were just beginning to come to fruition including film production. He had bought the film rights for two books, but all this ended with his death. Being interested in international trade he was very well traveled, even if only 22-years-old. He lived for nine months in Paris and six months in Milan, visited Russia, Japan, South Korea, and Hong Kong, as well as driving all over the United States by car. He had a large circle of friends and was always at its center. He was a source of inspiration to his friends and was an example for them, guiding and helping them whenever support was needed.

Marc was an active member of the Jewish community in London, England. He was instrumental in setting up a young committee for the Jewish National Fund raising money for projects in Israel. After Marc's untimely death this young committee created in his memory two projects in Israel, a playground in Mitzpe Adi in the Northern part of Israel and a sports center at a high school in Nazareth Illit. Recently his sister and friends have created an auditorium in an institution for handicapped children in the town of Raanana, also in his memory. He was an ardent worker for the cause for Soviet Jewry visiting Refusniks during one of his trips to Leningrad.

Marc was never without a smile on his face and was loved for his outgoing personality and warm disposition. His loss is mourned by his parents, his sisters, his brother-in-law, and by many, many friends.

Sometime before he was killed he had written a message that ended as follows:

"Remember three things—

1. I will always be near;
2. Believe in G-d and study the Torah;
3. Never give up when your test comes up."

We remember our dead. When they were born, when they passed away—either as men of promise, or as men of achievement.

—Dag Hammarskjold



ANDREW ALEXANDER TERAN
August 31, 1968 – December 21, 1988

Peru
Student
Seat Number 27D

Born in La Paz, Bolivia, Andrew Alexander Teran was the second child of a Bolivian father and a Scottish mother. Andrew chose to go to the University of Edinburgh for his Yale junior term abroad in order to discover his Scottish roots. He had traveled since early childhood, living also in the United States and mostly in Lima, Peru. His feeling that he was made up of each of those countries led to his increased global awareness.

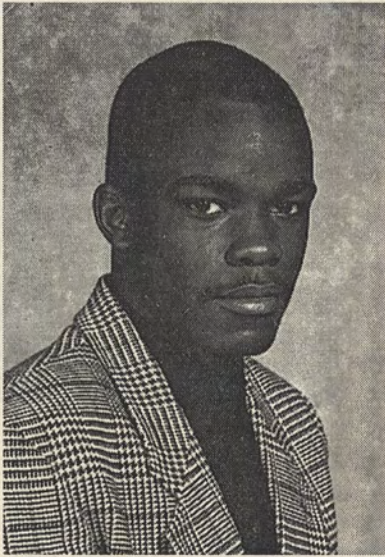
Andrew's goal was to pursue a career in international law. He founded "Buscando America" at Yale to further the knowledge of Latin America and its culture. An ardent supporter of political and social justice, he had hoped to eventually work to foster international understanding and to help develop a new global order that would improve the conditions of developing countries.

His sister, Suzanne, remembers Andrew as a sensitive, thoughtful person, always ready to demonstrate love and affection towards his family and friends. His special gifts were his writing, expressed through lyrics and poetry, and his sense of humor. His next projects were to be hiking in the Andes and writing his first novel.

In addition to Suzanne, he is survived by his brother, Javier, and his parents, Feliz and Pamela.

*Ahora eres
Un puñado de estrellas y de
madrugadas*

*– Fernando Charry Lara
"Al ausente"*



ARVA ANTHONY THOMAS
April 26, 1971 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 19A

Arva Anthony (Tony) Thomas was returning to his family in Detroit, Michigan, from Germany where he had been living and studying since September. He was an active member of the New Jerusalem Baptist Church in Detroit, where he sang in the Inspirational Choir and the Angelic Choir. In addition, he was choir director and an acolyte. He played on the church basketball team and was a member of the young men's fellowship group.

Tony attended Zion Lutheran High School, St. Hedwig High School, and Hanau American High School in West Germany. He was a popular student and was especially well known for his talents on the basketball court. He played point guard and wore uniform number 23, in honor of his idol, Michael Jordan.

Neighborhood friends remember Tony's friendliness and courage. But all he wanted to be known as was "Tender Tone." Tony is survived by his parents, Arva Lee and Funteller; his sister, Rev. Felicia Thomas; and his brothers Rev. Frank Thomas and Lester Thomas. On December 1, 1988, Tony wrote to a family friend, "I love you and be good. I'm staying with God and I know you are too."

