



The Gold Shield

... with *pride* we serve

Official Publication of the Detectives' Endowment Association, Inc. of the Police Department of the City of New York

26 Thomas Street, New York City, NY 10007 • (212) 587-1000 • Fax (212) 732-4863

E-mail: info@nycdetectives.org • Web site: http://www.nycdetectives.org

The Police Union Representing the Greatest Detectives in the World

"The Perfect Ten"

Detectives Patrick Rafferty and Robert Parker

Colleagues used to joke that when partners Patrick Rafferty, tall and lean, and Robert Parker, large and formidably rotund, stood next to each other they resembled the number "10."

They were, indeed, a perfect ten: two seasoned and expert detectives of the 67 Squad. On September 10, 2004, they lost their lives in the line of duty during a domestic violence run in the confines of their Brooklyn South precinct.

Parker and Rafferty were responding to a phone call from the mother of Marlon Legere, 28, who had repeatedly terrorized her and stolen her car. Legere was sitting in the vehicle when Parker and Rafferty approached. He refused the detectives' repeated requests to turn off the ignition and get out of the auto. A struggle ensued and somehow Legere wrestled away Parker's 9mm Glock and at close range fired seven shots at both detectives. Parker was hit twice in the chest and twice in the right leg. Rafferty was hit twice in the chest; another bullet went through his



right leg and into his left thigh.

Rafferty, although mortally wounded, squeezed off a shot, hitting Legere in the legs, while Parker called 911 and told the dispatcher that a mug shot of the shooter was on his own car's dashboard.

Legere fled by carjacking a minivan and headed for his girlfriend's apartment. When he told her that he shot two cops, she threw him out. Someone called the police and the perp was arrested.

Four days later in a Brooklyn courtroom packed with members of the service, Legere was charged with multiple counts of first and second degree murder, robbery, and weapons possession. He pled not guilty, even though he's a nine-time loser with a long rap sheet that includes assault, drug sales, and raping his brother's common-law wife in front of his one-year-old nephew. Judge William McGuire, Jr. denied him bail.

The death penalty cannot be sought, because it was recently declared unconstitutional in New York State. Prosecutor Kenneth Taub said, "I cannot imagine any circumstance

whatsoever that will not result in the defendant being convicted of first degree murder and spending the rest of his life in prison."

Det. Parker spent 22 years on the job and was a legend in Brooklyn South. Rafferty was a 15-year veteran who leaves a wife and three young children. Both detectives were promoted posthumously to first grade; and both were so skilled that even as they lay dying, their actions ensured the capture of their killer.

Like all detectives, they had a unique sense of partnership, which includes a fierce instinct to protect one another at all times. Instead of diving for cover when guns are drawn, detectives and their partners remain side by side, backing each other by remaining within each other's sight. So, when circumstances turn tragic, we are often at a double loss.

Like many partners who came before them — *Nemorin and Andrews, Guerzon and Williams, Donnegan and Potenza, Finnegan and Fallon, Lynch and Socha* — Detectives Rafferty and Parker, who made the supreme sacrifice together, will stay in our minds and in our hearts bonded in eternity as one.

For more on Parker and Rafferty, see stories beginning on page 2.



A member of the National Association of Police Organizations (NAPO) • Michael J. Palladino, Vice President

Worlds Apart, Two Detectives Worked and Died Together

— **By Diane Cardwell and
Shaila K. Dewan**

From the September 17, 2004 New York Times. Reprinted with permission.

In the busy 67th Precinct in Flatbush, Brooklyn, Detectives Patrick H. Rafferty and Robert L. Parker came together to form the backbone of their team. Strong men with big personalities, they were, their fellow detectives say, the mentors, the ones to call for especially tough situations in what has long been one of the city's most violent precincts.

