

CHRIS NICARICO STATEMENT



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People v. Brian Dugan

05 CF 3491

Victim Impact Statement

Chris Nicarico

On July 7, 1972, in San Francisco, Kathy and I became the 2 proud, big sisters of Jeanine. Jeanine was the one in our family who always had a way of bringing a smile to any situation whether at the dinner table, riding bikes around the neighborhood, riding the waves on her raft, climbing trees, cleaning up the dinner dishes, playing neighborhood games of kick the can, waking us up by wiggling her way into one of our beds. She even enjoyed it when our dad heeled the sailboat way over as the rest of us nervously held on waiting for the boat to level off. Jeanine's smile and contagious giggle seemed to come through in every situation. Her smile is unforgettable and forever in our minds. However, not all of our family members and friends, today, will ever get to experience this joy.

But February 25, 1983, while Kathy and I were coming home from school all excited for the weekend, our baby sister had been ripped from our home, all alone in the cold and killed in the most devastating ways we could ever imagine. Suddenly, in blink of an eye, our lives were changed drastically forever. Life would never be the same for our family, relatives and friends. This event has continued to haunt us and bring fear to our lives that we didn't even know existed over the years.

CHRIS NICARICO STATEMENT

Suddenly, we were no longer a family of 5 who actually enjoyed fitting into a restaurant booth, or as 3 sisters squeezing into one double-size bed on vacations, or negotiating who would sit in the middle in the backseat of the car. Growing up without Jeanine, our family holidays never were the same due to one less Easter basket in the morning, one less option on how to carve the pumpkin on Halloween, and the one less Christmas stocking on Christmas morning. There was a vacancy in our lives that none of us had ever expected to encounter.

Kathy and I never experienced Jeanine coming to us for advice on dating. We missed her excitement when getting her driver's license, or choosing which college to attend or getting engaged. We did not get to see her walk down the wedding aisle or plan a surprise bridal or baby shower for each other. Kathy and I missed the times when she was stressed out at work or just wanted to go shop for a new outfit. We missed out on watching her fumble around a kitchen to learn to cook. Most importantly, we missed out on seeing Jeanine with her nieces and nephews, and especially, her own children.

Kathy, Jeanine and I never had the opportunity to debate or figure out who would be whose maid of honor in each others weddings. Instead, after each of our weddings we drove along the peaceful streets of downtown Naperville from the church to the cemetery with our bridal parties and stood around Jeanine's grave to bring Jeanine's her well-deserved, bridesmaid bouquet, as she would always be our maid of honor for eternity.

Kathy and I have had several benchmarks in our lives shadowed by Jeanine's death. We experienced trials/court proceedings during our high school and college years, while making wedding plans, throughout our pregnancies and now into lives of our own children. All of which should have been part of the good times shared with our little sister, Jeanine. Jeanine's own

CHRIS NICARICO STATEMENT

brothers-in-laws, nieces and nephews have only known her from photos and stories and not the sister-in-law or Aunt they would have adored.

Kathy and I see aspects of Jeanine in each of our children whether it be a dimpled smile, the big round eyes, the active lifestyle, the passion for life, the empathy towards others, the love for animals or the contagious giggle that makes you join right in. But the most evident, is the way each of our children smother our parents, their grandparents, with so much love and admiration like Jeanine gave to our mom and dad. These aspects of Jeanine live through our children and give us the laughter, joy, worries and much love each and everyday!

As a family, we continue to share the stories of happy days & memories of Jeanine to mask the tragic and horrific way Jeanine lost her life so unfairly. I know we will always have our little sister, Jeanine, within our hearts and souls every day of our lives, because this is something no one can ever take away from us.

Due to this criminal's heinous actions, Kathy and I didn't get the chance to say goodbye or give that last hug or kiss to our little sister, Jeanine. Instead, we now have to pray to our little angel, Jeanine, to give us strength and courage to move on without that beautiful smile in our daily lives. She will be forever a part of all of us.

Chris Nicarico