In September just before he left Detroit for Germany, Tony wrote the poem, "Colored":

*When I'm cold, I'm black
When you're cold, you're blue,
When I'm hot, I'm black
When you're hot, you're red,
When I'm sick, I'm black
When you're sick, you're green,
When I'm bruised, I'm black
When you're bruised, you're purple
When I'm tan, I'm black
When you're tan, you're brown
When I'm well, I'm black
When you're well, you're pink
And you have the nerve to call me colored.*
—Arva Anthony Thomas



LAWANDA THOMAS
February 17, 1967 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
United States Air Force
Seat Number 32K

JONATHAN RYAN THOMAS
September 29, 1988 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Seat Number 32K



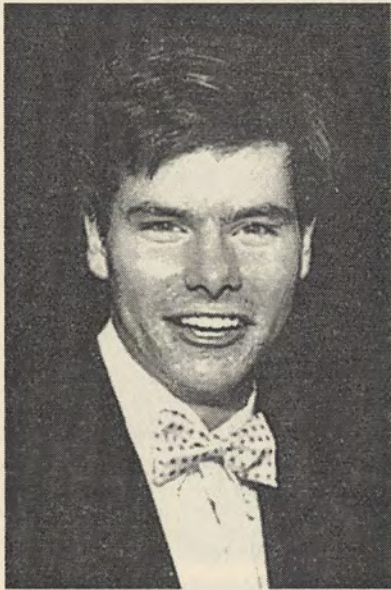
Senior Airman LaWanda Thomas was bringing home a very special gift to her parents in Southfield, Michigan—her two-month-old son, Jonathan Ryan, whom her parents had never seen.

Daughter of Eugene and Lelia Coleman, LaWanda was a graduate of Coley High School in Detroit, Michigan, her birthplace, where she was an exceptional student and completed two years of Junior ROTC. After completing basic training at Lackland Air Force Base, Texas, LaWanda attended Base Supply Tech School and then was assigned to the 56th Equipment Maintenance Squadron as a munitions supply specialist. When she went into the U.S. Air Force, LaWanda was determined to succeed and received numerous awards for outstanding progress. She was named EMS Professional of the Year in 1986 and was promoted to Senior Airman rank in 1987. In 1988, LaWanda was assigned to the 38th Tactical Missile Maintenance Squadron in Wueschein, West Germany. It was in West Germany that her son was born.

Her father said that being in the Air Force was what his daughter had always wanted, saying, "We were happy because she was happy. She was just a loveable, happy person." Her mother had concerns about her going into the Air Force, but LaWanda's favorite saying was, "Don't worry, I will be fine." In addition to her parents she leaves a sister, Terri, and a brother, Steven.

LaWanda loved life and she loved her family and friends. She was always willing to help others. She looked forward to family gatherings, where she was always the life of the party. She had a close relationship with her sister and brother. Her mother says that when she thinks of her daughter, she thinks of her beautiful smile and her love for children. LaWanda had recently sent a picture of herself in her Air Force blues to her parents. On the back of the photo she wrote:

Thanks for the inspiration you've given me throughout the years. You've always believed in me no matter what. I love you both very much and am proud that you're my parents.



MARK LAWRENCE TOBIN
April 4, 1967 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 32G

Since his freshman year at Chaminade High School on Long Island, New York, Mark Lawrence Tobin had wanted to be a television sports announcer. To achieve this goal he worked on Fordham University's radio station and had spent the semester in London, England, with the Syracuse University communications program. He was returning to spend Christmas with his family in Hempstead, New York. Mark was the sixth of the Tobins' seven children.

Both a spectator and participant, Mark loved sports. From his early teens he loved golf, swimming, and tennis. In his college years he added ice hockey, surfing, and skiing. In a four-day trip to visit a sister in Chicago, Mark managed to see a football, a hockey, and a basketball game.

His parents commented that Mark was "eternally optimistic about the successful outcome of all his undertakings. He was valued as best friend by more people than we ever knew about." They recalled that Mark played the clown-juggler in a high school production of *Barnum*. "In retrospect, this seems an appropriate role. He never needed center stage; he could make the best of an opportunity. He had an offbeat sense of humor that kept us all on our toes. He had the knack of keeping many balls in the air, of doing many jobs well, but especially of enjoying life and giving joy."

His parents knew he liked to travel, but they didn't know quite how much. Relatives and friends have turned up with post cards sent by Mark from places his parents never knew he visited. His mother said, "He just couldn't stop seeing new things and new places."

The poem, "High Flight," found by Brian and Peg Tobin, was composed by Flight-Lieutenant John Gillespie Magee, Jr. while flying over England. Shortly afterwards, at age 19, Magee was killed serving with the R.C.A.F.

