



When God 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 requirements on this order? A Police Officer has to be able to run five miles through alleys in the dark, scale walls, enter homes the health inspector wouldn't touch, and not wrinkle their uniform."

"They have to be able to sit in an undercover car all day on a stakeout, cover a homicide scene that night, canvass the neighborhood for witnesses, and testify in court the next day."

"They have to be in top physical condition at all times, running on black coffee and half-eaten meals, and they have to have six pairs of hands."

The angel shook her head slowly and said, "Six pairs of hands . . . no way!!"

"It's not the hands that are causing me problems," said the Lord, "it's the three pairs of eyes an officer has to have."
"That's on the standard model?" asked the angel.

The Lord nodded. "One pair that sees through a bulge in a pocket before they ask, 'May I see what's in there, sir?'"
(when they already know and wish they'd taken that accounting job)

"Another pair here in the side of their head for their partner's safety, and another pair of eyes here in front so they can look reassuringly at a bleeding victim and say, 'You'll be alright, ma'am,' when they know it 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 of the Police Officer very slowly. "Can it think?" she 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 its sense of humor. This officer also has phenomenal personal control. They can deal with crime scenes painted in hell, coax a confession from a child abuser, comfort a murder victim's family, and then read 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 Police Officer. "There's a leak," she pronounced, "I told you that you were trying to put too much into this model."

"That's not a leak," said the Lord. "It's a tear."
"What's the tear for?" asked the angel.

"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.

John T. Sutton, March 1988, Dallas, Texas.



I'm A Policeman

I'm a policeman, Oh why? you may ask.
It's not that the pay is well worth the task.
It's something deep down, it's something inside.
It's not just a job where you're there for the ride.
The dangers we face, we know they're for real.
But it's not just a job, it's something you feel.

We're out on the beat, it's late at night.
This is the time when families fight.
Shouting and cursing, then comes a hit.
A loud screaming child, a mad raging fit.
We come on the scene there's not a set play.
We have to assess with our fears pushed away.

There's darting eyes and another door.
Can we see all the people or are there more?
A bang and a crash come from the back.
Is someone else there to take a crack?
We take control but it's never easy.
The mess and the people can make you feel queasy.
We return to the beat and hope it's all right.
But we know we'll be back for the very next fight.

A stop light runner and a simple chase.
But we never know what we may face.
Another bad drunk? A kid on a high?
Or something much worse to give us a try?
We can't take it easy, we can't take a chance.
Always a new tune, always a new dance.

There's racial tensions and rights to uphold.
We have to show patience but yet appear bold.
It's easier to say that "all must be fair."
When you're not on the street, when you're not the one there.
Those feelings of pressure we must put aside.
With our actions up front and keeping our pride.

It's harder on family than it is on me.
Their imagined worst fear are all that they see.
I'm on the job and handling it well.
But they're safe at home imagining hell.
When the telephone rings and it's late at night.
They wake in a sweat with a terrible fright.
But their awful thoughts I must leave at the station.
'Cause they might dull my senses and force hesitation.

So why do I do it? Where is the joy?
There's people who smile, a found little boy.
There's laughter and friendship with people who care.
There's knowing a difference just 'cause we're there.
There's sunshine and sadness and having the nerve.
To get up each morning and say that "I serve."

John T. Sutton, March 1988, Dallas, Texas.



Tears Of A Cop

I have been where you fear to be.
I have seen what you fear to see.
I have done what you fear to do.
All these things I've done for you.
I am the one you lean upon.
The one you cast your scorn upon.
The one you bring your troubles to,
All these people I've been for you.
The one you ask to stand apart.
The one you feel should have no heart.
The one you call the officer in blue.
But I am human, just like you.
And through the years I've come to see
That I am not what you ask of me.
So take this badge and take this gun.
Will you take it?
Will anyone?
And when you watch a person die,
And hear a battered baby cry.
Then so you think that you can be
All those things you ask of me?



The Heart Behind The Badge

the heart behind the badge
you sometimes cannot see
hidden beneath the surface
comfort to only me
I am sworn to serve and protect
but obstacles get in the way
the heart behind the badge
gives me courage to face the day
talking to an innocent child
chasing a criminal down the road
the heart behind the badge
carries stories that go untold
the heart may be the passion
for the job that is at hand
God shining down upon me
He's the one who's in command
compassion to deal with victims
a strength to combat crime
the heart behind the badge
is there for me each time
a spouse or significant other
a family to come home to
the heart behind the badge
what does it mean to you



Understand There Is A Heart

There is a person we all think we know,
We see him no matter where we go.
He is there to protect us and keep us from harm,
Sometimes from evil, and other times when there seems to be no alarm.
He sees all that we choose to wear blinders to.
When he pulls you over, he is protecting others, and yes, even you.
Keep in mind when driving by that accident with a sheet,
He is the one with tears in his heart, standing in the street.
He is the one that walks into a family's home,
where he finds a battered child, holds his anger and minds his tone.
He sees the woman that has been beaten until she bled,
Knowing that next week, another tear, this woman will shed.
He is the one that goes to work on the streets full of guns and drugs,
while praying he makes it home to his wife and children.
This man is expected to see these things and stay polite,
To tolerate abuse from both sides of the law day and night.
Some say he is there to harass others with his power.
He is actually there to protect us hour after hour.
Yes, he did know that these things came with the job he chose.
But he is human, and having a badge did not able him his heart to close.
Many ask , "Then why did he choose this job to do?"
He chose it hoping to help; he chose it for me; he chose it for you.



The Start Of Every Shift

My knight in his blue armor
steps out into the dark.
In search of all wrong doing,
with a hope to make it right.
He carries not a sword,
But a "semi" on his side.
With hopes his training will not fail him,
Should there come a place or time.
And as he settles into his modern day Stallion;
The one with piercing blue eyes
The thought runs through his mind.
"What will I come upon tonight?"
"A speeder, a con, a felon a man who beat his wife?
A pusher, a punk, some other with a knife?"
"Will I have to defend my life,
Or will a fellow man in blue
Be assigned to console my grieving wife?"
And so, with this thought still lingering
through the channels of his mind...
He prays to a God he thinks is there
But still, he is unsure of.
Just then, before he could think twice
The duty he is here for calls
And without hesitation, he radios back "419, I am enroute"
Opens his "eyes" And takes off once again...
Into the dark of night.

Ann F. Driggs Oct. 23, 1998 Diamondann2002@yahoo.com



Justice

I closed them gently those eyes of blue
and wept inside , for her years to few .
The call came thru as domestic dispute
the father came thru as one of ill repute
Such a little child , so fair of face
an innocent victim of an unfair fate.
As her father was cuffed and put away
I grimly drew a line where she lay .
Where were her angels ? Where was the law ?
A life was stolen without just cause .
I questioned my job , my purpose in life ,
that night I wept over sleeping babies and wife .
And under a sky as blue as her eyes
I swore to my God to stand by her side .
A Mother was weeping over an angel gone to sleep
While her father walked once more the streets .
I stalked him Like a hunter gone after prey
I never forgot him day after day .
A year has gone by and my day has come
To find if my work will be undone .
My heart is lighter as I placed a red rose ,
I think she's smiling beside God's throne.
I've said Goodbye , my heart is at rest ,
I've done my job as I do best .
Goodbye little angel 'til next we meet
When God calls us from that final sleep .



Worth Fighting For

There is a friend worth fighting for,
the type who cares for glory no more.

The friend who's honest without regret,
who will stand by you and honor protect.

The friend who's name prompts a smile,
who renders support with every trial.

No amount of time or miles deflect
a friendship developed with respect.

The friend that accepts you as you are,
your values and beliefs will never mar.

This is the friend worth fighting for
who's worth o'er shadows riches galore.

This type of friend is a rare treasure!
To BE this friend, a reward beyond measure.
Ann F. Driggs Oct. 23, 1998 Diamondann2002@yahoo.com



The Night Before Christmas

By Ptlm. D.L.Jones #319

Elkhart Police Department, Elkhart, Indiana

T'was the night before Christmas, and out in the street
All appeared quiet as I drove through my beat.

