

We Remember

Affirmation
Donald Hall

To grow old is to lose everything.

Aging, everybody knows it.

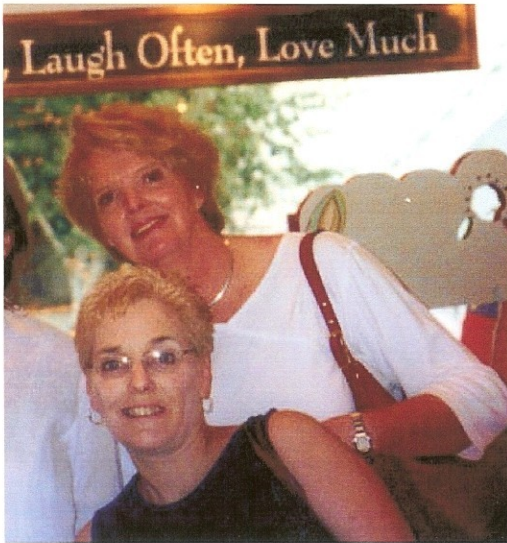
Even when we are young,

we glimpse it sometimes, and nod our heads
when a grandfather dies.

Then we row for years on the midsummer
pond, ignorant and content. But a marriage,
that began without harm, scatters
into debris on the shore,
and a friend from school drops
cold on a rocky strand...

Rosemary Amendola

1950 -- 2002



Rosemary became my best friend in Mrs. Naumack's second grade class at Central Boulevard. We met in gym. We had both just moved to Bethpage and since we lived on the 'numbered streets', we rode the bus together. We were together throughout grammar school, junior high and high school, both of us 'A's', we were always in the same homeroom. We became friends in that gym at Central Boulevard and remained 'sisters' forever.

We grew up together. I have so many clear memories; holding hands the night we watched the Beatles on the Ed Sullivan Show, long afternoons of listening to 'the new' music from England, sunbathing (watching the boys) at the community pool, high school, our first crushes, walking home from town, navigating the

wonderful journey that was our life growing up in Bethpage.

When we finished college, we lived together in NYC until we both married and started the journey with someone else. Although at times we were separated by distance, there was hardly a day that I didn't talk with her. We supported each other through marriages, pregnancies, motherhood, divorce and life's many great joys and sorrows.

Rosemary devoted her life to her husband, Alby, and the two beautiful daughters she raised and adored, Elizabeth and Katie. They are young woman now, one soon to be married. Both of them, every day, like me, miss the spark, the energy, the incredible loyalty that she possessed and the extraordinary person that she was.

Right before we knew she was ill, that last summer, we traveled to Woodstock to Chris Dinsmore's home for a reunion weekend with our childhood girlfriends, Chris, Pat, Judy and Phyllis. I treasure the memory of that weekend, we were young girls again, silly, connected and thinking we still had all the time in the world.

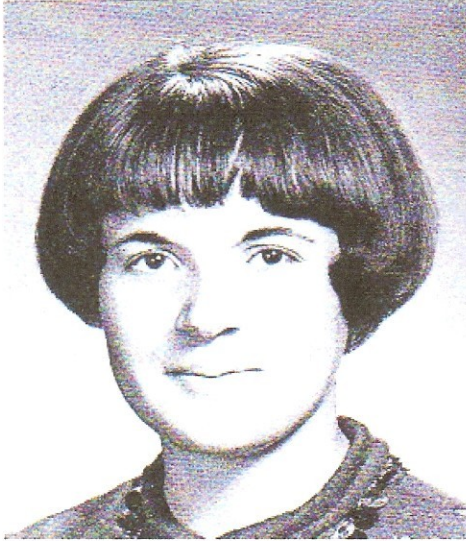
Rosemary was a loving and devoted wife and mother, a beloved aunt to my children, Godmother to my son, an amazing and loyal friend to many and my lifelong soul mate. She brought so much happiness to everyone she touched.

I loved her very much and miss her every day.

~Nancy Austin
friend -- Class of 1968

Karen Basti

1950 -- 1992



Karen was a devoted wife, loving mother, cherished sister and loyal friend.

Do Not Stand at My Grave and Weep
Mary Elizabeth Frye

Do not stand at my grave and weep,
I am not there, I do not sleep.

I am a thousand winds that blow.
I am the diamond glint on snow.
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.
I am the gentle autumn rain.

When you wake in the morning hush,
I am the swift, uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circling flight.
I am the soft starlight at night.

