

VICTIM IMPACT STATEMENT

UNITED STATES V. THOMAS A. SHAY
CASE NO.: CR-92-10369-Z
SENTENCING DATE: OCTOBER 6, 1993

AS A VICTIM, YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO OFFER A STATEMENT TO THE JUDGE AFTER THE DEFENDANT HAS BEEN FOUND GUILTY. SUCH A STATEMENT IS KNOWN AS AN IMPACT STATEMENT AND GIVES YOU THE OPPORTUNITY TO EXPLAIN TO THE COURT THE PHYSICAL, EMOTIONAL AND FINANCIAL IMPACT OF THE CRIME. IN ADDITION, YOU MAY EXPRESS TO THE COURT YOUR VIEWS REGARDING THE DEFENDANT'S SENTENCE.

YOUR WRITTEN STATEMENT WILL BE INCLUDED IN THE PRESENTENCE INVESTIGATIVE REPORT PRESENTED TO THE JUDGE BY THE U.S. PROBATION OFFICE. YOUR STATEMENT WILL BECOME PART OF THE DEFENDANT'S FILE AND WILL BE PASSED ON TO THE BUREAU OF PRISONS.

NAME OF VICTIM: Cynthia L. Hurley

1. If you suffered injuries as a result of this crime, please describe your injuries, including any medical treatment you received and the length of time the treatment was required:

2. Please describe the psychological and/or emotional impact of this crime:

It is almost impossible to put this in writing. This person is responsible for the death of my husband. I will never be the same person I was 22 months ago. The pain and hurt is almost unbearable at times. We have a wonderful family and are trying

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October 28, 1991, a beautiful fall day, back to work after a week long Caribbean cruise. All was well at work, glad to get back into the swing of things. At 11:30 a.m., I receive a call from my husband, Jerry Hurley, asking me how I was and how was getting back to work. I started to tell him and he received a call from the dispatcher to go to Roslindale. He said I have to go see you tonight. One (1) hour later a police officer was standing at my desk telling me there had been an accident, nothing serious I was told, just come with me. And the nightmare begins. How can you put in words the emotional impact. First of all to my husband, I can't even imagine the pain and suffering, he had so many injuries. He still had time and presence of mind to worry about his partner and others at the scene also. His concern for his family, wanting us to know how much he loved us. He was a wonderful human being. Everybody loved him and his beautiful smile. He never had a bad thing to say about anyone or anything. His love and kindness was reflected in his family. He was the greatest husband, always caring and sharing, nothing bothered him. He was my life, love and best friend. We shared so much happiness. Especially watching our four children grow. Jerry was a great father and grandfather. They are all denied having their father around to love and care for them. Things in our lives will never be the same. We've tried to put our lives back together as he would have wanted us to do. But the loneliness is almost unbearable sometimes. Having difficulty concentrating, making decisions I never had to make alone, sleepless nights, trying to be strong and supportive to my family. I know they are grieving also and it is very hard sometimes to understand what they are feeling and they what I am feeling.

October 31, 1991, I told a friend I hoped that they never found out who was responsible for this tragedy. The end result is nothing will ever change our lives and we would not be reliving this nightmare. But this is a dangerous person and I know my husband being a law enforcement officer would want this resolved and this person kept off our streets.

Judge Zobel, you seem like a fair person and I know you will do what is right.

Thank you

Jerry Hurley

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Judge Zobel-

The emotional impact of this horrendous crime is far to difficult to ever put into words or to try and write down. Especially to try and have to explain to someone who has no idea what you are feeling. This crime is not only senseless but it is absolutely disgusting. These two "sick" people planned, built and planted a bomb. A bomb is not a normal device to be able make or plant, and then to actually be proud of. This whole situation is not the fact that these people are sick, destructive and "domestic terrorists", the major factor is that an innocent, wonderful, loving, perfect person was killed by this device. A device that was not an accident but something that was actually planned - I know not for my wonderful father - but for someone else.

