

Conversations With My Daughter

By: Richard Miuccio

(as reimagined by Laura Lopez)

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Fragments

Fragments remain
Intact
Shreds of spirit draped upon her body
Like tinsel on a January tree
Clinging
Withering
Hollow, empty soul
Echoing
Like an endless well
filled with unanswered hopes
Silent
Forlorn
Defeated
Her eyes are muddy trenches
Dull
Gloomy
Bleak
Dark
My *Wife*

Richard Miuccio
(As reimagined by Laura Lopez)

Prologue

There's a space between this world and the next. It only exists for a moment but it's in that space when everything becomes clear. You understand, for the first time, all that ever was and all that will ever be.

In that moment, *my* moment, I left hell for paradise. Pain and suffering became forgotten. I could hear the cries of those still clinging to Earth as I met with the ones who departed to become one.

Our bodies lay in pieces, but our souls were unbroken. In that moment, the world was revealed.

Do not cry for me now for I am you.

We are one.

Ch 1: The First Letter

SEPTEMBER 10, 2001

“Laura,” I shouted up the stairs, right around the usual time.

“Not today, Dad,” was her reply through the slightly ajar door.

I was holding the note my daughter wrote me the night before - a “thank you” for fixing her tail light.

“Ok,” I shouted back, over the sound of her hairdryer. I didn’t know for sure if she heard me. I paused for a second before heading out the door and jotted down a reply:

September 11, 2001

Laura,

Thanks for your note. It was no big deal. I know you have a busy day today. Good luck at the fashion show. I will miss you on the ferry. Can't wait to hear about that book. Maybe we can catch the boat home later today..

Your Father

I made my way to work alone that morning. I sat in our “secret spot” near the life preservers sipping my thermos of coffee, thinking about the conversations we would have had.....

NOVEMBER 9, 1968

THE LAST LETTER

9 NOV 68

Dear Darling Wife,

How is everything going today. I hope everything is just fine and that you are in good health and aren't having any problems. I guess your sick and tired of reading the same old shit everyday but this will be the last letter you'll have to put up with because I've decided to make this my last letter from now on. I still have time to write a few more but very few and I don't believe its worth the effort. I know I've been writing the same old shit day after day but its really hard to try to write every day especially when you have little to say but I'm sure you understand how hard it is as no secret.

Its around 9:00 in the morning now and I'm on shift. I guess you know what comes now. Not much is happening now and there isn't any

thing worth writing about. Last night I went
down and watched a movie as usual and had
some beer. It was a western but it wasn't too
bad I can't remember the name of it now.

I sure must be getting excited about coming
home to you because I can't sleep at all at
night. I'm up smoking and thinking about you
all hours of the night now all I've been

doing for the last week or so is laying around
all day getting sun. The weather has been real
nice lately. I guess your going to have to take
real good care of me when I get home because I
~~can't get rid of~~ the cold I have and I'll probably
still have it when I come home to you. I nose
is all swollen up from blowing it and all red
from the sun it really looks funny. I don't
give a shit as long as you don't. I still

have a mustash but if you want me to cut it off when I get home all you have to say is "I won't go to bed unless you shave that thing off." Ha! But I wouldn't believe you any way. It seems to go to be true but it won't be long now babe. When we are together again this will all seem like a bad dream. It still seems to good to be true.

You can never be sure with this army but I'll give you my honest opinion about when I'll get home. I get another small drop the other day and as near as I can determine I should be home either late Sunday night or early Monday morning but you can never be sure. I'll call you when I get to the airport to come and pick me up okay. But I don't

want you to take off any days from work and
we'll wait until your regular vacation and
then we can see what we want to do with our
vacation. I'll have a lot of things to take
care of that first week and I'll be able to get
everything out of the way the week while your
at work so when you are off we won't have
anything to worry about. I'm going to go to
the office where I work and tell them I'll
report back and start work on the 9th of Dec.
when your vacation ends we'll have plenty
of time to get our apartment all fixed up (9 days)
we'll be fun fixing it up together. That's the way
it should be. I guess that's about all for
now. I'll continue this letter later on okay
well I'm off shift now. They aren't having
any more tonight so I'm just going to have

want you to take off any days from work and
we'll wait until your regular vacation and
then we can see what we want to do with
some beer and then go to bed. I didn't get any mail
today but I should get some tomorrow.

I guess this is good-bye until we are together again
just remember to take good care of yourself for me
and I'll do the same for you. But soon now we will
be able to take care of each other. I love you with
all my heart and ^{all} I'll think about is you until
we are together again. Say some prayers for me

all my Love forever
your Husband

at may be as little as 8 days now
But we'll be together again forever
at last soon

SEPTEMBER 12, 2001

Wed.

September 12, 2001

I can't believe this is happening. The world as we know it will never be the same. We wash dishes, take out the trash, buy food, make coffee, take out the dog, shower and we wait. The sun shines brightly on my back as I sit outside trying to come to terms with the chain of events that has unfolded over the last 24 hours. My eyes swelled shut from tears, my throat swollen shut by sobbing, I try to console my mother & brothers as I, myself try to not think the unthinkable.

I feel like I'm seeing the world for the first time. Everything I look at is though I've never seen it before. Like a child, I recently take in all the new sights & sounds around me in awe. Nothing that matter before has any significance except family. Everything is a joke. Like highly sophisticated speaking, thinking beings, we are forced to regress. To become barbarians, primitives. The walking, living, breathing dead are all around me. I am the

living dead. As I sit among
crawling ants, I do not move
now, I do not try to shoo the
little ants away from me, for
I am one of them.

THE DAY AFTER...

September 12, 2001

Dear Dad,

What is happening? This can't be real. I keep looking up the block waiting for you to come home. I

keep imagining your blue van turning the corner and all of this nightmare coming to an end. I don't understand any of this. I won't. Life will never be the same, will it? I feel numb. Insignificant. What does this all mean?

And Mom. Oh God, mom! She's devastated. I can't look at her. I keep telling her not to give up hope. They're still finding people alive. I know you're one of them. I keep praying that you're in a hospital in Brooklyn or something. You can't really be gone. I don't know what to do.

Nothing makes sense now. How can I just go about

THE NEXT DAY...

Sept. 13, 2001

Dad,

There are so many people at our house. I hear laughing, sometimes and I want to scream. Do not come to my house and laugh. Don't you dare - I want to say to them. They all have this look in their eyes - like they know something I don't. What do they know? What do they see when they look at me? At us? Sometimes they cry, but not me. I can't. I have no emotions. I don't know why. Can you give me a sign, please. Tell me something - anything! Tell me you're ok. I need to know.

I keep wondering what would have happened if I had taken the ferry with you Tuesday morning. Maybe

I would have suggested that we go out for breakfast and you would have been late to work that day. I remember you called up the stairs to me to see if I wanted to catch a ride w/you. I just yelled "No go ahead" from behind the door. The biggest regret of my life. I was late. It was fashion week & I was doing my stupid hair so I would look extra nice as I helped out behind the scenes. So, instead of going with you, I took the express bus. It passed right in front of your job & I never even looked up. I wish we could have had one last bagel and coffee together in our "secret spot." That we could have talked about the books we were reading. That

we could have sat in
silence - together. Your car
is still parked by the
ferry, I'm sure. I
wonder how we'll get it
home. Or if we'll ever
get it home. I wonder how
many other cars will never
get picked up. I want to
go to your car right now -
to sit in it and feel
your presence. To feel you.

I wonder when I am
going to wake up from
this nightmare.

I love you,

Jaura
PS - please come home!!! ♡

SEPTEMBER 14, 2001

September 14, 2001

Daddy,

Your brother and
nephew are looking for
you. They haven't left.

Owen says he thinks he
saw uncle Bob on some
news footage - smoking his
cigar on top of the rubble.

He won't leave until he
finds you. I know he won't.

So hold on as long as
you can. He's there.

We're waiting for you.

Love,
Laura

SEPTEMBER 15, 2001

Sunday

Sept 15, 2001

The past days have been one endless stream of visits & calls from both close & not-so-close friends and family. Food is brought by everyone. It helps when people are around -- esp. the little, precious babies & children... they especially help to distract my mom from thinking about reality. The nights have been pretty rough -- nightmares haunt me, & sometimes dreams of my dad returning home haunt me when I wake to find it was only a dream.

I've seen some friends & relatives of the family that I've never seen before in my life to console me, but all I want is my father.

This entire experience has truly been unreal. You just keep thinking to yourself that this just can not be happening, that there is no way this is true. And so, you do things -- things you probably never thought you

would be doing in a time

THE SAME DAY...

Sept. 15, 2001

Dear Dad,

We made flyers with your picture on them. They say "Missing from WTC disaster" on them.

And our phone number. We drove to the city with a police escort. I'm not sure how, but we drove through the tunnel with police escorts. There were no other cars around. It was weird. We posted the flyers on poles & buildings.

I pray that you have amnesia & are wandering around somewhere - lost.

There were some people taking pictures of us. It was all kind of strange, but we had to do something. I just go through the motions now. Do the things I think need to be done.

Laura



AP/MATT MOYER

Joyce Miuccio (center), whose husband is missing, is comforted by their daughter Laura (left) and son Michael.

SEPTEMBER 15, 2001

Sept. 16, 2001

Dear Daddy,

Still nothing. We don't know what to do. Less people stop by each day. Me and mom and Tom and Owen don't know what to say to each other anymore.

Owen says that he was on the phone with you when the first plane hit the other tower. You said it sounded like an explosion? Could you see it? Owen said you told him you were going to leave - that he told you to get out of there. Did you? Did you leave right away? He called back your office line, but you never answered. I wonder what you were doing, what was it like? You had time to make it out, didn't you? Who were you with? Why didn't you come home?

You know, Tom and I were trying to find you that day. When we found out what was happening we found each other in the middle of Chelsea and started running downtown as fast as we could. My stupid heels were slowing us down, but we kept going. After a while, we heard a low roar and rumble. We watched the tower disappear in front of our eyes. Tom collapsed to the floor. I yelled at him that it wasn't your building and that you were OK - you were in the other one and you were on your way out. We kept running. The little side streets of Soho were deserted. Eerie. We were getting closer when we hear a familiar sound. The second tower was falling. It felt too close for comfort.

this time. I told Tom we had to run the other way, now, I thought all of the buildings were going to fall like dominoes. It was dusty. Smoky.

A few people covered in soot made me stop and stare. I wanted to ask them if they had seen my father.

I wanted to ask them if they knew where you were. I could not console Tom this time. When the smoke finally cleared there was nothing left. I couldn't believe what I was seeing.

I didn't really know where I was so we just followed the crowds of people to the Brooklyn Bridge. It was a mass exodus. It was quiet, considering the amount of people. Shock, I guess. Tom and I were certain that we'd find you on

the bridge. Or maybe, we
thought you were already
home somehow. We went
to Aunt Marie's office
in Brooklyn. I don't remember
how we found it. We
carpooled home with some of
her coworkers. It was tight,
but not uncomfortable. It
took us four hours to
drive home to Staten Island.
No one spoke. The radio
played 1010 WINS and we all
stared out the windows,
not believing our eyes.
No one honked their horn.
No one seemed in any
rush to get anywhere. Everyone
seemed like zombies.
Lifeless and emotionless.
We drove in silence.

I miss you!

Love,
Jaura

THE NEXT DAY...

Sept. 17, 2001

Dad-

I can't believe this is really happening. Please tell me this is all a dream. Will anything ever go back to normal again? I don't think I'll ever be able to live a normal life.

I love you!

Jaura ♡

SEPTEMBER 18, 2001

18 September 2001

Laura,

I'm ok now. Heaven is all that you ever imagined it to be and more. Except for one thing. It doesn't have your mother's cooking. It doesn't have your mom so it doesn't have her cooking. Once she's here then it will be perfect.

Tell your mother I love her. Take care of her. She's going to need it. And Owen and Tom.

Goodbye for now,

Your Father

P.S. - I was right to believe in God!
Don't stop going to church

SEPTEMBER 19, 2001

September 19, 2001

Dad,

I can't believe it's really you! I told mom what you said. She makes me tell the story to her over and over again. She cries every time. I told her that you wouldn't be "visiting" me any more because I didn't want to get her hopes up. I don't know how she's gonna make it without you, Dad. She's so sad all the time. She's so lost. I'll try my best to help her. I promise.

I don't see how anything will ever go back to normal. Nothing makes any sense. Everything is such a mess around here. I haven't gone back to work and I don't think I ever will. What's the point?

I miss you, Dad! I love you!!!
Love, Laura

Ch 2: Searching For Answers

SEPTEMBER 20, 2001

20 September 2001

Dear Laura,

Happy 25th Birthday. Remember:
Life isn't anything to get shaken
up about. Enjoy the little things.
Don't worry too much. Go to church.
Be kind to others. Then, you will
have a happy life.

Don't expect too much.

I love you,

Your father

THE NEXT DAY...

September 21, 2001

Dear Daddy-O,

Thanks for the b-day wishes. Birthdays don't really mean anything anymore. I told mom I didn't want a cake but she made one anyway. It was weird. A few people came over - Uncle Larry, Uncle Ron, Aunt Mary. It was more like reciting the words than singing. Kinda sad but nice. I bet they all know what I was wishing for when I blew out the candles.

Your daughter,
Laura

PS- I miss you so much!

Firefighter's world turns to ashes

By KATHLEEN LUCADAMO

ADVANCE STAFF WRITER

Robert Miuccio Jr. just wanted to find a gold cross, a piece of clothing, anything of his uncle's that he could take home. Instead, he found ashes and memories.

Miuccio, a firefighter with Engine Co. 216/Ladder Co. 108 in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, had a dual purpose for being at Ground Zero — helping his comrades and searching for his uncle, Richard Miuccio, who worked on the 86th floor of 2 World Trade Center.

When the off-duty firefighter learned his uncle, an auditing supervisor with the state Department of Taxation and Finance, was in the building on Sept. 11, he raced from Arden Avenue to the Brooklyn-bound Verrazano-Narrows Bridge.

"I called my mother and she was screaming, 'Your uncle is in the building!'" the Westerleigh resident recalled. "Usually, he works in the field. Nine times out of 10 he isn't in the building."

The 55-year-old auditing supervisor was last seen descending the stairs at the 78th floor.

When Miuccio reached the Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel, a staging area for rescue workers, he waited for orders. Then there was a second explosion and he ran.

He ran through the two-mile tunnel and when he reached open air, ashes poured from the sky like snow. "It was like leaving color for a black-and-white world," said Miuccio.

The towers tumbled and his only hope was that his uncle was able to escape.

When the firefighter reached the belly of the beast, he expected to find bodies and frantic people. But everything was powder and a few scattered fires.

"I knew if he didn't get out, he was dead," said Miuccio.

Still, he and his father, Robert Miuccio Sr., Fire Battalion Chief at Battalion 22 in West Brighton, had faith that the World Trade Center worker left the building before it toppled.

That night, the elder Miuccio walked from the rubble to Roosevelt Hospital in Manhattan to see if his younger brother was unconscious and waiting for his family.

"We just wanted something," said Robert Miuccio Jr.

Now, he pops in his wedding video made eight years ago and watches his uncle dancing, smiling and toasting the new couple.

"He was so happy," he said. "He was so alive."

OCTOBER 5, 2001

October 5, 2001

Hey Dad, remember that job
I told you about - the one
at Ralph Lauren, well guess
what? They called me! How
crazy is that? I forgot
I even applied for it right
before well you know. It was
a few weeks ago and I
guess they want me to come
and interview this week. Did
you have anything to do
with this? (haha) You know
I always wanted to be
on the other side of PR and
at a fashion company. I
don't know if I'm ready
to go back to work. I mean,
I could use some money
but I don't know. It feels
too soon. There's so much
going on right now. I feel
like I'm taking mom to
fill out some kind of paperwork
everyday. Tomorrow we're
all going up to the medical
examiner's office - me, Mom,

Dwen and Tom - they need
our DNA samples. I wonder
what that's going to be like.