With my baby at home, tucked warmly in bed
and wishing her daddy was there kissing her head.

When all of a sudden there arose such a clatter.
I sprang from my cruiser to see what was the matter.

I realized a crack head had just robbed the store.
He got twenty bucks, what a great score!

I yelled "Stop!" and the chase was then on,
Praying to God that I'd live until dawn.

He pulled his gun, I called 10-78.
We ran down the sidewalk and jumped over a gate.

I made my tackle, and wrestled his gun.
This was a fight that simply had to be won.

I thought of my baby, what would she do?
If I didn't come home, would she miss me too?

I got the perp cuffed, when backup arrived.
Torn up & bruised up, but I was alive.

He went to jail, a report I did write.
While the good people slept, safe through the night.

Next thing I knew, it was time to go home.
But the presents were opened, the eggnog was gone.

I had missed Christmas, but complain I won't do.
It's part of the job, to make it safer for you.

So as you lay sleeping, think of the few.
Think of my brothers and sisters in blue.



Merry Christmas Officer

TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS, HE LIVED ALL ALONE.
IN A ONE-BEDROOM HOUSE MADE OF PLASTER AND STONE.
I HAD COME DOWN THE CHIMNEY, WITH PRESENTS TO GIVE,
AND TO SEE JUST "WHO" IN THIS HOME DID LIVE.
I LOOKED ALL ABOUT, A STRANGE SIGHT I DID SEE
NO TINSEL, NO PRESENTS, NOT EVEN A TREE
NO STOCKINGS BY THE FIRE, JUST BOOTS FILLED WITH SAND.
ON THE WALL HUNG PICTURES OF HIM WITH A FRIEND.

WITH MEDALS AND BADGES, AWARDS OF ALL KINDS.
A SOBERING THOUGHT SOON CAME THROUGH MY MIND.
FOR THIS HOUSE WAS DIFFERENT, UNLIKE ANY I'D TOPPED.
THIS WAS THE HOME OF A POLICE OFFICER, A COP.

I'D HEARD STORIES ABOUT "THEM". I HAD TO SEE MORE.
SO I WALKED DOWN THE HALL AND PUSHED OPEN THE DOOR.
AND THERE HE LAY SLEEPING, SILENT, ALONE.
CURLLED UP ON THE FLOOR IN HIS ONE-BEDROOM HOME.
HE SEEMED SO GENTLE, HIS FACE SO SERENE.
NOT HOW "I" PICTURED A PROTECTION MACHINE.
WAS THIS THE HERO, OF WHOM I'D JUST READ?
CURLLED UP IN HIS PONCHO, A FLOOR FOR HIS BED?

HIS HEAD WAS NEATLY GROOMED, HIS FACE WEATHERED TAN.
I SOON UNDERSTOOD, THIS WAS MORE THAN A MAN.
FOR I REALIZED THE FAMILIES I SAW THAT NIGHT,
OWED THEIR LIVES TO THESE PEOPLE, WHO WERE WILLING TO FIGHT.

SOON AROUND THE NATION, THE CHILDREN WOULD PLAY,
AND GROWN-UPS WOULD CELEBRATE ON A BRIGHT CHRISTMAS DAY.
THEY ALL ENJOYED PEACE, EACH MONTH AND ALL YEAR,
BECAUSE OF OFFICERS LIKE THIS ONE LYING HERE.

I COULDN'T HELP WONDER HOW MANY PATROL
ON A COLD CHRISTMAS EVE, IN A LAND CALLED THEIR OWN.
JUST THE VERY THOUGHT BROUGHT A TEAR TO MY EYE.
I DROPPED TO MY KNEES AND I STARTED TO CRY.

HE MUST HAVE AWOKEN, FOR I HEARD A ROUGH VOICE,
"SANTA DON'T CRY, THIS LIFE IS MY CHOICE.
I FIGHT FOR FREEDOM, I DON'T ASK FOR MORE.
MY LIFE IS MY GOD, MY PARTNER, MY FORCE."

WITH THAT HE ROLLED OVER, DRIFTED OFF INTO SLEEP.
I COULDN'T CONTROL IT, I CONTINUED TO WEEP.
I WATCHED HIM FOR HOURS, SO SILENT SO STILL.
I NOTICED HE SHIVERED FROM THE COLD NIGHT'S CHILL.
SO I TOOK OFF MY JACKET, THE ONE MADE OF RED,
AND COVERED THIS OFFICER FROM HIS TOES TO HIS HEAD.
THEN I PUT ON HIS JACKET WITH BADGE SILVER AND GOLD,
WITH THE WORDS "POLICE OFFICER" EMBLAZONED SO BOLD.
AND ALTHOUGH IT BARELY FIT ME, I BEGAN TO SWELL WITH PRIDE.
AND FOR ONE SHINING MOMENT, I WAS AN OFFICER DEEP INSIDE.

I DIDN'T WANT TO LEAVE HIM SO QUITE IN THE NIGHT,
THIS GUARDIAN OF HONOR SO WILLING TO FIGHT.
BUT HALF ASLEEP HE ROLLED OVER, AND IN A VOICE SO CLEAN AND PURE,
SAID "CARRY ON SANTA, IT'S CHRISTMAS DAY, ALL'S SECURE."
ONE LOOK AT MY WATCH AND I KNEW HE WAS RIGHT.
MERRY CHRISTMAS, MY FRIEND, TEN-FOUR, AND GOOD NIGHT.

by Mike Birkes



The Badge

It is polished and shiny and looks so fine.
Once you earn it you have to tow the line.

The minute you wear it upon your chest
it becomes a symbol that you are the best.

It means honesty, integrity, and fairness to all.
Your life is never your own, but at the public's call.

Night or day, any hour, it makes you a mark.
It doesn't protect you from a shot in the dark.

Over the years the shine starts to fade,
but brighter still is the man it's made.

It is often what separates you from the crowd.
It is a second family of which you are proud.

Author unknown



A Part Of America Died

Somebody killed a policeman today, and a part of America died.
A piece of our country he swore to protect, will be buried with him at his side.

The suspect that shot him will stand up in court, with counsel demanding his rights.
While a young widowed mother must work for her kids, and spend
many long, lonely nights.

The beat that he walked was a battle field too, just as if he'd gone off to war.
Though the flag of our nation won't fly at half
mast, to his name they will add a gold star.

Yes, somebody killed a policeman today, in your town or mine.
While we slept in comfort behind our locked doors, a cop put his life on the line.

Now his ghost walks a beat on a dark city street, and he stands at each new rookie's side.
He answered the call, of himself gave his all, And A Part Of America Died.



Standing In The Line Of Duty

You try to do what you know is right,
Protect and serve; fight the good fight.
Duty calls when you get the call.
For what you do, we thank you all.
We thank you all for the risks you take,
Becoming targets daily, for our sake.
We thank you all for watching as we sleep,
For waking every day, your watch to keep.

Standing proud in the line of duty,
Courage calls the brave to arms.
You wear the badge that marks your heart.
Standing in the line of fire for the call of duty.

You have our thanks, though silent we may be.
It takes some time for the secure to see.
Your presence makes us feel safe to walk the street,
Without fearing the people that we may meet.
For that we are forever in your debt;
You, our protectors, though we may never have met.
We thank you all for what you do,
And know that we have pride and respect for you.
We thank you all for watching as we sleep,
For waking every day, your watch to keep.

Standing proud in the line of duty,
Courage calls the brave to arms.
You wear the badge that marks your heart.
Standing in the line of fire for the call of duty.

