

A STORY FOR LIFE

This is the story of Joseph O'Connell. The name is deceiving as Joe is a mixed -race child.

In 1974, I was promoted to Lieutenant and sent to the 42nd Precinct. On my first day, meeting the CO, Deputy Inspector Skelly, he said, "I see in your personnel file, you were a forensic accountant for the PCCIU, I want you to audit the books of the precinct club they are making money on the various machines in the sitting room, I want to make sure the money is not being misused. It took me a few days to catch up with PO Vinny Tozzo, who was the treasurer of the precinct club. I told him I wanted to review all the records of the "Club"

The next person in the door was Officer Pat Maher the PBA delegate, asking my reason and authority to look at their books. I explained that any activity taking place within a department building, is subject to the scrutiny of the department superiors. Pat Maher left, and Vin Tozzo came in with the checkbook and bank statements. The checkbook had the usual disbursements for social events, retirements, flowers for births and family funerals. There were several entries that piqued my curiosity, just about every month they wrote a check to, "Sts. Peter and Paul School", when asked Vin Tozzo became hesitant, and said he would get someone to explain the payments to me.

The next person in the door was Officer Jim Burke, "The soul of the 42nd Precinct", "Lieutenant here is the story of Mary O'Connell, toward the end of winter in 1959, Mary was assaulted and violated in the vestibule of her apartment building on 162nd Street. Shortly, after the event she reported the crime here, received medical attention, everything seemed to have been done by the book. She identified her attacker from a photo array. Who was as promptly arrested, tried and convicted for his crime, being sentenced to fifteen years. Six weeks later Mary discovered the unthinkable, she was pregnant. She was told by the parish priest that she should have the child. When I talked to her, she was distraught, she said, how will I care fore a baby, and work? How can I have a child, who will grow up without a father? I told her not to worry, we (42ndPct) would be the baby's godfather. We did everything diaper service, daycare, babysitting. By the way Lieutenant Joe graduates in June. We are sending him to Cardinal Hayes High School. "Is there going to be trouble over this?" said Jim. I said, "You are doing something noble, generous, and charitable, if I put a stop to it, I'll go straight to Hell". I am satisfied that the club is acting for the good of the community.

The story continues, for the next year and a half Joe would come to the Station House to see Jim Burke, sadly in early 1975 Jim had a major heart attack, underwent bypass surgery, and was retired on the 'Heart Bill'. His role was left to Pat Maher. Joe was a regular visitor to the precinct. He never spoke to me, he would just wave hello.

Then on day in mid- September 1977, Joe entered the Station House carrying, "The Bribe". "The Bribe", Is described as a regular cup of coffee-two sugars and a bear claw Danish, to be given for due consideration of a request. He spoke briefly to Mary Washington, a sixtyish, stout, woman of color, who was the official greeter for the department. When the conversation concluded, Mary stood up, took the baton, I gave her, wrapping the lanyard around her hand; and walked to the desk's gate passing the switchboard, stepping up to the Desk. She whispered to me, "Joe wants to talk to you, if you make him upset, I'm going to kneecap you". I told Mary," I'll give him a fair hearing." I motioned Joe to follow me into the "Sitting Room of the Station House. I motioned the two cops there to leave as this was a private matter.

He placed, "The Bribe" directly across from him anticipating where I would sit. He was well briefed by Pat Maher, Joe sat silently as I opened the bag taking out the coffee, stirring it and taking a swig. Then I removed the Danish, broke off a piece and ate it I did this three or four times. Then I looked at Joe saying, "What is it you want to talk to me about?"

'Officer Maher told me, you are a big shot in the Air Force; and I thought you could help me." "Help you with what?" He blurted out, "I want to go to the Air Force Academy!" "I want you to help me get in!" I started to choke on the Danish. Clearing my throat, I said. "It's a complex process, that has to be completed in a short time." What no one knew was for several years I was an Academy Liaison Officer, recruiting, investigating and interviewing candidates for the Air Force Academy. I told no one so not to raise expectations.