HIGH FLIGHT

John Gillespie Magee, Jr. (1922-1941)

*Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth,
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds—and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of—
wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there
I've chased the shouting wind along and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air.
Up, up the long delirious burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace,
Where never lark, or even eagle, flew;
And, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.*

DAVID WILLIAM TRIMMER-SMITH
April 26, 1937 – December 21, 1988
United Kingdom
Publishing Executive
Seat Number 12A

A resident of Manhattan, New York, David William Trimmer-Smith was a vice president of Oxford University Press in New York. He was returning from a sales conference in Oxford, England.



ALEXIA KATHRYN TSAIRIS
July 6, 1968 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 21G

Alexia Kathryn Tsairis was a junior at Syracuse University's S.I. Newhouse School of Public Communications and had spent the fall of 1988 semester in London, England, studying photojournalism. Professor David Sutherland, her advisor in London, commented that, "The photography program, composed of professors and peers, had selected her as the most talented and promising photographer in the group. She had the best, most well-rounded documentary presentations and also achieved the highest grades among the photography students in the international program." In the 1988 student competition, she had the distinction of being the only entrant to receive two awards. Alexia had already spent two summers working in the Graphic and Photo Departments of the Associated Press. Even before graduation, her promising career was under way.

On a cold and blustery Syracuse day in 1989, three people sat in the student chairs of an empty classroom at the Newhouse School of Communications at Syracuse University. In a few hours, in that room, those three people gave life to a lost photographer's legacy through The Alexia Foundation for World Peace. Peter Tsairis and Aphrodite Thevos Tsairis, the parents of Alexia and founders, and David Sutherland, Syracuse photography professor and mentor, established the Foundation with the abiding belief in the capacity and responsibility of individuals to shape and advance peace in our time. It is dedicated to providing the means for photographers to do so.

Since that day, undergraduate photographers and professionals have received funding to study in London and produce a body of work that The Alexia Foundation for World Peace believes will help our society develop a greater compassion for all the world's citizens.

Alexia Tsairis was 20 years old when her life was snuffed out by a terrorist's bomb. Knowing this, the Alexia Scholars have accepted their grants with bittersweet humility and an avowed commitment to effect change.

The Alexia Foundation has touched and been touched by kindred-spirited photographers shooting images around the globe from China to Montana, from Chechnya to South Carolina, from Kenya to Palestine. "The Alexia," as the competition is referred to, gives voice to the quest for important social documentary photojournalism. That was the mission of those three people.

In addition to her parents, Alexia is survived by a brother, George Alex, and a sister, Ariadne.

BARRY JOSEPH VALENTINO
February 25, 1960 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Exhibit Designer
Seat Number 20G

Barry Joseph Valentino was returning from his first trip to Europe. He had gone there in November in connection with his work as project manager for the Artist in Residence program at the Exploratorium in San Francisco. At 28, Barry had held this position for four years. In addition, he had recently completed his B.A. in Physics at San Francisco State University.

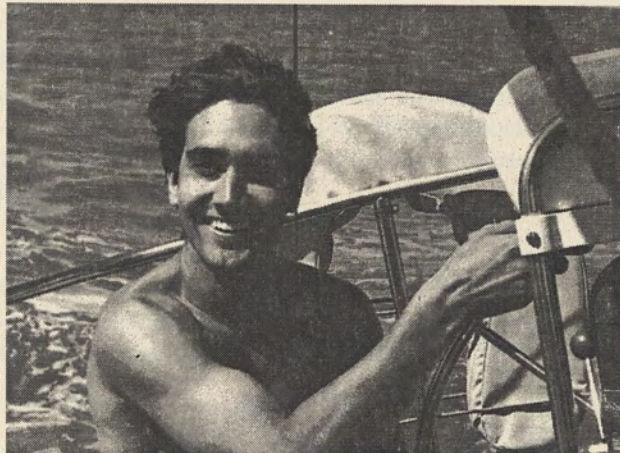
Barry was the eldest of the four children of Barry and Jean of Pleasant Hills, Pennsylvania. Besides his parents, he is survived by his brothers, Scott and Mark, and his sister, Lisa. Since Lisa had been a student teacher in England in the fall of 1988, she was able to meet Barry and the two of them traveled in Europe together. Lisa left London for home one day before her brother's flight.

A colleague at the Exploratorium talked of Barry's kindness, dedication and helpfulness. "He was very good at what he did in working with artists to realize their ideas."

Barry's mother recalled his vibrancy, his caring, his awareness of the beauty of people and of the world. She said, "Barry was loveable and loving and he gave so much of himself to all of us. His life ended in such a cruel and violent way. I am thankful to God that this was not the way he lived his life."

*And then I shall come to you, a
boundless drop to a boundless
ocean.*

—Gibran



TOMAS FLORO van TIENHOVEN
May 30, 1943 – December 21, 1988
Argentina/United Kingdom
Seat Number 2B

Tomas Floro van Tienhoven
Born 1943.

