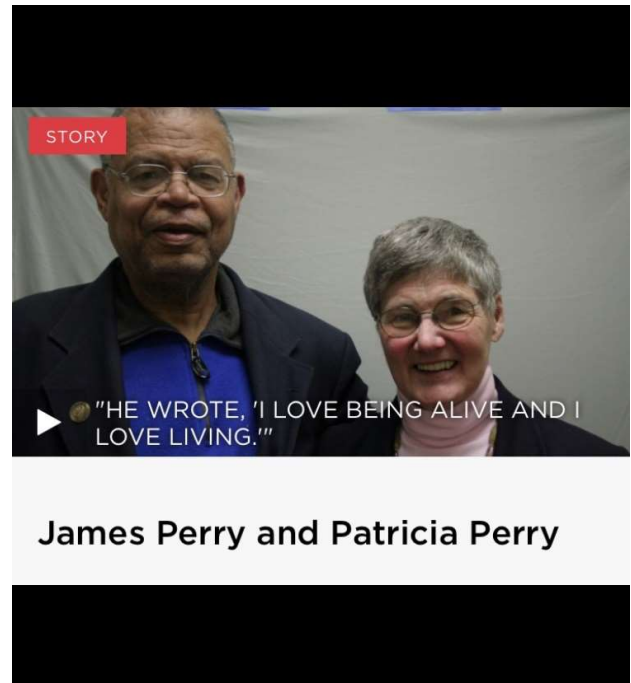


John William Perry

B: June 24, 1962 D: Sept 11, 2001
New York City - USA



NYPD Family

LOVE Life. Defend Life. Protect Life.

Q: Why were there no massive demonstrations for my friend John? Biracial cop, killed rescuing people.
Divide or unify? Consider the fragility and worth of life itself. Scapegoating helps no one. Unify, pro the respect and protection of life.

“On September 11, John Perry was in the process of resigning from the police force when the first plane hit the World Trade Center. John took back his badge and reported for duty. In an interview with Patricia and James Perry, Patricia recalls her son John’s passion and appreciation for living every day of his life.”

He wrote: **“I love being alive and I love living. Life is a great, wonderful thing that I don’t think we appreciate enough”**

His Story “Police Officer John W. Perry was killed in the World Trade Center attacks on September 11, 2001. John was also a lawyer, an actor, a multilingualist, an athlete, and a civil liberties activist. His parents, Patricia and James Perry, came to StoryCorps to remember him.”

Listen: <https://storycorps.org/stories/patricia-perry-and-her-husband-james/> Transcript: James & Patricia Perry

“John was a large, awkward kid with huge hands and a good-sized head and big feet, and he just couldn’t get the ball coordinated. He had a little problem with his vision—at one point he had to wear bifocals—and he was dyslexic—he didn’t know which letters were which and mixed them up. Finally around nine years, things began to click in his head and he did learn to read and he did learn to ride the bicycle and so I think he was always very willing to see what was good in people. **He liked to help people and that’s what he envisioned the cop’s role—was to help people.** His first assignment after he finished the Academy was Central Park. He loved that. But by 2001, he was ready to retire. So on September 11, he took a day off. He went down to One Police Plaza, put in his retirement papers, and handed over his badge, and then the plane hit Tower One. He said, “Give me back my badge. I’ll come here later and I’ll finish the papers.” And he ran to the World Trade Center. And when he got there he met up with his friend, Captain Timothy Pearson, and together they went in and encouraged people to get out of the building, not to stop, and they would shoo them right on to put them out to a safe place where they wouldn’t see what was happening above them. They stopped to help a woman who was having difficulty breathing and at that point Tower Two collapsed. Timothy Pearson survived and got out, so that’s how we know what happened. They found John March 6th, 2002. He had his badge and he had that NYPD sweatshirt on, and he had this big helmet and his ID card. And when we got the things back, the helmet he was wearing was dented. He was an extraordinary person. He was warm and kind and loving. On his 34th birthday, he wrote a letter to a friend that I found. He wrote, ‘I love being alive and I love living. Life is a great, wonderful thing that I don’t think we appreciate enough.’ But we think he appreciated it very much.”

John’s Life: https://names.911memorial.org/#lang=en_US&page=person&id=4827 <http://www.thebest-of.info/wtc/9112001.htm>