Anyway, I have to get
back to the HR person soon.
What do you think I should
do?

Help!

Joye,
Laura

THE NEXT DAY...

Dear Laura,

That's good news. You should take the job if that's what you want. And no, I didn't have anything to do with it. That's not how this works. I have no control over what happens anymore.

I'm sure you will make the right decision.

Please tell your mother that I love her and give Pissy a treat for me. Take her for a walk on the beach - she likes that.

Your Father

P.S. - listen to "Rocky Mountain high" by John Denver if you get a chance, his voice is beautiful

Ch 3: Remembering My Life

A FEW WEEKS LATER...

New Message

To: Rmiuccio@aol.com
Cc Bcc

Subject: work and other stuff

Date: 10-26-01

Hey Dad,

I'm finding it hard to focus at work. Maybe I went back too soon. I mean it's ok here but there's so much going on at home and with mom...I don't know how much longer I can take it. I know it's only been a couple of weeks but I just don't care about all this marketing junk anymore!!! UGH!!!!

Your memorial service is this weekend. The school is gonna let us use the cafeteria to serve food and drink afterwards. I wrote a speech for you. What do you think?

Love and miss you,
Laura

Ps- let me know if you can't open the attachment.

Dad's Memorial Speech

-Laura Lopez

My father often asked me what I thought about different things.....there were various topics he would ask me my opinion about and my answer was always the same: I don't know, Da," to which he would answer, "I didn't ask you if you *knew*, I asked you what you *thought*." So now, with many difficult questions ahead of me, I still don't *know* the answers, but I do have some thoughts about them.

My father lived his life unlike any human being I've ever encountered. He had a unique way of doing things and his thoughts were always just a little "different" from everyone else's.

It didn't take a lot to make him happy in life. My parents were inseparable. They truly enjoyed just being together - whether they were grocery shopping, reading the bible at night, or having their morning coffee at the table together - you could always tell how happy the two of them were. In fact, I would often criticize them for not "going out" enough. But they got it...they knew what was important. They are so lucky to have found each other at such a young age. - or to have found each other at all for that matter - some people search a lifetime and never find what the two of them got to share for over 35 years.

Though we never had a lot of money, my brothers and I always had everything we could ever want or need when we were growing up. He somehow managed to put us all through Catholic school while still buying us the latest clothes or toys...and he never complained once. It was what he enjoyed..the reason he worked. He recently told me that if all of his bills were paid for the month - even if he didn't have a dollar in his pocket - he would be a happy man. But, if he *did* have a dollar in his pocket, he would be the first to give it away to someone in need.

Also while growing up, there were so many quirky little things that he would do. Like sometimes he would go on a kick where he wanted us to make sure the house wasn't a mess for my mom so he would literally take anything of ours that was lying around the house and throw it outside...we'd come home from school to find our sneakers in the snow--then we'd be informed of the new "house policy."

Or, when my mom complained about too many dishes, he had this brilliant idea to get rid of all the extra dishes so that each of us only had one plate, bowl, cup, spoon and fork each...and we

had to write our names on them with marker. We were each supposed to be responsible for our own dishes. Needless to say, that didn't last very long. He'd also tape the phone bill to the wall and highlight who owed what amount that month.

He loved playing board games with his family, especially monopoly...and he usually won...and when he did, he would subject us to listening to a song by Bobby Bare called "The Winner," while he danced and sang in front of us.

My dad ran his household sort of like a business. Well, ok we all know that my mom really runs the house, but we would humor my dad when he felt like enstating some new crazy rules. Every so often he's declare it to be "New Sneaker Day." Since sneakers were so important to us growing up, he would randomly select a day and inform the "troops" that each of us could spend up to \$50 on a new pair of sneakers, but that we were responsible for paying half of the total price. So, we had to add \$50 of our own money if we wanted a \$100 pair of sneakers. Opting for a \$40 pair meant that we had to chalk up \$20. We could only shop at Steckman's (an old army-navy supply house) in Stapleton and if we didn't find a pair we liked that day the offer would become null-n-void.

Going to my father for help with a school project was a particularly interesting experience. It usually turned out to be more than I bargained for. Explaining the requirements of the assignment was a painstakingly long and tedious process. He had to get a complete picture of what was expected and would ask more questions than I could answer. This alone would often take up to 45 minutes. Once he had a good grasp of the task at hand, he would come up with some off-the-wall idea that he thought was brilliant and I would then be forced to execute as my science or social studies project. Once in 4th grade he made me write a report about horse racing - something I clearly had no interest in -

My father enjoyed the ferry ride to work each day--he would say it's the only thing you're gonna get for free in this city. All through college, I would ride with him in the mornings and it was then that I felt like we really had a chance to connect. I truly enjoyed my father's company and felt like we shared a special bond. He would park about a mile away to avoid paying for parking and we would sit in our "secret reserved spot." The ferry was very crowded during rush hour so he'd lead me to where the lifejackets were stored making sounds like "beep beep" through his teeth and saying "coming through...coming through...reserved seats...beep...beep..." just loud enough so that I and a few people nearby could hear. I would laugh through my embarrassment. He's slide open the big metal door and we'd sit on the ledge together...he, drinking his coffee from his thermos, eating the bagel mom made. We'd talk about whatever book he may have been reading at the time. I am so grateful for those moments

together. He would sometimes give me advice on life and one time he said to me “Laura, don’t expect too much out of life.” At the time, I thought he was being incredibly pessimistic. But now, I think I know what he meant. I think he meant that if you don’t expect too much then you won’t be disappointed in life - not that we shouldn’t set our goals high, but to be prepared for disappointments when they come.

I have never met anyone who had a love for animals as much as my father. My dog, Sissy, was his best friend. He once carried a hurt baby bird in a shoe box home from the city. One of the hardest things he ever had to do was to “put the bird out of its misery” in the backyard. That was the only time I ever saw my father cry.

For as long as I can remember, my father has always had some sort of office area with a huge desk- this is where we always knew we could find him. If he was home, nine times out of ten he would be at his desk. My brothers and I never really thought too much about it..once in a while we’d comment on how much time he spent there and how much work he was doing, but we never dwelled on it. Well, we recently found out what he was doing. He really was the most unique, intelligent and, yes, quirky person I can imagine. We discovered records dating back to the ‘80’s...logs of the amount of time spent doing everything from walking to work to the amount of time spent logging in his book! Every penny and dime had been accounted for. Truly amazing!

Though my father had prostate cancer, it wasn’t until two weeks before this all happened that he opened up to me about what it was like to go through it and how glad he was the God was with him. He told me that God “lifted him out of his body momentarily” that first time he received radiation and that he was no longer afraid after that. The next time he went he expected it to happen again, but it didn’t. Then, he realized if he didn’t believe it had happened the first time, then he wouldn’t believe it if it happened a hundred more times.

I like to imagine my father remembering that experience and holding on to that feeling during his final moments.....

If someone had asked my father for his identification, he would tug on the cross around his neck and say “Here’s my identification.” He once got out of jury duty by saying “let he who is without sin be the first to cast a stone.”

I think he meant that he - like all of us - belong to God. And now, I guess he’s at home.

LATER THAT DAY...

New Message

To: Lmiuccio@hotmail.com

Cc Bcc

Subject: speech

Date: 10-26-01

Laura

So you finally looked in my log binders. Not sure if they'll be of any use now.

I don't think I was the "quirky one" as you say. I think the rest of the world is a little off if you ask me.

I don't regret a minute I spent with your mother. I will be waiting for her when she gets here.

I don't remember the racing project thing you mentioned. It was probably a good idea, though. What grade did you get? Are you taking good care of Sissy for me? How's Marcus?

Talk soon,
Your Father

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

New Message

To: Rmiuccio@aol.com

Cc Bcc

Subject: your speech

Date: 10-26-01

Dad,

You never told me if you liked it or not. We put the binders back where you kept them. I think quirky is a good thing, by the way. I'm quirky. But I agree, everyone is a little crazy in their own way. And, sorry Dad, I never did turn in the horseracing project. I changed the whole thing when I went upstairs to my room. I got an A. I think Sissy misses you. She waits by the window for you to come home. She hasn't been eating that much and kind of mopes around. I did take her to the boardwalk the other day...but I didn't hunt for bottles with her like you did. That's just embarrassing, Dad. I mean, really, do I need the 5 cents that bad? I will miss those Marlboro miles you use to find, though. Anything we wanted from the catalog, right? Man we were saving up for that jacket. Maybe if I see some by the boardwalk I'll pick them up. I'm not sure how much Marcus understands about what happened. All he knows is that Grandpa went heaven and that his father is a wreck. I'm worried about them. Owen doesn't want to speak tomorrow. Him and mom said that me and Tom would be better. I think Uncle Larry might want to say something too. I love you, Dad. Miss you.

Your daughter,
Laura XOXOXO

AN HOUR LATER...

New Message

To: lmiuccio@hotmail.com

Cc Bcc

Subject: speech

Date: 10-26-01

I had to think about it. I'm not sure if a speech like that is the kind of thing you like or don't like. It was pretty well-written, if that's what you mean. It was nice.

Thoses deposits add up. Check the logs. I probably paid for a pair of your sneakers this summer with money from those cans. Don't knock it. Free money.



Richard Miuccio, 55, supervisor with devout faith in God

■ His family believes he stayed to help others in his office

By DAVID ANDREATTA
ADVANCE STAFF WRITER

Richard Miuccio never asked for much and he'd give you the cross off his neck.

When his truck broke down, he walked wherever he had to go so as to not put anyone out for a ride. When he woke at daybreak, he wanted nothing more than a cup of coffee, the Holy Bible and his wife by his side. And when a loved one needed guidance, Mr. Miuccio removed the cross he wore around his neck and offered it as a gift.

Worn as a testament to his faith, the cross was seen by those who loved Mr. Miuccio as a trademark that came to define him: Religious, unselfish and spiritual. His family believes those characteristics helped the 55-year-old South Beach man on Sept. 11 before he fell among the missing of the World Trade Center catastrophe.

"There were two places my husband wanted to be — with me and in heaven," said his wife, the former Joyce Black. "My priest told me my husband took the express to heaven. He was a good man."

An auditing supervisor with the state Department of Taxation and Finance, Mr. Miuccio worked on the 86th floor of 2 World Trade Center and was last seen descending the stairs at the 78th floor. He had recently celebrated his 35th year with the agency.

Of the roughly 200 people in his office, 39 are dead or missing. The ratio tells his family that Mr. Miuccio stayed true to his character in those desperate hours and helped people escape.

"Because Uncle Richie believed in the Lord and had no fear of dying, he unselfishly stayed to help his co-workers and friends [rather] than run off on his own," said his niece, Jacqueline Miuccio.

"I just wish for once he was selfish and didn't have to die a hero so soon."

Born in Tompkinsville, Mr. Miuccio grew up in the South Beach Houses at a time when next-door neighbors were best of friends and not just the people next door. His wife was living in an adjacent building when the two met as young teen-agers, and a courtship developed through his years at St. Peter's Boys High School.

Like so many young men of his generation, Mr. Miuccio was drafted into the Army shortly after graduating from high school. His job with the Department of Taxation and Finance was in its infancy when he left for Vietnam in 1967.

He married Mrs. Miuccio while on leave from his tour of duty and the couple moved to Rosebank when he returned from the war in 1969. They moved back to South Beach six months ago.

Mr. Miuccio held a bachelor's degree in accounting from the College of Staten Island.

For a quiet and private man, Mr. Miuccio had a fabulous sense of humor. He was one of the few people who cracked up his brother, Fire Department Battalion Chief Robert Miuccio. When Mr. Miuccio and a bunch of relatives recently visited his mother in St. Elizabeth Ann's Healthcare and Rehabilitation Center in Clifton for her birthday, he led the gathering in a ballpark "wave" around her bed.

Mr. Miuccio never missed a daily visit with his mother at the home. No matter how much the long commute from work had tired him out, he never failed to drop in and say hello.

He was often accompanied by his sister, Mary Urs, with whom he would reminisce about their childhood and console their ailing mother.

"While on earth, Richie was his family and friends' light. Now in heaven, he's God's light," Mrs. Urs said.

Comforting his loved ones was what Mr. Miuccio did best. When his nephew, Michael, underwent brain surgery, Mr. Miuccio watched over him and prayed for him every day of his stay in the hospital.

He also assumed the role of a father figure for his brother-in-law, Larry Black, when Mr. Black lost his father at a young age. He remembers how Mr. Miuccio took him camping and to the movies as a youngster.

Mr. Miuccio was an active parishioner of St. Mary's R.C. Church in Rosebank. During the holiday season and before Easter, he and his wife would host gatherings for parishioners where they would take turns interpreting the scriptures.

He and his wife did everything together, whether it was strolling along the South Beach boardwalk after dinner, going to church, or walking Sister, their German shepherd. About the only time they didn't spend together was when Mr. Miuccio's affinity for animals led him to the racetracks at Aqueduct or Belmont.

He also enjoyed spending time with his grandchildren, Krystina and Marcus Miuccio.

"He was a very special man and he will be missed very much by us, especially me. He was the love of my life," Mrs. Miuccio said.

"He was my father and my best friend," said his son, Owen.

Surviving in addition to his wife, son, brother, sister and grandchildren, are another son, Thomas; his daughter, Laura Miuccio; and his mother, Julia Miuccio.

A memorial mass is scheduled for Saturday at 11 a.m. in St. Mary's Church. Friends and family may arrive at the church at 10 a.m.



Congressional Record

PROCEEDINGS AND DEBATES OF THE 107TH CONGRESS, FIRST SESSION

House of Representatives

HONORING THE LIFE OF RICHARD MIUCCIO -- HON. SCOTT McINNIS (Extensions of Remarks - October 16, 2001)

HON. SCOTT McINNIS
OF COLORADO
IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
Tuesday, October 16, 2001

Mr. Speaker, the vicious attack unleashed on our country on September 11, 2001 left tears in many American's eyes. Many people were victims in this tragedy and as the recovery efforts continue, many innocent citizens are being uncovered amidst the bricks and steel of the collapsed buildings. On that day, Richard Miuccio was killed at the hands of this terrible and malicious assault. I would like to take a moment to pay tribute and recognize the life of Richard.

Richard was born on May 23, 1946 and was raised on Staten Island in New York. This city served as his residence for his entire life. Thirty-four years ago he married his childhood sweetheart, Joyce Black, and they became the proud parents of three children--Owen, Laura and Thomas. Rich was employed for thirty-five years with the New York State Department of Taxation and Finance and served as the Auditor Supervisor in the last years of his employment. He served honorably in the United States Army and from 1967 to 1968 Rich served in active duty in the war in Vietnam.

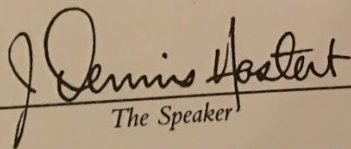
St. Mary's Church on Staten Island always held a special place in Rich's heart and he was a member of the church for 20 years. Faith played an integral part for Richard and his family and they routinely attended services for solace. Richard was battling prostate cancer and his fight proved victorious. He credited much of this to his faith and his family.

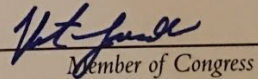
Mr. Speaker, Rich will always be remembered as a man who had a quick smile and a gentle spirit. His passing leaves an emptiness in the lives of those who knew and loved him. Rich will always remain in our hearts and in our prayers. While the flag of our great nation flies high, the lives of those who were lost in this incident will never be forgotten. I would like to stand together with this body and offer our deepest sympathies to Richard's family at this time of remembrance. Our thoughts and prayers are with them.