*"I look from the bedroom window
As the cool night breeze flows in
The stars start twinkling at me
And I feel something deep within.*

*One of the stars I see
I know is a part of me
It shines brightly at us all
It looks happy, peaceful and free.*

*One day we will join that star
As we did many years ago
But this time it will be forever
And we will never live with foe."*

Written by his daughter, age 12.



ASAAD EIDI VEJDANY
February 24, 1942 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Engineer and Entrepreneur
Seat Number 20C

Asaad Eidi Vejdany's family remembers him, "Asaad, always the devoted son, was on his return journey to his home in New York—having spent a week in London bringing succor and joy to his elderly father and mother. This last act reflects the depth of being from which emanated his loyalty, utter dependability, compassion, and infinite responsiveness to the needs of others as manifested in a myriad of ways throughout his life."

Known as a man of honesty, decency, and integrity by all those whose life he touched, there always lurked beneath the sometimes quiet and conservative exterior a sweetness, warmth, and humor which manifested itself best in his playfulness with children; thus the adoration of his nephews and nieces.

A graduate of Lafayette College, where he studied mechanical engineering, and ironically, Syracuse University, where he specialized in industrial management, Asaad returned to Iran, his country of origin, to contribute his expertise to the industrial development of the country and partake in the life of his culture and close knit family—which was always of overriding importance to him.

In the aftermath of the revolution in Iran, never once having counted his substantial losses, he returned to the United States where he became a naturalized citizen. He subsequently established a building supply family enterprise in New York, New York, and married in 1983.

Part of his family's fondest memories of Asaad are when he was at his happiest: of watching this quietly gentle man at home, screwdriver and pliers in hand under the hood of his immaculately maintained car, or in the process of repairing the fleet of toy vehicles he heaped upon his adored nephews.

Asaad's family further describes their loss, "A pillar of our existence, the chasm of his untimely death left in our closely-knit family is immeasurable. The profound pain suffered by all who knew and loved him can only be borne by the instinctive knowledge that...

Those who have once begun the heavenward pilgrimage may not go down again to darkness and the journey beneath the earth, but they live in light always.

—Plato

...and in our hearts."

His parents, his wife, and four siblings survive Asaad.



Milutin Velimirovich and a young friend.

MILUTIN VELIMIROVICH
October 14, 1953 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Chief Purser

Milutin Velimirovich was born in Pisek, Czechoslovakia, to Czech and Yugoslavian parents who immigrated to the United States in 1964. Both Milutin and his older brother, Sacha, had to learn English while going to school in Cambridge, Massachusetts. He graduated from Classical High School in Providence, Rhode Island. At the age of 16, Milutin became a U.S. citizen. He later entered the University of Rhode Island, and finished his studies four years later, graduating from the University of Vienna with a B.S. majoring in international law with a minor in architecture.

Sacha, his brother, recalls that it was Milutin's love of flying that most characterized his life. When they were first in the United States, they used to go to Boston's Logan Airport and then Providence's Theodore Greene Airport to watch planes take off and land. Milutin's first job with Pan Am in 1978 was as a flight attendant. He moved rapidly up the ranks to the purser's position. His goal was to move further up in the company to work as a pilot by 1989. In the aisle, his cheerfulness, energy, and enthusiasm won him many commendations from colleagues and passengers.

Milutin was not scheduled to be on this flight, but had rearranged work schedules to help a friend. In addition to his brother, Milutin is survived by his mother and his fiancée, Tammy. Sacha wrote a poem for the funeral that included these lines:

*When I see a jet high up in the sky
I give a big, big sigh—oh God, why?*

*So rest in peace, brother, friend, pal of mine
I will keep you in my heart all the time.*



NICHOLAS ANDREAS VRENIOS
August 20, 1968 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 46E

Nicholas (Nick) Andreas Vrenios was a junior majoring in photography at Syracuse University. His dream was to be a professional photographer; his hero was Ansel Adams, the renowned nature photographer. Tim Slaughter, one of Nick's London, England, roommates, recalls how Nick would get up early, go out and try for "the perfect picture of the Queen or someone else."

Nick went to London with three prized possessions—a camera, a guitar, and a skateboard. The skateboard made him "quite a sight" speeding along London streets, Tim said. Nick was an accomplished guitar player and would "make up" music with Scott Cory and his harmonica. Scott, another London roommate, was on the plane with Nick.

In recognition of his love of all kinds of music, his parents are establishing a scholarship fund for talented music students in Nick's memory.

Nick always tried to do everything, his father recalled. After staying awake for 50 hours near the end of the semester, Nick couldn't resist packing his bags for a quick trip to Scotland. A family friend described him as "very bright, very curious, and one of those people that other people just gravitate to. He was very excited about the world."