My father was there to save these peoples lives but instead gave his own life. As part of his extremely dangerous job this is always a chance for Police Officers. But you have to understand the miraculous way this man performed his job(s) not only as a Police Officer, a Bomb Technician but as a husband, father, grandfather, friend, also as a family member and everybody he knew. This unbelievable man was such a joy to everyone that knew him and to anyone that only knew him for a short while. His warm, friendly, caring smile was always a pleasure for everyone and anyone to see. His unique style and

mannerisms were unbelievable. Knowing how badly he was injured and still thought and showed his concern for others should give anyone and everyone some type of idea what a wonderful man he was, by a device that was thought out and actually planted by these two sick men, is just horrifying. I could never explain to anyone the feeling of helplessness and sorrow that I felt and always will feel when someone so special and wonderful is hurt so badly. Knowing how strong, considerate, always thinking of others, always doing things for others, always giving and never taking, this man was in so much agony and suffering and trying to hold on to his life. I could never explain to you or anyone what a wonderful person my father was, I could probably write/talk for weeks and still never be able to explain to anyone the effect that this wonderful man had on my life and how his horrendous death has effected me. But your Honor I would like you to try to imagine yourself in our positions. Think of yourself as a wife, a daughter and a grandchild and you have this spectacular person in your life. You are extremely close to him - everyday you can't wait to go home knowing he is going to be there with dinner, a big hug and a wonderful smile and then all in one day it is destroyed and there was nothing you could do to help him. He suffered more painfully than any human (especially someone like him) ever should.

My father was not a revengeful person but I know he would want these people to be punished. The malicious crime should have never happened, especially to him. My father was the best person in the world and I could never stress this or explain

his wonderful, funny ways. No punishment will ever be hard enough for these people but something must be done. As I said my father would not look for revenge but he would look for Justice, so please make sure they are punished. My father was the last person on this earth that this should have happened to and I would have done anything for him and I still would, but its up to you to decide their punishments, so please remember these letters and how much we love and miss my father, who really was and always will be the BEST, FUNNIEST AND MOST WONDERFUL PERSON, HERO, FATHER AND FRIEND IN THE WHOLE WORLD!

Thank you,

Aisa A. Hurley

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Judge Zobel-

This crime affected my life to a point that every minute of everyday I still think about it and I always will. This twenty-one (21) year old man, at the time nineteen (19), destroyed a husband, a father, a grandfather, a son, a brother, a friend and a HERO. Not only did he ruin my father's life, he ruined a family's life and a lot of others who knew my father.

I cannot write down in words what a wonderful man he was because just the actions that he made would take too long. But I can tell you that he was a perfect Police Officer and the best father. When he walked into a room everyone felt at peace because he held himself so strong and tall, and when he smiled you knew everything was okay, because he took care of it.

I think about the joy my father brought to my life and everyone around him, and I realize that that joy was maliciously taken away from me and filled with fear and sadness because of the sickness Shay has inside him.

I could always tell no matter what that my father was proud of me, for one, he always told me, but when my nephews were born, his two grandsons, there was such a joy in him. I only wish in the future that my children could see the pride my father would have for them.

It has been almost two years now, and still almost every night I cry. My father was very unique, and I know a lot of people who would just say that if they were writing something like this, but believe me your Honor he was truly the best. He never left anyone out and always knew if you were sad, and as fast as he could he would make a funny face or just tell you how special you were to him and instantly that would fill my heart with happiness. But now its gone. Yes, I still have memories but memories can't tell me how special I am.

Please help my family try to get on with our lives in peace, because I know that Shay will hurt again and for that family's sake don't let it happen again.

One last thing, this troubled man killed my father, but worst of all he killed my life long HERO!