Do not stand at my grave and weep.
I am not there, I do not sleep.
(Do not stand at my grave and cry.
I am not there, I did not die!)

Margaret Cerqua

1950 -- 1998



Margie Cerqua Morgan left behind her husband, Blaine, two sons, Jarrad and Jordan, a sister, Ginny, and many friends. She died of a heart attack in 1998.

Breaths
Birago Diop

Listen more often to things than to beings
Tis the ancestors' breath when the fire's voice is heard
Tis the ancestors' breath in the voice of the waters

Those who have died have never left
The dead are not under the earth
They are in the rustling trees
They are in the groaning woods
They are in the crying grass
They are in the moaning rocks

Listen more often to things than to beings
Tis the ancestors' breath when the fire's voice is heard
Tis the ancestors' breath in the voice of the waters

Those who have died have never left
The dead have a pact with the living
They are in the woman's breast
They are in the wailing child
They are with us in our homes
They are with us in this crowd
The dead have a pact with the living.

Listen more often to things than to beings
Tis the ancestors' breath when the fire's voice is heard
Tis the ancestors' breath in the voice of the waters

Linda Cohen

1950 -- 2000



Linda Cohen La Spina was the second of three children born into a Francophone Moroccan family. In 1953, her parents, Robert and Esther, left Casablanca as many Sephardic Jews did after the Arab-Israeli war raised tensions across all French colonial states in the region. They settled in Bethpage, opening a party supply shop.

After Bethpage High School, Linda graduated from SUNY New Paltz and the Sorbonne in Paris en route to her French teaching degree. While teaching in Middletown and living near New Paltz, she

met James La Spina. After a six-month courtship, Jim proposed, and they were wed in 1977. They moved to Florida where Jim attended Embry-Riddle Aeronautical University to study jet turbine engineering. Linda lovingly helped support Jim, temporarily postponing her teaching career. They eventually moved to Cincinnati, Ohio. Within a year in Cincinnati, they had their first child, David, followed by Philip in 1983. Linda stayed at home for the next two years, operated an antique store in Glendale, Ohio, and occasionally substitute taught before returning to full-time work at Delta Air Lines. After four years at Delta, Linda had her first bout with breast cancer. She took a leave of absence, began using only holistic methods to regain her health and her cancer went into remission.

Within two years, Linda returned to work at Delta as an operations manager, coordinating accommodations for flight crews at the Cincinnati airport. As a well-liked employee at Delta, she organized a benefit for her dear friend, Perry Prince, who was injured during the Tae Kwon Do Olympic Trials; the benefit allowed his home to be modified for his long-term care.

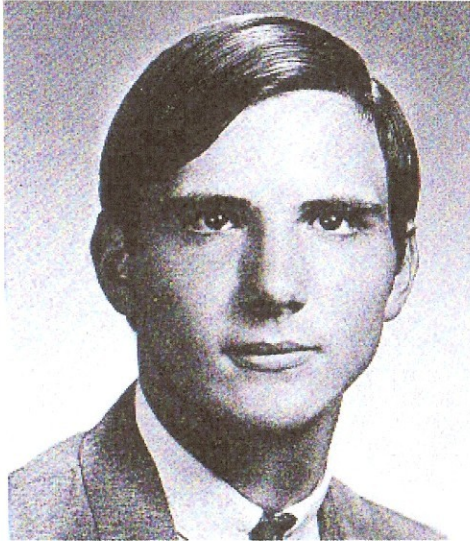
While working full time, Linda was an attentive mother, using her teaching skills to expose her sons to Francophone history and antiques. She also used her flight benefits to travel with her family to 14 countries and almost every state. Her sons excelled at school and kept busy with a bevy of activities that Linda arranged for them.

Linda faced cancer for the second time in 1997 while traveling in London. After surgery in London, she returned to her regiment of homeopathic care, visiting clinics in Mexico and around the world. Linda became a pillar in the homeopathic community, keeping copious notes on varying research and serving as an information hub for other cancer patients that she met during her treatment. Linda passed away in April 2000, 12 years after her original diagnosis. Throughout her illness, Jim was her primary caretaker, traveling with her around the world in search of treatment. Their love and commitment to each other was an incredible example for their sons.

