

**Reading 1**

**Victim Awareness: Reading, Analyzing, and Writing  
Victim Impact Statements**

1. Jane Mosher Victim Impact Statement
2. MADDvocate – A Healing Impact
3. MADDvocate – I Knew Before I Was Told
4. MADDvocate – Shattering of the Soul
5. MADDvocate – Trial and Consequences
6. Madoff Victim Impact Statements - Ronnie Sue & Dominic Ambrosino
7. Madoff Victim Impact Statements – Norma Hill
8. Madoff Victim Impact Statements – Carla Hirschhorn
9. Madoff Victim Impact Statements - Caren Low
10. The Penn Stater - Remembering Michael

**Victim Impact Statement for Jane Mosher-Buyno\***  
**Written and Spoken by her Mother, Nancy McAlley**

*Your honor, I would like to express to the court and Jacquinda, what the impact of my daughter Jane's death has had on my life. Jane was 25 years old and the mother of Serenity who was three years old. There is no way to bring Jane back to us, but today I want to speak to her, so the court and Jacquinda can hear my pain.*

*Jane, when I heard about your death and the police said that you had been shot by Jacquinda, I felt numb. I was in shock, I couldn't move. All I could think about was getting to you. It didn't matter that you were gone. I needed to be near you and Serenity needed us. I started crying and cried all day long. I cried in the car all the way to Virginia. I cried at the police station when we talked about you and what had happened. We asked if we could please see you. I cried myself to sleep that night.*

*We were not able to have Serenity stay with us. They didn't know who the family was and she had been put in the care of social services. It was a Friday and we wouldn't be able to have her until Monday. Not only did we have to deal with the pain of losing you, we could not even have Serenity, your daughter, with us.*

*The next day we had to go through your personal belongings. I don't know how I functioned as well as I did. I was in shock, numb. I only knew that we had to get this done. We would not be in VA again for a long time. I was so sad to see the clothes you wore, the jacket that used to keep you warm, the pictures of your daughter Serenity, that you had up in the house. I remembered how you were so proud of her and took her with you everywhere you went. I am devastated that she will never be able to share the love of life that you were able to bring to all the lives of your daycare children and others.*

*You often come into my mind with your big smile and laugh. I have lost a wonderful person who was a part of me. You were someone who believed in the goodness of people and trusted, even when warned of danger. I am angry and saddened that I could never convince you of the danger that lurked in your life. I am heartbroken that I will never see you smile or hear you laugh again. I feel so much anger that you had to die such a violent death from someone you trusted. You should have been allowed to live to enrich the lives of all those you had touched.*

*When I came home from VA I would sit in the house and cry some more. It was like being struck by a lightning bolt and being blown into a million pieces. It was as if a hole had been ripped in me, as if all my skin had been seared with flames. Every cell in my being was rearranged. You were part of me and now you had been fiercely torn from my soul. How was I ever going to heal? Would I ever smile again? I used to go to work and cry while I was working. I didn't know if the tears would ever stop.*

*Eventually the tears would stop for short times, but they always come back. They still do. I can be going about my day and some small thing will trigger a memory of you and I will start to cry. Just as it takes an enormous amount of time to heal seared skin, it will take as long and maybe longer to heal my seared soul. The violence that took you from me is not a one time act of violence. It has been repeated and affected me everyday since.*

*After this first happened I couldn't work. Some days I would just have to go home. I would go to work but I was not able to function. I have had to see a counselor to help me rearrange my life. Some of my close friends have gone because they don't understand the changes. I still have days when you are with me and I am not able to function. This act of violence will never be silenced. It is repeated in my head almost every day. My sleep at night is restless. My dreams are frequently riddled with images of you and your last moments; I wake up many times a night and often have trouble returning to sleep. I always feared that this day might come.*

*Jane, I hope that your death will not be in vain, that Jacquinda and others may learn from this tragedy. You did not deserve to meet such a violent end. Having to come here and speak to the court about this has brought it to the surface and renewed the pain that had started to heal. My wounds are open again and I am not sure if they will ever close.*

**\*This statement was first published in the Summer 2009 Newsletter of Survivors of Homicide, Inc. in Connecticut. It is shared with the permission of Nancy McAlley.**