But outside the squad room, these two men could not have led more different lives. One was married with three children; the other divorced and helping raise other men's daughters as his own. One retreated to the suburbs after his shift; the other lived in the thick of the action. One loved to toss horseshoes and hunt; the other favored supper clubs and comedy shows. One was an Irish-American with roots on Long Island; the other was black and had spent most of his life close to the area he patrolled.

If it is a singular triumph of the Police Department that two men of such obvious differences could find kinship in their talents and enthusiasm for the job, or common ground in the front seat of an unmarked car, then it is also its singular tragedy that the traits that bound them would also lead to their deaths.

It was a case that Detective Parker had been handling for months. A woman had complained about her son in May, saying he had taken her car. On Friday, Sept. 10, she went to the station house, saying her son and the car were home. Detective Parker, who

had been in the precinct 15 years, needed a partner; it was no surprise to anyone in the squad room that Detective Rafferty, who had been there five years, raised his hand.

But what might have been a routine call went so wrong so quickly that decades of experience could not save the two detectives. The son, Marlon Legere, 28, refused to get out of his mother's car, which was on the street in front of her house. Detective Parker and Mr. Legere argued, then struggled, the police say. Mr. Legere wrested away Detective Parker's gun and shot both detectives, leaving them dead together on the streets where one was making his career and the other had made a whole life.

Mr. Legere has since been arraigned on charges of first-degree murder.

The deaths of two police officers on the same day no longer seems to rattle the city quite the way they would have before the catastrophic losses of September 11. But they are still reverberating along the Brooklyn byways the two men once walked, where they were so well known that colleagues said that even suspects who had been arrested by Detective Parker, ... came to the station house in tears.

Eric Torres, a detective in the precinct squad, said of the two, "These were the guys that, when you're just coming in as a detective, they take you under their wing and show you what to do."

They were also the guys who came to embody the same ethos within the precinct, despite their disparate worlds.

Prominent in Bed-Stuy

At 6-foot-4 and well over 200 pounds, Detective Parker was a prominent figure in Bedford-Stuyvesant, dapper in custom-made suits and shirts when not in his gym clothes, neighbors said.

According to Sharon Jackson Crawford, the sister of his longtime girlfriend, Tawanna Jackson, he was

originally from North Carolina. He moved to Brooklyn when he was about 11 and had lived in the same house on Hancock Street for at least the past two decades. She said he attended Boys and Girls High School, where he played football, and later attended the John Jay College of Criminal Justice, where he studied English composition, law and police science. He withdrew in 1983 before completing his studies, said Thomas Furlong, a spokesman there.

By that time, though, Robert Parker had already been through the Police Academy and joined the force. In 1985 he was assigned to the narcotics squad and had made detective by July 1987. Later that month, he was transferred to the Detective Squad at the 67th.

From the start, he stood out. A police official who attended the academy with Detective Parker remembers this story: While he was off duty in Brooklyn in 1983, two or three would-be attackers came after him, armed with knives — and he kicked the knives out of their hands and arrested them all.

As a detective, he became known for his expertise in bonding with witnesses and suspects, and for his skills as a tactician. "He would always say that once someone opens the door, you never let them close it, and you get them out of their house," said Detective Joe Calabrese. "He always knew exactly what to do."

Amid his 400 or so arrests — 326 of them for felonies — are other tales of on-the-job bravery and crimes interrupted, but Detective Parker's length of service also made him stand out in a department that has often been considered unwelcoming by its black officers. Whatever his inner feelings may have been, he was comfortable enough to joke with white co-workers about the racial discomfort of some whites on the force, sometimes in the impressions for which he was known.

He was the mayor of the precinct,

Continued on page 12

Continued from page 2

the one with the corner desk, considered the dean of his squad. Many of his contemporaries retired early because of the high pensions available based on overtime earned after the September 11th terror attack.

“There aren’t that many detectives who stay that long,” said Kenneth Taub, a prosecutor in the Brooklyn District Attorney’s office who knew Detective Parker for more than 10 years.