~David La Spina
son

Andrew Catrone

1950 -- 2008



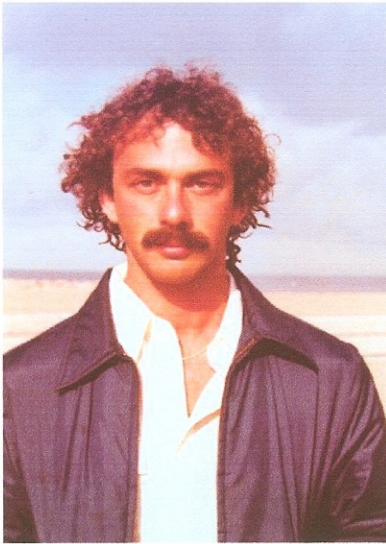
Andy died unexpectedly this year; found by his daughter when she stopped by to visit him at his home.

Death Be Not Proud
John Donne

Death be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadfull, for thou art not so;
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poor death, nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and souls' delivery.
Thou art slave to Fate, Chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy, or charms can make us sleep as well,
And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And death shall be no more; death, thou shalt die.

Larry Feldman

1950 -- Late 1980s or Early 1990s



Larry was a world traveler; that was his passion and it was contagious! One time he sent me a postcard of rice terraces in Bali. The next summer I searched for rice terraces and ended up going to the Philippines to see them!

In the early eighties, he worked as a travel agent, sharing his dreams and expertise with others. He heard about a \$99 flight to Australia and he was gone! That, I am sure, was not an isolated incident. He would leave for months at a time -- quite a free spirit!

I was out of touch with him for a long time, but mutual acquaintances told me that Larry died of HIV-related issues sometime in the late eighties or early nineties.

The last time I saw Larry was in 1978 in Venice Beach, California, where he was living at the time. He had a great sense of humor, wonderful personality and was such a comedian. He was a good guy and deserves to be remembered.

~Debbie Blum Brenner
friend -- Class of 1968

Debby Fink

1950 -- 1998



As Debby Fink Zigun's daughters, it is our honor to share with you some thoughts about the woman she became, and the strong and happy daughters she raised us to be. After graduating from Bethpage, she proudly headed off to Cornell, where she worked hard as a nutrition major and met her future husband, Stuart, at the kosher dining hall. They married after graduation and moved to Boston.

A life-long educator, Debby earned a Masters in Education and held such varied roles as a Cooperative Extension agent, museum educator and software trainer. In a 1998 interview, she shared: "I enjoy teaching. I like the reaction the students have when they have learned something new. They go 'oh, that's how that works?' or 'that's how you do that?' or they come in and they're all

nervous, and they leave and say 'oh, you were so patient. You're a good teacher.'"

Debby was also passionate in her commitment to Judaism and volunteering in the community. She served as president of the Sisterhood at her synagogue in Boston, sent us to Jewish day schools, and attended services regularly and actively (even if she had to bribe her daughters with ice cream on occasion!).

Together with her family, Debby loved to travel -- spending weekends traversing New England, skiing and biking with kids in tow, and journeying to Hawaii, France, and Israel.

Diagnosed with a rare and aggressive cancer in 1997, Debby fought bravely. She believed strongly that people who keep a positive outlook have better outcomes. She fought with the strength of wishing to be at our weddings and holding her grandchildren.

She is survived by her husband, Stuart, and daughters Dena (30) and Michelle (27). Both live in the Boston area, where Dena works in marketing for Stonyfield Farm and serves on the young leadership board for the local Jewish community. Michelle honors her mother's memory every day as a teacher at a school for children with learning disabilities.

The importance of "banking a lot of memories with my kids" was one of Debby's greatest intentions. Debby believed that life after death is in the memories people have of you. We keep her alive in our hearts every day when we cook an old family recipe, hem a pair of pants, spend time with our family during the holidays and love the way she did.

Both daughters wish you well as you celebrate your reunion and hope you'll keep the memory of our mother alive with your own stories, prayers, and love.

~Dena & Michelle
daughters

Jimmy Finn

1950 -- 2004



Jimmy was a son, husband, father, friend
and businessman.

I Have a Rendezvous with Death
Alan Seeger

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air—
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath--
It may be I shall pass him still.
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear...
But I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

James Gaertner

1949 -- 1982



Jim was a son, brother, husband and father, who died tragically as the result of a work-related accident. He suffered severe head trauma and died a week after the accident.

Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night
Dylan Thomas

Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words had forked no lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Raymund Galloway

1950 - 2003



After high school, Raymund went on to college, first to Nassau Community College and then to the State University of New York at New Paltz for Art and Education. There, he met his wife, Barbara (Klein) Galloway. He loved the area and stayed there for the rest of his too-short life. He had two children, first a daughter, Erin; now 31, and then four years later, a boy, Ryan, now 27.