In the Syracuse yearbook, his parents describe him, "Nick possessed an enthusiasm for life. His eagerness and joy to experience everything and his love for travel led him to London to study for a semester. He loved people, photography, nature, laughter, skateboarding, poetry, swimming, and playing the guitar. His favorite expression? 'Go for it!'"



PETER PETRISOR VULCU
August 1, 1967 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Stockbroker / Student
Seat Number 20K

Peter Petrisor Vulcu was born in Romania to Candit and Gheorghina Vulcu. The family, which also included Angela, George, and John, immigrated to the United States in 1969. Peter was returning from a semester of studies in European international economics at the universities of Bucharest and Cluj in Romania. His extended visit to Romania was meant to renew ties to his people and to the homeland he left at the age of two.

A 1985 graduate of Alliance High school, he attended Mount Union College for two years and the University of Houston for one year. He had the distinction of becoming the youngest licensed stockbroker in the state of Ohio in March 1988. His mother recalled that he studied to be a stockbroker in his "spare time," in addition to taking college courses. She said he was "the American dream come true. He proved that if you work hard and remain dedicated to your dreams, they can happen."

A tribute to Peter and his family was entered into the Congressional Record in August 1989. It said in part:

Every life lost aboard Flight 103 was precious and extraordinary in its own special way. Yet Peter Vulcu symbolized something beyond the extraordinary. Losing Peter was truly losing something of America. He was a bona fide immigrant success story.

Celebration of Life

*Fill not your heart with pain and sorrow, but
 remember me in every tomorrow.
 Remember the joy, the laughter, the smile,
 I've only gone to rest—a little while.*

*So dry your eyes and remember me
 not as I am now, but as I used to be.*

*Because I will remember you all
 and look on with a smile.
 Understand in your hearts
 I've only gone to rest a little while.*

*As long as I have the love of each of you,
 I can live my life in the hearts of all of you.*

For Peter's 28th birthday, his family erected an 18-foot-long monument composed of black granite and white marble and topped with a reclining cross measuring exactly Peter's height of 6-feet, 2-inches which rests at the Alliance City Cemetery in Ohio near the grave of Peter's maternal grandfather, George Muranescu.

Peter is survived by his parents; his sister, Angela Bosca of Alliance, Ohio; his brothers, George and John of Houston; and many other friends and family members.



RAYMOND RONALD WAGNER
January 18, 1936 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Co-pilot

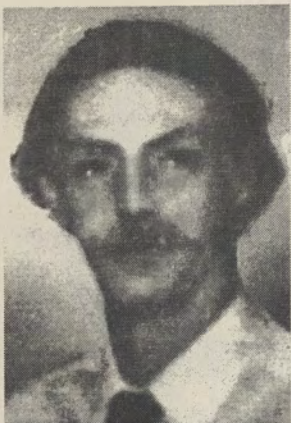
Raymond Ronald Wagner was born in a farmhouse in Gratiot, Ohio, with four feet of snow on the ground and no doctor around. He died in the skies over Scotland 52 years later. Serving as co-pilot of Flight 103, he was heading home for the holidays, using his seniority to bid for a work schedule he wanted. His Christmas gift from his wife, Norma was ready and waiting for him—a red Honda. In addition to Norma, he is survived by his daughters, Jenni and Carol; his son, Raymond, Jr.; and his mother.

The editor of the *Pennington Post* characterized Raymond's "loves" as flying, friends, and family. He was a member of the Air National Guard and the Airline Pilots Association. He especially enjoyed flying to Rio de Janeiro. He took particular interest in the shoeshine boys who lived in the poverty of Rio's hillside *favellas*. He talked to them, tried to help them get jobs, and would send them old soccer shirts from the Hopewell YMCA. Closer to home, he helped hundreds of young people at the Penn Brook Swim Club where he was president, manager, counselor.

He had strong feelings founded on traditional values—work, family, friendships, trust, and country. He was also an active member of the Presbyterian church. And he had his hobby—Volkswagen Beetles: at one time he owned 30 of them.

His daughter Jenni said, "He was not a saint. He was a husband, a daddy, a friend. My friends used to tell me that if anything happened to their parents, this is the house they would come to." It was to spend more time with the family and this house that Raymond had already decided on early retirement from Pan Am. There was so much more he wanted to do in life.