Leanne Hurley

72 Alden St.
Forsborough Mass. 02035
September 2, 1993.

Dear Judge Gobel,

I am grateful to the court to be able to express my concerns about this crime and the impact it has had on me and my family. I have been married for fifteen years. I have two children Ryan (15) and Casey (1 1/2). I have been a nurse at Mass. General Hosp. for most of my twenty-five year career. I have been nurse manager, supervisor and currently I am employed twenty hours a week on an orthopedic oncology unit. I also work on an "on call" basis in a pediatricians office. I took a leave of absence from this job to attend the trial.

Sometimes I feel overwhelmed. My job is very stressful at best. I have found it difficult to cope with a personal tragedy like this and to give of myself both emotionally and physically.

My husband and children have had to take on much more responsibility. They are concerned about my well-being. I have difficulty concentrating on every day tasks. I am always tired

and often irritable. I don't laugh as often as I used to and have periods of depression. Our family has experienced many losses. I have accepted that we cannot control every situation and life is not always fair. Nevertheless the events of October 28th 1991, has changed many lives. Our family will never be the same. Our lives will never be the same. For weeks after Jerry's death I was unable to sleep at all without the aid of a sedative. I could only see Jerry's face the pain and agony and I know how much he suffered. Jerry was awake and alert from the time of the explosion until he was taken in to surgery later that evening. There continues to be many nights that I awaken, unable to return to sleep.

My mother is in a nursing home. She has been devastated by Jerry's death and her health has steadily deteriorated. She now spends many visits crying. She cannot understand why her only son has died. She lost her daughter to breast cancer at 47, five years ago. We were able to help prepare Mom for Mary's death, but

we are helpless in our efforts to console her now. She has lost two children and is very concerned if she doesn't see my sister and I frequently.

Jerry loved his family, his job, his life. He made a difference. He was a member of the Tactical Police Force during busing. He worked with the methadone van from Boston City Hospital. He was a quiet, loving, peaceful, gentleman who always had a smile and a hug readily available. He did not seek out attention or reward. He was always in the background doing his job.

There is so much violence in our society. There is very little regard for how precious life is. The bomb was placed on a car in a neighborhood. Across the street is a school. None of those precious lives should have been in danger. This is not acceptable.

Jerry believed that we are responsible for our actions. Mr. Skay, by his actions is responsible for Jerry's death and he should be held accountable to the fullest extent of the law. This is not vengeance but this is what I believe to be justice.

Sincerely,
Aron M. Halliday

Sept. 2, 1993

The Honorable Judge Zobel:

My name is Helene Dolan and I am the youngest sister of victim Jeremiah J. Hurley, Jr. who was killed in the line of duty while investigating a bomb at the home of Thomas Shay on October 28, 1991.

Since that day in October of 1991 my life and the lives of my family will never be the same again and here is how it all began:

My husband and I were sitting on the couch talking when the phone rang. My husband took the message and then the nightmare began. He turned to me and said: "Jerry's been hurt and we have to go to the Hospital. My heart started aching and hasn't stopped since. We picked up my other sister who had called and rushed to the Hospital not knowing what to expect."

The whole family was at the hospital, along with what seemed to be half of the Boston Police Department.

(2)

We walked in to a room to find Cynthia and her children waiting for news on Jerry's condition. Jerry was in tough shape and on his way into surgery. We all cried and went to the chapel to pray everything would be alright.

When the doctor came down some hours later and said he had done all he could, at first we felt disbelief at what he had just told us all. The tears began again and we felt not only sadness but anger at what had just happened.

Over the next few days we tried to understand what had happened but there was no understanding.

Everywhere we looked we saw Jerry's face on the news in newspapers and the radio saying a bomb had gone off on a street in Roslindale killing officer Durley and critically injuring his partner Frank Foley. We heard them say they were putting together pieces trying to find out who did this. It all seemed like they were talking about someone else.

(3)

We could just walk around numb and go through the motions of living, hold onto each other and cry as we laid Jerry to rest.

They say that time helps heal the pain but the senselessness of it all and the disbelief in what happened won't go away.

