

BAZAR,
Dayna

Providence woman hurt in motorcycle crash dies

PROVIDENCE — Dayna A. Bazar, 18, of 119 Upton Ave., died yesterday at Rhode Island Hospital as a result of injuries suffered in a motorcycle accident Friday.

Miss Bazar was a passenger on a motorcycle that crashed into a car at Laurel and Cole Avenues on the East Side about 6:45 p.m.

Born in Providence, she was a daughter of Joseph and Ann (Goldsmith) Bazar of Providence.

She was a student at Rhode Island College.

She had been on the Waterville Valley, N.H., Ski Team. During the past three years at Classical High School she was the leading goal scorer in the high school girls soccer league, and earlier the only girl member of the Babe Ruth Baseball

League in the Elmwood Section of Providence. She was selected as the centerfielder on last year's All State Girls Fast Pitch Softball team. She was a member of Temple Beth-El.

Besides her parents she leaves a brother, Todd Bazar of Providence; a sister, Kerri Gavin of West Warwick; paternal grandparents, Banice and Beverly (Wishnevsky) Bazar of Cranston; maternal grandparents, Howard and Louise (Allen) Goldsmith of Providence; and a paternal great-grandmother, Henrietta Wishnevsky of Cranston.

The funeral service will be held tomorrow at 10 a.m. at Temple Beth-El, Orchard Avenue. Burial will be in Swan Point Cemetery, Providence.

BAZAR, Dayna, A.

May 16 1992. Residence 119 Upton Ave., Beloved daughter of Joseph and Ann (Goldsmith) Bazar, Providence. Beloved Granddaughter of Banice and Beverly Bazar, Cranston and Howard and Louise Goldsmith, Providence. Beloved Great-Granddaughter of Henrietta Wishnevsky, Cranston. Dear sister of Todd Bazar, Providence and Kerri Gavin, West Warwick. Dear niece of Karen Bergel, Alan, Brian and Steven Goldsmith; David and Peter Bazar. Funeral services 10 am Monday at TEMPLE BETH-EL, Orchard at Butlers Aves. Relatives and friends are invited. In lieu of flowers contributions may be made to the Dayna A. Bazar Memorial Scholarship fund c/o Rhode Island College. Memorial observance at her late residence Monday - Wednesday 2-4; 7-9 pm. Arrangements by MOUNT SINAI MEMORIAL CHAPEL.

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Dayna A. Bazar funeral today

PROVIDENCE — A funeral was to be held today at 10 a.m. at Temple Beth-El, Orchard Avenue, for

Dayna A. Bazar, who died Saturday at Rhode Island Hospital of injuries suffered Friday in a motorcycle accident.

Miss Bazar, 18, of 119 Upton Ave., was a passenger on a motorcycle that collided with a car at Laurel and Cole Avenues on the East Side on Friday about 6:45 a.m.

She was a daughter of Joseph and Ann (Goldsmith) Bazar.

Miss Bazar was a freshman at Rhode Island College. She was a graduate of Classical High School, where she was an All-State fast-pitch softball player.

Burial will be in Swan Point Cemetery.





—Photo by MICHAEL PATRICK ENGLISH

POLICE keep spectators back at a motorcycle and car accident at Laurel and Cole Avenues in Providence last night.

Two on motorcycle hurt in crash; auto driver cited

BAZAR, DAYAN

PROVIDENCE — Two people were injured last night when their motorcycle crashed into a car at Laurel and Cole Avenues on the East Side, police said.

An 18-year-old woman who was a passenger on the motorcycle suffered a serious head injury and was being treated at Rhode Island Hospital, Capt. Richard Sullivan said. A man who was operating the motorcycle also was being treated at the hospital, but his injuries were not as serious, he said.

Sullivan withheld identification

of the two until the woman's family could be notified. He said both were wearing helmets.

Police cited the driver of the car, Liu Qiyong, 28, of 362 Lloyd Ave., with failing to yield at a stop sign. Sullivan said Qiyong did not appear to have stopped long enough before the motorcycle hit his car as he drove through the intersection.

Sullivan said Qiyong was driving east on Laurel Avenue and the motorcycle was going south on Cole Avenue when the accident occurred about 6:45 p.m.

BAZAR,
Dayan



**BOB
CHIAPPINELLI**

Though too short, Dayna's life was a miraculous gift

Dayna Bazar, 18, who died from injuries suffered in a motorcycle accident over the weekend, was best buddies with my daughter, Danielle, and a free spirit who greeted the world with a quip.

We got to know her a few years ago, when she and Danielle began sharing after-dinner walks.

Soon Dayna, Danielle and Classical High School classmate Chrissy McCormack became fast friends. They breakfasted often at the Modern Diner, in Pawtucket, and were dubbed "The Banana Bunch," after the banana pancakes they regularly split.

They were always at one another's house. One day Dayna saw me mowing the lawn and pleaded for a turn with my hand mower. She reveled in the clickety-clack of the reeling blades and in the grass raining against her legs.

Dayna often tucked her dark hair into one athletic cap or another. Her nose flared a little. Dayna thought too much — just enough, I and others thought, to symbolize her relentless flair for life.

She had a knack for making people feel lighthearted.

Once, at Lechmere, she seized a microphone that was on sale and began serenading shoppers. Last week Danielle saw her cruising to Rhode Island College and an exam, a little late, of course, but unfazed. Dayna, an All State softball player and the best female athlete in Classical's 1991 graduating class, always could make up lost ground.

After we learned about Dayna's death, my son, Chris, got out his 1991 Classical yearbook.

Dayna was everywhere: soccer, basketball, softball, ski club, class treasurer, "wittiest female," and in four pictures in a section entitled "Friends."

Last August when The Banana Bunch were going off to different colleges, Dayna, Danielle, Chrissy and another friend, Paula DeLellis, said goodbye. They hugged and cried and clung interminably.

I watched in amusement. "Hey, guys," I thought, "it's not like it's forever." . . . Now it is.

Dayna went to the University of Hartford but missed home and transferred to Rhode Island College.

She dropped by over Easter and mocked her pale legs, unaffected by a recent Florida vacation. Get out the sunglasses, she joked and flashed her milky white "tan."

She couldn't wait for The Banana Bunch to reunite this summer.

Last Friday Dayna was going to a softball banquet. But just before, she and a friend took a spin on a motorcycle. A driver who failed to pause long enough at a stop sign at Laurel and Cole Avenues hit them, police said. Dayna's helmet did not prevent a fatal injury.

Danielle and Chrissy spent much of Friday night waiting at Rhode Island Hospital. Danielle called us about 10 with word of the dim prospects. But my wife, Margo, and I thought that if anybody could make it, Dayna could. She was so spunky.

We jogged as usual on Saturday morning, pounding along Blackstone Boulevard, our minds never straying from Dayna.

She needs a miracle, I said, and began repeating something of a mantra in my mind as I ran: Dayna — Miracle, Dayna — Miracle.

I covered seven miles that way, those words pounding along with me and only occasionally giving way to fanciful thoughts of how Dayna would survive and I would nickname her "Dayna Miracle."

But on a spring day when others weeded dandelions, posed for wedding pictures or strolled, Dayna Bazar died.

Often death is a process. You go from denial to reality to final acceptance of life's inevitable order. But sudden death to one so young makes the process cruel, in this case muting all the energy and joy that was Dayna.

I never got to nickname her. But when I reflect on it, I realize I shouldn't bow to the one battle her body and spirit could not win. Rather, considering the laughter, the zest and the spunk she packed into 18 years, it seems appropriate to remember her that way:

Dayna Miracle. Dayna Miracle.