United States House of Representatives

This flag has been flown over the United States Capitol in memory of those who perished, and to honor those who were injured, as a result of the terrorist attacks which occurred on September 11, 2001. It is presented to the surviving victims, and the families of those who lost their lives, with profound sorrow on behalf of the United States House of Representatives.


The Speaker


Member of Congress

Certified flown over the U.S. Capitol, Alan Hantman, Architect of the Capitol.



THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

We are deeply saddened by the loss you suffered in the tragic events of September 11. Our world and all of our lives have changed forever, but Americans will never forget those who died. We pray that the national outpouring of love and support helps comfort you in your sorrow.

May God bless you and your family, and may God bless America.

Sincerely,

for Bush *Laura Bush*



THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

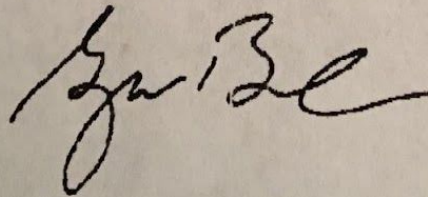
October 27, 2001

Laura and I send our heartfelt prayers that God will comfort you as you mourn the loss of Richard Miuccio. Please know that you are not alone in your grief. All of America mourns with you and with everyone who has lost a loved one. Today in the midst of deep pain and sadness, we claim Scripture's promise: "Blessed are those who mourn, for they shall be comforted."

We pray for healing and for the strength to serve and encourage one another in hope and faith. We pray for the missing and the dead and for their loved ones. And we pray that those who now sow in tears will one day reap with songs of joy.

At this difficult time, we must remember that grief, tragedy, and hatred are only for a time. Goodness, remembrance, and love have no end. And the Lord of life holds all who die and all who mourn.

I ask you to join me in praying that Almighty God, who is our refuge and our strength in this time of trouble, will watch over our Nation and grant us patience, resolve, and wisdom in all that is to come. May God bless the souls of the departed. May he comfort our people. And may he always guide our country.





STATE OF NEW YORK

GEORGE E. PATAKI
GOVERNOR

October 29, 2001

Dear Mrs. Miuccio:

September 11 will always be remembered as a day when a dark cloud descended across America. The unspeakable acts that struck New York City--and America--will stand as one of the most tragic moments in our history. Sadly, among those lost in the aftermath of the tragic events at the World Trade Center were more than one hundred dedicated New York State employees.

I am deeply saddened that your husband, Richard, was among them. This is truly one of those occasions for which there are no adequate words to express the pain of this tremendous loss--a loss shared by all New Yorkers. I am grateful for your husband's commitment to the service of the Empire State.

I hope that you and your family can take comfort in the knowledge that you are in the thoughts and prayers of millions of people throughout the world, whose hearts have been touched by this tragedy. Rest assured that you will remain in mine.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "G. E. Pataki".

Mrs. Joyce Miuccio
16 Piave Avenue
Staten Island, New York 10305





THE CITY OF NEW YORK
OFFICE OF THE MAYOR
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10007

October 30, 2001

Dear Mrs. Miuccio, Laura, Thomas & Owen:

On behalf of all New Yorkers, I offer my deepest condolences for the terrible loss you suffered on September 11. You are not alone in your time of sadness. Our City mourns with you.

All of the victims of this unprovoked act of war were innocent. All were heroes. Everyday, the people who worked in the World Trade Center were engaged in the quiet heroism of supporting their families, pursuing their dreams, and playing their own meaningful part in a diverse and free society.

Our loved ones would not want us to lose our appreciation for the gift of life. So it is up to us to move forward with courage in their memory. Your loss is shared by a family of 8 million New Yorkers, and I speak for them when I say that we will never forget your loved one, Richard. He will occupy a permanent place in our hearts and in our history.

Thank you, and God bless you.

Rudolph W. Giuliani
Mayor

NOVEMBER 15, 2001

Dear Dad,

I just got back from a little get-together memorial thing with people from your job. They invited all of your co-workers and we had lunch together. It was in some hotel in the city. Me and Mom and Tom and Owen all went. It was so weird, Dad, seeing the people that you spent your last minutes on earth with...they were all so alive and well. Why didn't you make it out? I don't understand. There was this one woman who seemed to be looking for me....for us. I overheard her asking people if they were related to Richie. When she finally got to me and I said yes, she started crying and thanking me...she kept saying that you saved her life that day. I just kept shaking my head no....I couldn't stand to look at her. I don't think I said anything back, I just kept staring and listening to her go on about the last elevator from the 78th floor and how you let her go in your spot. Why, Dad? Why couldn't you fit in too? She said that when she got to the ground the elevator shaft exploded or something. Oh god it was so awful to hear...to imagine. I just can't get her words out of my head... "Your father saved my life." Those words keep repeating over and over again. Do you remember that? Is it true? You should have been in that room with your coworkers today. I am so heartbroken.

I love you and miss you so much,

Laura

THE NEXT DAY...

November 16, 2001

Dear Laura,

Just know that I was not alone in my final minutes. I was not in pain. I am at peace now.

Remember what I always said: I'll never know if I'm wrong about God, so that means I'm right.

Have faith in His plan. It is impossible to understand all the mysteries of the world now. Our minds have limitations. Words alone cannot explain the Truth.

Your Father

THE FOLLOWING DAY...

Dad,

Your coworkers gave us a book. They all wrote something about you. It sounds like you carried your faith (and quirky personality) with you wherever you went. I love the description of how you “marched to the beat of a different drummer” and “often asked “What’s the meaning of life?” I can picture it all in my head so clearly. Their kind words are a testament to the kind of person you were wherever you went. I’m remembering how you told me you would sometimes “baptize” your coworkers of other faiths at your desk “just in case.” I imagine you leading a small group of your friends in prayer during those final seconds. It must have been beautiful, in a way. Is that what that one person meant by “Thank you for the comfort *THAT MORNING??*” I wonder what people will say about me when I’m gone. If I’m lucky, I’ll be remembered as half as good a person as you were. I wish I had your faith.

Laura

PS- We are still wondering about the baked potato.

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Section: MAIN Page: A13

Friday, November 16, 2001

FALLEN CO-WORKERS SALUTED

Taxation and Finance employees remembered as heroes, patriots

PAUL GRONDAHL Staff writer

NEW YORK -- Calling them ``heroes" and ``public servants in the best sense of the word," Gov. George Pataki eulogized 40 employees of the state Department of Taxation and Finance who died as a result of the Sept. 11 World Trade Center attacks.

Thursday's memorial service was held in the ballroom of a midtown Manhattan hotel, a few blocks from new office space the 183 employees remaining in the audit division have occupied since Oct. 3. They had been working in the 86th and 87th floors of the south tower.

Each of the names of the 39 employees lost in the destroyed building and the name of a man who died Sept. 30 en route to a funeral for one of his co-workers were read aloud by tax commissioner Arthur J. Roth. Forty employees each carried a white votive candle that burned in memory of their dead co-workers.

``The loss of life in your department is grievous and disproportionate," Mayor Rudolph Giuliani said. ``The people who died in the World Trade Center died as American patriots in the service of freedom. We'll never know how many heroes we had that day."

Giuliani mentioned several deceased employees' acts of courage and heroism, though, including those of Charles Mills, 61, a former Schenectady police commissioner who had worked in the department's tax enforcement unit for five years.

After the service, Mills' widow, Maie, recalled that her husband did something out of his ordinary routine the morning of Sept. 11: He left his briefcase at home.



NEW YORK STATE DEPT. OF TAXATION AND FINANCE



JEREMIAH
AHERN



ERNEST
ALIKAKOS



YVETTE
ANDERSON



JAPHET
ARYEE



STEVEN
BERGER



ELI
CHALOUH



FLORENCE
COHEN



JAMES
DOMANICO



SAREVE
DUKAT



CLYDE
FRAZIER JR.



DIANNE
GLADSTONE



HARRY
GOODY



YAN Z (CINDY)
GUAN



MARIAN
HRYCAK



NEIL
LAI



CHOW
LAM



HYUNTOON (PAUL)
LEE



MYOUNG
LEE



STEPHEN
LEFKOWITZ



TYRONE
MAY



SEPTEMBER 11, 2001



ROBERT
MILLER



CHARLES
MILLS



RICHARD
MIUCCIO



RICHARD
MOORE



OSCAR
NESBITT



MICHAEL
OU



SALVATORE
PAPASSO



DIANE
PARSONS



DENNIS
PIERCE



WILLIAM
POHLMANN



GERARD
RAUZI



ROSE
RISO



JON
SCHLISSSEL



BARRY
SIMOWITZ



YESH
TEMBE



DOROTHY
TEMPLE



DIANE
URBAN



WILLIAM
VALCARCEL



SANKARA
VELAMURI

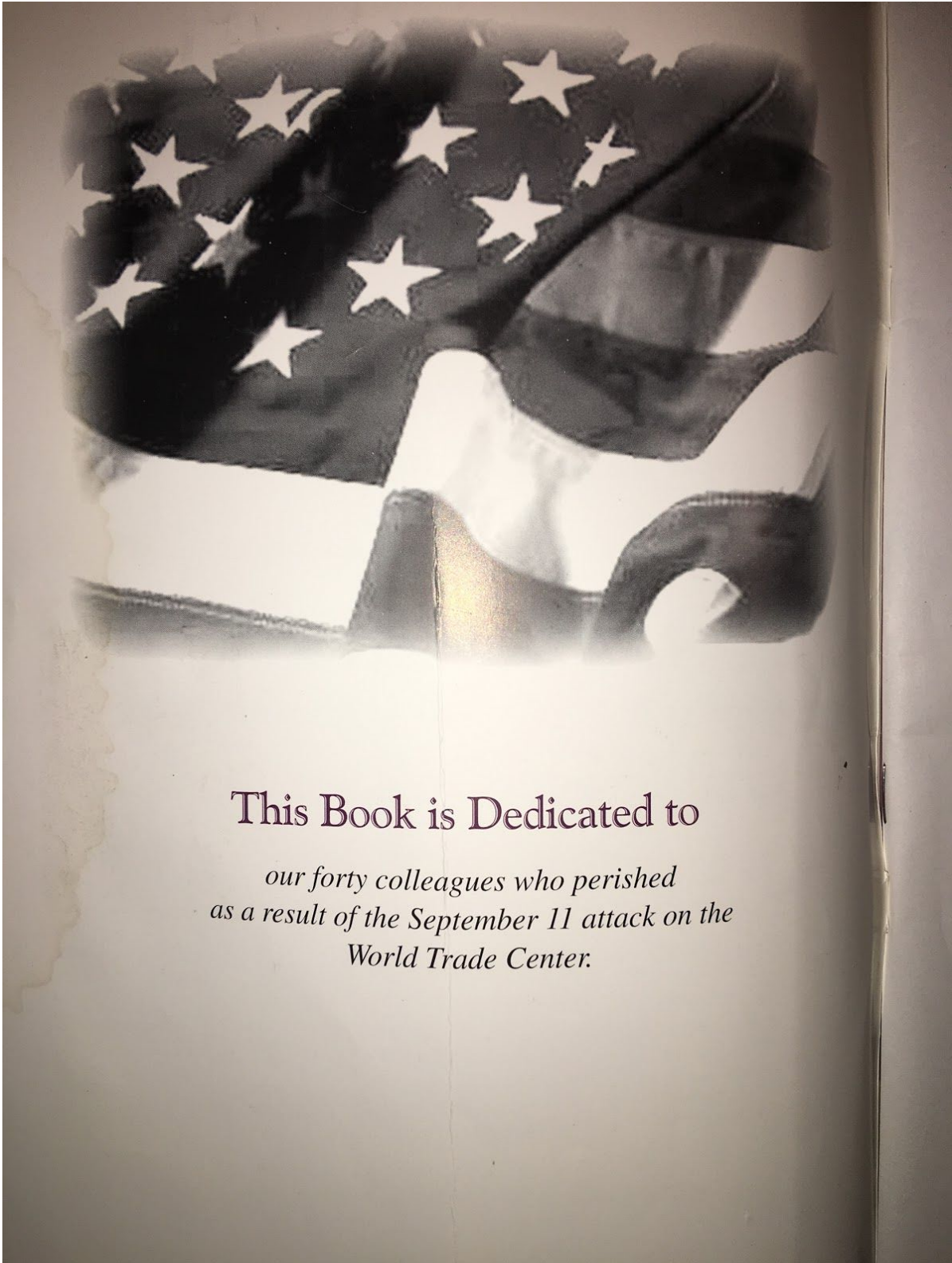


YUK PING
WONG



WE WILL NEVER FORGET
OUR FRIENDS AND CO-WORKERS





This Book is Dedicated to

*our forty colleagues who perished
as a result of the September 11 attack on the
World Trade Center.*

Dear Tax Department Employees and Families:

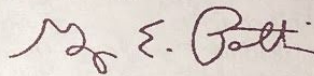
On this, the first anniversary of the events of September 11, 2001, all New Yorkers, and indeed all Americans, pause to reflect on that tragic day that had such an impact on us all.

At the Department of Taxation and Finance, you paid a special price, losing 40 of your family, friends, and coworkers to the cowardly attacks.

I hope this yearbook will serve as a fitting tribute to the memory of the Department heroes we lost and provide some solace as we remember their sacrifice. I would also like to recognize those Department employees who were injured in the attack as well as those who were able to escape and worked tirelessly and professionally to ensure that Department operations continued.

To the families of those who were lost, both Libby and I extend our deepest sympathies. Your loved ones will never be forgotten and have provided us all with an enduring legacy of courage. God bless you all.

Very truly yours,



George E. Pataki

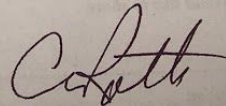


To the Men and Women of the Tax Department Family:

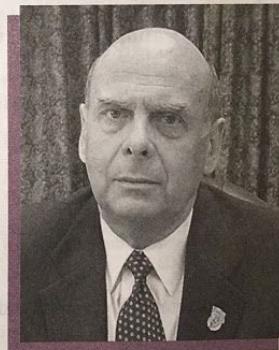
For a moment in time on September 11, 2001, it seemed to us that evil was everywhere. We watched as planes crashed into buildings in New York, Pennsylvania, and our Nation's capital. We struggled to come to terms with evil's presence on our soil, in our homeland. When that moment passed, we found the strength that had been asleep within us — our spirit rekindled, our patriotism reawakened. We chose not be beaten. We chose to fight.

As proud public servants, we met the demands of our government — supporting emergency operations, accepting generous donations. As Department employees, we remained focused on our mission — easing the burden of taxpayers affected by the disaster and maintaining services for those who were spared. As a family, we gathered to care for our suffering members — wrapping our survivors and the families of those who were lost in the warmth of our love. We mourned with them, supported them, and did our best to help them begin to rebuild, to live again.

September 11 has changed us all. Like the families of those to whom this book is dedicated, we will never forget those who were the innocent victims on that awful day. But their passing has given us strength and courage. We are more caring, more cognizant of the precious gift of life. So, too, we are blessed by the presence in our lives of the husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, daughters and sons of those we lost. Now and forever, they will be the most precious members of our Tax Department family.



Arthur J. Roth





Richard Miuccio

Richard Miuccio was a sales tax auditor who had worked for the Tax Department for 35 years, with the exception of one year which he spent in Vietnam serving his country. He was born and raised in Staten Island and graduated from Richmond College with a B.S. in Economics. Richard married his high school sweetheart, Joyce, 34 years ago. In addition to Joyce, he is survived by three grown children, Owen, Laura, and Thomas; his mother, Julia; his siblings, Robert and Mary; and his German Shepherd, Sissy. He also had two grandchildren, Krystina and Marcus.