January 30, 1998

(Written in the memory of Officer Colleen Waibel, Portland Police Department,
killed in the line of duty, 1-27-1998)



Policeman's Prayer

Walk with him tonight
Dear Lord
Along each darkened street
Walk with him tonight
Dear lord
Along his lonely beat
Keep him happy through the night
And please make sure he's warm
And guide him to a sheltering door
In case there comes a time a storm
And let him know
Though he's not here
My prayers are free from fright
Because, Dear Lord ,
I, know so well
You're on his beat tonight

author unknown



What Are Policemen Made Of

POLICEMAN IS A COMPOSITION OF WHAT ALL MEN ARE, A MINGLING OF SAINT AND SINNER, DUST AND DEITY.

LESS THAN ONE-HALF OF 1 PERCENT OF POLICEMEN MISFIT THE UNIFORM.
HE, OF ALL MEN, IS AT ONCE THE MOST WANTED AND THE MOST UNWANTED.
HE MUST BE SUCH A DIPLOMAT THAT HE CAN SETTLE DIFFERENCES SO THAT EACH WILL
THINK HE WON.

BUT IF A POLICEMAN IS PLEASANT, HE'S A FLIRT; IF HE'S NOT, HE'S A GROUCH.

HE MUST BE ABLE TO START BREATHING, STOP BLEEDING, TIE SPLINTS, AND ABOVE ALL,
BE SURE THE VICTIM GOES HOME WITHOUT A LIMP - OR EXPECT TO BE SUED.

HE MUST KNOW EVERY GUN, DRAW ON THE RUN, AND HIT WHERE IT DOESN'T HURT.

HE MUST BE ABLE TO WHIP TWO MEN TWICE HIS SIZE AND HALF HIS AGE WITHOUT
DAMAGING HIS UNIFORM AND WITHOUT BEING "BRUTAL."

IF YOU HIT HIM, HE'S A COWARD, IF HE HITS YOU, HE'S A BULLY.

HE MUST KNOW WHERE ALL THE SIN IS AND NOT PARTAKE.

THE POLICEMAN MUST BE A MINISTER, A SOCIAL WORKER, A DIPLOMAT, A TOUGH GUY,
AND A GENTLEMAN.

AND OF COURSE, HE'LL HAVE TO BE A GENIUS - FOR HE'LL HAVE
TO FEED AND CLOTHE A FAMILY ON A POLICEMAN'S SALARY.

WRITTEN BY PAUL HARVEY



All My Life

All my life, I wanted to be.....
A person who makes a difference.
I dedicated my entire being,
to be the absolute best , at what I do.

Day after day, I see death, I see life..
In its truest form, reality.....its brutal.
Mid shift, I'm alone, my mind wonders,
So many memories flipping the pages,
hard to let go the visions..

To think, the little amount I am paid,
but that doesn't matter, I can make a difference.
For you... your children..... memy children.

Thugs come and go, oh not another domestic.
A bruised face, a crying child, a gangster dead in the gutter..
Another report, under the microscope, its not written.. it wasn't done..

A fellow officer...losing their life,
How many times, must we die,,,
All in the name of humanity...
One life is given, so that many may live...
Doesn't seem fair....

Sun chases the night away, tour of duty finished,
There's my love, waiting by the door,
Kissing me, I love you, off to work I must go...
Children following, smiling as the door closes....

All my life, I wanted to make a difference...
To be an Officer in Law Enforcement...
Finding out, its a faith, not a job.....
Can't leave it at the office....
Forever imprinted, in my heart and mind....

In my life, I have made a difference.....

Written by:
Copper Lace 11/30/98



The Lousy Cop

Well, Mr. Citizen, I guess you've got me figured out. I seem to fit neatly into the category you placed me in. I'm stereotyped, characterized, standardized, classified, grouped and always typical. I'm the Lousy Cop.

Unfortunately, the reverse isn't true. I can never figure you out. From birth you teach your children that I'm a bogeyman and they are shocked when they learn and identify me with my traditional enemy, the criminal.

You raise Cain about the guy who cuts you off in traffic, but let me catch you doing the same thing and it's picking on you. You know all the traffic laws, but you never got the single ticket you deserved.

You accuse me of coddling juveniles, until I catch your kid doing something. Then it's "badge happy."
You take an hour for lunch and several coffee breaks each day but point me out as a loafer if you see me having just one cup.

You pride yourself on your polished manners but think nothing of interrupting my meal at noon with your troubles.
You shout "foul" if you observe me driving en route to an emergency call, but literally raise hell if I take more than 10 seconds responding to your call.

You're a witty conversationalist, but you bore me stiff at social gatherings with your vast knowledge of law enforcement.
You call it "Part of My Job" if someone strikes me, but it's Police Brutality if I strike back.

You wouldn't think of telling your dentist how to pull a decayed tooth, or your doctor how to take out your appendix, but you are always willing to give me a few pointers on law enforcement.

You talk to me in a manner, and use language that would assure a bloody nose from anybody else, but you expect me to stand and take it without batting an eye.

You cry "Something has to be done about all this crime," but, of course you can't be bothered with getting involved.
And what about the guy that works all night making sure you didn't forget to lock up your business or home when you left on vacation?

You've got no use for me at all, but of course, it's okay if I change a tire for your wife, or deliver your child in the back seat of my patrol car on the way to the hospital, save your son's life with mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, or maybe work many hours overtime to find your lost daughter.

So, Mr. Citizen, you stand there on your soap box, and rant and rave about the way I do my job, calling me every name in the book, but never stop for a minute to think that your property, your family or maybe your life might depend on one thing, ME or one of my buddies.



Just A Cop

The funeral line was long. There are an awful lot of cars,
folks came out of the restaurants, out of the bars.
The workers at the construction site all let their hammers drop.
Someone asked. "What is this all for?" And they said, "Aw, just a cop."
Some chuckled at the passing cars. Some shed a silent tear Some people said,
"It's stupid," "all these dumb policemen here." "How come they are not out fighting crime?"
"Or in a doughnut shop?" Sure is a lot of trouble, for someone who's just a cop!
They blocked the intersections, they blocked the interstate. People yelled and cursed!!
"Damn, it's gonna make me late!" "This is really ridiculous "They're makin' us all stop!"
"It seems they are sure wastin' time on someone who's just a cop!!..
Into the cemetery now, the slow procession comes. The woeful Taps are slowly played.
There's loud salutes from guns. The graveyard workers shake their heads
"This service is a flop." "There's lots of good words wasted, on someone who's just a cop!"
Yeah, just a cop to most folks. Did his duty every day,
trying to protect us, Till they took his life away.
And when he got to heaven, St. Peter put him at the top.
An angel asked him, "Who was that?" And he said, "Aw, just a cop."



The Soldier

"It is the soldier, not the reporter,
who has given us freedom of the press.
It is the soldier, not the poet,
who has given us freedom of speech.
It is the soldier, not the campus organizer,
who has given us the freedom to demonstrate.
It is the soldier, not the lawyer,
who has given us the right to a fair trial.
It is the soldier, who salutes the flag, who
serves under the flag, and whose coffin is
draped by the flag, who allows the
protester to burn the flag."



The Judgment

The officer stood and faced his God. Which must always come to pass.
He hoped his shoes were shinning, just as brightly as his brass.

"Step forward now, Officer, how shall I deal with you?
Have you always turned the other cheek? To my church have you been true?"

The officer squared his shoulder and said, "No, Lord, I guess I ain't,
because all of us who carry badges can't always be a saint.

I've had to work most Sundays, and at times my talk was rough,
and sometimes I've been violent because the streets are tough.

But I never took a penny that wasn't mine to keep.
Though I worked a lot of overtime, when the bills got too steep.

And I never passed a cry for help, though at times I shook with fear.
And sometimes, God forgive me, I've wept an unmanly tear.

I know I don't deserve a place among the people here.
They never wanted me around except to calm their fear.

If you've a place for me here, Lord, it needn't be so grand.
I never expected or had too much, but if you don't...I'll understand!