Everytime I see a police officer I turn around and expect to see Jerry. I've been driving down the highway and see someone who looks like him and drive by and look realizing, of course, it can't be him. I see him laughing and enjoying everyone who came through his door at Christmas to his "open house" which they had every year because it was his favorite holiday.

I have so many fond memories of him growing up as his baby sister, but all of these memories are overshadowed by that day in October when Jerry was taken from us all.

This tragedy has robbed us all of a wonderful, kind and generous person who had so much love and life left to give

to this world. ⁽⁴⁾

I have not gone for any counseling or therapy but only because of the many family members who have been there for support and comfort whenever I need them.

However, it often upset me that there were some friends and family who stopped coming over as frequently or stopped calling because, I guess, they didn't know what to say or how to approach me about Jerry's death.

We've all been so affected by this at times we don't know what to do to make it better.

I go to visit my mother at the nursing home and recall the day we had to tell her about Jerry. She still grieves over the death of my older sister from cancer a few years earlier and to have to tell her of another of her children dying and in such a tragic way was a day too much to bear.

My two sons cannot understand what kind of a world this is where people can go

⑤
around killing others at will
and a lot of times be let off
the hook because of one reason
or another. They are bitter at
what happened to their uncle
and I have no answers for
them as to why it happened.

My daughter doesn't understand
either. She loved her uncle as
did the boys and knew him
as a person who always treated
her with kindness and loved
to laugh and was so full of
life.

My husband has also been
extremely effected by Jerry's death.
You see, not only was he my
brother but he was his brother
too in more than one way.
My husband is a former Police
officer and Jerry was a "Brother"
who died senselessly and that
hurts him and makes him
angry that it even happened.

We both (my husband and I)
have had many sleepless
nights and some filled with
nightmares. Unable to sleep
this has affected our performance
at work over the past couple
of years.

(6)

There have been days before and during the trial when I have just burst into tears at work at the mention of Jerry's name. Sometimes at home I will start talking about him and just fill up. My kids and husband will come and give me a hug and tell me they wish they could make it go away. The truth is it will never go away. Jerry is gone and we can never get him back.

It has not only affected my family but people all around me. I find now that Jerry's life had such an impact on so many people around him. He touched so many lives and are still hearing from people who were upset by his untimely death.

I don't know if I can ever forgive. Forgiving, I believe, is up to God... as is ultimate justice. Here on earth our form of justice is in our courts and that's all we know and have to try and make things right.

(7)

I don't ask for the death of another, although since this happened I question my feelings about the death penalty. I guess that would just bring me down to the level of someone who had the intent and desire to kill.

I would ask that justice be done and the persons responsible be sent to a jail or prison for the rest of his natural life so that he could not cause the hurt and grief they caused myself, my family and my brother Jerry's family. No one person has the right to take away another's life.

Hopefully, with the people responsible for Jerry's death and Frank's injury put away where they can't hurt anyone else the nightmares, night sweats, and pain might be eased somewhat. Maybe the tears might not fall quite so often knowing justice has been done.

Sincerely,
Helene C. Dolan

SEP. 3, '93

I'm the youngest daughter of former officer Francis X Foley. My name is Lynette and I'm proud to say that Frank Foley is my dad. I've always been proud of my dad, especially after the nightmare that began Oct. 28th, 1991, a nightmare that has never ended.

Being the daughter of an bomb squad officer was always hard. I lived from day to day worrying if my dad and the fellow officers would receive a call regarding a bomb, a call that could change somebody's life in a split second as it did to our lives.

When my dad first joined the bomb squad, I had a very hard time dealing with the fact he was going to be operating with bombs. After about a year or two I became somewhat relaxed and sometime soon, I accepted what he did for a living, and I gave him and the officers my support and were very proud of them.