Known to his close friends as Rich, "Rink," or "Mooch," Richard was a devoted husband, a caring father, and a proud grandfather. He made it a point to visit his ailing mother every day for the past three years. He was deeply religious and a long time member of St. Mary's Church in Rosebank, Staten Island, where he and Joyce conducted weekly Bible study classes.

Richard's daughter, Laura, shares a story about a baby bird he rescued: "One day he carried an injured baby bird all the way home on the ferry from the City in a shoebox, just to bring it to the vet." Thomas, Richard's son, shares another story: "Every day Dad would go to work with just 50 cents for the ferry and his lunch. On one particular day, all he had was 50 cents and an apple. When he came across a homeless man, he wanted to help. He gave the man a choice between the money and the apple. The man chose the apple. Dad would later state, 'I wish he had taken the money, because I really wanted that apple.'"

Richard was proud of his long tenure with the Tax Department, and held his coworkers in the highest regard. His coworkers remember him as a soft-hearted, patriotic, and honorable man with a great sense of humor. "He often shared stories with me about his children, whom he adored," shares coworker William Reardon. Richard had turned 55 in May, after surviving a battle with prostate cancer, and had been talking about retiring — his dream was to buy an RV and drive cross-country with Joyce and Sissy.

Richard was a "true hero long before September 11," says Peter Mulroy, a friend of Richard's from Staten Island. "He was my whole life," said his wife, Joyce. "He was everything to me."



To the
family of Richard -
Richard's faith was
unshakeable and made him a
strong person. It got
him through his illness
and I could see a change over
Richie when he was at peace
with himself. Richie was always
a gentleman & a warm caring
human being. He'll be sorely
missed. Love Rich

Dear Richard,

Thank you for comfort
me in that morning.

Thank you for the friendship

I miss you and will
see you in eternity.

Tuhana Tang

He
marched to
a different drummer.

He will be missed

Loyce Andrews

11-8-01

Dear Richard -

Thanks for the
baked potato

God Bless you
Helene

11/9/01

your wise counsel
& advice will be
sorely missed but
your spirit of friendship
will endure as
God watches over your
family in your honor

ela

Richie

Was always, always
kind. We would
discuss the Bible
at times.

The loss is simply
true.

God Bless You.

Gwendolyn Lovett

Richard - a kind hearted, fun
person. We often talked about
family and God. He was a very
caring person and he displayed
his love for God all around his
workstation. He always had a
kind word for everyone.

Richard will be missed but
will never be forgotten.

May you draw strength in
knowing that everyone in Sales
Tax loved him.

May God continue to give
you peace and strength to
endure.

Geraldine Howard-Cullaw

Richard

It was a privilege
knowing you. Who else would
ask me every morning 'what's
the meaning of life?'

I am sure you
are in a peaceful place.
Know that you'll always
be in my thoughts -
FOREVER -

Kal Rāṅgpaḥ

THE NEXT DAY...

November 18, 2001

Laura,

Ha, the baked potato. I remember that day. Yep, I gave away one of mom's baked potatoes.

Funny what people remember. They are very kind words. Thank you for sharing.

LATER THAT DAY...

November 18, 2001

Laura,

all we have are memories. Be fair and treat others with kindness. Love your family, always.

Pray. Believe. Be thankful. Nothing else matters. Life is pretty simple.

Your Father

RICHARD MIUCCIO



DREAMS OF RETIREMENT

He survived combat in Vietnam and it appeared that he had finally beaten prostate cancer after a rough siege of chemotherapy. Richard Miuccio and his wife, Joyce, were finally at the brink of their retirement dream to camp across the country in an R.V.

"He always used to say as soon as he turned 55 he would retire," said John C. Bilotti, a friend from their teenage years in the South Beach housing projects in Staten Island. "He counted the days."

But Mr. Miuccio, who turned 55 in May, never got around to filing the necessary papers with the State Department of Taxation and Finance, where he had worked for 35 years, rising to audit supervisor. "He just kept putting it off," Mrs. Miuccio said. He was generally meticulous and methodical, whether it was at work or while playing poker, handicapping horse races or visiting his mother at St. Elizabeth Ann's nursing home every day without fail for three years.


Mrs. Miuccio, who first met her husband when she was 13, now gravitates to his home desk, where he often worked instead of going to the office — there was a meeting on Sept. 11 — feeling closest to him there. "He was my whole life," she said. "He was everything to me."

Profile published in THE NEW YORK TIMES on December 26, 2001.

Richard Miuccio

Page 1 of 2

[Visit tribute](#)

 [E-mail to a friend](#)



[Sign this Guest Book](#)

Dad,

In just a few days from now, it will be a year since I last saw your beautiful face. I can't say that it has gotten any easier to deal with. I think about you every single day, and I know that mom, tom and owen do too. I know mommy is having a really difficult time without you by her side, but who can blame her? She had the most wonderful human being ever to walk the face of teh earth by her side for the past 40 years!!!!....I miss you so much, dad. I wish I could see your face just one more time. I miss the way you would always just pop in and surprise me at work no matter where I may have been working at the time. I would be so happy to see you come strolling in with your shades on and you would usually be carrying a tall umbrella..i think you just liked to use it a a walking stick...i miss our rides on the ferry together....i would look for you in the same seat that you would sit in every day. That's one trait you haev that I sure don't: consistency. YOu never changed. You knew what you wanted and stuck with it. With mom forever, with your job for 35 years, on staten island since you're born, you would go to see Nanny every single day at the same exact time.....i wish i could be more like that. I must say, though, i was lucky enough to inherit some other really great traits from you. And for all of thoses wonderful thing you taught me, i thank you from the bottom of my heart. I know i didn't show you enough appreciation for everything you did for us, and for that I am eternally sorry. I do realize the sacrifices you made to give me everything in the world a girl could have wanted. YOu were the best parent anyone could ever have. I love more than anything. I wish you could come home to us. I promise to take care of mom forever. I'll see you in heaven (if i make it there.....)

*Laura Miuccio (New York , NY)
September 5, 2002*

Dear Richard,
I have truly enjoyed getting to know you and your beautiful family.
You are the grandfather of my niece and nephew. I know you are up
there watching over them. You are truly missed. Heaven is even a more
special place now that you are there. God bless you and your family.

*Kristina Cruz (Brooklyn, NY)
April 4, 2002*

Richard, you were a great person to know and to have as a father-in-law.
You had a sense of humor unlike any other person I've ever
known.....you made us all laugh (especially your granddaughter,
Krystina). The other day when I was driving with her, we saw the sun
setting in the sky. It was as if the sun was double its usual size. It was a
bright reddish-orange color. Krystina then said to me that when she sees
the sunset, it reminds her of when you would take her to visit your mom
at the nursing home. She said that the sun was always that way when
you guys left in the van. Now when I see the sunset, it reminds me of
you too.

*Noemi Miuccio (Ewing, NJ)
April 3, 2002*



[Show picture](#)

My sentiments to the Miuccio Family. You were my closest friend's
Father-in-law and I have seen her pain. You were a great influence and
person in her life. My God Bless your family and may they live with all
your happy memories.

*Leenie Rodriguez (Methuen, MA)
March 14, 2002*

RICHIE,
ALL THOSE POINTS YOU COLLECTED OVER THE YEARS WERE MORE
THEN ENOUGH TO GO STRIGHT TO HEAVEN.BUT YOU WENT CAUSE
YOU ARE YOU, A GOOD MAN.. A LOVING HUSBAND, A LOVING FATHER,
AND A LOVING AND TRUE FRIEND TO ALL..YOU ARE LOVED AND WILL
BE MISSED FOREVER. YOU ARE AT PEACE AND I AM SURE GETTING A
CARD GAME GOING EVERY WEEK. YOU ARE IN MY PRAYERS...YOUR
FRIEND MIMI...

*Mary Mulroy (Staten Island, NY)
March 10, 2002*

rich,its been almost 6 months and it feels like it was yesterday,i think of you every single minute of every day,i miss you so much,you really were like a brother to me.love you ronnie

*ron black (staten island, NY)
March 1, 2002*

Rich,

Went down to St. Peter's Church by WTC this morning to receive ashes for Ash Wednesday.
Said a prayer and lit a candle in your memory.
God Bless you and all the victims of 911 in Heaven.

*Pete Mulroy (NY, NY)
February 13, 2002*

Joyce,

I know how you felt when Richie was in Viet Nam. I can't even imagine how you feel now.
You are in my thoughts and prayers.
Mary Jo

*Mary Jo Mashlykin (Homer, NY)
February 5, 2002*

[1] 2

Entries are free and are posted after being reviewed for appropriate content.

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Islanders recite the names of WTC victims

■ Stand on elevated
stage on the fringe
of Ground Zero

By DAVID ANDREATTA
ADVANCE STAFF WRITER

Of the thousands of New Yorkers who entered their names in a lottery to recite the list of World Trade Center victims at yesterday's anniversary ceremony, 12 of the 197 chosen were either relatives of Staten Island victims or residents of the borough.

Pairs of readers stood on an elevated stage at the fringe of Ground Zero overlooking West Street, and alternated reciting the names of the 2,801 people killed in the terrorist attacks.

Dignitaries such as Secretary of State Colin Powell, and politicians including Sen. Hillary Rodham Clinton, were among the readers. But the list was also composed of wives, husbands, fiancées, children and siblings of the thousands who perished.

"I was honored to read the names of so many heroes," said Nicole Petrocelli, a Great Kills resident whose husband, Mark, was lost on Sept. 11.

Mrs. Petrocelli read with Sen. Charles Schumer and ended her recitation with a simple, "I love you, Mark."

She did not read her husband's full name aloud, but did recite the names of 14 others.

"As much as I loved Mark and wanted to read his name, I know that there are people who loved those victims' [names] that I read," she said. "It meant a lot to me to be involved."

Hopefuls submitted their requests to the mayor's office weeks ago for the honor of reading a handful — typically 14 or 15 — of the victims' names.

While most of the readers asked to read those excerpts of the list that included their relatives or friends, not all of them had that distinction.

Laura Miuccio, of South Beach, was one of those readers who did.

Ms. Miuccio read aloud the name of her 55-year-old father, Richard, who died in Tower 2. An



ADVANCE PHOTO ■ MONIKA GRAFF

Laura Miuccio, of South Beach, reads the name of her 55-year-old father, Richard, an auditing supervisor with the state Department of Taxation and Finance who died in Tower 2.

auditing supervisor with the state Department of Taxation and Finance, Mr. Miuccio worked on the 86th floor of the tower and was last seen descending the stairs at the 78th floor.

The other readers with a close connection to Staten Island included:

Margit Arias, wife of Dongan Hills resident Adam P. Arias; Lisa Aversano, daughter of Louis Aversano, formerly of New Springville; Lori Caporicci, wife of Tottenville resident Louis Caporicci; Gladys de la Torre, sister of Bulls Head resident Azucena de la Torre;

Borough President James P. Molinaro; Peggy McGrane, sister of Mary (Molly) Herencia, formerly of Willowbrook; Christine Papasso, wife of Annadale resident Salvatore Papasso; Cielito Peralta, sister of Greenridge resident Carl Peralta; Frances Santore, wife of West Brighton resident John Santore; and Richard Sheirer of Dongan Hills, former commissioner of the city Office of Emergency Management.



JOHN J. MARCHI
24TH DISTRICT

TY MAJORITY LEADER FOR
GOVERNMENTAL AFFAIRS

CHAIRMAN
ITTEE ON CORPORATIONS,
ORITIES AND COMMISSIONS

THE SENATE
STATE OF NEW YORK
ALBANY 12247

December 11, 2002

PLEASE RESPOND TO:

☐ ALBANY OFFICE:
ROOM 416
STATE CAPITOL
ALBANY, NY 12247
(518) 455-3215

☐ DISTRICT OFFICE:
358 ST. MARKS PLACE
STATEN ISLAND, NY 10301
(718) 447-1723

The Miuccio Family
16 Paive Avenue
Staten Island, NY 10305

Dear members of the Miuccio Family:

I regret that a duty call in Albany on December 15th will prevent me from accepting your invitation to take part in the ceremony honoring Richard.

I do, however, wish to renew my condolences over your loss.

The cowards who caused his death and that of thousands of others in the World Trade Center attack hurt us but they did not achieve their desire to cow us into paralysis.

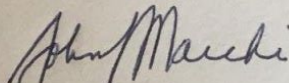
Men and women like Richard, who served his country in Vietnam, are the backbone of this country. He and they will continue to inspire our nation to defeat any attack on our freedom and our way of life.

It is good to know that his memory will live on, not only in the hearts of family and friends, but in the tangible form of a street sign bearing his name.

Staten Island is honored by that sign and the message of courage and commitment it represents.

May God bless and comfort you all.

Sincerely,


John J. Marchi

JJM:mp

Ch 4: Putting Back the Pieces

JULY 6, 2002

Dad,

Mommy got a call from the medical examiner's office today. They identified your remains.

Mommy freaked out and fell to the floor. She was screaming and crying. It's so awful, Dad. they said there was only a torso and one leg and one arm. Oh god, I can't imagine what you went through. I'm so sorry, Dad. They told us that they tagged your body on September 14th...just a few days after the attack but it took all this time to identify you. I think this means you must have somehow made it out of the building, right? I can't stop imagining all the possible scenarios in my head. Could you have made it home, maybe if you ran a little faster? How did you die? Where were you? Were you alone? Why did so many of your coworkers make it out? Please tell me.

Laura

In loving memory of
Richard Miuccio

May 23, 1946
September 11, 2001 .

Entombment
Woodbridge Memorial Gardens
Woodbridge, New Jersey
Atrium Building
Section 211-Row D-Level 4-Crypt 64
February 7, 2007

The Mystical Rose

Blessed Mother Mary
Throughout centuries of devotion,
Roses have been your symbol.
They recall for us
The blossom of your love,
The freshness of your life,
And your role in bringing
Newness to all things.
Help us when we see, smell
And enjoy the gentle
Softness of a rose,
To understand how close
You are to us. Amen.

A. Azzara Funeral Home
(718) 727-1440

A FEW DAYS LATER...

July 9, 2002

Laura,

Don't worry about how. You will drive yourself crazy thinking about it. It was my time. I wanted to make it out for you and Owen and Tom and Mom, but I made my peace with God. I was Ok with whatever he wanted. I was not alone in the end. What they found is no longer me. I am all around you now.

Your Father

THREE DAYS LATER...

July 12, 2002

Daddy,

Aunt Mary went up to the city to look at a picture of your remains. She said it was a blurry polaroid and hard to make out. I don't know if I should go see it. In some ways I want to but I don't want that to be how I remember you. I thought about how you said that it's "not really you" anymore and I understand. Maybe I won't go see it. Mom wants to bury your body at St. Mary's cemetery. I think it will be good for us to have a place to go to "visit" you. I think we're even going to have a real funeral for you this time since last time we only had a memorial mass. I think it will be nice.

Love,

Laura

Funeral set for WTC victim

A funeral service for Sept. 11 victim Richard Miuccio, 55, of South Beach, will be held tomorrow at 8 p.m. in the A. Azzara Funeral Home, South Beach, with the Rev. Victor Buebendorf, pastor of St. Mary's R.C. Church, Rosebank, officiating. Mr. Miuccio's remains were recently identified.

Mr. Miuccio was an auditing supervisor with the state Department of Taxation and Finance, located on the 86th floor of the World Trade Center's Tower 2.



Miuccio

He is survived by his wife, the former Joyce Black; his two sons, Owen and Thomas; his daughter, Laura Miuccio; his mother, Julia Miuccio; a brother, Robert; a sister, Mary Urs, and two grandchildren.

Burial will be Saturday morning in St. Mary's Cemetery, Grasmere. A graveside service will be conducted by the Rev. Peter Selvaraj of St. Mary's Church.