Ray worked as a real estate appraiser, but his real love was art and music. He was a remarkable artist and writer and also played the guitar. He filled our home with music, starting at about 6:00 a.m. He'd wake us up early and start blasting something on the stereo to get us all up and out of bed on

weekends. His knowledge and appreciation for all different types of music was unparalleled to any other person I've known.

Ray created a home filled with these things, passing these loves onto his children as well as always keeping everyone laughing with his sense of humor. He was easily the funniest and most intelligent person I have ever met. If you asked him about an Albanian bridge built in the 19th century, somehow he knew about it. He loved to read and garden, go walking in the mountains (we'd usually get lost) and go to the beach. He taught us to think outside of the normal and to create our own paths; that it is good to be different and best to be yourself. He was rebellious yet gentle, had strong opinions but yet kept an open mind and heart. For him, his wife and children were all he needed, well, and maybe a beer.

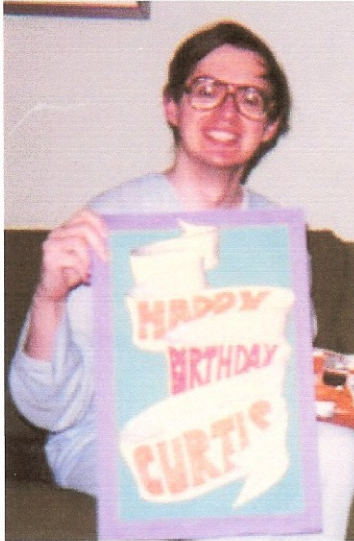
Ray created a home unlike any other with the most unique experiences and more laughter than most cheeks could take. I cannot sum up in a few paragraphs who he was but can say that there was no one else like him. He was not only my father, but also my best friend.

Ray died in a car crash on April 24 2003. He had a massive heart attack while driving his car to work. Not a day goes by when he is not desperately missed and I thank you for remembering him now -- I know he remembered you all very fondly.

~Erin Galloway-Darrohn
daughter

Curtis Garren

1950 -- 2000



After graduating from Bethpage High School, Curtis went to the University of Rochester where he studied premed. He was an extremely smart student and did very well. He continued onto medical school in Italy, which was quite a challenge as he had to attend classes taught in Italian. He needed to quickly learn the language, and he did.

Upon completion of medical school, he returned to the U.S. and started a residency in pathology on Long Island. It was at that time that he learned he had Multiple Sclerosis. At first, it was a manageable situation, but through the years, the degeneration was intense. In time, he had to give up pathology for a desk job at the Veteran's Administration, reviewing files as the medical expert.

The last 10 years of his life, he became disabled. He suffered bouts of pneumonia and was usually in tremendous pain, unable to move any part of his body. It also became very difficult for him to speak. Through this all, he somehow managed to maintain a positive attitude and good outlook (even managing to take a trip to England). This was an amazing attribute as most people in this situation would probably have given up.

Curtis was kind and considerate. On birthdays and Christmas, he always knew what each person was interested in and bought special gifts depending on those interests. He was one of those people who knew something about everything; you could ask him a question about anything and he always knew the answer.

My mother spent many years taking care of him with the help of home health aides. He was unable to walk, talk or eat but still persevered through all the pain and discomfort. He always had hope and tried acupuncture, various medical therapies and trials. He was extremely ill, weak and frail at the end and weighed very little. Through it all though, he still maintained his sense of humor and care and concern for others.

We were tremendously proud of Curtis. He will always be remembered for his intelligence and thoughtfulness and is missed by us all.

~Kitty Izzo; Joyce Gallagher
sister sister

Billy Johnson

1950 -- 2004



After graduating high school, Billy attended the State University of New York. Following college, he moved north and spent two years in Augusta, Maine as a police officer.

In the fall of 1973 Billy moved west and, in March of 1974, he started what would be a 26-year career with the Oregon State Police. He began his career in Hermiston, where he had his first daughter, Sarah. He also lived in Roseburg, where five years later he had his second daughter, Emily. Eventually the family settled in Salem, where Billy stayed until he retired. During his career with the Oregon State Police, Billy advanced through the rank of

captain and was also head of security for the Oregon State Lottery. In 2000, at age 50, Billy retired and, after visiting both Florida and Mexico as options for retired life, purchased a condo on the ocean in Mazatlan, Mexico. He lived in Mazatlan until October of 2004, when he passed away due to complications of bronchitis.