That dedication to the job followed him home. Described by co-workers and neighbors alike as a gentle giant, he nonetheless made his presence felt among those who would disturb the peace or commit serious crimes, freely dispensing advice or the occasional threat of legal difficulties.

He quietly put a stop to the “midnight fight,” said John Hamilton, a longtime neighbor, referring to boxing matches held in the street by younger residents. And he went after one young man who was dealing drugs, said Max Evans, a friend from the block. He said, “Do the right thing or I will be taking you in,” Mr. Evans remembered.

Still, friends said, he was always ready for a good time. He loved to eat, especially at Junior’s in Downtown Brooklyn. Ms. Crawford said he once took her and her husband, along with Ms. Jackson, out to a bar on Christopher Street after seeing a Martin Lawrence performance at Radio City Music Hall.

“He believed in having a nice time and letting you enjoy yourself,” she said.

But for all of the nights out seeing “Phantom of the Opera” over and over, or at the Jekyll & Hyde bar or the B. B. King supper club to see Parliament, James Brown or Morris Day, Detective Parker was committed to his loved ones, however complex those relationships were.

Divorced from his first wife, Loretta, who moved to North Carolina and remarried, he remained close with

his stepdaughter Haadiyah. And he has helped raise Ms. Jackson’s daughter, Tahisha, now 19, who posted a long note outside the house where he died referring to him as Daddy.

Ms. Crawford said her sister was afraid to marry Detective Parker and have his children because she never wanted to have to explain to a child why his father was never coming home.

“Eighteen years,” Ms. Crawford said. “She stayed with him so long that the worst thing that she feared happened.”

Finally, it seemed, he was thinking of leaving the force. He had enough years to retire, and had planned to do so about two years ago, but did not, Ms. Crawford said. On his desk, his squad mates said, there was a mock donations can labeled “Retirement 2012.” He was talking about staying on until then in hopes that the city would be host to the Olympics.

Boots and Horseshoes

Detective Parker and Patrick Rafferty had such different builds, one colleague joked, that when they worked together on cases they looked like the number 10.

Detective Rafferty was part of a family that spread from Astoria, Queens, to Long Island, but along the way he had picked up tastes foreign to the New Yorkers who knew him. He wore cowboy boots and listened to country music, played horseshoes and sometimes hunted rabbit or duck for dinner. It was more than enough of an excuse for his squad mates to call him McCloud, after the fictional cowboy cop whose adventures with the New York Police Department were chronicled in a 1970’s television series.

Such eccentricities were the legacy of Detective Rafferty’s having moved frequently, as the sixth and last child of an Air Force sergeant. He was born in Germany and lived in many states, spending his high school years in West Islip, NY, and going to college in Florida. But for all that roam-

ing, he had his sights trained on the New York Police Department from early on.

“He always wanted to be a New York City policeman; that was his goal in life,” said his uncle, Bill Rafferty, in a telephone interview. “He had studied for that his whole life.” The young Mr. Rafferty quickly met his goal, earning a criminal justice degree at the University of Central Florida, moving back to New York and entering the Police Academy in 1989, at age 24. He eventually served in the Street Crime Unit. When that was disbanded, he joined the anticrime squad in Queens, earning a detective’s gold shield in 1999 and joining the 67th Precinct Squad.

There, he quickly earned a reputation as both a consummate detective and the squad chef. He brought in venison chili and barbecued steaks in the squad room, venting the room with a box fan in the window. When the team had to work on Thanksgiving, Detective Rafferty introduced them to deep-fried turkey. The other detectives were invited to his annual pig roast at his home in Bay Shore, on Long Island. Cowboy boots or no, he followed the detective’s code of dressing sharp — in the winter, he wore a fedora with a feather.