Staten Island Advance
July 25, 2002

AUGUST 5, 2002

New Message

To: Rmiuccio@aol.com
From: Lmiuccio@IPSEG.com

Subject: your id

Date: 8-5-02

Hi Dad,
Owen is selling your van. Everytime I see it in the driveway when I come to visit Mom it freaks me out. I think, for a second that you are home. And then I remember. It sucks so much.
Laura

NEW YORK STATE

Richard L. Jacobus, Jr.
Commissioner of Motor Vehicles

ID:205 123 757



DRIVER LICENSE

DOB: 05-23-46

MIUCCIO, RICHARD, P
35 ROCKWELL AV
STATEN ISLAND NY
10305

SEX: M EYES: GR HT: 5-11 CLASS: D
END: REST: B
ISSUED: 10-13-98 EXPIRES: 05-23-04

Richard P. Miuccio

46682800

A FEW WEEKS LATER...

New Message

To: Rmiuccio@aol.com
From: Lmiuccio@IPSEG.com
(see attachment)

Subject: Letter from vietnam to Grandma?

Date:

Dad,

You're never gonna believe what I found now! A letter you wrote to Grandma from Vietnam. It's so awesome....the paper is all tattered up. And it's so nice to see how you talked to her. I wish I could see what she wrote back to you. You must have been so lonely during that time. I took picture of the letter and attached it so you could read for yourself.

Well, I'm at work right now so I gotta get back.

Talk soon!

Love,

Laura

25 SEPT 1968

Dear Mom,

How have you been? I hope you and the whole family are all fine and in good health and aren't having any problems.

I haven't been doing too bad and I guess I'm as good a condition as possible under the circumstances. But I'm sure feeling pretty low. I've had just about all the Army life I can take. It sure is going to be good to get home again. I just finished writing Joyce a letter and I told her that things have been pretty quiet lately. Well about a half hour ago the VC. blew up a

bridge about 500 yards from here. it
sure scared me because it was some
explosion and I didn't know what
was happening. Then a call came
over the radio a few minutes later
that the bridge had been blown up
and we shot of illumination for
them but they didn't see anyone
around. I don't know if anyone
got killed but there are supposed
to be soldiers guarding the bridge and
if the were they are surely dead because
that was some explosion. But we
didn't hear anything else about it
yet.

How has everything been going

back home? I hope the boys are doing fine and are behaving themselves. Can you think of anything I might be able to pick up for them before I come home. I like to bring them something when I come home. Ask them for me if there is anything they want. Also be sure to let me know if there is anything I can get for you. I'm going to get you something and I would like it to be something you need.

Well what do you think of our new apartment? I look good to me in the papers Joyce sent me.

How is our Joyce doing. I worry about her. She'll be able to move of belongings

into our new apartment in 36 more
days. Do you think she will have
enough people to help her out.

Well I guess that's about all for
now because there really isn't
much to say. Take good care of your-
self and don't let things get you
down. Don't worry about me because
I'm being as careful as possible.
Please remember me in your prayers
and I'll do the same for you. Hope
to see you in 63 days.

Love
your son
Rich

LATER THAT DAY....

New Message

To: Lmiuccio@IPSEG.com

From: Rmiuccio@aol.com

Re: Letter from Vietnam to Grandma?

Date:

Laura,

I'll let you get back to work, but thank you for sharing the letter with me. I remember writing to your grandmother often. There wasn't much else to do to pass the time. We didn't have email or phones back then, so letters were all we had to keep us going. That was a tough time for me. I was very happy when I got to return home to your mother.

Your Father

Ch 5: Defending My Honor

A MONTH LATER...

New Message

To: Rmiuccio@aol.com
(see 1 attachment)

Subject: frustrated

Date:

Dad,

I am so friggin angry and upset and sad. Everywhere I go people find out that my father died on 9-11 and they ask me if you were a firefighter. When I say no, their attitude kind of chnages. They just say oh well adn walk away. I don;t understand why itr matters. I know htat you are a hero just like them. I just wish people would be a little more sensitive towards us, I mean, if you saw mom;s face everytime someone asked us if you were a firefighter, you would understand what i mean. It's very hurtful and upsetting. We went to the hair salon the other day and there was a collection jar at the front counter for firefighters and first responders who died. Mom was so upset that we walked out. Why can't people understand that it doesn;t matter where you worked that day. All people's lives are worth the same. Anyway, I wrote a letter to the NY Post about how I feel. I hope I don;t regret this later but I have to share my view with others. Let me know what you think. I love you!

Your daughter,
Laura

Letters

FROM PAGE A 22

WTC firefighter and police families are treated better than others

As the daughter of one of the victims of the World Trade Center tragedy, I am compelled to speak out on behalf of the majority of the victims' families.

Fact: Approximately 5,000 lives were lost.

Fact: Approximately 300 of them were police officers or firefighters.

Fact: The majority of all funds being raised will go to less than approximately 5 percent of all the victims.

Fact: This, as the daughter of a mere New York state worker of 35 years, makes me angry and sad.

From reading various news articles, I can see it's no secret that the population is becoming aware of the fund distribution controversies that are beginning to brew.

I would, perhaps, like to shed some light below the surface and speak to the root of the controversy.

Each day, my family and I mourn just as the families of the firefighters and police officers mourn. We feel the same pain, and cry the same tears.

When someone I don't know hears of my loss, inevitably the first question is usually, "Was your dad a fireman?" When I say no, they look at me as though the loss they perceived me to have had a second ago, is somehow not so grave after all.

When we went to the family assistance center at Pier 94, we noticed a clear distinction in the way we were treated compared to the way the firefighters' wives were handled. They were personally escorted around the huge complex, as we were left to fend for ourselves among the masses, including those who had been temporarily displaced or unemployed.

Be it the small ad in our local paper advertising free movies for firefighters' and police officers' families, or the Firefighters' Fund donation box in our local beauty salon, these things remind us each and every day, not of those who are remembered, but those we seem to have forgotten so soon.

So, while the money is getting thrown around and will become the focus of many people's pain and frustration, understand that the money stands for so much more. It comes to represent the definitive worth by which the dignity and honor of our loved ones' lives are measured.

LAURA MIUCCIO
(via e-mail)
South Beach

LATER THAT DAY...

New Message

To: lmiuccio@yahoo.com

Cc Bcc

Subject: your letter

Date:

Laura,

I am sorry to hear how frustrating this process has been. Try not to let people's comments bother you. I do not think they mean any harm. They just aren't in your position. Your letter to the Post was clear. Perhaps it will make you feel better in some way to have others know what you've been experiencing. Please don't worry about it too much.

With love,

Your Father

Families of civilian victims battle for recognition, benefits

STAFF WRITER

He wasn't. Richard Miuccio was a 55-year-old sales tax auditor who had been married to his high school sweetheart for 35 years. He was a good man who raised three children, a man of faith who wore a cross on a chain around his neck, a man with a generous heart.

"It hurts when they ask that," said his 25-year-old daughter Laura, who lives on Staten Island. "When I say no, they look at me as though the loss . . . is somehow not so grave after all."

"I don't see the relevance of the question," she said. "It's not appropriate. He was just the most wonderful, best guy. My dad."

Miuccio is not alone in feeling that, somewhere in the maelstrom of pain and anguish, the vast majority of regular working people who perished in the Twin Towers Sept. 11 have been forgotten, eclipsed into obscurity by a public spotlight that has focused intensely on the uniformed rescue workers.

The slights family members describe are like paper cuts, hard to see with the naked eye but deep and stinging: celebrity concerts that hailed the rescue workers as heroes and hardly mentioned the workers in the building; free cruises and trips to Hawaii offered only to firefighters' families; invitations for children of firefighters to fly to Arizona with the mayor for a World Series game and to cut the ribbon for the Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade. Many trips, vacations, sports events and concert tickets have been offered to families and people in uniform who may not even have lost a loved one.

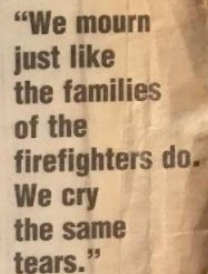
Beyond the symbolism is a harsh financial reality. Even though families of uniformeded service workers are perhaps, across the board, assured of more financial stability than most families who lost a breadwinner, a house will draw the deceased person's salary tax free for life, and families are also eligible for city and federal death benefits worth \$275,000 plus a year's salary — enormous amounts of money have poured in from the public to funds exclusively reserved for them.

The funds devoted to rescue workers, who represent just over 10 percent of the total number killed Sept. 11, already have raised more than \$300 million. The Twin Towers Fund established by Mayor Rudolph Giuliani, which raised \$113 million, has distributed \$47.4 million of it to 397 families who lost firefighters, police, Port Authority police and court officers; the Port Authority Police PBA Fund last month issued checks of \$25,000 to families of deceased and injured officers; and the New York Police and Fire Widows' and Children's Fund, which has raised \$80 million, is mailing \$40,000 checks this week to surviving spouses of rescue workers with minor children.

"It's not like we need dollar for dollar as the rescue workers," said Cheri Sparaco, a mother of 2-year-old twins who lost her husband, Thomas, and is expecting a third child in March. "But the money that people donate does speak to who their sympathies go out to, which is why we're feeling frustrated, and so bitter and hurt."

Relatives of firefighters who were lost acknowledge the issue is a difficult one. Michael Stackpole, a firefighter from Massapequa Park who lost his brother, Fire Capt. Timothy Stackpole, and who is one of the founders of the 9-11 Widows' and Victims' Families Association, said the organization's view is that monies should be distributed evenly between victims' families. While firefighters' funds are not permitted to redirect donations, Stackpole said, media attention and political pressure may result in increased public awareness and donations to civilian families.

"Do I believe firemen deserve a little bit more? Maybe," Stackpole said. "The firemen knew it was bad when they rushed in. They knew there was a



— Laura Miuccio

Laura Muccio, 25, lost her father, Richard Muccio, in the Trade Center attack. He was a sales tax collector.

By Bryan Virasami and Jessica Kowal

STAFF WRITERS

Juanita Brown — whose daughter Janice Brown, an accountant at Marsh and McLennan, was lost in the World Trade Center tragedy — spent five hours at Pier 94 in Manhattan yesterday with her 11-year-old grandson and other young relatives.

"They had a good time for a full day," said a pleased Brown, carrying shopping bags of fire trucks, dolls and games for the youngsters.

The Browns were among the more than 500 family members of victims of the Sept. 11 terrorist attack who went to the pier yesterday for a "Water Wonderland" event, aimed at helping them receive presents for the holidays without making it feel like charity, according to Rosemarie O'Keefe, commissioner of the city Community Assistance Unit, who planned the day.

It seemed to work for Edward Lee, who brought his 3-year-old grandson Nashawn.

"It brings a little joy to the holiday season," said Lee, of Brooklyn, whose 49-year-old wife, Juanita, a receptionist at AON Corp., was lost in the tragedy. "We appreciate everything."

Family members of the more than 3,000 people

Mayor Rudolph Giuliani said the event was intended to give the families "something to enjoy."

"It's very important that even if you have to work at it, that you go out of your way to celebrate the holidays," Giuliani said, "because we don't want the terrorists to have taken our holidays from us."

Boutiques were set up for popular brands such as Tommy Hilfiger fashions, Disney, Barbie and Honda toy trucks, as well as makeup, perfume and homemade quilts from Iowa and Arizona, O'Keefe said.

Depending on how many children or grandchildren a victim had, families received a number of credits on a "snowflake card," which they carried to each boutique to "spend" by selecting from thousands of donated gifts. A toy truck, for example, "cost" five snowflake hole-punches on the card, while a Boy Scout was worth two or three punches.

All families received a cash gift from District 1 of the "Gift of New York" card, which gives free five family members to basketball games and cultural events through next April. "We ate Cross served sandwiches and hot chocolate," said...

"We didn't miss a trick," said a 26-year-old son, David, who said, "This is good for the family." But she taken her granddaughter, who is going to be added, "After" to the list of the names. Madaya signed.



DEBORAH S. DAMMER
DIRECTOR
HUMAN RESOURCES MANAGEMENT

STATE OF NEW YORK
DEPARTMENT OF TAXATION AND FINANCE
W A HARRIMAN CAMPUS
ALBANY NY 12227

M. KIARAN JOH
DIRECTOR OF PERS

DEBORAH A. DO
DIRECTOR OF LABOR F

MARY HELEN ROS
DIRECTOR OF STAFF DEV

July 5, 2002

Ms. Joyce Miuccio
16 Piave Avenue
Staten Island, NY 10305

Re: 9/11 Fund - Family of Richard P. Miuccio

Dear Ms. Miuccio:

Enclosed you will find the information which we can provide to assist you in completing the September 11th Victim Compensation Fund of 2001 forms. We have reviewed the compensation forms and instructions and have listed the information in a similar order as the form requires. Using a numbering system, we have placed a number on each section of the compensation form with the same number on our information form for your ease in locating corresponding information which you need to enter on to the compensation form.

In some sections we have given you more information than is intended for the form, however there is a direct connection with the extra information and another question asked. For example:

- In Part II f.- Compensation Totals: We have given you both salary (#6) and wages separately. An employee's annual salary most often is different from the total amount of money earned at the end of the year due to mid-year salary increases, negotiated raises, job title changes, etc.
- Location pay: The rate of location pay changes with the fiscal year (April 1 - March 31) however, the form asks for the annual (Jan - Dec) amount earned (#7).
- Accrued non-compensatory overtime and accrued annual leave: We have provided you with the value of accrued non-compensatory overtime and accrued annual leave (#12 and #13). Although this information is not requested on the compensation form, these payments are a form of earnings which have been reported either on a W-2 or 1099 which will be included with the tax return information.

Matityahu Marcus, Ph.D.
Economist

2350 South Avenue
Scotch Plains, NJ 07076

(908) 654-4555
FAX (908) 654-4718

September 23, 2002

16 Mrs. Joyce Miuccio
Piave Avenue
Staten Island, NY 10305

Dear Mrs. Miuccio,

Following up on our discussion of last week, we want to explore including the loss of management and property maintenance services your husband provided in our loss estimates.

Can you provide information about the following:

1. How many of the units were you renting or planning to rent?
2. How long had you owned the buildings?
3. What was the average rent for each unit?
4. On average, how many **hours a month** would you say that your husband spent in total on maintaining the rental units - doing repairs, painting, shoveling the walk, mowing and maintaining the grounds?
5. Did you use any paid handymen or contractors for any maintenance?
6. Have you yet hired anyone to provide any of these services?

14 Pine Ave
February 2001
Kup - 6000
14 down - 41000
16 up - 16000
CC: John M. D'Amato, Esq.

John

Sincerely,

Neil Sheflin, Ph.D.

SEPTEMBER 26, 2002

Dear Dad,

You're not going to believe what these lawyers are making us do. It's just so friggin' awful.

There's this compensation fund that they want us to sign up for to give us money. I think it's so we don't sue the airlines or something. It's all pretty crazy. Money was the last thing on our mind until all these groups started telling mom and us that we have a certain amount of time to sign up and all this other stuff I don't understand. Anyway, they are making us all write these statements about the kind of father you were to us. Apparently, they're going to use it as part of the evaluation on how much money they're going to give us or something. Can you believe it?

We have to put in words what you meant to us as a father. I guess some fathers aren't so good, maybe? I don't really know what they're looking for but we have to give it to them by tomorrow so I wrote something. I hate it. How can I put into words what you meant to me? What you're *worth* to me? There is no number that's good enough. No amount that you are worth. This just sucks so much. Then next week mom has to sit with the lawyers and they will give her an estimate based on some complicated series of calculations based on your salary and age and kids. It's horrendous!!!!!! I wish I could write a novel about you, but I made a copy of what I wrote for you for now. I hope you like it, but I know it doesn't do justice what you meant to me. To us. xooxox

Love your little girl,

Laura

My Father, Richard Miuccio

In our lives, there are only a few things that have any real meaning. Family is one of them. And while I know the bond I shared with my father expands beyond the scope of this world and this lifetime, that doesn't make the pain of missing him any easier to bear.