JANINA JOZEFA WAIDO
March 19, 1927 - December 21, 1988
United States of America
Seat Number 50A



THOMAS EDWIN WALKER
December 11, 1941 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Electronics Specialist
Seat Number 16A

Thomas (Tom) Edwin Walker was an electronics specialist whose work had taken him all over the world. Among his assignments in a 20-year career were hospitals in Egypt, Taiwan, Saudi Arabia, and the Philippines. He was returning this time from Kuwait where he had repaired a high technology laser instrument used for eye research and treatments. Thomas Herrey, president of the electronics firm, wrote, "I believe Tom felt a great sense of fulfillment having completed a very difficult assignment. What great satisfaction and pride he must have felt."

A graduate of North Quincy High School in Massachusetts, Tom earned an Associate's degree in engineering technology from Northeastern University. He was also a licensed practical nurse.

At his funeral, Rev. Richard Malmquist read letters written by Tom's five children. The three youngest, Alyson, Scott, and Ryan wrote:

*We wish you were here, but sometimes wishes can't come true.
We'll always think of you when we see an airplane, drink
chocolate milk, hear Whitney Houston, see gray rabbits, and eat
Chinese food on New Year's Eve.*

His oldest daughter Kimberly wrote, "You always had a special way with me. You supported me in my deafness." And Heather's letter concluded, "You were so much fun to be with. You were like a little kid, yet you had the ability to make everything new for me. I know that you will always be with me."

JEROME LEE WESTON
November 11, 1943 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Engineer
Seat Number 10A

Jerome (Jerry) Lee Weston was a business executive and an engineer. He is survived by his wife, Rosanne, and teenage sons Joseph and Gregory.

“Yes, he was an engineer with a brilliant, orderly mind. But he could also be found shouting with laughter at the anarchy of the Marx Brothers and Monty Python. He would seriously question religious practice and go to the post office in the south Bronx to collect letters written to Santa by local kids and anonymously fulfill a wish.

He could be an exasperating student, barely passing French in college because he lacked interest. But twenty years later he could hit the books and develop such a proficiency in that language that he was able to acquire a business in France and become its president.

He took Joseph, who is interested in film, on a special trip to California film studios. He took both sons to a Dallas Cowboys weekend in October 1988 because all three loved football.

So, he left more than the furniture he built, the machinery he designed, the company he helped to build. He left even more than his incredible love for us. He left a sense that people can be contradictory and hence, exciting, that life in a tragic yet wonderful way can hold the unexpected. So whatever boundaries, or parentheses of dates, were a given in Jerry's life—these were to be pushed against. Hell, he knocked them over!”

—Rosanne Weston



JONATHAN WHITE
July 14, 1955 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Accountant
Seat Number 55J

Jonathan White was returning home from his first European vacation and was looking forward to starting a new job with Coopers and Lybrand in January. His six-week trip included touring France, Holland, England, and Germany. His father said how "terribly excited" Jonathan had been about the trip, passing the CPA exam, and the upcoming job. "Everything was wonderful for him."

Jonathan's father is David White, the actor who played the role of Larry Tate on the long-running comedy series "Bewitched." A widower for 30 years, David had raised Jonathan and his sister himself. Standing outside his North Hollywood home, David said, "They killed this wonderful son of mine. I'm as angry as hell." Jonathan's father has since passed away.



GEORGE WATTERSON WILLIAMS
May 17, 1964 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
United States Army
Seat Number 33K

First Lt. George Watterson Williams, better known as Geordie, was heading home on holiday leave from his base with the Eighth Field Artillery at Bad Krueznach, West Germany. A 1982 honors graduate from Joppatowne High School in Maryland, a participant in the Gifted and Talented Program and then in the Honors Program, and National Honor Society member, Geordie won a full ROTC scholarship to Tulane University. He later transferred to Western Maryland College, which was closer to home, and graduated with a B.A. in Business Administration and Accounting in 1986. But, as his parents recall, what he really majored in was making lasting friendships.

Among the many honors in his military career, he was selected for a highly competitive program to train Aerial Forward Observers. At Fort Sill, Oklahoma, he won his wings as Aerial Forward Observer, the Army Commendation Medal, and the Army Achievement Medal. In Germany, he was Athletics Officer, Armor Officer, and Substance Abuse Officer in addition to his regular duties.

Geordie was the only child of Judy and George Williams. His father describes him as "extremely outgoing. He was just a great kid and a real guy." His parents had visited him in Germany in the summer of 1988. Along with two special relatives from Northern Ireland, the family group of five toured Austria, Switzerland, and Germany. His parents remember how proficient he was in German and how easily he handled all the travel arrangements. The family was to have met again in Scotland in the summer of 1989.

Geordie's many interests included fishing, golf, skiing, and spelunking. His mother said, "We remember most his fantastic sense of humor, his sense of the absurd."