He was a stickler at paperwork and procedure, but he was not all business, and his sense of humor was frequently in evidence. One sergeant in particular liked to have the push pins on his bulletin board in a row. Every time he left the room, Detective Rafferty would move them around. Where Detective Parker was gargantuan, Detective Rafferty was wiry, daring slower officers to catch him as he flew up rooftop ladders in search of a suspect.

“He was like a gazelle,” said Detective Michael Braithwaite.

One of the biggest cases he cracked in recent months was the murder of Romona Moore, a Hunter College student who was kidnapped, raped and tortured. Detective Rafferty and a partner flew to Maryland to in-

interview a crucial witness. The trip kept them awake for 72 hours straight, but it was worth it — the witness sang.

“When he came back, his eyes were bleeding, that’s how red they were,” said Lt. Robert Casazza, the former squad commander. “He never, ever gave any kind of complaint. Nothing.”

But Detective Rafferty drew a thick insulating line between his work and his family. So unfamiliar was the family with his adventures, his uncle said, that their eyes popped when Police Commissioner Raymond W. Kelly said at the funeral that Detective Rafferty had made nearly 400 arrests, more than half of them on felony charges.

“If he wasn’t on the job he wanted to be home with his family, that was it, end of conversation,” Mr. Rafferty, the uncle, said.

Home life with his wife, Eileen, and their three children, Kara, 12, Kevin, nine, and Emma, five, was joyfully chaotic, a series of ballgames and fishing trips, or camping with a trailer that unfolded into a tent big enough to sleep five. Detective Rafferty and Eileen had been high school sweethearts. Before their son, Kevin, was born, Detective Rafferty wrote a letter to his own brother Kevin as if it were from the baby, saying he hoped his uncle would agree to be his godfather when he arrived. The sonogram was attached.

The Glue of a Squad

It was a gesture both humorous and sentimental, the same epoxy that often forms the glue of a squad, binding people together in the face of the daily horrors of detective work. And it was that mix that the two detectives had practically patented within the precinct. Once, the two of them tried to wrangle the entire squad to a haberdasher to get outfitted in fedoras.

Where Detective Rafferty was more understated and sly in his sense of humor, Detective Parker was overt,

making up songs about people and singing them into the answering machines of his co-workers.

But they were also serious about their work, right up to the final confrontation with Marlon Legere. “Pat looked up to Bobby,” said Lt. Robert Casazza, a former squad commander at the 67. “Bobby was the dean, he was the old-timer. He wanted to pass on what he had learned. He reveled in that.” — *Copyright 2004 The New York Times Company.*

The Grief Never Stops

— **By Stanley Crouch**

From the September 20th, 2004 New York Daily News. Reprinted with permission.

When everyone arrives in dress uniform and white gloves and stands at attention as the bagpipes play, we all think that we know what is happening and have some idea of what will be said. Another good cop is being mourned for leaving the world on the dirty wings of violence — one more officer fallen in the middle of a profession so dangerous that it requires its members to carry guns to work and to know how to use them.

There will be heartfelt oratory by the Police Commissioner and the Mayor, as well as a co-worker or two. The air will be damp with sadness, although most of us will not fully realize what has happened or the nature of the loss.

The dark days of police funerals are not like movies. They come in the wake of things that were not slowed down by the camera. Dramatic poses were not struck. Brutality was not used to heighten the drama — or to replace the lack of it.

In the everyday world of fatal violence, there is no slow motion. People fall down immediately and are often splayed out in undignified positions. The murdered man or woman does not look exactly like the person one has seen before, heard laughing,

complaining, being jubilant or sullen. This is not the person who showed so much promise or radiated so much pride for making an important collar that led to some serious criminal finally going down.

If police officers ever forget what their profession is about and the dangers that go with it, those funerals, bagpipes and coffins remind them of the very, very small space between life and death. We all walk near that space daily, but cops get a bit closer to it, sometimes looking over the edge into the abyss.

That is where the toughness of the spirit and the common bravery of being a cop comes into play and sustains every one of those people in blue or street clothes who stand between us and the most bitter truths about criminals and what they are willing to do to others.

