

THE BASEBALL

"To Jamie, Never forget
Kevin. Derek Jeter"

"This is awesome. I
now have Kevin's hero,
Derek Jeter, and my
hero, my brother
Kevin, on the same
baseball." Jamie

Williams

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The Baseball: From Jeter to Jamie :

"Never forget Kevin.."

By John Ryan

Editor's Note: This Spring, John Ryan, reporter for the *Community Journal*, attended a Yankee Spring Training game in Florida. While at the game, John visited the Yankee locker room and asked shortstop Derek Jeter to sign a baseball for Jamie Williams, the younger brother of Kevin Williams. Kevin Williams, a 1995 graduate of SWR, was a bond salesman for Sandler O'Neill and was in his office on the 104th floor of Tower Two on September 11. According to Mike Williams, dad of Kevin and Jamie, Kevin saw "30 to 40 Yankee games a year." After the terrorist attacks, Kevin's family found a bag of red gravel among his possessions. They wondered about the origin of the gravel, until they learned that it was from the grounds of Yankee stadium on the day, last August when Kevin and Jamie sat together behind third base. In addition to his parents, Pat and Mike Williams and brother Jamie, Kevin is survived by his sister, Kelly. He was engaged to be married in December, 2001, to his high school sweetheart, Jillian Volk. Jamie's eulogy to his brother and a poem by a friend, are on pages 3 & 7. Below is the story of *The Baseball*, by John Ryan.

If you look up the word "class" in God's dictionary, I assure there's a picture of Derek Jeter. This young man is not only a great baseball player, but he is also one of the finest young men you would ever want to meet.

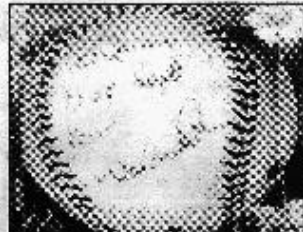
I first met Derek, the Yankee's shortstop, about six years ago. I was in Tampa, Florida, trying to find my way to a Jai-Jai stadium. As I was driving I noticed several guys playing ball at a field near the Tampa Bay Buccaneers Stadium. It was around 10am and I was early for the start of Jai-alai so I decided to stop and watch the ball game. As I got closer, and sat down in the stands, I was shocked to see the guys were several Yankees, one of whom was Derek Jeter. I thought it unusual because it was January and this was just a side field, not unlike most high school fields. Jim Leyritz was also among the group who were taking turns hitting and fielding. The only other persons watching this workout, beside myself, were two elderly ladies in Yankee hats. They both said they were longtime Yankee fans and you could see they got a kick out of watching their fellows workout. After about an hour, the workout ended and the guys meandered off to their cars but one remained. It was Jeter. He went over to the ladies put his arms around each one saying "How's my girls doing?" and making a big fuss over them. Both of the ladies were beaming. Jeter took time and posed with each one for pictures. I remember thinking, at the time, what a great kid this is, regardless of his baseball skills. Since then I have seen Jeter a couple of times at games in New York and he is always a gentleman. In this day of multi-million dollar professional athletes, unfortunately, that is not always the case.

Fast forward to March 13, 2002. I am, once again, in Tampa watching the Yankees take on the Texas Rangers in a Spring training game. The Yankees are embroiled in controversy this day after a member is cut from the team after admitting to stealing Derek Jeter's glove and selling it to a sports memorabilia dealer.

After the game, I met Derek in the locker room and tell him about the beautiful eulogy delivered by Jamie Williams at the memorial service for his brother Kevin, who was lost in the World Trade Center on September 11th. I told Derek that Jamie said "he would bring



Kevin Williams, lost 9/11/01 (photo from Newsday.)



THE BASEBALL: "JAMIE, Never forget Kevin, Derek Jeter"



Jamie Williams, shortstop at Northeastern University baseball team, with the ball signed by Derek Jeter. Jamie is standing next to a statue of Cy Young which stands in the pitchers mound of the very first World Series in 1903.

the ball" when the brothers meet each other, once again, for a catch. I asked Derek if he would sign a ball for Jamie in honor of Kevin. Derek, without hesitation, asked a clubhouse attendant to get him a ball. On it he inscribed the words "To Jamie. Never forget Kevin, Derek Jeter."