"At a time when patriotism was low in this country, he was proud of his country and his duty to it. He gave us uncountable measures of joy and pride. These words are inscribed on his tombstone, 'He Soared With Eagles.'"

*And alone and without his nest
shall the eagle fly across the sun.*
—Gibran



The Memorial at Dryfesdale Cemetery, Lockerbie.

ERIC JON WILLIAMS
August 15, 1964 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
United States Army
Seat Number 46J

BONNIE LEIGH WILLIAMS
January 12, 1967 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
United States Army
Seat Number 46K

STEPHANIE LEIGH WILLIAMS
May 23, 1987 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Seat Number 46K

BRITTANY LEIGH WILLIAMS
October 13, 1988 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Seat Number 46J

For Sergeant Eric Jon Williams, family always came first. He was returning home on Christmas leave to see his seriously ill father in Crown Point, New York. Flying with him from Germany were his wife, Bonnie, 21; and his two little girls, Stephanie, one and a half, and Brittany, two months. When Flight 103 exploded, so did the dreams and hopes of this entire young family.

A crane operator assigned to the 516th Engineer Company, Eric, 24, had been stationed in Hanau, Germany, since April 1987. Eric extended his enlistment for a year so that the Army would let his family live with him in Germany. "He was one hundred percent family," his brother Steve said. He is survived by his parents, Orrin and Veda; his brother, Steve; and two sisters, Pamela and Julie.

A graduate of Crown Point High School, Eric had worked as an apprentice welder with his uncle. He entered the Army on a deferred enlistment in 1984. Steve said, "The Army pay was terrific and he wasn't quite sure welding was what he wanted to do." His first assignment was to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. By the time he left for Germany he had advanced from private to sergeant. And he married his high school sweetheart, Bonnie Rafferty, of Ticonderoga, New York.

Bonnie was on leave with the 105th Military Police of the U.S. Army National Guard in Troy, New York. She is survived by her parents, Glendon and Margaret, and four brothers. Bonnie's mother said, "Bonnie was always delighting us with letters supposedly written by Stephanie." Bonnie and Stephanie had lived with the Raffertys until Bonnie was able to take the seven-month-old youngster with her to Frankfurt to join Eric. No one in the Williams or Rafferty family had seen Brittany and all were eagerly awaiting their first sight of the new baby as well as Eric, Bonnie, and little Stephanie.

In one of the letters, Stephanie wrote, "I weigh 22 pounds and I am real tall too. Mommy is cooking supper. Daddy will be home around 5:30. I hope he isn't late again. We got a transformer so we can use the blender and toaster. Mommy is going to grow me some flowers on the patio this summer. They have flowers that bloom in the winter over here. I'd better go and get my diaper checked. I'm pretty smart, huh?"



MIRIAM LUBY WOLFE
September 26, 1968 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Student
Seat Number 21K

By the time she graduated from Severna Park High School in Maryland in 1986, Miriam Luby Wolfe knew what she wanted to do with her life. In the yearbook she wrote as her goals, "Sing and dance my way through life, star on Broadway, become internationally famous, win an Oscar...and live happily ever after." The dreams ended on Miriam's trip returning home from a semester in London, England, in which she had studied dance, dramatic literature, acting, voice, and art history. She also had a dramatic internship at London's Kingshead Theatre.

In high school, Miriam was president of the Drama Club and winner of the 1986 Linda Joy Davies Memorial Award for Achievement in Art and Humanities. Her drama teacher there remembers her as energetic and talented. "She was a good actress and had a real flair for comic acting." She and several other Syracuse University students had planned to put together an experimental theater group in Syracuse to deal with subjects such as rape, AIDS, and women's issues. Writing plays was a recent project idea she had shared with her family. "She had all kinds of plans," her mother, Rosemary Mild, said.

Her mother goes on to describe Miriam as brilliant, gifted, but most of all giving. To her family, her friends, and the world she gave an extraordinary portion of love, joy, and wisdom.

Miriam also embraced life with a rare zest and passion, particularly in London in the fall of 1988. Her exuberance was all encompassing: she didn't walk, she bounced, her luxuriant curls bobbing, intense blue eyes sparkling. Miriam was also an inspiring friend—full of humor and encouragement, never judging, even helping those who were auditioning for the same role she was trying out for. Helping people, even strangers, was second nature to her.

Rabbi Robert G. Klensin in his eulogy referred to Miriam's many *mitzvahs*, the Hebrew word for "good deeds." When she was younger she went door to door collecting for UNICEF. She often gave blank diaries as gifts and inscribed a page with various inspirational verses that encouraged the recipient to write his or her own thoughts. He concluded, "We may not smile today or tomorrow, maybe not next week. Somehow we must focus not on what could have been, but on what was, on the beauty of her life and on all that she brought to us and so many others. So long as we live she, too, shall live, for she is now a part of us as we remember her."

