



THE CITY OF NEW YORK  
OFFICE OF THE MAYOR  
NEW YORK, NY 10007

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**CONTACT:** [pressoffice@cityhall.nyc.gov](mailto:pressoffice@cityhall.nyc.gov), (212) 788-2958

**RUSH TRANSCRIPT: MAYOR DE BLASIO DELIVERS REMARKS AT FUNERAL  
SERVICE OF DETECTIVE WENJIAN LIU**

**Mayor Bill de Blasio:** Thank you, lieutenant. And thank you, Director Comey, for your very moving words. Thank you, Commissioner Bratton. Thank you to all who have gathered here to remember this good man and support this good family.

All of our city is heartbroken today – and we’ve seen it over these last two weeks. We’ve seen the pain that people feel from all walks of life, a sense of appreciation for the sacrifices of this family and of the Ramos family, their understanding – for people who have never worn a uniform – of how many dangers our men and women in uniform face, and what it means for their families. All of this city is feeling the pain right now. All of this city wants to lift up the Liu family and the Ramos family and always remember their sacrifice.

Detective Wenjian Liu was a good man. He walked a path of courage, a path of sacrifice, and a path of kindness. This is who he was – and he was taken from us much too soon. Our hearts go out to his wife, Pei Xia Chen, who married him just months before his cruel loss; to his father, Wei Tang Liu, and his mother, Xiu Yan Li, who have suffered the unimaginable pain of losing their only child; and to all the men and women of the New York City police department who served alongside Detective Liu these past seven years – they were his second family, and that family has lost a beloved brother.

For a mayor, there is no more solemn ceremony than this – mourning a man whose life was taken while fighting for all that is decent and good. When we meet a family that has lost so much in the hospital or in their home or here at a funeral, it’s a reminder of what is done by good people to keep others safe and to hold our society together – and just how great the dangers are.

When I met Detective Liu’s family and learned more about his brave and selfless journey, I came away with a sad realization that we had lost a man who embodied our city’s most cherished values. We lost in Detective Liu and we lost in Detective Ramos the very best of us – everything that we as New Yorkers aspire to be. We lost two individuals who were showing us the way.

Detective Liu’s story is such a powerful American story. It is such a classic New York story – a young man who came here from China with his parents at the age of 12 in search of the American dream, in search of the dream that generations have come to New York to find. Ours is a city that is proud of the Statue of Liberty. We are proud that the Gray Lady still holds the torch

of freedom aloft in the harbor. We are proud because of what it means – a promise that no matter where people have come from, no matter what troubles they have left behind, here they can lead lives full of hope and possibility. And the Liu family took New York up on that great promise.

While Detective Liu's father labored long hours in the garment industry, Detective Liu studied hard in our New York City public schools. He learned English. He prepared himself for college. Detective Liu's dream was clear – and it was a noble one – to don the blue uniform, to pin on the badge, and to dedicate himself to protecting and serving the city he loved.

Detective Liu's life revolved around his family – the family he was born into and his second family, the NYPD. And he took occasional weekends off for something he loved – fishing with his friends. He loved to fish – he loved to fish here in the city or on Long Island or upstate – it brought him joy. Every day of fishing was a good day, but it says something important about Detective Liu that his happiest days were when he caught a big haul of fish and he could share with his aunts, his uncles, his cousins. He could cook some for his wife and his parents. [inaudible] joy that fishing brought him, we saw how he approached his whole life. His greatest meaning, his greatest joy came in sharing with others, came in caring for others – helping, supporting, devoting himself to something greater than himself.

Detective Liu was deeply devoted to his mother and father – a devotion that Confucius said powerfully was, “the root of a man's character.” In high school, Detective Liu always stopped playing basketball with his friends early so he could go home, he could buy groceries, he could cook dinner for his father and his mother. And his parents – as his parents grew older, he helped in more and more ways. One of his proudest moments was the day he bought a house for his father and mother and began paying the mortgage, so he knew they would be secure in their old age.

Detective Liu was filled with joy when Pei Xia Chen entered his life – and he was all the more joyful when they married. He was looking forward to building a wonderful life with her. When he joined the NYPD, he knew his family would worry about him, and he wanted to make sure they knew he was always thinking of them. So he did one of those caring acts – a simple act that was so typical of all the good in him – at the end of every workday – every day – he called his father to tell him, and to tell the family, that he was safe, and that he was on his way home.

Detective Liu was a brave and skilled police officer, but he was also a kind man, a kind officer – someone who gave of himself. And this is the word that so many in his family, so many of his friends, so many of his colleagues were quick to use. They said he was kind. He wanted to help others in everything he did.

The thing about Detective Liu – one of his partners on the force recalled – is that he was always, “more worried about other people than he was about himself.” And he showed this kindness in so many ways, large and small. Detective Liu was the sort of officer who, when he saw someone on the street lost, he'd go over to them, he'd ask if they were hungry – he'd literally buy them dinner at McDonalds and give them a ride home. His partner recalled going out one day with Detective Liu on what our police call a “lift” – a routine visit to help an older person who has fallen and cannot get up. The officers arrived at the old man's home, lifted him up, put him in a chair, and at that point, their job was officially done. But Detective Liu was not ready to leave. The man he came to help was an army veteran who had served in Vietnam, and he was lonely

and he wanted to talk about his life – he wanted to talk about his younger days as a pilot. Detective Liu sensed this so he poured the man a soda, and the officer sat down, and he listened to the man’s war stories, and he looked at his faded photographs. And after a long time listening, Detective Liu knew it still wasn’t time to leave yet. The officers helped the man to his bedroom and they gently placed him in his bed. And then Detective Liu said to his partner, “Let’s put blankets on him.” And the two young police officers wrapped the old man in blankets. Detective Liu’s partner never forgot that day. He never forgot that what could’ve been a routine, by-the-book lift was transformed into a moment of profound humanity and kindness and decency. His partner said of that visit, “Even though I was the senior one, I learned a lot from him.” That was Detective Liu’s way – lifting people up in every sense, wrapping them in kindness, and teaching others by his example.

Detective Liu lifted all of us up in the too-brief time we were fortunate enough to have him with us. And New York City stands a little taller today because he walked among us. The Buddha imparted a simple lesson to his followers. Resolutely train yourself to attain peace, he said. That was how Detective Liu lived his life. That was how Detective Ramos lived his life. We all should be worthy of them. We all should take their example to heart. We all should live lives as good as them.

This city welcomed Detective Liu. New York has been, from its earliest days, the most tolerant of cities – a place where people of diverse backgrounds and occupations and races and creeds have lived together in harmony. But there have always been times when that harmony has been challenged, and the last few weeks have been one of those times.

As we start a new year, a year we are entering with hearts that are doubly heavy from the loss of Detective Liu and the loss of Detective Ramos, let us rededicate ourselves to those great New York traditions of mutual understand and living in harmony. Let us move forward by strengthening the bonds that unite us. And let us work together to attain peace. Thank you and God bless you.

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