It is impossible to try to sum up in words what my father meant to me. He was a truly unique person in every sense of the word. I know that he and I had a special relationship. We would often engage in discussions about life and death and God, and look for answers to life's great mysteries. In fact, one question commonly discussed was whether or not there was an "afterlife." His devout belief in God and keen sense of humor would always led him to a resounding, "There's no way I can be wrong....if I'm right, then I'll be rewarded in heaven.....BUT, if I'm wrong, I'll NEVER KNOW....So, I *have* to be right."

When faced with any major decision in my life, it was he who I would go to for advice. Growing up, he would always give me the most unique ideas for school projects. When helping me with homework, he would be sure not to simply give me the answer, but to take the time to make sure I figured it out for myself.

My father has been there for me during every major event in my life. From my first father-daughter dance, to my senior prom, he was always there, cheering me on. When I chose to study abroad for a semester, he supported me wholeheartedly, even though he was sad to see me go so far away.

Of all of the memories I have of my father, some of my favorite and most cherished ones are recent ones of he and I taking the ferry to and from work together each day. We would share coffee and a bagel and talk about whatever book we may have been reading at the time, or just what was going on at work. Sometimes on our drive down to the ferry from our house, he would pick up people waiting on the bus stop and offer them a lift. He was always going out of his way to help others. These acts left such a lasting impression on me and I aspire to continue his legacy. Oftentimes he would stop by, unannounced, at my job. He would simply stroll in just to say hi and see how I was doing. I remember how special that made me feel and how great I thought he was.

I miss not seeing my father everyday so much it hurts. I miss his beautiful, smiling face. It pains me more than anything to think of the suffering he may have endured.. I constantly dream about him coming home, walking through the front door and making our family whole again. I pray that the clear image I have of him in my mind never fades. I wish he would have had the chance to finally live out his dreams by moving to someplace in the country and living together with my mom peacefully for the next 35 years.

When I think of myself getting married one day, it pains me so much to think that he will not be there to walk me down the aisle. He'll never see my children, and they shall be denied the benefit of him as a grandfather. Aside from the monumental days and holidays

in my life to come, it is each and every "normal" day that hurts as well. Everything is a constant reminder of him and it gets harder to bear as the days pass. Whether it's seeing a man that may look like him or a father with his daughter in the street, or just hearing a song he loved to sing, each day is a bitter-sweet battle of living through beautiful memories of him.

And, while the memories I do have of him no one can never take away, it is the memories that were yet to come that were stolen from my family and I. I know I will have missed out on so many great future memories with my father and my family and there is nothing anyone can do to change that.

I could go on and on forever about how much he meant to me. I feel such injustice in trying to compact a lifetime of memories into one composition. I am afraid my plainly-written recollections of him are a grossly inadequate representation of the real thing. The world, along with my family has endured a great loss with the passing of my father, Richard Miuccio.

Richard Miuccio

Our life together

Richie and I knew each other since we were 14 years old started dating when we were in high school, we continued our relationship throughout high school and married a year later. He started working for taxation and finance right out of college he worked a year and then was drafted into the army he had 6 months left and they sent him to Vietnam. When he came home we started a family we have three wonderful children. Three years ago we found out Richie had prostate cancer, which later found out that the cancer was from Agent Orange a chemical that was used in Vietnam he went for treatments and was in remission. We had a wonderful life together he was my whole life we did everything together our enjoyment was to go camping with the children in the summer. Ritchie and I spent most of our time together weather it was shopping, taking walks on the boardwalk with our dog sister. We enjoyed life together for the past 40 years.

Richie was a very religious man we would go to church every Sunday . We had bible classes at our home.

We recently purchased a four family house in February 2001. My children are grown now and Ritchie had a lot of things that we wanted to do.

September 11 happened and my world came crashing down now I feel so alone I'm angry that something like this could happen. There are days that I just don't want to be here without him. If my husband was sick and dying then I wouldn't want him to suffer but this was a senseless death.

YOUR LOVING WIFE

Joyce

TWO DAYS LATER....

Dear Laura,

I hope they give you enough money to ensure Mom lives comfortably for the rest of her life. You don't need anything more than that. I always said I was worth more dead than I was alive. I guess it's true! Your letter was very good. Everyone should say these things to the people they love while they're alive. In case I didn't tell you enough, you made me proud to call you my daughter. I know you always got mad when I told you not to expect too much out of life but that's because I didn't want you to be disappointed. It's OK to have high expectations, but be content with what you have, too. You have a good life and family. Don't get lost in your dreams. Keep one foot on the ground. My biggest joys in life came from watching you, Owen, and Tom grow up. I wish I could have been there for more milestones in your lives. I miss your mother most of all. That woman was my whole world.

With love,

Your Father

SEPTEMBER 30, 2002

Dad,

I think it's because you were so content that I became a dreamer. You and mom were always so happy and you never wanted anything more out of life. I guess I just felt that my life could be like that and then so much more, in a way. You two made marriage seem so easy that I believed that would come just as easily for me and anything else I wanted in my life, too. Mom misses you more than you know. I don't know what to do for her. It breaks my heart.

Love,

Laura

THE ISLAND

Widow told husband not worth a penny

■ Because of her husband's large pension, Joyce Miuccio learns she isn't entitled to any money from federal fund

By DAVID ANDREATTA
ADVANCE STAFF WRITER

Nearly seven months after Joyce Miuccio learned her husband was killed in the terrorist attacks on the World Trade Center, she got the second-worst news of her life:

He isn't worth a penny, according to the Victim Compensation Fund.

That was the ballpark estimate a financial adviser gave her when the South Beach woman inquired late last month about what she could expect to receive from the federal fund — a bankroll created as part of legislation to protect the airline industry from lawsuits.

Because of her late husband Richard's large pension, which he earned over 35 years with the state Department of Taxation and Finance, and workers' compensation benefits she stands to receive as a result of his death, the adviser said the federal government's award for his life has been whittled to nothing.

"They're supposed to be compensating people so they won't sue the airlines, but where's the compensation?" said Mrs. Miuccio, 55. "In their mind, my husband is worth nothing."

It has been highly publicized that the federal fund provides a tax-free average award of \$1.85 million to families of those who died on Sept. 11, an increase of \$200,000 from the original estimate.

Yet it is clear many families will receive far less than that, if anything at all, because of deductions required by law. Legal experts argue that some families, like the Miuccios, may find a protracted lawsuit a preferable option.

The fund's regulations, which were finalized last month, improved the initial plan by doubling

payments for dependents and easing restrictions on injured rescue workers applying for compensation.

But the rules are unclear on whether various government benefits will be deducted from the final award, leaving financial consultants and lawyers in a lurch to provide rough estimates of what families can expect to gain by opting into the fund instead of suing the airlines.

The likely awards from the fund — before any mandated deductions — range from \$300,000 for an unmarried 65-year-old who made \$10,000 a year to roughly \$4.74 million for a married 25-year-old with two children whose annual income was \$125,000.

In the case of Richard Miuccio, a 55-year-old audit supervisor who made \$63,000 yearly, the presumptive award for his life is \$733,114. Although he fathered three children, they are over 21 years old and are not considered dependents under the fund's regulations.

Mrs. Miuccio chose to collect her husband's pension in a lump sum of \$543,000, which is deducted by law from the federal fund award. The financial consultant estimated she would receive roughly \$300,000 in workers' compensation benefits over the remainder of her life, and told her it would offset her final award to zero.

"The way it's set up, there is no way my sister can come out with anything but a net zero," said her brother, Larry Black, who accompanied Mrs. Miuccio to the consultation at the College Staten Island. "It's not a question of whether she'll be destitute. It's how can you tell her her husband is worth nothing?"

They said the consultant advised them to "up the worth" of Miuccio by outlining his assets and contributions to the household, including chores like mowing the lawn, and using them to challenge the fund's presumptive estimate.

"This is ridiculous," Mrs. Miuccio said of the advice. "I'm not looking to get wealthy off of this, but if they say they are going to compensate families, my husband should be worth something."

Although she will collect in excess of the \$733,114 presumed award through the pension, workers' compensation and charities without even filing a federal fund claim, Mrs. Miuccio points out her late husband earned those benefits through a lifetime of work.

Those sentiments are supported by families of hundreds of Sept. 11 victims, dozens of whom have lodged formal complaints with the Department of Justice.

"As it stands now, my family still receives 'zero' from the fund," reads an e-mail from a Yonkers resident posted on the Department of Justice Web site. "I would rather use the fund but it appears that the rules will not let me."

"What am I supposed to do; receive nothing because my father planned for his family? No thanks — I'll take my chances in court!"



ADVANCE PHOTO ■ MICHAEL McWEENEY

Family members of Richard Miuccio, from left, his son, Tom, his wife, Joyce, his son, Owen, and his daughter-in-law, Noemi, stand together before an American flag.

Islanders rejecting federal Sept. 11 fund



ADVANCE PHOTO ■ MICHAEL McWEENEY

A South Beach woman whose husband died Sept. 11 is told she won't get a penny from the Victim Compensation Fund. See Page A 5

■ **Only 7 borough families of the 202 victimized have opted in so far**

By **DAVID ANDREATTA**
ADVANCE STAFF WRITER

Families of those killed or injured on Sept. 11 continue to voice angry complaints about various provisions of the federal Victim Compensation Fund, one month after final regulations to increase awards were issued.

To date, only seven of the 445 claims filed with the fund are on behalf of the 202 Staten Island victims, according to data culled from Advance files and Department of Justice records. Three other claims were filed for former borough residents.

The new rules, released March 7, were drafted to temper the perceived harshness of mandated deductions for life insurance, pensions and assorted government benefits that in some cases substantially reduced the final awards.

While most victims' advocates have reluctantly accepted that opting into the fund means agreeing not to sue the airlines over the disaster, they continue to challenge some rules families contend are ambiguous — namely the severity of deductions.

"Just because the final regulations are out, it doesn't mean that they are clear,"

said Dennis McKeon, whose St. Clare's R.C. Church World Trade Center Outreach Committee in Great Kills aids a growing number of affected Island families. "Staten Islanders will not go into this without answers."

Chief among their questions is whether workers' compensation benefits will be deducted from the final award. The regulations state "workers' compensation benefits need not be" deducted, leaving relatives and legal experts to ponder what that means.

Eliminating those benefits from the award could reduce the end amount in some cases by hundreds of thousands of dollars. New York State Workers' Compensation Law also entitles insurance companies to reclaim two-thirds of the amount they have paid out if the recipient successfully sues or enters into a "third-party agreement."

Essentially, fund filers could face losing hundreds of thousands of dollars from their final awards or two-thirds of the workers' compensation benefits they have received, or both.

The legalese does not clarify whether the Victim Compensation Fund constitutes a "third-party agreement," and neither do the fund's regulations.

Jill Rogers, a Department of Justice employee who specializes in guiding families

PLEASE SEE **FUND**, PAGE A 5

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF NEW YORK)
)ss.:
COUNTY OF RICHMOND)

I, JOYCE MIUCCIO, residing at 16 Piave Avenue, Staten Island, New York, depose and say the following:

1. I was married to Richard Miuccio on April 29, 1967. We had three children, Thomas, who is twenty-two years old and living at home while he goes to college, Laura, who is twenty-six years old and Owen, who is twenty-seven years old. Richie and I met when we were in High School and were married while he was home on leave from his Army tour of duty in Vietnam.

2. On September 11, 2001, Richie went off to work at his office in the World Trade Center as he did every weekday. He was a Sales Tax Auditing Supervisor for the State of New York, Department of Taxation and Finance where he had worked since 1966. I never saw him again after that morning.

3. My son, Owen, was speaking to Richie on the telephone when the first plane hit the World Trade Center. The force knocked Ritchie down and he screamed. None of us had ever heard Richie scream before so he must have been very frightened.

4. Richie was a wonderful man; perfect husband and father and a great friend to so many people. He was very religious and tried very hard to pass along his faith to his family. He always wore a simple wooden cross around his neck and would often give it away as a gift to someone who he thought needed a little extra "help".

5. Richie always took a very active role in raising our children, not only in their religious instruction, but with school work also. Our youngest son, Thomas, was still living at home while attending college. My husband used to tutor him in accounting

and help him with his other course work. As a professional accountant, Richie would help all three of the children with their financial affairs and would prepare their tax returns.

6. My husband handled all of the financial matters in our household including paying the bills, keeping records, doing the banking, and making financial and insurance decisions. We own a four-family home with three rental properties and Richie was completely responsible for this. He handled the tenants, collections, leases, insurance and financing. He also maintained our home and the rental properties. He painted, handled small repairs, took care of the yard work, and shoveled the snow and did all of the maintenance on our car.

7. While everyone who knew Richie, misses him terribly, I know I miss him most of all. We were everything to each other and there is no getting over the terrible sense of loss that I feel. We were married for over 34 years and while my family has been a real comfort to me, it is hard to go on every day without my husband.

JOYCE MIUCCIO

Sworn to before me this
_____ day of January, 2003.

Notary Public

Ch 6: Smiling Through Their Tears

OCTOBER 16, 2002

Oct 16, 2002

Dear Dad,

I'm getting married!
Can you believe it? His
name is Ray. We've
worked together for a while
and we were just friends
but then we went on a date.
It was nice. We actually told
each other that we weren't
looking for anything serious
because we were both just
getting out of long-term
relationships. You would
really like him, Dad. He's
a lot like you, actually.
Not like any of the other
guys I've ever dated. The
best way I can describe
it (our date) is that it
was like I was home.
In the middle of a crowded
restaurant in midtown
I felt like, for the first
time in my life, I was
home. When I looked
into his eyes, I could

see everything that was
inside of him - and it
was all pure. Genuine. He
doesn't know how to play
games. He's very simple.
Not superficial. He's kind
and caring and sweet. Not
funny at all - he leaves
that part to me 😊 Are
you sure you didn't have
anything to do with this
one? We decided to get
engaged on our second date.
I know that sounds crazy,
but I love him. Mom's
a little freaked out, but she
met him and thinks he's
nice, too. He lives in New
Jersey, so I'll probably move
there. His mom died not
that long ago and we
wonder if you two know
each other. I know you
don't really like talking
about what goes on "up
there", but it would be

nice to know. Are you with
your father? What about
Grandma? I miss her, too.

Anyway, if Ray could
have asked for your
blessing, I'm sure he would
have. I wish you could
meet him - you really would
love him. And he'd love
you, too!

I hope you're excited
for me! I know what
I'm doing. We want to
get married this New Year's
eve.

Love,
Laura XOXOXO

PS- let me know what you
think :)

THE NEXT DAY...

Dear Laura,

I am happy to hear about your engagement. I trust you to make the right decisions. If you feel he is the right one for you then you have my blessing.

Make sure that you have a partnership and that you both want the same things out of life.

Have lots of grandchildren for your mother. Keep her close to you.

I wish you nothing but the best in life. May you two be as happy as your mother and I are.

Your Father



Laura Miuccio Lopez, flanked by her uncle, Robert Miuccio, and her mother, Joyce Miuccio, are all smiles at her wedding reception.

Celebrating through their tears

By GLENN NYBACK
STATEN ISLAND ADVANCE

When she learned that her father had died in the World Trade Center attacks, one of the thoughts that raced through Laura Miuccio's mind was who would walk her down the aisle someday when she got married.

The 26-year-old South Beach resident said she'd always expected her dad, Richard Miuccio, to be there when that happy day came.

When she became engaged almost three months ago, she decided her Uncle Bobby, her father's brother, should be the one to stand in his place.

On New Year's Eve, Robert Miuccio, holding back tears, walked Laura to the altar of St. Mary's R.C. Church, Rosebank, to take Ray Lopez as her husband.