There was silence all around the throne where the saints often trod.
As the officer waited quietly for the judgment of his GOD

"Step forward now, Officer. You've borne your burdens well.
Come walk a beat on heaven's streets, You've done your time in hell"



Modern Knights

Ever vigilant and ever on call
Standing firm and standing tall
Against the tides of fear and hate
And the violence that sweeps 'us up in its wake.
Helping those who cannot help themselves
Understanding the depths to which a spirit can delve
Without letting the violence taint their hearts
They stand firm as knights on a castle's ramparts.

By Mary Drouin



Correctional Officer's Creed

To speak sparingly ... to act not to argue ... to be in authority through personal presence ... to correct without nagging ... to speak with the calm voice of certainty ... to see everything, know what is significant and what not to notice ... to be neither insensitive to distress nor so distracted by pity as to miss what must elsewhere be seen...

To do neither that which is unkind nor self-indulgent in its misplaced charity ... never to obey the impulse or to tongue lash that silent insolence which in times past could receive the lash to be both firm and fair ... to know I cannot be fair simply by being firm, nor firm simply by being fair...

To support the reputations of associates and confront them without anger, should they stand short of professional conduct ... to reach for knowledge of the continuing mysteries of human motivation ... to think; always to think ... to be dependable ... to be dependable first to my charges and associates, and thereafter to my duty as employee and citizen ... to keep fit ... to keep forever alert ... to listen to what is meant as well as what is said with words and with silences...

To expect respect from my charges and my superiors yet never to abuse the one for abuses from the other ... for eight hours each working day to be an example of the person I could be at all times to acquiesce in no dishonest act ... to cultivate patience under boredom and calm during contusion ... to understand the why of every order I take or give...

To hold freedom among the highest values though I deny it to those I guard ... to deny it with dignity in my example they find not reason to lose their dignity ... to be prompt ... to be honest with all who practice deceit that they not find in me excuse for themselves ... to privately face down my fear that I not signal it to privately cool my anger that I not displace it on others to hold in confidence what I see and hear which by the telling could harm or humiliate to no good purpose ... to keep my outside problems outside ... to leave inside that which should stay inside to do my duty.

Bob Barrington



Do You Know

Do you really know what we do?
Keeping peace and sanity just for you.
We go to work and try to keep our minds clear,
Knowing the dangers, yet we show no fear.
You say we look angry and sad all the time,
It's because of the horrible things that play in our minds.
Do you know what it is like every time we close our eyes?
To relive the death and frantic cries?
If only you knew the stress we carry around,
You would continually praise us rather than run us in the ground.
Do you know what it is like to watch a person die?
Or console a battered woman and tell a child not to cry?
You cast your problems on us day in and day out,
We try to help you and show you the right route.
Do you know what we would like to hear?
"I want to congratulate you on your courage and what you see every day".

Written by a 23 year old police officer with the Tiltonsville Police Department in Ohio.



Take This Badge

Take this badge I don't want it back,
I would rather dig a ditch and break my back.
Then go home and try to put it behind,
The terrible things that constantly run in my mind,
If one minute sooner I could have arrived,
I could have prevented it and he would still be alive.
I wanted to help and make difference you could see,
But it seems now the only person needing help is me.
Where is my help, where do I turn,
In this job there is one thng you learn.
You're here to help others and nothing more,
You must always keep your problems behind closed doors.
Your expected to be strong and never show any fear,
To see horrible things and never shed a tear.
Someone has to do it, I thought it could be me,
But now I am scared of everything I come to see.
So, take this badge I don't want it back.
Because when I wear it, a normal life is what I lack.

Written by the same author of the poem above this one.
Who also happens to be getting a promotion to Sgt. the second week of September 2000.



Want To Tell You Lies

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I want to tell that little boy his Mom will be just fine
I want to tell that dad we got his daughter out in time
I want to tell that wife her husband will be home tonight
I don't want to tell it like it is.....

I want to tell them lies.

You didn't put their seat belts on, you feel you killed your kids
I want to say you didn't ... but in a way, you did.
You pound your fists into my chest, you're hurting so inside
I want to say you'll be ok.....

I want to tell you lies.

You left chemicals within his reach and now it's in his eyes
I want to say your son will see, not tell you he'll be blind.
You ask me if he'll be OK, with pleading in your eyes
I want to say that yes he will.....

I want to tell you lies.

I can see you're crying as your life goes up in smoke.
If you'd maintained that smoke alarm, your children may have woke.
Don't grab my arm and ask me if your family is alive.
Don't make me tell you they're all dead.....

I want to tell you lies.

I want to say she'll be ok, you didn't take her life
I hear you say you love her and you'd never hurt your wife.
You thought you didn't drink too much, you thought that you could drive.
I don't want to say how wrong you were.....

I want to tell you lies.

You only left her for a moment, it happens all the time.
How could she have fallen when you thought she couldn't climb.
I want to say her neck's not broke, that she will be just fine.
I don't want to say she's paralyzed.....

I want to tell you lies.

I want to tell this teen his buddies didn't die in vain
Because he thought it would be cool to try and beat that train.
I don't want to tell him this will haunt him all his life
I want to say that he'll forget.....

I want to tell him lies.

You left the cabinet open and your daughter found the gun.
Now you want me to undo the damage that's been done.

You tell me she's your only child, you say she's only five.
I don't want to say she won't see six.....

I want to tell you lies.

He fell into the pool when you went to grab the phone.
It was only for a second that you left him there alone.
If you'd let the damn phone ring perhaps your boy would be alive.
But I don't want to tell you that.....

I want to tell you lies.

The fact that you were speeding caused that car to overturn
and we couldn't get them out of there before the whole thing burned.
Did they suffer? Yes, they suffered, they were slowly burned alive
But I don't want to say those words.....

I want to tell you lies.

But I have to tell it like it is, until my shift is through
And then the real lies begin, when I come home to you.
You ask me how my day was, and I say it was just fine
I hope you understand, sometimes.....

I have to tell you lies.

Dedicated to all the Police Officers, Firefighters, EMT's, Paramedics,
Emergency Flight Crews and all Civil Servants who deal with the tragedies of life and death.
The saddest of all, being those that could have been prevented.

~ **Kal The Rebel** ~

Dedicated to all the Police Officers, Firefighters, EMTs, Paramedics, Emergency Flight Crews and all civil servants who deal with the tragedies of life and death. The saddest of all, being those that involve children, and could have been prevented. Wear your seat belts... Keep poisons, flammables, fireworks, etc. out of reach of children...Keep your smoke alarm in operating order, if you don't have one, get one...never, ever drive if you've been drinking ... never leave your toddler unattended...teens, be responsible drivers, obey all traffic lights, posted limits, warnings and signals at RR crossings ... keep your guns locked out of reach, buy a trigger guard.... Protect our children, they are our future... Am I preaching? Am I nagging? I guess I am just telling it like it is.... Or I could just tell you lies.

~ **Kalvere**

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Kalvere is from Minnesota, and would welcome any comments at the following email address:
Kal The Rebel @ aol.com

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2000, Gone But Not Forgotten

It is the dawn of a new day,
Which begins a brand new year,
Let us not forget about those we lost,
Who died fighting what most fear.

149 Police Officers,
In the year 2000 lost their lives,
In their wake there are grieving children,
Widowed husbands and widowed wives.

72 died feloniously,
At the hands of evil men,
77 died in accidents,
As they were preparing to defend...

The liberties of the rest of us,
As we seek to be all we can be,
I am humbly reminded,
That freedom is not free.

It is my hope that the year 2001 will be,
A year of fewer Line of Duty deaths,
A year the wind of freedom that we breathe,
Is not the year of an officer's last breath.