I continued the conversation. "Do you have an application, Joe?" "No", he said. "Well write for one today", I said. Did you take the SAT?" "No, he replied, I am taking it in October." "Good", I said, "how about the PSAT?" The guidance counse-lor told me, I was in the top twenty percent of test takers. I started to think saying, "Whoa, I'm getting ahead of myself, Joe, have you discussed this with your mom?" He said well..." "Talk to your mom, tell her what you want to do." I can not go against her wishes." Joe looked concerned. I got up went around the table, put my arm on his shoulder saying, "You have to convince your mom that this is what you want to do." "I'll be waiting for the answer." My arm still on his shoulder I led him to the door of the Stationhouse.

I turned to Mary Washington feigning fear, I said, "He needs his mother's permission, before I can help him". "He wasn't crying, that was a good sign" she said half smiling, as she put the nightstick away. You have to know he is afraid of you." "How can that be Mary, everyone in this Precinct loves me." Mary and the girls in the clerical office laughed. I went back to police work, the complaint basket at the clerical office side of the desk needed my attention, reading and signing the forms completed, I sat at my desk thinking. Then I wrote a note to myself; 'check grades, check athletic skill, check character, call Colonel Herman'.

Near the end of my tour the answer to my second question came in in the person of Detective Larry Boyle who "moonlights" as a Catholic High School Athletic Association referee for basketball, and umpire in baseball. So, I called him over saying, "Larry, is Joe O any good in basketball?" He replied, "Good, like All-City for past two years, he has a pull up jumper that hardly misses for three, baseball he's second team All-City." I complained, "No one tells me anything!" Larry laughed, ": Lieut, you have to get out more!!". "Thanks, you really know how to hurt a guy." He turned and went to the locker room. (continued on page 9}

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KOFC FOUL SHOT CONTEST

This year the Foul Shot Contest had no shortage of contestants. The announcement of this competition was circulated, through out CYO basketball and the Kings Park Middle and Junior High School. The event chairman Mike Russo briefed the entrants on the rules. Everyone gets three warm up shots, then take fifteen foul shots, the winner in each age class is determined by the most baskets made. The winners are:

NAME	AGE	NAME	AGE
CHRISTIAN ALESSANDRO	14 YRS	JACOB MCCARTHY	13 YRS
BENJAMIN HAUG	12 YRS	TIM BANNELL	11 YRS
STEVEN REYNOLDS	10 YRS	RYAN LANDAU	9 YRS
SABRINA ALESSANDRO	10 YRS	SAMANTHA LARKIN	9 YRS
BENJAMIN HAUG12 YRSTIM BANNELL11 YRSSTEVEN REYNOLDS10 YRSRYAN LANDAU9 YRS			





KNIGHTS FOR VETERANS

The New York State Veterans Nursing Home is located on the campus of Stony Brook State University. The home is open to all veterans that were honorably discharged or retired from a military service. This large skilled nursing facility has three hundred fifty beds.

The mission of the knights is to bring patients to Sunday Mass, and to act as Lectors, Music Ministers and Eucharistic Ministers. A large number of knights bring patients from their room to the Activity Room where mass is said. This Sunday there were well over one hundred attendees.

The celebrant for Mass was Fr. Tom Tuite from St. Marks in Wading River. His homily was replete with corny jokes. Yet his message was uplifting.

Having sufficient volunteers makes this task easy to perform. Rich Garland





mailing, great strides were done this past year in overdue refurbishing and maintaining hall which would not otherwise be possible. With that said, we note the following known contributors: B. Bieneman, R. Santangello, Steimle, P. McKeon, F. Shields, R. Garland, J. Sherrard, T. McCabe, R. Traynor Jr., J. F. Sullivan, J. Fontana, D. Vance, P. Siegel, P. Maher, C. Triolo, J. Carr, W. Schmidt, B. Normandin, S. Felberbaum, B. Creighton, E. Mulkeen, J. Tekverk, L. Bruno, Jr, E. Goulint III, B. Barbarite, L. Flannery, P. Barczak, J. Barbera, J Ross, A. Dieumegard, N. Niercifo, J. Hannon, Dr. J. Pellegino, R. McCarthy, M. Canny, C. Mealie, R. Rankel, R. Stewart, B. Mallio, C. Herbert, M. F. McCarthy, T. Roche, M. O'Neil, M. Mullarkey, R. Rankel Jr., L. Frontario, N. Litterello Jr. P. A Dipaoli, L. Moss, G. Watson, G. Fennell, McElhone Family, J. Lupo, P. Lehr, M.Russo, E. Johnston. In the event we missed anyone, our sincere apologies. Fraternally yours, Columbus Club.

