

Portraits of Grief is a reprint of some items from *The New York Times* by Jeffrey Copeland. I assembled these on the Sunday after the deadline while waiting for the last zines to arrive. The *Times* has been running a dozen or so short memorial notices for people who died in the attacks of September 11th each day, and they're all available from their web site. Reading them all is as moving as seeing the Vietnam Memorial; it is a snapshot of what has been taken from us, old, young, men, women, gay, straight, millionaires, busboys.



VALERIE SILVER ELLIS

Fixing Shoes, and Wagon

One of the best Valerie Silver Ellis stories takes place in the early '80's when she was starting out at Cantor Fitzgerald. A senior trader asked her to take his shoes to be repaired, so Ms. Ellis had taps put on the toes and the heels extended to four inches. When the senior trader ordered the upstart young trader to redo the job, Ms. Ellis had the shoes bronzed.

"They ended up being friends," said Brian Hull, a friend and former client of Ms. Ellis. "She refused to be insulted, she refused to be intimidated. She just worked as hard as she could and she won."

Ms. Ellis, a 46-year-old equities trader, worked at Cantor Fitzgerald for 20 years, 18 of those at the World Trade Center.

"Someone said at her memorial that Val collected people," her husband, Sam Ellis, said. "She also loved to collect art. We had a place in the Hamptons and she liked the artists in the area. She loved the beach; she loved her dog Spudley. She also loved the theater and we'd often entertain clients by taking them to theater and dinner."

Mr. Hull said, "You never had to see her to know that she was in a room. You just knew her laugh. She always found a reason to laugh."

(Originally appeared 16 October.)



CRAIG SILVERSTEIN

Fatherhood on a New Level

Gabriella Silverstein's first day of first grade was Sept. 6. Her father, Craig, knew that it might be tough starting out in a new school, so he took the day off from his job as an equities trader at Sandler O'Neill. When Gabriella emerged from the school building, there he was, a big smile on his face and a bouquet held out in his hand.

Mr. Silverstein adored his wife, Maria, whom he met when she was 13 and he was 14, sending her e-mail messages again and again from the office every day; he always ended by telling her how much he loved her.

But when it came to his children, his devotion reached a whole new level. Pooh Fish was his pet name for Gabriella, who is 5½. He called her brother Cameron, 4, Handsome Man.

He took them to the park near their home in Wyckoff, N.J., and to the movies. He loved to buy them ice cream and toys.

Recently, Cameron has been spending time looking out of the window "to see if he could see heaven, because then maybe he'd be able to see my husband," Mrs. Silverstein said.

The other day, Gabriella asked if she could send her father a letter. "She wanted to use a rocket," Mrs. Silverstein said, "but I convinced her that a balloon might be a better idea."

(Originally appeared 20 October.)



PAIGE FARLEY-HACKEL, RUTH & JULIANA McCOURT

Taking Miss J to Disneyland

They were best friends, close as sisters, and they were headed to California. Paige Farley-Hackel, and Ruth McCourt were going to fly from Boston together on United Airlines Flight 175, but when Ms. Farley-Hackel realized she could use frequent flyer miles, she got a ticket for American Airlines Flight 11 instead. Ms. McCourt, who was flying with her 4-year-old daughter, Juliana, and Ms. Farley-Hackel said goodbye in the early morning hours at Logan International Airport in Boston on Sept. 11, and boarded their planes.

The women had planned on meeting in Los Angeles and taking Juliana to Disneyland. Ms. Farley-Hackel's plane was hijacked and struck the north tower of the World Trade Center. Ms. McCourt's and Juliana's flight, hijacked as well, crashed into the south tower shortly thereafter.

The mother and daughter would have been a striking pair sitting together, said Ms. McCourt's mother, Paula Clifford Scott, what with Ms. McCourt's long red hair and Juliana's blond locks. She was only 4, but already Juliana, nicknamed Miss J, displayed a little sense of wit.

"And she was a nurturer like her mother," Ms. Scott said.

Ruth McCourt, who was 45 and a homemaker from New London, Conn., met Ms. Farley-Hackel at the day spa she used to own in Boston. She gave up the business when she got married six years ago, but the friendship lasted. The two women often traveled together. They shared passions for reading and cooking and learning new things.