When the Scottish police officer returned Miriam's personal effects, Rosemary discovered new dimensions to her only child: a prolific writer, scholar, and activist with the heart and wisdom of a philosopher. Rosemary published many of Miriam's writings—stories, essays and poems—in the *Washington Post*; *Cricket*; *Soap Opera Stars*; *Dramatics* magazine; *Kids' Byline*; *Art Times: A Creative & Cultural Journal*; and elsewhere. In 1999, Rosemary published *Miriam's Gift: A Mother's Blessings—Then and Now*. The book describes the families' struggles and triumphs to achieve better airline security and bring the terrorists to justice. In its essence the book seeks to celebrate Miriam's legacy.

Her family and friends honor Miriam's memory in diverse ways. A cousin and three friends have named their babies after Miriam (one first name and three middle names) and three scholarship funds have been established in her memory.

The only child of Rosemary Mild, she also leaves her stepfather, Lawrence Mild; her father, James Wolfe; and her stepmother, Rosemary Wolfe.

*"Grandmother, I have made all my
relatives lonesome ... I left them
downhearted upon the earth. I
would that they could have all that
life which I left behind me on earth.
This is what they asked. This
likewise, they asked me, that they
should not have to travel on this
road for some time to come."*

—Winnebago Indians

A Mexican Lament (Nahuatl)

Alas! Alas! I sing in grief as I recall the children. Would that I could turn back again; would that I could grasp their hands once more; would that I could call them forth from the land of the dead; would that we could bring them again on earth, that they might rejoice and delight the Giver of Life; it is possible that we His servants should reject him or should be ungrateful? Thus I weep in my heat as I, the singer, review my memories, recalling things sad and grievous. Would only that I knew they could hear me, there in the land of the dead, were I to sing some worthy song. Would that I could gladden them, that I could console the suffering and the torment of the children. How can it be learned? Whence can I draw the inspiration? They are not where I may follow them; neither can I reach them with my calling as one here on earth.

JOE NATHAN WOODS
March 5, 1960 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Civilian U.S. Army Base Worker
Seat Number 25D

DEDERA LYNN WOODS
February 4, 1961 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
United States Army
Seat Number 25G

JOE NATHAN WOODS, JR.
September 24, 1986 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Seat Number 25E

CHELSEA MARIE WOODS
February 6, 1988 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Seat Number 25F

Joe Nathan Woods and Dedera Lynn Woods and their children were bound for Willingboro, New Jersey, on Christmas leave to visit Dedera's family. Her father lay ill and in her close-knit, military family, that meant a home visit.

Joe came from a family of nine, and he and his five brothers were well known in Tupelo, Mississippi, for their great reservoirs of charm and their athletic prowess in track and on the football field. After serving in the military, where he and Dedera were married, Joe left to work as a civilian on base, while Dedera continued her military career.

Air Force Sergeant Dedera Woods and her brother and sister grew up in a military family that finally settled in Willingboro, New Jersey. After graduation from John F. Kennedy High School in 1979, Dedera attended and graduated from Norfolk State University in Virginia. She joined the U.S. Air Force where she met her husband.

The Woods had been transferred to West Germany in 1987 and had last visited home in August 1988.

MARK JAMES ZWYNENBURG
October 14, 1959 – December 21, 1988
United States of America
Investment Banker
Seat Number 12B

Mark James Zwynenburg was the 29-year-old executive director of the London, England, office of Goldman Sachs. A resident of both West Nyack, New York, and London, Mark was returning home to spend the Christmas holidays with his parents; his brother Paul; his grandmother; and other relatives and friends.

He was the son of John and Barbara Zwynenburg and grew up in West Nyack. A 1981 graduate of the University of Vermont, Mark had also studied in Germany and Switzerland. Following graduation, Mark was employed by Merrill Lynch in New York and London as a currency trader and then investment banker. When he joined Goldman Sachs in 1986, he was, at 28, the youngest vice president of the internationally known investment firm. A colleague described Mark as a “financial genius.”

Mark was an extensive traveler, a fiercely competitive tennis player, and an avid skier. He was looking forward to spending part of this holiday season on the slopes in Killington, Vermont. His friend, Peter, said that what he remembered most about Mark was his “pursuit of excellence in everything—in life, in work, in love, and in intellect.” The friend added that Mark firmly believed that hard work, tolerance, and understanding were essential to bringing about positive changes in the world. His friend’s letter concludes, “Mark believed in people and, most importantly, in their value. In a rare and gifted way, he celebrated his life and the lives of others.”



Mark Zwynenburg (far right), with his parents and brother.