Billy's daughters, Sarah and Emily, inherited his love for the sun, the ocean and Mexico. They've kept the condo and continue to visit Mazatlan as much as they can. Sarah and Emily both look forward to following in their father's footsteps with an early retirement and a life at the beach.

~Sarah Johnson
daughter

Sharon Keeley

1950 -- 2005



A spark was ignited between Sharon and Bill Newman at our 20th high school reunion. They married and moved to Vermont, where Bill lived. Five months after Sharon arrived in Barton, Vermont, she and Bill had the East Albany Country Market up and humming on Lake Willoughby. With her indefatigable energy and business savvy, the store was jumping. Her life with her loving husband was filled with laughter, community, friendship, and a commitment to justice and service. As Bill described her at her memorial service, Sharon was "in a most personal way, a public figure."

Sharon was fiercely loyal and had a clear sense of right and wrong. And she would take on anyone

who failed to be fair or to do right by others. She was uncompromising and did not suffer fools gladly. She could be tough as nails, but also self-protective, and would rarely let her guard down. Through the late stages of her illness, she allowed Bill to be a conduit for her transformation from self-sufficiency to vulnerability -- a precious gift to both of them. Sharon succumbed to cancer on December 22, 2005.

At her memorial, Bill read this birthday poem given to her by her friend:

A Story About You

Who in their life hasn't planted a peach pit just hoping that somehow a seedling would grow?

And then they move on to some other adventure, and if it comes up -- well, they don't even know.

That's one way of picturing your style of living.
You've planted ideas and dreams unaware.

You've noticed somebody whose heart needs attention and planted a positive feeling in there.

You may not remember the kind and encouraging things that you've done, but everywhere 'peach pits' are growing like crazy, and people are blooming ...

I know -- I'm one.

Carolyn Keilor

1950 – 1998



Carolyn lived her entire life marching happily, and sometimes defiantly, to the beat of her own drummer. A Vassar graduate, she took a job in New York City, where she met her soul mate, David Paul, a physics professor at Columbia University. They married in the summer of 1973 and headed to Jerusalem, where David spent a sabbatical year teaching at Hebrew University.

In college, Carolyn had begun to explore her Jewish roots, and in Israel her interest became a passion. She and David came home committed to Orthodox Judaism.

Ten years and four children later, Carolyn and her family moved to Tucson, Arizona, where her life was filled with her children, her synagogue and her writing. Her existence was jolted when she was a passenger in a car that was broadsided by a truck. That she survived with no scars or

lasting damage was miraculous. She believed that God had spared her for a reason, and she and her family decided to settle permanently in Israel.

They returned to the U.S. less than two years later, partly because of the constant threat of violence and partly because Israel didn't provide the kind of special education her younger son, born with Down Syndrome, required. After another year in Tucson, the family moved to Portland, Oregon, where a fifth child was born. When her son was three-years-old, Carolyn felt she needed to be near her loved ones. Her family moved to the Boston area, where her sister lived. A few months later, she was diagnosed with breast cancer.

Despite her grim prognosis, she remained active and never lost her sense of humor. (After her mastectomy, she said, "That's a load off my chest!") She saw the publication of her novel *T'Shuva*, which was nominated for a Pulitzer Prize. When her cancer spread to her bones and she could no longer sit up, she had her bed moved into the living room so she could remain at the center of her family. From her bed, she helped plan her older daughter's wedding and presided over study groups, breast cancer support groups and writing critique groups.

In the fall of 1997, in her biography accompanying the publication of one of her short stories, she wrote: "Working on stories takes me far beyond the limits of my mattress. I wander painfree and unencumbered through my imaginings. I've never been more productive." Carolyn died two months later, on January 11, 1998.

~Barbara Keiler
sister

Stu Lauer

1950 -- 1997



As a father, Stu was a kind, loving, good man. His best attribute was his sense of humor. He was so funny. He loved his girls and they loved him. He missed graduations and a wedding; but we know he was there. He will always be in their hearts.

As a husband, he was loved and loving. Stu was a good person and he had just about the best sense of humor of anyone I know. I could forgive just about anything because he could make me laugh until I cried, by then -- whatever we had argued about -- neither one of us could remember. They say that things get easier as the years pass, but I don't find that to be true. I miss him so much -- I miss his sense of humor and his ability to have fun so much

that I find myself wanting to tell him so many things just to hear him laugh or make a joke out of it. I especially miss him when things don't go so well -- because he could make me smile without even trying.