Ms. Farley-Hackel, who was 46 and a writer and motivational speaker from Newton, Mass., was looking forward to having the first few episodes of her new radio program, "Spiritually Speaking," hit the airwaves. She had a dream: in two years or so, she wanted to either be featured on "The Oprah Winfrey Show" or be Oprah's biggest rival, said her husband, Allan Hackel.

Recently, the Oprah show included a memorial segment about Ms. Farley-Hackel's friendship with Ms. McCourt and Juliana.

(Originally appeared 13 November.)



DONALD J. DiFRANCO

A Quirky Perfectionist

When Donald J. DiFranco set out to replace the roof on his house, he counted out every nail and every tile he would need before starting.

When he needed new windows for the house, he spent months compiling a list of virtually all the window manufacturers in the world. After he ordered the windows, he stained the wood around each pane, applying coat after coat, before installing them. But the windows did not look quite right, so he removed them, stained them again and put them back in.

Mr. DiFranco, 43, the engineer in charge of maintaining WABC-TV's transmitter on the 110th floor of 1 World Trade Center, approached the tasks of life with a quirky perfectionism. This endeared him to anyone who watched him work and to relatives, who counted on his being able to tackle anything, from broken radios to tax returns. "He just had something you can't learn," said his sister, Lisa Pipitone.

Mr. DiFranco would often work late. But before he left the building, no matter what time it was he would slip on a pair of work gloves and do a long set of push-ups, said his co-worker, Vinny Ioele. "It was a good sign to see him put on the gloves," Mr. Ioele said. "That meant it was time to go."

(Originally appeared 20 October.)



HEATHER HO

Always Room for Dessert

There can be no doubt that Heather Ho, the award-winning pastry chef at the Windows on the World Restaurant on the 107th floor of the World Trade Center, had a sweet tooth. "We would go to a restaurant and she would order only the desserts," said Daniel Roorda, her boyfriend for the last two years. "But she was petite. She ate more than I did, and never gained a pound. I don't know how she did it. I think it's that her energy level was so high." High enough to have propelled Ms. Ho, 32, from Honolulu, her hometown, to premier New York restaurants that included Jean Georges, Gramercy Tavern and Clementine, and Boulevard in San Francisco. She came to Windows in June, but her dream was to open her own pastry shop, said Michael Lomonaco, the restaurant's executive chef. "In mid-August she gave me notice, but offered to stay until we could find a replacement."

(Originally appeared 15 October.)



KENNY MARINO

A Devout Baseball Fan

Kenny Marino was a Mets fan and a Seattle Mariners fan, but his all-time favorite ballplayer was Ken Griffey Jr.

So Katrina Marino, his wife, e-mailed the Cincinnati Reds wondering if Griffey could hit a home run for her husband because he would be "looking down with a big grin."

On Sept. 25, Griffey, in his second at-bat against Philadelphia, obliged Mrs. Marino. He said it would always stand out as one of the most memorable he had hit.

The bat was later given to Mrs. Marino and her two children, Kristin, 3, and Tyler, 1.

Firefighter Marino, 40, was with Rescue 1 in Manhattan. His family happened to visit him at the firehouse the morning of Sept. 11, shortly before the summons to the trade center. Firefighter Marino whispered into Kristin's ear, "If you are a good girl, when I get home I will get you a prize like a Wizard of Oz prize."

A couple of weeks ago, Mrs. Marino found the prizes, a Dorothy doll for Kristin and a Scarecrow for Tyler.

And there was a Fireman Santa Claus ornament for Mrs. Marino.

She mentioned those treasured final prizes at the memorial service for him on Long Island. As Rescue 1 led the mourners out, the organist played "Take Me Out to the Ballgame."

The members of Rescue 1 had to smile. They knew that was so Kenny.

(Originally appeared 20 October.)



COL. RICHARD C. RESCORLA

A Hero's Life (and Death)

Legendary Vietnam warrior. Poet and quoter of Shakespeare and Proust. Criminal justice professor. Screenplay author.

