



## "If I Only Knew"

August 2016

The month of July has been one of the most difficult and tragic months in our law-enforcement family since the atrocity of 9-11. There are no words of comfort to our Police soul. There are no words that can take away the pain when innocent lives are taken from us for no other reason than, the blue shirt that they are wearing. They were husbands, sons, fathers, brothers, partners, friends, who knew the dangers of the job and came to work anyway to "serve and protect". They knew of the lingering dangers, but like each and every one of you kept their promise to do what they swore to do. These wounds don't heal quickly. But we're here to say to those who caused this pain, "you hurt us, you made us cry, you stole part of our soul, but you won't break us". On behalf of all the citizens of our great city, we express our condolences and sympathy to the many families that lost loved ones. But we also give a BIG thanks to each of you for being our hero's, that in spite of all the challenges, trials and tribulations, you still go out and do G-d's work of keeping our city safe. Should you ever doubt your holy and noble work, think of what would happen to our city, should the Chicago Police stop responding to radio call for a 24 hr. period, enough said. One of the most powerful messages of this tragedy, was when I heard one of the last conversations that one of the Dallas police officers had with his daughter. As he was leaving to work he asked his daughter for a hug she gave him one but half-heartedly. So he responded give me a hug as if this would be the last one that you will be giving me. So she gave him a real bear hug, but little did she know that this would be the last one. It reminded me of the poem that is titled "If I Only Knew", please let me share it with you.

### "If I Only Knew"

If I knew it would be the last time that I'd see you fall asleep,  
I would tuck you in more tightly and pray the Lord, your soul to keep.

If I knew it would be the last time that I see you walk out the door,  
I would give you a hug and kiss and call you back for one more.

If I knew it would be the last time I'd hear your voice lifted up in praise,  
I would video tape each action and word, so I could play them back day after day.  
If I knew it would be the last time, I could spare an extra minute or two  
to stop and say "I love you," instead of assuming you would KNOW I do.

If I knew it would be the last time I would be there to share your day,  
well I'm sure you'll have so many more, so I can let just this one slip away.

For surely there's always tomorrow to make up for an oversight,  
and we always get a second chance to make everything right.

There will always be another day to say our "I love you's",  
And certainly there's another chance to say our "Anything I can do's?"  
But just in case I might be wrong, and today is all I get,  
I'd like to say how much I love you and I hope we never forget,  
Tomorrow is not promised to anyone, young or old alike,  
And today may be the last chance you get to hold your loved one tight.  
So if you're waiting for tomorrow, why not do it today?  
For if tomorrow never comes, you'll surely regret the day,  
That you didn't take that extra time for a smile, a hug, or a kiss  
and you were too busy to grant someone, what turned out to be their one last wish.  
So hold your loved ones close today, whisper in their ear,  
Tell them how much you love them and that you'll always hold them dear,  
Take time to say "I'm sorry," "please forgive me," "thank you" or "its okay".  
And if tomorrow never comes, you'll have no regrets about today...end of poem. Nobody  
is guaranteed tomorrow. That is the message that our departed brothers leave us. Take  
a few moments, reach out and share a hug, a kind word with a fellow officer, a loved  
one or a family member. Share a smile and a laugh with someone whose burden is  
heavier than yours, because that's what they would have done. So If tomorrow never  
comes, the kindness you did today the good feeling you brought to the heart of  
another will be remembered for eternity.

Please let me share with you another short poem, that an officer handed me at one of  
the memorial services that I attended, called "Police Sacrafice"

On behalf of ALL your Chaplains, Thanks for going out every day to do the Holy work that you do.

Should you need a shoulder to lean on, or an ear to listen, or perhaps some good humor to share, please don't hesitate to give us a call.

May G-d bless you and keep you safe. Amen!

Compliments of your Police Chaplain

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