Anyone who knew Stu also knew his love of 'toys'. He was a big kid -- always wanting the best or the newest. Every time something new comes out -- I think, "Stu would have had that first and he would have the best of whatever it is." He used to wear a t-shirt that said "He who dies with the most toys---wins!!!" Well -- he would have been a BIG WINNER!!! The truth is all who knew him were the 'Big Winners!!!'

Stu passed away in July of 1997 after having a bone marrow transplant for his leukemia, which came three years after his bout with Non-Hodgkin's Lymphoma. The three years between the two illnesses were the best times of my life.

I will love him and miss him forever.

~Gerri Lauer
wife

George Lomuscio

1950-1989



George Lomuscio was--as some of you may know--an accomplished professional drummer, whose many bands included Azrok, The Meade Brothers Band, and even a later incarnation of Randy and the Rainbows (famous for the song "Denise"). He studied under the legendary Rock n' Roll Hall of Fame drummer Bernard "Pretty" Purdie. A dedicated family man, George pretty much worked around the clock--at an electronics firm in NYC, teaching drums to kids here in Bethpage, and of course, onstage three or four nights a week throughout the Northeast. He also briefly joined me as a radio personality in Boulder, Colorado, during the mid-70s, on KRNW-FM.

What I will remember most about George is his undying loyalty as a friend, and the sidesplitting laughs we had.

I knew him from the time we were in Little League, and our fathers were managers. As little seven and eight year olds, we were on the appropriately named "Grumman Albatross." Later on we were *huge* Beatles fans and collectors, and George became an acknowledged expert on early rock 'n' roll and doo-wop music. He knew that it was not Dion and the Belmonts who first sang "I Wonder Why"...it was Norm Fox and the Rob Roys. His depth of knowledge was incredible. He also loved comedy--and could recite Monty Python bits word-for-word, to great effect. His favorite line from "The Honeymooners" was from a scene where Ralph Kramden and Ed Norton start pouring drinks of what they *think* is liquor--but their wives have secretly traded it for *grape juice*, "Make way," boasts Ralph, "some MEN are gonna do some drinkin!" (Ironic because George didn't drink.)

Unfortunately, George took his own life. This resulted from a simple failure to take antidepressants, which were prescribed surrounding his then recent separation. A gentle soul to the end, George was reluctant to burden anyone with his troubles. So he simply 'went to work', sneaked back home to MacArthur Avenue, neatly folded his business clothes on the bed upstairs, put on some sweats, went to the garage, turned on the car and went to 'sleep'.

At George's funeral, we toasted him with grape juice, before the hundreds in attendance, and said like Kramden: "Make way...some MEN are gonna do some drinkin!" I still laugh uncontrollably when I think of how funny he was. One of his favorite songs was *Imagine* and even though it says "Imagine there's no heaven," I myself cannot even imagine a heaven without George Lomuscio!

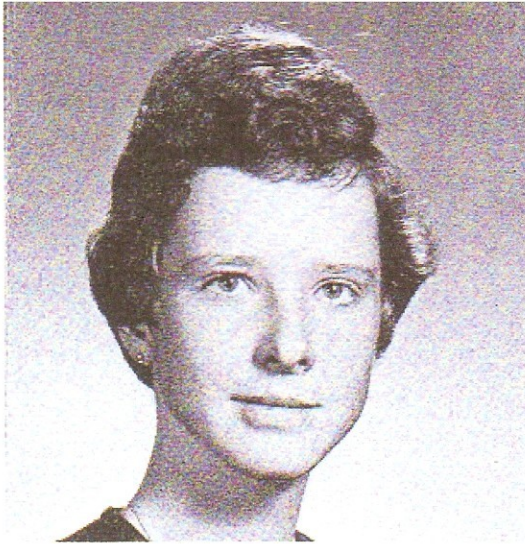
I'll remember him as long as I live. God bless George Lomuscio...and God bless you all.

~Peter Rodman

friend from class of 1969

Margaret Luhrs

1950 - ?



Margaret was devoted to her family, spending her adult years caring for her father after her mother died. She was a German teacher and was also a translator for the United Nations. Her cousin reports that she died, didn't know the date and said she had no living relatives in the United States -- perhaps a few in Germany.

Sympathy
Paul Laurence Dunbar

I know what the caged bird feels, alas!
 When the sun is bright on the upland slopes;
When the wind blows soft through the springing grass,
And the river flows like a sheet of glass;
 When the first bird sings and the first bud opes,
And the faint perfume from its chalice steals--
I know what the caged bird feels!

