

# 44-Caliber Killer's 6th Death Victim Buried in Rain In Jersey Cemetery by a G...

By FRED FERRETTI

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## 44-Caliber Killer's 6th Death Victim Buried in Rain In Jersey Cemetery by a Grieving Moskowitz Family

By FRED FERRETTI

Stacy Moskowitz was buried yesterday in the muddy ground of a Jewish cemetery in New Jersey following a wracking early-morning funeral in a Flatbush Avenue chapel in Brooklyn.

As the Moskowitz family saw the 20-year-old secretary for the last time, the police were still seeking clues to the identity of her killer, a man who calls himself "Son of Sam" and who has slain six and wounded seven persons in New York. Miss Moskowitz died Monday after she and her companion, Robert Violante, were shot as they sat in a parked car Sunday morning in the Bath Beach section of Brooklyn.

When the polished poplar coffin, with a Star of David carved in its lid, was lowered into the earth, rain began to fall, and as Rabbi Solomon B. Shapiro intoned, "Eternal God, our Creator, who makes and takes, You have given, now You have taken away Stacy Moskowitz, may she rest in peace," the dead woman's father, Jerome, almost fell forward and virtually had to be carried by two men to one of the funeral limousines.

Miss Moskowitz's mother, Neysa, her eyes red from crying, reached to touch her husband's shoulder as he was helped away. Then, with the couple's remaining daughter, Ricki, 16, standing beside her, she stood staring into the newly dug

grave, which was right next to a small headstone marked with the name of Jody Lynn Moskowitz and the dates Aug. 17, 1958, and May 4, 1965.

Until Mr. Moskowitz's collapse, the couple had got through three days thick with grief, during which they often cried and just as often, remained dry-eyed as they spoke of the love they had for their daughter.

Much earlier yesterday, Jerome and Neysa Moskowitz and Ricki had sat pressed tightly together in the first pew in the paneled chapel of the I. J. Morris Funeral Home in Flatbush. They looked straight ahead at a huge wall mosaic depicting the Tree of Life in stones of blue, gray and tan.

On a bier just in front of the mosaic, flanked by two burning candles, rested the coffin, now closed, in which Stacy lay covered with the traditional white gown of Orthodox Jewish funerals. Her head was wrapped in a white turban, and lying across her breast was a white chrysanthemum that Mrs. Moskowitz had taken to the funeral parlor Tuesday night.

Her parents and sister sobbed, often uncontrollably and loud enough to be heard by the 300 other mourners in the chapel, as Rabbi Shapiro, citing the Book of Isaiah, said that when a family lost a member by violence, then it must be left to the "cohens," the privileged priests, to decide upon a punishment.

Punishment should be left to the authorities, the rabbi said, not to those who might be closer to the violence.

The Moskowitzes were not crying when they arrived at the funeral parlor at 8:37 in the morning for the scheduled 8:45 service.

They ignored the crowds behind the police barricades at the front of the funeral home. They ignored the knots of people who stood across Flatbush Avenue in front of a Dodge dealer, a monument store, a music studio and a real-estate office and who craned their necks to see the Moskowitzes.

They ignored the people hanging out of second-story windows, peering through flower boxes and the blades of window fans, anxious to see them. And as they walked into the funeral home, past plaques depicting the 12 Tribes of Israel, the Moskowitzes were expressionless.

### Police Photograph Crowds

Surrounding the funeral parlor was a detail of 20 policemen in uniform and about a score more in plainclothes, including several with professional camera equipment who kept photographing the crowds, hoping that someone resembling the Son of Sam might have turned up.

Shortly after 8 o'clock the friends of the Moskowitzes and the Violantes began to arrive, walking past Patrolman Dom Santonastaso, who was stationed at the funeral home entrance. "It's not the best duty is it?" he said. "You know, I don't tell my wife too much about the job. If I did, she wouldn't want me to go to work."

### Brief Funeral Service

Weeping, the Moskowitzes were led into the chapel. Rabbi Shapiro, a chaplain at Kings County Hospital who became acquainted with them during their ordeal and who was chosen by them for the service, said a prayer, "El Moley Rachamim" ("Oh God, full of compassion . . .") and then delivered a brief eulogy.

The service was over in 10 minutes, and the family with Mr. Moskowitz and his daughter, Ricki, supporting Mrs. Mos-



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At the graveside services for murder victim Stacy Moskowitz, her mother, Neysa, bends to place a flower at the headstone of another daughter, Jody Lynn,

who died at the age of six in 1965. Jerome Moskowitz, the father, is supported by friends while the family's surviving daughter, Ricki, wipes her eye, at right.

kowitz, left through a rear door that led to a back parking lot. Along with 22 other cars, they joined the funeral procession out to New Jersey, along Route 3 to Clifton and King Solomon Cemetery.

There in the rain, and with a big, yellow bulldozer standing a short distance away,

Rabbi Shapiro read "The Mourner's Kaddish," which begins: "Extolled and hallowed by the name of God . . ."

As the rabbi was about to conclude, Mr. Moskowitz's knees buckled. He pitched forward but was caught by two men.

A few minutes later the family left, to be driven back to their home on East Fifth Street in the Gravesend section.

Rabbi Shapiro, describing the services said: "I condemned crime and asked the people to have love, faith in God and the future. What else is there to say?"