The ball was insured for \$300 and sent, U.S. Postal Service to the *Community Journal*. Pat and Mike Williams, Kevin's and Jamie's parents, brought the ball to Jamie, now a freshman shortstop, at Northeastern University. "This is a precious thing," Pat Williams. Kevin's mom about the baseball for Jamie. **continued on pages 7 & 8**

THE REGION'S LARGEST CIRCULATING NEWSPAPER! FROM ROUTES 25A TO 25
From Riverhead to Port Jefferson and From Coram to Calverton and All the Leisure Communities

THE BASEBALL Story, continued from page 1

Kevin's Eulogy

Written by Jamie Williams

When I was about seven years old, I was on a chair lift with my dad. It was a beautiful snow covered day. I looked up and asked him "Dad, what's the meaning of life?" He looked at me and smiled. His answer was simple. "Everyone discovers their own meaning and you too will one day find out that answer, Jamie." Although the solution to this question is supposed to be pondered about all your life, and sometimes is never answered, I now know the answer. It is to live a life like Kevin's. These past three weeks of anger, sorrow and hurt; Kevin has just been looking down on us smiling. He has been up there bragging to everyone about everything he has done in his life. The elders are already jealous of him, that in all their experiences in life they can't even compare to Kevin.

I can't help but to think of the image of him up in that building. How horrible it must have been. But the deeper I think, the more calm I get. I see the plane coming towards the tower, except he's not there when it strikes. Kevin's gone. He's being carried. There is a cloud of light under him raising him up. The more focused I get, the more I see that cloud is the love of hundreds of people praying and thinking of him, that is all he feels. More and more hands reaching out and grabbing him. However, no hands are stronger than that of the Lord, and that is where he is carried. Where he can see all of us and be with us everywhere.

I remember this past year he asked me to go to a Yankees game with him. Now being one of the greatest decisions I have ever made, I drove in there and went to the game with him. Our seats were front row, the closest I have ever been to anything. However, it will not be looking up to Scott Brosius, or the great game the Yanks had that I will remember. It will be the image of his face cheering on Paul O'Neill. It will be the smile on his face that went from ear to ear. When I went to the Guido's party, it will be the image of him laughing, standing proud next to the bar he built or his grin he had when he and I played bocce ball. When we went to Aerosmith it will not be the vision of Steven Tyler dancing on stage that I hold, but the hellow of Kev's voice screaming the words to "Sweet Emotion," as my sister and I laughed. Those are the images I will have. He loved music, he loved baseball and he loved his Yanks, but most of all he loved life. Thanks to a great mom and dad, he saw the country and was raised not to watch life go by, but to go out and grab it. He was brought up with love. How many other parents have the word "kids" in their license plate? And it was that love he gave to the world and that's why people are standing outside the doors right now, and why a whole (school) district was closed - love.

I felt I needed to do this today, because he told me to have my speech ready. There is no greater joy in life than to be in love. I have never seen Kevin so excited about life as he was since he asked for Jill's hand in marriage. And Jill, as hard as it is right now, you have to understand that you made Kevin's life worth living for. You were the love of his life, and there is no greater person that you could have chosen, and he also could not have picked a more perfect girl. He gave you his fire and ambition for life, as long as that is kept with you, your life can only be brilliant.

Kevin, I hope this speech is good enough. And, if it is, I know I have truly succeeded, because you are Mr. Perfection. Our lives have changed, not ended. I am still Kevin's best man and he will be mine. On my wedding day he will be standing next to me. He will be putting the ring on my wife's finger with me. He'll hug me when it's over and say "Yup, that's what it's like Jay, you did it right little bro, I taught you well."

Kelly, he'll be there when your first child is born, he'll hold the baby as if it's his own and you'll feel his comfort. And when it's over he will hug you and say, "Yup Kel, you did it right, now just follow mom and dad's footsteps, they are all the guidance you need."