It is a hard job, one grounded in service and in the knowledge that civilization is something that has to be defended. In fact, we should always remember that along with education and medicine, it is one of the three noblest professions — and the one least appreciated.

So we better understand why two men as highly regarded as slain detectives Robert Parker and Patrick Rafferty were so deeply mourned.

We saw all the uniforms. We watched the hoisted coffins. We heard the great sorrow of the bagpipes disappear into the air as quickly as the lives of those fallen cops.

Not only have the police force and two families lost someone precious, so have we.

— *Copyright 2004 New York Daily News*

**You can contribute to the
Rafferty and Parker Fund
Make check payable to
DEA Widows' & Children's Fund
26 Thomas Street, New York, NY 10007
With a notation reading Rafferty/Parker
Donations are tax-deductible**

A Eulogy for Two Fine Detectives

I want to talk about two of my friends and colleagues who were killed in the line of duty. They responded to a call to arrest a perpetrator of a domestic crime. This perpetrator should have been arrested, taken in, and let out the next day, just like all of the other times he had been arrested. Instead, he decided on this day he wasn't going to go. They caught him in the car he stole from his own mother, and he refused to be arrested. He struggled with the two detectives. Somehow and somewhere during this struggle, this perpetrator got a hold of one of their guns and shot them both. In the blink of an eye, a routine arrest turned into a deadly event.

First, I want to say *please do not second guess their tactics*: these were two of the most professional law enforcement officers around, and they had been through everything. Their deaths were the result of a chaotic mix of the most unfortunate circumstances that played out in a deadly fashion, where everything that could possibly go wrong *did*. Their grasp of police know-how could run circles around most other Detectives, much less anyone else without their years of experience.

Next, I want to say something about them so that you know and understand what we have all lost.

Detective Pat Rafferty took a lot of kidding because he resembled comedian Jim Carrey, but things like that didn't bother him. He himself was a funny guy, armed with sharp wit and an understated sense of humor. He played softball with the 67 Softball Team, and I don't remember him ever in a bad mood for any length of time. He was the epitome of the kind of Detective you needed in a Squad like the 67 — someone who would work hard

when the hard work needed to be done, and someone who could take time to joke around or shoot the breeze in between the shootings, stabbings, homicides, and other major cases that came with the territory of the 67.

Detective

Second Grade
Bobby Parker
was one of the
coolest Detectives
in the City

of New York. He was a muscular, 300-plus pound man of grace and sophistication. He could lift a car over his head, but moved like a dancer, and spoke like a professional orator. He had a deep voice, like Barry White, and would occasionally show it off with spontaneous singing. He was a consummate gentleman and always dressed immaculately. Bobby was the personification of the strong, street-wise, yet elegant, proficient, and knowledgeable Detective. If James Bond was an NYPD Brooklyn Detective, he would be Bobby Parker.

The thing is this: people like Pat and Bobby were the soul of the 67 Squad, the Detective Bureau, the NYPD, and the City of New York. They loved

their work and took pride in it. They never needed anyone to tell them that the work they did was important, because they already knew it. People like this set and keep the standard so that others can fall in line, and so the younger guys and gals have someone to look up to. Pat and Bobby didn't look at other people or places in the NYPD with envy, or worry about perks that others might have. And I can say that goes broadly for the whole 67 Squad.

Sure, like everywhere else, they all poke fun at each other, gripe about obvious inconsistencies, chew the fat about whatever is new — but the standards of the Squad are high: they do all

of the necessary work when it needs to be done, no matter how much of it there is to do, *and they get the job done right* under any circumstances. You talk about Bobby Parker and Pat Rafferty, and that is exactly who you are describing.

If you have any career goals in your life at all, some

of them probably should be to work someplace where you can be proud of the kind of work you do, even if no one ever told you so. You know deep down inside of yourself that the work you do makes a difference — in your own life and in the lives of others. You want to enjoy coming to work. You'd want to be like Detectives Bobby Parker and Pat Rafferty: two men who did just this.