Darin L Paul
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Prayer For Police

DEAR LORD,
GRANT ME THE COURAGE AND SPEED TO HELP THOSE IN NEED
THE INSIGHT TO SEE RIGHT FROM WRONG

THE PATIENCE AND WISDOM TO TAKE A DEEP BREATH
AND FOCUS WHEN SHORT NIGHTS GROW LONG

EMPATHY AND CARING IN LIEU OF A CHARGE
WHEN I KNOW I'VE WALKED IN THEIR SHOES

BUT SHOULD THEY TURN FROM FRIEND INTO FOE
THE STRENGTH TO ENSURE I DON'T LOOSE

INTEGRITY, HONESTY, TENACITY
I PRAY YOU'LL HELP ME PROJECT
AT THE END OF MY SHIFT TAKE ME HOME, O LORD
TO THE FAMILY I'VE SWORN TO PROTECT

Written by a Constable with the Ottawa PD



The Color Blue

I REMEMBER FLASHES OF A MAN I BARELY KNEW
THEY SAY HE FOUGHT FOR WHAT WAS RIGHT AND WORE THE COLOR BLUE

I REMEMBER SILVER IN A SHAPE UPON HIS CHEST
LOTS OF THINGS AROUND HIS WAIST, A STRONG AND STURDY VEST

I REMEMBER KISSING HIM AS HE PUT ME TO BED
"I'M OFF TO CATCH THE BAD GUYS NOW" IS WHAT HE ALWAYS SAID

AND I REMEMBER WAITING AND WATCHING OUT THE DOOR
FOR HIM TO COME AND HUG ME AS HE'D ALWAYS DONE BEFORE

I'M STARTING TO FORGET NOW EXACTLY WHAT THEY SAID
THEY WERE HOLDING DADDY'S HAT; THEY WERE BOWING BOTH THEIR HEADS

HE SAVED ANOTHER'S LIFE THEY SAID AS MOMMY STOOD AND WEPT
HE DIED FOR WHAT WAS RIGHT THEY SAID AND THEN THEY TURNED AND LEFT

MOMMY TOLD ME LATER OF THE COURAGE THAT HE HAD
HE GAVE HIMSELF FOR OTHERS AS HE SIFTED GOOD FROM BAD

HE WANTED YOU TO UNDERSTAND HE WORE THE COLOR BLUE
TO MAKE THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE ESPECIALLY FOR YOU

NOW I'M LEFT WITH FLASHES OF A MAN I BARELY KNEW
I CALLED THIS MAN MY FATHER AND HE WORE THE COLOR BLUE.

Written by a Constable with the Ottawa PD



The Duty

In the simple performance of duty,
he pinned on a badge,
checked his gear with a practiced eye,
and kissed his loved ones good-bye.

In the simple performance of duty,
he reported for work,
joked with his buddies at roll call,
and made his last trip down the squad room hall.

In the simple performance of duty,
he headed for his beat,
doing his job protecting his home from crime,
he stopped cars, and checked buildings for the last time.

In the simple performance of duty,
he answered the call,
to help the helpless, to find the lost,
no matter the danger or how great the cost.

In the simple performance of duty,
he lay down his life,
for those in peril he tried to save,
our brave friend went to his grave.

In the simple performance of duty,
we honor his deed,
as we carry him to rest in a flag draped casket,
long after the world has forgotten, we shall never forget.

Never judge or regret,
what he did,
in the simple performance of duty.

by Sgt. Oscar R. Thomasson II
Sedgwick County Sheriff's Department Kansas



Thoughts Of A Trooper

Sometimes I wonder why I do this job ...
why it's so important to me, to try to make a difference.
To make a difference in one life or many, it doesn't matter.
As long as I can make a difference.
It's so important, that I would risk my life for it, risk the life I have made for myself.
So important that I would die, and leave behind those I love...all for the difference.
And for what? To know that any day, I'll have to give my life for you.
To know that someday, the drummer will drum,
and my life will be over to answer yet one last call, the one of God.
To someday know that the full car barrage will
follow my casket to the grave-site.
To know that several men of honor, men of my kind will stand in full dress ..
black bands across their badges that cover their hearts, will stand
and salute my memory as the bag pipes wail the tune of Amazing grace.
To know that my family will stand before my coffin,
draped in the American flag...and grieve.
That my little girls will take home a folded flag as the only tangible remembrance of me?
So I ask myself
.. are you worth it? Is it all worth it?

Yes ... it is.

- A Trooper



Your Just A Reserve Cop
Written by Tony Adams

I often heard the statement "you're just a reserve" when I became a Reserve Officer years ago.

I often wondered if other reserves and I had been misinformed as to our positions, so I asked myself, "what is the difference between myself, a reserve police officer and Joe Blow, a regular police officer?"

I am commissioned, wear a uniform and badge, carry a firearm and get to drive my own police car (these being the great part of police work). I can keep the peace, make an arrest, get called bad names, get spit on and even get my nose bloodied occasionally.

I can get a recommendation, or be suspended. I can be patted on the back for a job well done, or I can get my ass chewed for a screw up. I can make mistakes and say the wrong things, but never forgetting how to say "Yes Sir."

I keep my shoes polished, my uniform cleaned and pressed, and once in a while (too often),

I tear one of those ninety-dollar shirts in the line of duty. I have had to clean out my patrol car, after transporting the drunk that puked and pissed in it.

I write reports (sometimes the same one, over and over), I can fingerprint, take mug shots, book and release a prisoner, etc... The list is endless.

There is, however one privilege I have as reserve officer that a regular officer does not.

I work as often as I am needed and sometimes when I am not.

I also never have to worry about overtime or a sudden reduction in pay.

Perhaps my position is better than a regular's is. Perhaps "Just a Reserve" is actually a special breed of person. Someone who can give freely of his or her time and ask only that you be sure to call if you need another helping hand.



Motor Officers

It sounds like thunder far away, but the skies are blue and bright...
And soon they crest the hill nearby, and ride into our sight.
They shake the ground with powerful sound, and they make some hearts beat fast...
They look so proud and noble, like Knights come from the past.

Side by side, they always ride, and seem to move as one...
From early in the morning light, to the setting of the sun.
And children point and wave to them, from cars that pass them by...
And young ones ask their parents, why the men have mirrors for eyes.

They ride the roads, and fight for good, and defend small ones like you...
They ask to ride, and do with pride, and sometimes they are few.
Like men of steel, on Silver Hawks, they sparkle in the light...
then with a roar and rumble, they ride out of our sight.

Sometimes when one has fallen, never to ride again...
You can hear the others calling, like thunder on the wind.
Side by side, they slowly ride, and their thunder is a mournful sound...
And the mirrors hide their eyes from us, when teardrops fall to ground.

So if you see one riding, and you look into his face...
You see your reflection in his eyes, you know that you are safe.
For motormen are a special breed, they love to ride the wind...
And when you hear the thunder boom, the fallen ones ride again.

Unknown Author

In Memory of Sgt. Timothy J. Hunt
the best motorman anyone has ever seen



Protector

A Protector is a guardian whether their tribe is in a city, county or state.

A Protector is the guardian of the innocent

A Protector comes in many sizes, colors, and shapes.

But when it comes down to it their only true color is blue

And their numbers are always far to few.

For only those with uncommon valor

Step forth to accept the challenge and honor.

Guardians of the innocent, protecting them from pain,

Leaving their families day after day never knowing if it's for the last time.

A Protector risks all: Body, mind, and soul daily

Pushing the bystander behind them and shielding them from attack

Never knowing if the one they protect was sent to put a knife in their back.

A Protector is the champion that keeps the demons at bay during the night,

Always prepared and always on call ready and willing to fight the good fight.

A hero's heart dwells within and breaks into pieces time and again,

When the all to human soul that accompanies it cries out in pain

When they are repeatedly confronted with the aftermath of crime

At the site and feel of a body whose spirit left before its time.

God made you Protectors so that we may live our life choices in freedom.

He made them to face the darkness so that we may live our lives in the sun.

God gave Protectors the mind and courage to overcome the evil they must deal with.

And He made them strong enough to carry the weight of the world on their backs.

But He did not leave them to face it alone, he gave them family and friends to help them

Along to steer them through the hazards that would try to destroy their hearts

And when their weary souls have been torn apart by things no one should have to face.

This support gives them the strength to return to the frontlines and resume their place.