Kev, you have always been my role model. I can only ask to get half of what you got out of life. How can I ever compete with being an American Hero, only you buddy, always outdoing everyone? Thank you for making me proud every time I see red, white and blue. Every flag I see will be a remembrance of your bravery. Thank you for showing me how to laugh, thanks for everything you have ever brought me to, thanks for showing me how to be successful and make it to the top, thanks for showing me how to love someone and thanks for showing me a path in life. I'm sorry I could not have been your hero that day. I'm sorry I couldn't have called you and said "get out of there," but life cannot be filled with should haves and could haves or else it would be too easy. Instead, I will go on with my head high, and tell everyone of a great brother I have, called Kevin. I'll tell them why heroes are made in the USA. I will tell them of a bond unlike no other and why I now have so much passion for life. I hope that when each, and every one, of you walk out of here today you do not forget all that has happened and all I have said about Kev. Beyond these doors, love each other and touch each other as if that will be your last time together. When there are troubled times in your life, think of Kevin and he will comfort you. During a cold lonely night look up at the stars and talk to Kevin, tell him your problems, he will listen. When you sit down and look at the world, appreciate it, as Kevin did. Be thankful for every breeze that strikes your face, be thankful for every sun that sets before you, love your family and love your friends. And, most of all, love life.

Kev we will always love you I know when the time comes, you will be there to hold my hand and guide me up. Just get the gloves ready, bro, and I'll bring up the baseball.

Jamie Williams delivered this eulogy in St. John's Roman Catholic Church, Wading River, approximately three weeks after the WTC tragedy. As a student in Shoreham-Wading River, Kevin was voted SWR's "Most Valuable Player" in baseball, basketball, and golf and had a "near-perfect" grade-point-average. Both brothers play short-stop. (continued, p. 8.)



Mike and Pat, parents of Kevin, Jamie and Kelly Williams, with THE BASEBALL Dear (Community Journal).

Again - please thank John for having the baseball signed for Jamie.

As we gave him the ball his first words were, "This is awesome. I now have Kevin's hero, Derek Jeter, and my hero, my brother Kevin, on the same baseball."

We have also enclosed a copy of Jamie's Eulogy for his brother. It gives you a sense of who Kevin was, who Jamie is and of the strong bond of love between brothers. (We thought you might like to know them better.)

Thanks you again for all you have done for us through this difficult time.

Pat Williams (Continued on page 8.)

REMEMBERING...WTC

KEEP THOSE FLAGS FLYING HIGH

By Lisa Bray, Shoreham, NY

*"Dedicated to Kevin Michael Williams and the
Loved-ones who miss him so very much.*

September 11th has Come and Gone,
Yet the tragic effects will forever live on,
An Indian Summer, so blue the sky
Innocent victims who will never know why...

The "American Dream" standing side by side
Tower One and Two, with "Tomorrow" inside,
Heroes and Helpers, Hopefuls and more
Good, Honest Citizens we will miss for sure...

The questions still linger, the doubts never leave
"Why has such Evil shattered all I believe?"
"Why so many lives senselessly taken?"
"What will it take for mankind to awaken?"...

We all have our notions, our "fixes" and "cures"
For all that awaits us and came before;
"Press on with life" our President has said,
Protect the living, yet forget not the dead...

"Live a life that is vigilant, careful and calm,
Practice your Faith and live by the Psalm;
Respect the Soldiers whose lives are borrowed,
Who fight for a brighter and Better Tomorrow..."

Yet what do we say to the Ones who still cry,
Who scream out in anguish and question "Why?"
"Why was my Loved-One taken away?"
What these families would give for just "One More Day..."

We cannot fathom, Nor Understand
The Pain these Families feel first hand;
But we can in small ways help them through
By continuing to fly the RED, WHITE AND BLUE...

So fly those flags Now and Forever
Wave them and then kneel in prayer Together;
Let those who suffer know we still care
That we'll never forget and we'll always be there...

We'll be there in the candles we light
In the pins we wear and the evils we fight;
We will be there in the songs we sing,
And our new found appreciation for life's little things...

We will be there when for years to come
We Pledge Our Allegiance and remind our Young;
Of September 11th and the Pain it Brought
Of just how much we need "Peace" to be taught...

So keep Those FLAGS FLYING HIGH
Wave those colors and remember why;
Remember those who lost their lives
They were somebody's Mother, Father and wife...

They were Somebody's Husband, Fiancé and Son,
Somebody's Brother, and Sister each one;
They were "Somebody's Daughter," "Somebody's Friend,"
And their loss will Forever be felt 'till the end...

So Keep Those Flags Flying High
Wave those colors and remember why;
Remember those who left That Day
September 11th, Join Hands and Pray...