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KOFC ESSAY CONTEST

On Friday, March 1, Grand Knight Ron Buell, Tom McCabe and Richard Garland attended First Friday Mass at Christ the King Church with all of the grades from Holy Family Regional School. The Mass was celebrated by our Chaplain and Pastor, Fr. Sean Gann. At the conclusion of Mass the induction of members into the National Honor Society occurred. This was followed by the awards to the winners of the fifth through eighth grades for the K of C "Keep Christ in Christmas" Essay Contest. This year's topic was "Love Thy Neighbor". Before presenting the winners with the certificates and Visa cards, I thanked Mr. Caltabiano, the Principal, and the fifth through eighth grade teachers for their participation in the contest. The winners were as follows:

5th Grade 6th Grade 7th Grade

8th Grade 8th Grade Alexandra Mancusi (Grand Prize Winner)

Jimmy Ganosis Angelica Lee

The Grand Prize winner's essay is reprinted in this issue of the "Night Light". My thanks to all of the participants. Tom McCabe, PGK





Hannah Gilmartin

Gabriella Cooper





Alexandra Mancusi H.F.R.S.



"Love Thy Neighbor as Thyself Essay"

As Jesus wanted, the second commandment is "Love thy neighbor as thyself," and this is something we, as disciples and believers of faith, are called to live out in our daily lives. I strongly believe that if all people fulfill this commandment every time there is a situation or opportunity in which we can help someone in need. God would be very pleased. There were many times throughout my life that I have thoroughly practiced this commandment and I intend to continue this mission as a disciple of Christ. I believe that the meaning of the phrase and commandment "Love thy neighbor as thyself" is to treat others the way we want to be treated, known as the "Golden Rule." I believe that following this commandment entails being kind, having compassion, and helping those in need as much as possible.

You can either practice this commandment in a small or large gesture, but both can make a difference no matter how small. Earlier this year, my girl scout troop and I went to the Ronald McDonald House in New Hyde Park, an organization all around the world where children who have cancer or other diseases can stay. It is a fun and peaceful environment filled with many activities for families who can't afford to stay at a hotel for such a long time. After we received a tour, we went into the kitchen to bake many desserts for those staying there to enjoy. My friend and I baked chocolate cookies from scratch. That way, the children and their parents could receive a small treat after a long or hard day. I also saw a few children who had these diseases, wished them the best of luck, and asked that God bless and lead them during their difficult journeys. I felt proud to see that a small effort could put a smile on these children's faces in the middle of cancer or other distressing treatments.

In December, I went with my mother to a "Hair We Share" fundraiser, an organization that makes wigs for adults and children who lose their hair during cancer treatments. This event took place at Oheka Castle, where people paid to attend and donated money. This money is used to produce all different kinds of wigs to match anyone's original hairstyle and bring joy to people all over the world struggling with this disease. We listened to children and adults give speeches about the experience they have had and devoted to this amazing cause. In fact one of the recipients was a thirteen-year-old boy who spoke about how his very difficult ordeal became less frightening with the help of "Hair We Share." After seeing children my age going through such a challenging struggle, I became more conscious of how meaningful it is to continue efforts to raise awareness and funds to endorse this admirable cause.

There are also many other fundraisers that I participate in including my church and learning community, or school. In November, I contributed to the turkey foundation. This is when students hand in a certain amount of money and receive a "feather" on their class "turkey," _a small cut-out that is hung on a wall. This money is used to give food to the less fortunate on Thanksgiving Day. Whichever class has the most feathers wins a prize. I also got the opportunity to visit a younger class, count their makings, and give them feathers. Another fundraiser that

Holy Family participates in is the baby bottles, when each student takes home a bottle to fill. I do

my part by filling up the bottle with loose change or a small contribution. These are some minor ways in which I can give back to the community and live as Jesus wanted.

