



By Rabbi Moshe Wolf

### "Thanks For Being There"

As this goes to print one of our brothers in blue P.O. Del Pearson is in the hospital fighting for his life after being shot on what was what we all call "routine" police work. Please keep Del and his family in your thoughts and prayers. A special thanks to all who assisted in getting our brother to the Hospital so quickly, and to all of the CFD members who were there to assist in those crucial moments. All who were there did a great job in saving the life of one of our own.

Standing in the ER with Fr. Dan Brandt and my fellow Chaplains, I was moved to tears by the out pour of love and support from coppers that came from all parts of the city to the ER and to the Area. "Can we give blood?" asked some, " Can we help in any way ?" asked others. I asked one of the coppers standing there "Do you know our wounded brother? He answered "I don't have to know him, he is just one of our own, and I'm going to wait here till I know he is okay". At the scene and the Area the throngs of Officers of all ranks, that came to assist was overwhelming. A special to the FOP for being there and providing coffee and donuts throughout the night. My heart swelled with pride to be part of a family, that no matter what the situation or condition when the chips are down and you call for an assist , you can count on one thing for sure, that your brothers and sisters in blue, will be there for you unconditionally. Now **that's** true love, that's priceless, that's what each of you can be proud of. It reminded me of the story of "True Love Behind The Long Hair" .....

"Can I see my baby?" the happy new mother asked. When the bundle was nestled in her arms and she moved the fold of cloth to look upon his tiny face, she gasped. The doctor turned quickly and looked out the tall hospital window. The baby had been born without ears. Time proved that the baby's hearing was perfect. It was only his appearance that was marred.

When he rushed home from school one day and flung himself into his mother's arms, she sighed, knowing that his life was to be a succession of heartbreaks.

He blurted out the tragedy. "A boy, a big boy ... called me a freak."

He grew up, handsome for his misfortune. A favorite with his fellow students, he might have been class president, but for that. He developed a gift, a talent for literature and music. "But you might mingle with other young people," his mother reproved him, but felt a kindness in her heart.

The boy's father had a session with the family physician. Could nothing be done? "I believe I could graft on a pair of outer ears, if they could be procured," the doctor decided.

Whereupon the search began for a person who would make such a sacrifice for a young man. Two years went by.

Then one day, "You are going to the hospital, Son. Mother and I have someone who will donate the ears you need. But it's a secret," said the father. The operation was a brilliant success, and the son emerged a new person. His talents blossomed into genius, and school and college became a series of triumphs. Later he married and entered the diplomatic service. "But I must know!" He urged his father, "Who gave so much for me? I could never do enough for that person." "I do not believe you could," said the father, "but the agreement was that you are not to know ... not yet."

The years kept their profound secret, but the day did come ... one of the darkest days that a son must endure. He stood with his father over his mother's casket. Slowly, tenderly, the father stretched forth a hand and raised the thick, reddish-brown hair to reveal that the mother -- had no outer ears.

"Mother said she was glad she never let her hair be cut," he whispered gently, "and nobody ever thought Mother less beautiful, did they?".....end of story.....

**Remember, real treasure lies not in what that can be seen, but what that cannot be seen. Real love lies not in what is done and known, but in what that is done and not known.**

On behalf of ALL your Chaplains, thanks to each of you for all you do, for your dedication to your holy and noble work. But most of all for all the love and support you give each other in time of need. You are like the Mom in the above story, always there to help each other regardless of sacrifice. We are honored and privileged to be able to "Serve Those That Serve". Feel free to lean on us anytime.

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May G-d bless you and keep you safe, always. Amen

Compliments of your Police Chaplain

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