As the years went on, I got to know some of the officers that worked with my dad. There was one officer that I would talk to when I called my dad at work, to make sure he was ok. Jerry Hurley, a very good friend of my dad's, would answer the phone when I called and was always willing to talk. It's hard to explain, but as time went on, it was like we

All became a family. We had to be strong for our dads.

There was one point in my life that I couldn't be strong any longer. I was sitting at home, watching t.v. And there was a special report that came on. I really wasn't paying attention, until they said that deadly word "Bomb". It caught my attention and I couldn't believe what I saw on t.v. They were showing the scene of the accident and all I remember hearing was that two officers were seriously injured. At that point, the feeling of panic over came me, I remembered my dad was working.

I stood up when I knew my life had just been destroyed and I screamed as loud as I could, "Dad, Daddy, Oh my God!" I knew it was my father, I just knew it. I called my mom at work and knew something was wrong because of the way they reacted to me because they knew why I was calling. I asked where my mom was and they said at this point she was on her way into the hospital. I hung up the phone, clenching onto my hair and sobbed because at this point that's when my life changed and none in my family would ever be the same.

I got the courage to move and I married to get to the West Roxbury police station, just hoping that God was going to let my dad live. An officer came to the

window, asking what they could do for me. All I could hear was myself saying "make my nightmare end". I don't recall what I said but I remember looking up and seeing some officers extremely upset. I knew then my father must of been dead.

I was put in a cruiser, which was driven by an officer that cried the whole ride to the hospital. I got there, and I was rushed in by surrounding officers, trying to hide me away from the cameras and the public. I was with my family at this point and all I saw was my mom signing some papers. I thought she was signing something saying my father was dead. Somebody put there arms around me and I remember screaming with pain, "Dad, where are you?", "daddy, I love you", "where's dad?", "I want to see my father!"

Being at the hospital and all the action that was going on was really wearing us down, so around 7 that night, my mom and I left just to get away from all the action. We went to my Aunt's house and within 15 minutes my sister Lauren called crying, saying that Jerry had just died.

We rushed back in and waited several more hours, as we lived from minute to minute to see if my dad was going to survive. My family was able to see my dad before he was going to be rushed off to surgery. I personally think the doctors wanted us to

see him because they weren't sure if he was going to live. I walked into the emergency room and I saw this human, down away from this thing called a bomb. I remember trying to look past all this blood that covered my dad and saying "God, please don't let him die", "Please God, I love him so much, please God, he's my father".

That night after surgery, my mom and I got to see my dad. I think it was around 2:30 AM. Everyone else went home because we all knew we all were in for a long, long, long, tiring, heart-breaking time. I walked into the room and saw my dad, who was always happy and willing to do anything for anyone, lying there helpless, crying to me. My dad reached out for my hand. He gave me a little squeeze, a touch I won't ever forget. He was asking how everyone in my family was doing. He said something to me I won't ever forget, he said "my little baby, I need you right now, I'm scared", "Please don't ever leave me." "I love you sweetie, my little darling". I really couldn't get close to him to give him a kiss I thought would be the last one because of all the machines that were hooked up to him. Once again, my dad asked me to stay with him until he fell asleep because he was scared of this bomb that killed his best friend and that nearly killed him.

My father finally fell asleep but woke up within

5 minutes because of the flashback he had, flashbacks that he'll have for the rest of his life. My father was saying "Jerry, Jerry, my buddy, are you OK?". He was crying and he realized we were there and he calmed down. He turned slowly and looked at my mom and said "Claire, how's Jerry, did he make it?" And all my mom could say was "Oh, Frankie," and that's all my mom had said before my dad said "I knew it, I had a feeling Jerry died". He closed his eye and I never saw my father in my life weep and cry, it's a memory I can't seem to let go of. My life seemed to of crumbled into little pieces because of a bomb that exploded in just one second. When the bomb exploded, it was if my life exploded into nothing.