For the courage and valor it takes to return day after day leaves us with a debt that we can never hope to repay.

And thanks seem hardly to be enough when faced with the choices Protectors make

To choose a job that is 24 hours a day and accepting the risks they may be forced to take

Sacrificing time with families and friends,

Time with their children that won't come again,

Protecting their tribe regardless of time or place,

Innocents who would not exist but for their diligence and grace.

Grace granted by God to give them the love for their job and their devotion to duty

That allows them to return day after day

When the rewards are too few and the job is so dirty.

The wife of a Protector, I give you my thanks,

For a job well done and for all the risks that you take ,

And a wish that you might realize how much your actions mean,

To those who would otherwise be defenseless and left without hope and without dreams,

And that you know the gift you give us each day by returning to the fight,

Is appreciated and honored by those in whose defense you stand against the night,

And speaks of courage and greatness of heart that cannot be measured and cannot be bought

And that earns undying gratitude from those who share your lives

And a thank you once again, from one Protector's very proud wife.

By Brandi Whitaker



She Still Stands

From her island sanctuary

She stood glorious in the sun,
As clouds billowed softly by,
I saw Liberty; her torch raised to the sky

From the sky flew the demons from the east,
By blade, capturing the wings of the eagles flight,
Four riders stormed down delivering death,
Laying siege on her fortress of democracy

The towers destroyed and the keep damaged,
Countless souls delivered into God's hand,
The devil's seed had been sowed
An unholy bounty reaped

Fire, soot, and ash rained down to the street below,
Onto The Knights of Saint Michael and Saint Florian,
Burying those who try to save
Life pushed to the limit never thought to be undone

From her island sanctuary she stood immobile,
As clouds of smoke, ash, and soot billowed
Devastation recognized and dealt
I saw that Liberty still stood

Her sons shall raise their swords
To vanquish the evil back into the night
Her torch shall never grow dim
It will always be raised to the sky

9-12-01

Martin Connors
Philadelphia, PA



The Wreck On Highway 109

Written by Ruth Gillis

A drunk man in an Oldsmobile
They said had run the light
That caused the six-car pileup
On 109 that night.

When broken bodies lay about
And blood was everywhere,
The sirens screamed out elegies,
For death was in the air.

A mother, trapped inside her car,
Was heard above the noise;
Her plaintive plea nearly slit the air;
"Oh God, please spare my boys!"

She fought to loosen her pinioned hands;
She struggled to get free,
But mangled metal held her fast
In grim captivity.

Her frightened eyes then focused
On where the back seat once had been,
But all she saw was broken glass and
Two children's seats crushed in.

Her twins were no where to be seen;
She did not hear them cry,
And then she prayed they'd been thrown free,
"Oh God, don't let them die!"

Then firemen came and cut her loose,
But when they searched the back,
They found therein no little boys,
But the seat belts were intact.

They thought the woman had gone mad
And was traveling alone,
But when they turned to question her,
They discovered she was gone.

Policemen saw her running wild
And screaming above the noise
In beseeching supplication,
"Please help me find my boys!"

"They're four year olds and wear blue shirts;
Their jeans are blue to match."
One cop spoke up, "They're in my car,
And they don't have a scratch."

They said their daddy put them there
And gave them each a cone,
Then told them both to wait for Mom

To come and take them home.

I've searched the area high and low,
But I can't find their dad.
He must have fled the scene,
I guess, and that is very bad."

The mother hugged the twins and said,
"Now, how can that be true?"
The boys said, "Mommy, Daddy came
And left a kiss for you."

He told us not to worry
And that you would be all right,
And then he put us in this car with
The pretty, flashing light.

We wanted him to stay with us,
Because we miss him so,
But Mommy, he just hugged us tight
And said he had to go.

He said someday we'd understand
And told us not to fuss,
And he said to tell you, Mommy
He's watching over us."

The mother knew without a doubt
That what they spoke was true,
For she recalled their dad's last words,
"I will watch over you."

The firemen's notes could not explain
The twisted, mangled car,
And how the three of them escaped
Without a single scar.

But on the cop's report was scribed,
In print so very fine,
An Angel walked the beat tonight
On Highway 109.



I Quit The Force Today

Author unknown

I quit the force today, another cop got blown away.
The ultimate sacrifice, his life, he left behind two kids, a wife.

I quit the force today, I heard another policeman say.
The revolving door of justice set free, another predator to stalk you and me.

I quit the force today, I'm tired of all the raucous, and the fray.
I'm tired of children hiding in silence, watching their parents in more domestic violence.

I quit the force today, what good am I doing, why should I stay?
When criminals like King are rewarded and hailed, and cops like me, are arrested and jailed.

I quit the force today, who needs cops anyways.
I risk my life to arrest a few, only to have them released by the ACLU.

I quit the force today, I guess truth doesn't matter, just look at OJ.
When lawyers can twist and bend the law, and citizens won't bother to tell what they saw.

I quit the force today, All of you listen to what I'm about to say.
Every time a criminal is allowed to go free, there's less and less freedom,
Why can't you see? The criminals kill, they don't play by the rules, we are shackled by laws, and treated
like fools.

When right is called wrong, and wrong is called right, How do we win? How will we fight?
"Their not responsible, they've been abused as a child."
Who wasn't my friend? My own childhood was wild.

"Stop the drugs, stop the crime!" The politicians all say.
But their answer to it all is "Give more money away."

We're loosing by hundreds our daughters and sons, now the government plans to seize all our guns.
Stop fighting against us, we're on the same side, how much more of this are we going to abide?

Wake up America, its time to remember, lets send them all packing this coming November.
I could go on and on but the message is clear, but where my friends, do we go from here?

If we don't stop and restore the truth, there'll be no one left to examine the proof.
Should I quit the force today? And let all the bad guys get away.

What would I say to my wife, my kids both, I raised my right hand, I recited the oath.
Should I quit the force with all its pain and sorrow?

Another call to answer?....What the heck, I'll wait till tomorrow.



911

They started the day with a stretch and a yawn,

Coffee was downed, long before dawn,
Bacon and eggs, with a side of light banter,
Served straight up with firehouse candor
Out to check trucks, inspect every pumper,
And test all the gear from bumper to bumper.
Amidst conversations and playful jibes,
Came the call, then fast-paced strides.

Quickly manned trucks hit the street,
Not knowing, but trusting, what fate they'd meet.
They rolled from the station, a little before nine,
Soon to grasp horror that would change all time.

On the horizon, stood our towers of trade,
An inferno of hell, and people afraid,
Running for life and crying to God,
Billowing Black Death, where life had trod,
And in go these warriors of such a brave clan,
To rescue and aid every woman and man,
But sadly, for many it will be their last call,
They'll die with all honor of giving their all.

It wasn't for money, or glory, or fame,
It wasn't for vanity, so you'd remember their name,
It's just what we do," they'd modestly say,
So remember tonight when you kneel down to pray,
God bless these brave souls, so gentle, so tough,
Lord take them to heaven, they've given enough!

By Sharon Frye



We Can't Trust The Police

Is that what you say?
I wouldn't have pulled the trigger
I wouldn't have been scared
As you sit there in your Monday morning quarterback chair
It's so easy for you to say
While you are locked in your house safe and away
Away from the crime that goes on while you sleep
As I hop a fence in your backyard to catch a thief
I have a job that could prevent me from coming home
I keep you safe from all the shit that goes on
Ask the families of Ceriale, Camp and Knight
They know there loved ones paid the ultimate price
You can't trust the police?
Then don't call the next time danger is at you precious back door
Call someone you trust
Call you doctor, lawyer or priest
See if the rush over to serve and protect and keep the peace
But YOU WILL call like you always do and we will come
to help and protect you we are the police that's what we do.



