



“Honoring our Heroes”

May 2017

In the month of May, we honor two special groups of people, in our lives, you, the Police, with Police Memorial Month, and our Mom's with Mother's Day.

I dedicate this months "food for thought" to these special people.

Subject: The Day G-d Made Police Officers

When the Lord was creating police officers, he was into his sixth day of overtime when an angel appeared and said, "You're doing a lot of fiddling around on this one." And the Lord said, "Have you read the spec on this order?" "A police officer has to be able to run blocks through alleys in the dark, scale walls, enter homes the health inspector wouldn't touch, and not wrinkle his uniform." "He has to be able to sit in an undercover car all day long on a stakeout, cover a homicide scene that night, canvass the neighborhood for witnesses, and testify in court the next day. He has to be in top physical condition at all times, running on lack of water, black coffee and half-eaten meals. And he has to have six pair of hands."

The angel shook his head slowly and said, "Six pair of hands...no way." "It's not the hands that are causing me problems, said the Lord, it's the three pair of eyes an officer has to have." "That's the standard model?" asked the angel. The Lord nodded. "One pair that sees through a bulge in the waistband before he asks, "May I see what's in you belt sir?" (When he already knows and wishes he'd taken that accounting job), another pair here in the side of his head for his partners safety. And another pair of eyes here in front that can look reassuringly at a bleeding victim and say, "You'll be all right ma'am", when he knows it really isn't so."

"Lord", said the angel, touching His sleeve, "rest and work on this tomorrow."

"I can't," said the Lord, "I already have a model that can talk a 250 pound drunk into a patrol car without incident and feed a family of five on a civil service paycheck."

The angel circled the model very slowly. "Can it think?" he asked.

"You bet," said the Lord, "It can tell you the elements of a hundred crimes; recite Miranda warnings in its sleep; detain, investigate, search, and arrest a gang member on the street in less time than it takes five learned judges to debate the legality of the stop...and still it keeps it's sense of humor."

"This officer has phenomenal personal control. He can deal with crime scenes painted in hell, coax a confession from a child abuser, comfort a murder victim's family, and then read it in the daily paper how law enforcement isn't sensitive to the rights of criminal suspects."

Finally, the angel bent over and ran her finger across the cheek of the officer. "There's a leak," he pronounced. "I told you that you were trying to put too much on this model."

"That's not a leak," said the Lord, "It's a tear."

"What's the tear for?" the angel asked.

"It's for bottled-up emotions, for fallen comrades, for commitment to that funny piece of cloth called the American Flag, for justice."

"You're a genius," said the angel.

The Lord looked somber. "I didn't put it there," he said, the Officers' don't have wings on their backs, but I always consider them one of my angelsEnd

Thanks to each and every one of you for your sacrifice, dedication and devotion to your profession and to our city. Our City couldn't survive without you. Each of you, are special in your own way, and together is what makes us one of the greatest Police Departments out there.

We also Honor this month those special people in our lives that proudly wear the title of "Mom" I dedicate the following short story to these special people.

"Why Moms' Are Special".....

Mom and Dad were watching TV when Mom said, "I'm tired, and it's getting late. I think I'll go to bed."

She went to the kitchen to make sandwiches for the next day's lunches. Rinsed out the popcorn bowls, took meat out of the freezer for supper the following evening, checked the cereal box levels, filled the sugar container, put spoons and bowls on the table and started the coffee pot for brewing the next morning.

She then put some wet clothes in the dryer, put a load of clothes into the washer, ironed a shirt and secured a loose button. She picked up the game pieces left on the table, put the phone back on the charger and put the telephone book into the drawer.

She watered the plants, emptied a wastebasket and hung up a towel to dry. She yawned and stretched and headed for the bedroom. She stopped by the desk and wrote a note to the teacher, counted out some cash for the field trip, and pulled a text book out from hiding under the chair.

She signed a birthday card for a friend, addressed and stamped the envelope and wrote a quick note for the grocery store. She put both near her purse. Mom then washed her face with 3 in 1 cleanser, put on her Night solution & age fighting moisturizer, brushed and flossed her teeth and filed her nails.

Dad called out, "I thought you were going to bed."

"I'm on my way," she said.

She put some water into the dog's dish and put the cat outside, then made sure the doors were locked and the patio light was on. She looked in on each of the kids and turned out their bedside

lamps and TV's, hung up a shirt, threw some dirty socks into the hamper, and had a brief conversation with the one still up doing homework.

In her own room, she set the alarm; laid out clothing for the next day, straightened up the shoe rack. She added three things to her 6 most important things to do list. She said her prayers, and visualized the accomplishment of her goals.

About that time, Dad turned off the TV and announced to no one in particular. "I'm going to bed."

And he did...without another thought (sounds just like me, lol).

So if you are blessed with having a Mom in your life, please take a moment give her a call and tell her how much she means to you and how special she is.

On behalf of ALL your Chaplains, May G-d bless you, keep you safe and always keep you in His loving care.

Should you need a shoulder to lean on or perhaps have some humor to share, please do not hesitate to give us a call.

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