"It's like bittersweet," Laura said, reflecting on her father's absence. "But I know he's with us, watching over us."

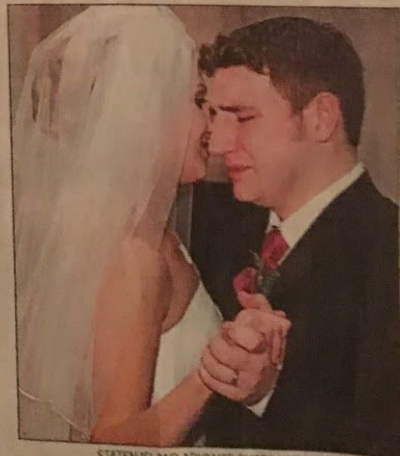
Richard Miuccio, 55, an auditing supervisor with the state Department of Taxation and Finance, was killed Sept. 11, 2001, when Tower 2 collapsed. The South Beach resident worked on the 86th floor.

The new Mrs. Lopez said she felt her dad had a hand in introducing her to Ray, 28.

"We always felt it was someone up in heaven trying to put us together," she said. The two agreed to marry on their third date. "We knew right away," she said.

Ray and Laura met six months ago at Interpublic Sports and Entertainment Group in Times Square, where both work. They were engaged when Ray, who is lead vocalist of the Rahway, N.J.-based rock band Day One, proposed to Laura on stage during a concert.

More than 100 friends and family



STATEN ISLAND ADVANCE PHOTOS/IRVING SILVERSTEIN

Later, however, she and her brother, Thomas, became emotional when dancing to a song dedicated to their father.

SEE TEARS, PAGE A 9

THE ISLAND



STATEN ISLAND ADVANCE PHOTOS/IRVING SILVERSTEIN

At left, Laura and Ray Lopez celebrate at their wedding reception. Above, Laura dances with her brother, Thomas Miuccio. Their father, Richard, an auditing supervisor for the state Department of Taxation and Finance, was killed in the 9/11 attack on the World Trade Center.

TEARS FROM PAGE A 1

Celebrating a wedding through their tears

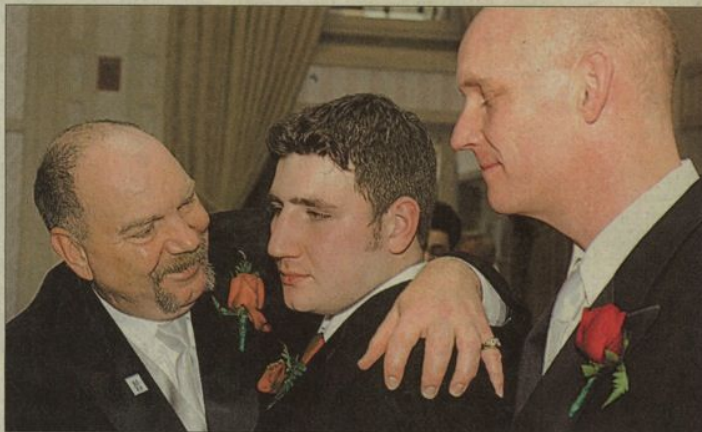
members, as well as eight groomsmen and eight bridesmaids, gathered in St. Mary's sanctuary, decorated with dozens of poinsettias and a near life-size Nativity scene, to witness the wedding.

With sparkling eyes and smiles that grew bigger by the moment, the happy couple listened as the Rev. Victor J. Buebendorf read Bible passages from Genesis, Hebrews and the Gospel of John.

"We pray that God will be the silent partner in their marriage, keeping them in love," Father Buebendorf said.

Kathryn Hall, a member of St. Mary's Church choir, performed a stirring rendition of Richard Miuccio's favorite song, "Amazing Grace," which had many of the guests wiping away tears.

Sad that he never had a chance to meet his son-in-law, Lopez, thrilled that his daughter was finally getting married.



Miuccio is comforted by his uncles, Ronnie Black, left, and Larry Black.

her night was one of mixed emotions, and one she'll remember all her life.

"It's a little sad because Richie's not here," Mrs. Miuccio said. "He's with us in spirit."

The feeling of loss after her husband's death will never go away, but seeing her daughter's happiness during the wedding preparations helped ease the pain, especially during the holidays, she said.

"It's a nice way to spend New Year's Eve, because last year wasn't so nice for me. My husband would want me to enjoy the wedding and be happy."

— MRS. JOYCE MIUCCIO

"It's a nice way to spend New Year's Eve, because last year wasn't so nice for me," she said. "My husband would want me to enjoy the wedding and be happy."

And there's more joy in store for the Miuccio family.

Joyce and Richard's younger son, Thomas, recently became engaged to his girl friend of five years, Jillian Socci of Dongan Hills.

A wedding date has yet to be announced.

Glenn Nyback is a news reporter for the Advance. He may be reached at nyback@siadvance.com.



Staten Island Advance

DECEMBER 31, 2002



Richard Miuccio with Laura, his daughter; Joyce, his wife; Thomas and Owen, his sons, at a family birthday in the summer of 2000.

LOVE ALWAYS

LETTERS FROM 9/11

REMEMBERING THOSE TAKEN FROM US

Richard Miuccio

For Richard Miuccio: With Love, Your Family

For Richard Miuccio: With Love, Your Family

Richie,

You and I spent 40 years together. You were the best husband. We shared so much together. Life for me just isn't the same without you and I don't think it ever will be. I miss you so much. I am sorry we won't get to go on our camping trips together.

I love you with all my heart.

*Your wife,
Joyce*

Daddy-O,

Is heave all God promised it would be? I miss you and think of you always. I love you. I will watch mom while you watch us all. You know all that is going on down here (we are a wreck). You are the best father and friend God could have given me. Thank him for me. I love you.

*Your son and best friend,
Owen*

Dear Daddy,

Well, Papa, I know you're in heaven because I've been getting all your little signs. I know they're from you because it's like you said, "If once isn't good enough, then nothing ever will be."

I never got the chance to say goodbye to you. If I could have, I would have thanked you for giving so much of yourself to us and for being not only the best father, but the best person I have ever known. I will do my best to make you proud.

I love you!

*Your daughter,
Laura*

Dear Dad,

With each passing day I think about you more and more. I miss all the jokes you made up, miss losing to you in Monopoly, and miss having those arguments with you were I could never win. Thinking of you brings a tear and a smile to my face. A tear because I want those times to continue on and a smile because I will always have those memories of the best father a son could want. I LOVE YOU AND MISS YOU!

*Your son,
Tom*

Dear Daddy,

I miss hunting for bottles on the beach with you the most!!!. "Ruff, Ruff"

*Your true "best friend,"
Sissy*

*the
Joy*

Ch 7: A Little Justice

November 2, 2003 10:10 AM

Me: Hi....i'm thinking about writing a book...sorta like a memoir. What do you thiink??

Dad: if that's what you want to do

Me: I think so. I've been home for a couple of months now and i feel like its meant to be

Dad: then i think you should do it.

Dad: what's it called?

Me: Finding Justice. Cute, right? After your grandson and its gonna be about how I finally found some peace and happiness after all these years.

Dad: I understand. Give it a shot

Dad: Good luck.

FINDING JUSTICE
ONE YOUNG WOMAN’S JOURNEY TO PEACE, HAPPINESS, AND “JUSTICE”
FOLLOWING THE DEATH OF HER FATHER IN THE SEPTEMBER 11TH
ATTACKS

By: Laura Miuccio-Lopez

Book Proposal

CONTENTS

- I) OVERVIEW**
 - II) MARKET ANALYSIS**
 - III) COMPETITION**
 - IV) PUBLICITY & PROMOTIONS**
 - V) AUTHOR BACKGROUND**
 - VI) CHAPTER OUTLINES**
 - VII) CHAPTER SUMMARIES**
 - VIII) SAMPLE CHAPTER**
-

CHAPTER OUTLINE

FINDING JUSTICE

- I) September 10, 2001- The Way We Were**
- II) September 11, 2001- The Day It Changed**
- III) The Days That Followed**
- IV) The Weeks That Followed**
- V) The Months That Followed**
- VI) September 11, 2002- The 1st Anniversary**
- VII) September 11, 2003- Justice is Born!**
- VIII) Moving Beyond September 11th**
- IX) Hope For the Future**

Ch 8: Passing Judgement

DECEMBER 20, 2005

Dear Dad,

I got a letter in the mail today asking if I was willing to go to court as a representative for victims' family members to ask a judge for the death penalty against one of the terrorists. They said they need a large number of family members to make the case stronger. Apparently, he has already pleaded guilty and now the punishment needs to be determined. I don't think I can do it, Dad. I don't think I can live the rest of my life knowing I was responsible for the death of another human being. I mean, I know I should be outraged at what they did and I want them to die, but I don't want to be the one to do it, if that makes any sense. I think I am going to say no. It feels really strange because I feel like anyone else would jump at the opportunity and I don't want to disappoint other victims' family members. UGGGHHHH!!!! This sucks. Help.

Laura

TWO DAYS LATER...

December 22, 2005

Laura,

Remember, “Let he who is without sin be the first to cast the stone.”

Your Father



PAUL J. McNULTY
UNITED STATES ATTORNEY

U.S. Department of Justice
United States Attorney
Eastern District of Virginia

2100 Jamieson Avenue
Alexandria, Virginia 22314

703/299-3700
FAX: 703/299-3980

December 7, 2005

Joyce Miuccio
16 Paive Avenue
Staten Island, NY 10305

Re: *United States v. Zacarias Moussaoui*
Criminal No. 01-00455-A

Dear Joyce Miuccio:

We write to inform you that on November 14, 2005, Judge Brinkema, with the agreement of counsel for both the defendant and the Government, continued the beginning of the penalty phase of *United States v. Zacarias Moussaoui* by one month. Jury selection will now begin on February 6, 2006, and should conclude on March 6, 2006. Opening statements and the introduction of evidence will follow immediately thereafter. We enclose a copy of Judge Brinkema's November 14, 2005, Order.

There will be no trial on guilt or innocence because the defendant already entered a plea of guilty to all of the charges on April 22, 2005. Because the defendant pled guilty without a plea agreement with the Government, the penalty phase will determine whether the defendant should receive life imprisonment or the death penalty as his sentence.

The penalty phase will be conducted under the Federal Death Penalty Act (FDPA). Under the FDPA, the jury will first determine whether the defendant is eligible for a sentence of death and, if so, then whether he should receive a death sentence. To be eligible for a death sentence under the FDPA, the Government must prove three requirements: (1) that the defendant was at least 18 years of age at the time of the September 11th attacks (he was 33-years-old and this is not disputed); (2) a threshold finding about the defendant's intent and actions regarding the September 11th attacks; and (3) at least one statutory aggravating factor.

Ch 9: Looking Ahead

April 16, 2011, 6:02 PM

Me: Guess what! I got an email from
Glamour! They want to publish my letter!!

Dad: congratulations

Me: thx

Dad: when

Me: their 10 yr anniversary edition.

Me: Im so exciyted!!!!!!!

Subject: nice news for you from GLAMOUR Magazine

Inbox

[Imap]/Sent

SheilaWell@aol.com

Attachments4/16/11

Dear Laura,

I am happy to tell you that GLAMOURR has chosen your lovely letter to your father as one of 15 we will present in our special memorial 9/11 tribute package in our September issue.

Over 50 women who lost loved ones submitted (we are going to try to find some way of acknowledging them all, even if via a list...), and, from a wide field of very heartfelt e-mails and letters, I always knew yours was one of the most eloquent and affecting, and am thrilled that the editors felt that way, too.

We may want to add a few details, and we will of course have to edit (space is tight); I wonder if you and I might talk on the phone either at the end of this coming week or beginning or middle of next. Please let me know an array of good times and numbers.

Also, two other things:

1. Exclusivity: Because GLAMOUR has a trusted responsibility to its 13 million monthly readers to give them material and images not seen elsewhere, we need to have you sign this exclusivity agreement with us. And, if any questions, please do not hesitate to ask. Just before the story comes out, our outstanding PR team will share the whole section with a select group of other media, and there may well be interview requests (from everything from newspapers to morning TV). Sam Rosenthal and the others on her team will work with you to coordinate your participation, should you wish to participate. Please note that the April 15 - November 10 exclusivity also goes for local media. Though it's perhaps hard to turn down the hometown paper, you will need to do this for GLAMOUR. But the result and net effect -- a beautiful, powerful package of exclusive stories -- is worth it.

2. Photos: We'd love to have photos of you and your dad, at various stages of your life. Can you send a few, scanned at 300 dpi? (Might you have one of the two of you on the Staten Island

Ferry??) Also, if there are photos of other things that would illustrate your lovely issue -- perhaps the two books you both identically bought and read, our the child (with you) who is named for your dad...those would be great to have, too.

We are very much looking forward to making this a powerfully moving and poignant -- and inspiring -- package of letters.

Thanks so much and please let me hear from you.

Best,

Sheila

Sheila Weller

Senior Contributing Editor

GLAMOUR

June 7, 2011

thinking of you

marcus miuccio, metuchen, NJ

May 23, 2011

Dear Rich Happy Birthday in heaven from Owen Laura Thomas and I
Wish you a happy birthday Rich it will be 10years that your
gone I miss you just as much as I did 10 years ago I love you
so much your wife Joyce

May 1, 2011

Richie yesterday was our weeding anniversary missing you
everyday I'll never stop loving and missing you until we are
together again

Joyce Miuccio, Rahway, NJ

September 10, 2010

Although I have never met Richard, I wanted to come on here to
speak in remembrance of him. Every year my former high school
passes out bracelets with the names of the victims that
unfortunately lost their lives on September 11th. I found a
bracelet in the hallway, and Richard's name was written on it.
I wanted to come on here to prove that even though some people
have forgotten, I never will. I do not know much about this
man, other than the fact that he was extremely faithful and his
family believes he stayed behind to help those around him. I
cannot express how moved I am by this story. As someone of
great faith in the Lord, I am comforted knowing that Richard is
now safely with God. I wish only peace and wellness on his
family and friends. I will never forget.

Samantha Horne, Stoneham, MA

SEPTEMBER 10, 2011

Dear Dad,

I can't believe tomorrow will be 10 years since I saw your face. It still hurts so much. This year more than others, for some reason. I almost feel like people are going to forget or stop talking about it soon but I don't want to ever stop remembering you or what happened that day. Time has gone by so fast. Marcus is reading your name at the memorial downtown. The whole family is all going downtown to watch him. I still miss you so much.

Love always,

Laura

Letters to the Lost: A Tribute to Those Who Died in the September 11, 2001 Attacks, From the Family and Friends they Left Behind

BY GLAMOUR

Dear Daddy,

I can still remember, like it was yesterday, that September morning when you called to me from downstairs to see if I wanted to catch a ride with you to the Staten Island Ferry. I yelled back, "Go ahead without me"—one of the biggest regrets of my life.

What a gift you gave me, just being my father. You were there for me, doing the quiet things that mattered. Yes, you may have been in the backyard shooting hoops when the limo pulled up for my high school prom rather than doting on me in my frilly strapless dress, but earlier that day you'd laid out safe-sex pamphlets on my bed. Luckily, you and mom raised me to be sensible enough not to need to use them.

You protected us kids, Owen and Thomas and me, from some of the harsher realities of life, even if that meant we occasionally got the wrong impression.

I always thought you were cheap, only realizing later that you didn't have a lot of money. You worked two, sometimes three, jobs to put us through 12 years of Catholic school. I truly believed you enjoyed collecting those empty cans from the beach, and that you took us to the

Salvation Army (the Sally Boutique, you called it) to torture us. You demonstrated that family and love were the most important things of all.

