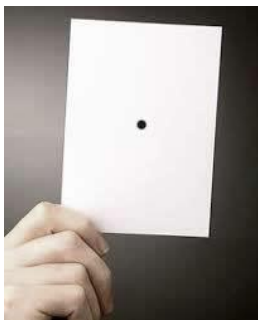




" The Black Dot "

July 2016

So here we are again, our entire profession being thrust into the spotlight. Painting the law enforcement community with a big "X" because of one incident. We are put under a microscope and are found guilty even before we have our "day in court". All we hear about and read in the newspapers is low police moral and what are we going to do improve our performance of duty. I was on the streets the other night and one of the coppers stops me and says "Rabbi, tough times on the streets, but I will not let them hold me back what I swore to do, Serve and Protect". "I know it will never make the news but people forget, what would our city really be like if for one tour of duty the Police stopped responding to radio calls?" The copper continued "but we go out anyway and give the people of our City the best we got, because that's what we are all about, The proud, The few, Our City's Finest in Blue". I gave the copper a big hug, a handful of chocolate and big blessing, and thanked him for his dedication and big heart. As your Chaplains we want to thank each of you for all that you do regardless of all the rough press. We are grateful to you and always pray for your health and safety. As we parted ways, I was reminder of the story of... "THE PROFESSOR AND THE BLACK SPOT"...



One day a professor entered the classroom and asked his students to prepare for a surprise test. They waited anxiously at their desks for the test to begin. The professor handed out the question paper, with the text facing down as usual. Once he handed them all out, he asked his students to turn the page and begin. To everyone's surprise, there were no questions....just a black dot in the center of the page. The professor seeing the expression on everyone's face, told them the following: "I want you to write what you see there."

The students confused, got started on the inexplicable task.

At the end of the class, the professor took all the answer papers and started reading each one of them aloud in front of all the students. All of them without exception described the black dot, trying to explain its position in the middle of

the sheet, etc. etc. etc. After all had been read, the classroom silent, the professor began to explain:

"I am not going to grade on you this, I just wanted to give you something to think about. No one wrote about the white part of the paper. Everyone focused on the black dot - and the same happens in our lives. We have a white paper to observe and enjoy, but we always focus on the dark spots. Our life is a gift given to us by G-d, with love and care, and we always have reasons to celebrate - nature renewing itself every day, our friends around us, the job that provides our livelihood, the miracles we see every day.....

However we insist on focusing only on the dark spots - the health issues that bother us, the lack of money, the complicated relationship with a family member, the disappointment with a friend etc.

The dark spots are very small compared to everything we have in our lives, but they are the ones that pollute our minds.

The lesson: "Take your eyes away from the black dots in your life. Enjoy each one of your blessings, each moment life gives you. Be happy and live a life filled with love!" "As we are taught in boxing, keep your chin down, hands up, go out swinging, be safe and have fun"...

And now a little bit of humor to keep it all in focus....."The horrifying letter"....

A father passing by his son's bedroom was astonished to see the bed was nicely made, and everything was picked up. Then, he saw an envelope, propped up prominently on the pillow. It was addressed, "Dad." With the worst premonition, he opened the envelope and read the letter, with trembling hands...

"Dear, Dad. It is with great regret and sorrow that I'm writing you. I had to elope with my new girlfriend, because I wanted to avoid a scene with Mom and you. I've been finding real passion with Stacy, and she is so nice, but I knew you would not approve of her because of her piercings, tattoos, tight motorcycle clothes, and because she is so much older than I am. But it's not only the passion, Dad.

She's pregnant. Stacy said that we will be very happy. She owns a trailer in the

woods, and has a stack of firewood for the whole winter. We share a dream of having many more children.

Stacy has opened my eyes to the fact that marijuana doesn't really hurt anyone. We'll be growing it for ourselves, and trading it with the other people in the commune, for all the cocaine and ecstasy we want. In the meantime, we'll pray that science will find a cure for AIDS, so Stacy can get better. She sure deserves it!

Don't worry, Dad. I'm 15, and I know how to take care of myself. Someday, I'm sure we'll be back to visit, so you can get to know your many grandchildren.

Love, your son, Billy

P.S. Dad, none of the above is true. I'm over at Jason's house. I just wanted to remind you that there are worse things in life than the school report that's on the kitchen table. Call when it is safe for me to come home!

LOL..

Kind of helps you keep, some most difficult situations, in the proper perspective.

Thanks so much to each of you for ALL that you do to keep our City safe.

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

On behalf of ALL the Chaplains, May G-d bless you and keep you in His loving care.
AMEN

Compliments of your Police Chaplain,

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