From that time on, I was in the hospital 10 to 12 hours a day. There was police officers everywhere feeling what my family and the Hurley's were feeling, pain. I remember standing there like a lost soul, helpless. It was if life ended. I saw my big brother, also named Frank, weeping. It tore me apart like no one could believe. I remember curling up in a chair that was in the hallway, sobbing begging to God.

It's been two years now and it still feels like it just happened last week. My life changed Oct. 28th and I hope I can someday go a day without being reminded of what happened. There's always something

to remind me if it's a siren or just seeing police officers that were there when the accident happened or just seeing the scars on my dad. And I will go back to that day that changed and over powered my life.

Hopefully someday soon I won't think about this at all. I want to be able to live without the anger and hurt I feel because of something that was meant for someone else. It was hard to sit in court and see Thomas Shay smirk and smile as if nothing happened. When I was in court that day, it was if I felt the pain I felt when I thought my father was dead but I realized it was a flashback. Flashbacks I'll have to experience for a long time.

To whomever is reading this, I hope you understand and understand why I feel the way I do. Hopefully when Mr. Shay is in jail he'll get some kind of help because I think that a person that has any part in doing something like what happened should get some kind of help. He deserves to be in jail and I hope he'll feel the pain I feel for the rest of my life.

I appreciate the time that was given to me to write this. I hope I explained good enough what I feel everyday because of what happened.

The last thing I would like to say is that I believe that whoever had something to do with the bombing should be in jail for however long it takes so they can feel the grief and suffering the Hurley's and my family will feel for the rest of our lives.

Thank you so much for your time and understanding.

Jennette Foley

September 3, 1993

Judge Zobell:

October 28, 1991, this is a date that I will never forget. It is not a holiday, Historical date or a birthday of a family member. It is the day my families lives changed forever. This is the day I was sitting at work and my mother called, as soon as I heard her say my name "Lisa" I knew there was something terribly wrong. I was not prepared to hear what she was about to tell me "there has been an explosion" I do not remember the rest of the conversation. My mother must have told me to go across the street to Police Headquarters because I found myself running across there.

I don't recall the ride or the wonderful policeman who drove me to my father I just remember sitting across from the Hurley's saying nothing to one another just waiting to find out. Was my dad alive? Is he disfigured? Does he have is legs and arms? I know these may seem to be unusual thoughts but at the time they were the most important things in my life.

I never realized until the trial that I was a victim of a violent crime. I guess, I always considered my father the victim but to have to live through and continue to live through for the rest of your life what I have I suppose I too am a victim.

After the accident my father returned to live with my mother (they had been divorced since we were children but remained friends) and my brother and sister. Shortly after for family reasons my father came to live with me and my daughter. I believe because of this, I have healed allot better than other members of my family. You see, I can find good in all this, I had the opportunity to have my dad all to myself and my other family members feels as though again they had lost him. I can recall my father having terrible nightmares, depression and guilt. This I believe was probably the most difficult part of the whole accident. My father was in terrible pain both physical and mental. I greatly wanted to help him and there was nothing I could do for him. My father had always talked me through every crisis in my life and here he was in pain and I could not talk to him. I suppose I didn't want to talk to him about what happened, I

wanted to continue my life like it had always been. It wasn't like it always had been and I found myself in need of help. I went to talk to a doctor and she made me realize that it was OK to talk to my dad about his pain, there was nothing to be sad about, I had my father and every day he was getting better and most importantly I could not go on with my life until I accepted my life for what it was today not before the accident.

I have accepted what has happened to my dad. I have never been closer to my father in all my life. I am a twenty-six year old women and when I talk to my dad on the phone or see him I feel a great deal of security and comfort. I am truly appreciative of my fathers life.

Your honor, I do not feel hatred for Mr. Shea but I feel fear. A man that is capable of doing such a violent act should not be set free to hurt another person. I would never wish to see anybody go through what my family and the Hurley family has experience. Please take this into consideration when determining Mr. Shea's sentencing.