You were an auditor for New York State, with an office in the World Trade Center. On September 11, when I arrived at my own job at a Manhattan fashion PR firm, I went out onto the balcony and watched as the second plane crashed into your building. I gasped—and prayed that maybe you were at an onsite audit elsewhere. But a few nights later, as I lay in bed, you came to me in a dream, saying you were OK—and I knew they would not pull you from the rubble and that you were no longer with us.

One year later, I went on a date with a kind, funny young man. On our second date we got engaged. It was simple and pure but deep and true, like your life was. I felt your presence as your brother walked me down the aisle on New Year's Eve 2002. Now Ray and I have a son, Justice Richard, 7, and a daughter, Autumn, 5, and I know that you can see them.

Today I'm something I never expected to be: a suburban soccer mom and teacher. Your offhand wisdom about what makes life meaningful guided me to a happiness that I could never have imagined.

Thank you, Dad, for making me who I am and being with me always.

Until we meet again,

Love,

Your daughter, Laura

LATER THAT DAY...

September 10, 2011

Laura,

Be careful and take care of your mother. I am sure Marcus will do a good job. Time is an illusion. You'll understand one day.

Your Father

SEPTEMBER 11, 2011

Dad,

We're home now. It was a nice ceremony but a long day. Marcus spoke beautifully. I kinda know what you mean about time. I mean in some ways it feels like yesterday that I last saw you and in other ways it seems like a lifetime ago. I wish you could have seen your grandchildren.

They looked so cute wearing t-shirts with your picture on them. We talk about you often...it's as though they know you, in a way. Anyway, I was looking online and saw that so many people still think about you and miss you. I guess posting letters online is their way of connecting with you.

Especially mom. She still writes to you all of the time. I wish that, just once, you could write back to her. I've attached some letters so you can see what people have written to you...some are from people who don't even know you!

I love you, Dad!!!!

Love,

Laura

September 11, 2011

I wrote in this guest book last year, and I wanted to write this year as well. I learned of Richard because his name was written on a paper bracelet I found at my former high school. I was incredibly touched and moved by the fact that people believe Richard stayed behind to help those in need. It takes a true hero with immense courage to sacrifice themselves for others. I cannot express in words how sorry I am for your loss. I offer my deepest sorrow and condolences. God bless, stay safe, and take care.

Samantha Horne, Wakefield, MA

September 11, 2011

hey g pa i got to read your name at the memorial i know you're proud
of me

marcus miuccio, metuchen, NJ

9/11 MEMORIAL

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Below is important information regarding the tenth anniversary September 11th commemoration ceremony, and suggestions we hope will ease your experience throughout the day.

- The ceremony will take place at the National September 11 Memorial (9/11 Memorial) at the World Trade Center site in New York City. It will also serve as the Memorial's official opening.
- The enclosed invitation in its original form is your family's credential for admittance to the ceremony on Sunday, September 11, 2011.
- The ceremony will consist of the reading of the names of the victims of the September 11, 2001 and February 26, 1993 attacks. As in previous years, music will provide a backdrop throughout the program.
- The readings will begin after the first citywide moment of silence at 8:46 a.m. After the second moment of silence at 9:03 a.m., family members will be able to access the Memorial and see their loved ones' names inscribed in bronze for the first time. The program will observe a total of six moments of silence during the ceremony—representing when each tower was struck and fell, and the moments of the attacks on the Pentagon and Flight 93.
- The program will conclude at approximately 1:00 p.m., and the 9/11 Memorial will remain open to families until 4:00 p.m.
- Please note that in an effort to ensure the Memorial's continued maintenance, we will not be distributing flowers this year and ask that you please refrain from throwing objects into the pools. We appreciate your understanding as we preserve this national tribute.
- Families will be allowed to check in beginning at 6:30 a.m. The entrance will be at the intersection of West Broadway and Murray Street. Families with special needs may check in at the intersection of West Broadway and Barclay Street. See the enclosed map for the exact location.
- We suggest you arrive as early as possible on the day of the event to allow extra time for security screening. All attendees must bring photo ID and go through screening before entering the World Trade Center site. All bags will be subject to search by law enforcement. We strongly discourage bringing large items such as backpacks and duffle bags.
- We encourage you to locate your loved one's name on the Memorial at **names.911memorial.org** in advance of the day. This website, called the Memorial Guide, shows the entire names arrangement and will help you find each name. In addition, staff members will be on site to assist you with finding your loved one's name around the Memorial pools, and guides will be available at the ceremony.

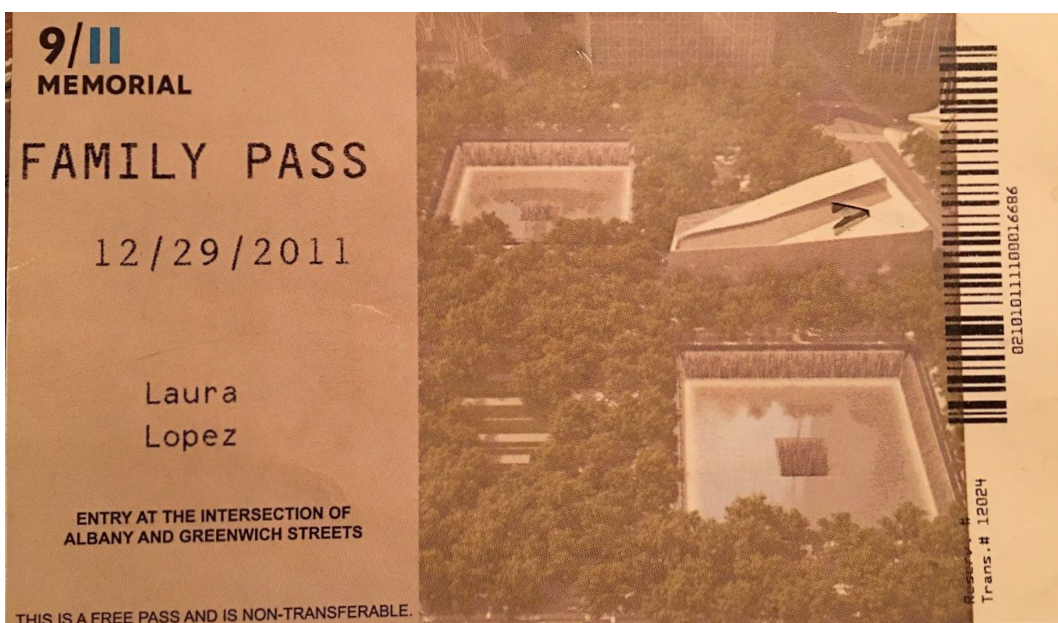
(Over please)

NATIONAL SEPTEMBER 11 MEMORIAL & MUSEUM

ONE LIBERTY PLAZA, 20TH FLOOR, NEW YORK, NY 10006 P: 212-312-8800 F: 212-227-7931
WWW.911MEMORIAL.ORG

- The Family Room at One Liberty Plaza, the 9/11 Memorial Preview Site, the Tribute Center, the FDNY Memorial Wall, and Memorial Park will also be open to family members on September 11, 2011.
- Since the surrounding area is still under construction, please wear comfortable closed-toe shoes, and please dress appropriately in the event of inclement or hot and sunny weather. We also recommend bringing a cap or sunglasses and wearing sunscreen.
- Restrooms and water will be available. Please note that there will be no seating. However, accommodations will be available for family members with special needs.
- There is extremely limited parking near the site. We recommend taking public transportation to and from the ceremony.
- Please call (212) 442-8953 or email cferer@cityhall.nyc.gov should you have any questions in advance of the ceremony.





Ch 9: Today, Tomorrow, and Forever

OCTOBER 15, 2017

October 15, 2017

Dear Dad,

It's been 16 years.
Can you see me? Hear
me? Do you know what's
been going on? I'm
writing my thesis about
you and what happened
that day. Yeah, I'm
getting my master's degree—
after all this time. I'm
not sure how it's going to
turn out. I'm scared of
so many things. I don't
remember everything ... and
I'm not sure if I want
to. I started watching
all sorts of video clips
of that day and I realized
that I never really
saw the news coverage.
I'm not sure what I was
doing, but I know I wasn't
watching the TV in the
days, weeks, months that followed.
I was in my own little
world, I guess. It was

awful. I don't even remember crying, really. Except when I saw the towers fall with my own eyes. Me & Tom were running downtown to find you and everyone was running the opposite way. When the smoke cleared, I couldn't process the fact that they were no longer there. But even then, I was consoling Tom and wouldn't allow myself to believe you weren't coming home. It was too soon for that. There was never a good time to cry. Crying meant giving up hope, in a way. How do you never know something you refuse to believe really happened? I cried last night while watching videos on the Internet. I cried like

never before. It was a deep, relentless flood of tears. But it wasn't for you, necessarily. It was for what happened that day. The unfathomable. How could this have happened??? Mommy still cries for you all the time. She can't wait to see you again. But she's doing ok. It's sad and beautiful at the same time.

I still wonder if it was really you that day - do you remember the first day it rained after September 11th? You came to me, somehow. Maybe a dream. Maybe my imagination. Maybe spirits really do exist. I don't know, but I saw you and heard your voice as clear as day.

Do you remember what
you said? It was something
like "Heaven is everything
you would imagine it to
be and more, but there's
only one thing missing:
your mother's cooking. It
doesn't have her, and it
doesn't have her cooking.
Once she gets here, then
it will be perfect." And
then you told me not
to expect any more "visits"
from you because if
I don't believe it's
really you this time,
then ~~you~~ ~~to~~ I wouldn't
believe it is really you
a hundred more times -
or something like that.
And that was it. You
never came again.
Was it really you? I
wish I had a hundred
more visits.

XXXO Love, J
Laura

THE NEXT DAY...

October 16, 2017

Dear Laura,

Of course I can see you. Just as you can see me. I am with you always. I am glad you decided to go back to school. Try not to stress over it too much. Whatever you create will be great because it's from our heart. Once we are all together again you everything will make sense.

Your Father

THREE MONTHS LATER...

January 28, 2018

Dear Dad,

In two weeks, Owen will be celebrating his one year anniversary without gambling. I never thought he would be able to do it. I am so proud of him. The whole family's invited and he asked me to invite Tom, but I don't think he's going to go. You know how stubborn he can be. I know what Owen did was so messed up but I just wish for Mom's sake, that Tom would go. I mean they don't have to be best friends or anything, but they're brothers and he should go to show he supports him. What do you think?

Love,

Laura

A FEW DAYS LATER...

February 3, 2018

Dear Laura,

I've been thinking about what you asked me. It breaks my heart to know that they haven't spoken in so many years. I think Tom should go only if he wants to go. He shouldn't go for you or Mom or anyone else. That's up to him. I wish that he would want to go but we can't force him. I feel like Owen's problems were partly my fault. I shouldn't have brought him to the track with me and let him bet on sports. He didn't know how to handle himself. I saw it and didn't do anything to stop it. I never thought it would get as bad as it did. I am glad he straightened himself out. He still has a long way to go. He will need as much support as he can get to stay on the right path.

Love,

Your Father

A COUPLE WEEKS LATER...

Dear Dad,

Thank you for helping me write the last chapter of my book (thesis?). I found “The Last Letter” you wrote to mom and it works great. Love you!

Laura

THE NEXT DAY...

February 17, 2018

Laura,

I don't know what letter you're talking about but I'm glad it helped you with what you're working on.

Your Father

Ch 11: Losing Touch

MANY YEARS LATER....

December 10, 2029

Dear Dad,

Autumn got engaged! Can you believe it? I know she's young but those two are so meant to be. Just like you and mom and me and Ray. (Well, ok I know no one's love story will ever match up to yours and mom's but...when you know, you know, right?) I'm so happy for them. He was so cute when he asked Ray for his permission. I remember when Ray called mommy and asked her if he could propose...he said was so nervous because we were sort of engaged already and didn't really know each other that well. That feels like forever ago! (Well, I guess it kinda was). Anyway, I just wanted you hear the good news. Talk soon.

Love,

Laura

THREE DAYS LATER...

December 13, 2029

Laura,

I am happy for them both. Ray must be very excited to walk her down the aisle. She reminds me a lot of you when you were her age. I am sure she is making the right decision. She has a good head on her shoulders and an even bigger heart, from what I understand. He's a lucky guy.

Thank you for letting me know.

Love,

Your Father

A FEW YEARS LATER...

September 19, 2031

Dear Laura,

Happy early birthday. I can't believe my little girl is going to be 55 tomorrow. I always said you were the only daughter I'll ever have and the only daughter I'll ever need. That's still true. I haven't heard from you in a while and I just wanted to check in to see how everyone was doing and to wish you a happy birthday.

I miss our conversations.

With love,

Your Father

P.S.- How's your store doing?

A FEW DAYS LATER...

September 24, 2031

Dear Dad,

Hi! Yes, it's been a while. Sorry. Thank you for the birthday wishes. I guess I am officially an old lady...ha!!! Some days I feel 25 and some days I feel 105 years old. Yes, everyone is good and my store is doing great!! It's been so hectic lately with the grandkids and Autumn's wedding and everything. I really wish you could be here for it. I've been meaning to write you but just never got around to it. By the way, I remember another thing you used to say... "You're my *best* daughter...and my *worst*!!!" Remember that? Guess I've proved the latter to be true this time. I promise I'll write again soon!!! Sorry, Dad.

I miss you.

Love,

Your daughter

Ch 12: Holding On

TWO YEARS LATER...

July 16, 2033

Dad,

Mom keeps asking to see you but I don't know if I can let her go. I don't know what to do.

Laura

THREE DAYS LATER...

July 19, 2033

Dear Laura,

When she's ready, I'll be here waiting for her. I trust your judgement, but it's not really up to you now.

Your Father

Ch 13: Empty Spaces

THREE MONTHS LATER...

October 7, 2033

Dear Laura,

Mom made it here safely. We are taking care of each other. She sends her love to you and the kids. Thank you for keeping her safe. You did a good job.

I'll see you soon.

Forever,

Your Father

Ch 14: The Last Letter

THE NEXT DAY...

October 8, 2033

My Darling Wife,

There's no more space between us now. You can rest your head easy, on my shoulder, knowing that time is forever ours. We became one long before this moment and nothing can ever break us apart. Know that wherever you went, I was there. Whatever you felt, I felt as well. I know all that you have been through, but that no longer exists. We breathe one breath and beat one heart....today, tomorrow and always. You, my darling wife, have made me whole again.

All My Love,

Your Husband

Epilogue

It had been over 50 years since I last saw her face.

My precious daughter, Laura.

Her body was old but her eyes were the same. Her soul, unchanged. I watched as the people who now loved her screamed and clung to the hope that she would stay with them a little longer.

But she was quickly fading.

“Laura,” I whispered. There was a flutter and just then I think she recognized my voice.

“It’s time,” I said to her, knowing all that was waiting for her beyond this life.

“Let’s go, Laura,”

“Ok, Dad,” she managed to reply.

Her voice, although changed and hardened from years of stress and mourn, lit my soul on fire. Sound cannot be replicated and I missed that sweet voice. It brought back memories of all the conversations we once shared. The laughter and tears. But those would be the last two words I’d ever hear from her. There’s no need for speaking anymore. There are different senses when you leave your body.

And so, she joined me and her mother and all the others who have come before her.

Together, we created a new soul.

Once again, we are *one*.

Evolution

You wash dishes
Take out the trash
Walk the dog
Make coffee
And buy food
But you're not waiting, anymore
The sun still shines
But I'm not
Coming back
The swelling your eyes has gone down
Your throat has cleared
No need to console me now
The unthinkable is real
You no longer see
The world through a child's eyes
Innocence is lost
No more phone calls
No more potluck dishes
Babies have grown and been born
The dreams are gone
My image faded
My voice quieted
You have *Evolved*

By: Joyce Miuccio
(As reimagined by Laura Lopez)