Voices From The Ashes

I hear a hymn of hope
Rising up from sacred ground
And voices from the ashes
Triumphantly resound.
They sing a song of freedom,
That's spreading 'cross our land.
They harmonize in unity,
"Together, we will stand..."
You can hear their song of sweetness,
Like the wind singing low,
Reminding you so gently
To sing it where you go.
So take this hymn of hope,
Like a prayer wrapped 'round your heart,
Join the echoed anthem,
Each singing our own part.
Join the voices from the ashes,
Rising up from sacred ground.
Lift your voice,
And join with theirs~
Triumphantly Rebound!
10-04-01



Heroes Of Another Kind

There were many heroes on that day in autumn
Though brave in deed, Death still sought them.
Who could know or ever envision,
The legacy brought by a fateful decision?
And though the Angels, in legions, descended-
Our sorrow remains, so slowly amended.
What of the descendents, of that terrible plight,
Who harbor the pain, they cannot recite?
What of the child who says, "Mommy, I miss you,"
Or the wife who laments, "I wish I could kiss you...?"
When with each breath, their chests only tighten,
Will this burden, for them, ever so lighten?
What of the family, who lost their provider?
Or the mother whose son was a cop or firefighter?
Though the hand Life dealt was cruelly flawed,
Their courage gained has left me awed!
Only thru darkness, did their spirit waiver,
And then emerge so much braver!
So Lord, to you, I bring their need,
Sustain them with Your strength, I plead,
These unsung heroes of another kind...
Guard their hearts and souls and minds,
Guide them on their journey home,
And Lord, never let them walk alone!

By Sharon Frye 2-16-02



Things To Remember

1. If the enemy is in range, so are you.
2. Incoming fire has the right of way.
3. Don't look conspicuous, it draws fire.
 4. There is always a way.
 5. The easy way is always mined.
6. Try to look unimportant, they may be out of ammo.
7. Professionals are predictable, it's the amateurs that are dangerous.
 8. The enemy invariably attacks on two occasions:
 - A. When you're ready for them.
 - B. When you're not ready for them.
 9. Teamwork is essential, it gives them someone else to shoot at.
 10. If you can't remember, then the claymore is pointed at you.
11. The enemy diversion you have been ignoring will be the main attack.
12. A "sucking chest wound" is nature's way of telling you to slow down.
13. If your attack is going well, you have walked into an ambush.
 14. Never draw fire, it irritates everyone around you.
 15. Anything you do can get you shot, including nothing.
16. Make it tough enough for the enemy to get in and you will not be able to get out.
 17. Never share a foxhole with anyone braver than yourself.
18. If you're short of everything but the enemy, you are in the combat zone.
 19. When you have secured an area, don't forget to tell the enemy.
 20. Never forget that your weapon is made by the lowest bidder.



Salute The Banner They Raised

Salute the Banner they raised on that hallowed ground
Shed no more tears of grief
Let every child know of the bravery
Remember always the heroes

Like gallant knights unbound
Pledged to protect those who can not
Meeting Death's challenge
Cherish always their sacrifice

Tell your children of the innocent blood shed
Of the unknown thousands saved by common men
As they fought for life near Heaven's Gate
Returning to Hell, the Evil that held them by blade

Salute the Banner they raised on that hallowed ground
Remember always that September morn,
As heroes stride through Heavenly Skies
Candles lit and held in children's hands like earthly stars

Towers may be rebuilt
Castles will be repaired and restored
Epics written scrolled and forgotten
Smiles will return; Tears will dry

Salute the Banner they raised on that hallowed ground
Rejoice in the victory of the soldier
Who fought in a distant land to end a tyrant's reign
Bringing to justice the traitor who fought against his Flag

Salute the Banner they raised on that hallowed ground
Cheer always the freedom endured
Preserve the Unity that prospers still
Protect the liberty that is the beacon to the world

Martin Connors
harp3726@aol.com
Philadelphia, PA



I Dreamt

I dreamt I sat feeling helpless
My fate decided to be sent to Heaven
My child to be raised without me
Souls sent before me to be remembered
I grew angry; Let's roll

I dreamt I charged the towers
My armor scorched by Hell's laughter
Blessing those who had saved and fallen
I was called home to my father,
He embraced me when I entered the Gates

I dreamt I was reading to children
My nation began to bleed
A cry for vengeance
With prudence I raise my father's sword

I dreamt I awoke from a rested slumber
Only to find a nightmare unleashed
My uniform donned, weapon in hand
Guarding Liberty's streets

I dreamt I was in the darkness of my chamber,
Alone I shed my grief
Staring at twin apparitions standing deifient towards the sky
I am comforted by my son's guarded slumber

Martin Connors
Philadelphia, PA
harp3726@aol.com



To Protect And To Serve

I don't know why you chose this path
It was surely not for pay
There's no routine or certainty
That brings comfort with each day

You leave your home and take with you
Silent prayers of family
They know the dangers you will see
They pray on bended knee

Your eyes see more in just one day
Than we do in an entire year
You strive to make our homes a haven
Safe from harms way and fear

You vow To Protect and To Serve
People you don't even know
You treat them all with dignity
Despite the filth they show

The way you serve with care and honor
Reflects your reputation
You wear your badge with such great pride
And it serves as confirmation

You never know with each call you take
If this will be your last
But yet you continue to take each one
And let your doubts just pass

This is your eulogy while you yet live
To wait for your death is sad
How much we need you to keep on going
To survive in a world gone mad

Written and Consent Given By Kate Plourde



The Towering Titans

Watching over the masses they stood tall
Steel and concrete made them strong
Little did we know that they would fall.

A mad man threatening peace
The order went out to shatter dreams
On that fateful day, unleashing a beast.

All was still, the day beginning
The world quiet and unassuming.
But then they came from out the skies
The silver birds with fiery eyes.
The people watched as they soared on high
Delivering death with the innocents cries.

The Towering Titans rallied to the call
The men in blue, they too stood tall
From far afield, other's came
To look in horror and disdain.

The Towering Titans marched forth
Saving the innocents from Hell's domain
But steel and concrete, just like skin and bone
Would fall asunder

The Towering Titan's, who watched and protected
Crumbled and fell to a World's yell
They gave their lives without a thought
To save their countrymen, they had fought.

But alas the Towering Titans fall
In dreams and prayers they stand tall.

Dedicated to all the heroes of 09.11.2001

Ian McBride
Constable N9231
05.01.2002



A Police Officer's Wife

*I cannot believe this day has come
only two short years we've overcome.
Please dry your tears my loving bride
for I will still be right by your side.*

*I know you're young, but you must be strong.
And don't worry, for we won't be apart long.
I can't wait to see your beautiful face
and show you this glorious place.*

*The flag today they will hand to you.
They will dry your tears and salute you, too.
Sorry I didn't get to say goodbye,
you know I loved you, you know I tried.*

*My job called and I had to go
I just wished that you could know.
As I lay dying, I wasn't sad
for I saw God and he held my hand.*

*Now when times get hard,
hold your head up high.
If you feel you need to see me
just look toward the sky.*

*Until we meet again on Heaven's bright shore,
I just have to tell you once more.
Remember Sweetheart, make the most of your life-
for you will always be a*

Police Officer's Wife!

Written by Ofc. Laura D. Gibson

*This poem is dedicated to the memory of my husband, Officer Allen W. Gibson, Jr.,
who made the Ultimate Sacrifice on April 25, 1998. © 2001*



The Flashlight

The battered flashlight, the sound of creaking leather,
the shiny gun that once was blued.

The weary eyes colored with sadness, with the look
that has seen tragedy.

The soft, comforting voice he uses to calm the fearful people
and soothe the injured child.

The long hours he spends trying to understand why
the world is like it is, cold, heartless and tragic.

But always finding Hope in the beautiful face of a child,
as they look up wide eyed at him,
standing tall in his pressed uniform and shiny boots,
as he talks to their battered mother.

The sneers and jeers he receives as he talks
to the street rats that impede his earnest attempts
at helping another.

Who, not knowing what else to do has waved him down
as he writes the endless reports that grind him down.

Dropping what he is doing to respond to the scene
of a bloody and mangled innocent lying on the side
of a dusty, hot highway.