In conclusion throughout my lifetime 1 have had so many amazing opportunities to notice and comprehend how essential or influential loving our neighbors can be. I have realized that loving our neighbors is something that we can do all the time, and not just by donating, but sharing a smile or even helping a friend at school can make a difference. All of these situations are ones that are considered Loving our neighbors as ourselves, and when we act in unselfish or compassionate ways, we are living out our call to follow in Jesus's footsteps and sustain lives in which we act like God would have wanted. Therefore, we should always be aware of the people around us and make an effort to be a good neighbor every day, especially in our Christian community

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ST PATRICK'S DAY PARADE

The first Saturday in March brought snow the night before the big day. The Smithtown highway department did a good job in clearing the streets. About fifteen Knights and family members gathered to march. Enthusiasm was high, as we were led by St. Anthony's Pipes and Drums. The line of march was reviewed by Fr. Sean, Fr. Thomas, and Fr. Francis. The Nally Brothers were the Grand Marshalls. Rich Garland



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The next day I got to work early to refresh my uniform jacket. I asked Sergeant John O'Connor to hold down the desk as I had some business to conduct. I took a spare department car to Cardinal Hayes High School, parking on a side street, then walked to the front entrance. I told the person at the door, I wished to speak to the Principal, and was directed to his office, I told the monsignor's secretary the reason for my visit. The Monsignor came to the door asking me into his office, he turned to me asking, "Is Joseph in some sort of trouble?" "Oh, no, he asked me to counsel him for admission to the Air Force Academy, I am trying to see if he meets the requirements before we go too far, into the application process. The Monsignor rose and excused himself leaving for another office. He returned smiling, holding an academic record card. "Well I can tell you that Joseph is a three-year member of the National Honor Society.", he said. He continued, "Most of his grades are in the low nineties and high eighties, AP in Math, Science, History and English!" "You should know all this as the Precinct pays his tuition." He said smiling. I said, "Thank you very much, father", I shook his hand and left. Driving back to the station house, Joe's chances of admission got better at each turn.

The next week on the four to twelve tour, Mary O'Connell came to the stationhouse at about ten thirty. She looked tired and nervous. She told the officer at the greeter's desk she wished to speak to me. I came around from the desk, to greet her, asking her to come into the Lieutenant's office/locker room it had a desk and a couple of chairs. She sat at the side of the desk, I sat behind the desk. I asked her, "What did Joe, tell her?" "Joseph said he wants to go to this school, the Air Force Academy", she replied. "What do you think, Mary?" "I'm afraid they would not want him...because..." "Mary, I would not involve myself if the situation was prejudiced against him", I said. "I believe he will be treated fairly, will you support him in this effort?", I asked. She began to smile. "He needs you to love him and support his decision", I told her. I stood, when she stood, I hugged her, saying, "As his godfather, I'll see that he is treated fairly". Smiling, I showed her out of the stationhouse.

With Mary on board, I could move forward. The next day, I called Colonel Pete Herman, the commander of Liaison Officers for Nassau and Suffolk Counties. He listened to my story, then asked. "What do you want?" "Give his name to the Director of Athletics at the Academy, as a possible recruited athlete", I said.

The next day, I told several officers, I needed to speak to Joe. At about five-thirty a sector car brought Joe to the Station House. I brought him into my office, to talk. "tell me, have you received the application yet?" "No", he replied, "I sent for it just last week." "I forgot to tell you, when we talked, that you will need a Congressional Nomination to attend the Academy", I said. "So, very shortly, you'll have to get dressed up and pay a visit to your Congressman's office, to tell him of your interest in the Academy." I continued. "Leave a brief note, so that they will have a record", I concluded. "Now go home and hug your mom, and tell her you love her. Now off with you", I smiled.

Now all we had to do is wait for the SAT scores to be reported. In the middle of October, Joe came to the precinct. It was about six o'clock, he looked pale, in his hand was the letter from the Educational Testing Service. He handed the letter to me saying, "Please open it". I took it walked to the desk, found the letter opener, and sliced it opened. I looked at the report quickly, when the sum went past thirteen hundred, I handed it back to Joe, saying, "With that score your still in the running." I briefed Joe on how to handle himself at the candidate interview. Remember clean shaven, and trim the 'for, adding you'll lose it if you get in. Later, Joe was interviewed by an officer from Stewart Air National Guard Base, in Newburgh. Joe stopped in to say another officer called, wishing to speak to him. I told him not to worry it was a procedural thing. I didn't say, this would be a representative of the Athlet-ic Department, to see if he would play for the Academy.