Col. Richard C. Rescorla, the head of security for Morgan Stanley Dean Witter's individual investor group, was a big man who lived large and died a hero, barking out orders on a megaphone in a smoke-choked stairwell and personally seeing to it that Morgan Stanley lost only 6 of its 3,700 employees on Sept. 11.

Colonel Rescorla, 62, was carrying out the evacuation plan he had drawn up and repeatedly rehearsed after the 1993 bombing.

He grew up in England, joined the British Army, and moved here in 1963 to fight with the United States Army in Vietnam. He led a platoon through the notorious valley of Ia Drang, where more than 200 American soldiers died; a battlefield photo of him graces the cover of the 1992 best seller "We Were Soldiers Once . . . and Young."

At a gathering of Ia Drang veterans in 1992, Colonel Rescorla, who leaves a wife and two children in Morristown, N.J., described his vision of facing death:

"A man is dying down there in the valley, and what do you do? You hold him in your arms and you say to him, it's all you can say to him, you say: 'You're not alone, son. You're not alone.' And he's gone."

(Originally appeared 31 October.)

(A longer piece on Rescorla ran in the *Washington Post* on 28 October, under the title "A Tower of Courage.")



CATHERINE SMITH

Pepe Le Pew and Penelope

Catherine Smith and her companion, Elba Cedeno, fancied themselves Pepe Le Pew and Penelope from the Looney Tunes cartoon. Ms. Smith, a vice president at Marsh & McLennan, was the persistent skunk, pursuing a reluctant cat. Ms. Cedeno played hard to get for as long as she could. But when she fell, she fell hard.

They had known each other, in passing, for 20-odd years, both frequenting the same bar in Rockland County. A half-dozen years ago, when each of them was newly out of a relationship, they were formally introduced and delighted to have a shoulder to cry on. Friendship quickly turned to love.

"She conquered me," Ms. Cedeno said, breaking into a tearful chorus of "I didn't want to do it; I didn't want to do it."

Ms. Smith, 44, was a ray of sunshine, Ms. Cedeno said. She had an adorable smile and a sense of humor that turned crankiness to laughter. She drove a canary yellow Volkswagon and "she fit in that car so cute." She rooted for the Yankees, had an unexplained devotion to Dan Marino of the Miami Dolphins, traded baseball and football cards on eBay and loved to travel.

The couple was hoping for an early retirement and had recently built a beach house in Manahawkin, on the Jersey Shore, around the corner from Ms. Smith's mother. They were already talking about a trip to Italy three years hence, to celebrate Ms. Cedeno's 50th birthday. "We had so many goals," she said. "So many plans."

(Originally appeared 20 November.)



MICHAEL RICHARDS

Giving Bronze Flight

It is most likely that Michael Richards, a well-regarded sculptor, was doing the thing he loved most Tuesday morning in his studio in Tower 1 on the 92nd floor of the World Trade Center. "He would work through most of the night and into the morning," said Kira Harris, a friend. Mr. Richards, 38, who was born in Kingston, Jamaica, worked a lot in bonded bronze, and his sculptures often had the look of life-size human figures. "We had scheduled that I would see his new work this week," said Christine Y. Kim, assistant curator at the Studio Museum in Harlem. His creations often dealt with "technology such as aviation, ironically," she said, then read aloud the words of another curator, Jorge Daniel Veneciano, about Mr. Richards's sculpture: "Each of his works engages the notion of flight in at

least two important senses: as a form of flight away from what is repressive, and as a form of flight toward what is redeeming.”

(Originally appeared 15 October.)



NICHOLAS LASSMAN

A Self-Taught Man

“Make this a sweet story,” Ira Lassman said the other day, “about one little kernel of a human being whose life will be sorely missed.”

He was talking about his son Nicholas, who worked for the eSpeed unit of Cantor Fitzgerald, and was 28 years old. Nicholas’s life had been like a sailboat, catching the right breeze here and there, and always being led to a happy situation. He had been a golf pro at clubs in Florida and New York before teaching himself computer programming. That turned into a temporary job at Morgan Stanley, and then a full-time role at eSpeed. In between, he learned Russian and German, and the guitar, all on his own. He lived in an apartment in Cliffside Park, N.J., and loved his job, where his boss, Abul Chowdhury, was also his best friend.