Blocking out the images that assault his senses
as he arrives, seeing the innocent shocked face
looking up at him with that pleading why me look
in his eyes, but he can't stop to help,
there are others that need him too.

He rushes to help but realizes he has only
two hands and one heart

Dedicated to all of my brothers and sisters in Law Enforcement.

Written by Michael
MGnydcop@aol.com
7-17-02



Every Prison Cop

*They go to prison everyday
But they're not doing time,
Just watching felons in their state
Convicted of a crime.*

*They keep the peace beyond all costs,
Knowing what they do,
Serves the public they protect
and every prisoner too.*

*So next time you get on your knees
And pray for crime to stop.
Don't forget to say a prayer
For Every Prison Cop.*

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www.PolicePoems.com



Our Fallen Heroes

Their motto is to protect and to serve,
But I wonder today who would have had their nerve.
You can sleep tonight some people say,
Without fear of harm coming your way.

But our fears came true with just two words,
"Officer Down" is what we heard.
We lost one of our finest, we lost one of the brave,
How many more lives could this officer have saved?

The apartment building was burning out of control,
The child on the third floor doomed to be a lost soul.
Until one hero gave his life for this little friend,
One life was saved and one life did end.

Before it's too late to show our hero's your heart,
A call to say thank you would make a great start.
Tell them we need them before it's too late,
We never say it until they meet their fate.

Where would we be without hero's like these?
Those that give willingly without being asked please.
Thank you hero's, both alive and passed on,
For without you all security would be gone.

LilRedWritinHood@aol.com
8-5-2002



Badge of Honor & Guns

When I was in school we used to say
What will your dad do today?
As I beamed with pride, I could say
My dad will save a family today
that is not what most could say
that is why I beam with such pride each day

I am now the man I want to be
Take the job my father passes to me
the day of trial has come to be
he had his gun pointed directly at me
the choice was then set to be
that I take this life in front of me

The third generation has now come
to take this badge of honor & gun
I know his time of trial will come
of the day he may have to use that gun
I have no doubt he will succumb
for he is the son of my son

By Jodi M. Russell

Dedicated to my Husband, Father in law, & Grandfather in law
Three great California Highway Patrol Officers



A Battered Badge Still Shines

Ashes smolder a tear into my eye.

On the streets a young woman's life taken by Arson.

A mother and sisters scream deep inside tortured souls forever.

The pain is all around me as I lend a shoulder for tears.

Another day I cannot give them no amount of money will buy.

We wear the badge proud to protect and serve,

as God takes us soldiers through a new battle unheard.

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All In A Cops Day

We walk into all the tragedy that life can bring.

We see the man in court who shot at
us getting his case dismissed.

After all didn't he miss?

We lock the man up for beating his wife.
He's out the next day and he beats her again,
now he's taken her life.

Another voice silenced as the cry for justice rings out.

All in a cop's day.

Louie, legally blind out walking his dogs.
They say the boys had nothing better to do,
so they chased him down and they beat him to death.

A man who was walking with his friends for what we
didn't know would be the last time.

What a horrific crime.

We know that the police officer could come to our door to say I'm sorry but your mommy died today.

She won't be coming home with a hug and kiss,

She was shot and killed today.

This time the man did not miss.

All in a cop's day.

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A Uniform Without A Name

We got to work both day and night
and wear a suit of blue
And on our chest we wear a badge
The symbol of our oath to you.

Men and Women, Black and White
to you we're all the same
we're always there when you call
A Uniform Without a Name.

Every day across our land
in places large and small
We go where we are needed
no matter what the call.
Although we're only human
with hopes and dreams and pride
We learn to hide true feelings
and bury them inside.

For we cannot let emotions show
we must stand tall and strong
But when the pain won't go away
we're told it won't last very long.

The Officers who protect and serve
and risk their lives each day
Fight back the tears and mask their fears
when tragedy comes their way.

Sometimes we help, sometimes we can't
but with caring we always try
and when a child breathes their last
we can't help to ask...but why?

When Lawyers fight for murder's rights
and the victims are cast aside
Our judges agree and set them free
forcing citizens to run and hide.

I heard about an Officer
who lost his life today
He died in the line of duty
Remember him that way.
The shift is almost over now
so far so good I'd say
I'm pretty sure I'll be going home
10-7 for another day.

Written By P. Boccacino



A Colorado Trooper's Prayer

Tonight I hit my knees,
Before I hit the streets.
O' God I pray that I don't see
The things that I fear inside of me.

A lonely stretch of highway,
A mother calls her child.
A bent and twisted wreck,
Her screams relentless and wild.

Searching the grassy shoulder,
For something I can't see.
Not really wanting to find it,
A "pain" begins inside of me.

An Infant small and lifeless,
Lays alone inside the night.
Reaching down I feel the warmth,
And pray with all my might.

As I kneel beside the body,
A tear escapes my eye.
I look up toward the heaven's,
And hope that I won't cry.

For me the night will last forever,
And the child never will.
As I scoop her up against my chest,
And hold her till she's still.

God "take my strength's...
My happiness, my life...
If only she won't die.
I'd gladly trade it all just to hear her cry"

A lonely place, a small grave I stand before,
After everyone is gone.
I never knew this child,
But her Memory will forever linger on.

Tonight I hit my knees,
Before I hit the streets.
O' God I pray that I don't see,
The things I fear inside of me.

~ Brian ~ AsphaltCwboy@aol.com

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This poem was written after being on a scene of a tragic collision.
It's been almost a year and I still think about this child.
Being the father of a seven old daughter and it's hard to forget.
Maybe leaving an impact in my life such as she did the only thing
I can give her in return is this poem ... for her and the other
children who are killed in traffic accidents ... God bless them all!



A Real Hero Indeed

Written By: Brian Joseph Betts

A hero is real; it's inside all of us.
Some show it everyday,
Some hide it away.
You are a hero, it was your job.
To take criminals off the street,
To keep a community safe.
And sometimes it takes a person,
To lay down his own life for another,
And that is what you did.
And what do we give in thanks.
A coffin draped with the America flag,
A 21-gun salute.
Bagpipes being played, and
Even taps.
What do we have to remember you?
A folded flag, a badge, a uniform.
And slowly we will forget the story.
But one thing that wont be forgotten,
Is who you were,
Who you are
And what you did.
That signifies you a hero Indeed!



This Countries Hero

Written By: Brian Joseph Betts

Many times when we think of heroes,
You may think of superman or batman.
But what about those who proudly serve,
This country, state or community?
Have we forgotten the ones?
Who put on a uniform daily?
Who faces evil every day?
So we can be safe and secure.
And sometimes these heroes,
Never return home to love ones.
So the next time you think of a hero,
Remember the men and women,
Of this great country,
Who put on a uniform
To protect and defend,
The country, state, or community.
For they take a risk, that none of us want,
To lay down their lives at the blink of an eye.
Just so we can sleep peacefully at night.



FIND ME

Going left, going right, I am lost,
freezing cold, scared, alone, tonight will be a frost.

I am coming, wait for me, my handler is
dispatched, hold on, I am coming, stay put, you see.

Where am I...surrounded by brush and solid tree
I just wanted to camp alone, now I am lost, alone, it's just me.

Hold on, loaded up, in the back, ready to go.
Harness on, track mode ready, I am coming, don't you know.

Night has come, it's just me, no food, cold, giving up no one will find me,|
I need help, is that the sound of a K9 pup?

I am coming, I have your scent, following now, wait for me,
I am a Police Dog, I am here to help you, don't be afraid of me.

I hear a noise, coming through the bush, barking, help help it's me,
Please find me, I am waiting, I need you, to help track and rescue me.

I have found you, I am here, barking, inside filled with glee,
You see my purpose is to help others, I am a police dog, you are now safe and sound with
me.

*Dedicated to all of the police officers & police dogs of the world and all the missing people
they have helped find.

Written by Joanne Amber-Marie Hutlet