I know why the caged bird beats his wing
 Till its blood is red on the cruel bars;
For he must fly back to his perch and cling
When he fain would be on the bow a-swing;
 And the pain still throbs in the old, old scars
And they pulse again with a keener sting--
I know why he beats his wing.

I know why the caged bird sings, ah me,
 When its wings are bruised and its bosom sore,--
When he beats his bars and would be free;
It's not a carol of joy or glee,
But a prayer that he sends from his heart's deep core,
 But a plea that upward to Heaven he flings--
I know why the caged bird sings.

Faith Pauluk

1950 -- 19??



Faith was a quiet person, who appreciated a good quip. She was quick with a laugh and generated warmth and kindness.

Bright Morning Star
© Traditional

Bright morning star's arising
Bright morning star's arising
Day is a-breaking in my soul

Oh where are our dear mothers?
Oh where are our dear mothers?
Day is a-breaking in my soul

They are down in the valley praying
They are down in the valley praying
Day is a-breaking in my soul

Oh where are our dear fathers?
Oh where are our dear fathers?
Day is a-breaking in my soul

They have gone to heaven shouting
They have gone to heaven shouting
Day is a-breaking in my soul

Bright morning star's arising
Bright morning star's arising
Day is a-breaking in my soul

Angie Piellucci

1950 -- 1992



My sister Angie was the tougher of her mother's children. She faced cancer twice and stood like an Army Ranger in the face of an insurmountable task. In 1984 she dealt with the diagnosis, the surgery, the treatment (chemo and radiation) and the reconstruction. Throughout the process she faced each phase with courage and fortitude. She arrived on the other side as good as new. The process did not leave her with a "why me" attitude but rather with an appreciation of life and time. Unfortunately when the cancer returned in the early 90's she was not able to defend herself. She succumbed on December 23, 1992.

Angie loved children, and children loved Angie. She spent wonderful time with my sons and with the

daughters of her friend Mary Jane Migliore (I believe that she was significantly involved in the naming of one of the girls!). When my sons spent weeks during the summers at my parents' house, Angie took them often to Adventure Land and never balked at their relentless need to get on the rides again and again. My sons who are now grown men still recount stories of time spent with Aunt Angie.

Angie loved sports. She liked Joe Namath but *not* the Jets! She loved the Yankees but *not* the Mets (however she did treat me to a Mets game once). She also liked the NY football Giants, the NY Rangers and horse racing. She and my mom went to the track more than once together.

Angie loved *the dance*! "I see her in my mind enjoying jazz dance, and her house was filled with pictures and figurines of people dancing." (Mike Piellucci, nephew)

Angie had two qualities that stand out in my memory:

She was consistently generous. Her influence is one of the reasons why I am not the 'frugal' person I once was.

She could identify persons of good character almost instantly. This is a scary trait, because she was never wrong. The evidence may have been disclosed later than sooner, but she could always spot a pretender.

The world was a better place when Angie was in it.

~Friends & loved ones of Angie Piellucci
(compiled by Arnie Piellucci, brother)

Billy Reichert

1950 – 1997



Bill, or Billy to his family and close friends, loved to travel. In fact, he was quite a world traveler. Bill packed more miles and adventure around the world in his 46 years than most people do in a much longer lifetime. The fact that he worked in the airline industry certainly enhanced his opportunities to do just that. A few years out of Bethpage High School, Bill got a job with American Airlines. He worked on the ground crew and took full advantage of the travel benefits afforded him. He loved to fly and did, in fact, take some lessons at one point.

Some of his other passions were motorcycles and motocross racing. He thoroughly enjoyed riding off-road on his dirt bike. Another passion was fishing. Bill loved to go fishing, whether it was saltwater fishing or freshwater fishing

and was a true advocate of the saying, "A bad day fishing was much better than a good day at work." During the day, I picture him as a lone fisherman out in the sea, just like the *Old Man and the Sea*.

On one of his many trips across the globe, Bill met a young woman in Australia named Gail. She was from New Zealand, living and working in Australia at the time. They enjoyed a whirlwind romance and were married several months later. They had a son, William Jr., who is very much like his Dad, having flown and crewed on sailing yachts all around the world by the time he was 23. Unfortunately, Bill and Gail divorced shortly after William's birth. Bill never remarried but he stayed in close touch with Gail up to the time of his death and spent as much time with his son as he could. Aside from his other hobbies and favorite pastimes, spending whatever time he could with his son became his number one passion.