To the credit of their colleagues, and of many others armed with the same work ethic (if not all of their credentials and nuances), those they left behind stepped up to the plate to catch the perpetrator who committed this heinous act. They are putting together a case against him now. But nothing will ever change the horrible deeds that have already happened.

Two great guys have been removed from our sides and we all took a big loss on this one.

— Lt. Dave Siev
formerly of the 67 Squad,
now with the
Firearms Investigations Unit, OCCB

"NYPD detectives, your sacrifices kept us safe. God bless you and your families." — Anonymous sign left at the makeshift shrine where Detectives Parker and Rafferty were shot.

**"The Cowboy and the Big Man are gone. The place is going to seem empty."
— Det. Carl McLaughlin, 67 Squad**

The Gold Shield is published by the Detectives' Endowment Association, Inc. of the Police Department, City of New York. Editor in Chief, Michael J. Palladino. Writer/Editor Sam Katz. We encourage and invite suggestions for improving the publication. Please send press releases, news, articles, photographs, letters, or other information to the attention of Sam Katz, *The Gold Shield*, 26 Thomas Street, New York, NY 10007. © 2004 Detectives' Endowment Association, Inc. All rights reserved.

Partners 'til the end ... bad days at the Detective Bureau

March 10, 2003

During an illegal gun buy and bust operation in the Tompkinsville section of Staten Island, undercover Detectives James Nemorin and Rodney Jay Andrews of the elite Firearms Investigation Unit were shot and killed by 19-year-old Ronell Wilson. The federal government is considering a rackeering case in order to pursue the death penalty, now unconstitutional in New York on a State level.

November 13, 1989

Detectives Richard Guerzon and Keith Williams of the Queens District Attorney's Office Squad were transporting prisoner Jay Harrison, when he pulled a gun stolen from a police locker and opened fire, killing both detectives. He bolted when the car swerved off the road, but was captured the same evening.

October 15, 1964

When a woman complained to police that the husband she was separated from had been threatening her, Detectives Salvatore Potenza and James A.

Donegan of the 12 Detective District paid him a visit. He opened his door and opened fire, killing both Detectives instantly. He fled to his wife's home and shot himself.

May 18, 1962

Det. Luke J. Fallon, a 26-year veteran, and his partner, 29-year-old Det. John P. Finnegan, were on patrol in Brooklyn's Boro Park section when they heard of a store robbery in progress. When the 70 Squad detectives arrived at the scene, they were met with a hail of gunfire and were killed in a fiery exchange. The two gunmen and three accomplices were rounded up within five days.

July 4, 1940

On Independence Day at the New York World's Fair, a suspicious looking package arrived at the British Pavilion. Detectives moved the parcel to another area of the fairgrounds and called in the Bomb Squad. Within minutes of the arrival of Detectives Joseph Lynch and Ferdinand Socha, the device exploded, killing them and

maiming four other cops. German and IRA saboteurs were suspected, but the case was never solved.

May 17, 1927

Det. Morris Borkin and his partner Sgt. Benjamin Cantor were taking a meal break at Gold's Cabaret in lower Manhattan when three young gunmen burst in and announced a stick-up. Borkin got off a shot, but was hit five times. Cantor was hit in the back. Both lingered in pain at Bellevue Hospital, until Borkin died on May 25th; Cantor succumbed to his wounds on June 4th. The perps were sentenced to the electric chair.

January 5, 1922

Detectives William Miller and Francis Buckley were transporting a subject by taxi to the 38 Precinct, when the man broke free, pulled a hidden gun and opened fire. Miller was hit in the head, dying instantly. Buckley died in Harlem Hospital the next day. The killer fled to Philadelphia, but was caught – and executed 8 months later.

The "10," partners Rafferty and Parker

