

THE DILIGENT PEOPLE

(Written by Gladys, an elderly lady in her 90's who wrote this poem
because she's so grateful to OPD)



Sometimes it seems that we work in vain
With rarely a vote of thanks
And so often the fan mail we do get
Is but a put-down from the grumpy cranks.

Often we are wrongly criticized
And too many times called pigs,
But any old how we just carry on
Some disguised in our crazy clothes and wigs.

Now and then we hit the jackpot
Rounding up a big group of crooks,
And although accused perhaps of trickery
That maybe we've used every one in the book.

No matter what is said about us,
We just get on with our work,
Doing what the people pay us for;
Hunting down the crooks and murdering jerks.

Because I know these things are true,
I just wanted you diligent ones to know
That you're greatly appreciated for your good works
And for your "READY" spunk to get up and go!

We the people so count on you people
To round up all the crooks in our towns,
And then even all the grumpy cranks
Are so very glad to have you around.

I wonder what our cities would be like
Were there no diligent hunters like you
Who must put their own fear behind them
In the dangerous work that you all do.

I say it takes a special kind of person
Who puts a good life up for grabs
To protect the rights of the people
And -- including all the grumpy crabs!

You surely deserve a hearty vote of thanks
For your being the kind of people
Who've chosen the law enforcement profession
And who remain so long under its steeple.

Thanks, and May God Bless.