Bill continued to work for American Airlines for more than 25 years. Among some of the places he called home since his graduation from BHS were Miami, Tulsa, San Diego, Perth, Australia and finally Grapevine, Texas. On May 19, 1997, Bill succumbed to a brief, serious illness and passed away. Although his life was short, he lived it to the fullest.

During the night, I watch the sky and when a plane flies over, each blinking light is Billy saying hi. One time when his son was visiting, he saw what I was doing and thought it was a great idea and has since picked up the practice. So when you leave your reunion, look to the night sky and the first blinking light you see will be Billy sharing a drink with you all.

~Jeff Reichert, Claire Trent
brother sister

Carol Sennett

1950 --199?



Carol passed away about 10 years ago from kidney failure related to ongoing diabetes. She was a daughter, sister, friend and the Class of '68's Best Dressed.

Because I could not stop for Death,
He kindly stopped for me;
The carriage held but just ourselves
And Immortality.

We slowly drove, he knew no haste,
And I had put away
My labor, and my leisure too,
For his civility.

We passed the school, where children
strove
At recess, in the ring;
We passed the fields of gazing grain,
We passed the setting sun.

Or rather, he passed us;
The dews grew quivering and chill,
For only gossamer my gown,
My tippet only tulle.

We paused before house that seemed
A swelling of the ground;
The roof was scarcely visible,
The cornice but a mound.

Since then 'tis centuries, and yet each
Feels shorter than the day
I first surmised the horses' heads
Were toward eternity.

~Emily Dickinson

Laurence Sorkin

1950 -- 1996



Larry was a son, brother, uncle and friend. After Bethpage High School, he attended Nassau Community College and graduated from Queens College. He earned two masters degrees from Hofstra. He taught in the Long Beach school district and in Denver, Colorado. He eventually became a school administrator in Redondo Beach, California, where he coordinated work-study programs for special education students. He died in 1996 after a long illness.

Remember Me
Christina Rosetti

Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go, yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more day by day
You tell me of our future that you plann'd:
Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.

Teddy Warren

1950 -- 1968



I met Teddy in 1964 through my brother Ron (Class of '67). They were in auto shop together. My brother brought Teddy over our house and we became best buddies and 'brothers' as we spent all our time together. His Mom owned a ceramics studio and I practically lived over his house and he lived at my house to help out with my band, The Lonely Roads. Teddy was always with my bands, helping move equipment from gig to gig.

He was at all my parties and we both had girlfriends; but we always had a special loving friendship bond. He had a sports car and I would sneak out of my house and he'd wait around the corner and we'd be off to Greenwich Village to party on school nights. We'd be in the Village all night and make it home by sunrise. I'd sneak in the basement window up to my bedroom as the alarm went off to go to school.

We partied for four years. Graduation ceremonies came. Teddy was there. I was sick as usual with mono and didn't attend. In the summer of '68, Teddy came by with his girlfriend Kathy Utz's brother, Eddy, from Plainview. My parents said I couldn't go with them to 'The Parkway', a bar by Farmingdale train station. Ted was drinking and Eddy said he would be driving. On the way home from the Parkway Lounge, Teddy and Eddy exited the Seaford Oyster Bay Expressway at Bethpage by Charles Champaign Elementary School; they went down the hill on a rainy night and took the curve too fast. The sports car they were driving - a convertible - flipped. Eddy was fine; but Teddy was trapped under the car, which slid upside down for 75 feet with him pinned inside. I received a call from his mother the next day. He had spinal and head injuries. I visited him in Central General Hospital from the summer of '68 until the day he died in December. He had several operations and became ill with spinal meningitis while in the hospital.

Unbeknownst to Ted, his girlfriend was pregnant with his son. He was in a coma and with Kathy's and Teddy's parents present and Kathy's brother as proxy, Ted and Kathy took their wedding vows. Teddy never came to and died of spinal meningitis in December 1968. Kathy gave birth to Teddy Warren, Jr.

Kathy later married Tommy Klapak, Teddy's friend from BHS Class of 1969. Tommy raised Teddy Jr. as his own. Today, they live in Manhattan, where Tom and Ted work together in construction.

Teddy was, and still is, loved and missed. How do you put it in a few paragraphs what was taken from so many people who knew and loved him? My buddy, my pal - Teddy.

~Bobby Collins
friend, class of 1968