“He was bright beyond his years,” his father said. “He had a charming smile and a quick wit. People flocked to him.” At a memorial held for him last month, the 400 mourners included a row of caddies from the Alpine Country Club, where his parents were members and where he had once worked as a caddy. “He never hung out with the members,” Mr. Lassman remembered. “He always hung out with the caddies.”

(Originally appeared 20 October.)



CARRIE PROGEN

Telling Sketches of Strangers

As the A train gently rocked her, Carrie Progen would sit with a small pad in her lap and sketch hurried portraits of the commuters sitting and standing around her in silence. These fleeting moments were among life’s truest, she told her boyfriend, Erik P. Sharkey, “the moments when New Yorkers were thinking the most.”

In all, she filled four notebooks with sketches that seemed to reveal the thoughts of strangers. But they also reflected a young artist’s passion for her adopted city, Mr. Sharkey said. “The one thing, if you could, is to say how much she loved New York.”

Ms. Progen, 25, came from Ashburnham, Mass., where she celebrated her high school graduation by getting a Celtic-style tattoo. “The correct terminology for Carrie is free-spirited,” recalled her mother, Kathleen.

Ms. Progen, who lived with Mr. Sharkey in Fort Greene, Brooklyn, was an administrative assistant at the Aon Corporation. But her passion was her art, including illustrations she had just completed for a children’s book about “two parents trying to find their little girl who’s hiding from them,” he said.

An exhibit of her artwork – including her subway sketches – is to be held at 8 p.m. on Nov. 17 in Manhattan at Anderson’s Martial Arts Academy, 35 West 31st Street.

(Originally appeared 24 October.)



MUKUL K. AGARWALA

'Here's Lookin' at You, Kid'

After he folded an Internet company in San Diego last spring, Mukul K. Agarwala moved back east to be near his parents in Kendall Park, N.J., because they were in failing health. His sense of family extended to his friends' children, too. "He would call every month to ask for a new photo of our daughter, Riya," said Neeraj Mital, a friend since college.

Mr. Agarwala's widow, Rhea Stone, said that his sense of concern went even further. Not long after they met in Hong Kong in 1993, she said, he saw a newspaper article about a mistreated domestic worker who, like Mr. Agarwala's parents, had come from India. He went to the Indian diplomatic mission and paid her fare back home.

Ms. Stone said her husband's enthusiasms ranged from snowboarding to reading history to old movies. She could not remember how many times they had watched "Casablanca." On Sept. 11, Mr. Agarwala, 37, was in his second day as a research analyst on software for Fiduciary Trust.

(Originally appeared 31 October.)



MATTHEW E. BARNES

Compassion Came Easy

On a March afternoon two years ago, Matthew E. Barnes climbed to the top of a 100-foot aerial ladder to rescue 6-week-old twins from a furious blaze on the Upper West Side. The ladder swayed in the crisp breeze as Matthew Barnes took Isabella and Jacob Kalodner from the hands of their distraught mother, Linda.

Mr. Barnes, who was honored at City Hall for the rescue, said at the ceremony that he had tried to convince Mrs. Kalodner to wait for firefighters to reach them from inside the building. "She advised me she wasn't going to do that," he said. "I figured if she's willing to pass her baby out a 10th-story window, I should take it."

Mrs. Kalodner told him: "You treated our children like they were your own. There's nothing I can say but thanks."

The compassion was easy.

Mr. Barnes, 37, of Monroe, N.Y., loved children, said Sean O'Brien, a friend and fellow firefighter from Ladder Company 25. Mr. Barnes and his wife, Susan, had three boys of their own, Matthew Jr. 12, Jesse, 10, and Thomas, 8. He loved to take them fishing. "Sue always had a project for Matt to do around the house, but somehow Matt would manage to slip out and go fishing with the boys instead," Mr. O'Brien said. "But the projects around the house always got done. They were proud of their home."

(Originally appeared 20 November.)