The interviews completed, and the application packet filed, now was the wait. The decision letters would be out in late March or early April.

The time seemed to go slowly, Pat Maher was more like an expectant father, always asking when will we hear. I cautioned everyone to be patient. Then, in the last week in March, Joe came to the Stationhouse clutching a letter. He thrust the letter to me, "Read it." I opened the letter, read the opening paragraph, saying, "Pack your bags, you're going to Colorado Springs!" All the joy erupting was surprising, happiness abounded. The celebration was on, and couldn't be stopped.

I don't remember seeing Joe after he left for the Academy. Pat Maher reported that he was doing okay, he liked the school. In the winter of 1980, I was injured in a police incident, then later transferred to Queens. In 1982. I retired from the Police Department.

I was in the yard, when my wife called me to the phone, she said, "It's the 42nd Precinct, they say it's important!" Taking the phone, I heard the voice of Pat Maher, "Lieut, there's a Mexican General here, who wants to talk to you." "Lieut Garland, Joe O'Connell, I want to thank you for all you did, for me, I got my degree; and I'm going to pilot training."

Over the years, Pat Maher called from time to time, Joe went on to a distinguished career. He flew the F 15 fighter, for over twenty-five years. He retired, and is now flying for an airline.

This was the possibility that life brings. Abortion ends the future.



Knight L	ight Sept 18			COUNCIL EV	ENTS	Page 11	
		1. Am					
Program Schedule – March to April 2019							
Mar	<u>h/Date</u>	<u>Program</u>		<u>Time</u>	<u>Chairman</u>	Events	
2	Sat	St. Patty's Parade	•	Noon	GK R. Buell		
3	Sun	Stony Brook VA		930AM	G. Zeigler		
4	Mon	Officers' Meeting		800PM	GK R. Buell		
11 19	Mon Tue	General Meeting		800PM 800PM	GK R. Buell DD P. Lehr		
23	Sat	March Madness		500PM	DD P. Lehr		
25	Mon	Corp Meeting		800PM	Pres J. Sherrard	ł	
26	Tue	S. Joe's Soup Su		600PM	PGK J. Lupo		
27 28	Wed Thu	Cdr. Shea Assem Bunny Bkfst Plan		800PM 730PM	B. Bienneman PGK J. Sherrard	4	
29	Fri	Trivia Corp Fundr		700PM	Ed Schneider	1	
Apr							
1	Mon	Officers' Meeting		800PM	GK R. Buell		
4	Thu	Bunny Bkfst Plan		730PM	PGK J. Sherrard		
6 7	Sat Sun	Recruitment/Bunr Recruitment/Bunr			I Chan J.Kay/J.Sl I Chan J.Kay/J. S		
7	Sun	Stony Brook VA	IY IIX	930AM	G. Zeigler		
8	Mon	General Meeting		800PM GK R.	Buell		
9	Tue	Blood Drive	•	130PM/730PM			
11 16	Thu Tue	Bunny Bkfst Planr DD Meeting	ning	730PM 800PM	PGK J. Sherrard DD P. Lehr		
18	Thu	Bunny Bkfst Plan	nina	730PM	PGK J. Sherrard	ł	
20	Sat	Bunny Breakfast			IPGK J. Sherrard	-	
24	Wed	Cdr. Shea Assem	bly		B. Bienneman		
27 29	Sat Mon	Food Drive Corp Meeting		1000A/100 730PM	Normandin/Herbe Pres J. Sherraro		
29						1	
LUMBUS	COUNCIL BOI		SATURDAY APPIL 200 000	10,30 - 12,30	FUN ACTIVITIES AND GAME. T. JOSEPH'S EASTER EGG HUNT	CET - KINGS PARK, NV 56.00 M Baga DM SEMNARIANS Other Children Children Children Children Children Children Children	
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS	FATHER SEVFRIED COUNCIL 831				FOLLOWING THE ST. JOSEPH'S EASTER EGG H	TRAVIS HALL - 59 CHURCH STREET - KINGS PARK, NV PLEASE CONTACT JIM FOR TICKETS 631-656-8991 REUELLECOGEMALLCOM	