Thank you,


Lisa M. Phelan

Daughter of Officer Francis Foley

September 7, 1993

Your Honor

As the former wife of Francis X. Foley and the mother of his four children I appreciate the opportunity to be heard.

It is very difficult to put into words the heartache and suffering one goes through when a loved one is critically injured by the senseless action of an insensitive individual.

Through the entire process Mr. Shay has shown no feelings of remorse concerning the "incident" while on the other hand Franny has to live with the recurring nightmares that come to him now and will for many years, if not forever.

I realize there is nothing that can be done to restore Jerry Hurley's life nor undo the emotional and physical damage done to Franny. The one thing I do ask is that Mr. Shay be incarcerated for the rest of his life so that he may never again injure or kill another innocent human being.

Respectfully,

Clare J. Foley Madden

Dear Judge Zobel,

His letter is in regards to Thomas Gray Jr's sentencing. I can't begin to describe all my emotions on October 28, 1953 and thereafter. I can say that my whole family's life will never be the same. Personally, I had no control of any of the numerous emotions that I was feeling. I was angry, sad, confused, lost, alone, grateful, cynical, vengeful, and devastated all at the same time. I felt like I needed to be protected but I knew I needed to protect my father. I asked myself all sorts of questions. How could anyone dare try to take my father away when we were really beginning to develop a wonderful relationship? Why must I feel guilty because my father lived? Why weren't the ones who created this nightmare yet we were being forced to live in it. Dealing with the post accident trauma has not been an easy experience, but it has been a learning one. I learned that time may subside the pain, but it never completely takes it away. I easily become upset at seeing how downward my father appears at times due to his physical and emotional injuries.

often I try to understand some of what my father thinks inside. Does he feel sorry for himself? Has he ever embarrassed by his disabilities could he possibly ever feel less of himself? These are some of the questions that kept me up many nights. These are the questions the absolutely hell this twenty four year old man. When I am with my father I cannot be closer to him. I can't express to him enough how much I respect, need, and love him. This is why I feel so strongly about Mr. Shay's sentencing. I never want Thomas Shay, Dr. and Francis X. Foley to walk the same streets again. They are worlds apart as human beings, and they should be kept worlds apart physically. I believe Shay is a despicable and perversely evil person who is capable of doing anything for attention. Please do not allow him to hurt, maim, or kill anymore.

Respectfully,
Francis D. Foley

My name is Lauren Marracco and I'm the oldest daughter of former officer Francis Foley.

On October 28, 1991 I came home to find several police cars waiting for me, from that moment on my life would never be the same.

many times during my life. I would hear how hard it must be to have a father who is a police officer, but to be honest with you it never really crossed my mind. Then one night my dad called and said, "Honey, because of the Gulf War we're more busy than usual with bomb threats and I want you to know that I love you and you're a good daughter." Little did I know that months later my dad would be relaying the same message, except this time it would be to a complete stranger in the back of an ambulance because HE didn't think he would live long enough to tell us himself.

I ^{remember} screaming for my daddy it was like I was a child again.

I needed to touch him but I
couldn't even see him. It was
hours later, just before they were
to operate, that the doctors told us we
could have one minute with him, but
only if we could control ourselves. They said
"He must not see you upset". That I can
say was the hardest moment in my life.
I had to push every feeling I had deep
down inside of me even as I saw his body
torn apart I couldn't make a peep. I wanted
to scream so loud that my body actually
ached with pain as if my heart was breaking.

Somehow I've gotten through this,
only because I still have my dad.

I can touch him or call him to tell
him I love him, which is something that
the Hurley's cannot do. I will say though

I'm not the same person that I used
to be, I can't say exactly what it
is but I know that there's something
different.

There are so many strong mem-
ories of those days with my dad
lying in

Nope the right thing is done
and he is sent away for the rest
of his life so he can never destroy
another family like he did our's and
the Hurley's, because now I live not
with anger but with something worse
a little fear and sadness until the day
I die.

Sincerely
Lauren Marocco